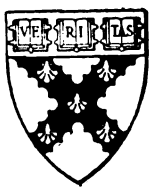
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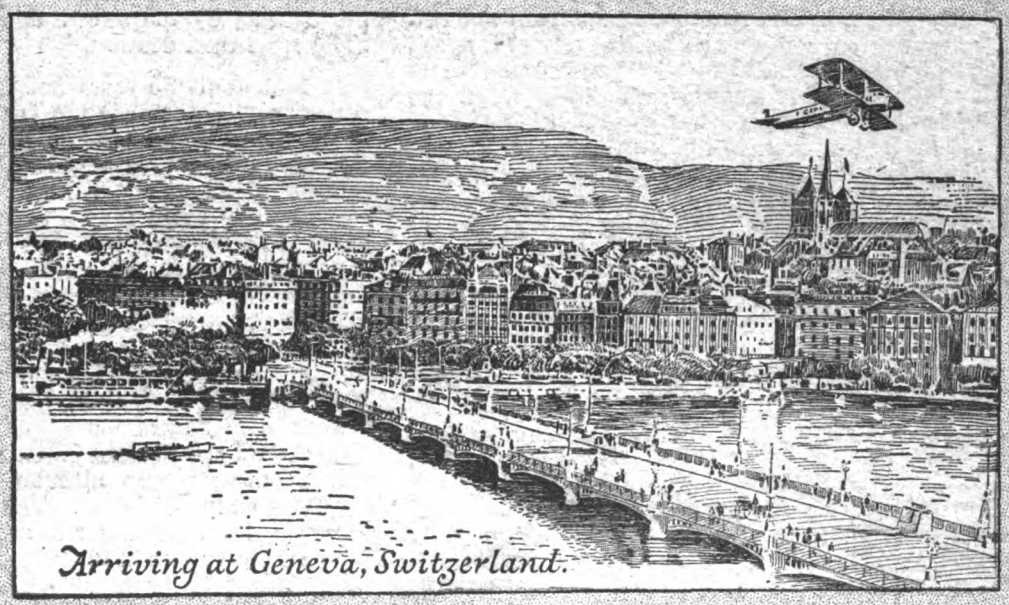
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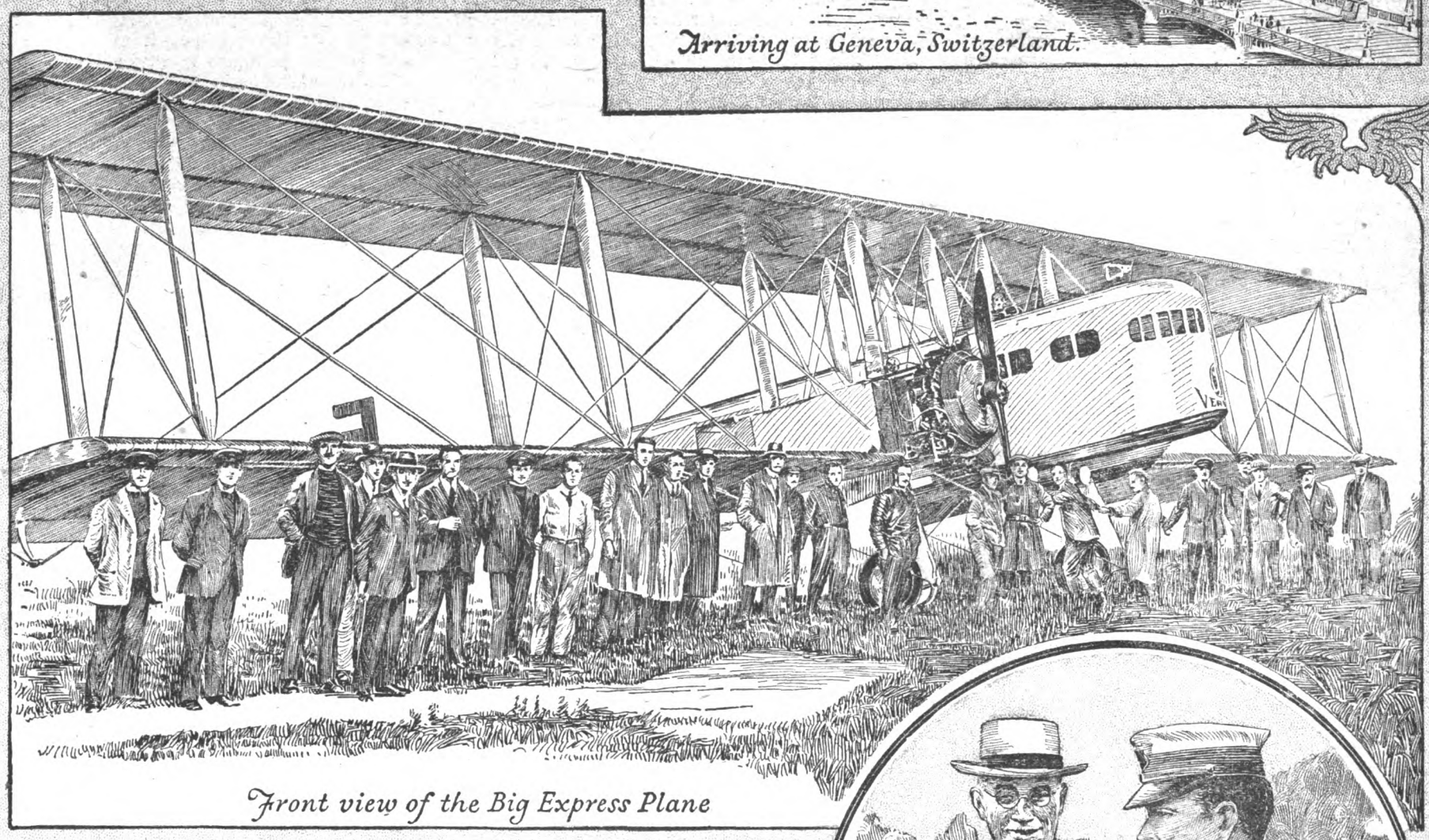
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Side view of the Big Express Plane that took Mr. Gannett from London to Geneva.



Arriving at Geneva, Switzerland.



Front view of the Big Express Plane



Arrived in Lausanne, Switzerland.



Lieut. W. F. Reed, Jr., Pilot of U.S. Navy Balloon in Geneva International Race and Mr. Gannett.

See "Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe by Airplane" on page 20

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The Come-Back of the "Unspeakable" Turk Is a Blot on Christian Civilization

ACCUSTOMED, as we have become, to tidings of the frequently recurring massacres and other atrocities inflicted on the Christian subjects of the Sultan by the Turkish government or through official connivance, instigation or permissive indifference, the American people were inexpressibly shocked by the massacre and other frightful cruelties to which a hundred thousand or more Christian residents and refugees were subjected when the city of Smyrna was burned and sacked after its recent capture by the Turkish army under Kemal Pasha. But the apparently authentic announcement, following closely on the heels of this tragedy, to the effect that Great Britain, France and Italy, now in possession of Constantinople, have consented to permit the Turks to resume control of their former European domain has called forth a storm of indignant protest throughout the United States.

The pestiferous blight of Turkish misgovernment throughout the present shrunken remnant of the once extensive and powerful Ottoman Empire is too distressingly notorious to require detailed specification or admit of argument, and history records that the same misguided tyranny, with like malign effects, has been characteristic of Turkish rule in each of the many lands over which at one time or another during the past six and a quarter centuries the half-civilized Turk has held sway.

From the year 1300 to the present day Turkey, otherwise known as the Ottoman Empire, has played an important part in Old-World affairs, chiefly as an ever active disturber of the peace of Europe and Asia, and for a while, threatening even to blot out Christian civilization. The country of which we are speaking is called Turkey because it was conquered by the Turkomans or Turks (a branch of the fierce and warlike Tartar race) and is still ruled by their descendants who style themselves Ottoman Turks in honor of Othman the founder and first sultan of Turkey. His name also appears in the same modified form in the designation "Ottoman" Empire.

Othman began his career in Tartary, in central Asia, as chieftain of a band of Turkoman freebooters who, like General Villa and his Mexican bandits, subsisted by pillaging adjacent communities. This licentious method of procuring the necessaries and luxuries of life held a strong fascination for the Tartar gentry by whom it was highly approved as honorable and genteel. Accordingly the success that attended Othman's leadership in this line of enterprise attracted a large following of bold and reckless adventurers so that he was soon able to muster a formidable cavalry force matchless in horsemanship and fighting qualities. This brigand army he led farther afield on raiding expeditions into the rich countries to the west in Asia Minor.

In return for their military service in war against the Mongols, the Sultan of Iconium, in Asia Minor (himself a Seljuk Turk), granted Othman and his followers land on which to settle in his dominions, but in so doing nursed a viper, for on the death of that monarch in 1298 Othman, with the support of his horde of marauders, forcibly usurped the regal power and made himself sultan in place of the rightful heir to the throne. Thus began the national existence of the Ottoman Turks, and the dominion, thus acquired at the start, was so expanded by successive wars of conquest during the next three centuries that at the peak of its greatness the Ottoman Empire extended from the confines of India westward across Asia and into Europe to the shores of the Adriatic Sea, and included the present "Balkan" countries, parts of Austria, Hungary and Poland, the larger part of southern Russia, Arabia, Egypt, and most of the countries that border the north coast of Africa.

In 1355 the Turks first invaded Europe, and for more than two hundred years thereafter they were the greatest military power in the world. So successful and cruel were they in extending their conquests that with good reason it was feared that the civilization of Europe would be overwhelmed in the bloody conflict and that Christianity would be forced to succumb to the degrading religion of Mohammed which these fanatical and semi-barbarous conquerors were propagating by the sword and by other means more cruel than death.

In 1453 (only 39 years before the discovery of America by Columbus) the Turks captured Constantinople, the imperial city which Constantine the Great, who promulgated Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, had made his capital. For more than a thousand years it had stood as the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire and the stronghold of the Eastern Christian Church which had a membership of millions of devoted followers in Asia and eastern Europe. This was a severe blow to Christian civilization, for Constantinople thenceforth became the capital of the Ottoman Empire, and the magnificent Cathedral of Saint Sophia, until then the seat of authority of the Eastern Christians, was converted into a Mohammedan mosque presided over by the chief caliph of Islam. The Ottoman Empire attained its largest territorial expansion and greatest power during the reign of Soloman II, *the Magnificent* (1519 to 1566), who waged many successful wars of conquest; he conquered half of Hungary, invaded Austria and threatened to subjugate Germany, but was checked before the walls of Vienna in 1529. After his death the Turkish power began to wane, although for another century it continued a standing menace to Christendom, for as lately as 1683 Vienna was again besieged by the Turks.

Causes of the Decline of the Turkish Empire

Once knowing the characteristic faults and failings of the Turks it is plain to be seen why, although those of the present generation are as valiant warriors as their conquering ancestors, their dominions have diminished and their power has declined. Military prowess alone may be sufficient to acquire power over a country, but to perpetuate his power the conqueror must be gifted with ability to govern wisely and to develop the resources of the land and promote the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Turk is, and always has been, almost wholly devoid of these sustaining qualities. Mentally he is the same now as were his fierce, rude Turkoman forefathers who, as wandering tribesmen, inhabited the barren wastes of Turkestan before they erupted in quest of plunder into the more fertile countries of western Asia. In the same region where they originated are found today people of the same race living in the same primitive, nomadic way. The Turkoman's knowledge of government was limited to that of the tribal form; he had little knowledge of agriculture, none of finance, and as to industries and commerce—these did not xist in his native land, and, in countries where they thrived, interested him only as productive sources of plunder.

When, as conqueror, the Turk became ruler, with the cupidity of a freebooter he robbed his subjects by extortionate taxation which impoverished his dominions and, conjoined with other forms of oppression, discouraged enterprise and banished prosperity. In his ignorance and bigotry, the latter of which closes his mind to the acquisition of wisdom and makes him a hopeless case, he cannot appreciate the enormous evils of his misrule, for he has not yet learned the first principles of government, finance, economics, industry or commerce. In all these respects, and in his social ideals and regulations he is thousands of years behind the times, and since coming in contact with the advancing civilization of Europe he has retrogressed instead of progressing. When Turkey proved thus unfit to hold her own in competition with the rising Christian nations, under Nature's inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, her ultimate doom was sealed and has been in process of execution through the past two and a half centuries. The process would have been much more rapid and less painful, and the hoped-for consummation much nearer, if certain Christian Powers had not aided the Turks in holding Christian peoples in subjection.

Turkish Atrocities and Christian Animosities

Because of their lack of business ability the Turks, except those holding government jobs, are for the most part poorly paid laborers, as there is but little industrial development in the country while business and the lucrative professions are mostly in the hands of native or foreign Christians and Jews, the Christians being chiefly Greek and Armenian subjects of the Sultan. This condition is conducive to envy and race hatred on the part of the Turks. Add to this the fanatical belief prevalent among the Turks that the earth and the good things thereof are the rightful heritage of the faithful followers of Mohammed, and you have the principal cause of the persecution of Christians and Jews in Turkey. With the government setting the example of oppressing Christians, and corrupt officials practicing extortion on them, it is not surprising that the race hatred and covetousness of the Turkish populace is demonstrated in frequent outbreaks of mob violence to their persons, forcible violation of their homes and wholesale looting of their property. Naturally the Christian subjects of the Sultan can have neither love nor respect for a government that thus abuses them. The Turks, of course, regard such sentiments as disloyalty, and this, coupled with the irritating protests and even intervention by foreign governments in the interest of better treatment of the Christian subjects of Turkey, has caused some of the most atrocious outrages that Christians have suffered at the hands of the Turkish government.

Previous to the World War by far the greater part of the Christian peoples at one time included within the Ottoman Empire had been liberated from the Turkish yoke, either by winning their independence, as did Greece, Serbia and the other Balkan kingdoms, or by being annexed to adjacent Christian countries, and the only reason why the rest of them had not been rescued was that certain of the great Christian Powers, in their greed and jealousy of each other, could not agree on how the remains of the Ottoman Empire should be divided and apportioned among themselves. So they backed the Turk in holding what he had, which besides his Asiatic dominions included Constantinople and a considerable surrounding territory, in Europe, of immense commercial and strategic importance because it commanded the passage from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.

One of the most important results of the World War was the eradication of Turkish power from Europe, for the victorious Allies gave Thrace to Greece and put the remainder of European Turkey, including Constantinople, under control of a British-French-Italian joint international commission, also established foreign mandates for the protection of the Christian peoples in Asiatic Turkey. This arrangement promised well until the recent crushing victory of the Turks, in battle with the Greeks before Smyrna, emboldened the former to march on Constantinople and demand the return of their late European domain. But in this crisis, as of old, the Turk wins through the disagreement of the Christian Powers. France and Italy favored the Turkish demands, the former through envy of England's commercial position, the latter because jealous of recent Greek territorial expansion in European Turkey. England favored a firm stand, but yielded rather than risk starting another world war by fighting Turkey backed by France and Italy. And so the "unspeakable" Turk comes back to resume his trouble-making career in Europe.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Stella Rosevelt

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XLII.

THE LAWYER'S REBUKE.

THERE was something strangely familiar about that slight, graceful form and in those lustrous eyes—in that golden-crowned head, and the now happy, smiling lips.

"Miss Gladstone, I am very glad to meet you," she began, as she cordially put out her hand to her; then turning abruptly, and speaking with a slightly startled accent, she added:

"Archie, surely I have met her before?"

"Yes," he answered, his face glowing; "I see that you have recognized her."

"Star," and the tender inflection on that name told his mother everything, "she has seen the picture that I painted when I was in America, and she has now discovered who the original is."

"Yes, my dear," Lady Sherbrooke added, while she studied the beautiful, flushed face; "I do recognize your countenance, and I am quite proud of my son's achievements as an artist. You are an American, I believe. I am very happy to welcome you to England."

Star's heart beat rapidly at this cordial almost tender greeting, and wondered if she were indeed the same girl who, feeling so wretched and forlorn, had entered that room only two hours before.

"No, mother; Miss Gladstone is not an American," Archie explained. "She is an English lassie, and we met on shipboard while crossing the Atlantic; but more of that story anon," he said, significantly. "Now, will you entertain her for a few moments while I go and find Vivien?"

"With pleasure," Lady Sherbrooke responded, her heart bounding to hear those clear, joyous tones ringing through her son's voice—sounds which she had not heard before since his first return from America.

After finding his sister and taking her back to Star and his mother, Lord Carrol sought Mr. Rosevelt and had a long talk with him, explaining to him, as he had to his dear one, the unfortunate circumstances which had conspired to separate them, and learning in return something of their life during the past fourteen or fifteen months.

After this he rejoined the trio of ladies—those three beautiful women whom he loved above everything else in the world.

"The 'story' that you were going to tell me, Archie, but did not, as you were called away to London, is told. I read it in your face to-night, and in that of the beautiful girl to whom you have introduced me. My boy, I think now that you will be your own dear self once more," Lady Sherbrooke whispered, as he came and stood by her side, and his eyes, in reply, told her more than his lips could have done; but he added, in a low, intense tone:

"Is she not rightly named Star?"

"She is charming; I have no fault to find with her personally. But her family?" she questioned, cautiously.

"It is all right, also, mother mine. I will tell you all about it, tomorrow."

In a distant corner of the room Mrs. Richards and Josephine sat and viewed this meeting, bitterest envy rankling in their hearts.

"I hate her—I hate them both! and I wish I were dead!" Josephine cried, passionately.

When Mr. Rosevelt, Lord Carrol and his party were about retiring, they encountered the Richards in the great hall.

The young lord bowed coldly, and would have passed on, but Josephine, in a sudden fit of desperation, laid her hand upon his arm, saying, in low, fierce tones:

"I give you joy of your chambermaid bride! But beware! You will not feel quite so jovial when all London rings with the fact that the proud Lord Carrol has married a common house servant!"

"Miss Richards," he returned, haughtily, "even such a statement of facts could not injure the fair, pure woman whom I have chosen for my wife; but allow me to say that if you are so ill-disposed as to publish anything of the kind, you will find, to your sorrow, that the shafts from your venomous tongue will only serve to poison still further your own life."

"We shall see!" she sneered.

"You will find," he went on, as if he had not heard her, "that Miss Gladstone is so far above you, both morally and socially, that it does not lie in your power to do her the slightest injury."

"We shall see, my lord!" the maddened girl repeated, vindictively; but, without giving her time to say any more, his lordship passed on to Star's side, and drawing her hand within his arm, led her away to her carriage.

* * * * * *

The day came at last which was to decide Mrs. Richards' claim to the Thornton estates, and, according to appointment, she repaired to the office of Compton & Bailey, in the highest spirits, dressed in the most magnificent style, and accompanied by Josephine, clad with equal richness, and her husband.

"Well, Mr. Compton, my probation is ended at last," she said, gaily, to that gentleman, as she entered, and greeted him with her most gracious manner.

"Ahem! I suppose we may say that it is," he returned, in a strangely embarrassed way.

"Well, then, I presume there is no need of further delay, and we can take possession of the late Sir Charles' property as soon as we choose," she remarked, too deeply engaged with thoughts regarding her own brilliant future to notice his manner.

"Ahem!" the lawyer repeated, an uneasy expression on his face; "I did expect that I could tell you today everything was all right and you could go down to Halowell Park as soon as you liked; but——"

"But what?" Mrs. Richards demanded, with some show of impatience. "It appears to me that you are somewhat mysterious this morning, when heretofore you have acknowledged my relationship to Sir Charles Thornton to be proved beyond a doubt."

"Yes, madam, you have clearly proved, it cannot be contested, that you were a relative of the late baronet's; but—I am sorry—it will be a great disappointment to you, doubtless, to learn at this late day that another party has put in a claim for the estate, as being the nearest of kin."

The lawyer heaved a sigh of relief when he had stumbled through this piece of ill-news.

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Richards, reeling where she stood.

She had never even thought of such a calamity.

"There is no nearer relative living," she continued, with pale lips. "You yourself said you were convinced of that."

"And so I was a month ago, madam; but I have been obliged to change my opinion since then."

"What—what has changed it?" she asked, trembling with fear and excitement.

It would be too dreadful now, when the prize was almost within her grasp, to lose it, and to be obliged to return poor and disappointed to America.

"You remember, perhaps," the lawyer, said, avoiding meeting her eyes, for they were wild in their expression, "that I told you that Sir William Thornton—the late Sir Charles' father—had a younger brother, Albert by name——"

"Yes, but you said that he left home years ago to go as a missionary to some outlandish place, where he died," interrupted the anxious woman.

"Where it was supposed he died," said Mr. Compton, with significant emphasis.

"Did he not die?—is he living?—has he returned?" his client gasped.

"No; he died some years ago; but he left a child. That child is living, and has put in a claim for the estate."

"But you told me he had left no issue——"

"It was all supposition, madam, since we could learn nothing to the contrary; but we have recently learned our mistake."

"He shall not have the property; he may be an impostor. I shall contest the point," Mrs. Richards said, with frantic vehemence.

"Ellen, do be reasonable," said her husband, sternly.

"Unfortunately, for your peace of mind, madam, it is a point that cannot be contested," returned Mr. Compton; "and if you will give me your attention for a few moments, I will explain it to you."

With a groan, Mrs. Richards sank into a chair, more wretched than she had ever been in her life.

"Your mother," began the lawyer, also seating himself, and motioning Mr. Richards and Josephine to do the same, "was half-sister to the late Sir Charles' mother. That made her half-aunt and you half-cousin to him. That relationship, however, would have been near enough to give you the property had no nearer claimant appeared. Sir William Thornton, the late Sir Charles' father, and Albert were own brothers; consequently, the child of Albert would be own cousin to the late Sir Charles, and, being a descendant on his father's side, by far the nearest of kin. Have I made it clear to you?"

He glanced as he spoke at Mr. Richards, who nodded, while his wife covered her face and groaned aloud.

"Now," resumed Mr. Compton, "I will tell you, in as few words as I can, the story of this younger brother, Albert Thornton. He was quite a number of years Sir William's junior, and at an early age dissented from the established church and religion of his ancestors, and insisted upon going as a missionary to Africa. This so enraged his father that he disowned him, charging him never to show his face inside his ancestral home again. Deeply wounded, but still adhering to his convictions of duty, he went to Africa, but was obliged to return to England again in the course of a couple of years, on account of failing health. He did not, however, present himself in the home from which he had been banished, for this neither his pride nor his wounded heart would allow him to do. He therefore settled in a distant county, where he had charge of a small parish at a merely nominal salary, during the remainder of his life. Not long after his return he married a gentle and lovely girl, and one child was born to them, who, recently seeing our advertisement for the nearest of kin to Sir Charles, has presented a claim for the estate."

"Who is this child?—where is it?—where did it come from at this late day?" questioned Mrs. Richards, who felt as if all the world was slipping away from her.

"Wait one moment and I will introduce you," the lawyer said, as, rising, he gently retired to his inner office.

He returned almost immediately with a lady on his arm. Mrs. Richards started to her feet and uttered a piercing scream the moment her eyes fell upon her.

The lady was Star Gladstone!

"That girl again!" shrieked Mrs. Richards. "You don't mean to tell me that she is the heir to Sir Charles Thornton's property?"

"Yes, madam, this young lady, and no other; but I was not aware that you had the honor of her acquaintance," responded Mr. Compton, with some surprise, as he led Star to a seat.

"But her name is Gladstone——"

"Have a little patience and I will explain still further," interrupted the lawyer, who was beginning to be disgusted with one who gave way so to passion.

"Miss Gladstone tells me that she has been known by that name all her life; that until her eighteenth birthday she was not aware that she was entitled to any other. But her father left a package of papers at his death, containing a history of his life, with all the necessary proofs, but charged her not to open it until she was eighteen years of age. In this she related what I have already told you, and also the fact that when he was a child, his father, through the death of a relative, succeeded to the title and estates of the Thorntons of Devonshire, upon condition that he assumed the name. Such things happen often here in England, you know, as in the case of Lord Carrol, whom you are acquainted with. When the elder Mr. Gladstone, or Thornton, died, of course William, his eldest son, succeeded to the baronetcy. Albert, the second son, upon his return and settlement in a parish of Derbyshire, gave his name as Rev. Albert Gladstone, and under this name married a Miss Chudleigh, who was also discarded by her family for wedding a poor dissenting clergyman—one who was deemed far beneath her socially, as no one suspected his connections with the Thorntons. After her death, and when Mr. Gladstone found that he also had not long to live, he said he could not reconcile himself to the thought of giving his orphan daughter to the care of those to whom he had been a stranger so long, although his own blood flowed in their veins; so he arranged to send her to a distant relative of his mother's in America, who agreed to take charge of her and her education for her sake. This last, however, Miss Gladstone has told me, and her residence in that country at the time of the death of the late Sir Charles, and her ignorance regarding her relationship to him, accounts for the fact that we have but just discovered her claim. Everything is as plain as black and white can make it. We have looked up the records, and find they correspond with the papers in her possession, and among which is a certificate of her parents' marriage, and one of her own baptism, together with other important documents; and now, I think, you cannot fail to perceive that Miss Gladstone, being Sir Charles Thornton's own cousin, is the nearest of kin, and we shall therefore be obliged to give her claim the precedence. I regret, madam," the lawyer concluded, in his blandest tones, "that we did not learn of this in season to save you the trouble and expense of such a long journey. However, I trust that you have reaped enjoyment sufficient from the trip to compensate you in a measure for your disappointment."

Mrs. Richards looked blankly from one to another of the occupants of the room, as if she could not, even yet, comprehend the magnitude of the calamity which had so unexpectedly overtaken her.

"I do not believe one word of it. It is all a piece of fraud to cheat me out of my rights," she cried, at length, while her own blazing eyes threatened to annihilate the beautiful girl, her successful rival, who sat opposite with downcast eyes, and feeling really sorry, in spite of all that she had suffered at Mrs. Richards' hands, for her distress over this terrible defeat.

"Do not allow yourself to become unreasonable over the matter, madam, I pray. There has not been, I assure you, even the suspicion of a fraud," Mr. Compton said, his own eyes beginning to take fire at this assertion. "The papers are all there on my table; everything has been written out in the plainest manner, and copies made of all the records which go to prove what I have told you. You can examine them, if you choose; but there cannot be the slightest doubt regarding Miss Gladstone's claim. She alone inherits everything belonging to the late Sir Charles Thornton."

"Oh, she has been the bane of our lives; she has ruined and upset every plan that we have made since the day when she first set foot in our house—since she came to us like the beggar that she was," sobbed the wretched woman, giving way utterly to her misery.

"Ah! then you are the woman to whom Albert Thornton confided his orphan daughter when he knew that he could not live?" said Mr. Compton, quickly, his keen mind at once grasping certain facts which Star, from a feeling of delicacy, had withheld from him, when, to her surprise, she learned that Mrs. Richards had also come to England to claim the Thornton estates.

"That has nothing to do with the case. She has ruined us, and that is enough to think about for one day, I should imagine," she retorted, angrily, and flushing.

"Ellen!" and Mr. Richards spoke very sternly; "you are as unreasonable as a child. Star has been kindly disposed from the first. It is you who have tried to ruin her—who have oppressed and sought to degrade her in a way that is a shame to you and your promises to her dead father. It is a bitter thing to be obliged to condemn my own wife thus publicly, but I cannot calmly listen to your calumniations of her, for, instead of being our ruin, she has been our salvation. Only this fall, when my business was tottering, and my reason with it—when I was upon the verge of bankruptcy—of self-destruction—I confess it with shame and sorrow now—she came to me like a beam of light and saved me from becoming both a bankrupt and a suicide. She gave me, or caused to be given to me, a check for ten thousand dollars, which set me upon my feet again, and we owe all that we are and have to her. To go still farther back, you owe your life to her mother. Josephine was saved from a dreadful death by Star's bravery; and, instead of hating her because unforeseen circumstances have raised her to a high social position, we should rejoice that it is so. Star, my dear girl, you have at least one grateful heart in my family."

He went over to her side and put out his hand to her, though he was so deeply moved that it shook like a leaf, and she took it with streaming eyes, and wholly unable to utter a single word in reply.

But his wife bridled angrily, losing all control over her tongue.

"I wish I had never set eyes on her face; and I wish your hand had been palsied before it ever took that ten thousand dollars from her. She came into our family and stole your heart from me by her arts and sly speeches; she wheedled out of Jacob Rosevelt the fortune that should have been mine; she tricked Josephine out of the man who should have married her—who would have done so but for her; and now she has come to steal the inheritance which ought to have been mine. I hate her, and I curse her from the bottom of my heart!"

"Then you are a thoroughly bad woman, and I am thankful that Sir Charles Thornton's estate is to pass into more worthy hands. Much as I sympathize with and respect your husband, madam, I cannot permit my young client to be insulted in my presence, and I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

Mr. Compton said this very spiritedly, his fine face flushing with indignation, his lips curling with contempt, while he walked to the door of his office and held it open with such an air of stern determination that Mrs. Richards did not dare to disregard this very emphatic invitation to take her departure, and she walked wrathfully, but utterly crushed by her bitter disappointment, from the room.

Brownie's Triumph

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CHAPTER XLIII.

"GOD BLESS OUR STAR."

Yes, beautiful Star Gladstone was the heiress to Halowell Park, and all other property belonging to the late Sir Charles Thornton.

Upon reaching home after her trip to California, which had been one of great enjoyment as well as profit, she resolved to settle down to a cozy, quiet life for the remainder of the winter, and make Uncle Jacob as comfortable as she possibly could.

She was sitting in her own pretty room one morning, something as Mrs. Richards had sat in hers only a few weeks previous when she had discovered herself to be the heir to Halowell Park, but looking happy and smiling, instead of angry and discontented.

She had brought a pile of music up there to sort and arrange, and as she was looking it over she came upon an old newspaper that had got mixed in with it.

She took it up, as one often does, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns.

It happened to be the very paper which contained the notice of Sir Charles Thornton's death, and the advertisement for the next of kin.

Star started as her eye caught that name. Then she went over both paragraphs carefully.

With heightened color she arose, and, going to a drawer in her dressing-case, drew forth that worn portfolio which we have seen before on several occasions.

Opening it, she took out those papers which she had read on the evening of her eighteenth birthday, and which had caused her so much agitation.

One of them contained a history of her father's life, as we have already stated.

After Star had read this paper through, she took up the others and went carefully over them; and these were certificates and records, all of which went to prove the truth of what he had written.

When she had been through them all, she gathered them up, together with the papers in which she had seen the advertisement, and carried them below to Mr. Rosevelt, told him something of her suspicions, and asked him to examine them and see if he thought she would be likely to inherit the Thornton property.

He did look into them carefully, and felt convinced that Star stood next in line to Sir Charles.

"Little girl," he said to Star, "there is, I believe, a good deal in this for you, and we must sail for England immediately," and Star felt her heart leap within her.

England was Lord Carrol's home.

Then her lips had curled with scorn at her own folly, but she agreed at once to do whatever Mr. Rosevelt advised, and in a week they were again crossing the broad Atlantic.

Upon seeking an interview with Compton & Bailey, and laying their case before them, they were gratified to learn that, although other claims had been filed, Star was the nearest of kin who had yet appeared to them.

The eminent lawyers at once set themselves to work to look up the case, and found all the records to correspond with those in her possession, and finally pronounced her to be the heir to the Thornton property.

Star felt greatly surprised and troubled upon learning that Mrs. Richards was one of the claimants, for she had no desire to contest any question with her, or to appear to triumph over her in any way. She simply wished to let her alone—to drop her entirely out of her life.

When the day came round that was to decide the important question for the expectant woman, Mr. Compton insisted, much to Star's annoyance, that it was necessary for her to meet her, and the rights of the true heir to be established in the presence of all parties.

The days, since the meeting and happy reconciliation of Lord Carrol and Star, had been full of joy and contentment.

She did not, however, tell him of her expectations regarding the Thornton property, but when the time appointed to meet Mrs. Richards arrived, she asked him to accompany Mr. Rosevelt and herself to Mr. Compton's office upon a little matter of business.

He, with them, remained in the inner office during the lawyer's interview with his claimants, and, the door being slightly ajar, they could hear all that passed in the other room.

Lord Carrol was greatly astonished at what he heard, but he was even more so when Mr. Compton came in and led Star forth to present her as the heiress to that large estate.

"I am almost afraid to approach you, my lady of Thornton. I begin to fear you may assume some new character at any moment, and soar so far beyond my reach that I shall lose you entirely," he said, half in jest, half in earnest, when that evening he came to see her in her own room in St. James' Square.

"You know I told you I was glad that you won me when I was a poor, obscure little maid," Star answered slipping her hand confidingly into his.

"I feel perfectly sure of your love," she added, "and yet I am not sorry that I can come to you now as an equal. I shall not be sorry to have the world say of you that you have chosen wisely," she concluded, while her glowing eyes and smiling lips told that, for his sake, she exulted in her new position and wealth.

"What the world might say of you, under any circumstances, would not trouble me," he answered, gravely. "But, I, too, am glad that I won your heart when you had nothing, if it secures to me your unbounded trust. I do not know either," he continued, smiling, "as I should have had quite as much assurance in approaching Sir Charles Thornton's wealthy heiress; and yet," with a proud uplifting of his handsome head, "while conscious of my own honor and rectitude, I have no need to fear to approach any woman whom I might love."

Star was standing by his chair, and she bent and touched her lips to his forehead as he said this. She was very proud of this grand, true man, who had won her to be his wife simply because he loved her.

But in the midst of her joy she could not help feeling something of sadness and pity for Josephine and her disappointed hopes.

It was no light thing to have loved and lost such a man as this, and she would gladly have comforted her had it been in her power to do so.

"Uncle Jacob," she said, more timidly than she was in the habit of addressing him, the next time she was alone with him, "I shall have so much money, now that I am to be mistress of Halowell Park, and—and when Archie takes me," she added, with a burning blush, "that I wish you would make another will, and give your fortune, or a part of it at least, to your 'nearest of kin.'"

"You are my nearest of kin," he said briefly.

"I know what you mean," she replied, affectionately; "our hearts are surely akin; but I really am very sorry for Mrs. Richards, and Josephine, not to mention poor Mr. Richards, who has had such a hard time of it; and perhaps they would feel more kindly toward me if they thought I did not care so much for money, and truly I do not—I never can use it all."

Jacob Rosevelt looked at her with tears in his eyes.

"My darling," he said, with emotion, "I believe you have the heart of a saint, but I cannot alter my will—everything I have belongs to you; but I leave you free to do whatever you choose with it. If you ever find people in need and wish to help them, give them what you like; but I shall never break the seal of my will."

He bent down and touched her forehead with his lips, and then left her; but her heart was filled with a song of praise.

* * * * * *

A month, Lord Carrol said, was all the time that he could allow his fair bride-elect to prepare to become Lady Carrol.

"But I have so much to do!" Star objected, with crimson cheeks.

"Then you must increase your forces," he answered, with a fond smile. "I know that it is 'etiquette' to let the lady name the day, but considering all things, I think I ought to have that privilege. Darling, we have been separated so long that I do not feel like living without you a day more than is actually necessary. My mother wants you to come to her in Belgrave Square, and remain as her guest, while she and Vivien will assist about the wonderful trousseau, which they consider indispensable for the occasion under discussion."

It was of no use for Star to make objections, for they were every one overruled, and it was at length decided that Lord Carrol should have his way, and she went to Belgrave Square for the intervening month.

Mr. Meredith was cordially urged to remain in London until after the wedding, and as Grace had been sent for to act as bridesmaid, and a pair of clear gray eyes had earnestly seconded the appeal, he could not refuse.

He bore this "blighting" of all his previous "hopes" with wonderful equanimity, however, and ere the eventful day arrived that was to make Star a bride, he had won a promise from lovely Vivien Sherbrooke that at the end of another year she would become his wife.

Mrs. Richards, with her family, lost no time in returning to America after this crushing disappointment.

They could not remain and face the people to whom they had proudly boasted of their future greatness, nor could they bear to look upon Star's happiness and triumph over them; while, besides all this, they were greatly cramped in purse, after all the extravagant outlay which Mrs. Richards had insisted was necessary for people with their expectations.

Mr. Richards was very much depressed, for, to say nothing of the money which they had spent, he feared the worst from his long absence and negelect of business.

He went to see Star and Jacob Rosevelt before they sailed; he could not leave without bidding them farewell, and assuring them of his gratitude and good will.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

The Forgotten Woman

by Alice L. Whitson



Not until Jim Cody was floundering in the sea did the struggle cease.



"What am I?"



"This," he cried shrilly—"the sacred sacrament has been defiled.

Zane in a deep chair read snatches from Evangeline to the girl beside him.

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PART I.

THE soft blue waters of a calm sea lapping gently the white sand of Deeds Cove was as a benediction of peace and happiness to the inmates of the squatty cabins that dotted the shore.

One fish catch after another furnished the thrills of the settlement, and with the regularity of the rising and receding of the tide were the nets drawn in, mended and cast again.

Simple and kind in the ordinary relations of life, but ignorant and untaught and hard as nails in their orthodox creed were the fisher folks of Deed's Cove; even old Aaron Deed, peacemaker and settler of all disputes, having little tolerance for one who failed to walk uprightly according to their enlightenment.

It was net casting time and all along the white shore men and women worked over their nets with the rapidity and ease that comes from long years of training.

Side by side Jim Cody and Zane Bradley, champion fishermen of Deed's Cove, were straightening their nets. Alike in their stalwart forms and strength were these two men but as different otherwise as day is different from night.

Cody had lived his life among the settlers of Deed's Cove; his word was law, people feared him because of his brutal strength.

Zane Bradley, though physically as strong as Jim, was a man of mystery; he had come to Deed's Cove some five years ago, from whence nobody knew and nobody cared, for his fine, lovable and gentle manners had won for him a place in the hearts of the people that death alone could erase.

Along the shore road walked Jane Stirs whom a false step had placed beyond the fisherfolks' pale of respectability. At her side ran the false step—a little boy of five summers—obviously in love with life, and known in Deed's Cove as Zack; breaking away from his mother's restraining hand and running swiftly, little Zack made for the net-mending crew along the water's edge, pausing at last beside Zane Bradley.

"Seems to know his kin, all right," Jim laughed meaningly, "and——"

But before the sentence was finished the child had moved over, inspected the net of Jim, then walked on towards the next worker.

"Get back—get back!" called the voices of excited women, "you son of satan, get back," until little Zack, frightened at the loud noise, paused in his track.

Suddenly Zane Bradley, rising to his feet, bade the crowd be silent.

"Where is your heart, your manhood and womanhood," he cried, "that you would thus treat a child?"

"Yeh," rang in the voice of Jim Cody, "let a stranger lead you—but remember Zack wasn't born till after Zane Bradley came to the Cove."

The ugly insinuation caused the blood in Zane Bradley's veins to run hot, and springing on the speaker struck him full in the face.

Instantly a fight such as only the fisherfolks of Deed's Cove could appreciate was on, and not until Jim Cody was floundering in the sea did the struggle cease. Brushing the dirt from his sleeves and hands as though he were brushing away some very objectionable matter, Zane, amid the shouts of admiration, took little Zack by the hand and lead him back to his mother.

"Thank you, Mr. Zane," said the woman dully. "He belongs to Jim, and I'm hoping that some day his father will find himself as he used to be, and come back and claim his child."

From the doorway of the cabin, different from other cabins of Deed's Cove in respect to comfort within and blooming things without, old Aaron Deeds, gripping the slender hand of a fair young woman, watched the fight.

"So long as women go wrong," he said thoughtfully, "they can expect to be reviled."

"And what about the man, Gran'ther, should he go free?"

The old man looked at the young girl beside him in amazement, then patted her cheek tenderly.

"It's Bible teaching, Mary," he said a bit less sternly. "Like infant damnation without baptism, we don't know why—we just know it's so—that's all."

Mary Deed shook her head disbelievingly as she looked pityingly at the Stairs woman who with her little son was walking towards the sunset along the shore road.

"She must be very lonely and unhappy among these people, Gran'ther," said the girl thoughtfully, "but I cannot believe she is the vile woman the Cove pictures her."

Old Aaron for once in his life seemed to have no answer to the girl's question but went strolling off towards the group on the shore, where Jim Cody in his dripping garments stood explaining to a bunch of sympathizing friends how Zane tripped him into the ocean.

While Mary, as soon as Aaron Deed's back was turned, had made her way into their plenteous pantry, filled a basket with food and taken the narrow path that circled the Cove at the foot of the hill and presently stood waiting in the bend of the road for Jane and little Zack to overtake her.

"The apples are for little Zack," she explained when she put the basket in Jane's hand, "and the other things are for you."

Jane took the gift with a thankful heart, and tears were in her eyes when she looked up again.

"If it wasn't for you and Mr. Zane," she said softly, "I reckon I'd have to leave the Cove."

"Some day," said Mary encouragingly, "little Zack will grow up and take you away and then you won't mind going."

"No," Jane answered, "nothing good would come of that—it is here I lost my respectability and it's here only that I have the chance to regain it—and—and—I ain't as mean as I am painted, Miss Mary."

"Of course you are not, Jane," said Mary softly, then waving a kindly good by, the girl sped back in the direction of Deed's cabin.

Where the cabin path joined the shore she encountered Zane.

"Give an account of yourself," chided Zane Bradley, "where have you been hiding?"

"Hiding's right, Zane," laughed the girl. "I followed Jane Stairs by the Cove path to the end of the road to give her a basket of food."

Zane smiled his appreciation of the act and then reached for her hand.

"I'm going to cast my net around Rocky Point tonight—want to go with me?"

The girl laughed happily; she loved the sea, she loved the swirling waters of Rocky Point, and most of all she loved Zane. Zane had been a big brother to her, teaching her in the five years of his sojourn in Deed's Cove the knowledge he had gained through years of hard work at college—but she paused to follow the dictations of her own heart.

"There is supper to get, Zane," she said slowly.

"Supper can wait," answered Zane, "the sunset won't—'twill soon be twilight on the water—and—I have something to tell you."

"You win, Zane," Mary laughingly responded, and a few minutes later they put out to sea.

The last rays of the sun making a halo about the head of Mary Deed, who seemed suddenly to the man in the boat a vital part of it all—the sea, the sky, the singing birds and the lonely shore of Deed's Cove. Just as Zane had predicted, there had been a wonderful sunset, a more wonderful twilight, and yet he realized when they stood again at the door of old Aaron Deed's cabin that the story he had intended to tell the girl was still untold.

Through half-closed eyes he watched Mary move swiftly about the cabin—watched with a bit of wonder in his soul where the girl got her exquisite daintiness. As if in answer to his thought, old Aaron Deed while waiting for his supper became reminiscent and told Zane of the stormy night some eighteen years ago when the great ship Pandora was wrecked. Vividly he pictured the raging water, the forked lightning and the mad winds, then in a more gentle tone of voice he told of the morning after, how among the dead bodies on the white sand of Deed's Cove he had found a satin-lined basket containing the wee bit of humanity which he had warmed back to life and christened Mary Deed.

"She's been the joy of my life, Zane," he said softly, "but sometimes I feel I am committing a great wrong by keeping her in this place; she doesn't belong here, Zane, she is a beautiful flower but strangely out of place in this garden."

"Perhaps," said Zane thoughtfully, "time will eventually carry her back to her natural environments."

But before Zane had suggested how this might be accomplished, the young lady in question was calling them to supper.

Zane noticed with a new warmth in his heart her grace at the table; what a joy it would be to have a sweet young thing like Mary to sit opposite him at a well-appointed table! So absorbed was he in idle dreaming that he forgot to eat.

"What's the matter with my food, Mr. Zane, that you cannot eat?" inquired the girl archly.

For the second time in the same day Zane felt the blood run riot in his veins, but to Mary's question he had the answer only his lips refused to state it.

When the dishes by Mary and Zane had been washed and put away, the three sat about the open fire, for though it was spring the chill of winter still lingered about the waters of Deed's Cove.

The cheerful blaze on the wide hearth cast long, black shadows across the red cedar beams in the cabin and fell in dancing fire fairies on the back wall. Zane in a deep chair by the window read snatches from Evangeline to the girl beside him, and old Aaron Deed looking on, realized with great satisfaction in his heart that should anything happen to him, his child would have another to look after her. Slipping his weather-beaten cap from the peg near the doorway, the old man moved out into the night for a stroll on the sand.

"A little bit of Evangeline goes a long ways with Gran'ther," laughed Mary when she noticed the vacant chair.

"And how about Mary?" asked Zane, bending tenderly over her.

"Oh," answered the girl happily, "I never get enough; I'm always sorry when we've finished, and the same old story is forever new to me when we read it again, and sometimes I almost wish I could have such a romance."

"You!" exclaimed Zane in surprise—"you hungering for romance!" Surely, thought the man, this was the time to tell Mary the secret of his heart. Laying the book aside, he sat for a moment staring at the girl in silence, wondering in his gentle way how best to tell her he loved her.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Zane Bradley?" exclaimed Mary. "Anyone would think you had suddenly lost your best friend. What's ailing you—are you growing tired of the Cove?"

Zane came back to normalcy with a start.

"Yes—no—well, maybe I am tired of the Cove," he exclaimed, "maybe I am pining to get away for a little while—but what about you? Don't you ever long to get away from these sordid things—the rising and setting of the sun, the drawing and casting of nets, the constant lapping of water against the shore, the loneliness and monotony of it all—aren't you hungry for other things?"

Mary was surprised at this sudden outburst of the heretofore gentle Zane. Then she remembered that Zane had not, like herself, spent his life at Deed's Cove; perhaps he did long for things of which she knew absolutely nothing. And moving a bit closer, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Zane," she said sweetly, "I guess I'm happy enough here, with you to teach me and Gran'ther to spoil me and the settlement to look after. I think I'd ask no more of the world than what is already mine."

And Zane, meeting the frank, innocent, affectionate gaze she bestowed upon him, realized the heart of her was still unawakened to the beauty of love, and the time was not yet ripe to tell her of his own.

But the next day the long arm of destiny reached out for Zane Bradley, and when he came hurriedly to tell Mary good by he found old Aaron also, and there was no chance to tell her anything except he would be back before the summer was over, bringing her anything her young heart might desire to have.

"You are exceedingly happy over leaving us, Zane," said old Aaron as the three stood arm in arm on the small porch.

"Not happy over leaving you," answered the man, "but I must admit I am a happy man. For five years I have carried a burden of guilt not mine; today I have learned it is no longer necessary, and I must get back to New York as soon as possible."

Old Deed reached out his strong hand to the man at his side and gripped it firmly.

"Whatever injustice you have suffered, Zane," he said thoughtfully, "I am sure you had a good cause for so doing. May God prosper you since you are freed from it."

"Thanks," answered Zane, "and should you need me before I return, this address will find me,"—and taking a card from his pocket bearing the address of a well-known New York club, he placed it in old Aaron Deed's hands.

Without the slightest hesitancy Mary kissed him good by and wished him Godspeed and made him promise over and over to hurry back.

How Zane wanted to tell her of his love, how he wanted to carry her off with him only the Lord knew, and his brightest hope in leaving her was that his absence might awaken in her girlish heart the love for which his own soul craved.

At the water's edge Zane looked back, and then jumping into his own little boat he rowed across the Cove to Creighton's Landing and took the north-bound train.

* * * * *

Without Zane Mary found the evenings long and lonely—the books the same but not nearly so interesting as when they had studied and read them together—and finally in order to break the monotony she asked old Aaron to let her open a little school for the children of the "Cove." The suggestion pleased old Aaron—as nearly all Mary's suggestions did—and shortly after Mary began sharing her knowledge with the children of Deed's Cove in the little log church on the outskirts of the settlement. Four miles across the Cove was Creighton's Landing, and nearby Creighton Lodge, where handsome, profligate Sidney Creighton, who in two years had squandered a fortune which had taken two generations to accumulate, was hiding from his creditors, and laughing at them while he lived in luxury at the Lodge—but it was only a matter of a short time until Sidney found the enforced retirement boresome, and one day, wandering aimlessly along the shore, he came upon the boat in which Zane had rowed to Creighton on the day of his departure. On one side of the boat in big letters was painted "Deed's Cove," and on the other were the letters "Z. B."

For a moment Sidney eyed it curiously, then in a sudden spirit of adventure he broke the already rusted lock and set out to find Deed's Cove.

Some two hours later he landed at the little dock facing the church schoolhouse, just as Mary and her charges came down the slope and turned into the shore road.

Sidney smiled winningly. "I did not expect such a welcome committee," he said, addressing Mary, whose beauty both pleased and astonished him.

"We always welcome strangers," laughed Mary, "we have so few of them."

Suddenly her eyes fell upon the old familiar boat and she smiled sweetly.

"I see you are using Zane's old boat," she said pleasantly, "therefore I suppose you must be the friend he left it with when he went to New York."

Sidney's face darkened at the name "Zane," but he smiled again after Mary spoke, for through her conversation he discovered where the one man in the world he dreaded more than all his creditors to meet happened to be at the present time. Then politely introducing himself, declared he had borrowed the boat from a friend across the Cove.

"It's Zane Bradley's, anyway, laughed Mary. "Even were his initials not on it I would know it just the same, for I have gone out in it with him to cast his nets so many times."

The knowledge that Zane Bradley had been a fisherman at Deed's Cove caused Sidney Creighton's heart to beat a bit faster than usual—he knew better than anyone else in the world why Zane Bradley had given up friends, home and business and slipped out of New York more than five years ago—but to discover him as a fisherman was indeed shocking.

Only for a moment, however, did this worry young Creighton. He was bored to death with solitude—here was a chance to at least break the monotony, and presently he was standing beside the girl smiling joyously.

"We won't quarrel about the boat," said Sidney pleasantly, "so long as it has brought me such good luck. And since I'm here," he continued softly, "would you mind showing me through the settlement?"

Mary agreed readily * * * * And that night Sidney gave an ugly little laugh as he fastened the boat at Creighton Landing.

"This may be your boat, Zane," he said jeeringly, "and the girl may be an old flame, but one thing sure—you won't find things the same when you get back to Deed's Cove."

* * * * *

In the months that followed, Deed's Cove took on a new beauty in Mary's eyes. Sidney Creighton brought all his powers of fascination to bear on the innocent young girl, and unable to distinguish between love and fascination, Mary soon believed that the sun, moon and stars existence centered about Sidney Creighton, so far as she was concerned.

Sidney came daily to Deed's Cove at school closing time, wooing Mary so openly that old Aaron soon forgot his misgivings, and found pleasure in Sidney's society while Mary cooked the evening meal; Sidney remaining his host's invitation, would amuse the old man with strange tales of adventure.

Then would come a heavenly evening with Mary in the old-fashioned room or on the white sand while old Aaron contentedly smoked his pipe before the cabin.

With Zane Bradley life had suddenly become very strenuous existence; day by day business matters so long neglected urgently called his attention, and night after night as he marked the passing time on his calendar he resolved to retire with the new day to Deed's Cove and the girl, but one morning when coming into his office he found a letter from Mary that changed his world altogether.

"DEAR ZANE:" ran the letter in a free, bold hand. "I am the happiest girl on earth—it is only natural that you should be the first to know about it, because if you had not taught me and made me worthy, this joy could not be mine. I am to be married, and I have not even told Gran'ther yet. I shall leave Deed's Cove, after all, Zane, for my lover is a man of the world.

"I was hoping you might return before I went away for you are so dear to me, big brother in fact, but now it is too late—I shall be married before you get this.

"Ever your loving

"MARY."

Once, twice, thrice did Zane read Mary's letter, then into his face came a look of agonized misery, and instead of returning to Deed's Cove as he had planned, he hastily penned a note to Mary wishing her all happiness and prosperity, and the next day he caught an outbound steamer for England.

* * * * *

Spring slipped away and summer came to Deed's Cove and still Sidney Creighton was a daily visitor, making friends of the fishermen and bringing to the face of Mary Deed such beauty as can only come from perfect happiness—then suddenly—just as Sidney Creighton had come into her life—he was gone. There came a day and then another when Sidney failed to come, when Mary's face grew pinched with anxiety, and at last when the suspense was growing unbearable—there came a brief letter to Mary—heartless, cold thing it was—over and over through tear-dimmed eyes Mary read the massive, and ever and ever she saw the same cold words:

"Have been called suddenly to Japan—will come for you when I return—until then just forget these weeks we've had together—and shall our secret with no one. As ever, SIDNEY."

Old Aaron brought the letter to Mary, and his expression of eagerness was piteous as he watched her read and re-read the contents. Then Mary, seeing the look of eagerness on the old face, suddenly crumpled the letter in one small shaking hand, and with an attempt to smile in the old joyous way, told him in a tone strange even to herself, that Sidney had been called away.

Aaron Deed asked no questions, and in the long, miserable days that followed pretended to be blind to her suffering, giving without stint the parental love of his big, unselfish heart.

* * * * *

Winter had settled over the world and the white sands were slumbering peacefully under their whiter blanket of snow when a New York daily accidentally found its way to Deed's Cove, wrapped about some fishing supplies ordered by Jim Cody. Shortly after the arrival of the paper Mary, coming home from her school, found old Aaron Deeds walking the floor, grasping the newspaper in one shaking hand.

With great tenderness he brushed the snow from Mary's coat and helped her remove it, making an attempt to hide the paper—but Mary had seen it, and guessing from her Gran'ther's expression that something unusual was troubling him, she insisted on seeing the cause.

"'Twill hurt you, Honey," said the old man tenderly, "but you will have to know sooner or later and it's best that you learn it from me."

A moment later Mary was staring at the page whose society column featured the picture of Sidney Creighton and his "heiress bride"—and the picture Mary read with unbelieving eyes the announcement that they were leaving for a long trip abroad.

"This accounts for his runnin' off as he did," said the old man sternly, striking the picture in face as he spoke. Then at the look on Mary's face he dropped the paper and caught her in his big protecting arms, cuddling her as a mother might and telling her over and over that Sidney wasn't worth remembering, trying to comfort her with the suggestion that they could get along without one of his kind better than with him, and surely Zane would soon be coming home.

At the mention of Zane Mary lifted from her shoulder a face drawn and haggard with fear and pain * * * * "It might be all right but for this—Gran'ther——and—and——"

As she spoke she drew from a hiding place about her throat a slender wedding ring on a thread-like chain. "This, Gran'ther," she continued, "was given me by Sidney months a

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"The Comfort" Sisters' Corner

his Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

ur object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

ny abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

o not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

lease write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

lways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

ddress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IT is fortunate that a COMFORT Sisters' Pin was not promised for the best letter, as it is for the best recipe. It would be impossible to decide which letter is best as all are good. There are Christmas suggestions for every member of the family, from baby grandmother, grandfather and even more to ome next month. Thank you, kind people.—Ed.

VERMONT.

ELLO EVERYBODY:

This is the Christmas duffle I promised you some onths ago and I don't know where to begin.

I think a nice plan is to have a little book and when ou hear someone wishing for something you can make, rite it down. It will save lots of thinking next December. It is well, too, to make things along through he year if you can and save the rush at Christmas ime.

It ought not to trouble you to find something for the ousewife or the bride-to-be. Sofa pillows are always ceptable and can be made out of almost every kind f cloth. I like washable ones made with snaps along ne side so they may be slipped off and onto the pilows easily. For the camper, take an ordinary sofa illow and cover it with oilcloth and then make a cover f some strong material. The oilcloth keeps the pillow ry when left out in damp weather. If you live in he country you can make pine or balsam pillows for our city friends.

Make sewing bags out of odds and ends for women nd girls. These may be made in all sizes from the g darning bag, made like a laundry bag with "Darn he Thing" embroidered across it, down to the little ag in which to carry scissors and thimble to the sewcircle. A bag for corsets may be made like a laundry bag with "Corsets" in big letters and a few owers embroidered on it. A paper-and-string bag is ade on the plan of a shoe bag. It has one big pocket or wrapping paper and a small pocket for string.

You all know about crocheted, tatted and knitted articles, such as yokes and mats, so we will leave those ut this trip.

You kodak fiends might make a small book of snaphots. One I saw was made of wrapping paper tied ogether with red ribbons. Make one of local views to end to a distant friend or one of snapshots taken on trip for one who could not go.

Spectacle wipes may be made from small pieces of hamois skin. Cut a three-inch square and two twonch squares and buttonhole them loosely around the dge. Lay the small squares one on each side of the arge square and cornerways and tack with a needle nd thread in one corner and put on a tiny bow of ibbon.

Bath cloths may be made from a square loosely nitted of cotton yarn, white, of course, with a shell order of colored silkateen. Size may vary to suit aste and the border may be any color. If you don't nit, these may be crocheted, but the knitted ones are ofter.

A pair of silk stockings for the baby may be made rom the tops of a pair of silk elbow-length gloves. se an old stocking for a pattern and allow for seams. aby jackets may be made from pieces of outing flanel. I made some from plisse last Christmas and the others thought they were nice. You may trim them as fancy as you please. Moccasins may be made of eavy outing flannel, buttonholed loosely around the dge and with eyelets for lacing. The laces are twisted ilkateen to match the buttonholing. They may be nade of felt, old felt hats will do, or the tops of kid gloves. Slumber slippers may be made from pieces of outing flannel or canton flannel. Use a stocking foot for a pattern but cut considerably larger as they don't stretch like stockings. Finish like the baby moccasins.

A friend wanted tea towels. I rummaged out some old outing flannel night dresses and tore out squares from the best parts of them, hemmed and laundered them and they made very nice ones as they were absorbent.

For the teachers, a little calendar made of ribbon, using ribbon one and one-half inches wide of some dark color. Cover an inch brass ring with silkateen to match ribbon. Take a piece of ribbon nine inches long and fringe both ends one-half inch. Draw through the ring one-third of its length and catch with needle and thread to prevent slipping. Paste a small photo of yourself, just the head and shoulders is best, on the upper or short piece and a small calendar pad on the long piece. I have seen pretty Christmas seals used in place of the photo but the kiddies all like teacher's picture best.

I make handkerchiefs and collars from scraps of lawn or any light weight white goods and odds and ends of lace. Here is a new way to make handkerchiefs for the Sunday School children. For boys, take a scrap of goods like the handkerchief and make a tiny pocket in one corner. Make a flap to drop down over and sew on a dress snap. Then they won't lose their Sunday School money. For girls, sew on a crocheted rose and leave one petal loose. Sew a snap on the petal. I like to go around the handkerchief with a single crochet stitch in colored thread and make the rose to match the edge.

I save the blotters from my pads of paper and make blotting pads. Take a pretty post card and cut the blotting paper to match. Punch two holes, one-half inch apart in each end and tie with baby ribbon. You may use as many sheets of blotting paper as you wish. My ribbon is usually off candy boxes.

Tie racks may be made from embroidery hooks wound with ribbon or silk and finished with a bow of inch-wide ribbon and a ring to hang it up by. These are nice for little girls to hang hair ribbons on.

Ribbon book marks are made of one yard of half-inch ribbon and four small brass rings. Cut off one-third of the ribbon, cover the rings with silkateen to match ribbon, and sew a ring onto each end of the short piece. Pass the long piece through one ring and bring the ends together at the other one. Catch with a thread to keep from slipping and sew the two remaining rings onto the ends.

My son's wife makes sewing cards for the little ones. Draw pictures on pieces of pasteboard and punch holes with a needle about half an inch apart. Give them a needleful of yarn or silkateen and let them sew back and forth through the holes. Good for rainy day entertainment.

Oftentimes you can get ideas from the novelties pictures in mail-order catalogues.

If I have large pieces left when making up gingham, percale, lawn or similar goods I make small aprons of them.

Here is a case for handkerchiefs, or ribbons. Take two paper napkins and lay a sheet of cotton wadding between them. Bind around the edge with inch ribbon or silk and fold up one side at one-third of the length and sew over and over. Fold down the upper third to make a sort of envelope and tie a piece of ribbon around to keep it closed. A case for veils is made the same way, only you stop when you get the binding on and roll it up and tie the ribbon around it. They are really very durable. Mine lasted several years. The binding can be stitched on your machine. You might make them of cloth if you preferred. By using larger squares you can make cases for doilies or centerpieces. Roll them like the veil case. If you have to piece the cotton wadding, catch it together to prevent slipping.

Most of us know some old couple that live alone, or some old person living alone. Boxes of food make an acceptable present for them. Boxes of fruit or candy are always welcome, especially if the candy is homemade. If you live where you can raise vegetables you might send some to some poor family that doesn't raise them. A piece of meat or a dressed fowl could be included.

I hope I'll have new ideas next year.

Au revoir. VERMONTER.

PRINCETON, WISC.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I enjoy reading COMFORT and most of all the Sisters' Corner. The letters are helpful, interesting and worthwhile.

Have any of the sisters tried to make coat hangers at home? I'll tell you what I did. From a wooden barrel hoop I cut a piece of wood the length desired for hanger. This I washed and after it was thoroughly dried I cut a strip of cloth an inch longer than the hanger and about five inches wide, sewing them around the piece of hoop on the under side of the hanger with a running stitch. In the middle of the hanger I sewed a piece of the cloth that was used for covering and the hanger was finished. A loop of ribbon could be used instead. These hangers are easy to make and very decorative if pretty material is used for covering. One barrel hoop makes two hangers.

Some people find it hard to wash pillows containing feathers, yet it is a simple matter if washed the following way: Open the pillow in one corner and into this opening pour hot water over the feathers. They will form a wet mass. Remove this and wash the feathers in soapy water, rinsing well. Put the feathers back into the pillow case, which has been washed, and hang it in the sun to dry. The feathers will be clean, light and fluffy and not be spoiled.

I hope that I will see my letter in print for I know that I am worthy of becoming a sister. I am fourteen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE COMFORT Sisters' Pin this month is awarded to Mrs. A. E. Colby, Carlotta, California, for the best recipe. By "best" is meant, as has been explained before, the recipe that gives the exact quantity of ingredients used and the easiest-to-understand method of combining them. Many of the others were almost as good and are quite as much appreciated.—Ed.

MEAT BALLS.—One pound uncooked beef chopped fine, two tablespoons shortening, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon curry powder, one onion chopped, one cup strained tomatoes or one can tomato sauce and one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Make the meat into little balls. Put one tablespoon shortening in frying-pan, and in it cook the onion slowly without browning until onion is soft. Then add the curry powder and meat balls, and shake pan over a quick fire for ten minutes. Put the second tablespoon of shortening in another frying-pan, and when hot add the flour. Stir well, then add salt, pepper and tomato or tomato sauce. Let come to boil and then pour over meat balls. Cover and cook slowly until balls are thoroughly cooked. Serve with boiled rice.—MRS. A. E. COLBY, Carlotta, Calif.

HOLIDAY SALAD.—Use slices of pineapple with centers removed, thinly-sliced sweet oranges with centers and seeds taken out, white grapes peeled and seeded, jellied nuts, small white leaves from heart of lettuce, and cream cheese dressing. Drain one can of pineapple, reserving the juice for the jellied nuts. Soak one tablespoon of gelatine in one-half pint of cold water ten minutes, then dissolve in three-fourths cup of hot pineapple juice. Pour a little into the bottom of a small mould, and when it stiffens press several nuts into it and cover with more gelatine, repeating until all the



HOLIDAY SALAD.

nuts and gelatine are used. The mould should be kept where it will stiffen more rapidly than the dish of gelatine, otherwise it may be necessary to soften it over warm water so that it will pour. The cream cheese dressing is made by mixing one-third teaspoon of mustard, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of paprika, a pinch of white pepper and one teaspoon of sugar, then beat in alternately two tablespoons of vinegar and six of salad oil, and lastly gradually adding one cream cheese mashed with a little fresh or sour cream. Place the jellied nuts in the center of plate, surround with pineapple, small mounds of the orange and grapes and to one side the lettuce. The dressing is placed in spoonfuls through the salad.



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Pure—wholesome—delicious

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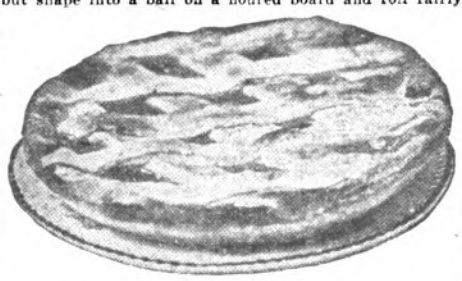
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MUTTON BROTH.—One pound of lean meat and one quart of water. Cut the meat into small pieces, cover with cold water and heat slowly. Add one teaspoon salt and one-half saltspoon pepper and a small slice of onion. Simmer until the meat is in shreds, strain, cool and remove fat. To one quart of broth allow two tablespoons of rice washed and soaked half an hour. When broth is boiling add the rice, simmer till it is tender, being careful not to let the water boil away. Season and serve at once. For seasoning, a little curry powder used as you would use cayenne or a saltspoon of celery salt or a few leaves of fresh mint.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat one egg well, add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a very stiff dough; roll very thin, dredge with flour to keep from sticking. Let remain on board two hours, then roll up as for jelly roll. Begin at end and slice into very thin strips, keep these strips floured until you are ready to drop them into the soup which should be done shortly before serving.

MEAT LOAF.—Put meat through chopper and add salt, pepper and sage to taste. Chop one small onion and add with a pinch of allspice. Into this stir one-half cup of uncooked oatmeal, put into buttered pan, dot with small pieces of butter and add enough hot water to come almost to top of meat. Bake in hot oven.—MRS. CLARA ROMANG, Barnesdale, Ore.

RAISIN PIE.—Pastry: Sift together one heaping cup of pastry flour, one-fourth of a teaspoon each of baking powder and salt. Rub in, or cut in, with two knives one-fourth of a cup of lard or vegetable shortening. Mix this with cold water. Do not knead, but shape into a ball on a floured board and roll fairly

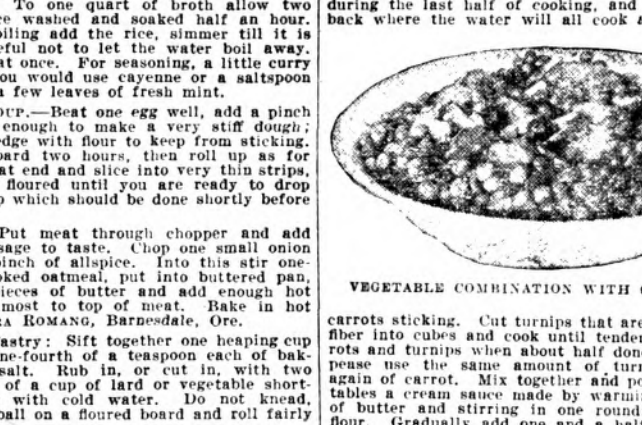


RAISIN PIE.

thin. Spread with one-fourth of a cup of butter, very slightly softened if too hard, and sprinkle with flour. Fold several times, cut in two, roll one piece thin for the under crust, and after rolling the other half thin, cut in strips and lay on top of the filling.

FILLING: One and a half cup of washed and seeded or seedless raisins, one cup of water, half a cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of vinegar, the juice of one lemon and a little of the grated rind, and one tablespoon of butter or clarified beef fat, cooked together. When the raisins are well puffed, cook in one teaspoon of flour mixed with a little cold water. When nearly cold fill lined pie tin and bake in a fairly hot oven. Prunes may be cooked in the same way.

STAR CAKE.—Sift together one and one-half cup of sifted flour, one rounding teaspoon of baking powder, and two tablespoons of cornstarch. Cream one-third cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and beat light. Add two well-beaten egg yolks and one teaspoon of vanilla. Add the flour alternately with one-half cup of milk to the egg mixture, and, lastly, add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven in a star-shaped tin.



STAR CAKE.

FROSTING—One cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth cup of milk stirred until it boils. Cook five minutes without boiling. Beat hard, holding the stew-pan in a dish of cold water. When it begins to stiffen, add one square of grated chocolate, and as soon as mixed and the frosting is set, spread it over the cake. For a children's party, the star may be outlined with candies.

HONEYCOMB PUDDING.—One cup chopped suet, one cup chopped raisins, one cup sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, clove and nutmeg for spice, flour enough for stiff batter. Steam two and one-half hours.

SAUCE.—One pint hot water, two-thirds cup sugar, little strong vinegar, small piece of butter, flavor with nutmeg. Thicken with flour.

VEGETABLE COMBINATION WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Drain one can of peas and put into double boiler until very hot. Scrape carrots, slice thin, cover with boiling water and cook until soft. Add boiling water from time to time if necessary, but it should be kept low during the last half of cooking, and the stew-pan set back where the water will all cook away without the



VEGETABLE COMBINATION WITH CREAM SAUCE.

carrots sticking. Cut turnips that are free from coarse fiber into cubes and cook until tender. Salt both carrots and turnips when about half done. To one can of pease use the same amount of turnip and as much again of carrot. Mix together and pour over the vegetables a cream sauce made by warming one tablespoon of butter and stirring in one rounding tablespoon of flour. Gradually add one and a half cup of thin hot cream while rapidly stirring.

SMOTHERED BEEFSTEAK.—Take one large thin slice of steak from upper part of round. Lay meat out smoothly and cover with a dressing made of one cup of bread-crumbs, half a teaspoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon sage and same of summer savory and enough milk to moisten. Roll meat carefully and tie securely with string. In kettle or large stew-pan fry a few slices of pork and into the fat put the roll of beef and let it brown on all sides. Then add one cup of water and stew until tender. When cooked sufficiently, remove the meat, thicken the gravy with flour and turn it over meat. To be cut in slices.

PRUNE MARMALADE.—Wash prunes in warm water and then set in a stew-pan, adding a little over a pint of water to each pound of prunes. Let simmer gently three or four hours or until the juice is thick. To every three pounds of prunes add the juice of one lemon and half the peel. Rub the prunes through a colander to remove the stones and put the pulp in dish and let cook until thick. Put in jars and seal.

CARROT MARMALADE.—Wash and scrape carrots enough to make four cupfuls after being put through food chopper. Put in porcelain-lined kettle with half the amount of water and let cook slowly nearly half an hour or until the water is boiled away. Then add one and three-quarters cup of sugar and let cook slowly one hour. Before removing from fire, add three tablespoons lemon juice and a little salt. Pour into jelly tumblers and cover with melted paraffin.—E. M. M., San Antonio, Texas.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.—Cream one-half pound of sugar together with one-quarter pound of butter. When smooth, add one-half cup of sweet milk slowly, then stir in one-half pound of cake flour into which has been put one and one-half teaspoon of Royal baking powder. Flavor with one teaspoon vanilla extract, and at the very last fold in the whites of four eggs beaten very stiff. After putting the egg whites in do not stir the batter more than sufficiently to fold in the eggs. Bake in a quick oven for 25 minutes.

FILLING.—Boil one cup of powdered sugar with one-quarter cup of water for five minutes. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and into them stir the boiling syrup. Bring to a quick boil and remove from stove, add one-half teaspoon vanilla extract. This should be a pretty yellow color. Spread between the layers of cake.

SWEET PEPPER CATSUP.—Seed one-half gallon sweet red peppers, add one gallon vinegar, one quart of water, one cup of sugar, one cup of garlic, one tablespoon of salt, two tablespoons cloves, allspice, cinnamon, black pepper. The spices should be tied in a cloth and put in with other ingredients. Boil this mixture until tender, which will reduce the quantity about half, and mash through a sieve. Bottle and seal while hot. This is better than tomato catsup to put on vegetables and meat.—MRS. GOSS CLAYTON, Baker, La.

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Why, it's a different thing," cried the lady joyfully.



She could have touched Lesard as she passed him.



But Jacky was past telling anything. She had fainted.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unhappy. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis'. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him.

CHAPTER V.

A VOICE AT MIDNIGHT.

THE new maid as she performed her few duties quietly and well almost began to think in the next few days that Gillian's imagination had led her astray. The household seemed so ordinary, its routine so exactly conventional and proper. Mr. Marchmont and his ward drove out every afternoon; paid visits; had the best people of the county to tea and dinner; and, clear-eyed as she was, Jacqueline saw nothing to lead her to suppose that the master was on anything but the usual terms with his upper servants.

She stood in her sewing-room one afternoon when Gillian was busy with visitors, and looked out at the wintry sky with eyes that did not see.

"This business won't do!" she said to herself briskly. "Either there is something wrong, or there isn't, and I'm going to find out. If Gill is right and not morbid, then we're off; even if I have to borrow ten pounds from"—her face grew hot under the bleach—"Lesard!" A longing cry the name sounded, for she had said it aloud under her breath. "Oh, if he were here, he would see it all in a minute! And Gill must be right, if a hard-headed man like that thinks as he does about Marchmont."

She turned briskly from the window, and—not without uneasiness—marched straight to the housekeeper's room.

"Wait a minute!" cried an annoyed voice. "Oh, it's you, James! What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, madam, for disturbing you"—how Gillian would have gazed if she had seen the deferential manner, heard the subdued voice!—"but if you would be so good as to speak to the laundry-maid! These handkerchiefs of Miss Hamilton's," displaying two morsels of lace, "are being ruined. Or perhaps you would like me to do them up in future."

"Torn, are they?" with a perfunctory glance at a ruined handkerchief. "Careless! All right, I'll speak to her. Come in!"

The housekeeper was turning about in front of the chimney mirror with an air of annoyance that might have become a duchess. She was arrayed in a purple velvet gown, whose magnificence nearly startled the lady's-maid into an exclamation. A housekeeper in velvet trimmed with jewel embroidery! Jacqueline's face grew perfectly impassive.

"Shut the door tight!" cried Mrs. Gibbs crossly. "I don't want every servant in the house to see me trying on my new gown."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gibbs," the maid turned to the door.

"Oh, you don't matter!" suddenly mindful of those recommendations. "I'm—she laughed—"I'm going to wear this gown to my sister's wedding. Do you understand?"

Jacky's heart beat faster. Why did she not matter? And why did the woman all but wink at her?

"It's very suitable," she returned slowly, "and a lovely dress. But it doesn't fit you."

For the sumptuous gown had an extraordinary look of having been made for a wearer both taller and slighter.

"They don't always," the housekeeper said crossly. "Dressmakers aren't to be relied on." Something made Jacky smile, and Mrs. Gibbs smiled, too, her hard mouth relaxing.

"I can alter that dress, if you like," said Jacky, examining it.

"Oh, will you? That's a good sort! But"—it was a curious question to ask a lady's maid—"are you sure you know how?"

"Oh, yes, madam! It's my trade," returned Jacky demurely. She pulled a pair of scissors from her belt and deftly eased the gathering of the vest of the lilac silk, sewn with amethysts. She had kept her face bent over the work as she ripped off the collar and cut the gown out at the neck. What did Gibbs mean? Could it be that she knew? The quick fingers faltered for a second as she glanced up, to see Mrs. Gibbs watching her in wonder.

"Now if you will slip it on, madam," with her best business air. But she was careful not to let her fingers, that were ice cold with fear of detection touch the housekeeper's strong, white throat.

"Why, it's a different thing!" cried that lady joyfully. "You certainly do know your trade, wherever you learned it," significantly. "I didn't expect it, from your references."

Fright made the girl perfectly steady; there was not a trace of comprehension in face or voice as she answered, standing off to survey her alterations:

"I have always given satisfaction; I hope I can please you, too."

"Oh, don't be huffy!" Mrs. Gibbs in high good humor surveyed her buxom figure in the glorious raiment that was no longer excruciating to her flesh. "Just sew that firm for me—that's a good girl. I've got silk to match. And then we'll have a cup of tea."

It was just what the maid wanted, for she must find out what was meant by the hints about her references.

"She doesn't think I'm a real lady's-maid, I'm certain," she pondered as her fingers flew in Mrs. Gibbs' service. "But I believe that is lucky, for she won't wonder so much at my slips. And I know she doesn't suspect my real secret for one minute." Her brow puckered with perplexity, for, who and what, then, did the housekeeper think she was?

But there were no more remarks on the subject. Perhaps Mr. Marchmont's warning had occurred to Mrs. Gibbs.

"You're going away tomorrow—you and Miss Hamilton and Mr. Marchmont," she observed affably, as they drank their tea. "How will you like that?"

"It doesn't matter to me, much. But, are you sure? My mistress has not said anything."

"You're going, all right."

"Where to?"

"Sir Simon Wellford's—ten miles off. He's got a grand party there, I hear—duchesses and what not." She kept her eyes on Jacky's face with a curious look of admiration.

"What wouldn't I give to carry things off like her!" she thought as the girl departed in time to dress her mistress for dinner. "She's the best I ever saw, and so I'll tell Marchmont."

"Jacky, we're going to spend a week at Sir Simon Wellford's!" cried Gillian uncomfortably. "I'm to take you. Do you think you can stand it? You may have to dine with the servants."

"That's not going to hurt me," composedly. "I knew we were going. Mrs. Gibbs just told me. You should see the dress I caught her in, Gill; purple velvet. It was dyed, though, for the purple came off my fingers when I touched it."

"You didn't touch that horrid wretch!" angrily.

"I did, indeed, my dear! I altered her gown for her most skillfully."

"Oh, Jacky!" groaned the other, dropping her brush. "I hate to think of the position I've got you into."

"You needn't. I'm enjoying myself," a trifle enigmatically. "Gill, who's Sir Simon Wellford?"

"A nice old man, with a hateful wife. I shouldn't mind it a bit if she lost her jewels. The last time we went on a visit the house was robbed, you remember! I hope there won't be any more burglaries. Lord Hollis was here just now, and he says they haven't found a trace of the thieves."

"They never seem to nowadays," returned Jacky idly.

"If they're going to try this house, I hope they'll do it while we are gone." Gillian was fastening her pearls carefully. "I'm terrified of burglars, Jacky; and Lady Hollis was nearly killed, you know." But Jacky had turned away.

"They won't come," she said vaguely. What was that Lesard had said about 'rubbishing stories of burglars'? She started as the words came to her mind.

"No burglars are going to trouble Mr. Paul Marchmont." The contemptuous ring of his voice was plain to her memory.

"Now I wonder why!" thought the red-haired maid blankly, as she tossed sleeplessly in her bed that night, and struggled to solve the problems that were too many for cleverer people than she. "I wonder why!"

A slight noise, directly under her window, made her sit up in the dark and listen. There were footsteps on the gravel; not especially cautious footsteps, either, for the crunch of pebbles had sounded loud in the quiet. Someone whistled, as if in idleness, a bar of "I Want You, Ma Honey." The sound brought a lump to the girl's throat. That tune reminded her of Lesard. He had a way of singing the refrain, with his gray eyes on her face; his voice very low, very sweet. The sound of the air as it reached her made her start out of bed and steal over to the window.

It was bright moonlight as she peered through the shutters, but she could see only the burning ends of two cigarettes in the shadow by a door that was never used. Whoever was there, though, was hidden; but she could hear what sounded like the grating of a key in a lock. A man's voice swore indistinctly.

"I'll open it," said another voice. Every clear-cut syllable seemed to ring in her ears. She held tight to the window-frame, her heart leaping. For she knew the voice; every careless tone of it, every inflection, was dear to her.

With fingers that shook with frantic haste, she put on her dress, her stockings.

"He must want me; there isn't anything else that could bring him to this house!" she thought, fumbling breathlessly at her collar in the dark.

"But why does he come at night? And who has he with him? They had a key, too! I can't understand it."

Shoes in hand, she stole through the sewing-room, out into the dark corridors that led to the main part of the house. At the swinging baize doors she stopped, to let her breath come back to her. Stern common sense came back, too, and forbade her to believe her own ears.

It could not have been Lesard's voice she had heard under her window at midnight! She must have been dreaming.

Yet his own words came back to her:

"I'll go down to that neighborhood if you're there, but I wouldn't like to go into that brute's house."

If he meant the second half of that sentence, how could he have entered that house just now, with a pass-key, familiarly, as of old habit?

"If it wasn't Lesard, I don't know my own name." She bit her lip sharply. "I'll go out and find out, anyhow. He said to let him know if there was trouble. Perhaps there's trouble now, and he's come down to see me through it."

She crept down the servants' staircase, noiselessly, not certain where to go. What a fool she was! Why! that door must lead directly into the passage under her own room, but as to what rooms opened on it she was utterly ignorant.

The passage was dark when she reached it, not a door was open, and yet from somewhere there came the low murmur of voices. Jacky listened with all her ears, but she could not distinguish one voice from the other; could not be sure even how many there were, or if one were Marchmont's.

"I must just continue on this nice stone floor in my stockings till I sneeze—or they come out and catch me!" she thought angrily. For a moment she dismissed that crazy idea that it had been Lesard's voice she heard, as she looked about in the gloom for a hiding place. There was not a thing visible in the darkness but the walls and the dim outline of the stairway down which she had come. She hid herself swiftly under the turn of it, squeezing her slim young shape in under the steps, just in time, for a woman ran down them, her high-heeled shoes clicking.

It was Mrs. Gibbs, and she knocked at a door. Jacky, crouching in the shadows, bent double. She had reason to, if she had known it. Her life hung on nothing but the question as to whether Mrs. Gibbs entered that room or not.

"It's me," said the housekeeper in an angry whisper. "Are you going to keep me up all night?"

Somebody laughed, and every nerve in Jacky Hamilton's body seemed to tighten.

"We don't want you." Marchmont's voice came through the door. "You can go to bed. There's nothing new."

The girl under the stairs did not know that Death had his finger on her in the pause before Marchmont spoke. If she had, perhaps she would have stayed motionless, just the same, that she might know who was in that room.

The housekeeper's steps died away and Jacky stood up to ease her aching body; only to drop flat and noiseless to the floor.

The door was opening! Whoever was in there was coming out.

The oblong of light from the doorway seemed to shine straight on her; it dazzled her, but she was so low that she was safe. She stared at the three men in the passage in breathless scrutiny.

One was Marchmont, the other two wore the corduroy and gaiters of gamekeepers, but she knew they were not simply keepers come at this hour to speak to their master. For, though one was a stranger to her, a rough-looking, bullet-headed boy, the other—she shut her eyes as he turned so that the light fell on his keen, clear face—shut them so that the memory of him should not be stamped on her brain forever.

For the other man was Lesard; and his arm was slipped through Marchmont's familiarly. Lesard, who was unwilling to enter "that brute's house!"

CHAPTER VI.

PURPLE VELVET.

As in a dream Miss Hamilton's maid got her mistress ready for the week's visit to Sir Simon and Lady Wellford. So pale she was that she scarcely needed "Mrs. Ray's Face Bleach" to make her look powder-white. She moved mechanically from wardrobe to boxes with Gillian's clothes, Lesard's own words to her ringing in her brain: "Promise to trust me, whatever happens! You're loyal enough—you may need to be loyal to me; don't forget I warned you."

Thank God, he had warned her! Only that was keeping Jacky Hamilton's heart up as she folded those silks and laces she hated to see Gillian wear.

"That must have been what he meant," she thought bravely; "that I might see him do queer things. And how do I know? He might have been fighting my battles and Gill's. I will trust him—I must. I won't let anything turn me from him."

Yet even as she thought it, there seemed an undercurrent in her brain, louder, stronger, truer than those thoughts she was forcing herself to think.

How did he come to have a key? Why was he not dressed in his own clothes? Why did he take the arm of the man he said he loathed? Most of all, why did he come to this house, where he had warned her not to stay, without apparently so much as once thinking of her? He could not have forgotten—no man could have forgotten—that the girl he loved was in such a place.

He had spoken to Marchmont, too, each careless word like a knife at the heart of the unseen listener.

"Well, here's luck to the ball," he had said, yawning; "we'll all be there. Good night. Come on, Billy," and he and his companion had departed as they came.

It was all perfectly inexplicable. And it was as well that she could not know, as she mused over it, that if Mrs. Gibbs had entered that room and extolled the new maid whom "Billy" was supposed to have sent to that gentleman, there would have been no wondering over anything for Jacky Hamilton, who had altered a velvet gown. She said nothing to Gillian, for this was her puzzle, and not her sister's. She had never spoken of Lesard, she was not going to begin now. Chilly and faint-hearted, she got out of the pony-cart which had conveyed her to Wellford house in the wake of the Victoria which carried Gillian and Mr. Marchmont.

It was a great modern house, not at all like the old picturesque home of her father's that Marchmont had taken. Built of brick, it glittered from far off with the lights in its many French windows, and even in the dusk she could see that it fairly bristled with porticoes and balconies.

She followed the kindly housemaid through long passages, shining with white enamel paint and comfortable with red carpeting. Electric lights were everywhere, and a hothouse warmth that was grateful to her chilled frame.

"We've forty people staying in the house; it's her ladyship's last party for the winter," said the housemaid affably. "This room is yours, next your young lady," throwing open a door of a fair-sized room, evidently a dressing-room for it led into a great chamber, softly lit, and hung, with a fire shining on its luxury.

"Thank goodness," said Jacky, as Gillian entered ten minutes later, "we're together!" She stooped to warm her perished hands at the cheerful fire, and Gillian saw that she was crying. Jacky, who never cried!

"My dear, my dear," the elder sister cried, "is it going to be too hard for you? Shall I pretend you're ill and have you sent home?"

"It isn't that." Jacky wiped the tears from her face, and stood strangely haggard in her streaked make-up. "It's a queer sort of feeling I have about this house. I feel as if it were lucky to be here."

Miss Hamilton locked the door. Then, without more words, put her maid into the easiest chair and gave her a cup of tea from the tray that stood beside the fire.

"Thank goodness, we arrived late and Lady Wellford had to send my tea up," she remarked. "You're tired out."

"It's a convenience, certainly," Jacky answered more cheerfully, feeling a little ashamed of her tears. "But I mean it, Gill; I feel as if something were going to happen."

"Don't, Jacky!"

"Keep your eyes open downstairs"—something in the streaked paint on the girl's face made her tragic—"and I will keep mine open among the other grand lady's-maids. If you notice anything, come and tell me."

"Jacky," Gillian was wild eyed, "you are dreaming! Are you afraid of another burglary or what?"

"I don't know what I'm afraid of," desperately; "only I'm afraid."

"There can't be any reason, in a great house like this," with forced cheerfulness. "Jacky, I think—I knew I had something to tell you. They're going to have a ball, a great big masked ball, tomorrow night, and you can have one of my evening dresses and a domino and come down and see the fun."

"A ball!" Jacqueline, bolt upright, was staring at her. "A masked ball!" she repeated.

Gillian nodded, beginning to dress for dinner.

"It will be such fun and quite safe. You can come with me and see everybody. There will be so many people that an extra will never be noticed. Why, anyone might come to it! You will be able to get a little fun; it will be a relief from the odious part you have to play."

But Jacqueline did not hear her.

That was what Lesard had meant! "The ball, we'll all be there." The words chimed in oddly with Gillian's "anyone might come."

"I'll make two dominoes," she said, and her sharp breathing drew in her nostrils. "If I dare, I'll go down."

She would dare. If Lesard meant to be at that ball she must see him, speak to him, find out what this midnight masquerading of his meant. In spite of her suspicions, her face was radiant with a desperate joy as she repainted it to face her fellow-servants. She would trust him, and tomorrow night would see everything put straight. There was only one man in the world for Jacky Hamilton, and to doubt him was to have grief for her bedfellow, ashes for her meat and drink.

Gillian was lovely as she went downstairs, all ivory satin and chiffon, her collar of pearls a whiter and fairer than her throat. Jacky—who Lady Wellford's own maid, a stout French woman—hung over the banisters and watched her going in to dinner in the long procession of ladies in satins and diamonds. Gillian was on the arm of a good-looking, fair man, very tall, very distinguished, who was looking down at her with pleasure at her beauty. But Gillian seemed to have no eyes for him. She was paler than Jacky had ever seen her, and her face was set like a hard mask of endurance.

That changed face deepened the uneasiness in Jacky's heart as she craned over the banisters, scrutinizing each man passing beneath her. But

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

COOKING FOR THANKSGIVING

ROAST TURKEY



By Violet Marsh

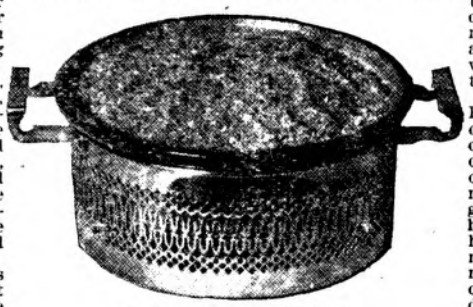
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THE old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner which closely follows the harvest season is as much a custom today as it was when our forefathers, with exuberant thankfulness, made a religious rite of the feast.

In these days of plenty it would be very difficult to understand the depth of that spirit of thankfulness, when, after a season of toil and drudgery, of hope mingled with anxiety and prayerful watching, the early settler and his good helpmeet, beheld a harvest that filled pantry and cellar, hay loft and grain bin and brought the assurance that neither man nor beast under their shelter would suffer from hunger during the coming winter.

Centuries have passed, the crops are bountiful, yet the housewife is planning very much the same old-fashioned feast as did her great-grandmother, because of its unrivaled excellence, and because the traditional Thanksgiving dinner will ever be observed by true-blooded Americans.

As a nation on this great day, we shall cast aside all thought of the balanced meal and agree with the small boy who declared, "I'd ruther eat what I'd ruther." Yes, we shall sin dietically and take the chance of laughter and good cheer stimulating the processes of digestion when we top pie and cheese with pudding, nuts, raisins and sweet cider.



BAKED VIRGINIA PUDDING.

Typical Thanksgiving Dishes

ROAST TURKEY.—Loosely twist old newspaper, place in a pan, light, and hold the turkey over the flame until the hairs and down are singed off. Hold the turkey firmly and keep rapidly turning in all positions so that the skin will not be dried in places. The skin of the turkey should be kept unbroken but if any openings do appear draw the skin together and sew with coarse thread. Cut off the head, make an incision well below the breast-bone, insert the hand and draw out the entrails unbroken, then the gizzard, heart and liver; cut away the gall bladder. The lungs, which are red and of a spongy consistency, will be found on either side of the back-bone close to the ribs, and the kidneys in hollows near the end of the back-bone. Both lungs and kidneys must be thoroughly removed as a very small remaining portion will impart a bitter flavor. Draw the neck skin down and remove the windpipe and crop. Cut away the oil bag. Quickly wash inside and outside with tepid water and a little good soap. Rinse and wipe dry. Stuff, rub all over with salt and equal parts of butter and flour creamed together. Sprinkle a little dry flour on the bottom of the baker and on this lay leaves of extra fat that have been removed from turkey. Add three-fourths cup of boiling water. Substitute butter for fat if the turkey is lean. Lay the turkey on the rack, cover with a large and deep inverted pan unless a regulation double baker is used. Place in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then reduce the heat to moderate, baste frequently if cooked in open pan, and add water as needed. An eight-pound turkey should cook about three hours.



GRAVY WITH GIBLETS.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.—Shell one quart of large chestnuts, cover with boiling water and remove the brown skins. Boil soft in lightly salted water. Care should be taken not to use too much water so that it may be nearly cooked away when the chestnuts are soft. Mash into the water and simmer down if necessary. Add sufficient bread-crumbs to thicken (about two cups), a very little pepper, one-third cup of butter and one or two tablespoons of heavy cream. Cracker-crumbs may be used, and a delicious flavor is obtained by cooking half-a-cup of chopped celery with the chestnuts.

CRACKER STUFFING.—Split three common crackers, and very gradually add boiling water until they are moistened. Add one-third cup of melted butter, and season with salt, pepper and sage, or prepared poultry dressing.

GRAVY WITH GIBLETS.—The heart, liver and gizzard are cleaned, put into one pint of water and boiled until tender. Remove from liquor and chop fine. Pour the drippings from the pan in which the turkey is cooked. Skim off the fat that quickly rises to the top, and return about five tablespoons of it to the pan. Heat and smooth in five tablespoons of dry flour, and stir rapidly until a light brown. Gradually add the liquor from the pan, and that from the giblets. Season with salt and pepper and cook until thickened to the right consistency. Add chopped giblets. If the neck of turkey and tip ends of wings are removed they should be cooked with the giblets.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Wash one quart of cranberries and put into a porcelain-lined stew-pan with one and one-half cup of boiling water. Cook rapidly, and stir frequently to help break them. Cook about ten minutes or until well broken and soft. Strain. Add two cups of sugar and cook about ten minutes longer.

CHILI SAUCE.—Remove the seeds from one green pepper and one red pepper and chop fine with two good-sized onions. Peel and cut into pieces ten large tomatoes. Add one and one-quarter level tablespoon of salt, one-half cup of brown sugar and three cups of vinegar. Into a muslin bag put one and three-fourths level teaspoons each of grated nutmeg and clove, two teaspoons of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of allspice and tie securely, leaving ample room for the spice to swell. Very slowly bring to a boil, set back and simmer until the desired consistency. Remove the bag of spice and bottle.

FILLING FOR PUMPKIN PIE.—Prepare pumpkin as described for canning in this column. Use one and one-half cup to a pie and add three-fourths cup of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, a little grated lemon rind, and two eggs slightly beaten. Beat hard until well blended, then gradually add two cups of scalding hot rich milk. Bake in a moderate oven until brown which should take about two hours.

OLD-FASHIONED PLUM PUDDING.—Soak two cups of fine bread-crumbs in one quart of rich milk one-half hour, then add one scant tablespoon of molasses, one-half cup of granulated sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon, a pinch of clove, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-fourth cup of cold milk, two tablespoons of thick cream and two large well-beaten eggs. Beat well then add one cup of seedless raisins and one cup of good currants (wash the fruit by pouring boiling water over it and letting it stand ten minutes, then rinsing through several waters and draining well. Always skim out the fruit so that any grit will be left in the bottom of the pan). Pour the mixture into a buttered pudding dish and place in a moderate oven. Stir occasionally as the fruit will settle at first. When the pudding has thickened sufficiently to hold up the fruit, cover and bake in a very slow oven five hours. Delicious hot or cold. Serve with hard sauce or sweetened whip cream.

BAKED VIRGINIA PUDDING.—Bring three cups of milk to a scald in a double boiler, then gradually stir in one-half cup of corn-meal wet with one cup of cold milk. Cook fifteen minutes, add half-a-cup of finely chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of skinned and stoned dates cut into coarse pieces, one-half teaspoon of ginger, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of salt. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a very slow oven four and a half hours.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING.—Three cups of sifted flour, one and one-half even teaspoons of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg and one-fourth teaspoon of clove sifted together several times. Add to the dry mixture one cup of seedless or seeded raisins, one-third cup of currants, one-third cup of chopped dates and one-third cup of blanched almonds chopped fine. Put three-fourths cup of suet through the food chopper and mix with one cup of good molasses and one cup of milk and add to the flour and fruit. Beat hard until smooth. Pour into a pudding tin or pail that will cover tightly. It should not be over two-thirds full. Steam four hours, taking care that the water does not stop boiling at any time.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Bring to a boil one cup of hot water, two thirds cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon and a little grated orange rind. Thicken with one slightly rounded tablespoon of corn-starch wet with one-third cup of cold water and slowly cook for five minutes. Beat in two tablespoons of butter and pour the hot mixture over two well-beaten egg yolks, return to stew-pan and cook three minutes, then add the beaten whites and beat with the egg beater until light. Serve.

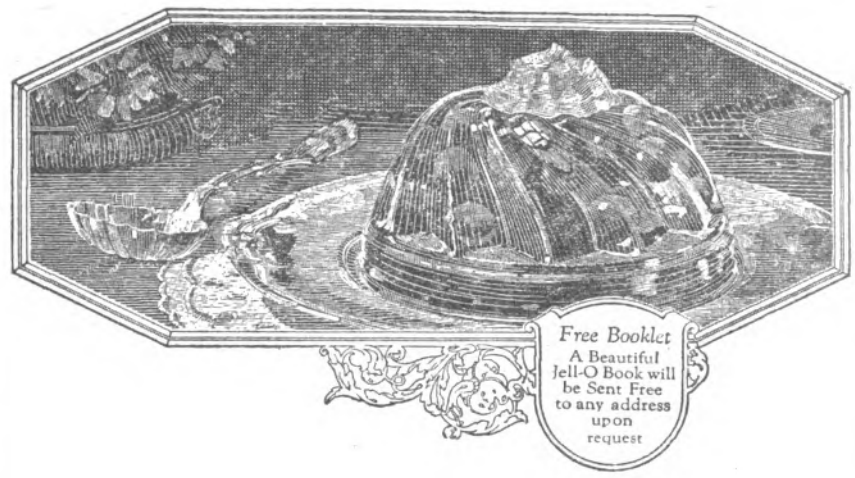
JEWISH FRUIT CAKE.—Sift together several times one scant half cup of sifted flour, four level teaspoons of corn-starch and one rounding teaspoon of baking powder. Prepare one pound of dates by removing the skins and stones and cutting into coarse pieces, and one-half pound of English walnut meats broken into several pieces. Beat three egg yolks, add one-half cup of granulated sugar, and with the egg beater beat until very light and creamy. Now beat in the flour, then add the beaten whites and the dates and nuts. Spread about one inch thick in pan, and bake very slowly until brown and well shrunken around the edges. When cold, cut into bars. This cake will keep indefinitely in a tight tin box.



THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

GOOD DOUGHNUTS.—Beat one egg until light, then beat in one cup of granulated sugar, add one scant teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of nutmeg, one tablespoon of softened butter and beat until light and creamy with one scant cup of whole sweet milk, using the egg beater. Sift one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of soda with three cups of sifted flour, or use one even tablespoon of baking powder in place of cream of tartar and soda. Gradually beat in the flour, adding more if necessary to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



Many Reasons for Jell-O.

SCIENTISTS, through intensive research and countless experiments, have discovered long since, that sweets are essential and important factors in the well being of every normal human being; that to them the body is indebted for its inner heat, its energy, and its activity.

Nutrition experts and dietists are agreed that the dessert is of as great value in the perfectly balanced meal as the more hearty dishes.

Housewives declare there is no food product which so adequately answers the requirements of a well planned menu as JELL-O, and furthermore they select JELL-O for their first choice in dessert dishes for the following reasons:

It is equally suited to the needs and appetites of both children and adults.

It is the one dessert of which the family never tires.

It is the most easily prepared of all sweet dishes.

It may be varied in so many delectable ways that a different, tempting dessert is possible every day.

It is delightful and satisfying in both summer and winter.

It is always available no matter where one may be located and keeps perfectly if one desires to buy in quantity.

It combines deliciously with fruits, nuts, cream and other tempting and nourishing accessories.

It is appropriate for the simple every day meal or for the elaborate company menu.

It is convenient, inexpensive and wholesome.

Every Jell-O package has complete instructions on how to make up plain Jell-O. It is made in a minute by adding the contents of the package to exactly one pint of boiling water and then cooling the mixture. Below are carefully worked-out recipes covering more elaborate dishes, but no recipe is too difficult to be made up by the most inexperienced housekeeper. Each one of them is offered as being in accord with the idea of "the easy Jell-O way."

JELL-O AND BAKED APPLES

Bake six medium-sized or small apples with cores filled with brown sugar and chopped nuts. When cold arrange the apples in a pan and cover them with Raspberry Jell-O (one package dissolved in a pint of boiling water). After the Jell-O has set, cut into squares, using a knife dipped in hot water, and serve with whipped cream. Or place each apple in a cup and pour the Jell-O over.

PLUM PUDDING

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water, and while it is still hot stir in three-fourths cup Grape Nuts or one cup coarse dried and browned bread crumbs, three-fourths cup stoned raisins, three-fourths cup English walnut meats, three-fourths cup cooked prunes and one-fourth cup citron—all cut fine; one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful cloves. Salt to taste. Mix and let harden. Serve with whipped cream or pudding sauce.

GLORIFIED RICE

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water. Add one-half pint of canned pineapple juice or any fruit juice. When a cold liquid, whip to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Have two cups of cold boiled rice cooked dry. Fold the rice into the whipped Jell-O. Add one cup whipped cream, four tablespoonfuls sugar, and salt to taste. Set in a cold place to harden.

MARION HARLAND'S PRUNE WHIP

Dissolve one package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and set it aside until it begins to thicken. Then beat with an egg-beater until it reaches the consistency of whipped cream. Stir in one cup of chopped prunes which have been stewed until very tender. Very much better if one cup whipped cream is added. Turn into mold to harden. Add more sugar to the water in which they were cooked, and boil this down to a thick syrup. When cold, pour it about the base of the dessert, after you have turned it out, and arrange whole prunes as a garnish.

SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold and still liquid whip with an egg-beater to consistency of whipped cream. Let stand till firm and then pile it by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses and serve with custard flavored with grated rind of fresh lemon.

APPLE SNOW JELL-O

Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When partly cold turn into sherbet glasses, filling three-quarters full. When firm pile Apple Snow on top. To make Apple Snow, dissolve one-half package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water. When cool whip to consistency of thick whipped cream. Then add one grated apple and four tablespoonfuls of sugar.

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

The American Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company are at Le Roy, New York, in the famous Genesee Valley Country.



The Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company of Canada, Ltd., are at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on the Niagara River.

Cubby Bear Leaves Home

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I HAVE been talking with Henry, the Hawk, today," Squilly Porcupine told Cubby Bear, "and it makes me feel restless."

"Why?" asked Cubby. "What did he say to you?"

"Oh, he said he could never live such a slow, dull life as we forest animals do," answered Squilly. "And he told me of his long, beautiful flights, and the wonderful sights he has seen. It makes me want to go roving, too. But on my four slow feet I could never go as far as he does, and being down on the ground I could not see half that he can, up in the air."

Then Squilly talked along, telling all he could remember of Henry Hawk's stories.

"Why, oh, why have I no wings!" he moaned. "It is the same with you, too, Cubby Bear! How can you be as happy as you are?"

"Perhaps I shall not be, now you have told me all the hawk has done, the places where he has been, and the sights he has seen. I wish, oh, I wish, that I might go far, far away from this old forest. As Henry said, it is a stupid place to live!"

Cubby Bear walked slowly homeward, all the while looking down at the ground. He reached home just as Grandma Bear and Mamma Bruin were sitting down to a nice dinner of boiled ferns. He took his place at the table, but did not feel like eating.

"Have some of these nice greens, Cubby Bear," urged Mamma Bruin.

"No," he refused, then added, as an afterthought, "Thank you."

"You do not know how good they are," Grandma Bear told him. "Fern greens are the best of any kind, but they must be picked at just the right time. I went out and picked these myself, I wanted you to help me, but could not find you. You know how they grow, don't you? All rolled up neatly, they are, at first, just as your Mamma Bruin rolls up her tape-measure. Then, as they grow, they unroll themselves in long fern-fronds of pale green, ever so pretty. But it's when they are rolled up tightly, all young and fresh and tender, that I pick them for greens. Have some!"

"No, thank you," repeated Cubby.

"You are not sick, are you?" asked Mamma Bruin, laying her paw on his head. "You have always liked greens before."

Cubby Bear wrinkled his little black nose disdainfully.

"I am sure they are not as nice as the things Henry Hawk finds to eat when he is off on his travels," he said. "Oh, Mamma Bruin! I am sick of this forest, and I am sick of greens—and of this house—and of seeing the same things and the same animals day after day—and walking in the same paths! I want wings, like Henry Hawk, and Shinyblack Crow, and Edric Eagle!"

Mamma Bruin seemed to have forgotten her dinner, and looked at her little son with troubled eyes.

"Why, Cubby Bear! What has made you feel like this? Have you been talking with Henry Hawk, the rover?"

"No, but Squilly Porcupine has, and he is unhappy, too. I cannot have wings, but I am going away—as far as my feet will carry me!" Cubby rose from the table, and stood by the window, scowling darkly.

"Oh, no! How could I let you go, Cubby Bear?" asked Mamma Bruin.

Cubby began to weep, stormily.

"You just want to keep me here, where I can never have any fun!" he sobbed.

Grandma Bear was still calmly eating greens.

"If he wants to go, let him," she advised, "and see what fun he can find."

"I shall never be happy till I do," Cubby said.

"Then go," Mamma Bruin told him sadly, and kissed him on the forehead.

Cubby left the house, and started off down the familiar path toward the Big Brook.

"I wish I could find Henry Hawk," he thought. "He would tell me where to go to have a good time. If Squilly Porcupine were not such a slow walker, I would take him with me, but I shall have a better time alone, not having to wait for him."

When he reached the Big Brook, he stood watching the running water for a while.

"The brook runs always away and away!" he thought. "I will follow it and see where it goes."

So he went along, walking by the bank where he could, pushing his way through close-growing bushes, clambering over rocks. And ever Big Brook murmured its low song, and rippled along its way. Sometimes Cubby waded in the cool water for a little distance when the bank was too rough.

After a while the brook widened into a pond, and he came to the dam Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver had built of small logs which they had cut down with their long, strong teeth. At the edge of the water was the beavers' lodge, or house. Busy Beaver was paddling about in the water.

"How do you do, Cubby Bear?" he asked. "Did you come to play with me? I will call Brother Binney, and we will have a fine time splashing in the water!"

"No, do not call him," replied Cubby, "for I cannot stop. I am going away from home—away from the forest—away from everything I have ever seen. Good by!" And he hurried on.

In mid-afternoon he was picking some new little checkerberry leaves which grew on a small hillock. He liked the sharp flavor, and ate them eagerly.

All at once he was startled by hearing a loud "Bang-*bang!*"

He dropped his checkerberry leaves, and put both paws over his ears.

"Oh, oh!" he thought. "What was that? It sounded like the noise the red stick made last Fourth of July, when it fell in the fire!"

As he stood there, shuddering, he heard a sudden rustling among the leaves of a maple tree close by, then a large bird fell to the ground—flop!

Henry, the Hawk!

He did not seem to be having such a beautiful time! He lay still on the ground for a few moments, then crawled under some bushes. Cubby followed him.

"What is the trouble? Are you hurt?" asked Cubby.

Henry scurried in farther among the sheltering bushes.



"HOW DO YOU DO, CUBBY BEAR?" HE ASKED.

"Do not be afraid. It is only Cubby Bear."

"I did not know anyone was near!" Henry exclaimed, crawling out from his hiding place. He looked rumpled and scared, and part of his long tail-feathers were gone.

"Did you hear the loud *bang!*" asked Cubby Bear.

"*Did I hear it!*" shrieked Henry Hawk. "I should say I did! Don't you see my tail-feathers are cut off?"

"But——but I don't quite understand," said Cubby. "What cut them off? And why should cutting feathers make such a loud noise?"

"Oh——stupid! You don't know much, do you?" cried Henry angrily.

Cubby did not know how he had offended the hawk, but decided to talk about something else.

"I wanted to find you this afternoon," said Cubby, "and ask you to tell me where to go to have a good time. Squilly Porcupine told me about the beautiful times you have on your travels."

"*Go home!*" said the hawk, "where you have always had good times, and where your friends love you! That is where *I* am going—I mean to my own home, not to yours."

"But are you sure you are not too much hurt to go there alone?" asked Cubby. "I would help you!"

"I can go alone," answered the hawk. "But I shall hide here under the bushes for a while first. Hark! do I hear someone coming? Run, Cubby Bear, and I will hide. It might be the man with the gun!"

Cubby ran, as he was told, hardly knowing whether to be afraid or not. What was a gun, anyway?

"I must keep near the Big Brook," he thought, "so I shall not get lost."

After running until he was tired, he stopped to listen. He heard nothing but the song of birds and hum of insects.

"I will lie down and rest," he said to himself, "and then perhaps I will start to go far away again. Or, perhaps——I——may——go——home, as Henry told me."

In the shade of some trees he found a bed of soft moss, a beautiful place to rest. Close by grew a cluster of tiny white violets, and their sweet fragrance came to his nostrils.

A gentle little breeze rustled the leaves above him, singing a lullaby, and Cubby slept.

He dreamed he was floating, away and away and away. Then a soft voice seemed to be whispering in his ear tales of the forest life, and of the good brown earth, and of summer time, though just what the stories were he never could remember later.

"It is time to waken now," the voice murmured. "Open your eyes. The warm summer winds are blowing all about you. Blue sky is above; green trees bend over you, their rustling leaves whisper sweet stories if only you listen closely enough to hear. Beautiful flowers grow for you, and slender green grasses, standing with their roots in the moist earth that gives them life. Oh, happy, happy Cubby Bear, to live in a world so full of beautiful things!"

Cubby sat up and looked around. Where had the sweet whispering voice come from? The rustling leaves? The white violets? Had he been dreaming, there on the mossy bed?

There had been some trouble, he thought—but what? Oh, yes. He had been discontented and angry and cross! But where was his ill-temper now? All gone. Perhaps he had slept it away.

A Cubby Bear who lived in such a beautiful world and had such a good Mamma Bruin to love *him*, ought to be a very good little Cubby Bear, indeed! And only to think that he had been cross with good Mamma Bruin, and had meant to leave her for always!

He sprang to his feet, and ran—he could not run fast enough to suit him—toward home.

He could not run all the way—it was too far. When he reached home the sun was setting, and pink clouds, gold-edged, were in the western sky. He rushed into the house, and threw his arms around Mamma Bruin's neck.

"I have come back!" he cried joyously. "I am going to live here with you and Grandma Bear!"

"That is my good little Cubby," said Mamma Bruin as she kissed him. "Now have some supper, for you must be hungry."

Grandma Bear was taking a large basket down from the shelf.

"I am going out to pick rolled-up fern heads," she said. "There is nothing better for greens."

"Oh, let me help you pick them," offered Cubby Bear, "and we will have a nice dinner tomorrow."

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DECEMBER COMFORT

Besides its large content of Christmas cheer and helpfulness our coming December number will carry the first four chapters of our new serial story, "Brownie's Triumph," and the second installment of Mr. Gannett's Airplane Tour of Europe. The following are some of the

Special Features for December

"When the Christmas Tree Burned" A gripping story of loving devotion and sacrifice—By Joseph F. Novak.

"The Best Christmas Poems" Some gems of inspiring Christmas poetry, old and new.

"The International Balloon Race" Mr. Gannett describes and pictures the imposing spectacle of the world's greatest balloon race, and wonders of winter sports in mid-summer.

"Holiday Goodies" Good things for the Christmas dinner and confections for Holiday cheer.

"Christmas Greens for Decorating" Decorative greenery so expressive of Christmas spirit need not be costly.

"A Trying Evening" A novel and amusing form of entertainment for the home, the church parlor or the Grange hall.

"Cubby Bear Travels Swiftly" Cubby Bear shoots the shoot in a perilous experiment.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 409 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive December COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss December COMFORT.

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November, 1922.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1922.

State of Maine,..... } ss.
County of Kennebec,... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders: Gannett Publishing Co. (incorporated), Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

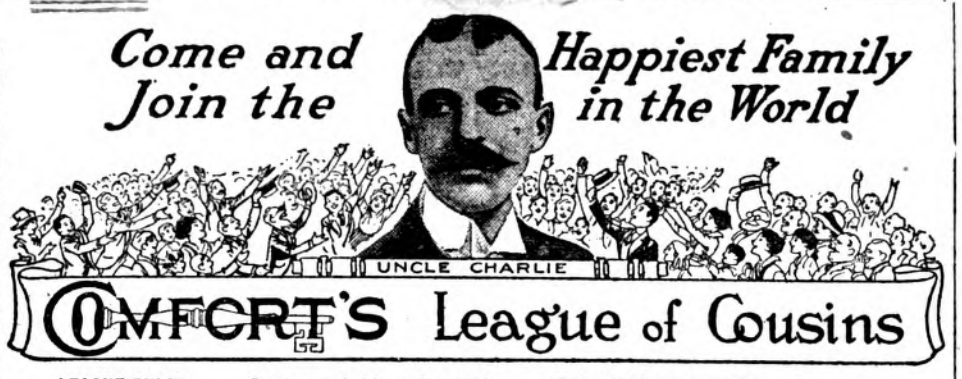
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1922.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

THIS is the month of bare boughs and gray skies—and also of our national bird and the national sport of politics. And speaking of politics, Billy, through his friendship with Tom McFadden, whose brother is boss of the Seventh Ward, has been getting quite on the inside as to how things are managed in our big town in the interesting and important game of "Vote! Vote! Who's got the Vote?" Among our many-tongued and much-balloted city districts the great vote-chasing game has developed some strange rules—or evasion of rules—and, at what he has heard Tom tell, I know Billy must have raised his right and righteous eyebrow many times and frowned much internally. At any rate, he has, at considerable length, passed on to me tales of what he calls "disgraceful conditions" which he thinks make "democracy a farce and our republic a shaking fabric"—to quote Bill at his gloomiest phrase and his best period! As I have said before, Bill is by rheumatism a pessimist and by heredity and training a born conservative. Book-fed upon Macaulay, the natural trend of his ideas easily develops into doubts of our democratic form of government, its possible endurance, and even its present benefits.

"Uncle Lisha," he said triumphantly to me last night, after reading aloud extracts from an evening paper of large city circulation and headlines, "you'll have to admit, after hearing such stuff, which is bound to influence unthinking voters, that our government works inevitably toward rule by its lowest level. Why, the best brains are swamped and unrepresented in such an expanse of ignorance, mediocrity—and worse!"

"Bill," I said, "to begin with, we are not as much newspaper-governed and influenced as you might think. Recent elections have proved this. Also who the 'best brains' are is a matter always open to argument and judgment. I notice that all who, like you, begin to argue against the demoocratic tradition, always also start in by assuming themselves among these best brains who are so unfortunately cut off from an opportunity to govern! There were many such, I'm sure, ready to jeer at Abe Lincoln as an unlettered rhil-splitter whose clothes fitted strangely.

"I don't have to listen to your arguments, Billy; I have read all you could say before, in thick and thin volumes of pleaders and doubters, and I can read it many times again in pessimistic articles our magazines are printing rather often. Thanks to the planning of our forefathers, who found it necessary, you will remember, to separate themselves from policies framed by an aristocratic government, the best brains in our country are not limited from governing only to the extent that they choose to limit themselves. Too, no development of a governing class, as in aristocratically-controlled countries, has shown itself actually capable of automatically turning forth these best brains, always so fitted, according to the aristocratic tradition, to rule the incapable, unthinking masses. For I would like you, Bill, and some of these democracy-doubters to take notice that when a class-ruled country—England, for example—needs a best brain to get her out of difficulties before which an aristocratic government stands helpless, such a leader springs up in the form of a Lloyd George, the son of a Welsh tailor; or in a Gladstone, whose father was a Glasgow shopkeeper; or a Disraeli, the self-pushed representative of an aristocratically-despised race. The Salisburies and Cecils cut poor figures before these men. You read enough history, Billy, to know that the same sort of instances can be pointed out in other monarchial countries. However achieved, the best government of the people must come from one of themselves. England's only surviving greatness today is because the men who have come forward to save her in great crises are exactly the same sort of men who would have come to the front in our country or in any democracy. Great Britain's saving wisdom has ever been that her ruling class have made use of such men and granted them the power they deserved and which, under a republic, they would have won for themselves. Look back for perhaps two centuries in the history of monarchial Europe and count the leaders of mankind who have been born to the aristocratic purple. Mark the ruin created by crowned imbeciles and those who have had to traditionally serve them in their imbecilities—and then watch in history's pages how the damage done has had to be remedied by some upspringing, outstanding member of the long-suffering 'unthinking' masses.

"Man as man, Billy, is a creature of hope, feeling and search for happiness. He is not at his best when he is but a collection of pedigree, privilege, false education and accumulated selfishness disguised as culture. Any government must have best chance of success when its base is as near as possible to the striving heart of mankind itself, and its functioning representatives not those whose heads are so above their fellows that their feet must rest upon the necks of those they rule."

"Well, Uncle Lisha," said Billy, dissentingly and obstinately, "I don't know but we might as well have feet upon our necks as to have hands always in our pockets. Under an aristocratic form of government those who rule do not have to fatten themselves upon public plunder. With us it's getting worse every year. Why, Tom says——"

"That's all right, Bill," I cut in, with soothing abruptness; "I know all about Tom's brother and the profession of politics as it has developed under our constant increase in wealth, population—and offices. I am not blind nor deaf and I know quite as much about our governmental evils as you do. But the things we suffer from most are not faults to be blamed upon our fundamentals of government. Rather they are fruits of our great growth in wealth, always a danger to a republic, and the fact that our electroate has not been the development of our own normal increase in population. Our city vote today, and much of our rural vote, is congested and affected with elements, interests and ideas all brought to our shores from aristocratically-governed countries and developed there. Remember this when you blame latter-day political evils against democracy itself.

"Let the railers rail and the pessimists prophecy, Bill! I'm going to cut a big slice from the side veranda of a juicy Long Island turkey this Thanksgiving, convinced that I have more to be thankful for than a citizen of any other country on the globe. More than ever today these States are the hope of the world, Billy. Our form of government is a light of liberty set upon a hill. It cannot be hid. Any dwindling of this light is a fatal darkening to the whole earth.

"What Tom McFadden's brother does in the Seventh Ward may be quite as bad as you say, Bill, but——" as I waved a proud oratorical hand in Billy's direction, I saw to my disgust that he had spread the front page of the Brooklyn Bugle over his eyes and was so fast asleep that my voice could only be passing to his ears like the rumble of the distant trollies carrying evening crowds theater- and movie-ward. The real truth is that the only person Bill likes to hear talk is himself!

And now for the letters:

CROHANHURST VIA BEERWAH,
NORTH COAST LINE,
QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Did you ever get a letter from Australia before? Well, here I am! I was born in Minnesota, so I am not an Australian, but I have lived here in the lonely bush for nine years—and I am only fifteen. I am very lonesome here because I have not gone to school since I was ten, and I have no friends. I am writing hoping some kind cousins will write to me. I will exchange stamps with all who write and I will tell them about my country. I would be especially pleased to hear from nature lovers—particularly bird lovers. I belong to a League for protecting native birds, animals and plants. My birthday is the 11th of October. If those who write will tell me their birthdays, I will put them in my birthday book.

I remain, with the best of good wishes,
Your little niece and cousin,
MARJORIE BUCHANAN.

You are evidence, Marjorie, that our Happy Family stretches even to the Antipodes—where I used to imagine folks walking about upside down, like flies on the ceiling. You don't say if you have to walk in this inconvenient fashion, Marjorie; but I fancy not. Doubtless with all these new inventions since I went to school, they have got things arranged so you can move around right side up—just the same as when you lived in Minnesota and before you turned into a lonesome, friendless little bushgirl.

I wish you had told us more about your big island continent, Marjorie, and just what you are doing 'way out there in the bush. All Australians talk about the "bush," and Australia must be a very bushy place. It has always been hard for me to think of the streets of Adelaide, Melbourne and Sidney as being filled with bushes, but it must be so, I suppose,—for I have never heard of a single Australian but what lived amid this wild-sounding "bush." Well, birds like bushes, Marjorie, and so you must find plenty of birds to study, love and protect as you roam about your leafy, bushy home in Queensland. The beautifully plumed Canberra, the wild Beerwah and the timid Perth are all native birds of yours which I would like to see.

Marjorie, I think I had best tell the cousins that they will have to put a five-cent stamp on letters and two-cent stickers on postcards when they write to you—as many of them will. It is a long ways both to Tipperary and the Antipodes, and it takes a lot of postage and miles to bring mail far out in the lonely bush, where the tiny Beerwah sings enchantingly as the sun rises over the pink Pacific.

GRANTS PASS, BOX 147, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hi, oh!—the call from the Far West! Hello, there, Uncle; I am back again, but on real business this time. Say, all of you thoughtful cousins, I am nearly snowed under with all your cheer from all over the U. S. A. It was highly interesting and much appreciated by me. I didn't think that my first attempt would be published, but, to my surprise, I saw my own letter in the July number of COMFORT. Did I get cheered-up? Well, I guess YES. It came from a thousand cousins and is still a-cheering. I sure love to read the letters and I have managed to read them all, too. Our postmaster asked me what had happened, and I told him I was getting acquainted and visiting all my cousins through the mail. He said I received more mail than anyone in Grants Pass.

So, Uncle Lisha, could you help me out? I am trying to answer all that sent pictures, also those sending stamps, and as many of the others as I can now. I want to thank the cousins, one and all, for their letters, cards and pictures. I expect to be answering some for a year to come. I am going to be game anyway, so if some of you get an answer six months from now, don't be surprised—will you?

So many want to know about this part of the world, so here goes: Come on, Billy; I know you like cherries. We will drive up a mountainside for fifteen miles where, near the top, is a cherry orchard where I was two years ago. The trees are very high and some are three feet through. There are pink and white Royal Anns, Red Lamberts, Dark Red Oxhearts, Large Bings, and a coal black cherry that is very sweet. Most of these cherries are large as twenty-five cent pieces.

All aboard! Hi, oh! for the Oregon caves! Be sure and bring flashlights and wear your hiking clothes. All ready? Let's go! Here we string out, like a caravan, over a winding mountain road, through the woods and mountain tops for fifty-odd miles. We go over a new road just finished, and can drive nearly up to the mouth of the cave. It is like going into a mine. It has been an old water course, running underground, and has dried up. There are seven miles of walks through the explored part and many miles that have not yet been explored. The inside of the cave is a crystallized rock formation from the old water course, and it is transparent and very beautiful. When the light is thrown on it, it sparkles like fairyland. Guides are hired to take you through, as it is dangerous to try it alone and one can get easily lost.

Now for the place called the "Sticks"—which means forests, pines, firs and redwoods. There is a little town ninety-six miles from Grants Pass through the Sticks and mountain roads. At one place, at an elevation of 5,280 feet, the road goes over the top called Oregon Mountain. The end of the journey brings you to Crescent City, which dips its feet into the Pacific. On the way, as you drive through the redwoods, it is like going into a cellar. The tops can hardly be seen and the forest growth is so thick the sun never finds its way through. Crescent City is a small town; old and full of Indians, foreigners and white people. Lumbefing is the main industry. Large boats come from San Francisco and take away the lumber.

Then back to Grants Pass and we'll start for Crater Lake. This means a crooked, winding road for ninety-nine miles from Grants Pass to the Lake. The Lake has been said to be a volcano burned out. It is five miles across and the peaks around the edge are over a thousand feet high. In winter the snow gets so deep that only a few men come over on snowshoes and skis. July is the best month to visit the Lake by auto. You can travel all the way through to a large hotel and resort that has been built by the Lake. Here is where they have those beautiful sunsets. All of the cousins who, like me, are very romantic, will think it great.

And now to answer a few questions: Grants Pass is a sleepy little town. One long street, which is paved because the main highway goes right through. Not much work. There is a box factory, packing house and round house. Also a number of creameries. Mer-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



Myra Armstrong settled back comfortably in the luxurious Pullman chair

Her Great Adventure

How a Woman's Spare Time Was Turned Into Ready Money

Story By Herberta Woodward
Illustration by Johanna Thorstrwon

Mrs. Paul Armstrong leaned back contentedly in the luxurious depths of her Pullman chair. The gentle swaying of the great coach soothed her into a dreaminess that found expression in languid eyes which idly drank in the beauties of the swiftly changing scenery. Mrs. Paul Armstrong was thinking.

This was the day of days to which she had so eagerly looked forward these past five years. Five years of wishing—and it seemed but yesterday that despair clutched heavily at her heart—her roseate dreams of the then future but mocking mirages of something that could never be.

Yet it had come to pass. Here she was on the journey she had been planning for so long. With keen satisfaction she contemplated the dress she wore. Never before had she been able to dress this way, and she sensed, womanlike, the attractiveness of her appearance.

And she had brought all these things into her life solely through her own efforts. Nobody had helped her. It was her victory and hers only.

She glanced at the tiny watch of white gold which gleamed on her wrist. Fifteen minutes more and she would greet the mother whom she had not seen for ten years. And she would be proud of how she looked. How happy she would be during the next four weeks of that long-delayed visit. To Myra Armstrong this was her great adventure and the climax was near.

Idly she began turning the pages of the magazine on her lap. Suddenly she stopped. There it was, the advertisement of the firm through which her fondest hopes had been realized. Her thoughts flew back over the months and in her mind's eye she saw plain as day another advertisement, the one she had answered when resolution had taken firm hold on her spirit and urged her to achieve the thing she wanted so much.

How well she remembered that first letter she had written to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company. The promptness with which she had decided had astonished even herself and never a regret had there been during the months that followed. She was glad—glad, oh how glad she was that it had all come about.

If anyone had told Myra Armstrong five years back that she could go into business and actually earn money she would have looked at them in amazement. Married young, she had learned no trade or profession and had been taught to lean upon the male members of the family and look to them for everything. What they could not give her, she had learned to do without.

She had not been married long when misfortune entered her life. For some time her husband was out of employment. Business depression continued their extremity for a longer period.

Uncomplainingly she had accepted the inevitable, resolutely stilling every desire for pretty things, saving every penny, economizing until it seemed that they were living on air alone. It had been hard—very hard, for there was one desire that could not be quieted. It was to see her beloved mother who lived so far away.

Always is there something that impels towards success. It may be a great desire, a great ambition or a great love. In the end it wins if it is strong and great enough. It was love and desire that impelled Myra Armstrong to take up home knitting and relieve the financial stringency which threatened her health and happiness.

She had been attracted by more than one advertisement offering the means of home employment. One had not appealed to her as entirely reliable, another she put aside because there were veiled insinuations of unreasonable earnings, with homes, automobiles and grand pianos pictured as possibilities from the results of home knitting. She sensibly concluded that she could expect none of these and being sensible she wanted nothing more than a fair opportunity to turn her spare time to account for a fair remuneration. Finding the Gearhart Company a long established and conservative firm with a reputation for the squarest kind of dealing, the Gearhart Standard Knitter had been her choice.

Myra Armstrong remembered well the day the Knitter had arrived. She could hardly wait to unpack it and start knitting the Allwear Hosiery she had read about so much. It had not been easy at first. The precise, machine-like movements of the scores of needles were a little confusing but she was determined and, with the aid of the instruction book, soon mastered the operation. If thousands of other women could do it, she could and she *did*.

The start was slow, she remembered. The first pair of socks took some time but gradually her speed increased until one time she found she had earned nearly three dollars in a single day. And it was all done during spare time.

This hosiery she sent to Gearhart, who guarantees under a contract to accept and pay for all the Standard Allwear Hosiery a man or woman can turn out. Soon she found that she could sell the hosiery to stores and neighbors at good prices. Everybody admired the handsome, strong, well-knitted woolen socks. Now she was in business for herself—and indeed she had been right along, just as much as any manufacturer who makes a product for another to market. After a while her little business became established and although she had the contract to fall back on whenever she desired, yet neighbors and local stores took all she could turn out. Then came a day when the name of Myra Armstrong appeared on a little bank book; her savings grew; the lines of worry disappeared from her face and she sang as she worked.

The months passed quickly; for they were pleasant months to live. The simple things she needed came one by one, not costly things but good and serviceable. Then the long cherished journey to her mother.

"Bless that advertisement," cried Myra Armstrong almost audibly as the brakeman cried her stop. "I don't see why any woman need sigh and wish for the reasonable necessities of life when, with a little determination, a few dollars and the Gearhart Home Knitter, she can so easily find the key to her desires."

This illustrative story is frankly meant to impress the reader, man or woman, in a fair way, with the possibilities of utilizing spare time at home in the knitting of Allwear Hosiery.

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Those who do not care to dispose of their product themselves will find the contract furnishes a ready market. If you wish to turn your spare time into profit, you will find Gearhart Home Knitting a pleasant and practical occupation. Simply clip the coupon and mail to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company, Clearfield, Pa., and full information will be mailed you immediately, including your Guide Book and free samples of knitting. Address Dept. C. N.

..... (COUPON) .....

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Clearfield, Pa., Dept. C. N. Date.....

You may send me full details regarding association with your company in the use of my spare time in knitting Allwear Hosiery, my Guide Book and free samples of knitting—without obligation.

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Morena's Cause for Thanksgiving

By Joseph F. Novak

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"JENNIE Bliss stopped in this afternoon, Bob, to invite us to have Thanksgiving dinner with them tomorrow."

Morena Kenton looked just a little uncertainly at her husband, as she gave him the bit of news which she knew would surprise him.

He slowly turned from the sink at which he had been washing, and stood with towel suspended.

"Isn't it rather short notice?" he queried quietly.

"Yes, of course," Morena replied, "but Jennie is giving the dinner for Hattie and Fred Sharlow, and she didn't know they were coming to visit her until this morning. She's inviting the old crowd. The dinner will be at six in the evening, but we're to come at four. We'll play '500', Jennie said, before and after dinner. I—I—said we'd go," and Morena again looked at him a little uncertainly, for she felt that Bob would really have preferred not to go. In fact they seldom went with the coterie that had had such jolly times before they all had married.

But, as was always his custom ever since they were married, he always did what he thought would please her, for Bob Kenton had not the faculty of making money that some men had, and unconsciously he tried to make up this deficiency to Morena in other ways. Now he replied:

"If you want to go, Morena, why, of course, we shall. I don't suppose the children are invited?"

"No. Mattie and Fred are now so accustomed to doing things and having things done for them in city style, that Jennie didn't invite any of the crowd's children."

"What will the little shavers do for their Thanksgiving dinner?" Bob asked.

"Oh, we can have dinner at noon, the same as usual, and I'll prepare a lunch for them in the evening. Dolly can put Billie to bed, so that will be all right."

"I see you've made all the plans, Morena," he smiled, and then apparently trying to appear pleased over the prospect, he continued:

"It will be nice to have the old crowd together again, though I'm afraid we won't especially shine among them."

Anon, he seemed to fall into a reverie, and Morena quickly noted it, and she knew his thoughts were upon Fred Sharlow.

Fred had always been quick, brilliant and ambitious, and although a farmer boy, he had scorned the thought of pursuing the life-work of his forefathers. He wanted wealth and position and you couldn't get them farming. He was one of those nervous, excitable characters who seem never to rest until the grave closes over them.

Bob Kenton, on the other hand, had, after marrying Morena, purchased a small farm and as if to confirm Sharlow's belief, after ten years, was still trying to get rid of the debt upon it.

Sharlow's ambitions would have been a matter of no concern to Bob and Morena Kenton if it had not been for the fact that Fred had been deeply in love with Morena. Always well dressed, and keeping abreast of the times, he was a man most any girl might have been proud to marry—from outward appearances, at least. But Morena had consulted her heart, not head, in the choice of her mate, and had accepted the slow, plodding Bob, whom she loved, for there was that about him that drew her to him. Handsome, Bob undoubtedly was, thoughtful and tender, a man of splendid physique, whereas Fred Sharlow hid a deficient body in clothes especially calculated to make a man appear strong and manly.

Morena could have had Fred, for he had laid his heart at her feet, but when she refused him, he had, after a month or two of pique, bestowed his attentions upon Hattie Frazier and they were shortly married. Then Waterville became too small for him and he went to the city, and succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold and his final triumph came in the last few years when he organized a radio company, the returns of which Waterville folk said, had made him a millionaire.

Nor was the town allowed to forget him, for knowing that his ambitions had been slightingly spoken of, he paraded his success under their very noses, so to speak, through Hattie's letters, for he had not showed his person in town for quite a number of years back.

Whenever some news of Fred's success came to the village, everyone seemed to take especial delight in bringing it to the attention of Morena, for somehow people felt that Morena would have better become the fortunes of Fred Sharlow than did Hattie Frazier who became given to condescending ways with them—and for this they blamed Morena.

Morena finished getting the supper ready and presently there was a crow from the bedroom where little Billie had been napping. She went to him and he yawned and stretched, and his bird-like chirping sent a warm rush of happiness through Morena's heart. She picked him up and brought him into the kitchen.

"I wish Dollie would come," she remarked, and as wishes sometimes are horses, Dollie presently did, full of stories of the preparations at the Bliss home as detailed at the store.

"All that fuss might have been over you, Morena," Bob said with a queer smile.

"Well, it isn't," Morena replied, just a little sharply.

The next morning Morena was up early, but there was a little heaviness about her heart. In her dreams she had seemed to be the wife of Fred Sharlow and found herself within a city mansion and gowned and jeweled like unto a millionaire's wife. To wake from such a dream to starting a daily routine of farm life on a lowering morning is——

However, she bustled about as she had done for the past ten years, and then when Bob went out to attend to some work that he had, she admonished Dollie to take care of Billie and to watch the turkey and then she started for town, to make a few purchases. She started afoot, for it was not a long walk as their farm was on the outskirts of the little town.

As she came to the corner of Main Street, a large limousine swung into it. It was a big, glistening thing, polished to a nicety, a machine that had undoubtedly cost at least ten thousand dollars. Within it sat a woman, swathed in furs, an expensive hat of extravagant design upon her head and glittering pendants at her ears. The man beside her was wrapped in even as expensive style.

Of course it was Fred and Hattie Sharlow and they recognized Morena for they gaily waved to her, though they gave no word to their liveried chauffeur to stop.

For a moment Morena gazed at the disappearing car, then suddenly her heart filled with bitterness. Was it worth while, after all, to marry for love? The humiliation of having been seen afoot, clad in old clothes (in her mind's eye Morena was making her appearance far worse than truth warranted) by the man who had loved her and by the woman whose place she might now be occupying had she decided differently, was hard to swallow.

By the time she reached the store, everyone about had seen the big limousine, and comment was agog.

Her purchases made, Morena returned to her home with rebellion at her heart, although, dutifully, she tried to be gay, especially when she viewed the bowed heads of the children as they bent in grace over their Thanksgiving dinner, and she felt how unworthy of the love of the little household she was.

After dinner she and Bob prepared for the visit, and then Morena wished she had refused the invitation because of their clothes. They were good garments and both she and Bob looked very well, Bob in particular because of his splendid physique, but, in imagination, Morena compared them with what she thought Hattie would wear, and the comparison was odious.

Then they sat around for a while, as it was too early to go, and altogether it was a most unsatisfactory Thanksgiving day. Dinner had been rushed to give them time for getting ready and now they could do little since the time was too short to do anything and yet long enough to pass exasperatingly slow.

Bob, however, seemed unaware of her discontent, for he tried to appear that the whole prospect was very pleasing.

Finally the time to go arrived and Bob went out to hitch up, and that accomplished, he drove up before the house. Then the children were kissed and admonished and they started off.

A nasty misty sleet filled the air and blew in their faces as old Fleetfoot jogged along. Morena could not help but contrast the disagreeable journey with what it would be if she were riding in Sharlow's sumptuous limousine. Bob did his best to make her comfortable, and his tender concern was annoying. If he would do something that she could, in a measure, scold and relieve her feelings of the tension upon them.

Bob kept up a cheerful conversation as they drove along.

"I suppose they will 'put on the dog'," he said smiling. "I'm afraid I'll be a sort of misfit. I somehow was never much for this sort of thing and after I got you, it seemed I wanted nothing else in the world. I wonder if my contentment isn't a sort of selfishness, after all."

That was just like him! No ambition at all. She did not realize then that the winning of her love had been his highest ambition and his utter content was her highest compliment.

"Of course, we'll be the first to be there!" Morena exclaimed, as they reached the house and saw no machines parked before it. "But perhaps it is just as well, as I suppose the rest of the bunch will all come in machines. Drive around and put Fleetfoot into the barn and don't say anything about how we came."

She spoke impatiently, and immediately was aware of a pained, bewildered look on Bob's part, as if he sensed that he had hurt her, but could not fathom how. But he said nothing, and drove away, while Morena went into the house, where she was admitted by Jennie, who, after greeting her, begged to be excused a moment.

Alone, Morena sat down in the parlor. Jennie had drawn all the shades, and the lights were lit, but shaded. A big fire burned in the grate, and the appropriate decorations gave a festive air to the room and made it the more comfortable in contrast to the blustering outdoors.

"Ah, what money cannot do!" Morena thought, as she sat, quiet as a mouse but with wrath at her fate. Why had she ever decided to come? Heretofore, she had always succeeded in crowding down any discontent that occasionally arose in her heart, but now, going among people who were wealthy, she wondered if, after all, she had not made a mistake. She had never positively disliked Fred Sharlow——

Suddenly her attention was arrested by sounds from above, apparently suppressed quarreling, then a door opened and the voices became more distinct.

"For the love of Pete; couldn't you get that dress a bit shorter and a little bit lower? You're a sight!"

"Oh, shut up! You're forever complaining and criticizing. I've worn this dress before and you said nothing about it. But it seems as if you've just got to pick on me. I know you're just sore that you lost that order, but why take it out on me?"

"Well, why don't you give me a little sympathy, then? If I were some plodding old mule with nothing to worry me, then perhaps there might not be any excuse for my exploding, as you so elegantly express it. I think that with all I do for you, you ought to be willing to put up occasionally with my crankiness——"

"Occasionally I would—if it were occasionally," Hattie returned sarcastically.

"Right well you're all sweetness and loveliness when I hand out two or three hundred dollars for a new dress."

"Do you want me to look like a—a—sewer-digger's wife?"

"Oh, cut it out!"

"All right. I'm going to stay up here and I won't go down, there!"

There was a pause, then Morena heard Hattie sniff. Then came whispering and finally she heard Sharlow say:

"Come, don't let's look as if we've been quarreling," and after a little more cooing, Morena heard them start down the staircase.

At this, she quietly rose from her chair and noiselessly hurried to the library beyond, and when the couple had come into the room, she advanced to meet them with outstretched hand.

There was in Fred's manner an old-time gallantry that somehow brought back the times before he had proposed and had been rejected. But she did not quite envy Mattie in her gorgeous gown.

The other guests began to arrive. All came more or less "dolled up" and in automobiles, even though some were the humble "tin lizzies."

Presently the entire company sat down to play "500" and the game progressed merrily, Morena's score was piling up when, in a thoughtless moment she committed that cardinal sin in cards, "trumping her partner's ace." Her partner happened to be her husband this time. As she began the usual protest, he smiled his sunny smile and said:

"It's all right, old girl. We're all apt to forget ourselves occasionally."

At length dinner was served. It was a sumptuous meal and heartily relished by the gathered company.

"It is usual to state what we're thankful for at a Thanksgiving dinner," Jim Bliss remarked. "Suppose we make the round of the table?"

With the result, of course, that every one was thankful for something especially foolish.

After the dinner, the company again sat down to cards, Morena's luck being nothing short of miraculous. Fred Sharlow's was just the opposite, and when he came to be partner with his wife, he growled:

"I don't care about winning a prize, but pshaw, it does get one's goat when you play and can't do a thing."

"Well, here's a nice hand, Mr. Sharlow," Morena said, dealing him the cards.

"So it is," he returned, as he picked up the first and then the balance of the cards. "Not bad. I guess I can make six in hearts."

Joe Turner who was Morena's partner passed, then Hattie raised her husband's bid to eight. Then Morena passed and the bid was Hattie's.

But when luck is against you, you might just as well give up. Fred's playing brought out Hattie's trumps, the cards she had hoped to make the two points she had raised the bid. Fred's scowling got her the more rattled, and she made the "bonehead" play, trumping her partner's ace.

That "set" them.

Fred went completely off the handle.

"My gawd!" he exclaimed. "Where did you ever learn to play cards? If I couldn't use my few brains I possess, I'd quit."

"Oh, you're such a star," retorted Hattie grievedly.

"Well, anybody ought to know not to trump her partner's ace. Why didn't you hold the trump in reserve? Now we're another 300 in the hole."

"Well, if you can't hold your temper, why do you play cards then? I wish you were never my partner. No one else bawls me out the way you do for a poor play, and I'm going to quit right now. Jennie, you take my place, will you?"

"There, there, Hattie," Jennie said soothingly (she wasn't playing), "don't mind. I suppose it was awfully exasperating when Fred's luck has been so poor during the evening and then when he gets a chance to make his bid, to lose it by careless play. Why, the fate of nations doesn't rest upon the game. Come, continue."

Hattie allowed herself to be persuaded, but a cloud had settled down upon the company and as the hour was growing late, Jennie, for her guests' comfort, ended the game, and awarded the prize to Morena, a beautiful cut-glass salad bowl.

After some general conversation, the crowd broke up, and all hurried to leave, as the announcement came that a driving snowstorm had set in.

"How are you going home, Morena?" Mr. Turner queried. "Shall we give you a lift?"

"No, thank you," Morena's voice rose happily above the babble. "I'm just a farmer's wife, and we go about in the good old-fashioned way in a 'one-boss shay.' Bob is getting ready."

She bade them all good night then, and while the machines snorted and buzzed and threw out clouds of gasolene exhaust, old Fleetfoot plodded in among them to the curb, and Morena, assisted by Bob, got in and, after he had carefully placed the blankets about her, got in and off they drove.

"We really must get a 'tin lizzie'," Bob said just a little shamefacedly, "it seems too bad that only you, of the old set, haven't a car of some kind."

"Oh, I don't mind, Bob; and look what a time some of them had getting started. Old Fleetfoot is at least dependable. And then we can snuggle together so much better when we put the responsibility of bringing us home upon Fleetfoot," and she put her arms about him.

Thus they rode until they reached home. Morena waited for Bob to put Fleetfoot in the barn and walked with him to the house. As the ground slushed under their feet, Bob raised Morena in his arms and carried her to the door.

"You're a thoughtful old dear, Bob," she said.

"I'm a plodding old boob, rather," Bob said, "but if you're satisfied with me, I don't care what anyone else thinks. Wasn't that a stunning car Sharlow had? And that was some gown Hattie wore. I guess it is pretty nearly the truth that he's a millionaire."

They were in the house by this time, and Bob was poking up the fire.

"All that might have been yours, Morena," he finished, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Yes, but look at the man that goes with it. I thought when I saw that car this morning that I envied Hattie, but when I heard them quarreling—and there was that in their tones that led me to believe that it was a common occurrence and generally Fred's fault—I felt mighty thankful, I can tell you, that I let my heart judge in the matter of marriage. If I had told the truth at the table tonight, I should have said that I was supremely thankful for the fact that I had not married Fred Sharlow. Poor Fred! Poor Hattie! They may have wanted to impress us, but I've seen through the veil."

And then she went on to tell Bob of what conversation she had overheard early in the evening and of course did not need to refer to the open squabble which Fred and Mattie had indulged.

"Poor Fred!" Morena repeated. "He doesn't know that he was my greatest cause for thanksgiving!"

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

chants mostly care for their own stores with the aid of their families. In the fall there is hop picking, and fruit gathering and packing. As yet this is not much of a farming country. Not much of the land has been cleared for farming yet, although a lot of it has been logged. It rains for about five months during the winter and not at all in the summer. The warmest it has been here was 109 in the shade. If any of you head this way, don't forget the dough if you want to see the scenery, for they sure have it here.

All you dear cousins who asked about bobbed hair and rats: well, give me the bobbed hair every time, but if you have a lot of golden or raven or Titian tresses, for goodness sakes don't cut them off. As for powder puffs, well, a little in reason in fine, so long as you don't kalsomine your face and put war paint on your lips and eyebrows. All of we Western fellows object to paint kisses. We like 'em natural, girls.

I have one brother the same shade as myself and a dear mother and daddie. My father is an American and my mother part German and Spanish. I guess we are a Duke's Mixture!

Who is the little cousin of Oklahoma who wrote to me but did not send her name or address? I would like to hear from her. And another little Kansas cousin who has "light brown hair and dark blue eyes—so dark many people think they are brown." I would like to hear from her, please? And a third who sent me postcards—five of 'em—each signed A. C. McB.

I am making a cousins' album, and I would be delighted to have pictures of all the cousins who will send them. Will try and return some of mine.

Thanking you, Uncle Lisha, in advance, for printing this so I can answer the loads of letters. And if you ever come this way I will show you all the scenery and you can get all the venison you want—and Billy can have the cherries.

Good by, Uncle Lisha, Billy and all the cousins. I will drop in again some time if you want me to. Don't all answer at once!

Your loving nephew, LEON GARNER.

Well, Leon, you do seem a lot more cheerful than when you wrote us last July—which proves what a joy-producing crowd our Big Family is when the Happy Bunch gets on the job of cheering up any lonesome member I remember I warned you that you would have to stay home for a while and answer letters. I see now, by your own reckoning that you will be pen- and ink-fast in Grants Pass for a year at least! Anyway, this long newsy letters of yours will keep all curious correspondents contented until you can get caught up with the cheer crowd.

Leon, if ever I come to the coast I'll get to the Main street of Grants Pass sure and shake hands with you right under the big electric sign. Then you and I will go deer hunting—while Billy takes a little sight-seeing tour of his own through those caves—without a guide, of course!

BEWELCOME, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR MR. LISHA:

Oh, how I wish I could claim you as my real uncle! For you are such a dear man you have half the world in love with you. I know you are so kind hearted you just simply can't refuse to publish my little "ole" letter. For I have just finished reading the August letters and they were so interesting I just had to come in and chat a while. I love to read where the folks tell of their homes and country. I live in southern Mississippi where the corn and cotton grow and where we have good schools. The horned owls are our bestest wild friends. They sit in the woods and talk to us all the day long, so as to let us know they haven't forgotten us.

I am a girlie of sixteen summers. I have dark hair and brown eyes that speak for themselves. I finished the tenth grade this past winter at our new consolidated school that sits on the hill. Let me say right here that we are all proud of our new school building. We have five teachers. Uncle, or Mr. Lisha, won't you come and go to school with us? You know so much about geography, history and English you would be a great help to us folks. And, Mr. Lisha, I know you would fall in love with our country and people. I don't say we haven't some bad people, but you find these everywhere, don't you, Uncle?

How I wish Wilmer D. Sweet had asked us to write to him! I think he could come again and tell us more about his home country.

Uncle, as I have a long way to walk home, I will ask you and Wilmer to walk part of the way with me.

All of you cousins who care to write, I will be glad to hear from you.

Your new friend, JUANITA SHORT.

Juanita, you seem to want to be so formal, I ought to call you Miss Short, perhaps. But let me tell you, no matter what title you give me, I'm the realest possible Uncle—so you must not put any handle to my name, not if you want me ever to come down to Bewelcome in southern Mississippi and go to school with you and the horned owls. I'm pretty sure you're right about my falling in love with your country and people, Juanita; I think it's certain I'd love one of the people, anyway! As for the bad ones, I imagine you are safe in saying these can be found everywhere, but the best rule is not to look for them very close. Some nosey, nasty folks are watching out for bad people all the time, and it is surprising, when you listen to their stories, how many they have discovered. But it is the poorest sort of discovering and they might spend their time in much better ways.

Juanita, you tell us of the owls that talk "all the day long"; how about these conversational eyes of yours which you say speak for themselves"? I hope they do not start in sending brown whispers to some Mississippian whose legs are so long they reach under three school desks ahead. Talking eyes are dangerous, Nita, and you must watch out they never say anything you don't mean. For a good talkative pair of eyes can say a lot more, at times, than any competing red lips. I have known cases where fellows have made big mistakes about what they thought some lively long-lashed optics had said. But I'm sure your eyes are good honest ones, Juanita, and that they will say only the sweetest and truest things to Cousin Wilmer and me as we walk home with you as far as where the horned owls say "Howdy" and welcome you back.

TEXICO, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am asking for some information about a bachelor life. I have been lying awake nights wondering and worrying about future wives, and I haven't even a girl. Is there any kind of tonic that could be taken to prevent this? Hoping that you will answer this soon, I am,

Your old pal SHINERY BOVE.

Shinery, I'm not quite sure which of your bachelor worries and wonderings may be your real troubles: whether it is the uncertainty of the number, color and ages of your "future wives" that is the seat of your complaint, or just the sad and lonely fact that you have not yet begun on number one of the plural affinities you seem to be planning to make into Mrs. Boves. Anyway, as a bachelor myself, Shinery, old pal, the manner in which you calmly sling around that fearful phrase, "future wives," startles me considerable. I have never reckoned quite so liberally. One wife ought to be wonder and worry—or joy and delight enough for any bachelor, even in such a spacious state as New Mexico. I can't properly diagnose your case with the few symptoms you give, Shinery. It may be *matrimonialbus pluralis* or even something more serious—or fatal. I hesitate to prescribe, particularly as I am not sure if you want a tonic to prevent the future wives, or an elixir that will bring to you the first of your coming helpmates. I'd like to advise you about this, old pal, but you leave me too much in doubt. All I know is that Solomon had even more wives than you can possibly be wondering and worrying about, and the poor guy kept right on wondering and worrying just as much as when he was as single as you—or your Uncle. This can serve as either encouragement or discouragement, just as you prefer, Shinery; but I'm sure that Solomon or any other married man can bear witness to the historic fact that a wife is no sleeping powder. Single, double—or quadrupled—Shinery, I fear you will have to keep on wondering and worrying and lying awake once in a while. Neither single lives nor many wives can give immunity from these things.

ST. PETERSBURG, 801 TANGERINE AVE., EAST, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello! May I come in for a few minutes' chat with you? I will not stay long, for I know you are very busy.

First, as your seeing may not be very good, I will describe myself: I am five feet, two inches tall; have light brown hair—which is bobbed, deep blue eyes and light complexion. I guess I must be a blonde. I use a powder puff and am fourteen years of age. Also I am in the eighth grade.

I am not a Southern girl as you may suspect. I came South February 18th, the day before my birthday. I am from Ohio, the grand old state; so you see I am a Buckeye and am proud of it.

Say, Uncle Lisha, have you ar Billy ever been in St. Petersburg? If not, I will describe our city: We have lots of tourists here in the winter. St. Petersburg is a city of about 20,000 in the summer and 65,000 in the winter. It is right on Tampa Bay, six miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The water in Tampa Bay is very salty, especially when you are in bathing and somebody slips up behind you and ducks you unexpectedly. When the water in the Bay is calm, you can see out for miles and miles, where the heavens and earth meet.

Say, Uncle, do you like fish? I do. Not very long ago my papa, brother and I went fishing down on the Fountain of Youth pier. It was in the evening and we stayed till ten o'clock and caught a big mess of fish. But another man down there had better luck than we did. He used a half-inch rope, a fishhook about a foot long, and his bait was a large catfish. In about ten minutes after dropping the line he caught—what do you think?—a fish that weighed 335 pounds. This was in water eighteen feet deep, where the swimmers dive. But the King or Porpoise fish will not hurt you. It took six men to hold it and all six men to tow it to shore. There they tied the rope to a Ford and pulled it out of the Bay. Some fish, and a good catch, too.

There are several Indian graveyards here. The Indians bury their dead in a very peculiar way, I think. They gather shells and pile these in a mound about 200 feet around and thirty-five or forty feet high. In these they bury their dead.

In winter there are seaplanes buzzing around most of the time. I want to go up in one of these very bad and go above the clouds.

We raise many kinds of fruit here. As Billy or you may never have seen bananas in bloom, I am sending you some. We have many beautiful kinds of flowers, as this is the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. St. Petersburg is called the Sunshine City. Roses bloom all the year round as does the hibiscus also. Lilies are just coming out.

My letter is getting very long and I am tired of writing. I will ask one favor of the cousins and will return it in any way possible. I would like to hear of games that can be played at parties, such as birthday parties, masquerades, etc.

Those writing me I will try and answer as much as I can.

I wonder how many of the cousins are musical? I play the cornet, sing, and give comic recitations.

I sign myself,

Your Dixie friend,
LAVAUGHN M. FISHBURNE.

Yes, I like fish, LaVaughn, but not such big ones that you have to remove them from the briny by means of a Ford and a half-inch rope: If a Ford can do as well as this, it makes me wonder how much of a finny monster a Packard might capture from the crowded waters of Tampa Bay. Surely a 335-pound fish is large enough, however, for any appetite, and ought to hang around an icebox for several Fridays and then leave enough to make a substantial fish chowder. You say these heavyweight fish will not hurt one, LaVaughn; but what if I should be diving from the Fountain of Youth pier and should bump my Roman nose or intellectual brow against the backbone or left fin of such a scaly elephant? You'll have to have the ocean about that pier put through a strainer before I execute any backflips or swan dives among the porpoises.

LaVaughn, the only bananas I have ever seen in bloom are those whose golden blossoms glisten at a nickel each on the stand of the corner grocery where Bill buys his cocoa and shredded wheat. So you may be sure I appreciated the specimen you sent—which was thin-skinned and of delicious flavor. Billy placed it in his herbarium, next to a treasured specimen of a bud of the wild subway bush. Bill was interested to hear about the hibiscus flower and said he thought it must belong to the uneeda family. Botany is quite a fad with Bill, and he knows a lot about it—or says he does.

I'll bet you will never want to be back among the buckeyes again, LaVaughn, now that you can sit around under the shade of the tangerines and listen to the seaplanes and mosquitoes buzzing among the white crumbs of the nourishing hibiscus flowers.

DENVER, 115 SHERMAN ST., COLO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

When Billy the Goat reads the first part of this letter, I am sure he will be so glad when he learns that I like goats so well that he will gladly allow this letter to pass from your hands to the hands of the printer; in fact, I like goats so well that I am now taking goat milk for my health, because the highest medical authorities claim that goat milk is superior to the cow's milk, for it contains ten times as much iron as the milk from the cow. As it produces more fat, I am giving it a trial, for fat is certainly what I need.

As I have spoken so well of goats (which includes Billy, of course), I will now give you a compliment on the exceedingly well-written editorial which you wrote for the August issue of COMFORT; and, in which editorial, you have pointed out, so clearly, the fundamental causes of these deplorable conditions existing today.

You are right when you say, "I would rather have the love, the trust and sympathy of the little children in the streets of this quiet, mountain-guarded town than all the science that can be packed in the dusty libraries of our loveless, doubting and tortuous-minded men."

Jesus Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God." (St. Luke 18: 16.)

But so many people are too selfish. They care nothing about the welfare of others. They think they haven't time to bother with little children. Yet some of these society women find time to bother with their poodle dogs, while there are *thousands* of poor, homeless orphans longing for the love and companionship of even a foster mother or father.

Some time ago, I was in the largest drug store of Denver, eating a dish of ice cream, and I overheard a conversation between the soda fountain clerk and a young girl who was sitting at the same table with me.

Evidently she had lost her dog, for the young man clerk asked her whether she had got a new dog yet or not. She replied: "No, I haven't. I was out to the dog fancier's and he wants more money for his dogs than a poor working girl like me can afford to pay. He wants $65 for a female dog and $125 for a male, but when I do get a dog, I want the best." Then the clerk replied: "I think I know where you can get a pretty good female dog for about $35 or $40."

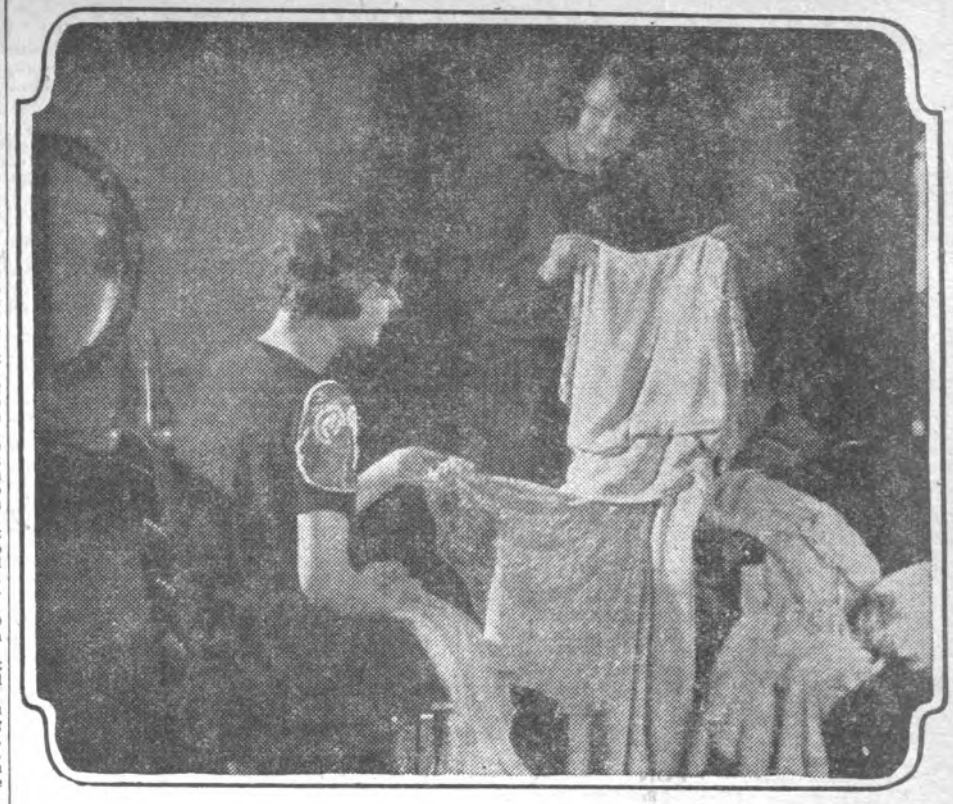
It is just that class of people who are preventing poor people from realizing more of the comforts of life. The very idea of a working girl even thinking of paying $125 for a dog—even if she had the money. I have never yet seen a dog worth that much money. And here is another example of selfishness: shortly before last Christmas, a friend of mine saw a woman (in one of our large department stores) who paid $90 for a doll and $45 for a doll buggy, a Christmas present for her little girl. Of course, the doll had human hair, it could open and shut its eyes, and by pressing on a button could be made to even talk—saying such words as "Mamma," "Papa," "Hello" and "Good by," but even so, what doll is worth $90? And what usually becomes of a child reared in such luxury and extravagance?

While this foolish woman was paying $90 for a doll, no doubt there was some poor little girl standing in front of the show windows of that very same store, looking at some cheap doll—longing for it, even though it cost only 15 or 25 cents! And that poor child couldn't have it for the simple reason that she knew mamma couldn't get it for her because they needed that 15 or 25 cents to buy food to put into their mouths.

Even if I were a millionaire or was exceedingly wealthy, what real pleasure would I derive from buying a $90 doll for my little girl (if I had one) when, at the same time I knew there were *thousands* of poor little children suffering for the bare necessaries of life? No, indeed, there would not be *any* pleasure in doing such a foolish thing; but there would be *real* pleasure in making many poor children happy upon that glorious day of days—Christmas!

What is true happiness? Does it consist in buying $125 poodle dogs, $90 dolls or $10,000 automobiles? No; *true* happiness—the only happiness worthwhile—comes to those *who make others happy*. Suppose we could all afford a brand new $10,000 automobile. Would we be any happier than we are today? No; human

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



"George couldn't believe I had made them all myself!"

"HE WAS dumbfounded! And no wonder! Six months ago I couldn't sew a stitch! But when I told him the whole story, he said something that made me the happiest woman in town! I used to wonder where in the world my clothes money was coming from! But now—thanks to the School of Modern Dress—I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life—at a mere fraction of what they cost in the shops! And I know that what I did, other women or girls can do!"

Women everywhere are saying things like this, since they have learned, right in their own homes, in spare time, through the School of Modern Dress, how to makes all kinds of stylish, becoming clothes.

No longer do they have to say, "Oh! I'd just love to go, but I haven't a thing to wear." Now, at the mere cost of the materials, they can create for themselves dresses, suits, and hats that are appropriate and in good taste, whatever the occasion.

The remarkable "New Way Course in Fashionable Clothes-Making" was prepared under the guidance of expert dressmakers in simple, step-by-step lessons. You need not know anything at all about sewing to begin with. The lessons start with the very simplest stitches and teach to you *step-by-step* all the correct "professional" methods of the dressmaker's art, until you can plan and completely make even the most elaborate clothes for yourself or others.

The directions are so simple that anyone who can read can readily understand them—and the pictures show, by actual photographs, just exactly what to do.

The New Way Course is designed to accomplish in a few months what formerly would have taken two or three years to do. With it, hundreds of women have solved their clothes problems; with it, you can solve *yours* too.

Suppose a fashionable new gown attracts you in a shop window. You see that it is just the style most becoming to you, just the kind of a new frock you want. Through the New Way Methods of sewing, you can duplicate this dress in a few evenings—at one third or less the ready-made cost. And for the saving you effect, you can have two more pretty dresses.

Or suppose that the gown you see in the window is not quite appropriate to your type of figure. You can duplicate the style, change the color to suit yourself, alter the lines a trifle here or add a touch there—and you have a distinctive gown, made just for you.

For the New Way Course teaches you *more* than how to make beautiful clothes. It shows the way to make clothes that are beautiful on YOU. You will learn how to combine your dress materials into an artistic interpretation of yourself. You will discover how to express your tastes, your ideals, your very individuality in the clothes you wear.

You can learn, too, all about the new materials and how to combine and use them effectively. You learn how to make over last season's clothes to conform with this season's styles—thus doubling the life of every garment.

You can do away once and for all with the tiresome visits to the dressmaker. You will never need to bother again with the shortcomings of ready-made garments.

Six Smart Garments FREE

Not only does the School of Modern Dress teach the newest, most up to date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is the only school that supplies, absolutely free to its students, the materials and trimmings necessary to make garments required in the course. You receive free sufficient material and trimming during the course to make a smart collar and cuff set, a dainty chemise, a handsome blouse, a useful house dress, a convenient "over all" apron and a stylish afternoon frock.

You know from your shopping experience that these articles would cost you many dollars if bought ready made in the stores. The School of Modern Dress shows you how to make them all yourself.

In addition, if your enrollment is received promptly, you receive free a beautiful Oriental work basket containing a complete sewing outfit, and a valuable dress and skirt form.

The School of Modern Dress also offers a course in Millinery just as fascinatingly easy, practical and complete as the Dressmaking course. It reveals all the secrets of the milliner's art, and makes it possible for women everywhere to make and trim all kinds of stylish, becoming hats—for themselves and others—and save one-third to one-half the prices they now pay.

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You can find out all about the School of Modern Dress without expense or obligation. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below and you will receive a beautiful 64-page booklet telling all about this great school and what it is doing for women and girls everywhere. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Home-Made Christmas Gifts

By Ella Gordon

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IT is the homeworker whose holiday gifts show thought and individuality, and care for the needs of the recipient, that extends the most pleasure, rather than the one who plans on a basis of mere dollars and cents.

No doubt many of you are already fashioning your gifts from the pages of COMFORT which are devoted to our homeworkers, and I am hoping that you may also find something in the present suggestions that may prove of timely assistance in your Christmas preparations.

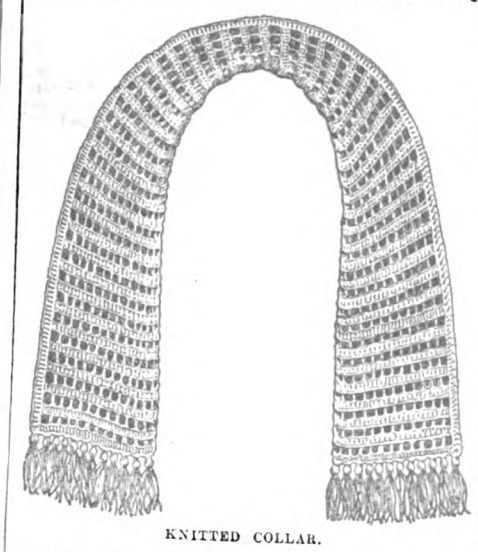
It would seem as if no season had ever offered so many things that can be added to the list of suitable gifts. Something to wear always pleases young people, and in this particular realm are the pretty woolen scarfs, either knitted or made from soft woven materials. Jersey cloth is one of the best materials. Unless it can be obtained tube-woven, use a yard and a half length and sew the two selvages together. Gather the edges of the ends, draw tightly and sew. Crochet two filet caps about two inches deep from bright wool and sew over the ends, and finish each with a long tassel to match. Another scarf that is extremely becoming is made from soft Scotch suiting and is fringed to match one of the colors. This scarf is made single, and as these materials are double-faced no lining is required.

Girdles that may be worn with a variety of dresses are among the Christmas novelties, and the braided ones seem to outdo the others in popularity. To make one, cut three strips of material two inches wide, sew edges together and turn. The three strands may be alike, or each of a different color. Braid very flat and evenly. Make a single tie at the ends of braiding and blindly tack. The strands are cut long enough for ends which fall at the side.

For the traveler there are the hat bags, slipper and rubber bags, and hand bag in which to tuck the magazines and sweaters, all made from black sateen. All of these bags are of the simplest type, drawn up with ribbon or cord. Applique flowers in colored chambray provide the decorations.

Knitted Woolen Collars

COLLARS CROCHETED FROM COLORED WOOLS are among the Christmas gifts this season. Any open stitch may be used, so long as the edge is kept



KNITTED COLLAR.

straight and even. Knitted from light-weight wool, with alternate rows of the hemstitch, the collars are most attractive. One-half of the collar is made and the front end finished. The second half is made by commencing at the center back and working to the end. In this way both ends will look alike. Finish with wool fringe looped through every third opening.

Ostrich Feather Trimmed Bag

This is a feather season, even to using odd bits with which to trim bags. Take any old ostrich feathers, white, black or colored. Wash by drawing them back and forth through tepid suds made of good white soap. Use tepid clear water to rinse. Hang to dry in the sun. The feathers are nearly straight when used for this purpose, but if too straight, draw each flue over the back of a knife. To use, cut off in small bunches and sew them to a fold of the bag material, or they may be sewed onto the bag, and the ends concealed by a fold blinded over them. If onto the fold, sew over the ends a narrow ribbon, making a square knot at frequent intervals. For dancing or party bags, the feathers are bordered with a band of tiny flowers. The draw strings are of ribbin, the ends being tied together and finished with a tassel made from the ostrich feather flues. The bag material is of satin or fine velvetine, and often matches a particular gown or cape.



OSTRICH FEATHER TRIMMED BAG.

Decorated Tin Trays

TIN TRAYS that are found at the general, or at the five-and-ten stores, may be so decorated as to make attractive and useful gifts. Sometimes these trays are painted black, giving a ready foundation for the design. The magazines provide so many artistic patterns that a design for the tray will be easily obtained. To transfer this, rub tailor's chalk onto the back of the design, then place the chalked side on the tray, very lightly holding it with the finger-tips of the



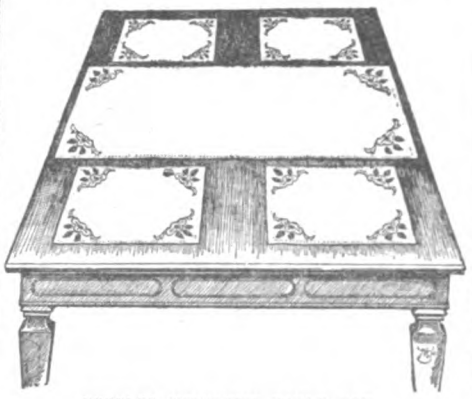
DECORATED TIN TRAY.

left hand. With a well-pointed pencil trace out the design, and when the paper is lifted an outline by which to paint will be seen. Artist's oil colors put up in collapsible tubes are best and most convenient for this kind of decoration. Bronzes do not wear as well. Common paints will surprise the user in attractive effects and durability, especially for the solid color backgrounds. If the trays are painted in a solid color, and the design in a variety of colors, use touches of black to bring out the pattern. Small sable or camel's-hair brushes are required for the fine work.

One particularly pretty band design was developed by coloring white household enamel with tube colors. A very narrow outer edge was in black, then followed a wide band of soft yellow, then graduated bands in gray, pink and pale green. In the center was a silhouette of a child's head in black against a gray background.

Hand-Painted Oilcloth Doilies

PEBBLED OILCLOTH DOILIES are more and more used as their real value is appreciated. The ones illustrated are designed for a long table, the centerpiece being cut long enough to extend from edge to edge, thereby answering the purpose of two extra doilies. The young girls who are able to draw, and most girls are, find this decorating of oilcloth a very pleasing as well as useful accomplishment. The artist's tube oil colors are the most convenient for this work, and it goes so far that the cost is reduced to a trifle if one is doing many pieces. The oilcloth costs about 30 cents a yard.



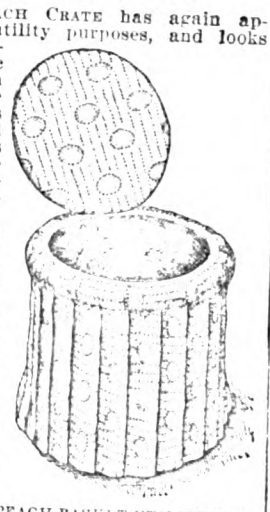
PEBBLED OILCLOTH TABLE SET.

One does not need to restrict herself to making doilies, for whole covers that do not quite reach to the edge of table may have a "stunning" border painted on. Covers for dressers, commodes, side-tables, plant tables, etc., are other uses to which painted oilcloth may be put.

It is well always to make a solid band of black or color around the edges. Ideas from wallpaper, from flowered materials or those in conventional designs, or from magazines, will provide the worker with an unlimited source from which to work out her designs.

Peach Basket Utility Box

THE COVERED PEACH CRATE has again appeared for general utility purposes, and looks very much like a neatly-plaited skirt. There are other shapes in fruit and vegetable baskets and crates that may be covered in the same way, thus making an attractive as well as a useful article for the living-room.



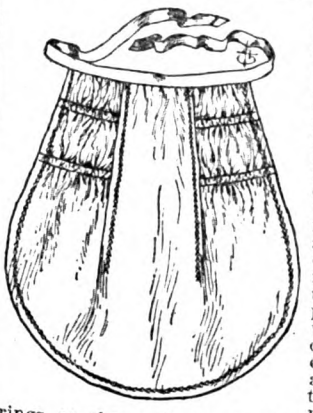
PEACH BASKET UTILITY BOX.

The crate is first brushed clean, then covered smoothly inside with cotton cloth. Old cloth that is still strong can be used for this purpose, sewing it on firmly as a foundation for the outside covering. The cloth is cut long enough to go three times around the top edge of crate and deep enough to extend nearly to the floor with the addition of an inch hem. Pin the top edge into side plaits that meet, and then slip it over the crate to see if it fits. When this is done, baste the plaits full length and give a hard pressing. Sew the two ends together and press flat. Sew the cover into the lining at the top edge of the crate, then neatly tack around a band of the material. If there is no crate cover, make one of thin wood or heavy cardboard; cover first with a little padding, then with the lining material before the outside covering is put on.

Another way of covering these crates is to use a gathered valance around the crate and a shallow ruffle around the top edge. Calico, gingham, cretonne or chintz make excellent covers, as they can be removed and washed.

A Dress-Up Apron

There are many times when the need of an apron is felt, yet we do not exactly want to put on a work apron. The one here pictured is ideal for a lunch social, a visiting apron, or for a company afternoon at home. The one pictured is made of soft fine muslin. In cutting, round the bottom and make the sides straight. Hem one-third of an inch deep. Lay two shallow plaits at the center in opposite directions about eight inches apart. Between the plaits and hem make double shirrings as shown in illustration. Draw the shirrings evenly, also gathering threads at the top which draw each way from the center, until the apron is of the fullness to fit. Fasten the threads, and at the back of shirrings carry a strip of muslin wide enough to cover, with edges turned in. Cross-stitch or outline around the hem, fasten the plaits with the same stitch, and also the shirrings.



Suit Hanger

One always welcomes something new in a hanger as they are the means whereby we can keep our coats in shape and free from wrinkles, and our skirts hanging straight. A covered hanger is always preferable, as metal will rust, and leaves spots. The one illustrated is made of wood just thick enough to take in the screw end of a large hook. Cut two pieces of old velvet the exact size of hanger with added seam allowance, slip over the wood, turn in the straight edges and sew together. Two large cup hooks are then put in, upon which hangs the skirt. If the hanger is to be used for a man's suit, omit the hooks, run through strong loops of tape sewed to each end, pass a small wooden or covered brass rod through which to hang the trousers. In doing this, fold the bottoms evenly together with seams and creases matching, and hang evenly. In a

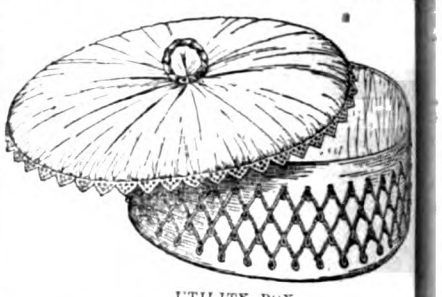


FOR THE MAN'S SUIT.

degree this prevents "bagging" if regularly attended to. The vest hangs under the coat. The hanger is now complete so far as usefulness goes, but if to be made for a gift, add a little embroidery and a loop of ribbon.

Utility Box

Baskets are not always readily found by those who live far from the larger shops, so that way of making something at home to take their place is often welcomed. If you have a round wooden tin or pasteboard box you can use it. If not, cut a circle of wood one-half inch smaller in diameter than a flat tin stewpan cover of the desired size, which will make the foundation for the box cover. Use heavy cardboard for the sides of box, turning the lower edge to the wooden bottom, bringing it well over and lapping and sewing the ends together. Use ribbon or silk to cover the box, and wide enough to turn over the top edge and onto the wooden bottom. Before joining the ends, mark a diamond-shaped design around the box, outline with heavy floss and fasten a tiny bead of seed beads or one long bead at each corner. Join ends, gather the lower edge and slip the band over the box. Draw the gathers until it brings the edge well under the box and fasten. Turn the top edge onto the inside and fasten with a very little glue. Cut a piece of old velvet or felt the size of bottom and fasten it on with



UTILITY BOX.

glue. To line, cut a strip one-fourth longer than the outside band, and a circle for the bottom with added seam allowance. Gather the top edge and from the wrong side tack it blindly to the turned in edge of outside band. Seam ends on wrong side. Turn under lower edge, gather finely and sew over-and-over to the turned-under edge of bottom. For the cover, cut a round of silk and lining of same material as box is covered with, turn under the edge and baste. Use same material for top, cutting a strip long enough to allow for slight fullness and wide enough to reach from edge to center. Seam ends together. Sew the two parts together, turn and slip over the top cover. Gather, draw up at the center, and fasten. Wind the wire ring with a folded crossways piece of the silk. Finish the edge with a narrow piece of lace with open design.

Home-Made Desk Pad

It would seem as if most anything could be made into "a thing of beauty" if our old beaver tops can go into the making of a handsome desk pad. But they must be properly prepared and kid is preferable. Cut the pieces as large as possible, wet, and tack them smoothly on a piece of board to dry. Cut into three-cornered pieces as shown in illustration. Turn a half-inch hem across the longest edge and hold it in place with liquid glue. If the leather seems soft, glue on a thin muslin lining. Cut a piece of stiff cardboard any desired size. Unless it is clean and smooth, cover both sides with a good quality of smooth, brown wrapping paper, fitting it on. Cover edges with black passe-partout binding. Lay the four leather corners in place, turn edges over cardboard and glue down. Polish with liquid glue blacking. Cut large-sized blotters to fit the pad and slip the corners under the leathers. In case large blotters are unobtainable, keep the pad fresh with any kind of smooth, heavy paper.



Sunbonnet Needlecase

Almost as frivolous in appearance as a chorus girl's sunbonnet, but vastly more practical, is the little sunbonnet needlecase shown in illustration. The sides, of silk-covered pasteboard, sewed together in pin-ball fashion, measure two by three and one quarter inches on top and back, curving



on outer edge. Four little leaves of flannel take care of the needles while the thread and thimble are concealed in the hood part, made by gathering and sewing a piece of five and one-quarter by seven and one-half inch ribbon onto pasteboard sides. Knots of ribbon tie the tops together.

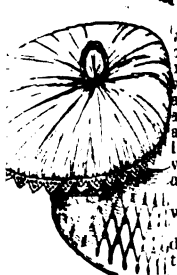


FOR THE MAN

...ree this prevents "wobble" ...led to. The vest hanger ...ger is now complete so ... if to be made for a gift ...broidery and a loop of ribbon.

Utility Box

...askets are not always ... live far from the large ... making something at home ... often welcomed. If you have ... or pasteboard box you can make ...rcle of wood one-half inch ... a flat tin stewpan cover ... which will make the foundation ... heavy cardboard for the ... the lower edge to the ... well over and lapping on ... her. Use ribbon or silk ... wide enough to turn over ... the wooden bottom. Before ... cut a diamond-shaped design ... be with heavy floss and ... beads or one long bead ... ends, gather the lower edge ... over the box. Draw the ... the edge well under the ... the top edge onto the inside ... little glue. Cut a piece ... the size of bottom and line ...

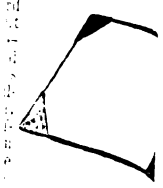


UTILITY BOX.

...o line, cut a strip one-fourth ...ide band, and a circle for ...am allowance. Gather the ... wrong side tack it inside ... of outside band. Sew ... turn under lower edge ... and-over to the turning ... For the cover, cut a round ... same material as box ... the edge and baste ... top, cutting a strip ... slight fullness and wide ... to center. Seam ends ... arts together, turn and sew ...ether, draw up at the center ...wire ring with a folded ... Finish the edge with ... ch open design.

Home-Made Desk Pa

...l seem as if most anyone ...a thing of beauty" if ... into the making of a ... they must be properly ... rable. Cut the pieces ... and tack them ...



... liquid glue. If the ... a thin muslin lining ... any desired size. ... both, cover both sides ... both, brown wrapping ... over edges with black ... the four leather corners ... cardboard and glue ... ke blacking. Cut leather ... pad and slip the cover ... In case large blots ... the pad fresh ... paper.

Bonnet Needlecas

...ations in appearance ... but vastly more ... needlecase shown is ... silk-covered pasteboard ... all fashion, measure ... inches on top and ...



...r little leaves of ... while the thread and ... hood part, made by ... of five and one-... inch ribbon onto ... on tie the tops ...

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

she had expected Lesard to be among them she was mistaken. He was not there.

Very weary and out of heart the girl evaded the French maid's cordial invitation to supper, and went back to her room. She longed for fresh air, for the house was stifling, and opening Gillian's window, she leaned out. What she saw surprised her. She was certainly in the second story, but the house was built on rising ground, and at the back, where she was, the windows opened on a wide terrace only raised a few feet from the ground.

"A fine place for burglars!" she remembered Gillian's terrors fearlessly. "I shall lock the windows every night," but she made no move to do it now, only stared aimlessly into the thick shrubbery that covered the hill behind the house, a forlorn, dreary figure in the sumptuous bedroom.

She was tired. Her tight satin dress was uncomfortable; she longed to take it off and put on a dressing-gown; but for a maid to await her mistress in such a toilet would never do.

"Keep up your courage, Jacky," she said to herself grimly, and sat determinedly reading till Gillian appeared.

"I thought I should never get here," the girl said, shutting the door and tearing off her pearls, as though they choked her. "Why did you wait for me? But I'm glad you did. I wouldn't have liked to wake you."

She was speaking very fast and hoarsely, as though her throat were dry. She dragged off her dress and threw it on the floor as if the touch of it were hateful.

"It's not late, and—oh, Gill! you'll tear it. Let me help you."

"Don't touch it!" said Gillian, her eyes glittering. "You don't know how it was come by, how any of my fine clothes were got."

"What do you mean? What's the matter?"

But the answer was another question.

"Jacky, what did you say Gibbs' purple velvet was trimmed with?"

"Imitation amethysts and pearls."

Gillian sat down by the fire.

"Are you sure they weren't real?" she said, very quietly.

"Oh, they couldn't be."

Gillian laughed.

"Lady Hollis was there tonight," she said, with seeming indifference. "A tall, slightish woman, with big bones. It was her first appearance since the burglary. Before dinner everyone was congratulating her on having lost so little; and she said she had lost one very curious thing, a velvet dress trimmed with seed pearls and amethysts. It was new, and she had been looking at it; she just laid it over a chair when she went to bed. And the jewels on it were worth a great deal."

"Well—but——" Jacky had forgotten her weariness.

"She never saw it again. The burglar she didn't struggle with must have taken it, for there were two. Don't you see, Jacky?"

"The dyed velvet—that didn't fit!" said Jacky slowly. "Oh, it couldn't be! It never could be."

"It is. I know it. That is what is wrong with Mr Marchmont, Jacky. That was why he adopted me. To get into all these grand houses, and then let in his friends to rob. Don't you see I opened every door to him? And they didn't know what to do with the velvet dress, so they gave it to Mrs. Gibbs; perhaps to keep her mouth shut!"

"It's too bold, too monstrous." But Jacky was thinking of Lesard's contemptuous face, when he said Paul Marchmont wouldn't be troubled by burglars. Yet now she had little faith in Lesard.

"She wouldn't have dared to send it to be dyed!" she said at last.

"She knew where to send it, I suppose. There must be places," Gillian answered stoutly. "You and I must go, Jacky! We can hide and starve, but we can't go back to Marchmont's house. I think we'd better go now, tonight! I could hardly sit still downstairs. I looked round and saw the women, every one of them with diamonds worth a fortune; the Duchess of Mayborough was there, and she was one blaze of rubies. I felt like warning every one of them that I in my white satin and pearls was just a decoy. I could hardly talk."

The girl was trembling now, as she leaned back in her chintz-covered chair, her pale face with its big dilated eyes incongruously relieved against the gaily flowered background.

"I hate society, Jacky!" she cried wildly. "It is all such a conventional sham. Those rich, well-fed, careless women downstairs are so hard when you talk to them. They are civil to me because I'm Tom Hamilton's daughter, and my adopted father is rich; but if anything dreadful were to happen and I were turned out to the world tomorrow, not one of them would help me, or ever believe I was innocent."

"That man who took you in to dinner. Who was he?"

"Sir Charles Vivian," listlessly. "He was kind. He looked at me as if he were sorry for me. I don't know why."

Jacky remembered the set despair in her sister's face seen over the stairway, and knew why.

"He looked kind," she said simply. "Perhaps he might help us."

"We can't tell a wildcat story about a housekeeper's gown. And no man will help us, either. I trusted one—once!" and Jacky remembered the unburned letters in her trunk she had forgotten to destroy.

"No, there is only you and me against the world," Gillian went on. "And we'd better get out of this while we can. Come, Jacky, get ready and let us go now; we can get out of the window——"

"Wait, Gill!" Jacky, her eyes shut, was thinking hard. "We can't do that; it would make too much talk. We must wait till we get back to Hamilton Place. And besides——"

"Besides what?" quickly. "We can never get away from Hamilton Place. I know that if you don't."

"I want to wait for the ball." There was a queer look of hope in her eyes that were so strangely blue in her white-washed face. "I think I can make everything straight—at the ball."

"How? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, afterward; only let us keep quiet till then," Jacky said imploringly. "Then, if you like, we'll go."

And if she had only seen half of what that ball was to mean for her and Gillian she would sooner have gone out into the night and run from the terror of it till she dropped, than to have waited to face it in the warm, comfortable country house.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASKED MONK.

Miss Hamilton's maid stood looking at herself in a long mirror with excited eyes. It was twelve o'clock; from downstairs she could hear the swaying, crashing music of the band from London, and it made her blood move in her veins.

Gillian's long, white satin gown, fitted her well enough, luckily they were both the same height; the loose silk domino hid all defects as the girl stared at herself, pulling up the gathered white chiffon hood till her dull red hair was hidden, fastening her black mask firmly across her eyes. Her lips were a little pale and set for a girl going to a ball, otherwise she was not noticeable one way or the other, where all the women would be dressed alike.

"Now for the hard part," she said, picking up a long pair of gloves. "And pray the saints I may not muddy my white satin shoes, and that none of the servants may come to ask after my headache! Not that it matters. They would only think I had gone to look on somewhere."

With a last glance at herself she put out all the lights, till only the moonlight from the unshuttered windows fell on her shimmering whiteness as she opened it wide. The night was cold, there would be no loving couples straying on the sodden garden paths, no eyes to see the hooded white shape that moved swiftly out on the wide terrace, down the steps to the sloping path and round to the conservatory door.

It was unlocked, as Gillian had said it would be, and noiselessly Jacky Hamilton slipped in. It was curious how calm she was! There was not a nerve quivering in all her body as she stood waiting for the signal that would bring Gillian. The band was silent now. When it struck up "The Blue Danube" Gill would come.

As quietly as though she were an ordinary invited guest Jacky waited behind a flowering orange-tree, and drank in the glorious heady scent of it. Colored lights shone dimly round her through hedges of flowering plants and palms, and the warm softness of the scented air made her lift her head, eager to begin the search for that strange Lesard who had forgotten her. The old haunting, dreaming swing of the waltz she was waiting for came on her ears like a far-off bugle; there was a rustling about her as couples moved away to the ballroom, and then almost before she knew it, Gillian stood by her.

"Come," she said in a breathless whisper, "get out into the ballroom, and we'll stand by the door as if we were waiting for partners. Be quick, before the crowd there melts away."

"Are the men in fancy dress?" Jacky held Gillian's arm.

"Some. Mr. Marchmont isn't. You can easily steer clear of him, anyhow, for he's in the cardroom. If anyone takes you for me let them, and dance with any man who asks you. It is quite safe. There must be five hundred people here—more! And about half of the women are in white dominoes like ours."

"All right, I'll manage." Jacky held her head high as she followed Gillian's quick feet through the conservatory into the ballroom. The lights made her blink as she stood among the shifting groups of women waiting for their partners; the music crashed in her ears. She gazed round her with keen, hard eyes. Where was the man who was straining her loyalty to its last strand?

She scanned each man who passed her, vainly. Some were in fancy dress, others in evening clothes, and not one of them had the splendid shoulders, the small head, the noiseless long step that were Lesard's. A voice at her ear made her turn quickly.

Gillian had vanished. Sir Charles Vivian, very splendid in immaculate evening dress, was stooping his handsome head to speak to her.

"Our dance, I think!" he said pleasantly, and she saw what a nice face he had, very fair and honest-eyed, with a small golden mustache that matched his hair.

"He thinks I'm Gil!" she had almost said it aloud in her dismay, when across the room she saw Gillian nodding at her violently. Jacky dared not speak. She moved to his side in silence and found herself dancing in stupid annoyance.

Yet, after all, perhaps it was better. She could look at every man she passed at close quarters in the wild hope that the next one might be Lesard.

Her partner danced beautifully, steering her deftly through the crowd; yet she laughed to herself as she kept pace with him; for his arm, though it was strong enough, had not Lesard's muscles of knitted steel. For a moment she forgot her distrust of him, forgot why she was here, as she remembered how his shoulder had felt like iron under her hand.

"Are you tired?" asked Sir Charles suddenly. He had a nice voice, and something in it made her start.

She shook her head.

"That's right," cheerfully. "I was afraid today that something had gone wrong, you were so white about the mouth."

"No, nothing was wrong!" She thought she could trust her voice that was so like Gillian's.

"You would not tell me if there were, I suppose," he answered, stopping. "But I'm going to ask you something, and you can answer me or not, as you like. Are you happy with old Marchmont? For you don't look it."

Jacky's heart contracted with sudden fright. She had never bargained for anything like this. Why—the man must like Gillian!

"And a good thing, too!" She took a swift look at his handsome, kindly face. "She needs someone to like her. But I wish I knew what to say."

"Well? Are you angry, and I impertinent?"

"I don't know," stammered Jacky. "I always look white."

Vivian laughed, though there was something not laughter in his mind.

"May I come to see you when you go home?" he demanded. "Though I don't think your guardian likes me much. Indeed, it is borne in on me that he doesn't approve of any young man."

It appeared more than likely to Jacky Hamilton, but she spoke on an impulse as Gillian never would have done.

"Do come, if you care to," she said, but she dared not look at him because her eyes were blue, instead of yellow gray.

"I suppose Marchmont won't kick me out!" rather ruefully.

"Don't come if you're afraid of him!" sweetly.

"I'm not afraid—of him!" Sir Charles had a gay alacrity in his voice that had not been there before. He had only known this girl since last night, but he was already hers to fetch and carry, and he had not yet heard her speak so kindly. Something, perhaps it was dancing, seemed to have melted her weary indifference.

"Perhaps you are afraid of me?" remarked Jacky coolly, and then laughed that clear, high laugh that was so much gayer than Gillian's, at the thought of Sir Charles Vivian being awed by Miss Hamilton's maid.

"You needn't laugh! I might be!" returned her partner, with a wild desire to tell her that she was the dearest, loveliest girl in the world, whom any man might fear to displease. "But I'll come to Hamilton Place all the same. Do you remember it all in your grandfather's time?"

"No! Nor in Noah's," mockingly. "I never——" she stopped, her pleasant gayety dead on her lips.

"I forgot—you were not born in those times!" he returned, laughing. But Jacky did not hear him. She was staring across the room, her eyes like blue steel through her black mask, her lips parted. A man in the brown habit of a monk, his cowl drawn down till his face was nearly hidden, was standing at the door; he wore a mask, too, that covered not his eyes and nose alone, but his mouth.

And yet she knew him!

Lesard—and alone, with no partner! Her chance was now or never. But there was Vivian, who thought she was Gill; for Gill's sake she dared not break away from him and run boldly to another man.

Yet she was pale with longing, wild with curbing her spirit that would leap before her to the man she loved. It did not seem so strange to her, either, that she should be here, as that he should have been that night in Marchmont's house. Lesard knew half the people in London.

Oh, if he would only stay where he was till this waltz was done!

"Shall we go on?" Vivian could not see how pale she was; how shaken.

She nodded; anything would be better than to stand here playing Gillian. The music seemed to surge about her in palpable waves as they circled the room; she could have touched Lesard as she passed him; but he did not even see her agonized eyes that tried to meet his. Time and again she was close to him, her feet keeping time mechanically to the lifting, swaying waltz, but he never saw her. His eyes were all over the room as he leaned motionless against the wall.

"That's a rum-looking monk," remarked Vivian as the music stopped. "I haven't seen him before. Eh! What do you say, Wellford?" as someone tapped him on the shoulder. "Lady Wellford wants to speak to me?" with a decent veil over his annoyance. "In one moment."

"Please go now," whispered the sham Gillian. "Don't make her cross."

"I don't see what she wants me for," aggrievedly. "And I can't leave you here."

"I'm all right. I see a man I know," breathlessly.

"Sure? Yes, Sir Simon—I'm coming," and he was towed off by his stout host to the joy of his bereft partner.

Now was her chance. She slipped swiftly round the room to Lesard's side.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, a little quaver in her voice. "I couldn't believe my eyes."

The monk turned so sharply that he almost knocked against her. She could only see his eyes, and they were utterly blank of recognition as he looked down on her; yet she was sure he had started at the sound of her voice.

"Don't you know me?" she faltered. "Not me!" incredulously, with Lesard's eyes on her.

"I shall be delighted to, in future!" he said, his head thrown back with that gesture she loved.

"But it's I!" There were tears in her desperate, disappointed eyes. She put up one impetuous hand to tear off his mask, only to remember that Miss Hamilton's maid dare not. "You can't have forgotten me!"

"Not if I ever knew you," with Lesard's own civil, indifferent tone that he used to strangers.

Jacky looked at him, staggered. Was it her red hair, her face bleach? She remembered the mask and hood covered them.

"I'm Jacky——" she had the words on her very lips when she saw something in his eyes, and a sob choked her. He knew her; he had known her voice the instant she spoke! And he was acting now. Every drop of blood seemed to leave her heart and surge back again; a fury of anger made her gasp. Was this the man she had loved and nearly eaten her heart out trying to trust; this man who was lying to her now, all but his eyes that he could not master? The rage of hell was in her as she looked at him.

"As you like," her voice was dangerous. "I congratulate you on your memory."

"I told you before that it was short; I tell you now that it does not exist," the monk returned coolly, and before she could make sense of his words he was gone.

Dazed with wonder she stood looking after him. What was the matter with him? Was he out of his mind? or was he, perhaps, only cautious! If she followed him would he take off the mask from face and speech and be again the Lesard she knew?

She pushed past the people in the doorway as if they were figures in a dream. Surely it was a dream; it could not be true!

Before her the monk was moving leisurely toward the front door, as if he were going home. He did not look behind, but she kept at a safe distance. How absurd his long, noiseless stride was with this fluttering robe!—but she was faint and sick while she thought it and saw Lesard going away from her, leaving her cast aside like a squeezed orange.

He was going out the hall door; and she followed him. When he was outside she would speak to him, give him his ring from her finger, fling her love in his face. But when she was out in the dark there was no sign of him.

She drew out of the square blotch of light from the doorway and stood trembling with unreasoning terror. This dreadful ball—this man who lied to her in Lesard's voice—had taken the very life from her heart.

Like a lapwing she turned and scudded along the path that led to the terrace under her own window. She had only one thought—to get to safety and quiet. But she stopped as suddenly as she had fled, crushing her satins against a wet bush in dismay.

The monk was just in front of her, striding up the path—the terrace; in—was she dreaming?—her window.

"He's waiting there for me," she thought, and careless who saw her she flew after him up the terrace in the window.

The room was dark, as she left it, and she stumbled on the window-sill. A hand caught her wrist hard.

"Gill!" she cried sharply, for it was Gill's hand, hot and trembling, and she had left Gill downstairs. "Let me go! Who came in this window?"

"No one." Gillian's voice was broken, hoarse. "No one."

"But I saw someone."

"Jacky, you didn't. Oh, you didn't!" The wild, imploring whisper turned Jacky cold; was Gill lying, too?

"Are you crazy, or do you think I am?" she said angrily.

Gillian put her hand over her sister's mouth, and with a strength Jacky had never dreamed she possessed dragged her into an open cupboard.

"Don't speak, don't struggle," she whispered. "Keep still."

And Jacky, with sudden docility, obeyed her. For there was a cautious movement in the next room, a step that certainly was not Lesard's.

"Keep still, or we'll be murdered," said Gillian through her teeth, as the step came nearer.

Through the inch-wide crack of the cupboard door Jacky stared breathless. What did that quiet footfall mean? Through all the crash of the band downstairs it was loud to her strained ears. Oh, who was it?

And then Gillian held her with the strength of one possessed.

A man had come into the range of the crack; a small, bullet-headed man that Jacky knew, and he had a lot of small, black boxes in his arms, that he sat down in the square of moonlight from the window. With all her strength she tried to wrench from Gillian's hold.

The man was a robber; she must stop him!

But even as she thought this, Gill's hand was on her mouth.

"Do you want to die?" she breathed in Jacky's ear. "Keep still!"

But it was not that whisper that turned Jacky Hamilton cold, and slowed the very life in her blood.

Another voice was in her ears, and she would rather have lain dead than have heard it.

"Got the things? All right, then, we'll start. They'll be dancing for hours yet."

Gillian, like a mad woman, dragged Jacky's head down, crushing her face against her shoulder until she could neither see nor breathe.

"What was that?" said the small man sharply.

"Nothing! The girl's downstairs. I saw her. Come on," sneeringly, "unless you're waiting for dawn."

Gillian closed her eyes, not to see as the monk passed the telltale crack, and, like a flash, both men were gone. If they had stayed one minute longer they must have heard Jacky Hamilton as she fought desperately out of Gillian's arms.

"Gill!" she cried furiously, "are you such a coward as this? Oh, I never thought you were a coward. Go, run—tell someone!" she stamped her foot at her own weakness—for it was not Jacky Hamilton who could betray the man whose kisses had taught her life and love.

"Go!" she reiterated, sick and faint, "or I must—and I know him."

"You! Know him?" Gillian swayed where she stood. "Not like I do," she was muttering. "He's my husband. Oh, if I could only die!"

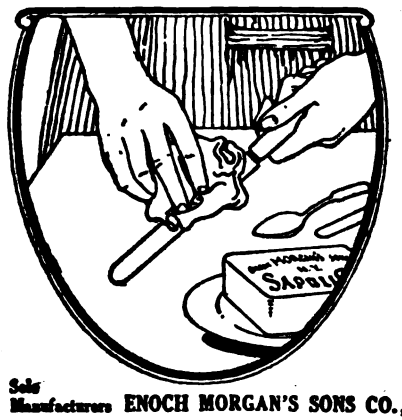
"Your husband!" Jacky cried out, as if a knife had touched her heart. "Who? Which?" she thrust out her hands as though she could push away the terror that was coming.

"The monk!—Lesard. Jacky," with chattering teeth, "we can't tell! For God's sake promise me you won't tell!"

But Jacky was past telling anything. She had fainted.

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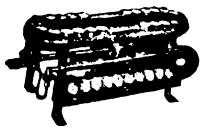
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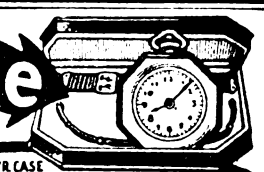


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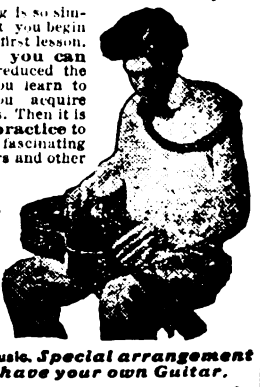
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Putting the Hair to Bed

MOTHERS of many children know what a strenuous time awaits them as bedtime creeps around, so many things to be done before sleep can visit the weary eyelids.

But the woman who wants always to look her best is something like that busy mother, for bedtime should be her hour for many little duties in connection with her toilet.

Let us consider one of them.

The hair is one of the possessions of woman which has a large part to play in making her beautiful or the reverse, and she should regard it with respect and be willing to give it the best of care and attention. At night, which is the quiet



MASSAGE THE SCALP AT NIGHT.

time of the day, when one can have time to one's self as a rule, she should put it to bed as carefully as ever a mother cared for her small children.

If it is long hair, and in spite of the vogue of the "bob" there is plenty of long hair still, she should let it down and after combing it thoroughly and brushing it with long even strokes which reach the scalp without scratching it, air it thoroughly. To do this, she should pass her hands under the mass of hair at the nape of the neck or at the sides of the head, and lift and toss it until there is no slightest chance that any perspiration or moisture lingers. This should be done near an open window, and the hair should be let hang while the rest of the evening toilet is completed. It should be wiped off carefully with a soft towel to be sure that no dust of the day may linger, and the scalp should be massaged for five or ten minutes. To do this, slip the flat of the fingers under the hair on each side of the head, and pressing tight against the scalp move it forward and back and round and round on the skull, being careful not to rub the fingers back and forth across the hair. Go over the entire head in this manner.

If the hair is bobbed, the task is much simpler. It is easy to air bobbed hair, and indeed it gets an airing every hour of the day, but nevertheless it needs a thorough combing and brushing at night, just as if it were long. The scalp should be massaged, but it is a simpler process with short hair. Part the hair from forehead to nape of neck, and with the forefingers placed side by side, massage vigorously across the part, inch by inch. Part the hair in another place and do the same, and so continue until every part of the scalp has received this intensive massage.

Do not use big heavy feather pillows to make your head hot, but loosely stuffed pillows or no pillow at all. In the morning air your hair once again before putting it up.

Once in two weeks, if your scalp is dry or shows an inclination to produce dandruff, use a medicine dropper to run olive oil along part after part in your hair until the whole scalp is thoroughly oiled. Then tie your head up in a towel, or slip on a rubber bathing cap, and go to bed, following this treatment with a thorough shampoo in the morning.

Answers to Questions

PORT ARTHUR.—Blackheads indicate not enough attention to the care of the skin. Take your daily body bath, of course, frictioning the skin gently in drying and washing, and in addition when you go to bed give the face a thorough cleansing in warm soapy water, using a Turkish wash-cloth or a camel's-hair complexion brush. Do not get a brush of stiffer hair than camel's hair. Then rinse many, many times in warm water, and finally cool. A special treatment for a bad case of blackheads is as follows: After the nightly scrubbing and rinsing, massage into the skin a little boracic powder and finish by rubbing a tiny bit of cold cream over the face. Once a week, after the washing of the face at night, rinse in hot water and cover skin with a thick coat of blackhead jelly, letting it remain on for ten minutes, then wash off and massage the face for several minutes. Omit the boracic powder that night. This is irritating to the skin, since it removes all oil, but it can be done until the blackheads are removed, then you should see that they do not return. Friction the skin gently with the flattened fingers of the hands, several times a day, to stimulate it to throw off the secretions of the pores. Your brown neck can be bleached, then given careful daily bathing and a little massaging with a good cold cream. I should give some thought to my diet as well; you are probably not getting enough vegetables and fruits or drinking enough water, while getting too many heavy foods and sweet stuffs.

Recipe for Blackhead Jelly

Pare a slice of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until somewhat reduced in quantity; then let stand until it jellies.

Bleach for a Brown Neck

One ounce of strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds (this is poison; be careful not to leave it within reach of children, and use it only externally); whites of two eggs, enough very fine oatmeal to make a fine paste. Spread this on a long strip of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage about the throat. Do not use this on the face but only on the throat. Four or five applications should accomplish the bleach.

E. K.—An oily skin may mean several things, but ordinarily it indicates that your digestion is not in proper order. Regulate your diet and bowel action at once, by good plain foods and plenty of water, cutting out sweets, fried foods and food that is not easily digested, such as pork and veal. Bathe daily, of course, and friction the skin with a bath mitten after bathing. You can make a bath mitten out of Turkish toweling, to slip on one hand with which to rub the body. Use plenty of warm soapy water for bathing, then rinse thoroughly in warm water, then in cool, following with a frictioning of the entire skin. You need exercise as well. Practice any and all of the exercises given by me in COMFORT from time to time. I should not use a facial bleach at present until I had whitened my skin by a change of diet. That is probably all that it needs. And a bleach would do no good without a change of eating habits. See that you take a certain amount of exercise daily, both in and outdoors. Don't forget to chew your food until it is liquid before swallowing. If you are following my answers in COMFORT, you saw my letter to "R. R." last month. Heed the suggestions about bowel habits.

BET.—So you are one of the girls who has bobbed her hair and doesn't like it. For young girls it is rather pretty, I think, but I always hate to see pretty hair fall under the barber's shears. Now that yours is cut, make the best of it. A pretty way to dress it is to part it in the middle, then curl the ends of the hair under so that it makes a sort of roll about the nape of the neck. It needs to be kept very fluffy, and curled, unless you are willing to go to the other extreme which is equally fashionable, and wear your hair perfectly straight and uncurled. In such case, it is usually parted on the right side and brushed toward the other side, not back, held above the ear with a barette; and it should hang a little long and without the touch of a curling iron. If the hair is black and quite thick, this is a very smart way to wear it. If you want it to grow out again, as you apparently do, keep the scalp clean, the hair well brushed each night, and massage the scalp nightly, running the fingers under the hair, pressing firmly on the scalp and moving it back and forth on the skull, so that it is kept loose from the skull. Shampoo once in two weeks, or three at the most. As your hair begins to grow, curl the ends under, and when longer, roll them under around the neck. This gives a bobbed effect while letting the hair grow. If you curl your bobbed hair do not make the mistake of curling it too much. Use rather a large curling iron and quite a little hair at a time, so that the wave will be a large loose one, not a tight frizzy one. I shouldn't curl it all over my head either unless my hair was very lank and clung to my head, then I should use curling irons on it enough to make it stand out a little. Don't have your irons too hot, try them on paper first to be sure they will not scorch. Curling irons are really bad for the hair. Watch the fashion magazines to see how bobbed hair is worn, and this will help you in caring for your own.

J. C. O.—The knees that hurt you to straighten are probably rheumatic. Have you seen a doctor? Don't let rheumatism go unattended, for it can cause lots of trouble. How are teeth and tonsils? Physicians nowadays say that rheumatism comes from some infection, and the thing to do is to find that source of infection—tonsils and teeth are the two most frequent sources. Keep the teeth thoroughly cared for, brushing them with some good dentifrice on rising in the morning, again after each meal, and again before retiring. In this way you will not only have beautiful teeth, which add greatly to one's beauty, but you will avoid visits to the dentist's chair and many ills which have their rise in teeth conditions. Give your throat attention. If it is sore or irritated, gargle with some good antiseptic solution, such as one tablespoonful of Dobell's solution to six teaspoonfuls of water. How about your nose? Watch out for little colds. Keep the bowels open and you will be less inclined to take colds. In the meantime hot baths or applications are good for stiff and inflamed joints. See that they are wrapped up just after the hot steaming or the hot cloths have been wrapped about them (hot wet cloths, not dry ones), so that they will not become chilled by immediate exposure to the air. Keep them warm at all times. Watch out for your diet, so that you eat foods that are easily digested and will not constipate you, for you should keep the bowels open. And of course drink lots of water. As to your other question, take your bath just the same, but be careful not to get chilled. If you have a bathtub, see that the water is hot and bathe quickly, rubbing the body briskly after, and dressing at once. If you haven't a tub, slip a warm bathrobe or other garment around yourself when disrobed, and only expose a small portion of the body at a time, as you stand on a folded bathtowel. For instance, bathe the right arm, then dry, rubbing vigorously, then the left arm, then uncover one shoulder, and bathe that, and so on, until the whole body has been gone over. As fast as a portion is bathed, cover it up so that at all times the body is warm. You will feel better for the bath, and you will not take cold if you do not allow any portion of the body to become chilled. Have the towel on which you stand warmed, if it is a cool day. The cleaner you can keep your body at all times, the healthier it will be, and the more comfortable you will feel. Use warm water, of course, not cold. About boils, they indicate impure blood, and the only way to cure them is to keep the bowels free, watch the diet, and keep perfectly clean. Try eating prunes every morning that you have soaked all night drinking plenty of water, eating spinach, cutting out sweets and fat meats, and taking plenty of fruit. Pineapple is good for stomach conditions, oranges are a very mild stimulant of the bowels, figs and prunes are excellent, and an apple eaten every night and thoroughly chewed is excellent for the bowels. Baked apples for dessert are good for your condition, in fact all fruits except bananas, which you should avoid, and most green vegetables will be desirable.

N. C.—You didn't give a nom de plume, but will probably guess this is meant for you. The "red bumps" on your face are the result, no doubt of imperfect di-



EVEN BOBBED HAIR NEEDS FAITHFUL BRUSHING.

gestion and elimination. The dark rings under the eyes may be the result of different things. You are at an age when your body is undergoing changes and that may be the reason. Keep yourself warm, well bathed, get plenty of sleep, fresh air, good sensible food, and all these things will adjust themselves shortly. Be very careful about eating good nourishing food, won't you, my dear? for whether you know it or not your body is busy now laying the foundations for the kind of woman you are to be, and you certainly want to be healthy, pretty and happy. You should eat for breakfast some fruit, then a great bowl of cereal and cream, such as cooked oatmeal (cooked a long time), cream of wheat, Pettijohn's breakfast food or any other of the cereals which require cooking, or a big bowl of the ready-to-eat cereals of which there are so many good ones on the market. With this eat thin buttered toast, and a soft-boiled egg. You could even have two eggs, but be sure they are cooked not longer than three and one-half minutes, and taken out of the shell at once before they have a chance to get hard. The white of hard eggs is difficult for the stomach to digest. Drink plenty of water between meals, keep the body perfectly clean, and for your other two meals eat nourishing foods, baked potato and some lamb, mutton or beef, chicken, fish. A bowl of soup is good for your evening meal. For desserts don't eat very rich ones, since they are hard to digest, but baked custard, baked apples or other fruit, corn-starch pudding, ice cream, apple sauce. Don't eat pie or very rich cake (simple cake won't hurt you in moderation), or rich pudding sauces.

PRETTY.—My dear, at thirteen you have no business using any of the things you mention. Your skin should be let alone and allowed to be as pretty as it naturally would be. You will only harm your skin by indulging in all such things. You need lots of exercise, good food, lots of water, plenty of sleep, and every-day bathing. Keep your hair clean by shampooing once in three weeks, or even in two. Brush it gently at night and braid it loosely before going to bed. Brush your teeth as I have told "J. C. O." With this attention to your toilet, your skin will daily grow lovelier, and your health better, and you will be glad that you followed my advice. When you are many years older, it will be time to indulge in cosmetics, when your skin has blemishes and needs artificial aid. Give it proper care now, and you won't need such aid for a long time, and you will grow prettier daily.

ALICE.—See answer to "Port Arthur." About the oily hair, I wonder if you rinse it thoroughly when shampooing? And what do you use for a shampoo? Try using white household soap shaved into boiling water, then dissolved over a flame, and the liquid poured a little at a time on the head, when cool enough. Of course rub and massage scalp and hair vigorously after pouring on liquid, until it is a mass of soapsuds, then rinse thoroughly; use more shampoo liquid, more rubbing, more rinsing; and finally, when you are through, rinse many, many times. This is where it may be the cause of your trouble. You may not get out all the soap and it may clog the little oil glands and cause them to be irritated and discharge more oil than they should. Have the scalp perfectly clean and dry, with not a speck of dandruff, and the hair itself dry and fluffy. Look after the eliminative functions of the body also, and your stomach. Good digestion is at the back of healthful conditions of the scalp as well as of the other parts of the body. You could try using a teaspoonful of borax in your shampoo water, if your hair continues oily after a careful shampooing, rinsing, etc., as directed above. But the best way is to eliminate the condition that is causing the oiliness.

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The Forgotten Woman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

when we were secretly married—but—if—this other—woman is his wife—what am I? What am I?" she repeated, passionately beating with open palms upon old Aaron's breast—"and—what is—my child—that is coming——?"

The old man suddenly began shaking as if in the grip of some mighty force. "Not *that*—Mary"—he protested—"not *that!*"

But Mary's eyes met his appealingly. "Yes—Gran'ther—*yes. What shall I do?*" she asked piteously.

As Mary answered, a dazed expression crossed old Aaron's face—he reached towards her blindly—then a horrible sound came from his throat and with frothing lips he pitched forward at her feet—and Mary kneeling beside the prostrate figure realized the man who had been a father to her was dead—she was alone in the world—and the unspeakable anguish of aloneness filled her soul.

* * * * *

With the death of Aaron Deed Mary's condition became known, and gossiping tongues began to lash her mercilessly, giving her no opportunity to explain—only one of all she had befriended coming to her in her black hour of need—Jane Stairs.

"If you will let me and little Zach stay," said Jane when she made her appearance at the Deed's cabin, "I'll look after you for what you've done for me and mine in the past."

Mary, with a heart-breaking little smile, crept into the arms of the woman whose false step had branded an outcast among Deed's Cove inhabitants, and said: "Please stay."

Going back a few days later to resume her school, Mary found the door of the little church locked and tacked upon it was a crude sign bearing these words:

"The likes of you can't teach our young."

This outspoken expression of the people brought the first tears Mary had known since her Gran'ther's death, and with the tears came the benumbing revelation that she had been tricked into a sham marriage and then discarded—like Jane Stairs, she no longer held a place of respectability among her people, yet in the blackness of it all a ray of hope suddenly beamed.

Zane Bradley knew of her marriage—a minister at Creighton's Landing had performed the marriage rites—it was only a matter of finding them to establish her rights. But a trip to Creighton's Landing blocked out the avenue of hope through the minister—there was no such name recorded among the ministers of the little village—nor did the court register show a license. Crushed and broken in spirit she returned to Deed's Cove, the hope that even Zane would be powerless to help her dying in her breast as she mechanically fastened the boat at the water's edge and made her way towards the cabin.

Zane Bradley, surrounded by every luxury, found Paris in its gayest season dull and uninteresting; through his beautifully draped windows overlooking the Seine, he remembered with aching heart the silver sands of Deed's Cove as it was in the springtime, remembered the sunset as he and Mary had gone out to cast the fish-net—remembered the wonder and beauty and contentment that had been his in that far-away spot—and his present was as dead sea fruit—he felt the rebellion of one who has relinquished one after another the desirable things of life to no purpose.

While at Deed's Cove Mary watched from her window a desolate wintry sea, sobbing along a frozen, desolate shore—she also remembered the vanished springtime—Zane—and the glory of the sunset and the beauty of life * * * * it seemed to her the crushing misery of a thousand years lay between them and the present. And Jane coming in presently, found a little figure crouching before the easy-chair old Aaron Deed had used, in an attitude of despair.

Minutes dragged into hours, hours into days and days into months—all colorless, monotonous and miserable—until near the close of winter a little child was born into the world—a little son over whom Mary wept aching tears when Jane placed the small, warm bundle into her arms, then as if by magic, life suddenly became a grand, solemn and glorious thing.

Then springtime with its musical winds, bright sunshine and returning birds came to Deed's Cove. Its footprints were in evidence on every hand—butterflies and blooming things that make the human heart glad, came more abundantly with each new day—but in one heart the desolation of winter still lingered, for in Deed's cabin Mary bending over her baby in an agony of anxiety, realized the little life for which she was responsible was slipping away. Mutely refusing the rest which Jane insisted on her taking, she continued asking piteously at regular intervals if the doctor was yet in sight. And when at last he came, he held out to the anxious mother little hope for the sick child, saying he could do no more than had already been done—then he went away with the air of one who thought it just as well a nameless offspring should die young.

And when he had gone, Mary, remembering the words of old Aaron concerning infant damnation without baptism, stumbled slowly to her feet from the bedside, an overwhelming fear taking possession of her.

"Jane, Jane," she cried anxiously, "suppose it were true what Gran'ther believed about infant damnation without baptism——"

"That's Bible teachin', Miss Mary," Jane answered hoarsely. "We ain't got the right to dispute it."

That her child was dying—dying without the hope of heaven—chilled the very marrow in the sorrowing mother's bones.

"What right have I," she cried piteously, "to deny a helpless little babe that which might mean its salvation?"

As if in answer to her agonized question she turned her gaze on the east window and through it saw the steeple of the little church, and remembered it was the Sabbath.

In the little church at Deed's Cove it was "service hour." The sunlight fell through the small, high windows in splashes of gold. The wind stirred the pines clustered about it and sent the loose needles down in showers on the shingle roof.

Warren Slayden, the minister, had closed the ponderous book before him, having already taken his text. His was a narrow congregation and he preached a narrow creed. Old, middle-aged and young were in the audience, yet only the sound of Slayden's voice broke the stillness. To most of the congregation religion was a solemn, awful thing—something to shudder over—to measure men and women by—a thing void of joyousness or comfort.

Slayden repeated his text unctuously—"Judge not that ye be not judged. With whatsoever judgment ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

As if in direct refutation of the fitness of the text, at that moment through the open door and up the narrow aisle came Mary Deed—beside her Jane Stairs carrying the babe that had brought down the wrath of Deed's Cove upon Mary's head—and close behind them walked little Zach, who so loved life that his lips were ever wreathed in smiles, though often it was a wistful smile and rarely ever answered.

Straight up to the foot of the pulpit went the little procession, and Slayden stepped down to meet them.

"For what have you come?" he asked, eying them critically.

"My—my baby is—dying——" stammered Mary. "I would have you administer baptism."

Before Slayden could speak the refusal already on his lips, an old man rose in the "Amen corner."

"No!" he thundered, shaking an angry finger at the group, "not in the house of God shall the child of a "loose" woman be baptized—as Deacon in this church I forbid it—Warren Slayden—*I forbid it!*"

And Slayden looking from his congregation to Mary and back again slowly shook his head.

In the back of the church Jim Cody looked on in silence, his face working strangely. Suddenly it dawned upon his sinful heart that Zach, the little boy clinging to Jane's skirts, had never been baptized—he, like the baby in her arms, was subjected to infant damnation. The same rule that had prevented Zack from infant baptism would hold good now—the little church at Deed's Cove had never sheltered a fallen woman—but was it right? Truth slashed his heart, he half rose from the rough bench on which he sat, then sank back and leaning forward hid his face upon his arms.

One after another of the onlookers to whom little Mary Deed had been an angel of mercy, half rose in protest, but the stern faces of those who agreed with Warren Slayden outnumbered the would-be defenders, and Mary, reading the signs aright, looked from Slayden to her baby in Jane Stair's arms, and her own grief-drawn face grew stern and tense with bitterness—but her baby was dying—the doctor had said so—and because it had no proof of its right to live, these people refused it baptism! Would she stand by and see her own child damned?

Suddenly into her eyes came a look of blazing defiance—she thrust Slayden aside as if he had been a straw, and faced the audience.

"I am not a loose woman," she cried. "My marriage is legal in the sight of God, because it was performed by a man in minister's robe and in God's name, and because I thought it was legal—but man-made laws are as nothing beside those of the Master Law-maker. If the Bible teaches infant damnation without baptism, what right have you—who call yourself 'righteous—people of God'—to refuse a little helpless child salvation? My baby shall not be denied its right to heaven. If *this* is worthy to administer baptism," she went on excitedly, pointing a finger of scorn at the minister, "then so am I—and with you as witness I will baptize my own child."

Glancing about, Mary discovered the minister had removed the water pitcher from its accustomed place, but on a little table, covered with a snowy cloth, was the wine of the sacrament, and before anyone could foretell her purpose, the mother, snatching the glass bottle from its place, had poured the red wine into her hand, and with lifted face, sprinkled the babe in Jane Stairs' arms—clear as a bugle call her voice rang out through the little church:

"In Thy name, O Christ Jesus, with the emblem of Thy blood—which was shed for all—I baptize this child—Aaron Sidney Creighton—and by this same token heal, O God, heal that which is sick—Amen."

The influence of something holy and beautiful was suddenly abroad in the room. The preacher stood with bowed head—in the grip of an emotion long unfelt—Jim Cody shook with repressed sobs. But the old man who had first spoken, crossed the room to Mary's side, and twisting the wine bottle from her hand, held it high above his head.

"This," he cried shrilly—"the sacred sacrament has been defiled. We have set back and let a harlot make a mockery of Jesus Christ. Are we going to stand for it—are we?—are——"

Before he could finish, Jim Cody had swung himself over the benches and was facing the speaker and Warren Slayden with clenched fists.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN DECEMBER NUMBER.)

Cooking for Thanksgiving

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Do not knead the dough, but take a small amount at a time onto the floured board, pat into shape and roll fairly thin. Use deep, clean fat for doughnuts, have it very hot but not smoking. Do not put enough doughnuts into the kettle at one time so they will crowd as they rise to the top of fat. Turn when well puffed on one side, and then again to fully brown and cook.

CANDIED POP-CORN.—One and one-half cup of hot water, two cups of sugar and one and one-half cup of corn syrup cooked until a little dropped in cold water at once becomes brittle. Remove from fire and stir in one tablespoon of butter. Have ready about five quarts of well-popped corn that has been picked free from unpopped kernels, salted and tossed in a large pan. Dish into a second pan so as to avoid any salt that does not cling to the corn, and pour over the hot syrup. Stir and spread in a large tin to cool. If a pop-corn cake is desired, the popped corn may be put through the food chopper, using the coarse cutter.

Late Canning

As soon as the pumpkins and squash show signs of moisture on the outside the wise housekeeper knows that specks of rot will soon appear and that she will lose two of her most useful vegetables. The canning of pumpkin and squash is not common, but it should be, for it is highly satisfactory.

Whether for immediate table use, or for canning, most pumpkins and squash are of a better flavor and consistency if baked instead of boiled, to say nothing of its being a much simpler process. First wash the vegetable, cut into two or more pieces, remove center, place in a double cooker or between two pans of the same size and bake until thoroughly softened. Scoop from the shell, mash with one teaspoon of salt to each quart, fill glass jars, adjust soft, fresh rubbers, partly seal and cook three hours in a hot water bath after the water begins to boil hard. Seal.

PREPARING AND CANNING CHICKEN.—Select chickens that are plump and not over fat. Pluck dry, as scalding injures the appearance of the canned product. Remove pin-feathers and singe. Place in a pan of tepid water and scrub well with a cloth, using a little hard soap. Rinse well and wipe dry. A small pointed knife, a sharp meat knife and a pair of kitchen scissors will make neat and rapid work of the disjointing and carving. The chicken is cut into about 12 pieces.

Place the chicken on a meat board, back up, and with the scissors make a long incision through the skin of the neck from the shoulders to within one inch of the head, then cut around the neck. Lay back the skin from the neck, loosen it from the windpipe and gullet as far back as the crop. Disjoint and cut off the neck. With the pointed knife make an incision through to the wish-bone, scrape the meat away and remove it, as this makes the packing easier.

Place the chicken breast up, disjoint and cut off the wings, removing and discarding the wing tip. Disjoint and cut off the legs at the hip joint, then separate the first and second joints, making four pieces in all.

Begin at the shoulder joints where the wings were removed and cut down through the white muscles that indicate a joint in the ribs to a point one inch above the vent, using the scissors. Lift the breast clear from the back, cutting away any membrane that adheres to the crop. This leaves all the organs undisturbed in the back. Cut a large circle away from the vent and carefully remove the entrails, then all the other organs, and from them remove the liver, heart and gizzard. Care must be taken not to break the gall bladder. For canning use the breast cut into four or six pieces, the two wings, the four leg portions and the two round pieces of dark meat in back of the hip.

Place the meat in a cool place. Take what remains of the chicken frame, the cleaned gizzard and heart chopped fine, the wing tips and neck, and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until the meat separates from the bones. Strain and pour enough over the meat to hardly cover, and very slowly simmer until about two-thirds done, keeping the kettle closely covered. Carefully fill the jars about three-quarters full of the chicken, add salt and fill with the hot liquor. Partly seal, cook in a hot water bath three and one-half hours with water nearly to shoulders of jars. Seal.

To serve, the chicken may be fried brown in butter and then placed in a dish where it will keep warm. Add a little more butter to the frying-pan, smooth in some dry flour, add the chicken liquor heated and cook five minutes. Season and pour over the chicken.

Brainograms

HOW MANY PIES DO YOU KNOW?

1. To shape or smooth by trimming.
2. Two of a kind.
3. A pretty girl.
4. An ——— a day keeps the doctor away.
5. The swiftest part of a stream.
6. To cut or chop into very small pieces.
7. California's premier sun-dried product.
8. A spread for bread, and England's neighbors.
9. The oldest berry.
10. The saddest berry.
11. What tree did Washington cut with his hatchet?
12. A desirable political appointment.
13. The time of an event or historical happening.
14. An English game played in a walled court.
15. A device for drawing water, and one's relatives.
16. The sweetest pie.
17. The most important economic product of the tropics.
18. A popular coating for candy.
19. A coniferous tree, and a fruit.
20. The commonest fowl.

ANSWERS.

1. Prune.
2. Pear.
3. Peach.
4. Apple.
5. Currant.
6. Mince.
7. Raisin.
8. Butterscotch.
9. Elderberry.
10. Blueberry.
11. Cherry.
12. Plum.
13. Date.
14. Squash.
15. Pumpkin.
16. Sugar.
17. Cocoanut.
18. Chocolate.
19. Pineapple.
20. Chicken.



See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember, because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

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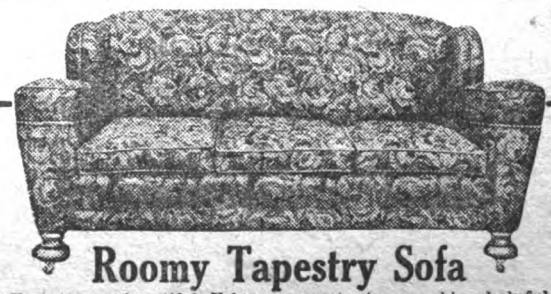
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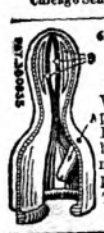
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Are Diseases Inherited?

THIS subject is taken for this month's talk not to advance anybody's pet theories nor to present arguments for or against the various rules laid down by different authorities, but to present some reasonable conclusions and some helpful suggestions. I think at one time it was believed by many people that at a certain time in their lives they must expect and submit to certain diseases just because their ancestors at a certain age had been afflicted with these diseases. This is true to some extent, and it is unfortunate that in some specific diseases the sins of the fathers and mothers are handed down from generation to generation. It is not true in all cases, and in one disease, tuberculosis, we can be positive that a baby born healthy, no matter what its family history may be, has a fighting chance.

A baby born of a mother who has tuberculosis is very likely to have tuberculosis in some form or other, as the mother's blood, which is infected, feeds the baby in utero. A baby born with this affliction is likely early in life to have tuberculosis of some of the organs of excretion, intestines, kidneys, lungs or tubercular meningitis.

A baby born whose father has tuberculosis has as good a chance as any healthy baby if proper precautions are followed out.

Formerly it was believed by many that if the father became tubercular at the age of 30 or 35 his children at or about that time in their lives must expect to become afflicted with this same disease.

This is not true, and we should take into consideration the fact that the father may have had some predisposing cause that made him a victim of this disease. Not something he inherited, but something he acquired, like pneumonia not properly treated, chronic indigestion, inflammation of the kidneys, irritating gases in army or in private life, that made his system or organs a good soil for the germs of tuberculosis to operate in. A baby inherits some things from its parents, his physique, color of its eyes, if parents are slight or stout the baby will be likewise, if narrow of shoulders or slight of chest the baby will be inclined to be the same.

Right here is where one can be helpful to the baby, and the right time to begin is early in life.

If the baby's parents have not a good chest development, this tendency in the baby can be overcome by deep breathing and exercises that will develop the chest and lungs and eliminate this inherited tendency.

Good fresh air, good nourishing food with plenty of sleep with healthful exercise has taken from many a child the name of being a weakling and placed him among the strong, healthy class. The making of a noted athlete of a child should not be the goal to strive for, but to raise the general standard of all babies and children should be the object to be achieved.

If you suspect that your baby has inherited some disease from some ancestor, no matter how remote, it is your duty to have its blood examined, and if your suspicions are correct have baby treated until the disease is eradicated. This breaks up the line of infection and you not only protect the child but you also protect future generations.

If your ancestors or immediate family have been contending with tuberculosis, get your children's chests and lungs in such a healthy and well-developed condition that the germs will not find fertile soil for propagating. This is the hope of this country's future, right living, proper food, proper exercise to overcome the weaknesses they may have inherited from their ancestors.

A baby born whose mother has tuberculosis must not nurse, but must be put at once on modified milk or some prepared food. If either of the parents or some member of the household has tuberculosis, great care must be taken to protect the baby and its food from infection. The excretions from the tubercular patient must be cared for, all dishes used by them thoroughly scalded and their clothing boiled.

A person with tuberculosis should not be allowed to care for your baby in any way.

The terrible, unhygienic habit of insisting that your baby kiss every relative or friend that may call is a cruel thing and its evil possibilities and probabilities far exceed imagination.

All of these sources of infection must be taken into consideration, also the danger of baby getting milk from a tubercular cow or cows.

To me the dangers from these sources seem more important than the idea that you may inherit something from your ancestors, the latter a possibility, the former a fact. The proposition that we must do something in this country to lessen the number of deaths in children under two years of age is becoming the subject of much discussion and consideration. I think the most important feature of the discussion should be preventive measures, measures that can be presented to the people as a whole, not to a few scientific people for limited action and results.

If you and I can learn to protect our babies from tuberculosis and other diseases, how much better it will be than to learn how to treat them when afflicted.

Subject next month, *Convulsions in Babies.*

Questions and Answers

FEEDING BABY.—I am an expectant mother and would like to put baby at once on cow's milk. Will you give me information in regard to diluting milk?

MRS. L. W., Hanna City, Ill.

A.—Would suggest the following for the first two weeks: cream two and one-half ounces, water seventeen ounces, lime-water one-half ounce, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful. This gives ten feedings, two ounces at a feeding. Baby should be fed every two hours, with two night feedings until three weeks old. For third and fourth weeks, cream five ounces, water twenty-four ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, lime-water one ounce. This gives ten feedings, with three ounces at a feeding. The cream and water formula can be used until baby is four weeks old; then I would suggest milk two ounces, water four ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful; keep increasing the amount of milk gradually until the sixth month when the baby ought to be able to take as much milk as water, milk three ounces, water three ounces, sugar of milk one teaspoonful. You gradually keep increasing the percentage of milk until the ninth month, when the baby should be taking pure milk, with the addition of lime-water, and sugar of milk.

NURSING MOTHER.—I have a four-months-old baby that I am nursing, and he is very healthy, but I should like to know what to do to improve my own health. I feel very weak and nervous and noise disturbs me.

MRS. A. F. E., Huntington, Ind.

A.—It may be that nursing the baby is too much for you, considering your slight physique. Get some Neoferrum or Pepto-Mangan (Gude's), and take dessertspoonful doses in milk three times a day. For your nerves take every three hours a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc. If after a reasonable time you do not feel stronger it might be well to wean baby.

BABY'S EYES AND MOUTH.—I am an expectant mother and am writing to ask what to use to wash out baby's mouth the first weeks of life, also solution to use in eyes to prevent blindness.

MRS. C. J. B., Cassatt, S. C.

A.—A good mouth wash is Glycothymoline, one teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water. For the eyes use a few drops of twenty per cent Argyrol solution, or two drops of one per cent Nitrate of Silver solution, as soon as baby is born. Use this only once.

Every day when bathing, baby's eyes should be washed out with Boracic Acid solution, one-half teaspoonful to one-half glass of warm water.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.—I am the mother of six children, the baby being two months old. I have not been well since baby came, very nervous, with pain between shoulders and on top of head, also have local discharge constantly.

MRS. J. B., So. Norfolk, Va.

A.—You do not mention the ages of the other children, but it may be that too frequent pregnancies have weakened your general health. Would suggest that you wean the baby, if nursing it, and try and build up your strength. Keep the bowels regular, get out in the open air away from the children and your household cares all you can. Take Neoferrum in dessertspoonful doses, three times a day; also take a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc every three hours.

If after building up your general health, the discharge does not stop, go to some physician for an examination and treatment.

SORE NAVEL.—My ten-months-old baby has a sore navel, which bleeds at times. There is a red, pointed protrusion about one-third of an inch long, and the navel seems to discharge a white substance. Please tell me cause and treatment?

MRS. M. N., Mineral Wells, Va.

A.—This condition is usually caused by friction and pressure of dressings of cord, the cord should be simply wrapped up in clean absorbent cotton. Would suggest touching the protrusion with Nitrate of Silver stick, then dusting on a little calomel or compound alum powder. Several treatments should entirely relieve.

BABY'S APPETITE.—My two-year-old baby does not eat very well, but will take milk from bottle. He will eat sand if not watched. Is there anything I can do to make him eat? MRS. P. K., San Antonio, Tex.

A.—This morbid appetite that you describe is not normal, and I would suggest that you put your baby on tincture of Chloride of Iron, two drops, three times a day in simple syrup. Would teach him to drink out of glass and not bottle.

With a little patience and persistence you will soon get him to eat the simple foods he ought to have.

FEEDING BABY.—Will you tell me what I should feed baby after weaning her, how often, and should I feed during the night? MRS. B. M., N., Vaughn, N. Mex.

A.—Feed baby every three hours during day, no night feeding, but arrange your feeding so that one will come at bedtime, and on getting up in the morning. Her diet should be largely milk, but you can give cooked cereals, custards, toasted stale wheat bread, graham crackers; later on, baked potato, and coddled eggs.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

years of age, five feet, six inches tall, have light hair, big blue eyes and weigh 115 pounds. My birthday comes on the 24th of December. I am in the tenth grade at the Princeton High school.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make dill pickles that will keep through the winter? We dill ours but have to use them immediately lest they spoil.

If this is in print I'll come again.

AGNES KRYSZTOFIAK.

Agnes.—I should say you were worthy of being a sister. Next time I "do" my pillow I'll try your way. If you wrap the ends of the barrel hoops with cotton batting before covering them you will be better pleased, I think. The padding holds the garment in shape and can be spread with a thin layer of your favorite sachet powder.—Ed.

FREEMONT, NEB.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader and subscriber of COMFORT for only two years but I certainly enjoy it.

In regard to children, we have a dear little girl which we adopted at the age of one year, and we feel proud of her. She is three years and seven months old now. Her eyes and hair are dark brown. I think to adopt children is one of the grandest things a childless couple can do. I am sending a picture of our darling Maxine Phyllis and hope to see it in COMFORT.

MRS. F. J. SASSE.

Mrs. Sasse.—I've always wondered what little Red Riding Hood looked like and now I know,—just like your little Maxine Phyllis.—Ed.

WAYNE CITY, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I will stay just long enough to tell you how I like to read your letters, also Mrs. Wilkinson's chats. I think our paper is fine and the recipes particularly good.



EARL AND JAMES DALE ALLEN.

I am enclosing a picture of my two boys. The oldest is fourteen years old, his name is Earl, and the baby, seventeen months old, is named James Dale, and, of course we are very proud of both and hope to make good men of them.

MRS. HENRY ALLEN.

Little James isn't taking any chances of having anything exciting happen to him, such as falling off the table he is seated upon, for his big brother holds him securely. Mrs. Allen, you have every reason to be proud of your boys and we know they will be good men.—Ed.

GREYBULL, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

If it is all right with the rest of you I will sit by Pearl Vesey and Nelle Fischer. I'd like to meet them. To my way of thinking, they are regular scouts. I always look for their letters.

Greybull is in the Big Horn Basin, surrounded by mountains. To the north and east are the Big Horn Mountains and south and west a range of the Rockies. Greybull is an oil town. We did have two large oil refineries here but it is run by one concern now. A refining town is rather interesting to one who has never seen one, but like all other things it becomes common when seen every day. It is an ideal country for outings though. Almost every Sunday we go to the mountains; sometimes we carry our camp bed with us and stay over night. We have a car. A year ago another family and ourselves, husband, my seven-year-old and I, took a camping trip up to Cody, Buffalo Bill's old home. We also drove through Shoshone Canyon and up to Shoshonie dam. It was wonderful up there. The dam is 328 feet high, 108 feet at base, 10 feet wide at top, length of crest 200 feet, capacity of reservoir 456,000 acre feet, area of water surface 10 square miles, length of reservoir 10 miles, maximum width four miles, maximum depth 233 feet, length of spill way 300 feet. The work on this dam was begun in November, 1905 and was completed January, 1910 and cost $1,354,000. They say the scenery in this canyon is every bit as good as Yellowstone Park. At Cody we went through the Irma Hotel, built by Buffalo Bill and named for his daughter. The walls inside are nearly covered with pictures of Buffalo Bill and his different experiences. We also saw his Indian guide whom he educated. He, Red Wolf, was staying a vaudeville here the night before Buffalo Bill's widow died. At the Cody Museum we saw a monument of Buffalo Bill and his horse, called "Waiting for the return of his master from the happy hunting ground."



MAXINE PHYLLIS SASSE.

I have what I call a Wyoming Album, just snapshots taken in Wyoming.

We are tailors by trade and have had a shop here for three years but will leave before long. It is getting the best of us and it doesn't pay to ruin one's health for the few dollars in it. I do all my own work and usually put in eight or nine hours in the shop too, and still I have time to call my own. Last year while I rested for a few minutes, evenings, I crocheted up over two hundred spools of crochet cotton. I have tablecloths, luncheon sets and crocheting on about everything that I own. I also put up 300 quarts of fruits and vegetables. I did this evenings and on Sundays. I couldn't afford to hire it done and people must eat. It wasn't all play either. I also sewed carpet rags and have enough for two nice rugs.

Someone said to start the ball rolling as to the making of inexpensive Christmas gifts. I suggest the following: Take half-a-dozen of your favorite snapshots of interesting scenery and color with oil paints and see how much they are appreciated.

A spool of crochet cotton and a bunch of coronation cord will make several sets of napkin rings. Cut forty-five ribs and with white crochet three single in each "slim" part, make five rows, widening at ends so it will round nicely. Use a pretty color for two rows then use white again, at end, chain six and miss six singles and finish. This makes a buttonhole. Crochet another row and tie your thread. Now cover a pearl button with single crochet and you have a neat napkin ring.

I take scraps of linen and make lemonade-and-water sets, small doilies, etc. Last year I took yard squares of unbleached muslin and outlined teapot, sugar bowl and cups and saucers in each corner and had a neat luncheon cloth. Scraps of linen make very nice napkin cases and cases for knives, forks, etc. Odds and ends of ribbon make very pretty garters when gathered on elastic with a few ribbon rosebuds attached to them.

We are moving away from here next week so I won't leave any address as I don't want mail forwarded.

Wishing all the best of luck,

A WYOMING SISTER.

MOBILE, 14 N. LAWRENCE ST., ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been an ardent reader of COMFORT since a small girl and enjoy every part of COMFORT but always read the sisters' letters first.

I would like to have a postcard shower and will answer all I can.

I have been reading Mrs. Gage's letter in regard to making Christmas presents and I have a few ideas which may be of use to some of the readers. A sixteen by-sixteen inch piece of gingham, stiffened with crinoline. Make five pockets of various sizes, each seamed down the center, designed for spoons, can opener, etc., and can be hung on the kitchen wall. One can give a homemade Recipe Book. Make a folder of heavy paper, choosing any color and size you wish. Use your favorite recipes and tie the pages into folder with ribbon. An inscription may be written on the cover, such as "Recipes from an Alabama Cupboard."

Best wishes to all.

EVA E. DAVIDSON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my third letter and I hope it won't find its way to the waste-basket as my others did, if for no other reason than to convince friend hubby that the sisters actually write and send the letters that are printed.

All the sisters are interested in home problems and ideas. I have made a good bedroom set. The spread is of cheap checked gingham. In the center I appliqued a basket of white material and filled it with colored flowers, appliqued, too. If the spread is to hang over the side of the bed, edge it with a border or ruffle of the white material. I made two scarfs and two squares to match and one pair of curtains. It took thirteen yards of material for which I paid 12 cents a yard. The flowers and basket I made from the scraps of goods I had in the house. I have shown it to my friends and they have decided to make one like it. It launders well, too.

Here is another idea. When your husband's shirts wear at the cuffs and at the neck, cut the sleeves to the elbow of your arm, cut square of V-shaped neck. Take plain colored gingham or chambray to match some color in the shirt, make a skirt of this and attach it to the shirt, add belt and collar and you have a very pretty house dress.

Here is a helpful thing where there are several children. Make a bag of oilcloth with compartments. Hang on back porch and have the children put their overshoes and rubbers in it when they come in from school. Make it with the oilcloth part inside and holes in each corner to let water out.

How many of you have read about McMonnie's new statue, "Civic Virtue," recently placed in the City Hall Park of New York City? It is a man treading on mermaids, the mermaids representing different vices.

Can anyone tell me where Uncle Charlie used to live in Brooklyn?

Edna Stockinger, you opened my heart when you spoke of snapshots. Will you exchange some with me?

I am twenty-six years old, blonde, weigh 128 pounds and have a little girl named Alice. She is in the highest second grade and not yet seven years old.

COMFORT has been a comfort in our home for about twenty years.

My address is with Mrs. Wilkinson.

Love to all.

MICKEY REYNOLDS.

Mickey.—Speaking of gingham, I saw some of the dearest "undies" recently, made of fine white material trimmed with checked gingham in pastel colorings. Very good looking. Thanks for snapshot of yourself.—Ed.

FT. PIERCE, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I would appreciate the privilege of contributing my bit of hints in regard to Christmas presents and home helps, as I have always received so much help from the other sisters.

Being poor in purse I make all my Christmas presents. Among the woodpile (we buy mill ends) I find old pieces of wood, one piece in the shape of a diamond, another a crescent. Sandpaper, then paint or varnish these; let first coat of paint or varnish dry thoroughly. Get finishing nails, and nail these to painted pieces wide enough apart to hold spools of thread. Have one end nail driven in further to hold thimble and the other end nail covered with a small pincushion and you have a handy thread, thimble and needle holder. I paint sprays of flowers on these holders. Oil paints are best for this purpose.

I make tabarets, smoking set stands (just the stands), magazine wall racks and various other things from pieces one-half inch square, length of magazine, width to suit individual taste. These racks are useful in kitchen as tin lid holders when solid plank is used for bottom of rack. Footstools are easy and always useful. I make them from three inches to one foot in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1815 Orchard St., Dept. 167, Chicago, Ill.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

A year later he was dead. He died suddenly, after struggling hard with business troubles, and his family had been left in very reduced circumstances.

Through Ralph Meredith Star caused a handsome sum to be invested, the income of which they were to enjoy while they should live, and she never saw or heard from them again.

* * * * *

St. George's Church, Hanover Square, was crowded upon Star Gladstone's bridal morning.

The bridal wreath was of delicate, feathery clematis, and was fastened to her head and veil with a set of five beautiful diamond stars, the gift of Jacob Rosevelt.

They were to spend a couple of months at Carrolton, Lord Carrol's country seat, whither upholsterers and decorators had been sent, as soon as the wedding had been decided upon, to make everything fresh and attractive for them.

Of course Mrs. Blunt was indispensable at this time, and she was made as happy as it is possible for a mortal to be in this life by Star's assurance that she should be a fixture in her household as long as she should live.

After the two months at Carrolton they were to go to Halowell Park for a season, and take a look at the home of the Thorntons.

Theirs was to be no stereotyped tour. Star said she had traveled enough for the present, and would much prefer to settle down to quiet home life—perhaps by another year they might feel like making a trip to the Continent.

Lady Sherbrooke had already grown to love her new daughter very dearly.

"It is well that I do love her," she said, tearfully, to Vivien, when the grand wedding was over, the guests all gone, and they were left by themselves, "if I must lose you, as I expect, before very long; but if I had searched the world over I could not have found a fairer, sweeter wife for my son. Heaven bless our Star! She bids fair to prove a guiding light in Archie's home."

* * * * *

Jacob Rosevelt lay upon a luxurious couch in an elegant apartment of Lady Star Carrol's beautiful home, and looking his last upon earth.

Everything that wealth, and love, and care could do had been done for the dear old man whom she loved so fondly; but now, after three years of such peace and content as once he had never thought to enjoy, he was dying.

Star had grown a trifle matronly in her appearance, and there is something more of dignity in her bearing; but she is not one whit less lovely or less deserving of her name than when we last saw her on her bridal morn.

A year of almost unalloyed happiness passed after that event, and then there was born a fine heir to the Carrol estate—a boy, of whom his father was very proud, and who at once became the pet and pride of the whole household.

Uncle Jacob, with this little one folded within his arms, or sitting crowing upon his knee, with Star fondly attentive to his every want, and Lord Carrol to lean upon in his old age, felt as if he had attained as nearly to perfect happiness as anyone could do in this world.

But during the third year after their marriage he had gradually but surely failed, until, to the great grief of all, they were obliged to acknowledge that he had not long to live.

This was the first great sorrow of Star's wedded life; but she strove to bear it cheerfully, at least in Mr. Rosevelt's presence, resolving that no mourning or repining should cloud the little time that remained to him to live—that there should be nothing but peace, and a looking forward to the great change as simply the sweeping aside of a misty veil and an entrance into something more blessed and beautiful than earth could give.

It was a hallowed room where Star sat, a little later, and gazed upon her dead—upon that brow which had settled into such tranquility—upon that restful, upturned face, which wore a smile "calm as a twilight lake."

And when they laid him away in the family vault at Halowell, where, too, lay the moldering form of her whom he had so loved in the days of his earlier manhood, she did not murmur, for she felt that he had left behind him a wealth of faith, and love, and trust that would glorify all her own after-life, and through the years that came and went in her beautiful home, she carried the memory and influences of Jacob Rosevelt's life, and it seemed like a strain of heavenly music, making her life rich with melody. It was like a breath from the flowers of Paradise, perfuming all around her.

Her husband worshiped her—reverently, as a gift from the Divine Hand, while all who knew her likened the influence of her lovely example, the luster and beauty of her life, to the "transit" of some bright "star."

THE END.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

height. I paint bright colored butterflies and flowers on black paper, with water colors, and make into picture books for children.

Each month I try (and most always do) to send something to two shutins, choosing different ones each month. I love to do this and would send to more but am not able. Some months it is pretty cards or shells; clothes another month.

When I "come across" any scraps of cloth or something I can make into a garment or toy, I put it into a box, saved for this purpose, to be used for Christmas gifts. I have a little collection saved to send to the Orphanage. I don't miss the odd moments devoted to this, and what if I did when it is to make someone happier?

If COMFORT were a woman she would be the dearest old-fasioned, sympathetic, motherly soul. That is why we all love "her" so. We can write her all our troubles and pleasures and she is so patient, scolds very seldom.

I have one of the best husbands and he thinks I am a wonderfully sweet girl. Don't know what my neighbors think of me.

I have lived on a farm for seven years and am crazy about it, though born and raised in a large city. I am sorry to say I am not on a farm now, but am

A CONTENTED WIFE.

Contented Wife.—If your neighbors are people of discernment they will agree with your husband. What a lovely way to think of COMFORT. I am sure "she" appreciates it.—Ed.

SUMMERFIELD, ILL.

DEAR MRS. W. AND SISTERS:

Well, Mrs. W. has kept me outside for nearly two years and now don't you think I am entitled to a seat in your happy circle? I am a little girl, I say "little" because I am, between sixteen and twenty years of age. Have dark brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. Am five feet, four inches tall and weigh 131 pounds.

Here are some ideas I will pass on to others. Sisters, did you ever make luncheon sets of linene and cretonne? There are several ways to arrange the patterns but one of the prettiest is to make a large square of the cretonne and around it attach the linene. The napkins are made of a square of the plain goods with small corners of cretonne sewed on. Another good way is to make a narrow edge around cloth and napkins of cretonne. Painted oilcloth luncheon sets are beautiful and save much work. The design is stamped with a perforated pattern and colored enamelac is used, or the artist can mix her own colors, as I did, by taking plain white enamel and mixing it with tube paints, but be careful that the cloth and paints are of the same temperature or the paint will crack off. If the enamelac is too thick, thin with turpentine but use banana oil to thin that which is mixed with tube paint. Unbleached muslin aprons trimmed with cretonne are very pretty; also stitched with colored thread with a design of cups and saucers, and edged with bias tape to match thread used.

In the matter of dining-room sets, I made a buffet scarf with crocheted corners of grape design. With this I made twelve napkins with smaller design in corners, and a large luncheon cloth with grape design crocheted in center. These were finished with picot edge.

I hope this will help some girl fill her hope box.

Your COMFORT Sister. MISS WAHL.

Miss Wahl.—Somehow or other, your name got torn off your letter so I had to call you Miss but from your knowledge of hope box things I have a suspicion that it won't be "Miss" much longer.—Ed.

CHIMACUM, WASH.

HELLO:

(Regular Western salutation!) Who remembers me? While I am holding the door ajar you will get a cool breeze from the Pacific. It is about two years since I was with you and I have received many nice letters from the sisters since then.

I wish Nelle Fischer would write again. I hope she hasn't run away with Bachelor Bill.

Sisters, do you know that splendid jelly can be made from strawberries that are not too ripe? I made many glasses of it from the surplus juice after filling my jars with the fruit. Add a little sugar to juice and boil it a few minutes.

I will tell you how I line patty pans or gem pans for tarts. Roll out pie crust just as for cookies and cut out with a quart size tomato can, or any can of that size. By pressing around edges of crust after it is in the patty pan, you will find it just reaches the top. Use a cooky cutter for top crust if you are making them double. Always wet the edges of the under pie crust before covering with top crust.

I see that Mrs. Wilkinson wishes us to send suggestions for Christmas gifts. My favorite article is a bag. There is such a variety of ways to make them that one could make twenty and have no two alike, a piece bag for the housewife, fancy bag for the girl, laundry bag for the boy, wrist bag for the woman who crochets and handkerchief bag for Bachelor Bill. In fact, what kind of person would not appreciate and find use for a neatly made bag? Scraps left from sewing, with a little cretonne for trimming, and a touch of crochet or blanket stitch and you soon have a sensible gift made.

I like Mrs. Marsh's letters about California for although I have seen a good portion of that state I haven't had time while there for exploration.

The letter of Mrs. Eva Shinn in July COMFORT on the subject of economy was fine.

Now to the sister who writes "Maggie Robinson, what do you do when your duties pile up so you cannot tell which is nearest?" To her I will say, look in the dictionary and you will see the word duty defined as "Something we should do," not "something we are expected to do." Now sort out your pile and see if many of the tasks you have been looking upon as duties are not just things you are expected to do. I think you will find that a woman's duties never exceed her physical and mental ability. So I repeat my philosophy, "Do the duty that lies nearest you; after that do your best and leave the rest." My theory is that a woman's first duty is to her children, next to her husband. Here is my reason. The children are dependent upon us, we brought them here and must take care of them. Friend Husband got along very well before he ever saw us.

Hoping I have not overstayed my welcome, I will say good by. MRS. MAGGIE ROBINSON.

Mrs. Robinson.—I can vouch for the fact that Nelle hasn't run away with Bachelor Bill, and here's a secret—I expect to visit her soon and perhaps I'll tell you all about it.—Ed.

ANAMOOSE, R. R. 1, BOX 7, N. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was married six years ago to a good man. I was only seventeen and knew but very little about managing a house. We were married a year when our boy was born. A neighbor told me about COMFORT and I subscribed for it for three years. Our baby was sickly and I had to put him on the bottle. Then good old COMFORT came handy. He is five years old now and well and strong. We have two more children, a boy of three and a baby girl of one and one-half years. Husband is very kind to the children and to me but very strict. He thinks the world of the children and plays with them like a small boy. They often make me weary with their noise but Daddy always says, "They are only kids; they'll be gone too soon and then we'll wish we had them small and at home again."

COMFORT taught me many tricks with flour sacks. It is wonderful the different ways they can be used. I am making a set for baby's crib. I stamp all the animals I can find on nine-inch squares of flour sacking and sew cretonne strips between. Both sides are alike. Outline the animals with floss, blue on one side and pink on the other. To quilt I stitch around the squares by machine. Tie with blue and pink yarn. These quilts are thin and light for summer and easy to wash. The curtain around the bottom of her crib has animals appliqued on it. With a crocheted edge around spread and pillow case, baby has a neat and inexpensive bed.

I find that grain sacks are good for overalls when dyed.

Here is one of my ideas for a cook book. Get two rings such as are used for a loose leaf book, and put through several sheets of drawing paper. Make covers of pasteboard and decorate with picture of a negro mammy cook or some picture taken from magazine. Paste recipes in rotation and use first page for index. These books are very handy and if something doesn't suit, that page is easily removed without damaging the book.

One more thing, about paint. Our boys were out playing and found an old pail with enough paint left in it to smear clothes and plaster their heads well. I took vinegar and kerosene mixed and washed the paint out of their hair and greased it well with lard. Do not use too much kerosene on scalp. Next morning I washed their hair with soft water as hot as they could stand it. Then Daisy clipped their hair close to the head. A person always finds some new experience to face.

I am five feet, four inches tall. Have coffee brown hair, curly. My eyes are brown and I weigh 130 pounds. I love music and my piano is half my life. I would like to hear from any COMFORT sister who will write to me.

With best wishes to the Corner,

MRS. ROBERT LEDER.

GOTHAM, WISC.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I won't take time and space to tell you how much we all like COMFORT, but this much will explain. We have had it in our home for over sixteen years.

"Red," I enjoyed your letter and would like to visit you as I am always in for a good time and know by your letter that you always find the funny side. You certainly found some uses for sacks and I am sure you have helped many others besides me.

I must tell you about a luncheon cloth I have finished. I made mine from unbleached muslin but it would be pretty made from sacks. In each corner I appliqued a blue teapot of gingham, it is outlined with blue embroidery silk and the knot is embroidered solid. The steam is outlined in black. I used a long and short stitch to hold hem. It is really very pretty and almost anyone can draw a teapot for a pattern. Smaller ones could be drawn and appliqued on napkins. Any color could be used but the blue appealed to me. It doesn't take long to make a set like this and it would be a most acceptable Christmas present.

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters.

LAUGHING WATERS.

GOBLE, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing a letter to your happy corner, hoping to help those who haven't money to buy Christmas gifts for their friends. I look to COMFORT's helpful pages for ideas for gifts and to the scrap bag for material.

For Minima I made a dainty handkerchief box from a small pasteboard box. Cover it with cretonne and if your mother is fond of poems or pictures paste a favorite poem or picture inside the cover. I put in some handkerchiefs made from salt sacks. I made a collar from a piece of plain net and after it was finished I worked a design into the net with blue and white floss. I made baby brother a Dinah doll from an old silk stocking. He had lots of fun with it. After putting wheels and handle on a cigar box he had a good little wagon. I made a sweater and cap to match from one of big brother's old ones. From two old caps, home knitted, I got enough yarn to make a pair of wristers and a scarf to go around Daddy's neck. With two or three premiums from COMFORT I had enough gifts to show them they were not forgotten.

I use all kinds of sacks for various things.

I am five feet, seven inches tall, have brown hair, blue eyes and a light complexion and am fifteen years old.

E. G. DAHL.

MILLTOWN, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a brown-eyed girl from Indiana's hills, and I love every hill in dear old Indiana, too.

It's time to commence the Christmas gifts, and one of the most useful is a towel. I have made one of white linen with a ribbon bow, wreath and initial embroidered on it in solid and eyelit stitch, hemstitching it at both ends.

Wooden coat hangers can be covered with satin ribbon. It should be gathered on, using ribbon same shade to cover hook.

Camisoles made of white satin and embroidered in dainty colors will please any girl or young woman.

Aprons are always appreciated.

Pillow slips can be used in any home and are not expensive gifts, and can be trimmed with lace or embroidered.

The home-made gift has a personal touch that the gift bought in store does not possess.

I would be glad to hear from some of the readers. I am twenty-two years old and am tanned a dark brown. The sun is no respecter of persons, especially when we go bareheaded.

Love to all the sisters. REA M. ROTHROCK.

MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am making my Christmas gifts now and when Christmas is here I will not be rushed. I will tell you of some of the gifts and how I made them.

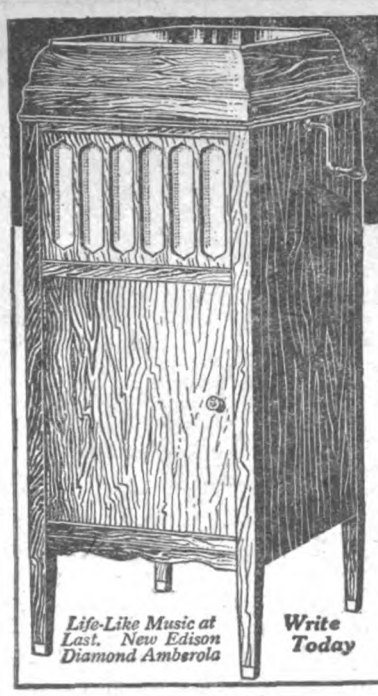
I buy stamped dresser scarfs at sales and instead of using them as bought I cut them into two pieces and make night gown cases. Bind the cut end, fold this up to the edge of the embroidery on the wrong side and bind the sides; then when you have finished the embroidery, turn this end down over the pocket as a flap and either fasten with a snap or arrange a ribbon to tie. These cases are pretty and convenient.

Clothes hangers of ribbon and safety pins are convenient, taking but little space in traveling. Each hanger requires about six inches of inch-wide ribbon; tie a loose knot in the middle, bring the ends evenly together and carefully fold around the upper part of bar of a good-sized safety pin, sewing as you would a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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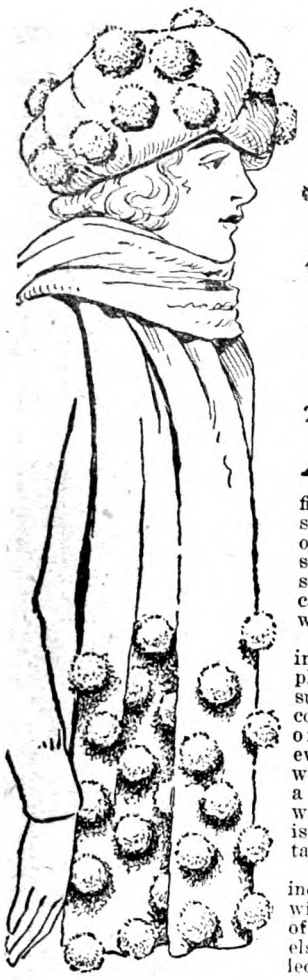
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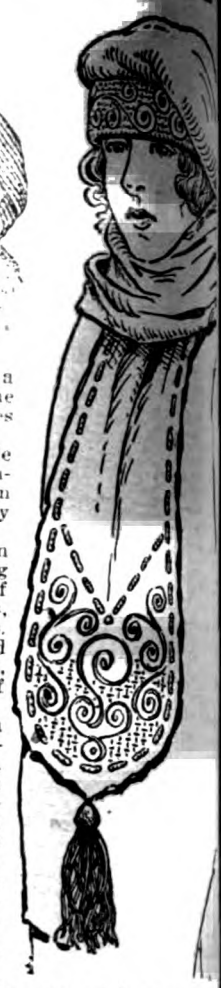
Gifts One Girl Can Make For Another











Soft Flower Trimmed Hat

AMONG the things that claim first attention this season in the way of accessories are scarfs or sport sets of scarf and cap of either silk, wool or fabric.

For gifts, nothing will give more pleasure as no suit is considered complete without one, therefore every girl and woman must have a scarf for warmth or, what is more important, for style.

From an ever increasing and bewildering number of beautiful models we have selected a few which embody good ideas for home-made sets which will meet different needs and tastes.

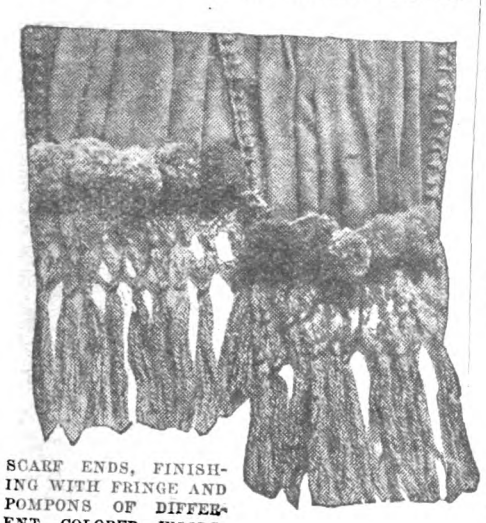
Knitted or crocheted sets of wool are, perhaps, most desirable and popular. Scarfs are seen in these styles from drop-stitch silk to open-work Iceland.

Homespuns, tweeds and wool Jersey lead in the fabrics, darned and embroidered to secure colorful contrasts.

A very chic set for a young girl is our first model, which features the new wool pompon decorations.

Hat. No. 2.—Two balls silk mixture or Angora for hat, in blue, tan, white or any other preferred light shade. Small ball each of old blue, rose, lavender, green, yellow and black for flowers. No. 2 steel hook, one yard heavy hat wire.

Using wool for hat, ch 2, 5 s c in 1st st of ch, 1 s c of 1st single, 2 s c on next, repeat. Work round and round, increasing enough to keep work flat until circle measures six inches across; now increase every 15th st for 1 rd, 2 rds without increasing, increase every 20th st 1 rd, 2 rds without increasing. Next rd increase in every 25th st. Work about five inches without increasing.



SCARF ENDS, FINISHING WITH FRINGE AND POMPONS OF DIFFERENT COLORED WOOLS.

Brim

Increase every other stitch, work two and one-half inches, increasing only as necessary to make work about flat, not at all full. Overcast wire with wool to edge, overlapping ends about three inches. Work over wire one row of singles.

Flowers

Roses are made of the rose and lavender wool as follows: Ch 3, join, ch 3, 1 s c in ring, ch 2, 1 s c, repeat twice, ch 2, join, 1 s c in 4 sps, join, ch 5, 1 s c under s c, ch 1, 5 d c, 1 s c in 1 sp, 1 s c, 5 d c, in center round, carry ch back of last round. Repeat four times. Join. Now work 1 s c, 2 d c, ch 1, 3 treble, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 1, 3 tr c, ch 1, 2 d c, 1 s c under ch 5. With yellow, ch 5, 3 d c in 3rd ch, 1 s c, cut wool, draw up tightly to form ball. Make five for center of each rose.

Bluebell

With old blue ch 4, join, 6 s c in ring, 12 s c on 6 s c under both loops, work without increasing until little bell measures about one inch, increase twice in a round two more rounds, increase four times, continue to enlarge so the edge will allow of rolling back, edge with one round of light blue.

Make yellow centers same as for roses but with longer chains. The bells may be of different sizes.

Leaves

With green ch 10, 1 s c in 9th st, 3 d c in 3 sts, 1 tr c, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 5.

These may be varied in size and also worked on both sides of center ch for larger leaves.

Pompon Scarf and Tam

This set is attractive and novel as it is becoming. Grey Shetland and yellow brush wool was the combination, used in the original. Using No. 5 bone needles, cast on 7 sts, knit 1 row.

2nd row—K 1st, increase by knitting back of same st. Repeat.

3rd row—K each st. Repeat these two rows twice.

8th row—K 2 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat.

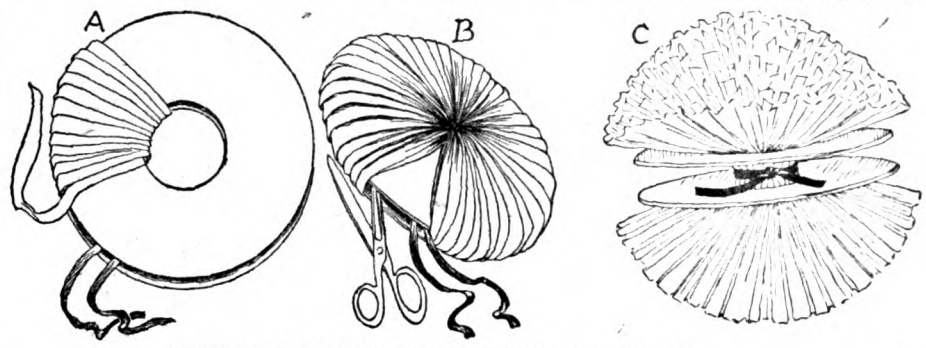
9th row—K each st.

10th row—K 4 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. K 1 row.

12th row—K 3 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. K 3 rows.

16th row—K 8 sts, increase 1 st. Repeat. One row plain. K 9 sts, increase 1 st. One row plain. Continue working in this manner until knitting measures about six inches. K plain for three inches without increasing. K 2 sts together. K 1. Repeat around. Next row, K 2 sts together. Bind off loosely. Try for head size. If too large, repeat last row; if too small, take out last row. With head size right, K six rows plain, bind off loosely.

The scarf is of plain knitting 60 stitches wide, five feet long. Sixty small pompons are placed hit and miss on the scarf ends and 30 on the tam. To make these, cut two and one-half inch cardboard circles, in centers cut holes size of one's little finger. Cut off several yards of wool, double into four strands, hold circles closely together and wind. (See Fig. A.) When center is filled, slip scissors edge. (See Fig. B.) Tie a strong piece of twine around between the forms (See Fig. C), pull these off, clip ends and brush up into fluffy balls with a teazle brush which comes special for this purpose, or use just nicely trimmed.



METHOD OF MAKING BALLS OR POMPONS OF WOOL.



CARD TABLE COVER.
For directions see Page 28.

For this set one will require four balls of grey and one yellow wool.

Angora Wool Embroidery

The set shown in No. 4 is so soft and pretty and so warm without weight or heaviness, it is especially suited for the chilliest weather.

For this, dull tan, jade green or grey Jersey is most attractive combined with white angora. For the scarf and hat one will need two yards of material and at least four balls of angora. The grape clusters may be placed hit-and-miss on the scarf ends or arranged as a border.

Fiber silk forms the knotted-in fringe and buttonholed edges of the hat.

All designs for Angora embroidery should be simple in character, for the delicate softness of the wool will not stand constant pulling back and forth through the material. A short needleful only should be taken as it is liable to break.

The grapes should be thickly padded with any white wool and then worked over and over in satin stitch.

The leaves are outlined, long stitches being taken to make a good clear line. The scarf measures 14x64 inches.

The hat is made up with only an inner lining of cotton flannel so it is very soft.

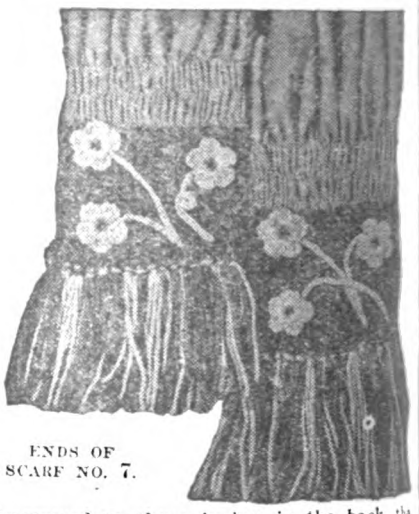
The crown is an oval, measuring seven and one-half by eight inches, made of six pieces. To this join a band on the straight, four and one-half by 22 inches.

The brim is a bias, four and one-half by 27 inches. Embroider it with separate motifs arranged to suit, and finish the edges with buttonholing.

No. 6 pictures one of the soft, becoming tam-o'-shanter hats which can be made of any woolen material to match a suit or scarf. Cut oval eight by [illegible] and one-half inches. Join to this a bias [illegible] the required length and five and one-half inches wide.

Decorate with roses embroidered in long-and-short buttonhole stitch, using either silk or wool or cut rose and leaves from silk or velvet of a contrasting shade and work over the raw edges by buttonholing. When completed, sew lower edge of bias to a [illegible] band the right head size and finish with a [illegible] lining.

No. 3—Roll-back sport hat. This is made in the same manner, excepting the bias band is narrowed to three inches in the back, the greatest width being in center of front, where a conventional design is worked out in straight cross lines. These can be in any gay colored silk, wool or chenille.



ENDS OF SCARF NO. 7.

Hat No. 8 has a crown of Alice blue silk mixture, brim and rose spray of white angora. One ball blue, two angora and one yard hat wire will be required. Using medium size hook, ch 2, 5 s c into 1st st. Work round and round, increasing just enough to keep work flat as directed for hat No. 2. When six-inch circle is completed, increase by working 2 s c in every 15th st for 1 rd, 2 rds without increasing, 1 rd increase every 20th st, 2 rds plain, 1 rd increase every 25th st, now work three inches without increasing.

Brim

With Angora, 2 s c in each 1st 2 sts, 1 s c in 3rd st, repeat around. Work round and round, increasing as necessary to make brim lie flat for three inches. Holding wire to edge of last row, work 2 s c in each st, lap ends of wire three inches to hold firm.

Rose

With Angora, ch 3, join, ch 7, 1 d c into ring, ch 5, 1 d c, repeat, join last ch to 3rd st, ch 7, thus making five spaces in all.

2nd row—1 s c, 2 d c, 1 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c in each sp.

3rd row—Ch 6, 1 s c between petals, carrying ch back of last row.

4th row—1 s c, 3 d c, 2 tr c, 3 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 6.

5th row—Same as 3rd, making chs 7.

6th row—1 s c, 2 d c, 6 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 7.

7th row—Ch 8 behind petals.

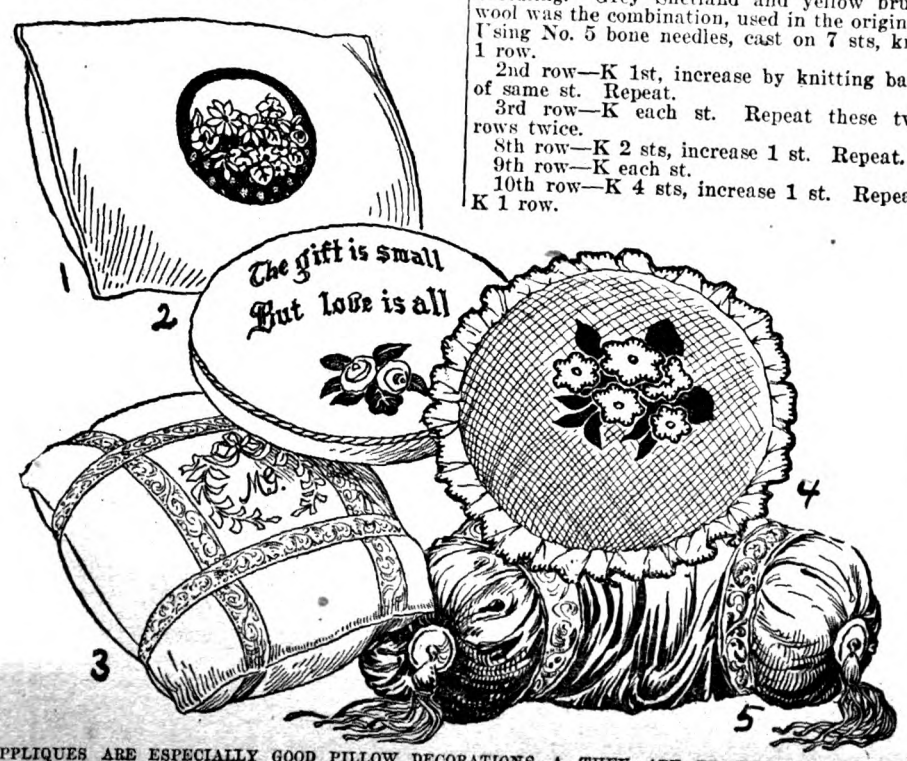
8th row—1 s c, 2 d c, 8 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, under each ch 8.

Ch 10, skip 1, 1 s c, 2 d c, 3 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c in 9 sts, turn, 1 s c in base of single, doubles and trebles in base of stitches on first side. Make group of three leaves, five and one-half inch ch, two more leaves opposite each other, two-inch ch. Sew spray to left side of crown.

Wool Embroidered Set

At the right is pictured a good-looking tam and scarf which will add much to any dark street suit. It is of beaver color, livened with peacock blue chenille and brown and copper

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

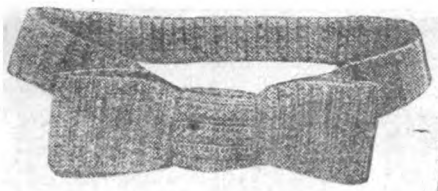


APPLIQUES ARE ESPECIALLY GOOD PILLOW DECORATIONS A THEY ARE PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Some Things That Can Be Made For Him



MEN'S CROCHETED TIES.



CROCHETED BOW TIE.

New Crocheted Men's Ties

Some men much prefer a hand-made or woven silk tie, while others are not partial to this style of neckwear, so before putting in the necessary time and effort it is best to have an idea as to whether one's handiwork will be appreciated.

Hand-made ties to be presentable must be well made, but aside from this the work is simple.

The puff stitches used in these patterns are all made as follows:

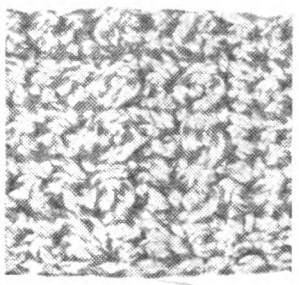
Draw loop through bottom of s c in previous row, silk over hook, loop drawn through same stitch again, silk over hook and draw through four loops on needle. For each tie one spool of tie silk and No. 7 steel hook will be needed.

Design No. 1

Ch 22 sts, turn.

1st row—21 s c, ch 1, turn.

2nd row—9 s c working through both loops of each, 1 puff working through 10th st of 1st ch, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff through 12th st, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.

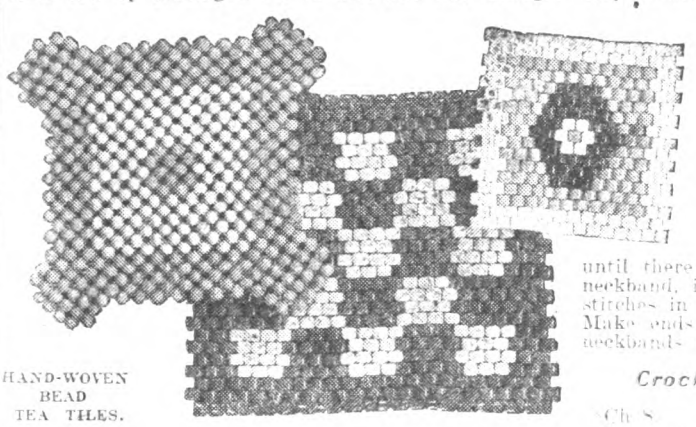


DETAIL OF TIE FOR NO. 1.

3rd row—9 s c, 1 puff in top 10th st of 1st row, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff in 12th st, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.

4th row—9 s c, draw loop through puff in previous row, draw loop through two loops on hook, ch 1, 1 s c, work over next puff in same way, ch 1, 9 s c, ch 1, turn.

Repeat last two rows for 14 inches. Decrease each end by skipping second stitch in every other row (always work first and last stitches until nine stitches remain). Make neck-band. Increase one stitch each and every other row by making 2 s c in first and last stitches. Increase to 19 sts, make 6 s c, 1 puff, ch 1, 1 s c, 1 puff, ch 1, 6 s c for 12 inches or more. Leave long thread, with needle overcast through every stitch, make cord on end, fasten securely.



HAND-WOVEN BEAD TEA TILES.

Design No. 2

Ch 21 stitches, turn.

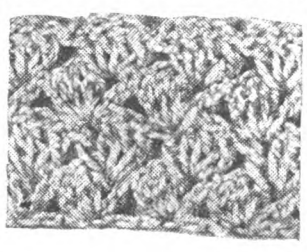
1st row—In 3rd st make 3 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in same st. Repeat, 7 shells should be in each row, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—3 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c in same place. Repeat to end row.

Repeat second row until work is 14 inches. Next two rows narrow one shell at each end, three shells remaining. Make neck-band about 14 inches, increase in two rows to seven shells, make 10 inches.

Design No. 3

This effective pattern is one which can be worked more rapidly. Satin stitch makes the design. One d c, ch 21 sts, turn.



DETAIL OF TIE NO. 2.

1st row—20 s c, ch 1, turn.

2nd row—9 s c, 2 satin sts worked through base of singles completely covers them; 9 s c, ch 1, turn.

3rd row—7 s c, 2 satin sts, 2 s c, 2 satin sts, 7 s c, ch 1, turn.

5th row—5 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 5 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.

7th row—3 s c, 2 satin sts, 10 s c, 2 satin sts, 3 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.

9th row—1 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 6 s c, 2 satin sts, 1 s c, ch 1, turn, repeat.

10th and 11th rows same as 7th and 8th. Repeat, reversing the raised satin sts back to



GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED SILK SCARF.

2 sts in the center. Make five more rows like 2nd row then repeat from 3rd row for seven to eight inches, decrease by skipping first and next to last st every other row until you have 8 s c, make neck-band.

Increase one stitch each end every other row to 20 stitches. Work design for 10 inches.

Gentleman's Scarf

Materials. Two spools of black and one spool of white tie silk, one pair No. 12 steel knitting needles.

Using black, cast on 70 stitches.

1st row—Over, slip 1 as though to purl, K 1, repeat to end.

2nd row—Over, slip 1, as though to purl. Knit together the next st and st which lies over it. Repeat this row until 20 rows in all; then 10 rows white, 10 rows black, 10 rows white, black, until work measures 36 inches, then border, finish with knotted fringe.

Crocheted Belt

Ch 22 sts, turn 21 s c on ch.

2nd row—Ch 1, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, ch 1.

3rd row—21 s c, ch 1.

4th row—Ch 1, 4 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 4 s c.

5th row—Same as 3rd row.

6th row—Ch 1, 5 s c, 1 puff, 2 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 2 s c, 1 puff, 5 s c.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

8th row—Ch 1, 6 s c, 1 puff, 1 s c, 1 puff, 3 s c, 1 puff, 1 s c, 1 puff, 6 s c.

Repeat from first row until belt is long enough. Any of the other tie patterns could be substituted if preferred.

Crocheted Bow Tie

Ch 22, turn.

1st row—21 s c, ch 1.

2nd row—1 s c, 1 puff, repeat across.

3rd row—21 s c, ch 1.

4th row—Same as 2nd row.

Skip first and last stitches every 30th row until there are nine stitches, work neckband, increase by working two stitches in first of every 30th row. Make ends equal in length. Line neckbands to prevent stretching.

Crocheted Watch Fob

Ch 8.

1st row—Work 1 d c into each ch, ch 1.

2nd row—1 d c on each double, working through both loops of each stitch. Work about an inch this width then increase one stitch at beginning and end of each row until width will just slide through bar of fob. Work nine inches from this point. Finish end off into two points by working the center then back to edge, decreasing on center each one stitch



BANDEAU FOR BOBBED LOCKS.

in each until only two stitches remain. Tie and cut silk and work from other side to center.

Make up as usual.

Bead Tea Tile

A gift of one of these new tiles for teapot, hot plate or platter is something which will surely be appreciated by a housekeeper. They can be wiped clean with a damp cloth and are as artistic as they are easy to make.

Checker Block Tile

Of blue and white china beads, in size large enough to thread with a fine darning needle, one may copy the largest tile illustrated, which somewhat resembles the famous delftware. Any strong twine or No. 3 white crochet cotton may be used.

Thread needle with two yards, making large knot in end. String 27 blue beads, draw up closely as possible, turn, run through 24th bead. String 1 bead through 22nd bead, string 1 through 20th. Repeat, at end after running through 2nd bead, run through knot, draw down, wind thread around between first and second beads. Straighten two rows, draw up as tightly as possible. Hold closely. The start is hardest as the thread is long but for strong work it is best to avoid joining threads as much as possible.

To turn, always work in this way: string two beads, hold one opposite 1st bead, one opposite 2nd bead, run through 3rd bead, string one, through out standing bead string 1, through one. Repeat. Arrange each row, draw up tightly, string 2, turn.

Make four rows blue beads, turn. Run through blue. Now string 1 white through blue, string 1 white throug blue. Now string blue beads between 2 blue beads, 2 white between 2 blue beads, 2 blue between 2 blue, 2 white between 2 blue, 1 blue through blue, turn as usual. Next row, 1 white through white, 1 white through white, 1 blue through blue, 1 blue through blue, repeat, making blue borders. Two blue blocks and 3 white blocks. Work until one has 3 white beads, 4 white beads, 3 white beads, 4 white beads in each white block and the same in each blue block.

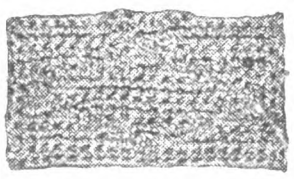
Then reverse, stringing beads so that blue blocks will come opposite white blocks and vice versa. Repeat until five blocks in width are completed and finish with blue border. Knot thread by tying securely and pulling so knot will come in center of a bead, then cut ends. After making one tile one can very easily copy any pattern as all are made in the same manner although they may vary in shape.

The edges of the smallest tile show how every other bead stands out.

Gold Wire Bandeau

Such a band as this is as becoming and attractive as it is useful in holding one's bobbed locks in place at a party or dance.

For it one will require one roll of gold hat wire, one spool each of white, yellow and green crochet silk and a fine steel crochet hook.



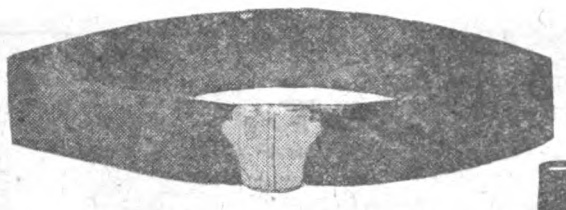
DETAIL OF TIE NO. 3.

First make the fish-net wire coronet. The outline of this is of one piece of wire joined at one of the ends. Bend this in shape so that the ends will be an inch in width, the lower wire is straight, the upper bent to make a two and one-half or three-inch point in the front.

After the shape is ready, start with second wire, twist tightly about lower wire, near one end leave two inches of second wire and twist again, repeat to opposite end, making a series of loops; return, twist to center of loops, repeat back and forth, filling in the front with extra rows.

This will give one a fish-net effect. Cover the joining of wires by winding closely with silk.

Decorate with silk roses and leaves on the left side. For each rose one will need seven pieces of taffeta four inches square. Fold to form a triangle, gather edges of triangle and draw up. For center of each rose cover a little ball of cotton batting with silk, winding thread around at bottom to hold securely. Arrange petals around the center, overlapping each other and sew in place. Roses should vary somewhat in size, and two shades of roses are more effective combined with green ribbon leaves.



GENTLEMAN'S CROCHETED SILK BELT.

Embroidered Stockings

Silk stockings are no longer a novelty but a pair of embroidered silk stockings are not to be found in everyone's wardrobe. They make a lovely gift and are among the possibilities if one loves to embroider.

The low, fancy-strapped shoes have made instep decorations as popular as the clocked sides.

Several colors may be combined in working stockings, but they should be in delicate shades. Shun anything bright as the effect will be gaudy but not attractive.

Cross-stitch designs are especially pretty. Solid embroidery should be slightly padded. Black lace inserts in either black or white stockings are especially pretty for evening wear.

As just a touch of embroidery is required to make a pair of stockings somewhat out of the ordinary, any one whose fingers are deft need not hesitate, but though little time is necessary the work must be done carefully so that there will be no pulling.

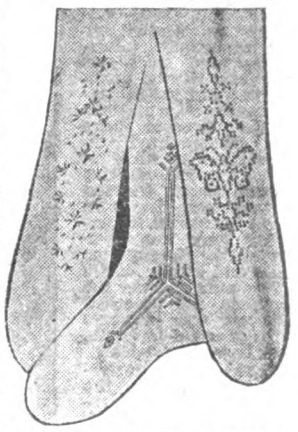


CROCHETED WATCH FOB.

Sofa Pillows That Are Different

Among the things which always make acceptable gifts may be counted pillows, as one can scarcely have too many.

The simpler covers which are now so popular, practical and serviceable may often be made up of materials on hand. With a little thoughtful planning and the illustration, showing what can be done, one ought to be able to work up some very attractive covers with little cost aside from the time spent in their making.



EMBROIDERED SILK STOCKINGS.

An attractive cover having a basket brimful of flowers appliqued against a plain background of creamy unbleached, is our first suggestion. Only a yard of this material will be needed and the decoration can surely be worked up of such odds and ends as one may have.

The nine-inch circle which is cleverly cut to suggest a basket, is prettier of some finely figured or checked goods, and it should also be rather dark in coloring to form a background for the flowers.

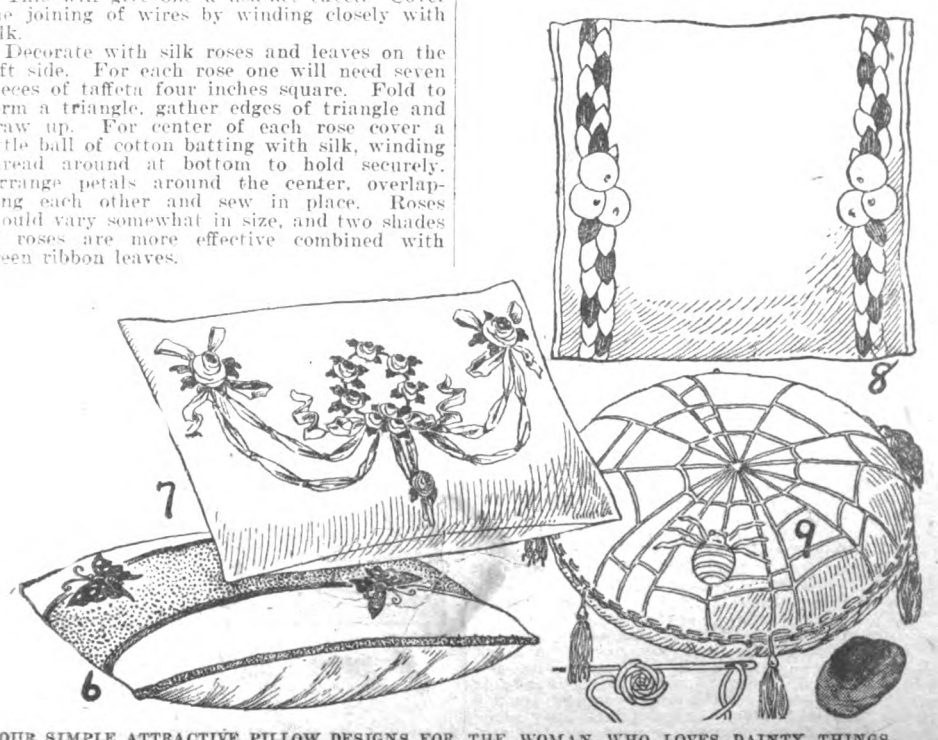
For these use all your vivid bits, fell down neatly, using French knots for the flower centers.

It is quite impossible to reproduce the charm of the small oval pillow, No. 2. The idea is to make a personal appeal by working out a cover which presents one's favorite flower.

Roses on pink satin, violets on pale lavender, or forgetmenots on blue. The size is small, only 11x13 inches, as these are intended for little tuck-in pillows.

For a semi-invalid or elderly person such a gift would give comfort as well as cheer. The words, which are in outline, and the little motif, which may be embroidered with the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



FOUR SIMPLE ATTRACTIVE PILLOW DESIGNS FOR THE WOMAN WHO LOVES DAINTY THINGS.

Leaves

Use inch-wide satin ribbon, cut into three-inch lengths, fold, gather edges, turn in selvages at top and fasten to make a point.

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

By W. H. Gannett

See front cover illustrations.

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My Previous Experiences in Aeronautics

THE amazingly rapid development of aerial navigation from its comparatively recent experimental stage to its present status of practical commercial utility is strikingly manifest in the achievements attained in this field during the thirteen years that have intervened between my first taste of the delights of sky sailing in 1909 by means of a balloon of the old, familiar type, such as has been in common use for nearly a century and a half, and my latest flying experience the past summer in touring six countries of central Europe as a passenger on the great air liners that ply regularly over established routes serving public travel between the larger cities with the comfort and safety of express trains but at much greater speed and affording far more interesting views of the country traversed.

In the account (printed in the November, 1909, issue of COMFORT) of my first balloon ascension I included a description of the three types of air craft which I will briefly summarize here to show their distinctive features and respective attainments at that time. I pointed out: first, that the old-fashioned, gas-inflated balloon was still the popular favorite because of its safety, although there had been little, if any, improvement in its design since 1783, the year in which it was devised and the first ascension made, and despite the fact that it possessed neither automotive nor steerage power, merely drifting at the speed and in the direction that the wind happened to blow, and incapable of control except that it could be made to ascend by throwing out ballast or to descend by letting out gas. It was in such a balloon that, in 1909, I was borne on the wings of the wind from Pittsfield, Mass., to Springfield in the same State. Complete control of aerial locomotion had been accomplished only within the previous year by means of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, as I wrote at that time.

The dirigible balloon, a huge, cigar-shaped gas bag with a rigid frame, under-hung platform for support of machinery and accommodation of crew, passengers and cargo, and equipped with rudders for steering and motors and propellers for locomotion, was capable of being driven at considerable speed even against an ordinary wind. The inventive efforts of Count Zeppelin, encouraged and aided by the German government, had produced a dirigible of such enormous size, great power and high efficiency as seemed to promise boundless commercial and most formidable military possibilities; but in both respects the expectations of its sponsors have been disappointed, although for a while it served as an effective instrument of German frightfulness in the World War until its unwieldy force was overmatched by the superior speed and agility of its pigmy antagonists, the airplanes. Its practical value for war purposes or for peaceful pursuits, is still problematical.

To America exclusively is credit due for the invention of the aeroplane or airplane. Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., discovered, and by his experiments with "gliders" demonstrated the fundamental principles of flying. Then the Wright brothers, by applying these discoveries supplemented by the results of further experiments of their own, devised and constructed in America the first successful flying machine and thereby realized man's centuries-old dream. The airplane truly flies, supported in air only by its wings, like a bird. In 1909 the airplane was a crude experimental device, too dangerous and unreliable for practical utility, but being designed in accordance with the basic principles of flying it only needed improvement of details such as better control, greater power and larger size to render it safe, dependable and serviceable for many and varied uses. To appreciate the extent to which its improvement has since progressed one should bear in mind that the largest airplane in 1909 could carry no more than two people, and it was then heralded as a remarkable feat that one of these machines had succeeded for the first time in flying across the English Channel, 21 miles wide. Although the U. S. Postoffice Department has established a transcontinental mail service by airplane, so little use is made of the airplane in the country of its birth that in order to see the best present development of the airplane and appreciate its wonderful possibilities an American has to visit Europe. This consideration together with the recollection of my thrilling experiences in 1910 in viewing from a balloon the pageant of King Edward's funeral procession and in my delightful balloon journey over Normandy (both described in November COMFORT of that year) were the chief enticements that lured me across the Atlantic the past summer.

A Side Trip in England

In London, where I had arrived after an uneventful ocean passage, I arranged to cover a part of England by airplane before beginning my tour of the continent. I will describe this side trip across the south of England by quoting from my diary.

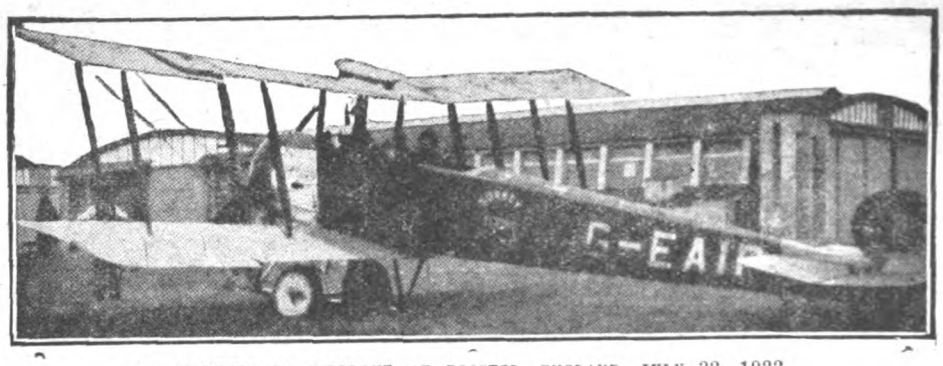
Owing to cloudy skies early Friday morning we did not get our hop off for Penzance and Land's End at 7 o'clock as planned, but took the air at 9.30. I got up at 4.45, breakfasted at 5.30 and out to the aerodrom at Croydon, 13 miles from London, at 7. Had time to look about a bit. This is the base for all the big Continental air liners, as well as for local flyers. Three of the big machines that should have started for Paris at 5.30 this morning with loads of newspapers did not get away 'til 7.30 on account of cloudy weather, but I saw them start.

There are five regular lines, each car carrying 12 people, making two trips daily.

Today I have hired a special plane run by the Surrey Flying Service. My pilot—Youell—who got his wings in 1916, says this plane has joy rided all over Europe, carrying more than seven thousand passengers and is still going strong—has a speed of about 85 miles an hour and is a two seater, but I am the only passenger for her to carry on this ride. Croyden is a busy place most of the time, as machines are coming and going frequently through the day.

The Air Ministry keeps a strict control of all planes and all machines are put under rigid inspection very frequently so as to make them as safe as possible.

At 9.30, just as we are starting, the sun has come out bright and there is a pretty view going over the red tiled roofed houses and green fields with many trees surrounding. At 9.36 we passed over Epsom College and the race course where the Derby is run.



MR. GANNETT IN AIRPLANE AT BRISTOL, ENGLAND, JULY 22, 1922.

We went over Guildford at 9.55. It looked quite a large and prosperous city of beautiful houses laid out in squares and circles, in sort of community order.

This appearance of regularity in the layout of the new section of the city is due, I am told, to the new housing schemes of the Government. Where any large number of new houses have had to be built to supply the demand since the war, the authorities have planned to make every new locality a sort of Garden City, combining beauty with utility and convenience.

Ten o'clock: We passed over Aldershot, one of the big permanent military camps. Here also is Sandhurst, the military academy—the West Point of Great Britain—for cavalry and infantry training, the artillery branch being at Woolwich, a southeast suburb of London.

At 10.45 planed over an extensive forest.

We landed at Salisbury—Old Sarum—the school of Army Corporation, about 11, a nice place to land for petrol and oil.

We are now in the air again, having been down about an hour and making a good getaway.

Stonehenge is fascinating enough while one is on the ground, but from the air one gets a far better idea of the Giant's Circle and Sun Temples that were built of huge stones and earth mounds, presumably by the Druids, as one of their places of worship. The stones are of great weight. Some are 16 feet high and 18 feet in circumference.

There is much more visibility now; the clouds are running higher and so we are getting more breeze, too, for the machine gives a sudden lurch quite often, so I suppose this is what the pilots mean is getting more bumpy. Anyway, I don't feel at all like rocking the boat.

This sure is one grand panorama of small farms now for miles and miles ahead; behind and on all sides it is a level stretch of irregular hedged-in farms, no large towns in sight.

Twelve-thirty: We are approaching Yeovil, and the mountain range of Devonshire looms up in sight.

Pilot Not Eager

We made good landing here at Yeovil, having been in the air about 50 minutes since leaving Salisbury, and doing about 50 miles of flying. It is a private landing field and they make aeroplanes here.

My pilot thinks on account of the strong wind we better not start for awhile, so we have lunch at the Three Cloughs Hotel, a quaint old inn in a more quaint town, in typical old English territory, and typical English weather, for it is raining hard now, for a change.

To tell the truth, my pilot does not seem to be very keen about continuing on to Penzance. He thinks it will be a rotten country in which to make a forced landing if any hard luck should happen to come our way, and there are no aerodromes anywhere along the way, so we would be going right away from our base of supplies.

And I, myself, did not want to get lost on the Dartmoor, of which terrible tales are told. Many square miles of it are uninhabited and it is full of bogs if one gets off the few main roads crossing it.

Airplanes on Skis

My pilot has been telling me something of his experience in Norway and Sweden the last three years. He was the first to run pleasure planes there, and had some wild experiences flying over the ice and snow with planes fitted with skis during the winter time. When it was fifty below zero, going ninety miles an hour—that beats our ice boating. He went near the Arctic regions, planing from Porjus to Norvik, Norway, seventy-five miles inside the Arctic circle.

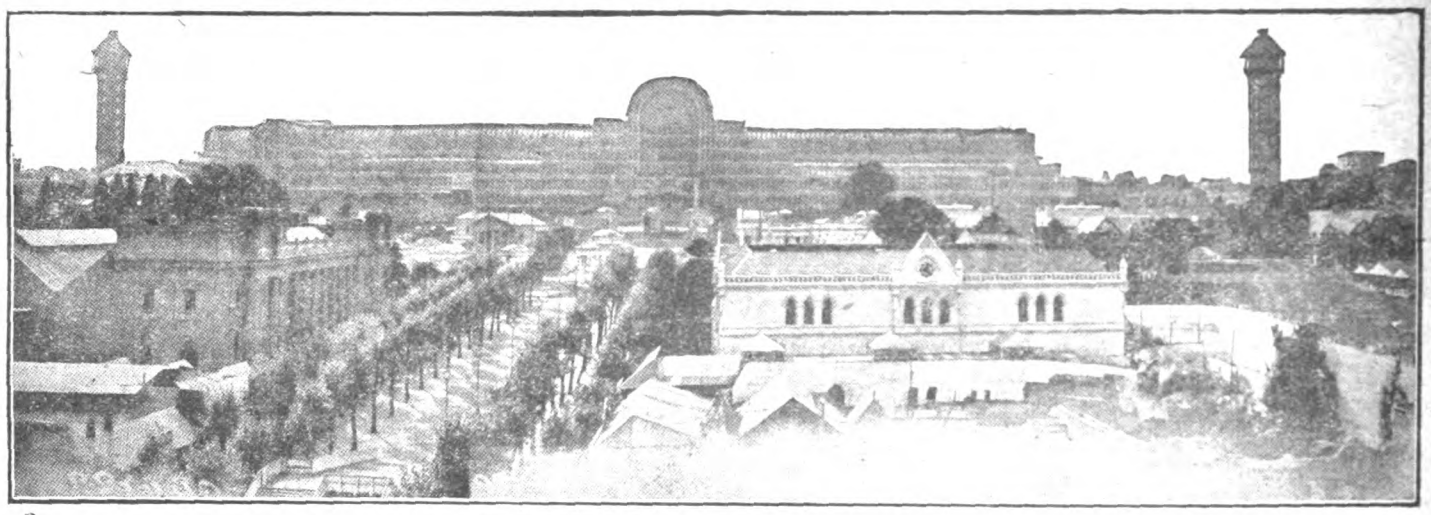
He also started the first service from Stockholm to Helsingfors with Fairey Seaplane across the Baltic Sea; has carried more than four thousand passengers over frozen lakes in ski-fitted planes, with thermometer ranging 25 below zero. So think I would like that sort of winter sport. There is no planing in summer. He is getting careful now, as he is to be married next month, so is playing for safety, especially on this trip.

Four-forty: Our shower is over and we have a bright sun once more, so we start for Bristol, about 50 miles across country, where there is a good aerodrome and we can put up for the night very comfortably. The clouds are hanging low, so guess it's well we decided on this short run, for there is not much fun in planing through a fog, and now it is raining again.

Over Tourists' Haunts

Our way is over the range of hills in Somerset County, known as the Mendips. These hills are of limestone formation and are honeycombed with cliffs and caverns. The Cheddar caves and several others are resorts of tourists who may explore the electrically lighted caverns, or who may go off looking for new discoveries in the way of caves. We are also passing over Glastonbury Abbey and Wells Cathedral, another haunt of tourists.

We will soon be on the ground once more, for we have just got sight of the Bristol Channel, and here is Bristol heaving in sight. And, my, but she is a big town.



CRYSTAL PALACE ON SOUTHERN HEIGHTS OF LONDON. ITS TWIN TOWERS SERVE AS GUIDES TO AIRPLANE PILOTS FOR LONDON LANDINGS.

Too Close for Comfort

We are flying low on account of clouds (800 feet) when we should be 3,000 feet in passing over a big city. It seems miles and miles across it, for the aerodrome is way on the other side of the town. But here we are, and it is a nice big landing place and very smooth, so we find we are here just as it stops raining, having made the fifty miles in forty minutes, the best run for the day, as the wind was not so strong against us.

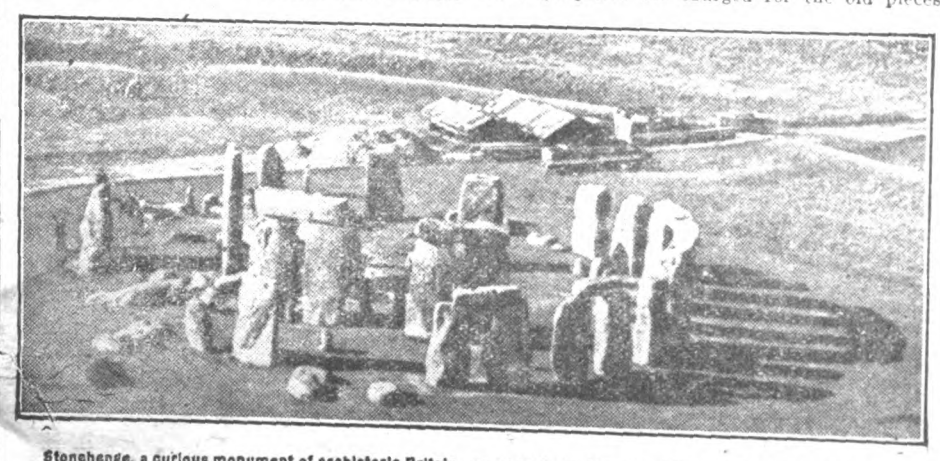
There is an aeroplane factory here. They build some very fast machines, they say—one which is being kept secret is supposed to capture the cup for the Aerial Derby that is to be held in England in August. I saw the machine that won the Second Prize Derby last year; she has a speed of 170 miles an hour.

There is a peculiar sort of monoplane here with only 13 feet spread of wings that goes a hundred miles an hour and looks like a flivver.

Our plane has a 62 feet spread and has not been over 70 miles an hour today.

We go to the Royal Hotel for the night, five miles away by taxi.

Bristol is noted for its color printing establishments, large cocoa and chocolate, cigar and cigarette works, motor cars and aeroplanes, not to forget the breweries which seem to prevail in great numbers around here. The old Bristol potteries and glass works were famous in olden days and high prices are charged for the old pieces.



Stonehenge, a curious monument of prehistoric Britain, as seen from the air. Situated on Salisbury Plain, it is probably the most famous group of its kind in the world. The stones are of great weight, and some are 16 feet high and 18 feet in circumference. It is believed to be a relic of ancient Druidical worship.

One of the sights from the air over Bristol is the famous suspension bridge over the River Avon in the Clifton portion of the city. This span is 730 feet from cliff to cliff, 250 feet above the water. The bridge has had a wandering life, this being the third city in which it has been erected. It was first of all across the Thames opposite Charing Cross in London. Having outlived its usefulness in the previous locations, it still finds service in this section, and I was fortunate in obtaining an airscape showing its location.

An Offer of Thrills

Owing to rain we did not get started from Bristol till 3 P. M. Saturday and then hopped off for Birmingham—about a hundred miles away—where there is a good aerodrome. We intended to land there and then go on to Oxford, and thence London. We were speeding along splendidly at about thirty miles at an altitude of 1,500 feet when we began to run into fog and came down to 300 feet.

As there are hills 800 feet high ahead, the pilot suggested that we return to Bristol, so back we are, and he just gave a nice spiral again as we came down from 2,000 feet. He says he will do the corkscrew dive, cut the figure eight, or loop the loop with me, but I do not encouraging him ing that yet awhile. I did sort of enjoy the spiral, which was done very skillfully, and he seems to be very careful in all his doings.

Now that we are back in Bristol I have a little more time to look about the works. They have shown me the secret racer built for the Aerial Derby. It looks like an elongated flying egg with a fin on top and one set of wings. The body is six feet in diameter and 19 feet long and it has a 20-feet wing spread. The engine is of 500 horse-power and it is expected that the machine will make 220 miles per hour.

Although they build many small planes, they now have a very large one under construction—in fact, the biggest in the world. It is a cargo machine for Government use. It is a 1,000 horse-power tri-plane and will travel for nine hours at a speed of 100 miles per hour. It will carry a ton and a half of cargo and will have a total weight of seven tons. It will be a sort of father of the air fleet, carrying spare parts for other planes.

They are also building a new type of cross-channel flyers. They use American grown spruce in the construction and English birch for the limousines, which are afterwards covered with canvas.

Five.twenty: We have started on our return trip to London, going due eastward, the Pilot having prevented my taking a look down at Birmingham.

But as we started across country by this other route we hope to keep out of the fog.

As we are flying along under fairly fair skies we keep running into low hanging clouds at an altitude of about 700 feet. A lot of these cotton tony, fluffy and fleecy appearing clouds look like flocks of geese flying through the air, racing with one another, sometimes below us and sometimes above. As we planed along, the effect was very pretty.

Thames as Crooked as Jongo

In about an hour's flying we came in sight of the upper Thames near Henley and Reading. I never realized until looking down on it that the Thames is as crooked as the famous corkscrew Jongo River in Maine. It this time on a Saturday afternoon there seem to be a lot of gay boating parties. At one town there was a regatta in full swing. Gaily decorated boats and punts with prettily dressed girls, as well as decorated bathhouses on the shore, made a gala scene.

We ran into a smart shower but did not get wet, the upper plane acting as a roof and the rain slipping off it like water off a duck's back. The windshield, though only nine inches high, acts as a protection from the wind and water, and though out in the open, no water falls upon the passenger on account of the speed.

Passing over Lord Astor's estate near Maidenhead, we came in sight of the magnificent clubhouse of the Stoke Poges Golf Club. This great house was once a residence of some of the William Penn family. It is here, near the church where Grey wrote his Elegy, that the American Golfing Society holds some of its regular meetings on one of the most select and perfect golf courses in England.

Next we went over Windsor Castle, one of the homes of the present rulers of the British Empire, and circled in sight of the famous Ascot race course. Then came Staines and Hamilton Court with its Tudor palace beside the Thames. Then Richmond, and soon we came in view of the two distinct landmarks—the twin towers of the Crystal Palace situated on the heights of South London. Wherever one goes for miles in every direction around London those towers loom up and give the air pilot his bearings.

We arrived at the Croydon Aerodrome at 7.15, having been just under two hours coming 120 miles, getting there just as a great cross-channel air liner was landing from Paris. We saw another big air liner start across the channel for Ostend, in Belgium.

One Woman Air-Sick

I talked with some of the passengers of the arriving plane as they alighted from their Paris flight. One woman was quite air-sick but that was from the bad air of the closed limousine.

The nearest I came to the mal-de-air was when inhaling some of the fumes of the engine after we alighted at Salisbury. Then my stomach felt more upset than in a whole Atlantic crossing. I soon found it was hunger, having taken a light and very early breakfast. Some food soon put it right.

I went through all the air pockets—got all the bumps arising from tempestuous weather without any bad effects whatever.

Although I didn't see St. Ives, Penzance, Land's End or Birmingham, I certainly had a delightful two days of flying of about 500 miles and enjoyed my first European airplaning experience to the fullest extent, in spite of bad weather.

And we probably had as good weather on the days of our trip as we could generally find in England, as there have been 20 days when it has rained out of the 24, so far passed this month.

My pilot said he was always nervous in motor cars, though he admitted that all pilots are nervous when in the air not running their own machine.

For the Pilot to Consider

He was curious to know why one of my age should take to flying. I told him I took less chances than he did. I have enjoyed a long, full life, and at best—haven't a great number of years to look forward to, while he started flying at 16 years of age and even now, seven years later, has seen but a few of the years ordinarily allotted to man. So if there is any hazard in it, I think I have the better of it.

One is struck over here by the absence of motor traffic as compared with American cities. While the London bus is more in evidence than ever, the ordinary motor is conspicuous by its absence. There are said to be only six hundred thousand in Great Britain, against about seven million in America. This is owing to the cars costing twice, and gas three times, as much as at home.

by Airplane Covers Six Countries in Flight of Two Thousand Five Hundred Miles

Crossing the English Channel in Flight from London to Paris

Friday, July 28.—In my cross-channel flight from London to Paris today, I am taking the Grands Express Air Liner, as this line is the only one of the five London-Paris lines that runs direct to Geneva in Switzerland, to which I shall proceed tomorrow *(See front cover illustrations)*.

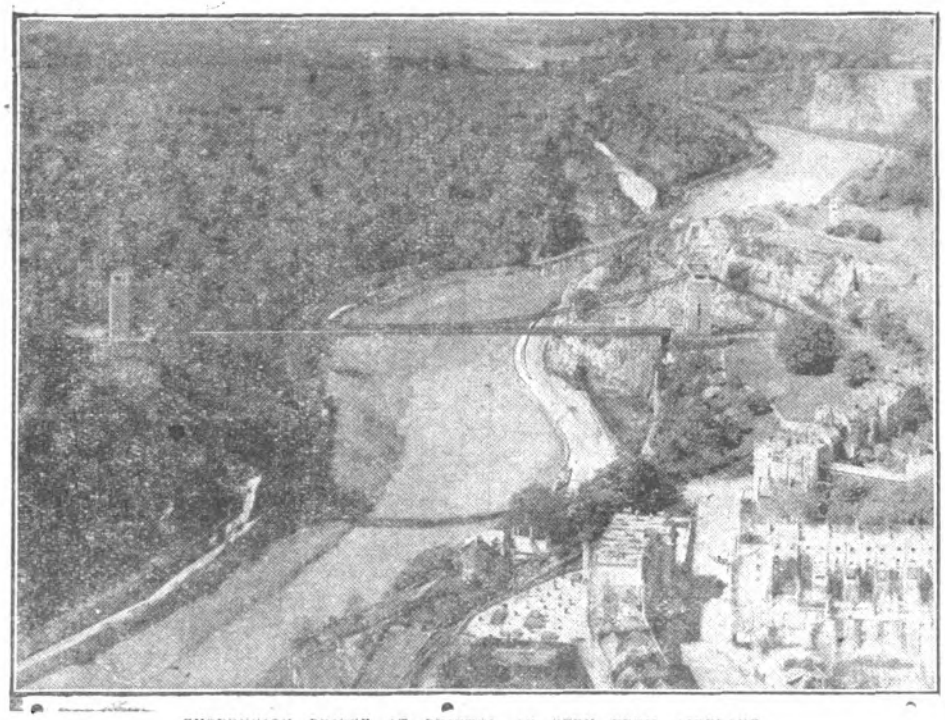
The time required for the London-Paris trip is two and one-half hours, and from Paris to Lausanne on Lake Geneva is three hours.

The machines used by the different companies exhibit a general similarity of design. The bodies are of the limousine type fitted up with all the conveniences of a Pullman car and carry from ten to twelve passengers each. My plane can carry with the mechanic the lucky number of 13.

They are hung on finely adjusted compressed air and oil springs, like the Westinghouse spring of an automobile, so when they taxi across the field in starting or landing there is hardly any vibration felt.

Fourteen O'clock

I am starting at 2 o'clock, which by the French railway methods is reckoned as 14 o'clock. Everything is done for one's comfort and ease on these trips. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds of baggage free, and steamer trunks are accepted at a rate not in excess of the charge one would pay by express, and as the trunk goes along with you, there is no worry of waiting for a week or ten days for the baggage to turn up at the end of the journey.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BRISTOL AS SEEN FROM AIRPLANE.

What strikes me most as I get into the machine is its enormous size as compared with the small plane in which I took my trip about England just a week ago. Here we have arm-chairs with cushions, electric lights and electric heater, mirrors, clock, periodicals to read and an uninterrupted view obtained through windows made to be open or closed as desired so that good ventilation is assured. Drinking water is provided.

Speed and height indicators answer many questions that would naturally arise in our minds, luggage racks take care of our hand bags. A rear compartment contains a lavatory. All these large air liners are fitted with Marconi wireless telephones and, I believe, on some lines even refreshments are served.

One can move about the passenger compartments and by using a little cotton wool in one's ears the noise of the twin engines is not disagreeable.

Today has given us the brightest skies and best weather for flying for the past eight days.

I can't help thinking of the marvel of this method of travel and its advantages over all others. By train and steamer I would not only have the disagreeable Channel crossing, but I would be, at the least, seven hours on the journey to Paris. Here we are making this trip in two hours and a half. And whereas the cost of first-class railway and boat travel works out at about seven cents a mile, this more modern way costs only twelve cents.



AIRPLANE ROUTE LONDON TO GENEVA.

A Favorable Start

We have made a quick and easy get-away, banking against the wind and swinging in a circle to get pointed to the proper route, a little south of east until we get across the channel when the route will veer a little to the south.

Leaving the twin towers of Crystal Palace behind, we are passing over the aerodrome at Biggin Hill, which will be one of three base aerodromes of the British Air Force in the defences of London, about twenty miles away.

I was not more than half a mile above the ground on my recent aeroplane trip, and in my balloon experience a mile high is the greatest I have ever soared, but now we are going up two miles high, so the sensation is a little different from any I have heretofore felt in the brief space taken to rise from one altitude to another, going from cloud to cloud, and the effect is very beautiful when we emerge after going through dense mist for a few moments into clear blue sky, with the sun shining warm and brightly.

It seems very nice to be able to stand up and change one's overcoat from a lighter to a heavier one while we are thus in air transit, for while it was very warm below it is a bit cooler higher up.

Ashford is passed. Maidstone is discernable and in the distance we see the ribbon of water which is the English Channel, twenty-five miles wide at the point where we are to cross. Now we can see from Ramsgate to Dungeness, the day is so clear. The promontory of Cape Grisnez on the French coast comes into view as we are leaving the British shore.

At less than a mile high I am having the finest channel crossing I ever experienced—after thirty-five minutes flying from Croydon—and can look down through the openings in the clouds on the steamers plying through the water in the Channel below.

There is absolutely no perceptible motion to our airship; she is going along as steady as one could wish. There is a circling range of snow-white clouds far ahead that looks for all the world like high snow-covered mountains, some tall individual peaks standing far above the others in very irregular order.

The French air pilot, who cannot speak English, is a very jolly fellow and is laughing at me while I write. He wants to know what it's all about.

In Sight of Land

We again come in sight of land, so will soon be sailing over French soil, and it seems nice at last to be able to say that I have crossed the English Channel without being seasick. I have certainly been fortunate in having such a calm, clear day to try the experiment. (Perhaps it is because it is Friday—and the machine carries thirteen people.)

The country we pass over as we cross into France is not unlike that of the British Isles in appearance, one very large wooded area showing up on my left.

It is much easier to write in these large closed-in machines than it was in the small one I toured in last week, and it is quite easy to carry on conversation here, where it was impossible then, on account of noise from the engine.

More of these indescribably beautiful, misty, frothy-effect, iceberg-looking mountains of whiter-than-snow clouds are beneath us. I feel as though I wanted to jump out into them, they look so much like fleecy, fluffy down. With the bright sun shining down on the mass of cotton batting it seems as though one would just naturally and comfortably be absorbed in it. While at a distance they may look like ice and snow, when you are nearly in them they seem soft and dainty.

Clean, Quick and Restful

This surely does seem like an awful cosy and very quick and restful way to get from London to Paris, as compared with the dirty train, slow, uncomfortable boat, and then more miserable train travel with many changes and rotten service all along the way. I have a nice seat out in the nose of the machine, so get a fine, first-hand view of all scenery, and can take in all that goes on ahead, above, below and on all sides, so am thoroughly air-wise to everything passing.

Now we are making a quick descent, for we are nearing Paris and are coming down from nearly 9,000 feet to a much lower level before our landing—so my nose-seat is a good place to watch out from as we dive smartly for the ground.

Yes, here is the Eiffel Tower coming into view, although very petite looking. The Seine is beneath us and the great aerodrome with its many sheds just ahead at Le Bourget which has these large letters worked in the sod.

We touched ground at just 4.40 P. M., having been exactly two and a half hours making the trip of 215 miles. It surely has been a most enjoyable one.

I start in the same plane and with the same pilot for Switzerland at 9.30 in the morning. Our pilot on this trip is Favroeau, and I was told before leaving Croyden that he had made over five hundred air trips of this sort. He has been flying for 12 years and bore a brave part in the late war.

Paris to Geneva—Winging Our Way Over the Alps

Saturday, July 29.—This morning dawns clear and warm, just enough soft breeze stirring, and in the right direction, to make our flight into Switzerland very favorable.

This aerodrome at Le Bourget is unusually large, covering two square miles or more of level ground—they are to build a large hotel here—and has hundreds of hangars circled around the outside. There are many machines in the air here at all times of the day—small, large and medium sized. Our air liner is one of the largest.

While our trip from London covered over two hundred miles, we have more than three hundred to go today.

I am fortunate in having a man and his wife for nearest neighbors in the car who can speak good English as well as French. They are making an air trip from London to their old home in Switzerland for a holiday, he now being a big wine merchant in London. They are much pleased with this form of travel and took many snaps of cloud and other effects as we journeyed over to Paris.

We are leaving the ground at 9.49 just like a bird, and thus begin our long flight in very calm air and just a bit of soft haze. There are twelve persons aboard—only three of us speaking English.

Over the Battlefields

At 10 o'clock we are now passing over La Chapette, about thirty-five miles from Paris, planing at quite low altitude but slowly rising. We can easily look down on where the Germans passed on their first drive toward Paris in 1914.

What is it? Are we getting into trouble on account of our motors not going quite properly? Paris has just radioed for us to return, so we are now turning around.

No. The last report is that there are two passengers who got left, and we are to go back for them. Now they say it is one. Well, we are on our return, anyway, and will have a longer ride, but take a late lunch in Geneva, evidently.

Our pilot—Pilot Favroeau—of yesterday is a passenger today and sitting directly behind me, so my interpreter friend is keeping me informed, and I thus do not feel at all worried. And as long as it is the thirteenth one we are after, guess it must be our mascot.

We made a very quick return and are now landing at 10.40, for they say the lost passenger showed up just after we made our hop-off. Don't think a railroad train or a steamboat would trouble to do this, but it shows what close communication we are in with the home office.

We have been flying at 4,200 feet.

Well, our man has been found to be a woman. "Just like a woman to make us come back," but giving us eighty miles more air voyaging. The woman can speak English and says the London office told her to be on hand at 10 o'clock instead of 9 o'clock as we were told—so the woman is "right as usual." They are changing one of the propellers; guess we might have returned anyway. My, but it is hot in the sun waiting on the ground in this closed car when one is dressed for high altitudes. But it doesn't matter as long as we find our engines are all right and have had this wonderful demonstration of what use the wireless telephone can be put to.

The Mascot "Thirteen" Works

At 11.10 we are starting the engines and at 11.13 we are leaving the ground once more, and guess we are off for a fine trip, for the thirteens are all working right.

We have journeyed along safely until we have just passed Chantillon-sur-Seine. At thirteen o'clock—French time—we have come 150 miles the last hour and three-quarters. We are keeping up a good average of the ordinary speed of this machine—about 85 miles an hour.

Mt. Blanc has just come into view—over 150 miles away—and there is a large circle of what look like mountains running away to the left, but they are the clouds that have such a snow-capped mountain effect. We are now about half way to our journey's end at one o'clock—London time.

Dijon is now being passed, 1.16 P. M. There is an aerodrome here and Mt. Blanc looms up much more distinctly. We are headed directly for it—plenty of woods, but not much water beneath us.

One misses the big lakes of Maine.

Dole is passed at 1.40. There seem to be a lot of medium-sized towns at what looks to be five to ten miles apart, all through this country.

We are still flying at about 8,000 feet, which is higher than Mt. Washington—the highest peak of the White Mountain range—and as we approach near to Mt. Blanc, which is about twice as high as we fly, it does not appear so high or as big as it did in the distance. But this is because we are now in good view of all the Alpine range that runs to and from this great mountain of the Alps, with the Jungfrau (14,800 feet high), or just a little less height, in the distance. We get near Mt. Jura about 100 miles east of Mt. Blanc, so have these lesser mountains to form an idea by comparison with the size of the greater ones in a real close-up fashion. Dent du Midi seems to stand up pretty high between us and Mt. Blanc for we go quite near this seemingly high peak, but there are hundreds of lesser size that look very grand.

The entire effect, taken together with the neighboring floating white clouds, makes a grand and inspiring sight in this clear, bright sunlight, for this great glacial group of peaks and snow-covered heights, stretching for miles and miles, is strongly accentuated and brought out more clearly by the dark green foothills, or small tree-covered mountains we are now passing over.

Lake Geneva Comes Into View

We also look down on a fort—a large fortification cut into the lower line of hills—as we approach closer to the snow-capped higher Alps. A long, narrow lake is also in view on our right, and on our left is a large lake—Lake Neuchatel. And now we can see Lake Geneva, where we are going to land, first at Lausanne, right on its shore. It is about fifty miles long and several miles wide, with Geneva at its head and Lausanne near the foot.

This is a very thickly-settled plateau having many large towns surrounding, and Lausanne itself has over 40,000 inhabitants, while Geneva has over 100,000.



THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET BY AIRPLANE EXPRESS.

We circle all around it as we dip down from our great height so can get a fine view of all the country, and even looked down to the bottom of the lake, at the shores, for we are out over the water part of the time in our process of landing. The machine behaves beautifully and we make a very steady spiraling as we gently wind around and around in large circles during the five minutes we take in dropping.

Now here we are at 2.35 P. M. safely on the ground, and quite a lot of people here to greet us to Switzerland. *(See front cover illustration.)*

Off to Geneva

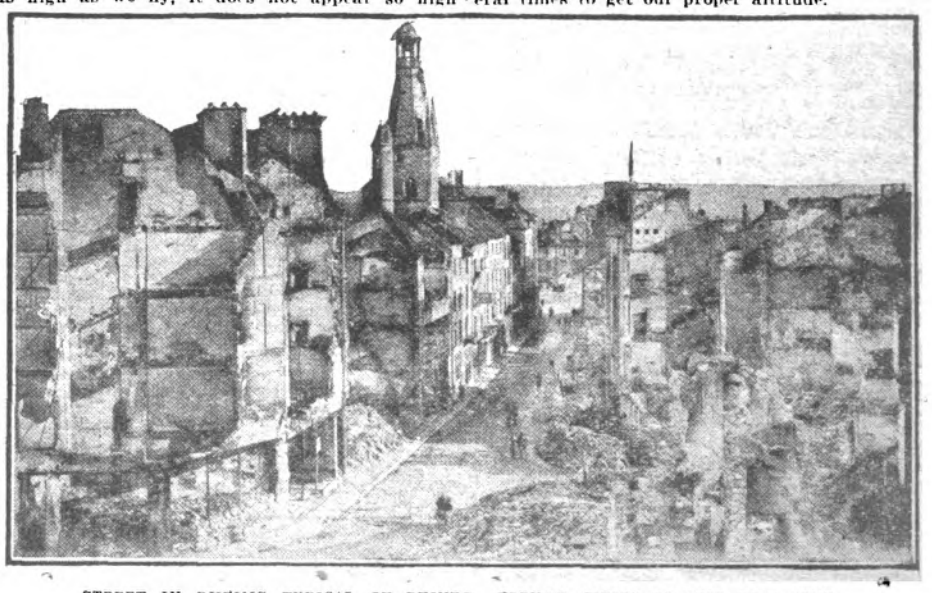
While my ticket was only bought for a passage to Lausanne, they have lately arranged to have the machines go on to Geneva, so after waiting here for about an hour for some of our passengers to disembark and to fill up our tanks with petrol, we make another hop-off for Geneva, where I am going to stay for a week to attend the International Balloon and other races, and take short trips by train and boat to the nearby winter sports towns, to find out all I can about skiing and other winter pastimes.

There is a view of a long mountain range from the aerodrome here but only a few bits of snow can be seen on any of the mountain sides and none on the tops.

In looking the aeroplane over as she rests quietly and innocently here on the ground I cannot make it seem possible that this simple looking bit of canvas-covered frame-work has brought us so safely, quickly and easily over land and over sea from such a far-away country, passing over all sorts of territory at such high altitude and at such a rapid rate, landing us at whatever station we wished to stop so quietly and without seeming effort, and all the time we have been in constant talking communication with our home office. I am proud of the fact that this was an American invention.

There is only one plane a week coming to Switzerland now as the traffic has not been developed yet.

We make our getaway for Geneva at 3.45 and have a good view of Swiss chalets dotted along the hillsides as we fly away from this clean and beautiful looking city, which we circle over several times to get our proper altitude.



STREET IN RHEIMS TYPICAL OF RUINED FRENCH CITIES IN THE WAR ZONE.

There are many small boating places along the shores of the big lake, and we soar out over its smooth water like a kingfisher looking for a meal from its depths.

A World Flight in Prospect

I am rather glad I took my personally conducted flight last week, for it has sort of put me more air-wise and makes me feel more at home and at ease while taking this longer trip. It will fit me for a trip around the world which I hope to live long enough to enjoy.

We are at present flying out over the middle of the lake and I don't suppose it would be any worse to get drowned than to be dashed to pieces on land should we happen to come suddenly down.

The water looks like a beautiful green carpet, anyway—it's so smooth.

We pass near enough to Mt Blanc now to get a more direct view of its length as well as height. Geneva itself is now before us and we are soon to bid adieu to this grand old air boat, having had a most delightful and restful journey in her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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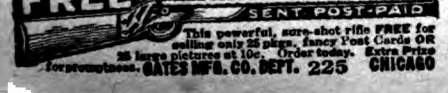
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Radio Flashes



Radio Construction of a Short Wave Regenerative Receiving Set

PART I.

IN answer to the great number of inquiries as to the construction of a receiving set capable of receiving music from long distances, we are publishing a complete set of instructions which, if carefully followed, will enable any of our readers to build for themselves a set that will receive signals from stations up to 800 or 1,000 miles distant under favorable atmospheric conditions.

A complete list of material needed for this set is here given and the reader will be able to purchase these parts from any radio supply house.

Material Necessary for Construction of Tuner and Audion

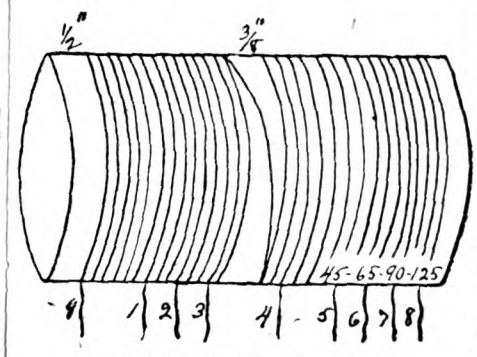
One 43 plate variable condenser.
One wood baseboard, 16 inches by 7 inches by 5-8 inch; quartered oak is preferable.
One panel of Bakelite, wood or hard rubber, 16 inches by 6 inches by 3-16 inch; wood is not desirable.
One cardboard or Bakelite tube 6 inches long and 3½ inches diameter.
One cardboard tube 2 inches long and 2½ inches diameter.
Eight binding posts.
One 6-inch length of ¼-inch round brass rod.
Four 6-32 round-head machine screws 1 inch long.
Four 8-32 beveled-head machine screws 2 inches long.
Twelve 8-32 brass nuts.
Twelve 3-16 brass washers.
One switch arm, 1 inch radius.
Eight switch points.
Two switch stops.
One piece copper or tin-foil 16 inches by 6 inches.
Four 6-32 nuts.
Five 1 inch wood screws.
One filament rheostat, 6 ohm.
One tube socket.
One grid leak and condenser.
One foot brass stock ½ inch by ⅛ inch.
One Jack (radio).
One-half pint shellac.
Twelve fiber washers.

The above material includes everything necessary to build the set. It does not, however, include the audion tube, A and B battery and phones which are necessary for the operation of the set.

The Antenna Coil

The antenna coil consists of the cardboard tube 6 inches long and 3½ inches diameter wound with No. 22 single cotton covered copper wire in the following manner:

Starting at left-hand side of the coil, leave one-half inch space and start the winding and wind 10 turns. At the 10th turn take a tap off the wire, making as neat a connection as possible. After the tap has been taken, wind 5 more turns and take off second tap. Wind 5 more turns and take tap No. 3. Wind 5 more turns and then instead of making the 6th turn close to the rest of the turns, carry it across a

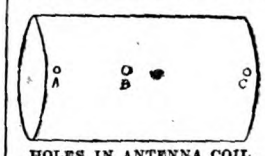


WINDING THE ANTENNA COIL.

¾ inch space, which will leave this space clear, and wind on 5 more turns and take off 4th tap. After 4th tap has been taken, continue winding until the 45th turn is reached and then take off tap No. 5. Continue and take off tap No. 6 at the 65th turn, tap No. 7 at the 90th turn, and stop at the 125th turn and use end of coil for 8th tap.

This gives a coil about 3½ inches long of 125 turns and 9 taps (counting starting end of wire). Give the coil a good coat of shellac. The tap should be soldered close to the coil and care must be taken not to get flux on the windings. The taps must all be taken off the same side of the coil.

Along the length of the coil, and in exact line with each other, make three holes as follows:



HOLES IN ANTENNA COIL.

A is a 3-16 inch hole, ¼ inch from left end of tube. B is a ¼ inch hole, 1⅛ inch from A which should locate it in center of ⅜ inch space left in coil.

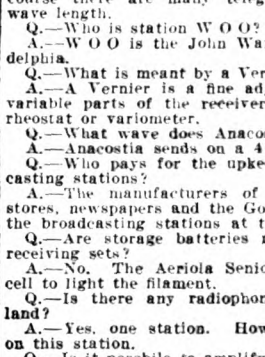
C is a 3-16 inch hole 2⅞ inches from B, which should bring it ¼ inch from right end of tube. Diametrically opposite these holes, a smaller set of holes should be made and two 3-16 inch holes should be made to take the mounting screws which fasten the coil to the baseboard. This completes the antenna core and care must be taken to properly care for this coil until the remainder of the set is ready for assembly.

The Tickler Coil

The next step is the construction of the tickler coil. This coil consists of a small movable tube which rotates inside the antenna coil.

The tickler coil is wound on a cardboard tube 2 inches long and 2½ inches diameter. Wind 25 turns on the left side of the tickler coil, leave a space similar to the space left on the antenna coil and wind 25 more turns.

A ¼ inch hole should be made in each side of the tube in the exact center and diametrically opposite, to take the shaft. The shaft consists of two pieces of brass rod (round) ¼ inch diameter, one piece 3⅜ inches long, the other 2 inches long.



TICKLER COIL WINDING.

These two rods are placed in the two ¼ inch holes of the tube and should be shellacked to prevent them from slipping.

Connect one end of the tickler winding to one piece of shafting and the other end to the opposite shaft. A small air gap should be left inside the tickler coil between the ends of the shafts.

The tickler coil is now complete, and in the next issue we will continue with the construction of the panel, baseboard, etc.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Is it possible to use the electric light wires for a receiving aerial?

A.—Yes. Several plugs for this purpose are on the market and some are exceptionally good.

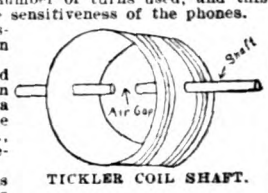
Q.—Who is station K.S.D.?

A.—Station K.S.D. is located at St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—What does 2,000 ohms mean in regard to telephone receivers?

A.—Telephone receivers are rated according to resistance because this is a means of telling an approximate size of wire and number of turns used, and this of course determines the sensitiveness of the phones.

Q.—How far is it possible to hear on an Aeriola Senior Set?



TICKLER COIL SHAFT.

A.—We have received Louisville, Ky., here in Maine on the Aeriola Senior and some of the nearer stations, viz., Newark, Pittsburg, Detroit and Schenectady.

Q.—How many turns should a variocoupler have on the antenna coil winding?

A.—Your question is answered in the text of our Radio Flashes.

Q.—Is it possible to receive from arc stations with a crystal?

A.—No. The crystal is not suitable as it is necessary to hetrodyne the incoming signals from an arc transmitter.

Q.—Do any stations send on 600 meters?

A.—If you mean telephone stations, no, but of course there are many telegraphic stations on that wave length.

Q.—Who is station W O O?

A.—W O O is the John Wanamaker stores in Philadelphia.

Q.—What is meant by a Vernier on a radio receiver?

A.—A Vernier is a fine adjustment of some of the variable parts of the receiver such as the condenser, rheostat or variometer.

Q.—What wave does Anacostia, D. C., send on?

A.—Anacostia sends on a 412 meter wavelength.

Q.—Who pays for the upkeep of the various broadcasting stations?

A.—The manufacturers of radio sets, department stores, newspapers and the Government are controlling the broadcasting stations at the present time.

Q.—Are storage batteries necessary for all audion receiving sets?

A.—No. The Aeriola Senior requires only one dry cell to light the filament.

Q.—Is there any radiophone broadcasting in England?

A.—Yes, one station. However, we have no data on this station.

Q.—Is it possbile to amplify a crystal detector?

A.—Yes, if the signal is strong enough to be heard on a crystal it may be amplified in the same manner the detector tube is

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

from London to Geneva, thus linking the Thames in a triple alliance with the meeting of the rivers Arve and Rhone, which blend their clear and muddy waters together, and which can be seen in magnificent grandeur as we spiral quickly down to their shores.

Landscape in a Grand Jazz

But the pilot is sure giving us a dandy spiral spin in coming down this time, for we are getting an awful turning upside down in the quick descent, so I don't know whether I am dizzy or not, but have kept right on writing my story which thus ends in one grand whirl of delightful twirls, and we are again on the ground at 4.25.

I suppose these corkscrew turnings and twistings could have been demonstrated to us in most any locality, but I don't know of a place where the setting is more adapted to, or the landscape more harmonious for, a topsy-turvying and grand jazzing together of earth, sky and water—steamboats, sailboats, rowing and motorboats, animals, automobiles and carriages, trees and swans—than lies right at this mountain-surrounded spot of Geneva. For all of these things seem to be put into one big melting pot and stirred around into one great mass of rapid moving kaleidoscopic changeable mixture, representing the grand upheaval of this old Mother Earth of ours; most everything excepting the fishes, moon and stars seems to have been included in the grand mixup of twisting and turnings and heavings, for the sun—yes, Old Sol himself—was conspicuously represented in this quick pin-wheel turning dive when everything seemed to be coming up from the ground and hitting you in the face. It was the grandest thrill I have yet had—this razzle-dazzle air jazzing.

The pilot took us right into the big shed safe and sound at an easy gait as he carefully taxied across the field.

As I reach my hotel, which is the Les Bergues, I find it is located right on the lakeside, and directly in front of Rousseau Island and the beautiful twin bridges, so as I sit on the balcony and sip my tea, after my long and pleasurable air trip from London to Geneva, I can watch the many swans sporting about me in their wired enclosure, and quietly think over the events of the last twenty-four hours, for we were hardly six hours in the air, flying over five hundred miles. I hope many of my friends will be able to make the same trip in as comfortable a manner as I have, before many years pass.

To be continued in December number, in which Mr. Gannett will describe the great International Balloon Race, at Geneva, for the Gordon Bennett prize, and tell about his visits to the battlefields and devastated regions in France and Belgium, and of the quaint beauty of busy little Holland.

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER III.

THE first of November found the two young wilderness trappers, Lon Baker and "Tubs" Johnson, extremely busy getting the last of their traps set. In the high mountain altitudes of the Northern states, furs are usually prime by this date, and the boys had been taking some fur bearers not protected by game laws for several days, and the furs had proved of excellent quality.

A week had been spent in setting the hundred traps the boys now had out in a long circle of about two or three traps to the mile. Thus the trap-line was fully forty miles long. While it took six days to establish the line, the trappers expected to cover it in three days, tending the traps, except they expected to have their schedule occasionally interrupted by storms. After the traps had been set, many of them in newly made cubbies, the trappers had to construct two overnight camps. The nights had not been cold while setting the traps and the boys had slept in a canvas lean-to in front of a fire which had been permitted to die out during the night. But the rigid winter weather would require a warm camp, to say the least, so the boys built small cabins, completing both in a week's time.

For heating in one of the camps, a small folding sheet-iron stove was set up; in the other was built a fireplace. It happened to be located near a clay bank and was convenient to flat rocks and a day had sufficed to see the finish of the rough but serviceable fireplace. There were only three cooking utensils necessary at this camp: a skillet, a light-weight Dutch oven and a quart size pot which served the all-purpose of a receptacle for boiling meat, hot water, tea or coffee. Tubs declared the Dutch oven cooked bread so deliciously, he wanted to stay at the camp all the time; and often during the winter days that followed he went out of his way to stop and cook his meal in the oven. Sometimes he made a pone of corn-cake in one side of the oven and cooked venison in the other side, and such a meal was never surpassed for deliciousness by any food served at old Delmonico's, the once famous New York restaurant.

Tubs began to become impatient for the actual trapping, and when the cabins were finished he whooped and shouted with elation, under the impression that all the hard, monotonous work was now over with and that there would be nothing to do but harvest the trap-lines of their rare, fine furs. But the more practical Lon cooled his enthusiastic partner down considerably by asking how he expected to cook and keep warm during the forty-below zero weather without two or three cords of wood at each one of the camps. This statement sure did put a damper on Tubs' enthusiasm, but his spirits revived when Lon informed him there would be a lull in their work, as the traps set out would need attention.

It was a cool, frosty morning when the two trappers left the line cabin farthest from their headquarters camp en route over the long trap-line. Some of the traps along streams, where the catches would be safely drowned, had been set eight days, a sufficient time for any skilled trapper to expect results. Lon was in the lead, carrying his rifle in readiness for any chance game, and Tubs followed behind, less alert, for it was requiring most of his energy to keep up the pace with some degree of silence.

The wisdom of Lon's habit of always gliding silently and watchfully through the woods was soon demonstrated. The boys had crossed a ravine and reached the crest of a knoll, when Lon's keen eyes caught a movement on the next ridge. At once the animal went out of sight. Lon's first impulse was to examine the ground and he soon located a fox trail, plainly visible in the heavy frost. Their own trail was nearly parallel with that of the reynard. Rushing to the top of the next ridge, where the fox disappeared, Lon saw the animal's body clearly outlined against the white ice of a nearby lake, but too far away to shoot at.

"Tubs, that fox isn't out parading after daylight for nothing. I'll bet my interest in today's catch it is headed out for a feed off that deer paunch on the lake shore a quarter of a mile from here—the one we set traps around," remarked Lon.

"You're about right, Lon. But how about the traps? Won't we find it in them?"

"Not by a jugful, Tubs. If there isn't something in the traps by this time, you may be sure they're not in working order, and this fox wouldn't be visiting the place. These animals are so wary they will not even approach a place where there is a trap, if they know it, however tempting the bait," was Lon's reply, continuing: "Now, Tubs, you've got to walk like an Indian from here on. We'll take to the crest of this hill and follow it until we come within sight of the trap set. We will then be within easy rifle range of the fox, if it stopped there."

The boys, with rifles loaded in readiness for quick action, proceeded silently through the forest, something the frost on the leaves enabled them to do. As they came within sight of the set, Lon first glimpsed the fox, and motioned for Tubs to freeze in his tracks. Just at this moment it looked up from the fetid bait and glanced uneasily around, acting much like a dog that had been in at a sheep killing. Slowly Lon raised his rifle and taking quick aim fired, scoring a dead shot at seventy-five yards.

As the trapper had surmised, the traps had disappeared, and now the boys were in for some expert trailing. Each of the two traps had been clogged to short poles so they would drag crosswise, and of sufficient size to insure the safe capture of an animal as large as the fox or fisher. Starting from the set, the traps were not extremely hard to trail where they had turned over leaves and caught on logs and snags, and both traps were located within five hundred yards of the set; one contai'ning a fox, the other a 'coon.

"You can see here the advantage of clogging traps," remarked Lon. "That fox we shot wouldn't have come to the set had there been any sign of a trap around. An animal caught in a clogged trap always gets away from the set quickly, thus little disturbing the surroundings."

Already the boys had a fair day's catch and it was sunup before the three pelts were removed. The next half-dozen traps failed to produce any furs, although some of the sets needed attention. A blue jay was in one of the traps, and another trap was sprung with nothing in it. Such is the luck of the trap-line. But soon the boys were to experience some excitement. In a belt of hardwood timber were two or three cubby pen sets for fisher. The first set was undisturbed; the second needed fixing, and while Lon was putting it in shape, Tubs raced off to look at the next trap. Lon had just finished the set when he heard a yell that would have done justice to a scalped Indian, and he hurried in the direction Tubs was last seen. He was in time to intercept this young trapper in a mad race for his life, apparently, while Lon saw the cause of the commotion in the form of a large fisher, now securely hung up by the dangling trap chain to a snag. Tubs had incautiously approached the cubby pen from the back side, and had not seen the crouching fisher until within a few feet of it. The animal had jumped toward the trapper, and if it had not been for the clog catching on a projection, the trapper may have been disabled if not badly injured, for the fisher is a vicious animal when in a trap. As it was, Tubs was merely badly scared and a little out of wind from his record-breaking run.

Lon procured a solid club about three feet long, and stepping forward with his eyes focused on the animal, was enabled to get close enough to end its career with one blow across the head. This was the largest fisher Lon had ever seen and its fur was unusually dark.

"That's a hundred-dollar pelt, Tubs, according to the price-lists being sent out this year by the big fur houses," stated Lon, admiringly stroking the glossy fur. After the trap was reset and the pen straightened up, the boys proceeded to skin the animal, exercising great care neither to cut holes in the hide nor remove superfluous fat and flesh.

The trappers again started over the trap-line, now making calculations on their time so as to reach camp before dark. Very few trappers care to be out traveling in a wilderness after dark, and when caught out unavoidably, it is always advisable to camp over night. But the boys were not equipped for spending a night in the open and did not relish sleeping in the cool air without blankets. While they intended to visit all their sets, yet the line was so arranged that a few loops or out-of-the-way traps could be skipped at any time, if necessary to enable the trappers to reach camp by dark.

The boys walked fast between sets, taking long, loping strides down the mountainsides, only halting occasionally to shoot a red squirrel for mink and marten bait. The trap-line next paralleled the bank of a stream for a few miles, and the catches consisted mostly of raccoon and mink. Their sets had been made intentionally to keep out muskrats, as these little water animals were not prime in November, although they would grade as "Fall" and fetch a fair price if sold on a quantity basis. However, the boys were taking too many fine, wilderness furs to care to bother with farm-land animals like the muskrat and skunks; both animals were scarce, anyway, especially the latter. The mink is a very small animal, seldom weighing over four pounds, and when one was taken the boys chucked it in the packsack to skin at camp. Invariably the larger animals were skinned on the trap-line.

By keeping close tabs on passing time, the trappers were able to reach their over-night camp without missing any traps. Then a quick supper followed and a couple or hours put in skinning a mink, a marten and stretching and boarding all the furs, a total of seven pieces for one day's catch. This catch represented over a hundred dollars and Tubs was calling himself all kinds of fools for not having taken up the profession of trapping sooner in life. Lon took matters more calmly, for his long experience had convinced him that invariably the first few days of trapping prove the most profitable, and that many fruitless days will be put in running the trap-line during midwinter weather, when the work is hardest and catches smallest.

The next day passed in a similar manner to the first, except they did not catch another fisher or marten, but had taken more 'coons and two mink instead of one. Unfortunately a weasel had blundered into a marten set and had to be thrown away for its fur was still streaked with yellow.

"One less enemy for the partridges and other game birds," Lon said, as he gave the weasel a toss fifty feet from the set. "In another two weeks its pelt would have been white and worth a couple of dollars."

Later in the season when the snows got deep and many fur bearers went into hibernation, the boys set out several weasel lines and made some large catches. This little fur animal has a valuable pelt, considering its small size, and inasmuch as it travels all winter, is a great boon to the trappers. Any fresh meat bait will entice them into traps.

The next two weeks went by fast, as time always does to anyone busily employed. The boys set in supplying their camps with wood, running the lines between times, and stretching the pelts at night. Each camp now contained a large bunch of furs, and the boys never gave a thought to thieves—such is the security of the deep woods. Later they did move all their furs as fast as they were cured to the headquarters camp, because of the better facilities for storing out of reach of mice and other pests.

The snow was now piling up almost two feet deep on the level and the trappers were using their snowshoes and working like beavers every day breaking new trails and moving up traps that had been set in the open. The fur catch began to fall off noticeably during the stormy weather; in fact they were only making catches at the protected sets in snag cubbies. 'Coons had hibernated, mink were living under the ice and only weasel, fisher, marten and fox were traveling to any great extent.

One morning late in November the boys got up and were surprised to find a clear sky. The storm had subsided. They stood in front of the camp watching the sun creep over Yellow Cat Mountain, a steep peak about four miles away, but seemingly, on a clear day, not more than a mile distant.

"Tubs," exclaimed Lon, "d'ye see that first bench on the mountain? Looks low but it'd take a mile climb to reach it. Anyway, I'll wager there are good marten grounds on that mountain. Suppose we run a line over that bench today?"

"Bright idea of yours, Lon. Couldn't have thought of anything better myself," the partner agreed.

Immediately the boys loaded a toboggan with traps and bait and taking their guns, started for the mountain, which they reached a couple of hours after sunup. The first bench was covered with green timber, mixed with hardwood toward the upper side. The trap setters struck in at the lower edge of the evergreens and worked upwards toward the hardwoods. Frequently they scared up deer, which were bedded down comfortably sheltered from the late snowstorms.

The boys had traveled slowly, setting traps at frequent intervals until noon, then they stopped to "boil the kettle," in woodsmen's parlance, in other words, make tea and eat a lunch. They talked over the prospects of the new trap-line. Marten signs, freshly made, had been abundant in the thickets and around old windfalls, especially. The toboggan had been cached at the foot of the mountain and the traps carried in packsacks; now more than half of the traps had been set out. The boys were preparing to eat in a deep ravine, where they had gone in the expectation of finding a stream unfrozen in the rapids.

Suddenly Lon sat up rigid and stopped gnawing at a snowshoe rabbit's leg to listen.

"Just the wind whipping around old Yellow Cat peak," assured Tubs, pouring himself a steaming cup of tea.

"Wind, nothing," exclaimed Lon, "that's too much noise for a wind."

By now the noise had increased considerably, so that both boys were convinced no wind could produce such a roar. As the seconds passed the roar increased and seemed to be coming down out of the clear sky. Both boys began to feel concerned. Suddenly Lon turned pale, when the impending danger dawned upon him.

"Quick, Tubs, grab the stuff and let's run. That's a landslide coming, or a snowslide. It's been snowing around that peak for days before it ever snowed down near our camps. Come on.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

We'll run for that rock ledge, an' if we don't make it, we're goners."

Tubs gathered his rifle and other belongings into his arms and looked up in time to see Lon already racing for the rock bluffs about three hundred yards away, directly toward the on-coming slide. Then he looked up and saw a cloud of dry snow in the air, so high the entire top of Yellow Cat peak was hidden. The roar had now become deafening. He dropped the traps and ran as he had never run before. He saw Lon reach the first ledge safely, then he looked up and saw a mass of trees and snow seemingly shoot out over the bluff, directly over him. In another second he would be buried.

Even as the tons of debris descended, Tubs' instinct for life never left him. He glanced around frantically, like a scared rabbit, and glimpsing a crevice between two large rocks, dived into it. He heard his partner yell and the next moment everything went dark, as the huge mass of rocks, snow and timber came down and filled the ravine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

More Money in Trapping

How to Prepare Fur for Market

WRONG methods of skinning, stretching and drying pelts cause the loss of thousands of dollars to trappers every year. The right methods to follow are just as easy if you know them. Here they are:

Skinning methods are of two kinds, "casing" and "open." Casing means peeling the skin off whole. Open means ripping the skin down the belly.

Animals which should be cased are the following: Mink, marten, weasel, opossum, fox, fisher, skunk, civet, muskrat, wildcat, otter, lynx, wolf and wolverine. Open skinning should be used with coon, badger, beaver, bear and cougar.

The following skins, before they become too dry, should be turned fur side out: Fox, lynx, fisher, wolf, marten, wolverine and wild cat. Leave the others, which are cased, pelt side out.

To case a skin, cut from the root of the tail down the inside of each hind leg to the foot. Then pull the skin carefully over the body and head. The tail should be skinned and the bone removed except for muskrat and opossum. These two can be cut off as they are worthless. Skinning is made easier by suspending the carcass from something, doing this by means of a strong cord tied around the hind legs. Draw the skin from the front legs. Cut off the ears—downward toward the head. Carefully cut the skin loose about the nose and eyes.

In using the open method, cut from the point of the jaw right down the belly to the vent, also down the back of the hind legs and the inside of the front legs. Lynx, mountain lion, bears—which are valuable for rugs or mounting—should be skinned on the legs clear to the toes, leaving the claws attached. Smaller animals, valuable only as furs, may have the legs cut off.

Be sure to clean every bit of flesh and fat from the skins, using extreme care to avoid cutting.

Steel stretchers, which can be had in just the right shape for different skins, give the best results. If you cannot obtain these and do not know from experience the shape and size to make board stretchers, by all means write to one of the big fur houses for information. Improper stretching greatly reduces the value of a skin.

When the skins are on the stretchers, put them in a cool, dry place—never in the sun or near a fire—and keep flies away from them. Dry them just enough to prevent shrinking and wrinkling. If you find that a skin has become too dry to turn, soften a little with a damp cloth. Be sure to let the dampened spots dry out before shipping.

Do not use patented preparations for curing—just the natural drying.

This matter of preparing skins is extremely important and it will mean many more dollars in your pocket to secure some trapping book which goes into full detail about it. Many fur houses issue free books on the subject. They are interested in getting furs in perfect condition and will be glad to tell you how.

A good supply of stretchers should be obtained in advance of trapping season. These stretchers should be of various sizes according to the kind of animals you are trapping for.

Home-made stretchers may be made in a number of ways. No matter what type is used, the boards should be first planed smooth so that the furs may be removed easily when they are dry.

The most common type of board is the straight, blunt-end board, tapering somewhat at one end. One of the types is the three-piece stretcher. The pieces are arranged so that the insertion of the center piece spreads the sides and stretches the pelt.

In lieu of any better material, a good stretcher may be made from a limber pole with struts between. When the straight board stretcher is used, long, slender wedges may be used to stretch the pelt.

Coon skins should be stretched as square as possible. This is accomplished by tacking the skin to a wooden frame. Beaver skins may be stretched on a hoop by sewing with a needle and heavy thread, such skins being round when properly stretched.

When Shipping Furs Make Bundles Secure

Don't put your furs into a sack that is full of holes; neither tie up the end of a good sack and think you have made a secure bundle, for you have really done just the reverse—you have simply invited some dishonest fellow to help himself to your furs and if he accepts the invitation there is no one to blame but yourself. Remember that a great many different people handle your shipments before they reach the market and if you want people to keep their fingers out of your furs, you should make your bundles secure. All bundles of furs (except those sent by parcel post) should be sewed up tight. Parcel post shipments should be properly tied but do not sew up as that prevents inspection of contents by P. O. Dept.

Trapping Methods

A few special tree traps are valuable additions to every trapper's equipment. They are good for catching marten, coon and other tree-climbing animals. They are set on the side of a tree, well above the ground, and are ideal in the north country as they do not snow under. The animal is generally caught by the neck and instantly killed so there is little chance of its escaping.

Mr. Skunk Has Entered Society

For many hundred years the skunk has been one of the most despised and feared animals that roamed the woods, but no more. You will see him in all of the cities of this country and Europe proudly exhibited by his mistress in the street cars, automobiles, theaters, operas, picture shows; in fact, everywhere you see fashionably dressed women.

There is no more beautiful fur than the lovely, silky black skunk. The name is not beautiful and has long been connected with things unpleasant, but this is also changed. In Europe the fur has been sold for years under its rightful name, but in America our mothers, wives, sweethearts and daughters would promptly elevate their noses at the mere mention of its name so it was necessary to re-christen Mr. Skunk after he had been skinned. This was when the skins sold at from 25 cents to $1.00 and were considered a cheap fur.

But in the past few seasons, since the skins have sold readily at from $3.00 to $6.00 and even as high as $10.00, Milady is glad to show her set of skunk furs to her probably less fortunate neighbors.

The trapper is the one that reaps the real benefit from this change and real big money is coming to him for his skunk skins again this year.

There is a great demand for these skins and it is up to the men that can follow the trap-line to get busy.

The skunk is a very easy animal to trap and there are numerous methods of catching him. They are entirely too lazy to build dens of their own, so usually take possession of already built dens, hollow logs, etc. When you can find their dens, it is only necessary to set your trap at the entrance, baited with tainted meat of any kind, cover your trap very lightly and you will get him. The smoke torpedo can be successfully used in driving skunk out of their dens during severe cold weather. Where dens cannot be found, make some by digging a hole under a stump, rock or something of that kind and place your trap right in front of the entrance.

Mr. Skunk is easy to get and his fur easy to sell, which makes him well worth while to the trapper.

The Trapper's Progress

Of late years the trapping industry has evolved from the makeshift, haphazard game of former times into the great stabilized industry of today. Where trappers were formerly numbered by thousands, they are now counted by the hundreds of thousands.

Where formerly the annual catch of pelts was in the hundreds of thousands, it is now in the tens of millions. All furs have increased tremendously in value.

The trapper, too, has undergone a decided change. He takes his work more seriously because he knows his own returns depend on how efficiently he conducts his trapping. His rewards are greater, and his efforts must be properly directed to bring him greater returns.

Hence he has reduced the business of trapping to an efficient, practical basis. Just as it takes time for the skilled workman to acquire mastery of his trade, the professional trapper is not made over night.

Trapping is not difficult but it requires earnest study and application to become expert at it. Thus the modern trapper knows when to trap, how to prepare for trapping and the habits of the different fur-bearing animals.

The men who bring in the biggest catches explain their success by just such painstaking methods. Every month of the year they are thinking of trapping and looking out for their profits.

This is the time for preparation for the coming trapping season, and preparation is one of the most important parts of trapping. How many furs a trapper will take in the course of the season depends on proper preparation. Trapping is distinct from preparation—there is the proper time for each. If the work of preparation takes up part of the time that should be devoted to trapping, the trapper loses.

The expert trappers, the men who know, are getting ready now. They are going over their outfits, inspecting their territory, looking for tracks and signs, getting new supplies and attending to all the other operations that are necessary. When the season opens they will be equipped to go into the field with greatest as-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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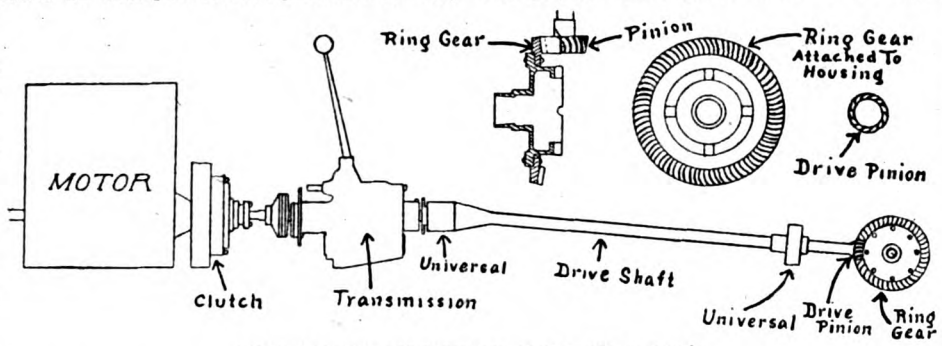
Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Battery Discharges—Cut-Out at Fault

A NEIGHBOR of mine attempted to start his car in the morning only to find that the storage battery had absolutely discharged. He took his battery to a service station and rented a service battery while his was being charged. Much to his surprise the service battery soon became fully discharged, after which he started to inspect the electrical system. All wires appeared to be well insulated and the connections tight. Finally he removed the cover from the automatic cut-out and then found that the automatic feature had failed to perform as intended. Instead he found that the contact points were stuck together, thereby allowing the battery to discharge back through the generator when the engine was stopped. Of course this condition was evident on the ammeter which would show a heavy discharge when the motor was stopped and all lights switched off. However, he never gave a thought to noticing the ammeter when switching off the ignition and consequently the battery was allowed to discharge. Although the cut-out is a portion of the electrical system which gives but little trouble, it is always well to notice the ammeter before leaving the car. Sometimes a sticking cut-out can be remedied by pulling the points apart and cleaning and smoothing the surfaces. On the other hand, a new cut-out may be needed. The purpose of the cut-out is to break the points apart when the generator stops, thereby opening the circuit so that the battery will not charge back and become exhausted.

The Underpan

At this season the motor is liable to backfire frequently when first started and it is therefore well to take precautions against the starting of a fire. Under the majority of motors will be found an underpan commonly termed the drip-pan. This pan catches oil, gasolene, water, dirt and in fact quite a large assortment of things. Should the oily matter in this pan catch fire a large blaze is assured. It is good policy to occasionally remove this pan and clean it carefully. When fire catches in the drip-pan, it might be said that the motor is in the frying-pan, and unless a suitable extinguisher is at hand a considerable damage will be done.



THIS DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATES FINAL DRIVE RATIO.

Safe Driving

Some dangerous driving is done at slow speeds while some safe driving is done at fairly fast rates of speed. I recently made a 200-mile trip on a bus running between two large Middle Western cities. The driver of this car at times reached speeds around the 50-miles-an-hour point, yet I felt perfectly safe at all times. The driver gave undivided attention to the road. He was always alert and attended strictly to the business of driving. Another type of driver will never exceed the 25-mile limit, yet he is a menace to the highways because he does not give his full attention to driving. He will gaze off into fields, store windows, etc., for 30 seconds to a minute at a stretch, fully unconscious as to where he is guiding the car. I recently witnessed a slight accident where a driver of a car ran into the rear of another car due to the fact that he was much more interested in the conversation with a passenger than he was in his driving.

Helpful Pointers

Firing Order

A four-cylinder motor has two possible firing orders, viz., 1-2-4-3 and 1-3-4-2. In case the owner does not know the firing order of his four-cylinder motor and should desire to determine it he should proceed as follows:

Using the hand crank, turn over the motor slowly until the intake valve for No 1 cylinder opens. Continue to turn the motor until the valve closes and then take notice whether the intake valve for the No. 2 or No. 3 cylinder is the next to open. If the No. 2 intake valve opens after No. 1 then the firing order is 1-2-4-3, but if No. 3 intake valve opens after No. 1 then the motor will fire 1-3-4-2. The principle is that the No. 2 piston must draw in gas while No. 1 compresses and No. 2 must compress while No. 1 fires in order to fire 1-2-4-3. On the other hand, if the firing order was 1-3-4-2, the No. 3 intake valve would open after No. 1 as this cylinder must suction while No. 1 compresses, and No. 3 would compress while No. 1 fired.

Cylinder Head Types

A motor is said to be of the T head type when the intake valves are on one side of the cylinders and the exhaust valves on the other side.

The L head type has all valves (intake and exhaust) on the same side of the cylinders.

A motor is classified as the I head type when the exhaust and intake valves are placed in the head.

Some motors have the intake valve in the head and the exhaust valve on the side of the cylinder. There seems to be a difference in opinion as to how this motor should be classed. Some engineers refer to it as a modified L arrangement, others as the L and I head, while there are still others who call it the F head type.

Kerosene for Cooling Radiator

As cold weather approaches, the owner's thought naturally runs towards using a fluid in the cooling system which will not freeze. Frequently I hear of people using kerosene for this purpose. While kerosene will not freeze, there are several objections against its adoption for this purpose. First, it gives off a disagreeable odor and causes a greasy film to be deposited on the car. Next, it has a low vaporization point and will readily cause overheating on mild days. Kerosene also attacks the rubber hose connections, causing leaks, etc.

Motor Knocks

Several conditions are possible with a motor which would produce knocks of different sounds. The experienced mechanic soon recognizes the different sounds so that he becomes almost certain which part or assembly needs adjustment.

A carbon knock is very pronounced and is comparable to the sound produced by striking a piece of steel with a small hammer. This knock usually becomes noticeable when operating on upgrades or upon sudden opening of the throttle.

When the lower bearing of a connecting rod becomes loose it will produce a knock that is distinct when running the motor at an idling speed or upon sudden closing of the throttle when the motor is operating at a fairly fast rate of speed. The sound is dull yet very distinct.

Carrying the spark too far advanced causes combustion to take place in the cylinders too early and the sound is comparable to heavy pounding.

A loose-fitting piston slaps against the sides of the cylinder walls and causes a rattle. Quick acceleration will cause a piston to slap if it is loose.

Warning Signs

During my trip East I was much interested in signs painted in large block letters on the pavement of some cities. Two of which I remember well, which reminded the driver to drive slowly, are "Drive slowly and see our city, drive fast and see our judge." "Do your darndest, we only charge $1 per mile."

Final Drive Ratio

In all stock cars when operating on high gear, the engine turns over three, four or sometimes five times to the rear wheels once. The expression "direct drive" on high is frequently heard but this does not mean that the rear wheels revolve once for each turn over of the engine. It does mean that the gear ratios in the transmission are not used and that the engine is directly coupled to the rear axle. The difference in revolutions between the engine and rear wheels is obtained by using rear axle gears (drive pinion and ring gear) having different number of teeth. For example, the drive pinion is driven at engine speed or, in other words, makes the same number of revolutions as the engine. If the drive pinion has 18 teeth and the ring gear 54 teeth it is but a simple matter of mathematics to understand that the pinion must revolve three times in order to turn the ring gear one complete revolution. This ratio would be three to one on high. If the pinion had 12 teeth and the ring gear 60 teeth then the pinion would make five complete turns to each revolution of the ring gear and the ratio would be five to one. In like manner, when the number of teeth in the pinion and ring gear are known, it is a simple matter to figure out how many times the engine turns over to each revolution of the rear wheels when operating on direct drive which is usually "high gear."

Backing Out

Don't be in too big a hurry when backing the car out of the garage, especially if there are youngsters around. It is only natural for a little tot to run behind or near the car when the garage doors are open and inasmuch as the driver cannot see directly behind the car, there is danger of knocking the tot down or running over him. It is always time well spent to look around and under the car before backing it out.

Misfiring

When the motor suddenly misfires, the driver should first determine whether the miss is regular or intermittent. If regular, it is probable that a spark-plug has sooted or broken. There is also a chance that a valve has stuck open or a high-tension wire becoming disconnected at the plug or distributor. However, the most common cause is a defective spark-plug.

If the misfiring is intermittent the trouble might be due to a spark-plug that does not fire at all times or to a valve that has a tendency to occasionally stick open. A loose wiring connection will also cause an intermittent miss.

If a valve sticks in its guide kerosene squirted down the stem will usually loosen the gummed substance that is causing the trouble.

Essentials

When the car stops dead on the road, remember that there are two essentials to its operation: First, the motor must have gasolene; second, there must be a spark in each cylinder to fire the charges.

Speed Duty

From time to time inquiries have been received relative to obtaining speed from cars that have been converted into racy types. The Ford car seems to be very popular with owners who desire to bring about this end. The standard rear axle ratio for this make of car is three and seven-elevenths to one. For use on the roads in a section of the country that is not hilly a three to one ratio will usually give the desired result. This ratio should place the owner in the 50-mile-an-hour class with throttle wide open. Again, there are owners who desire to place their made-over mounts on the dirt tracks, for which there is the two and three-fourths to one ratio. This ratio should produce all the thrills sought.

Owners who contemplate racing should not be disillusioned by believing that a change in gear ratio will make their mounts ready for racing action. In order to obtain endurance the pistons should be given increased clearance, the oiling system altered and it has become common practice to install a cylinder head with 16 valves. There are several matters which would need attention before the car could be expected to stand up in racing service; but for those who desire the occasional burst of speed on the road the change in gear ratio will work wonders. There are several accessory houses advertising different gear ratios for this make of car.

We Are Right

In this country and Canada all traffic keeps to the right-hand side of the road. In England all traffic keeps to the left.

Answers to Correspondents

FORD PISTON RINGS.—Please answer the following questions: (1) What is the proper clearance of Ford piston rings? (2) Does it make any difference which side up a ring is put in, and if so will it pump oil if wrong side up? (3) What could cause one rear wheel of my 1914 model Ford to stop turning for a couple of seconds and then go again? I was running in high gear when this happened, and a few days later the hub twisted off. Was that the cause? (4) Are the Ford cylinders the same size top and bottom?

W. V. Jr., Judson, N. Dak.

A.—I am informed by a person who specializes on repair work for cars of your make that the top ring should have a gap clearance of .004 to .008 inch, the center ring approximately .012 inch and the bottom oil ring about .016 inch. This is measured by first placing the piston without rings in the cylinder. A ring is then pushed into the cylinder and the piston pulled back so that it forces the ring into a true position in the cylinder. A thickness gauge is then used to measure the gap. Yes, it is possible to install a standard Ford ring so that it will not give the proper results. For example, the Ford ring is produced with a taper of approximately .002 so that the ring bears on its lower edge and scrapes back any excess oil. You will realize that were the rings installed in the wrong direction there would be a tendency for them to pump oil up into the cylinders rather than away from them. If you will examine the ring closely, believe you will notice a punch mark on the top edge on the inside. This mark indicates which is the proper side of the ring to have up. If I remember correctly, the earlier type rings had a mark resembling one made by a file. The Ford cylinder has a three and three-fourths inch bore. It is beyond me to explain the cause for the locking of one rear wheel without having the opportunity to inspect your car. If I understand the condition properly, your car was running along smoothly when suddenly one of your rear wheels locked tightly. If I have the proper understanding, then I would suggest removal of the rear axle and examination of the differential to determine if there was any derangement at that point.

ENGINE KNOCKS IN HIGH GEAR.—My 1920 model Ford, which has been run about 2,500 miles, has developed an engine knock when going up grade in high. Kindly tell me the cause of the trouble.

R. M. D., Evansville, Ark.

A.—I would suggest removal of the cylinder head and cleaning the carbon from head and pistons. Carbon knocks are pronounced when operating on grades or upon sudden opening of throttle. Usually retarding the spark will eliminate the knock.

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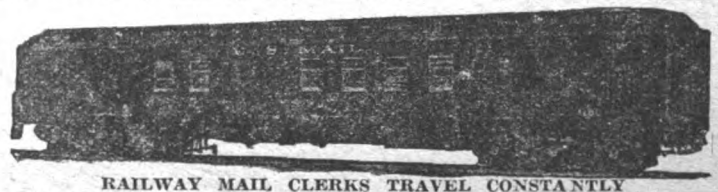
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Egg Organs

I AM asked so frequently why hens lay soft-shelled eggs with blood specks in them, eggs that are odd shaped, etc., that I am going to give our readers an explanation of the formation and process of producing eggs, and some of the causes of the abnormal results which surprise amateur poultry keepers from time to time.

Anyone, upon opening after death the body of a hen, will find a cluster of eggs in formation much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovarium. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pinhead to the full-sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and thus keeping up the supply of eggs which she lays.

These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading to a passage called the oviduct, this organ in the hen being from 22 to 26 inches long.

During the passage of the egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick, glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords, of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chalazes, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation.

It is during the passing of the egg through the lower portion of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. This, in newly-laid eggs, is a mere speck, and is that portion which shows the results of the evaporation previously referred to. This speck of air space becomes daily larger as the egg becomes older, and is frequently equal to one-quarter of the entire egg. This egg chamber, if perforated with the finest needle, will prevent the egg from hatching.

When the egg is advanced more than half way down the oviduct, it is still destitute of a shell, which begins to be formed by a process of secretion, and, when about completed, the various shades of brown and tinted coloring matter are imparted in those breeds in which colored eggs are peculiar. When the shell and coloring are complete, the egg continues to advance along the oviduct, till the hen goes to the nest and lays it.

Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and if such is too stimulating, or given in excess quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosity.

A further result of stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess in one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop in separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell-forming material but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering.

Crooked eggs are no uncommon thing in the poultry yard, and are attributable as follows: Twenty-four hours are usually sufficient for the formation of a perfect shell, but when by stimulation a second ovum falls close on its predecessor, reaching it before laid, the second egg, which up to this time is soft and lying against the hard one, becomes covered with a shell, and when laid presents a flat or crooked side, the result of its position against the hard one.

To overfeeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which, contracting in front of the perfectly-formed egg, instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. Other abnormalities are occasionally seen, and particularly in the smaller poultry yards. Sometimes when the ova are nearly exhausted by continuous laying, the secreting organs may be the most active, which results in small marble-sized but perfect-looking eggs, which are merely a shell covering a portion of albumen. Such "eggs," when laid, have the peculiarity of never having been at any stage attached to the ovary, but are a product only of the oviduct.

To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new-laid eggs, this being a not unfrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an addled condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen which lays white or brown eggs, on rare occasions produces one almost black, and in most instances the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated or otherwise irregular. There are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and again, possibly the result of overfeeding.

Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs, should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

But to return to the ever-in-demand fresh egg. It must be of good size, uniform in color and have a strong shell. To get these qualities, the birds must be all of one variety, for a mixed flock will produce eggs of all shades between white and brown. To be sure of having a good supply during early winter, the hens must have been hatched the preceding spring. Size and weight depend first on the breed; secondly, on the feed and care the birds receive.

In the wholesale market of New York, the white-shelled egg brings the highest price; in Boston the dark-shelled egg is favored, but for the first-class private trade there seems very little distinction, except in the case of people who have traveled much in Europe, and they always prefer the brown shells. So you see locality and the class of customer to which you are likely to cater should decide what breed will be the most profitable. Leghorns and Anconas are the best layers in the white-shelled class; Wyandottes and Orpingtons for the brown shells. They must have good houses and plenty of room, especially in the scratching shed, for hens that are expected to produce eggs during the winter must have a big open-air shed which communicates with the roosting house, so that they can get into the fresh air and exercise without getting their feet wet and cold. The shed should face south, be boarded up at the back and ends, and have a good roof, and the front covered with wire netting, with muslin curtains to be let down during periods of driving rain or snow.

The floor should be covered to a depth of ten or twelve inches with chopped straw or dry leaves. Many people think that anything will do for litter, as it is only for the birds to scratch in, but experienced poultrymen know that musty or moldy scratching material on the floor of the house is a terrible menace, for it harbors germs which are most dangerous to the life of the birds, so always be extremely careful that the litter and hay, or whatever is used in the nest boxes, is dry and sweet and clean, for the shell is porous, and if laid on musty material the flavor is spoiled.

To produce eggs during the winter, when shut into close quarters, hens must have animal and green vegetable food, or they won't produce eggs, no matter how much grain is given them.

Really hard and sharp grit, oystershell and water are just as essential. And remember that oystershell, lime and plaster do not take the place of grit, which is necessary for the digestion and assimilation of grain.

Male birds are not to be allowed with the flock of hens being kept specially for market eggs. The hens produce better without them, and sterile eggs keep much longer, and are much to be preferred for table use.

How many eggs can one expect from a hen? This is a perfectly fair question, and one upon which almost everyone starts his figuring, when thinking about getting a flock of chickens. The average good hen should produce in a year around one hundred eggs. The average production for hens on farms in general is not that much, and on the other hand on good poultry farms it exceeds that figure considerably. But under average conditions one hundred eggs is a fair number to expect from a hen. Put your expectations between ten and twelve dozen, but do not criticize her too severely if she does not go far over a hundred, for the chances will be that she was not to blame. Taking the price of eggs quoted above, for August first or thereabouts, and the value of one egg is over four cents. The retail price at the store for that same egg is nearer five cents or more. One hen ought to give you, if you do your share, nearly from three and a half to five dollars' worth of eggs. Supposing that you figure on ten hens or even twenty? Then for safety's sake figure that three or four of those hens do not prove more than half as good as the others. You still have a lot of eggs to count on.

How much will it cost to keep a hen? Again, a fair question, and one upon the answer to which much depends. Under normal grain prices it usually costs a poultry raiser something in the neighborhood of one dollar and seventy-five cents a year to feed one hen. But it must be remembered that he feeds her with a grain ration and table scraps form but a small portion of the feed item, if they figure in it at all. He must buy the greater part of that grain. For the small flock concerning which this article relates, the use of waste table scraps will cost nothing, and in fact



AN OLD SUBSCRIBER OF COMFORT WHOSE FLOCK OF MINORCAS KEEP HER BUSY SHIPPING EGGS THROUGH THE WINTER.

be a saving. Some grain and some mash may be fed with benefit and profit, but the majority of food for such flocks will come from the kitchen. Under such conditions, with even the prevailing high grain prices, the cost of feeding a hen would not come up to the average on a poultry farm. The cost of keeping her, even though it did equal the market value of her eggs, would and should not prohibit her from appearing, for the advantage of having fresh eggs at all times would counterbalance.

Keeping Eggs for Winter Use

First, the egg should be infertile and quite fresh. Don't use eggs from "stolen" nests, or any that you are not sure are positively fresh, and without testing them. Candling is the safest way of testing them. Do this in a darkened room. If you have not a tester lamp, put a common lamp, lantern, electric bulb or any other light into a box. Have a hole in the box smaller than an egg and directly opposite the light. The box should also have a hole at the top to relieve heat and smoke.

Hold the egg with the large end up, close to the lighted hole. If the egg is perfectly fresh and good it will look clear, its yolk but faintly outlined. The air space will be hardly visible, only one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in depth. If this air space is larger, with a movable lower line, it means the egg is stale or becoming watery. Any small, dark spots that may be seen are usually blood clots. If heat or germination has been doing its work, large dark spots, blood rings or shadows will appear. A very dark or black egg with a fixed air space is a fertile one with a well-developed chick. When dark and with a large air space showing a movable lower line it has become that old-time famous political wrapper—a rotten egg.



Photo by Harry F. Blanchard

THE MINORCA LAYS LARGE WHITE EGGS AND PLENTY OF THEM.

Keep the nests clean, and gather eggs twice a day to prevent the shell being soiled. Washing in soapy water is injurious, for it removes the substance which fills the pores of the shell and protects the egg from germs. Should an egg get slightly soiled, cloth dampened with vinegar will remove the stains without injury. But if it is very dirty, don't try to preserve it. It is hardly necessary to say that a cracked egg is not fit for packing.

The question of a container comes next. The best is an earthenware or stone crock or jar. It won't leak or rust or taste—it keeps the eggs in fine condition.

A five-gallon crock will hold fifteen dozen eggs. Clean it thoroughly, scald and dry. Put into it nine quarts of water that has been boiled and cooled. Add one quart of sodium silicate or water-glass, which you can buy at the drug store. Stir well together. Set the eggs carefully in the crock. If you have not enough to fill it at once put them in from time to time. Be sure the solution always covers them by two inches. Cover the crock with a tight lid of waxed paper tied down, and set in a cool dry place.

Carefully selected eggs laid down in this way will keep from six to twelve months. The authorities admit that they are likely to deteriorate a little after the sixth month. We are assured that for that length of time they are good enough to serve in any form. But if you keep them, they will crack because of the expansion of the air within them. To avoid this, puncture the large end with a pin before putting the egg into the water.

Waterglass solution should not be used a second time unless it has kept quite clear and is free from odor and thick sediment.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

H. L. L.—Even though you say, "very few seem to have bowel trouble," I am sure the deaths were caused by white diarrhea, and as accounts of heavy loss from this disease have been coming to me from all parts of the country, I am going to answer your letter very fully, feeling sure that a full discussion of the cause and symptoms will help many of our readers.

The earliest deaths may occur within a very short time after hatching, without any prominent symptoms excepting, perhaps, weakness and lack of vitality. The characteristic whitish discharge from the vent soon makes its appearance in the flock, the time depending, without doubt, upon the virulence of the organism and the mode of infection. The discharge may be slight or profuse, in color white or creamy, sometimes mixed with brown. The voided matter has a more or less sticky or glairy character. It may simply streak the down below the vent or may cling to the down in sufficient quantity to seal up the vent. This is the condition that poultrymen designate as "pasting up behind." This latter condition, however, is not necessarily indicative of white diarrhea.

The chicks soon become listless and sleepy, inclined to huddle together and remain under the hover most of the time. They seem to lose appetite and do not eat much. Frequently when they attempt to take food their action is more or less mechanical. The wings begin to droop or project slightly from the body, feathers ruffled. In acute cases the eyes are closed and the chicks become indifferent to everything that goes on about them. Many of the chicks peep or chirp constantly, the sound being shrill or weak according to the strength of the individual. Frequently when endeavoring to void the excreta the chicks utter a shrill twitter, apparently a cry of pain. The breathing may be labored, the abdomen heaving with each breath. Occasionally one may note a certain amount of gasping or gaping.

During the progress of the disease the chick may die suddenly while still fairly strong. When the disease is prolonged the chicks gradually waste away, becoming weaker and weaker until they are scarcely able to support their own weight. In this stage they will often be seen to rest against foreign objects for support, standing with legs braced apart, squatting or lying utterly helpless.

Frequently the chicks take on the appearance which poultrymen call "short backed." The backs seem to shorten and the abdomen to protrude out of proportion, causing the chicks to look "stilty," as compared with one of normal development. This condition Wood accurately describes as follows:

"The weakling is almost always big bellied, the abdomen protruding to the rear so that it bunches out behind, well out of line with the vent, with the result that the chick looks as if the tail-piece and back-bone had been pushed forward and in just above the vent."

With few exceptions, the deaths from typical bacillary white diarrhea occur while the chicks are under one month of age. After this a few straggling deaths may be expected, and if complications set in, a high mortality may be observed. The chicks which have had bacillary white diarrhea seem to be greatly weakened in constitution, and fall an easy prey to disorders which would be resisted easily by normal chicks.

Those which survive remain more or less stunted in their development. Frequently they are misshapen, with long beaks and "crow heads" and with imperfect feathering. In every way they impress one as being weak and lacking in vitality. This condition may persist indefinitely, or the bird may slowly regain vigor and vitality and finally make satisfactory development.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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Cold November Days

NOVEMBER, the changeable month that bridges the gap between Indian summer and hoary old winter, finds garden operations fairly well completed for the year, and the garden tools stored away for spring use. At any rate, we *hope* that they are carefully put away in the tool house or machine shed, but so often do we see them left outdoors to rust and depreciate in value that we can't say for certain. By the way, how about the spades, shovels, hoes and hand cultivator? Yes, and the plow too, for that matter? Have all of these received a thorough coating of axle grease or vaseline to keep them from rusting, and have all of the working parts been well oiled against their efficient service next spring? A rusted plow or shovel that refuses to "scour" is a time-wasting, cuss-provoking proof of neglect that there is no excuse for. A little grease saves a lot of wasted time and regrets. But, while we think of it, do not do as one gardener in our acquaintance did. His intentions were of the finest, but he used some old grease and bacon "fryings" from the kitchen. Imagine his dismay in the spring when he found that every tool from the plow down to the trowel was evenly coated with thick rust. Couldn't figure it out for a long time, either, until he recalled that until cold weather came on the watchdog slept in the machine shed. Is it not quite likely that the dog, with a fine nose and an appreciative taste for tasty drippings, licked off every bit of grease that had been applied? But we have yet to see a dog with a taste for axle grease. Use it instead.

About mulching: Most farmers know how to cover their strawberries with straw, waiting until the ground is slightly frozen, then putting on a thin covering that will not stimulate winter growth to the detriment of the plants. Most know, also that asparagus and rhubarb should be protected. Perhaps they even help the "missus" by covering the bulb beds and the rosebushes with manure and straw to guarantee that the early bloomers and the summer brighteners live through winter. But how many give their blackberry, raspberry and other bushes any protection? This is best done in cold regions, especially where there are cold and dry winter winds, by gently bending down the plants all one way lengthwise of the row, then covering with a few inches of earth. In larger patches, to save labor, this may be done by plowing a furrow over the row from one side and then completing the covering job with a shovel where necessary. In early spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, uncover the plants again and straighten up the canes. They will reward you well for the attention.

The young orchard should come in for more attention than it sometimes receives. Isn't it rather remarkable that young apple, cherry or other trees receive considerable care, such as spraying, insect protection, and even watering in dry weather throughout their first summer, then are left to "shift for themselves" with the arrival of cold weather? Then, in truth, is the time that they need a little care, for they are too often the prey of rodents because their bark is thin and appetizing. Furthermore, as many orchardists have learned to their sorrow, such ravages are seldom noticed in time to prevent them; in the spring, when the snow melts, is the time the damage comes to light. But in late fall just before heavy snows is the time to take veneer board or tarred paper, make cylinders around each small trunk, and wire into place. This simple treatment is sure protection from everything from the bark-hungry bunny down to the smallest mouse that ever burrowed under the snow to girdle valuable young nursery stock. Just another illustration of the good old saying that has it, "An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure."

Correct Use of Fertilizers

With many farmers and gardeners the use of commercial fertilizers is largely a matter of guesswork, so far as the food requirements of specific crops and the amount of fertilizer required to supply the same are concerned.

In deciding upon the amount of fertilizer to be applied to an acre, the probable increase in yield and the market value of the resulting crop must be taken into consideration. Garden crops as a rule bring higher returns than field crops; therefore they merit a greater outlay for fertilizers. Most vegetables make rapid growth, which indicates that their fertilizer requirements are extensive, but as a rule they respond quickly to heavy applications of barnyard manure.

When the gardener is compelled to depend mainly or entirely upon commercial fertilizers, he should use from 500 to 1,500 pounds per acre of a good 4-8-5 or perhaps 4-8-6 fertilizer. That is to say, one that contains four per cent. nitrogen, eight per cent. phosphoric acid, and either five or six per cent. potash. For a very leafy crop the nitrogen content should be increased; this may be done by employing manure or some leguminous crop, however. For a root crop the nitrogen content can be reduced, and correspondingly more phosphoric acid employed. Many successful market gardeners use very heavy applications of barnyard manure, at times as much as 20 tons per acre, and in addition supplement this with some fertilizer that is rich in phosphoric acid.

When fertilizers are used in small amounts primarily for the purpose of giving young plants a quick start, the fertilizer should be applied close to the plants, and quickly available material should be used as a top dressing. Applications of nitrogen in the form of nitrate of soda, applied in early spring to young plants, help the plants by forcing growth, producing greater thrift, and tiding over the lean time until warmer weather comes. Small applications of phosphoric acid to winter wheat or rye at seeding time stimulate growth and strength, thus enabling the better established plants to better withstand the rigors of cold winter weather.

Just a word about tags, which are required by law, on fertilizer bags: These tags are often a bit misleading to one not "posted" on their true meaning, particularly since they contain so many figures and so much meaningless and unnecessary information that the essential items are concealed. First, ignore everything that appears in the second or right-hand column; this is simply the *possible maximum* content. The left-hand row of figures gives the *guaranteed* content, and that is what the farmer wants to know. Furthermore, he is concerned only with the amount of *available* nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash contained. Therefore the figures giving the guaranteed amounts of these three elements should receive his attention, to the entire exclusion of all else, which is, in the main, a mere repetition or combination of the same information. Do this, and you will not be misled or deceived: Read the guaranteed amount of nitrogen; the amount of *available* phosphoric acid; the *actual* amount of potash. See that these figures, when grouped, give the ratio desired. For example, if a 4-8-6 fertilizer is wanted, the quantities (percentages) of these ingredients present should read somewhat as follows: Nitrogen, 4.12; available phosphoric acid, 8.35; potash (actual), 6.07. Perhaps they will all run still higher, but if they fall below the 4-8-6 requirement don't let this discrepancy be hidden from you in the long list of fine sounding but comparatively unimportant figures.

Beekeepers Please Note

"The loss of heat is most rapid through the bottom of all the insulated hives tested," says Circular No. 222, of the United States Department of Agriculture.

This, it will be noted, is quite contrary to the usual belief put into practice by beekeepers that "heat rises." For this mistaken reason they seldom insulate or pack the bottoms of their hives when making them ready for wintering out of doors, then wonder why they do not carry their swarms over until spring successfully. Nor is it only the beekeepers themselves who make this mistake. The insulated hives upon the market are equally faulty in this regard, and any apiarist who has purchased them should immediately take steps to offset the shortcoming in this direction.

These tests also proved that it is a grave mistake in cold regions to leave any portion of the hive without good insulation. For instance, many apiarists leave not only the bottom of their hives uninsulated, but they leave the fronts which face the south unpacked also. Their theory is that the south or "sunny" side will be benefited by the warm rays of the sun. The truth of the matter is that such a large area of uninsulated surface permits the heat to escape readily, and damage is certain to be the consequence.

The tests further proved that the hives used are not satisfactory for wintering colonies of bees out of doors in the North, and that such claims as have been made for them in this regard are unfounded. These hives, however, serve well for cellar wintering or for outdoor wintering in the warmer South. In regions of cold Northern winters it was found that a covering of sawdust is most satisfactory; furthermore that, since sawdust is quite inexpensive, it is best to pack a space of from four to six inches, rather than to depend upon only one or two inches of the same material.

Gullies Cause Needless Waste

Gullies are a common and unsightly proof of waste and erosion that may be seen in every state in the Union. Besides ruining fertile land, they interfere with farming operations, undermine buildings, encroach upon public highways, endanger the life of stock, and often mar the beauty and lower the market value of a farm. They are largely responsible for the filling up of reservoirs, streams and dredged drainage ditches and for the covering of bottom lands with deposits of sand.

If gullies could not be prevented or even "cured," we would feel that our sympathy should go to farmers upon whose farms they are constantly causing more and more damage as the years pass. But they *can* be prevented and eventually filled up by correct and timely attention, and failure to do so is a plain indication of shortsightedness upon the part of the owner.

How can this be done? In a number of ways, all of which have been extensively used to meet certain sets of local conditions. In general, the underlying idea is to increase the absorptive capacity of the soil, protecting the surface from erosion, and conducting the surplus water from the field at a low velocity. Fast running water only can cause gullies to form. Gullies can be reclaimed by plowing in and seeding to grass or to timber, or by building soil-saving dams that check erosion and cause the filling of the gully with silt carried by water running down hill.

In general, as is usually the case, prevention is easier than cure. Gullies sometimes come from running rows of cultivated crops up and down hillsides; they should be run at right angles to the slope. Even a loaded wagon hauled over a hillside while the ground is soft may leave tracks or ruts that serve as channels for running water, and in time these grow into deep gullies that steadily encroach upon valuable farm lands.

Where gullies have started, the object of all work is to slow down the current of water which runs into and down them. This is best done by constructing some sort of dam or dams at intervals from the top to the bottom. For this purpose a wide range of materials may be used. Stakes driven across the gully in single or double rows, and having brush piled on the up-hill side or woven between them, then held down securely by stones, will quickly cause filling in of the gully itself. Even corn-stalks or straw piled into gullies and weighted or staked down will give good results. Woven wire fencing in short sections across steep gullies is coming into use, due to good results obtained. Stones and boulders collected in stony land can be skidded with a stone boat to gullies and dumped there to block the fast flowing water as it eats into the land. Concrete dams are perhaps the best solution where large scale damage is under way, but their construction is somewhat more complicated than any farmer will choose to undertake without careful instruction. Those who have need of such information can well afford to send to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 1234.

Forcing Vegetables in Cellar

Several of the common garden vegetables can be grown out of season in the cellar. Among these are asparagus, rhubarb, cauliflower, sea-kale and dandelion. The latter is seldom included in the list of garden vegetables; call it a weed if you wish, but remember that it makes fine, tasty greens, and that in the long, cold winter we always relish greens with ham or spareribs.

It is easy to start any of these by simply digging them out of the garden before freeze-up, or by securing the roots from seed stores. In "cellar farming" rhubarb, split the clumps, leaving one-half in the ground as "seed" for next year's crop. The other half should be allowed to freeze solid out of doors, then should be planted in a box of earth in the cellar. Water sufficiently to keep the roots growing steadily, and keep in a dark place. Do not attempt to force the crop for use until after the first of the year, as it will be much easier to manage after that time.

Asparagus may be forced at any time during the winter, and freezing is unnecessary in preparing it for planting in the box in the cellar. Use only asparagus crowns that are three years old at least, and take only a part of each crown, leaving the remainder in the ground as a nucleus for next season's crop. Dandelions, sea-kale, leeks and even Brussels sprouts may be successfully

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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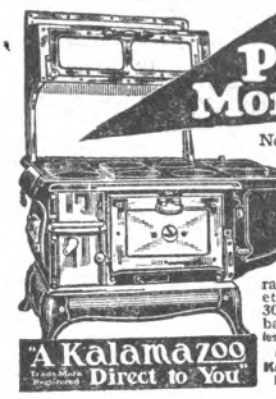
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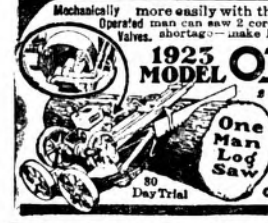
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Wool Embroidered Set

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

wool. The attractive little hat will be becoming to the average woman on account of its simplicity and the possibility of being able to wear it different ways.

The embroidery on both the band of this and the scarf ends is of the simplest stitches. the brown wool being used to darn it, the background, the copper for the long running stitches on the edge and the blue chenille for the scrolls. The tassels which finish the ends are a combination of the three colors.

The scarf, which is 12x60 inches, is lined throughout with blue silk matching the chenille.

The hat is a three-ineh embroidered band stretched over a buckram foundation, with a tam-o'-shanter crown measuring 14-16 inches.

Effective Scarf Set

Old blue and grey form a partnership which works up charmingly as shown in Fig. 7. For this one may use any soft wool material, one and one-half by one-half yards being needed for the scarf. One ball each of blue brush wool and grey silk mixture.

Turn narrow hems and buttonhole edges of scarf with blue, run three shirrings in each end, an inch apart, and draw up to about six inches.

With blue wool work 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1 across end, turn with ch 4, 1 d c on each d c with ch 1 between. Repeat, making 10 rows.

Flowers of Grey Wool

Ch 4, join 1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c, repeat four times in ring, ch 10. Two more flowers, finishing with chs 15 and 20. Arrange as shown. Fringe is of blue and grey wool, five and one-half inches deep.

The hat is of blue brush wool, made the same as Fig. 2, only with deeper unwired roll brim. Side trim is of three grey flowers same as on scarf.

Knitted Set

Materials, three balls camel's-hair yarn, two brown silk mixture, one pair No. 5 needles, one amber crochet hook.

With tan yarn cast 50 stitches on needles. K six inches, one rib (2 rows) brown, one rib tan, repeat until 11 or more brown ribs are completed.

Join in tan, K until scarf measures 32 inches before repeating border. Finish with five-inch fringe.

Round Hat

Divide one ball brown and wind into two balls. The crown is crocheted by working singles over two strands of brown wool.

With undivided ball of brown, begin by ch 3, join in ring. Hold two strands close to ring and work 8 s c in ring.

2nd row—Over the two strands work 2 s c, working under two loops of each stitch.

3rd row—2 s c in 1st st, 1 s c in each next 2 sts, 2 s c in 4th st, repeat.

4th row—Increase in every 4th st.

Now increase only six times in each round and never in the same place, gradually bowing the crown in, or making it bowl shaped.

When it measures eight inches in diameter, work without increasing. In last few rows draw strands in to make head size measure about 23 inches or the right size. This should be small, however, as these woolen hats all stretch with wear.

The brim is knitted of the tan yarn, the upper edge finished with a few ribs of brown to match the scarf. This is made in one piece and neatly joined. To find number of stitches required, count stitches in scarf to an inch; if five or six, multiply size of crown by this number. For example: a 23-inch crown, five stitches to inch gives 115 stitches to be cast on for brim.

Card Table Cover

An attractive cover is sure to prove a suitable gift for any friend who enjoys a social game of bridge.

A yard of black sateen or a square of unbleached cloth may be used as one prefers. The black, bound with a narrow gold braid, with black tassels at the corners, makes a very handsome cloth.

The spots, a heart, diamond, spade and club, are of red sateen appliqued neatly one in each corner as shown.

If unbleached is used, these decorations may be solidly cross-stitched, and an initial or monogram in cross-stitching added to the center of the cloth. Roll the edge and overcast all around, then reverse, working in the opposite direction.

Cloths are both square or have cut corners measuring 12 inches, but in either case tapes are at each side of the corners as shown in the illustration, to tie around the table legs to keep the cloth smooth and prevent slipping.

Card cases neatly made are also simple little gifts which cost but a trifle. They may be made up to match a cover, or of chamois which is especially suitable for the purpose and will stand wear. The double case measures 6½x14½ inches. Outline the symbols first, then form the pockets by either binding or cross-stitching the edges together.

The single case is made the right size for one packet of cards, in similar fashion to the one described, with the exception of the flap which extends half way over the front and buttons down.

For either case, black, dark blue or red is desirable on a chamois or unbleached background and red on a black satin case.

Sofa Pillows That Are Different

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

simplest stitches, or an applique cut from cretonne or silk, supply just the needed amount of decoration.

A restful pillow, effective in its simplicity, is shown in the square model, No. 3. Soft tan poplin or any plain material, banded off with dull gold braid, is exceedingly rich in appearance and not expensive.

This idea is a very good one for easily securing a decorative effect without much work. In carrying it out, however, one should remember that it can only be successfully applied to a large pillow (24 or 28 inches) or the bands will come too close together and cut the whole up too much to be attractive.

The wreath surrounding initials or a monogram make the design pleasingly personal.

Fascinating little round gingham pillows, trimmed up with a touch of applique, are also very popular.

A rather small check is pretty, using the prevailing color in plain goods for the back, ruffle and floral decorations.

For a 16-inch pillow one will need a half yard of checked gingham and one and one-half yard of plain. Cut a 16-inch circle of each material, and plan for a five-inch ruffle. Turn edge, baste and buttonhole-stitch this with black mercerized floss.

The edges of the flowers are worked in the same way, the green leaves being invisibly felled down.

Seam the two circles and the ruffle together, leaving a small opening for inserting the pillow which can afterwards be finished by hand.

No. 5 gives but a hint of the beauty of a long roll pillow.

Anyone fortunate enough to possess an old black taffeta skirt may make a really stunning one, with very little expense.

As the covering is fulled, it may be in three pieces, each about 12x50 inches.

If one has bands of anything suitable to cover the seaming, sew the three pieces together and run in a shirring string each side of the seam. Otherwise, join the end pieces over the center piece with inch ruffles. Seam up lengthwise and slip on the pillow. Cover four-inch circles of cardboard with silk, shirr in the ends and sew to the circles. Finish the center of each with a full tassel.

For a filling a square pillow may be simply rolled up and the ends fastened securely.

Wool embroidered butterflies give character to the oblong pillow of tan linene, No. 6. These are filled with shots of brilliant color, which stand out vividly against the wood-brown band of coarse burlap which encircles the center of the pillow. The edges of this band are laid flat and closely covered with buttonholing of soft green wool, while the sides of the pillow are finished with wool buttonholing in brown.

The size is 16x22 inches, the center band being nine inches wide.

No. 7 is an especially dainty white linen boudoir pillow, embroidered with rambler roses and loops of blue ribbon.

The roses are of two shades of pink, the deeper being worked in the center and lighter around it.

These are built up and stand out as is shown in the illustration. The work is simply round and round the stitches, commence overlapping in sort of a continuous outline stitch as illustrated in the detail drawing.

The ribbon may be outlined or worked solidly in over and over (satin) stitch as one prefers.

The silk pillow, No. 8, has a most dignified decoration which is the result of combining bits of silk and velvet into bands of conventional apples and leaves, the whole making a most harmonious effect against the plain silk background.

This idea might be used on a pillow of any size quite as effectively.

For the little leaves one will need a number of two and one-half inch squares. Fold into triangles and run a gathering thread along the two square sides. Draw up and sew in place with the leaves well overlapping each other and running from the center of each side towards the edges of the pillow.

Finish the centers with three bright apples, using three-inch circles of silk, gathered up and filled with cotton batting.

A large French knot placed a bit to the center of each apple is a great addition.

No. 9 illustrates a new and decidedly novel idea for the top of a round pillow. Either silk or cotton goods may be used for the pillow, and fine silk cord or cotton perle No. 3 for the web.

After planning the size of the pillow, cut off 15 or more pieces of cord long enough to more than cross the top. Tie them all together in the center. Next knot each cord to the one before it as close to the center as possible.

An inch from these knots make a round of knots with an extra piece of cord, join the ends of this and cut. Arrange the web now, having some threads nearer to each other than others, as shown. About two inches from the last round make another round of knots. Knot in the balance of the web more or less unevenly to make it more realistic. This can easily be accomplished by twisting a cord around a strand of the web several times after making a knot, so that the next line across will not be directly opposite the last one.

The spider is in outline, the top and bottom of the pillow are laced together with the cord and finished with small tassels.

Many other ideas will suggest themselves in looking over materials which could be utilized, as the fad for appliqued designs gives one a wonderful opportunity to use even the tiniest bits of materials of all kinds.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: Address of J. H. Allen, formerly of 1008 Belmont Ave., Portland, Ore., or his book, "Judah's Scepter"—"Joseph's Birthright." Mrs. H. Tabor, Ellijay, Georgia.

Anyone knowing of, or the whereabouts of, Mrs. Josephine Frazier (or Mrs. Dan Frazier), last known of in northern Oregon or southern Washington; mother of girl named Sarah and boy Willie; please notify at once Mrs. Hattie Hill, Gresham, R. R. A, Ore.

Information wanted of Harry Sanford Napier, last heard of at Spokane, Wash. Address, Mrs. Julia Penrod, Oak Hill, Box 116, W. Va.

Mary Flavin, or Flavian, age 31, daughter of Peter and Margaret Flavin, wishes to locate half-sister and two brothers who went West years ago. Mrs. H. J. Best, Box 72, Avon, Mass.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mr. James Tolbert or family, kindly write to Mrs. Susie Snell, Paris, R. R. 4, Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. K. D. Sutton, last heard of in New York, please write Miss I. G. Sublette, Taxton, Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the father of Molly Vance or any of her kin, last heard of in Green County, Ky., in 1869 or 1870, please notify her daughter, Jennie B. Kisling, Sedgwick, Star Route, Box 24, Arkansas.

Mrs. Harry Ley, Arcadia, R. R. 4, Box 100 A, would like information of her brother, John Mink, last heard of in El Paso, Ark.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Wee Baby Girl

BY CLARA MIEHM.

Wee baby girl, we love you so,
You're sweeter than all the flowers that grow,
You gurgle and kick and laugh and coo,
What do you mean, when you say 'agoo'?
Where did you get those sparkling eyes?
They're brighter than any sunshiny skies.
What do you dream, when you smile in your sleep?
When dear little fairies their vigil keep?
Are they weaving for you a wonderful spell?
A happy future where all is well—
Where life is just one perfect song,
And you're happy, dear, as the day is long?

Wee baby girl, very soon you will walk,
Then by and by you'll begin to talk;
And life, which should be one perfect song,
With its worries and cares will come along.
May God keep your heart ever pure and bright
To always do what you know is right,
For there's many a dreary and weary load
As you wander along life's varied road.
If we who love you had our way
You'd grow no older day by day,
But stay, the sweetest thing that trod,
A baby, fresh from the hands of God.

—*Detroit News.*

In a Friendly Sort o' Way

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethern, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It make a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Sent in by Portland, Ore., Subscriber.

Break, Break, Break

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Sent in by A. F. T.



1¢ Sale on CHINESE Good Luck Rings

FROM THE DEPTHS of China comes this emblem of Good Luck. Hundreds will tell you of its almost uncanny power to bring happiness, health and good fortune to the wearer.

Lady's Luck
Well known actress says: "48 hours after I put on my ring I received $2,000 check unexpected."

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1 Gold (Allied) $1.00 *Both Rings $1.01*
2nd " " " 1c *Only*
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Order a ring for yourself and a friend for only 1c more than the regular price of one ring. Make fine gifts. Order Lady's or Gent's Style. Made to fit any finger. Guaranteed 10 yrs. *Mail your order today before it is too late*

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UNION S. WORKS 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

handled in the cellar, keeping them cool and dark until they are needed, then bringing them out where they will get some sunlight.

Hog Killing Tips

Hog killing day on the farm usually means hustle, hustle, with a lot of things done in a rush that should have been done in advance in preparation for the big fall event. For instance, all the necessary tools can be laid out the day before. These include an eight-inch sticking knife—that, no doubt, will need sharpening; a cleaver, a cutting knife that also may need a good edge, gambrels of a couple of sizes, meat saw, scrapers, sharpening steel, hooks, rope, perhaps a block and tackle, and a meat chopper for the "missus."

A hoisting device will do away with the back-breaking job of handling heavy carcasses as they are lifted and plunged into the scalding vat. A block and tackle attached to an overhead beam, a scraping table made of strong planks set waist high, and a barrel tilted at about a 45-degree angle—these three combine to lift a lot of the burdens of hog killing day. And by all means have a thermometer at hand. It will save a lot of guesswork and labor, too. Keep the water in the scalding barrel as near to 155 degrees as possible, for at this temperature it will do the best work. Cooler water will not loosen the bristles quickly and evenly; water at 160 degrees or over "sets" the bristles and may even cook the skin of young shoats. The result of water that is too hot is a lot more scraping, patchy work, and even skinned or peeled carcasses that are unwelcome at home or on the dressed meat market.

To make the skin of hams and bacons clean and white, throw a handful of wood ashes into the scalding water. This practice also aids in removing the scurf. Keep the carcass agitated throughout the time it is in the scalding barrel. When the hair will come off the legs and flanks easily, it is ready to pull onto the scraping table. In very cold weather it is sometimes best to cover the carcass with wet burlap sacks, uncovering only as scraping proceeds.

Use Care in Opening Silo

Care is always important in opening the silo. First see that all moldy silage—and there always is some on the top, no matter how careful we are—is removed. By this we do not mean that it should be thrown out into the barnyard or upon the manure pile. Put it where it will not serve as a temptation for horses or cattle that will be sure to find it if it is thrown out within their reach. Some farmers save it to scatter in the chicken house, which is perhaps the safest and best plan.

Silage poisoning is particularly common among horses, and is not uncommon among horses that have not been fed silage to the knowledge of their owner. Most of these cases can be traced to old, moldy silage that has been carelessly thrown out of the silo. Good silage has a peculiar acid smell, and the leaves are never decomposed. Beware of silage that has a musty odor, or that contains leaves that are brownish, slimy and easily crushed up into a greasy mass. The chances are that this silage will give trouble. Better waste a little and be on the safe side.

Remember that silage is more loosely packed at the top of the silo than it is as you go further down. For this reason it will spoil more quickly, as the air gets into it with ease. Many farmers keep a few short lengths of heavy plank in the silo until some 10 feet or so have been fed off, the weight of these planks serving to pack the silage between feedings. And while the silage level is still high in the silo is the right time to see that the roof is secure and tight all around. If this is neglected until midwinter a leak or crack is difficult to reach from the inside, and is quite likely to go unmended throughout the year. Of course the condition of the silage suffers as a consequence.

Liquid Spray Beats Dust Spray

In extensive experiments just recently completed in Ohio, spraying was found to give good results as a means of controlling tipburn and hopperburn of potatoes. Work was carried out in nine counties. Out of 53 spraying demonstrations, in which home-made Bordeaux mixture was used, in only two instances did the sprayed plants fail to outyield those untreated. Many of the increases were from 30 to 35 bushels better than those of the unsprayed fields, and in one case the sprayed field yielded at a rate of 82 bushels, or 76 per cent. more than adjoining unsprayed fields. Surprisingly good results were secured with only two or three sprayings, provided the applications were thorough. Dusting results were by no means so satisfactory as those secured with liquid spray.

Of the early varieties, Early Triumph proved to be the most susceptible to hopperburn, even the sprayed rows suffering extensively. For this reason it appears that this variety cannot profitably be raised in seasons when the leaf hoppers are numerous. Early Ohio was quite susceptible, but it gave good results in favor of the spraying. Irish Cobbler was the least susceptible of the early varieties. Of the late varieties, Rural New Yorker showed marked susceptibility, while the Russet Rurals were much more resistant. Varieties of the Green Mountain type seemed to endure the trouble much better, remaining green when other sorts were brown and dead. Fourteen varieties in all were tested, the spraying paying well in all cases except the Early Triumphs.

Common Salt Improves Sugar Beets

Several sets of field and laboratory studies of the influence of common salt on the growth, quality and water utilization of sugar beets as compared with pure sodium chlorid, Glauber salt, sodium nitrate and calcium chlorid have recently been reported by experiment stations.

Common salt, and generally most sodium salts, increased the quantity and quality of the sugar beet crop on both light and heavy soils where only light potash applications had been made and heavy sodium fertilization was practiced. Glauber salt and sodium nitrate gave better results than calcium chlorid. This is taken to indicate that it is the sodium of the common salt and not the chlorin which favorably influence the growth of crops.

It was found that the sodium reduced evaporation and increased the water-holding power of the soil. It is also thought that through an exchange of bases it is capable of rendering certain relatively insoluble salts more available to plants. When sodium salts were used, the sodium was found almost exclusively in the leaves of the plants, where it apparently displaced a certain amount of potash. An increase in the sugar content of the beets also accompanied fertilization with sodium salts of the kinds tested.

Fall Freshners Best

There are varying opinions as to the best time to have dairy cows freshen, but a careful study of the records of 10,870 cows in 64 testing associations scattered all over this country, recently published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, proves conclusively that cows dropping their calves in the fall produce more milk and butterfat.

On an average the cows that freshened in the fall months of September, October and November produced 6,689 pounds of milk; winter fresheners produced 6,439; summer, 5,941, and spring, 5,842. In spite of higher feeding cost, the fall fresheners made more income over and above feed cost, with winter fresheners second, spring third and summer fourth.

On a basis of individual months, however, the largest income over cost of feed was made by cows that freshened in December. October came a close second, November next, and January fourth. Cows that calved in October ranked first in both milk and butterfat production.

Although the evidence gathered shows conclusively that fall or early winter freshening is desirable in most parts of the country, there are exceptions to the rule. For example, the dairyman who has a steady market for milk at a fair price during all seasons of the year will usually find it to his advantage to keep the supply fairly uniform from month to month. The percentage of cows that should freshen each month in the year will vary to some extent in different localities, and with the different farms in the same locality. At present in market milk districts there is usually a surplus of milk in the late spring and early summer, and more cows should be allowed to freshen in the fall. Therefore it will easily be seen that this matter can well be given close study by dairymen.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

CLOVER MILDEW.—I have read somewhere that clover mildew makes clover hay poisonous. I believe I have some of it on my farm this year, as the leaves looked silvery or gray. Can this hay be fed to horses? Is there any way of getting rid of the trouble?

J. McG., Minn.

A.—According to plant pathologists, clover mildew cannot be eradicated. They advise careful curing to make the hay fit for feeding but discourage its use for horses as the hay is likely to be "musty." It is not poisonous, however, and can safely be used for cattle. In the Mississippi valley, where the disease has been known for some time, it has been much more common during the past season, due, no doubt to the extremely wet spring. In dry seasons it is not likely to do serious damage, nor is it likely to become a dangerous menace to the valuable clover crop.

ABOUT BLUE-GRASS.—I should like to know more about blue-grass. You see, I had always thought that there was only one kind, the Kentucky blue-grass, but I have been told that there are two kinds. Is this the truth? For that reason, is it necessary to state what kind is wanted when I order from a seed house?

MRS. J. T., Tenn.

A.—Yes, it is true that there is more than one kind of blue-grass. There are three kinds, for that matter, but only two are important. The commonest is the familiar Kentucky blue-grass; the second is called Canada blue-grass; the third is termed Texas blue-grass. Kentucky blue-grass is native to only three large regions in the United States, namely Kentucky, the Virginias, and the southwestern portion of Wisconsin, where limestone underlies a rich clay soil. It has, however, been widely distributed until now it is generally grown not only in all parts of this country but in other parts of the world as well. Canada blue-grass is more hardy than the Kentucky variety; therefore it does better in Northern climates, and particularly in New York State and Ontario. The Texas variety is little known outside of the state from which it derives its name and the adjoining state of Oklahoma. Yes, it would be best for you to state which variety you desire to purchase from the seed houses. Generally Kentucky blue-grass is supplied, but sometimes this and the Canada are mixed. Living in Tennessee, you want the Kentucky, for it is well suited to your locality.

SUGAR FROM DAHLIAS.—Recently I came across a statement which said that sugar was now being made from the roots of dahlias. Is there any truth to this, and if so are the common garden dahlias used? Where has this been tried out? Is the sugar the same as we get from beets or sugar cane? I am interested in new things always, and like to keep up with the times.

MRS. M. V. S., Mo.

A.—It is true that sugar has been made from dahlia roots, but the work along this line is still in the experimental stage, though experiments conducted in Wisconsin indicate that it has real commercial possibilities. According to the experimenters, the biggest factor in its favor is the ease of growing the crop and the small expense attached; those who have had experience with sugar beets, and know intimately of the work and expense of thinning, weeding and harvesting, no doubt will be interested. All dahlia tubers are high in sugar content, but special sweet-rooted varieties are being developed in which the percentage of sugar is increased. When it is recalled that at present, after years of careful selection, sugar beets contain only about 10 per cent. of sugar, and that dahlias without special selection contain at least this amount, it is not to be wondered at if in time they will greatly surpass the beets. Another point in favor of dahlias is that they contain sugar in the form of *fructose*, which does not cause decay in the tubers in storage; beets, on the other hand, soon rot in storage because their sugar is in the form of *sucrose*. This makes the handling season, and the period of storage for beets, very short, whereas dahlia tubers could be stored either on the farm or at the refinery for months with safety. Dahlia sugar can be used for all ordinary household uses. It is somewhat finer than Cuban sugar, and better crystallized than pulverized sugar. Its greatest use, however, will be for soda fountain preparations, a large field in itself. Syrups made from dahlia sugar cause foaming, a very necessary factor in fountain use. This property is lacking in corn syrup, for instance, and therefore the latter has never been used with any degree of success. As to where the crop has been grown: Reports are few, but the best results seem to have come from the light sandy loam of the Lake States.

More Money in Trapping

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

surance of success. Young trappers will do well to follow their example—an ounce of foresight is worth a pound of hindsight.

There Will Be a Big Fur Crop This Winter

If your grain crop or stock raising has been poor during the past season, don't be discouraged because with the big improvement in the fur situation, trapping will again prove very profitable this winter. By going about the work systematically you can gather in your fur crop and make it pay you big returns.

Last year on account of the demoralized condition of the fur market and the low prices that prevailed for furs, very little trapping was done. This had the effect of causing the fur-bearing animals to greatly increase.

This season there will be a big crop of furs in almost every section. Prices on all kinds are going to be high enough to make trapping worth while.

The fur crop is an important crop—one that causes you neither effort nor expense to raise and yet a crop that produces for the farmers of the United States between twenty and twenty-five millions of dollars each year.

Do not overlook this important crop, especially if your finances are in such shape as to make this extra income needed or helpful.

Woman Trappers

Trapping is not so hard to learn as some may think. It may require a little time for the woman to become an expert in trapping; but an adequate proficiency can be acquired within a very short time and after that new knowledge rapidly and continuously comes to the traperette with a corresponding increase in her skill. Many women have already shown the skill and ability of veteran trappers.

Perhaps the most appealing side of trapping to the woman is the real profit that lies therein. Men trappers consistently engaged at this activity have made a great deal of money. Women can do the same. Whether working in spare time or full time, the trapperette will find this easy work very remunerative—bringing unexpected returns both in money and in health. Here is a woman's chance to be genuinely useful in supplying this demand and be paid for her work.



HERE'S something for YOU, Mr. Trapper and Fur Shipper—something very important to YOU. Prices of raw furs are high this season, so get all the furs you can, BUT to get the most money for your furs, *you must be accurately posted on market conditions and market prices.* Make this your biggest season by reading "The Shubert Shipper" regularly. It costs you nothing—it's FREE—and it will make you many dollars. What is "The Shubert Shipper"? It's the greatest publication of its kind in the world. It not only quotes highest authentic market prices on all articles of American Raw Furs, but also contains market information that you cannot afford to be without.

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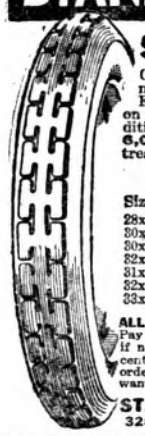
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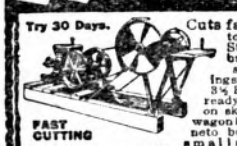
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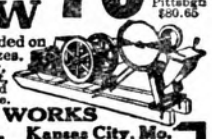
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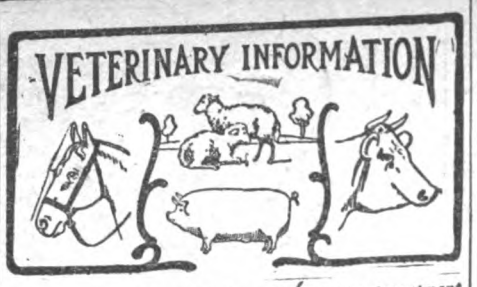
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Bloat in Sheep

A SUCCESSFUL treatment for bloat in sheep is suggested by shepherds in New Zealand and Australia. The formula is as follows: Coleman's mustard, 16 ounces; bicarbonate of soda, seven ounces; ground ginger root, two ounces. Mix thoroughly and keep in a tightly closed can or fruit jar. The dose for an adult sheep is one tablespoonful placed far back in the mouth and at once washed down with about half a pint of cold water; or the powder may be mixed with the water. Great care has to be taken in drenching a sheep that choking or suffocation be not caused.

Shepherds in those countries have found that bloating on alfalfa will not be likely to occur if the sheep are taken off the alfalfa pasture after half an hour's grazing and allowed to rest for an hour. They may then be returned without further risk of bloating. Sheep should also be pastured on ordinary grass for a few hours before being turned on alfalfa in the morning.

American practice is to give a bloated sheep one dram each of pure turpentine, oil of eucalyptus and aromatic spirits of ammonia in two ounces of raw linseed oil and to repeat the treatment in half an hour if found necessary. In emergency cases, where such drugs are not at hand, immediately give the bloated sheep a pint of new, warm milk from a cow and repeat the dose in half to one hour, if needed. A dram of turpentine, or half a dram of formaldehyde added to the dose of milk is an improvement.

In some instances suffocation threatens and is indicated by gasping for air. In such a condition the gas should at once be liberated by inserting a trocar and canula high up in the most distended part of the paunch in the left flank. When the special instrument is not available, the large, clean blade of a knife should be thrust into the distended paunch and turned crosswise in the wound. In acute cases semi-fluid feed and gas gush out and life is saved. The resultant wound should then be cleansed, disinfected and, if large, will have to be sutured with silk or fine cord. Then pine tar may be applied.

DEATH OF PIG.—I had a pig I raised by hand and when two months old, one day it refused to eat and drank but little. The next morning her eyes seemed swollen and she refused to eat. She died soon after. She had been eating corn, and milk from a separator.
MRS. R. J. R.

A.—A post-mortem examination should have been made at once as it might have disclosed the cause of death. If care is not taken to remove the froth from separator milk it may kill pigs in just the way described. The breathing would indicate that pneumonia may have been present but it would be impossible for one at a distance to assign the exact cause of death.

PUFFED HOCK JOINTS.—I have a horse with hocks, which were caused by hard pulling. Is there any remedy for it and can it be cured? MRS. J. F.

A.—From your description we take it that the hock joints of the hind legs show soft distensions which are filled with synovia (joint oil). That condition probably constitutes bog spavin and thoroughpins for which there is no certain remedy. Some good may be done by patient use of a proprietary reducing preparation which you can buy at a drug store, or by rubbing in some 10 per cent. iodine vasogen or petrogen once or twice daily. Treatment, however, usually proves rather unsatisfactory.

GARGET.—Will you tell me what ails my cow? There are times when milking her I can feel a hard place in her teat and it will swell. The milk will be stringy and lumpy. She gives about four gallons of milk and I cannot make her go dry. She has been like this for several years but worse since freshening last April; eats heartily, but is thin. I cannot get her to gain in flesh. C. S. L.

A.—The condition you describe is usually called garget (mammitis) and it has been present so long it will be likely to prove incurable. As tuberculosis of the udder is a possibility, it would be wise to have a qualified veterinarian apply the tuberculin test. If that is not done the milk should not be used. The milk from a tuberculous cow is dangerous for use by people or animals. Meanwhile milk three times daily, and each other evening rub into the caked parts of the udder a little iodine ointment.

MILKLESS QUARTER.—I have a heifer 18 months old that has just freshened. Her left front teat has no milk in it. There is no garget for I know what that is.

A.—When young calves are allowed to suck one another's teats after being fed milk garget may be induced and result in another attack at calving time or in milklessness of a quarter such as you describe. There is little prospect that the affected quarter will regain its lost function, but we should advise you to go through all the motions of milking that quarter three times daily. Massage it well each time. If you cannot do this, then let a calf nurse, as that may induce secretion of the milk. If you think that the duct of the teat is closed, insert a milking tube, boiled for 15 minutes, and it may clear the passage so that milk can be stripped away.

INDIGESTION.—I have a six-year-old horse that I have been trying to fatten since he was three years old. I feed him good clover hay and corn three times a day and he runs on good pasture. He stays filled out until I drive him and ride him, then his bowels become loose and he becomes thin. C. H.

A.—Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then change the feed gradually, substituting a mixture of oats and one-ninth part of wheat bran, by weight, to be dampened at feeding time. Add ear corn in cold weather. Carrots would be good for him. Better keep him off grass and feed old mixed clover and timothy hay in preference to grass or new hay, and also feed old oats. Allow free access to rock salt. Write again if this change of feed does not mend matters satisfactorily.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.—My dog cannot get his breath. He breathes through his nose, then opens his mouth for breath to come out. He wheezes and snores all of the time. He is worse on hot days. What is the matter and is there a cure? D. W.

A.—We suspect that this dog has goiter or that other glands are interfering with breathing. A personal examination would, however, be necessary to determine the exact condition present. Expose the dog two or three times daily to steam from water containing one tablespoonful of compound tincture of benzoin or oil of eucalyptus to the quart. Accomplish this by setting the dog on a cane-bottomed chair, placing the vessel of hot water underneath the chair seat and then covering dog and chair with a sheet. Hold the dog there for about 10 minutes each time. If a swelling of the throat, or goiter, is noticeable, clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine twice a week. Write again when necessary.

CHOKED MARE.—I have a mare five years old that stands with her head down as though she were listening. Her throat is swollen and sometimes for a minute thick slobbers run from her mouth. Will you tell me what is wrong?

A.—The symptoms described are those of choking, and unless the administration of oil relieved the condition the horse would soon succumb. A veterinarian may do some good in such a case by hypodermic injection of such alkaloidal drugs as pilocarpin, eserine, etc., and may even pass a probang down the gullet to remove the obstruction, but home treatment rarely succeeds. Distension of the stomach with gas may cause similar symptoms, and that also usually proves fatal unless a veterinarian successfully passes a tube into the stomach to syphon off the excessive liquid and allow escape of gas.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I have a three-year old cow that is forming the habit of sucking her own milk. Will you give me a remedy to break the habit? J. V.

A.—Here are some plans for prevention of self-sucking: Put a straight bar bit in the cow's mouth or put a bull ring in her nose and from that hang another ring. It may be necessary to hang a third ring from the second one. Put an old horse collar upside down on the cow's neck, or a cradle made of pointed slats woven with smooth wire and put on with the slats running lengthwise of the neck. Another good plan is to fit a light pole with a snap-hook at each end, place it between the forelegs and hang it there by a light chain from a halter and another from a surcingle around the body.

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Winter Charades and Puzzles

Winter Charades

My first is soft and fluffy white,
My second is a dance at night,
My whole might hurt you if it hit,
The naughty boys won't care a bit.

Answer.—Snowball.

2. My first is bright and hot,
My second is a spot,
My whole's the second where
My first is made with care.

Answer.—Fireplace.

The Make Winter Puzzle

When you want winter to come with all its joys, just make it for yourself out of whatever may be at hand. For instance: You can make *blizzard* out of *lizard*.

1. Make a white frozen substance from the present time.
2. Make a steel runner for ice traveling from a girl's nickname.
3. Make a favorite winter toy from being guided.
4. Make a popular place in winter from being sick.
5. Make a winter necessity from anger.
6. Make some winter outdoor clothing from horses' food.

Answers: 1. S—now.
2. S—Kate.
3. S—led.
4. H—ill.
5. F—ire.
6. C—oats.

The Something Word Square

1. Something boys and girls welcome in winter.
2. Something boys and girls often do when they are unhappy.
3. Something to see with.

Diagonal downward:—Something like *anger*.
Diagonal upward:—Something like *before*.

Answer:
I C E
– C R Y
E Y E

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"Only a short two weeks ago I was a tired, nervous and worn-out from the drain on my nerves and strength of household drudgery that I thought I could not keep up another day.

A short two weeks' treatment of the new form of iron has given me a marvelous increase in health, strength and energy. Now I can do my whole house without help, and do not have to have to sit at home in the evening "all-in" sick and nervous."

"The above is a typical hypothetical case," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "You cannot be well and strong and full of vigor, force and power unless your blood is rich in iron. It is your red blood that enables you to resist and overcome disease and that nourishes every organ in your body. Without iron your blood becomes thin, pale and watery. Poor blood cannot nourish your vital organs and as a result you may have pains in your heart or kidneys, indigestion, headaches, and feel all "run-down" and tired out."

When your blood lacks iron do not waste your time taking stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, but directly enrich your blood with the newer form of iron sold by all druggists under the name of Nuxated Iron, which is like the iron in spinach, lentils, and apples, and is in a form easily assimilated into your blood.

Get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today. Take it for two weeks and if you have not, like thousands of others, obtained most surprising health, strength and energy, the manufacturers will promptly refund your money. Your local druggists will sell you Nuxated Iron with this "satisfaction or money back" guarantee.

Handsome FREE **Wrist Watch**



Guaranteed time keeper. GIVEN for selling only 8 cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY and PREMIUMS. Order your cards TODAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 32-Z Lancaster, Pa.

Stem Wind & Set **10 YEAR GUARANTEE**



Watch, Ring & Chain Given—We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind & Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 10-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 25 large Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us $2.50 & we'll send Watch and Ring. HOME ART CO.
420-28 West 59th Street, Dept. 3071, Chicago

Fifty Dollars A Week!

Easily Earned

We trust any honest man or woman to take orders for 100 absolute necessities, deliver the goods, collect the money, and remit our share to us. A special proposition makes prices lower than "cut rate" stores. Our representatives clearing from $25.00 to $60.00 weekly everywhere. This is the most extraordinary direct selling proposition ever offered. Write today for particulars.

A. Rasmussen, Dept. 20,
Herrs Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Beautiful Fur Choker

Yours Free For A Club Of Only Seven

IT is not always the high-priced furs that have the style and appearance desired by every woman. Some very common furs are dyed and finished to resemble the finest product, with wearing qualities equal to the best.

Such is the case with the handsome fur choker illustrated above. It is made of cony (a first-class rabbit fur dyed a rich black), 33 inches in length, 5 inches wide, lined with brown sateen and fastens with either chain or head snap.

You'll be surprised with the beauty and style of this neckpiece—and you'll be proud to wear it anywhere. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine fur choker free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7567.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



She Is Looking For A Mother

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Do You Want Her?

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. J. C. D., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving two or more children, and a widow who is the parent of all his children, such widow, in addition to certain small allowance, would be entitled to receive one-third of the estate after payment of debts and expenses. (2) We think that if the administrator of the estate you mention refuses to pay you the share coming to you it will be necessary for you to proceed against him in the court from which he received his appointment to compel him to do so.

N. B. M., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive all the personal estate and to one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to his father or mother; if neither survive him the whole estate would go to his widow.

MRS. F. W. U., Connecticut.—We do not think you will be able to trace your husband's line of descent without more information to work upon than your communication discloses. We think that in tracing genealogy the usual method is through family bibles, tombstones, baptismal records, marriage records, deed and mortgage records, record of wills or letters of administration in the settlement of estates, records of enlistments for war, genealogical histories in large public libraries, directories and lists of inhabitants, tax records and other sources of a similar nature, but for any such search it is necessary to have a beginning point.

MRS. E. J. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband's children by a former marriage would have no interest in your separate estate unless some provision is made for them by will, except that in case you die without a will or in case you leave your husband a portion of your separate property by will, his children by both marriages will in turn receive their shares in his estate unless cut off by will. We think insurance money upon the death of the insured is payable to the beneficiary named in the policy of insurance.

E. C. W., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, the surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all the personal estate and one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left; if none such, the whole estate goes to the surviving widow. (2) Money in bank or upon the person of the decedent would form a part of the personal estate.

M. E. T., Kentucky.—We do not think your sister's husband has any interest in his son's real estate during the son's lifetime; we think that in case he survives his son and is not cut off by will, upon the death of the son he would inherit from him unless the son at the time of his death leaves nearer relatives.

L. J., Pennsylvania.—If no records were kept at the time of your birth and if there is no person alive who can give information as to the date of your birth, we think it will be impossible for you to fix the date. (2) Under the laws of your state, we do not think your brothers and sisters will inherit any portion of your estate unless some provision is made for them by will as your wife and children would inherit your property under your intestacy laws in preference to relatives of a more remote degree.

MRS. D. J., Alabama.—If your brother refuses to purchase your interest in the land left by your father in Georgia, we think you can proceed with an action for the partition of the same, or for the sale of the property and the division of the money proceeds of the sale.

H. L. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that real and personal property descends, first, to children or their descendants, in equal parts; second, if there be no children, then to the father, then to the mother, if both are dead, then to the brothers or sisters of their descendants in equal shares.

MRS. T. C. W., Texas.—We think it would have been necessary for your husband to have survived his parents to have acquired a vested interest in their estates, and we do not think that you, as his widow, would be entitled to share in his parent's estates, but we think his children would receive his share from their grandparents, unless cut off by will, and we think that in case of their minority you would be entitled to be appointed guardian of your children's estates upon making the proper application for such appointment; we think in case of the intestacy of the grandparents their case should be administered by an administrator appointed by the court, who must account to all of the parties in interest in the estate. (2) We think the holder of the mortgage you mention would have a legal right to foreclose same as soon as there is any default in the payment thereof.

M. L. W., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it would have been necessary for you or your mother to have commenced your action for the recovery of the land formerly belonging to your grandfather within the time limited by law for the bringing of such actions; we think this time has now expired.

J. D. S., Alabama.—In the absence of any contract to the contrary we do not think the man you mention can compel his former employer to provide employment for him.

MRS. O. M. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated the custody of the minor children is a question for the court before which the case is tried to decide, taking into consideration the welfare of the children, the award may be to either parent the court decides can best provide for and bring up such children.

MISS O. P., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the surgeon who operated upon you is entitled to pay for his services and can compel you to pay him from any property you may own not exempt by law from levy under execution; if you have no property or income, we do not think he can collect his fee.

MRS. M. E. F., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every marriage superinduces a right of partnership or community of the acquits and gains, if there be no stipulation to the contrary, of the reciprocal industry and labor during the marriage of both husband and wife and that such property acquired by them during marriage by donation made to them jointly or by purchase in the name of either is community property and that upon the death of either, leaving no ascendants and no descendants, and leaving no will, such decedents' one-half share of such property would go to the surviving spouse, and the other half of such community property would belong to such survivors in his or her own right, but in the absence of a will, we think, the separate property of the husband upon his death, except as to some small provisions, would all go to his ascendants and descendants or his near collateral relatives; in the absence of any such his surviving widow would inherit from him.

MRS. A. Z. H., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife one-half of the community property, subject to the community debts, goes to the survivor, and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the decedent, subject also to the community debts; in case there is no will, we think it descends to his or her legitimate issue, and if there be no issue it descends to the survivor.

R. W., Virginia.—We think your father had a legal right to transfer the piece of real estate you mention to your mother, provided he possessed mental capacity, and no undue influence was exercised upon him in procuring the deed.

R. A. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a court proceeding will be necessary for the transfer of your insane wife's interest in your real estate; we think, however, that if she has but a dower interest in the property such interest will terminate upon her death.

T. M., Ohio.—If the title of the property you mention stands in the names of both husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, we think that upon the death of one, the whole property becomes the sole property of the survivor.

O. D., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, such property as came to him in any method other than by descent, devise or deed of gift would, after payment of debts and expenses, all go to his surviving widow, but if his property came to him by devise, descent or deed of gift from an ancestor the surviving widow would be limited to a life estate in the real property in case any descendant of the ancestor from whom the property came was living, and in case the property came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift from a former wife, the relatives of such former wife would share in the property, provided any were living within the degrees of relationship to make them entitled to share.

B. H. P., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if a testator dies, leaving a child or children, or, in case of their death, descendants of such child or children, not named or provided for in his will, such testator shall, as regards such child or children, or their descendants not provided for, be deemed to have died intestate; which applies whether such descendants be living or posthumous.

A. I. A., South Dakota.—We do not think your father would be relieved from payment of the goods purchased by him by reason of the assumption of the payment by the person to whom he resold same, unless your father's creditors agreed to accept the agreement of your father's debtor and to release your father from his obligation to pay for same; we think your father can be compelled to pay for the goods from any property he may own not exempt by law from levy under execution; we think your father's money in bank and accounts payable can be applied toward his indebtedness in the proper creditors' action or proceeding brought for the purpose. (2) We think a chattel mortgage is a mortgage upon chattels as distinguished from a mortgage upon real estate.

MRS. G. W. A., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband's creditors can enforce the payment of the note you mention when the same becomes due from any property your husband may own, except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution.

MRS. D. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, such surviving husband would be entitled to receive one-half of the estate, and that his share cannot be diminished by will.

$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

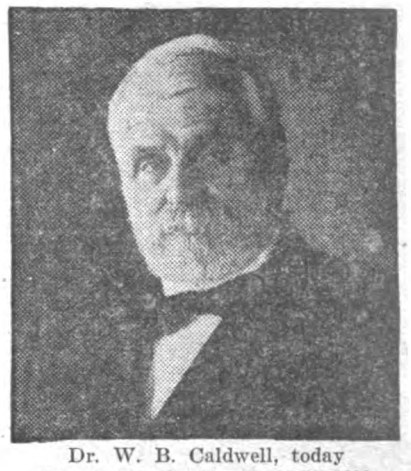
I will give away this amount of money in my own medicine —There is a free trial bottle waiting for every family that has a sufferer from constipation —Send today for your bottle

TO commemorate my 84th birthday I have set aside $10,000 in cash to be expended entirely on free trial bottles of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which as people know has been successfully used for over 30 years and is today the largest selling family laxative in the world. In spite of that fact there must be literally thousands of families who have never tried it, and these are the ones I hope to reach with my $10,000 offer.

I want to prove to them that my Syrup Pepsin is a better-acting, safer, finer laxative than any other they can obtain. But I don't want them to be at any expense in trying it, and hence I offer a test bottle free. Later on, when thoroughly convinced of its unusual merits they can buy a bottle of their druggist. Over 10 million bottles of Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year in drug stores, yet my company will not profit one cent when you buy your first bottle. It costs us more to sell the first one than we get for it. Our profit comes only when a family keeps it regularly in the house, as I expect yours will when you are once convinced.

Many unthinking parents are giving children strong cathartics; old people are taking salt waters and powders that make them dry and thirsty and which have to be repeated every day; women are using artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form that cause skin eruptions. Don't do it! See that only a plain vegetable laxative is used, not a druggy physic. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. Just that! The formula is on the package.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin in your home. I want you to share in my $10,000 offer. Yet



Dr. W. B. Caldwell, today
Born Shelbyville, Mo., March 27, 1839

I know if you delay answering you will be disappointed. Ask me now for the free trial bottle if anyone in your family has constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas on the stomach, sour colicky stomach, headache, loss of appetite and sleep, indigestion, intestinal poisoning, dyspepsia. Syrup Pepsin is intended for just such conditions. Watch it break up a fever or a cold!

Let me send you a trial bottle to prove these facts. My saying so won't prove it half as well as your trying it. Be one of the thousands who will use Syrup Pepsin free because of my 84th birthday. Send the coupon, or your address in any way most convenient to you. But do it quickly.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

In commemoration of your 84th birthday, and as my family has never used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, send me a free trial bottle to the address below:

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town & State .....

ONLY ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS

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Simply name and address. Merely Give Away Free 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 boxes of our Famous WHITE CLOVERINE which you sell at 25c. each and we will send you this Beautiful Dinner Set according to offer in our Big Premium Catalogue which you receive. Millions use Cloverine. Our Plan Easiest and Squarest. Write quick for pictures and Cloverine. Our 28th year. We are reliable.

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D110, Tyrone, Pa.



THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL SLEEPING DOLL FREE

This big doll is jointed at the Elbows, Shoulders, Knees and Hips. Has Turning Head, Closing Eyes, Beautiful Hair, Pearly Teeth. She is elaborately dressed, wears a swell little bonnet, and a complete outfit of lace trimmed underwear, also shoes and socks that you can take off and put on. We send this big doll to you, also **Doll's Carriage,** both free for selling only 28 packs Standard Bluing at 10 cents. Write today.



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THE FAMOUS WING—At Factory Price

Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Feb. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save $150 to $300. **40 year guarantee.** 38 styles of Wing Pianos and Players to choose from. Thousands in use thruout U. S. We will refer to owner near you. Write at once for our offer of free trial in your home till Feb. 1st, 1923, and get **The Book of Complete Information About Pianos** sent to you free with our reduced bed-rock, factory prices and easy terms.

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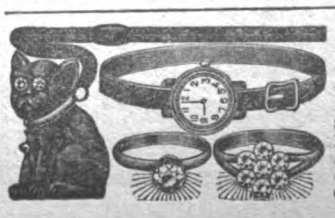
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This "Lucky Tige" **CHARM** with 36-inch Silk Cord, this Im. **WRIST WATCH** with adjustable leather strap and buckle, **3** Gold plated **RINGS** and this handsome 36-inch Oriental Rice Bead **NECKLACE** with Tassel Beaded Drop. We give **ALL** these **6** articles **FREE** for selling only **12** Cards of Rosedale Dress Fasteners (a dozen on a card) at **10** cents per card. Send today.

C. C. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.



AGENTS: $6 a Day

New HOT-BLAST COAL-OIL BURNER



Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Uses common coal-oil

Perfect for cooking, baking, heating. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than coal. Installed in a few minutes. Fits any stove. Low priced. Write for terms. No capital needed.

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FOOTBALL FREE



A genuine Leather Rugby football like those used in all the college games. It is carefully made of genuine Leather, with full pebble grain football tanning, strongly sewed, has leather inside flap with round lacing. The bladder is **Hand Made Pure Gum** and is fully guaranteed. In material and workmanship this ball is unsurpassed. This ball will stand the rough and tumble fight of the field, and will give you genuine satisfaction. Such a ball as this sells for a big price at any store. **SEND NO MONEY.** I want to give a fine Rugby ball, free, to some live boy in each community, for just a little of his spare time. An easy task that can be done in an hour. If you want a football write me today.

G. M. BURNS, 316 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

50 Pc. School Outfit FREE



Outfit consists of large metal trimmed SchoolCase, 10-color Painting Set, Wax Crayons, Nail Puzzle, Writing Tablet, 2 Pencils, Pencil Clip, Penholder, 3 Pens, Ruler, Ink and Pencil Eraser, 3 Blotters, Ink Essence for 1 pint Ink, Package Rubber Bands, Paper Clip, 30 Transfer Pictures—entire outfit is yours **FREE, POSTPAID** for selling only 25 Pkgs. fancy Post Cards **OR** 25 large art Pictures at 10c. Order your choice of Cards or Pictures—**TODAY. EXTRA PRIZE** for promptness. **GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 325 CHICAGO**

ELEGANT 7-JEWEL WATCH

$6.95



C.O.D.

This handsomely designed thin model **7-jewel** watch for only **$6.95. Genuine gold filled** case; open face; screw back and bezel; stem wind and set—A dandy watch and fine timekeeper of **exceptional value. Guaranteed** to wear for years.

FREE If you act at once, beautiful knife and chain with order. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay on arrival only **$6.95.** If not delighted, return at once and get your money back on our ironclad guarantee. Jewelry and gun catalog free.

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GENUINE DIAMOND, Signet with your initial, Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 3 years. Order 15 packages Rings Perfumed Ironing Wax. Sell at 10c each Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. Send no money. Get 4 beautiful Rings Free. Boys, Girls and Grown-ups.

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BEAUTY DOLL WITH REAL HAIR FREE



ALSO HANDSOME BRACELET. Beautiful doll, over a foot tall, with real hair lovely rosy face, large, well stuffed body, movable arms and legs, pretty dress and hat. We give this fine DOLL and an elegant BRACELET for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cts. each. Write for them.

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GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE



Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

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Then you need this Mystic Serpent, Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells, and symbol of good luck in love, business, games. Heavy, weird and startling Genuine **14-Karat** gold shell, 5 year guarantee. Men and Women Secret "formula for luck" **free** with ring Send measure (string tied around finger). **Ali C. Baba, Box 55, 116 Str. Sts., New York.** Pay $2.27 to postman.

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Send for 25 packages, each containing 48 Xmas cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc. Sell for 10c pkg. Send us $1.50, keep $1.00 yourself. We trust you. Many earned $5 last year. Order 25 NOW.

New England Paper Co., Mill M, Barton, Vermont

BOYS EARN THIS DANDY .22 RIFLE EASY!



Shoots 22 longs or shorts. Automatic shell ejector, walnut stock, blue steel barrel. A wonderful rifle for shooting small game or target practice. You can easily and quickly earn this dandy Hamilton.

Write today. **David Blair, Dept. R-20 Springfield, Ohio**

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A Genuine, Sweet Toned, Imported Violin. Not a Toy, Regular Size 22 in. Long. Beautiful Polished Rosewood Finish. Guaranteed to Please. **Given FREE, Postpaid,** for Selling Only 40 Beautiful Pictures at 10 Cents Each. Order Pictures. It's Easy.

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Barrels OF SLIGHTLY DAMAGED CROCKERY, Hotel Chinaware, Cookingware, Aluminumware, etc., shipped direct from factory to consumer. Write us for particulars. **E. SWASEY & Co., Portland, Maine**

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Photographs that actually smile and act human for you. Entertain and mystify everybody with your supernatural powers. Instructive and scientific. Seeing is believing. Send only 25c for 4 different subjects. **Novelty Exchange, 309 Fifth Ave., Suite 211, New York City**

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Watch & Ring FREE



This stem wind and set, Handsome Engraved Back, guar. timekeeper, and fine ring given for selling only 25 pks. of our sweet smelling Sachet at 10c. Order at once. You'll be surprised how easy it is. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. J. S., Savage, Miss.—We are sorry, but we have to tell you that there are no publishing houses who would accept the work of unknown and inexperienced writers, publish such works at the firms' expense, and then make payment to the authors of a certain share of the proceeds. Publishers are only interested in accepting work which has merit making its sale certain and profitable, and it would be necessary for you to obtain more experience than you now have before you could compete successfully with the many trained writers who themselves often have difficulty in profitably disposing of their brainwork.

R. P. S., Eldorado Springs, Mo.—You could obtain, we think, a competent training in civil engineering at the University of Missouri, situated at Columbia in your state; and also at Washington University in your big city of St. Louis. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., is generally regarded as standing at the head of such institutions as specialize in technical education.

J. P., Byars, Okla.—The re-silvering of a mirror is not an amateur job, and we doubt if you can accomplish it successfully at home. However, as you are but one of many COMFORT readers who seem to wish to attempt the task, we give you the following method which is recommended by the *Scientific American:* Place the mirror face downward on a table and, with a bit of cotton, clean and polish well the place to be silvered. Now spread on the spot a piece of tinfoil a little larger than the place to be repaired. After spreading smoothly, let fall on the center of it a drop of metallic mercury and, with a bit of cotton, rub the spot where the foil is until it becomes brilliant. Now place on this new amalgam a sheet of smooth writing paper and on it pile books or a weight of some sort. The weight need not be great but sufficient to keep the new amalgam in contact with the glass. The amount of mercury used should correspond as nearly as possible to three drams to each square foot of surface to be repaired.

MRS. J. H. C., Oakwood, Mo.—To conquer the pest of weevils in your flour bin, remove all the present flour and scrub the bin thoroughly with a solution made by adding a tablespoonful of borax to each quart of hot water. Be sure the bin is well dried before you put in any new flour. You need not necessarily waste your present infested flour. Screen it carefully, and spread in large pans and dry for several hours in a slow oven.

O. A., Tioga, Ga.—You should certainly complete your high school course before commencing the study of electrical engineering. This profession is a profitable one and with increasing opportunities as "white coal" becomes more developed in various parts of our country. (2) There would be nothing that might be termed "dangerous" about the profession of electrical engineering. In electrical work, linesmen and those who have the duties of handling and connecting high-powered wires are often in positions where care must be taken to prevent accident, but the engineering and technical part of electrical work is a very different thing from some of its subsidiary jobs with which we think you confuse it in your inquiry.

C. E., Guilford College, N. C.—A marine is what might be termed a "sea soldier." He is stationed in certain numbers aboard the larger warships of our navy and goes ashore in landing parties when some duties of a land force are attempted by our ships. A marine does not have the regular ship duties of a sailor, but is required to take more drill than falls to the lot of Uncle Sam's bluejackets. Marines are often stationed on land at our various navy yards. Although opinions would differ, we think you would prefer a navy enlistment to one in the marines. You can obtain information regarding pay, etc., from the U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. (2) There are shore training stations at Newport, R. I., Hampton Roads, Va., Great Lakes, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., and Gulfport, Miss., to which men are assigned for training after enlistment in the U. S. Navy. Such shore training is necessary before a man would be of any use aboard a warship. This shore training lasts for four months and then assignment to shipboard is made. The navy has a system of trade schools which offer considerable educational advantages to enlisted men. A life in the navy is a healthful one and offers conditions of travel and adventure which appeal to youth. Our navy, under the new "scrapping" of ships has lately suffered a loss in personnel, and we are unable to tell you what the requirements or needs are for men at this time. Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., for just the particulars you wish.

MRS. L. C., Cates, Ind.—Nature makes no exceptions such as you describe, and there is no day of the year or sign of the moon when bushes may be cut without sprouting. Bushlands which are burned over in the spring of the year when in first leaf, may be most successfully cleared by removing the remaining wood, burning it on the land, and plowing in the fall, or earlier if more convenient.

MRS. C. B., Salem, Wisc.—A cracked raincoat may be restored, so that it will not leak, by placing it in boiling water for 15 minutes. This method is furnished by a COMFORT friend, C. E. Swineheart, of Hartville, O., who states that he has worked in the making of rubber goods for 10 years.

MISS R. S., Guyaz, Idaho.—A telegraph operator should have, in addition to proficiency at the "key," a good knowledge of English, be a capable speller, and able to operate a typewriter. Shorthand is convenient, but not essential. We could not tell you what various schools might charge for a course in telegraphy nor what would be the nearest school to your locality. Can you not ask these questions of some telegrapher near your home? (2) Address this business college at their Springfield, Mo., branch. They will be able to promptly send you the addresses of their other colleges.

A COMFORT READER, Glenmore, La.—Billions of feet of lumber are cut in California each year, the greater part of this huge production coming from the northern part of the big coast state. The high elevation of the mountainous section in which this lumber is produced insures a dry and exceedingly healthful climate—something in which California is a specialist and of which she has all sorts and temperatures in stock at all seasons of the year. Humboldt County might be considered the leading lumber section, and this one county has produced over eleven million dollars' worth of lumber in a single year. Eureka, in this county, is a thriving town of over 17,000 population, where you would be assured of good schools for your children, if you made this community your new home. There are mining and manufacturing interests in the vicinity which help on the question of all-year opportunities for employment. Write to the editor of the *Eureka Times*, asking, as a prospective settler, for a copy of his journal. From the columns of this paper you will be able to find out necessary facts regarding rents, business chances, etc.

ECZEMA IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

and can be instantly relieved and quickly healed by the use of CRANOLENE, the successful cranberry cream treatment for stubborn skin troubles. At drug stores, 35c and $1.00, or write for Free Test Treatment to

Cranolene Company, Dept. 5 Girard, Kansas



Give "California Fig Syrup" Child's Harmless Laxative

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is drooping, upset, remember a good laxative is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for the genuine "California Fig Syrup." It never cramps or overacts. Full directions for babies and children of all ages are printed on each bottle You must say "California."

Two Wheel Chairs in October

655 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The two October wheel chairs go to John Oliver Smalley, R. 1, Pisgah, Ala., 80; Mrs. Nancy E. Lawson, Greenwood, Ark., 75. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these recipients or by their friends for them.

John Oliver Smalley, age 41, is a helpless cripple and has been so all his life. Except for slight use of his left hand he is as helpless as a baby and cannot even turn himself in bed. He is dependent for support and care on his aged parents and friends. Mrs. Smalley writes that the chair will be appreciated by him, and of course it will be a great help to her and her husband in caring for their unfortunate son which becomes a greater burden as their strength declines with advancing years.



MRS. PEARSON ALTHOUSE ENJOYING HER WHEEL CHAIR.

Mrs. Nancy E. Lawson, age 71, is confined to her bed and has been for the past three years because of a broken hip that will not heal, due to a fall. She is a widow dependent on her married daughter who has five children besides her invalid mother to care for, the excessive strain of which is beginning to show in the impairment of the daughter's health. This wheel chair will indeed be a blessing to this family.



CLOVIS COLVIN AND HER PET ENJOYING HER WHEEL CHAIR TOGETHER.

I implore you to let a little of the spirit of Thanksgiving for the many blessings which you enjoy inspire you to make an extra effort this month to help swell the good work of our Wheel-Chair Club.

You will be interested in the pictures of Mrs. Pearson Althouse and little Clovis Colvin enjoying their COMFORT wheel chairs and in the accompanying letters of thanks here printed.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me state that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 15 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB and in claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Appreciates Her Wheel Chair Very Much

Perkasie, Pa.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My grandmother, Mrs. Pearson Althouse, has had another picture taken of herself in her COMFORT wheel chair, and I am enclosing you with the hope that it may be suitable to be printed in COMFORT. You know she received her chair more than a year ago, and she appreciates it very much. She uses it almost every day in the house and frequently goes out on the porch in it. She hopes you may live long to continue your good work, for such it is. We renew our thanks for all past courtesies.

Yours truly,

Louisa Althouse.

Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair and Her Pet Together

Vienna, La.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose a picture of little Clovis Colvin and her little dog enjoying her wheel chair together. Words cannot express our heart-felt thanks to you and all others who helped us obtain the chair. I shall show my appreciation by sending in more subscriptions soon to help on the good work of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Charner Colvin.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. J. A. Matheny, Minden, Nebr., for James Adair, 91 subs; Mrs. Geo. D. Burd, Lewistown, Pa., for Mrs. Mae Long, 40; I. L. Smalley, Henagar, Ala., for J. Oliver Smalley, 20; Mrs. Herman A. Olson, Leonard, N. Dak., for Mrs. Ruth Williams, 14; Mrs. J. E. Wallace, Colorado, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, 13; Mrs. Fannie C. Womack, Utica, Miss., for own, 8; Charlotte E. Daley, Newport, N. Y., for Mrs. Charlotte Lauphere, 7; Miss Faremene Shook, Soper, Okla., for Peter Orendorff, 7; Mrs. J. M. King, Weedon, Texas, for Mrs. Mary Everett, 6; Lillian Crosby, Pangburn, Ark., for Lillian Atchley, 5; Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, Gandy, La., for own, 5; Bryant J. Nugent, Chambers, Ky., for general, $1.00; L. W. Yackey, De Sabla, Calif., for general, $1.00.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

seam. The ribbon loop slips on a nail or hook while the pin holds the garment. This is a useful gift for a sister or daughter at school where it is impossible to use the ordinary hangers.

For an invalid or convalescent friend here is a gift that is sure to be appreciated. Take a square of cloth, one yard or wider, cut diagonally from one corner to the center, then cut a round hole in center for neck. Turn an inch edge all around outside and up diagonal part and work with wool. Finish neck same way and you have an ideal covering to slip on over the night gown. It can be trimmed with ribbon ties or furnished with clasps for closing and makes an acceptable gift for anyone in a hospital or an invalid at home.

SOOKY BLUE SKY.

ELLISVILLE, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Here I am at last. I always said I would do it but have never had the courage to write until now.

About Christmas presents, have you ever thought how a flower loving friend would enjoy a potted plant? You who have plants can very easily get a few cuttings started for Christmas presents. I haven't many flowers but am trying to get a start.

Did you ever try planting cypress vines in porch boxes made from one post to the other and letting them hang over the side to hide the ugliness?

I would like to correspond with any of the sisters who care to write. MRS. W. R. SIMMONS.

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

Though I've written twice before and failed of admittance I'll try again. This time I'll talk about Christmas presents. I usually send COMFORT to three or four friends every year and get whatever premium I think useful and give to someone else. Last year I sent COMFORT to four friends and the birthstone brooch I got as a premium I gave to one sister. For a sister out West, I am making a snapshot book of home and home folks. I have the book ready and paste in it the pictures as I take them, Dad and the boys haying or the boys fishing or our 4th of July jaunt.

I save all the scraps, as I do my own sewing, and make little aprons and dresses for children. Some of them are combined of two colors but are just as pretty. The pockets are of bunnies or kittens appliqued on goods. I usually have my Christmas presents all done before the rest think of it and can enjoy my Christmas in peace. I hunt for bargains the year around and have a big box marked "Christmas" where I put everything as I buy it.

I keep house for my father (the best ever) and two brothers on a 240 acre farm, eight miles west of the Mississippi River. I canned nearly 400 quarts of fruit

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Dyspeptics! Take Notice!!

The Word Has Gone Forth That Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Reinstate You At the Banquets.

All you gassy, sour stomachs who fear to eat because from acidity you suffer the pangs of indigestion, let it be known that you find relief



Ladies and Gentlemen: All Who Are Not Supplied With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Are Out of Luck.

from such distress by simply chewing one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals. A host of people have gone back to fried eggs and bacon, sausage, doughnuts, baked beans, pie and cheese, steak and onions, cucumbers, cream with coffee and so on because they discovered that after eating such things, a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet gave the stomach a sweetened alkaline effect and there was no sour, acid, gassy heartburn, belching, pressure and such distresses due to indigestion after eating. It is well to take notice of this and to get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store. Be armed and prepared for the big dinners and banquets.

All Rubber Arctics

Pure gum rubber — 4-buckle Arctics, with full snow excluding tongue and **extra heavy** soles and heels. Quality through and through. Save $2.00 by ordering now. If you're not pleased, we will refund every penny at once. Send no money —just pay on arrival.



$2.39 Plus Postage

Sizes 7 to 12
Order No. 445

Gordon Bates Co., Dept. 1118, Minneapolis, Minn.

10 Buys 100 Engel "Art Corners"

Millions Billions in use to-day

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept 1001, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

SIX PENCILS FREE

With Your Name In Gold

In order to advertise our line in your locality, we will send you Free-of-charge, 6 highest grade pencils engraved with your name. All we ask is a few moments of your spare time. Send today for FREE particulars.

NORTH AMERICAN PENCIL WORKS,
32-40 S. Clinton St., Chicago.



ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet, with im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings, ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.

EAGLE WATCH CO.,
Dept. 58, East Boston, Mass



3 Piece Toilet Set Free

for selling only 8 boxes of our famous ROSEBUD at 25c a box; a home necessity. EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU. Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.

Write to this firm.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 8, Woodsboro, Md.

Prepaid **10-YEAR GUARANTEE WATCH & RING GIVEN**



We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return money collected, and this Watch and handsome Stone Set Ring are yours. It's easy our way.

GAIR MFG. CO. 1926 SUNNYSIDE DESK 201 CHICAGO



BOTH GIVEN

Two gifts instead of one for selling only 12 Boxes wonderful OHEALO. Return $4.20 and both Genuine EASTMAN Cameras and Air Rifle are yours, or choice of three other big double offers. Till Dec 31st. Must act quickly. Order today.

BURGET CO., 102 Main, MARTINSBURG, PA.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

J. D., Hall, Ia.—No, indeed; a boy is lacking in technique when he is so nastily unkind as to commence "taking out" a second girl before he has properly or for any reason left an earlier sweetheart. Ever the ancient rule is: "It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new." But boys are breakers of rules and other things and pay little heed to old sayings when new pink cheeks and curls begin to speak. Let him go his way, we advise, and see if Fate will not produce some less fickle-minded youngster. This might happen, you know. (2) A teacher is quite within her rights in giving as much "home work" as she may think necessary for her pupils' good or the accomplishment of any course. Yet her own wisdom should prevent her crowding too much her scholars' brains or evenings. We think seventh- or eighth-grade pupils are capable of doing a reasonable amount of home work, and if a teacher advises against too many evening amusements, her advice is good and worth taking. Of course boys and girls must have amusements, but this does not necessarily mean too many late hours to make sleepy eyes and brain. The real answer is reason and moderation. For all work and no play will make Jill a dull girl, perhaps, and Jack a stupider chap than kind Nature may have meant.

I. S., Olney, Ill.—Certainly you must ask this girl what kind of ice cream she wishes when you take her to such a treat. You would not want her to have to moodily devour maple-nut when her lips might be craving chocolate-marshmallow. And it does no harm to etiquette and shows a cherful and liberal spirit if you ask her to have a second dish. We have known some girls to eat five. But good manners and finance will be satisfied if you offer only the second saucerful.

M. S., Kissimmee, Fla.—In an ice cream parlor, a restaurant, or in any like place or instance, it would be the girl's place to signify when she was ready to leave. (2) This is one of the things that matters little, but it would usually happen, we think, that a girl would be the first to say "good night", when an escort had brought her to her home. Some boys require more than a "good night" as hint to start them on their way—and there are some girls who will not want to give the hint. Times and circumstances govern here and etiquette is silent on the matter.

O. B., Ashland, Okla.—Surely you don't want to be a "leftover"—just useful when the other girl is not around. Let this boy see that you will have to be first choice or none. It will be good for him to have to make the decision and best for you to know just how much he cares. (2) We think you might take this boy's promise about behaving properly at its face value and give him another chance. However, you will know better than we do just how much his promises are worth and whether or not you can safely trust him. We are not favorably impressed with what you tell about him, and perhaps your instinct to drop him is a wise and correct one.

BROKENHEARTED BOBBIE, Wheeler, Texas.—You must love this boy very much when you are able to accept so calmly the way he is treating you—going steadily with this other girl, and then occasionally telling you he loves you and speaking of "when we get married." Tell him if he wants this other girl that he must stick to her—and better than he has to you, and also let him know that you do not mean to quietly wait for him to get over this new infatuation—or perhaps not get over it at all. Give him the choice and chance, and then be contented to drop him if he still hangs on to his new love. For if he does not appreciate your sincere faithfulness and affection, he is not worth your loving or capable of ever making you happy. And so you had better be grieving for a while than unhappy for years.

IN DOUBT, Kusa, Okla.—In these days of independence and feminine emancipation, a boy and girl walk side by side without any linking of arms. Where the going is unsafe or difficult for any reason, a boy may offer his hand or arm to assist a girl, or he may take her by the arm to lead or direct through a crowd or dangerous crossing.

L. B., Davenport, Fla.—It is a mere matter of friendly choice—the selection of a table in an ice cream parlor. A girl may say, "Let us sit here," and her escort should not object to her selection of seats. However, if he picks out a table, and she does not like it, she may tell him so and suggest another—for etiquette means that the lady is to be pleased. It would be a pleasant and correct courtesy for the boy to "pull out" the chair for the girl to seat herself—and a quite necessary attention in the case of some of the hinged and swinging seats to which ice-cream parlors are addicted in an inventive age.

C. S., Hennessey, Okla.—By saying you are to "be married away from home," we imagine you mean a simple ceremony at a church parsonage. If so, it would be correct for you to wear a "going away" gown. This might be a well-made, plainly-tailored costume, with hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize. Serge or broadcloth, in some medium or dark color becoming to your type, would be suitable. A "going away" costume is one adaptable to train travel, and you should remember this in selecting materials and style of making.

O. R., Little York, Ind.—It is easy to "imagine" yourself in love with this smiling youth, and certainly imagination is as far as the love question should go, when you are both of ages which mean entrance to high school this winter. Smile at each other as much as you like, but if you want your teachers to smile also, don't forget to look just as pleasantly and often at your books as you do at each other. (2) Of course you must not let boys hug and kiss you "when they want to." Tell these liberty-seeking and too-loving boys to "keep off." They will respect you more and end by liking you the better. For the girls easiest to kiss are not the ones best to love—when the time for real love comes. And this time is never during high school terms, my dear.

R. V. Z., Stanley, Wisc.—We have never seen it done, nor has etiquette a specific ruling in the matter, but we have heard it said that the best way to thank a fiance for an engagement ring is with a kiss. For most certainly you must thank him in some way. Surely you must have known this when you asked. (2) When you are asked to marry a man, why should you think any answer is better than a plain and satisfactory "yes"? Unless, of course, that you want to say "no"—which can be made just as plain. A proposal is an important matter which needs a distinct answer incapable of misunderstanding by either party. So add whatever you like to your "yes" or "no"—but let what you say be plain and straightforward.

MRS. W. J. B., Sweet Water, Texas.—This wine-colored broadcloth frock for your girl of six would, of course, be made in one piece and to fasten in the back. It could be attractively trimmed by an insertion in the yoke of shirred silk—this silk to be of a slightly lighter shade than the cloth, and bordered by fancy hand stitching in coarse yellow silk or Roman floss. Trim the cuffs of the little sleeves with like silk—appliqued either plain or shirred and having hand stitching also. The skirt should be plainly pleated in about six pleats of two or three inches wide. We would prefer no trimming on a skirt where broadcloth was the material. Have a simple low collar, cut square both front and back, and trim and stitch this with silk in such a way as seems best to frame your little girl's face and neck, according to her height and coloring. There is a peculiar "flat" yellow, in a shade approaching "corn" color, which would be the best harmonizing yellow shade to select for the hand stitching.

J. S., Kaufman, Texas.—A man at a dinner table unfolds a napkin and places it across his knees. When it is necessary that the napkin be used in any way for the hands or mouth during the meal, this should be done as inconspicuously as possible and without spreading the napkin more than possible to the sight of one's fellow diners. After a meal where finger-bowls are used, a napkin comes into play to dry the fingers, and also to wipe lips which may have been previously moistened by dampened fingers. At hotel and restaurant tables and at formal dinners, a napkin is not folded at the close of a meal, but left at the side of the place. At simple home dinners it is usually the best courtesy to fold the napkin at the meal's finish. (2) Any good book store can supply you with, or order for you, a book such as you describe.

Win $1000



How Many Objects in This Picture Begin With "B" Like "Boy", "Barrel", "Baby" Etc.

How's Your Eyesight?

HERE'S a puzzle game that can bring you plenty of spare time fun and $1,000 besides. Have the family or friends play with you,—see who can find the most objects in the picture beginning with "B", like "Boy", "Barrel", etc. Send in your list of B-words as soon as possible,—YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THE FREE $1,000 PRIZES.

Winning $1,000 Easy!

50 Prizes In All—Try Your "Luck"

Three $1,000 Prizes have been hung up with other cash prizes,—50 IN ALL. If your list of B-words is awarded first, second or even third and you have "Qualified" under Class A, by sending in a $5 Henber Pencil order during this advertising campaign, you will win $1,000; if you sent in under Class B a $3 Pencil order you would win $300; if no pencil is ordered you would win $25.

You may be the very person who will win $1,000. You never know how "lucky" you are until you have tried.

Others Have Won—You Can Win

If others, even school children as young as 12 and 14 years have won $1,000 you can win. The following persons each won $1,000 in previous advertising campaigns conducted by this company: Thomas Damico, 1154 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa; Frank Vogel, 720 North I St., Tacoma, Wash; E. J. Kilkelly, Kenosha, Wis; Mrs. B. Bulfin, Milwaukee, Wis; Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col; Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn; Mrs. R. O. Steele, Kimball, Neb; M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho, and others.

You'll Never Win Unless You Try! ACT!

READ THESE RULES

1. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Co.
2. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "B," will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word or ommission of a correct word.
3. In case of ties for any prize offered, the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request.
4. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words made up to two complete English words) or foreign words. Webster's International Dictionary will be used as authority.
5. It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
6. All solutions mailed and postmarked Dec. 2, 1922, will be accepted. Contestants may "qualify" under Class A or B up to midnight, Dec. 16, 1922.
7. Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
8. Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

Address Your Answer To THE HENBER CO., Desk A, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Three $1,000 CASH PRIZES

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	$1,000.00	$300.00	$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	300.00	100.00	10.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order $5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order $3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil
Prize at Republic Bank, Minneapolis

Advertising For Pencil

We want everyone to become acquainted with the Henber Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. They make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's and Gent's Style. The illustration shows our Lady's Sterling Silver Style (regular $3.50 now $3 or two for $5, Lady's or Gent's). The $5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in Colonial Hexagon shape. The Henber has many distinctive features: repelling lead device; safety clasp; chase engraved barrel; non-clogging mechanism, etc.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. J. P. S., Belmont, N. C.—Have the boy take, for his bronchial asthma, a teaspoonful of pertussin after meals.

MRS. O. O. S., Newkirk, Okla.—If there is a lump in the breast, better consult some good surgeon at once and follow his advice as to operation. If there is only pain and discomfort it may be of neuralgic origin. In the latter case, probably Warburg's tincture will help you. Take a teaspoonful, well diluted, after meals.

MISS L. P., Pall Mall, Tenn.—You have gas in the intestines, due to eating sweets and candies. Avoid sweets of all kinds. Take, at night, two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada as a laxative. The enlarged abdomen is due to intestinal indigestion. Proper diet and the use of cathartics will cure you.

MRS. A. P., Oakley, Tenn.—Have the urine examined and find out what the condition of the kidneys is. In the meantime you can take a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals. You should also drink plenty of water daily. You can douche the vagina with normal, hot saline solution for the discharge mentioned.

MRS. L. J., Custer, Okla.—You are not approaching the "change of life," as you think. Try a two-grain capsule of ovarian substance morning and night and see what this remedy will do toward remedying your period irregularity. This remedy will help your nervousness also.

MRS. A. J. S., Cherryville, N. C.—Operation on the hemorrhoids is the only way for you to get relief. Be operated on at once.

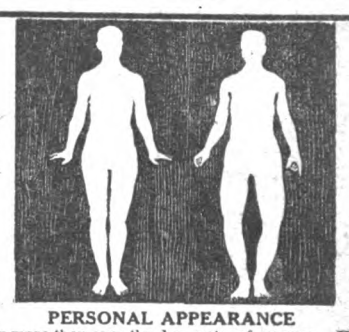
MISS R. T., Bardwell, Ky.—Just drink the sweet skimmed milk on the alternate days and use nothing else as food on the days you drink the milk. On the other days eat only those foods that do not add to your weight. Avoid starchy foods at all times—bread, sweets and pastries of all kinds. Eat only green vegetables and drink plenty of water.

MISS G. F., Puygallup, Wash.—Excessive and strenuous exercise at the time of menstruation should be avoided. The trouble with your ears is due to catarrh of the nasal passages. Spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution three times a day.

MRS. C. T. W. (No address.)—The "Dogwood" can be gotten by your local druggist, if he will write to any wholesale house for the drug.

MRS. S. P., Miles, Ohio.—Cancer sometimes starts in the breast in the form of a "lump." Better be examined and if the lump mentioned seems to be adherent to the skin, have the lump removed at once.

MISS B. McC., Madison, N. C.—Remove the pimples with a comedo extractor, steam the face, and apply lotio alba at night. You must also avoid all foods that disagree with you, and keep your bowels free.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

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Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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50 Beautiful Christmas And New Year Post Cards.

THESE are the **prettiest, daintiest cards** you ever saw, all **new designs this year,** exquisitely done **in bright, harmonious colors,** and **handsomely embossed.** Of course you cannot give Christmas presents to **all** of your friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to do that—but you **can** send them a **loving remembrance** when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find cards to send to **baby, the older children, father, mother, grandma and grandpa, too.** There is old **Santa Claus,** or **"Kris Kringle"** with his **big, smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds,** and many other beautiful designs all glowing **with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.**

Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of **a pretty verse or touching sentiment** expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the **finest cardboard** and finished with **plain and tinted backgrounds.**

Christmas will be here **almost before you know it,** so don't delay, but send for **your** Christmas Surprise Box **today.** It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Christmas Surprise Box containing 50 beautiful Christmas and New Year Post Cards free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 8711.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Gift For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Doll And Doll Carriage, Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.



Her Arms Hands Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a **real doll carriage?** You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly Hair And A Pretty Dress With Hat, Real Stockings And Slippers With Buckles

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once.

You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money ($4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in a strong box, free by parcel post. Remember there **will be no expense to you whatever.** Your mail carrier will deliver the doll and carriage right to your door without charge. Start your club today and please mention **Reward No. 760.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

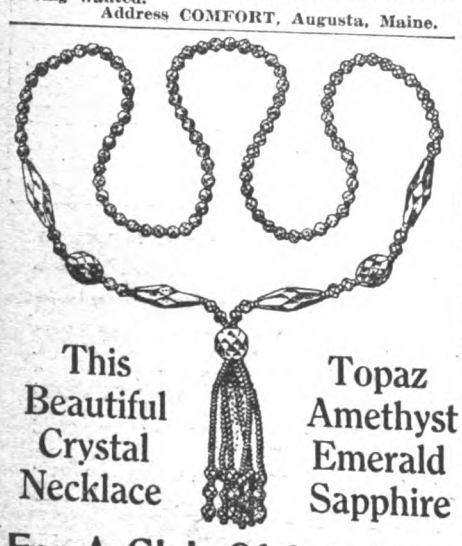
THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—**horns, dolls, whistles, musical fifes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are **a foot and a quarter long,** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1012.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Gold Decorated 31-Piece Dinner Set



For A Club Of Only Twelve

TO many women prefer the simple yet refined gold lined pattern in a Dinner Set, we have decided to offer this splendid 31-piece Set, consisting of six plates, six cups, six saucers, six fruit or cereal dishes, six individual butters and one platter. Each piece, which is full size for family use, is snowy white, without flaws or imperfections, decorated with a dainty gold edging and gold line. This is a design that is found in the most aristocratic homes—a design that you will never tire of. It is burned into the ware underneath the glaze so that it will never wear off.

This set is made by one of the best Potteries in the United States so we know it will please you—in fact, we are sure you will be delighted when you unpack it in your home and realize what a perfect set of dishes you have obtained without cost.

We are having these sets carefully packed so as to prevent breakage, and shipped by express direct from the Pottery in Ohio. The only expense to you will be the express charges, but these will amount to but a small fraction of what the dishes would cost in a retail store.

It will take you but a few hours of your spare time to earn this beautiful Dinner Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, this gold decorated, 31-piece Dinner Set will be shipped to you by express, charges collect. And this is not all. We guarantee safe delivery. If you find any of the dishes cracked or broken upon arrival we will replace them for you free of all charge. **Reward No. 73512.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something as good as a movie show for the children the **year round**—the wonderful new Film-O-**Scope** with a powerful magnifying **lens**—and with it we give you **free** a big collection of 125 Views from real **moving picture films.** These views, when looked at through the Scope, are **magnified** many times and stand out as **real and lifelike** as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading **movie "stars"** and scenes from their **best pictures** are included in the collection and there are **no two alike.** As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one experiences about the same pleasure as that derived from a regular movie show and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired, they furnish a **never-ending, joyful entertainment** for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT'S boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them **absolutely free** by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8741.**

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BOYS! Have Fun And Make Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



For A Club Of Only Two!

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is all smiles because he has printed some name cards for a neighbor for which he is to receive 50 cents. You can do the same. With this practical Printing Outfit you can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, letter heads, bill heads, **etc., and do the work well.** There is always **a demand for this kind of printing** and if you are a **"live wire"** you can doubtless get a lot of jobs **to do for your friends and neighbors** and thereby **earn considerable pocket money.** And you will be learning **something, too**—typesetting, composition, correct use of **capitals,** punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best quality. It contains **one complete font** of rubber type, or in other words, from eight to fourteen of each of the letters in the alphabet—both capitals and small letters; all the numerals from 1 to 10—two to three of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, hyphens, quotation, percentage and parenthesis marks, exclamation and question points, slugs, pointing hands and words and pharases most commonly used in business, such as "For Sale By," "Return To," "No.", "Co." etc. Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of metal pinchers (to pick up the type with), and an everlasting ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable instruction and a chance to earn money of their own. Girls like this Outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

We will give you this complete Printing Outfit free if you will accept the following special offer:

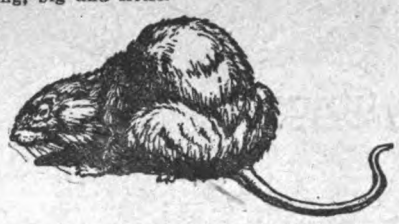
Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1222.**

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KILL THEM ALL

Every Rat and Mouse easliy destroyed by New Discovery Not a Poison

Absolute freedom from rats and mice is now assured everyone. No more trapping and poisoning just a few. Clean out the whole bunch, old, young, big and little.



Hick's Rat Killer kills every rat or mouse on your place. Most wonderful of all, it does not harm anything but rats, mice, gophers, and other rodents. It is harmless to children, pets, poultry and all kinds of stock. It can be spread anywhere and will kill only rats and mice. This death bringing disease rapidly spreads and quickly destroys all the rats and mice. There is no smell or odor for they run outside for water and die away from the building.

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Mr. Hick is offering everyone troubled with these pests the chance to get rid of them at no cost to themselves. He will send two large double strength, one dollar bottles for the price of one. You keep one for yourself; the other you sell to your neighbor at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 105, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are not absolutely satsified, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

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Send 50c for 3 year's subscription and 20c extra to pay postage, etc. [70c in all] and we will send you the five Braeme novels and also five great novels by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth—or 10 books in all and our paper 3 years for 50c. If already a subscriber you can send a subscription of a neighbor or extend your own subscription another 3 years on this offer.

EVERYDAY LIFE, 337 West Madison St., R. M. 5, Chicago

Rabbit Book FREE



Illustrated. Facts about the easy, profitable home industry—growing domestic hares for meat, fur, fancy. Little space—cheap equipment. Big demand. We buy all you raise at $7 to $18 per pair. Turn your spare time into cash. Book free—write now.

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KEYSTONE MOVIEGRAPH FREE

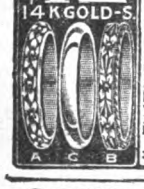


Same kind of machine used in the big moving picture theatres all over the country, but on a smaller scale for home use. Steel construction, high grade black finish—special ground lense allows adjustment to any distance and for any size picture up to 36x48 inches. Wonderful for home entertainment or in churches, halls, etc. Uses electricity—no danger from fire or explosion.

Send your name and we will send 28 art pictures to dispose of as special 25c offer. Send us the $7.00 you collect, and for your trouble we will send Keystone Moviegraph free, also one 120 inch new safety film of your choice from great list, including Mary Pickford, Charley Chaplin, Wm. S. Hart, Tom Mix, etc. Write us at once.

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., Dept. 11P5, Chicago

CHOICE $1.49 WEDDING RINGS



SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want, A, B or C. Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with Orange Blossoms. (C)—Heavy Plain Narrow Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (B)—Handsome, Square, Engraved Bridal Wreath design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of Yellow Gold or the latest White Platinum finish. Unconditional 10-Year Guarantee. Pay postman $1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. Act Quick! Only limited number at this special price.

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SONGS Clean, catchy, popular songs for the home. Big variety of ballads, comics, novelties, coon songs. Beautiful lithographed full sheet music. Latest Hits: "Mammy's Twilight Lullaby," "Old Fashioned Rose," "Swanee River Blues," "67 Varieties of Sweethearts," 80c each; many others. Also complete line of plays, recitations, drills, etc. Big entertainment catalogue free.

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 213 Chicago

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

The usual method of autopsy has been followed, the bird being placed on its back on a board, the outstretched wings and the legs tacked in position, the skin covering the breast and abdomen removed, and the internal organs exposed to view by the removal of the entire breast-bone. In typical cases the following conditions are found:

Crop.—Empty, or partially filled with slimy fluid or with food.

Lungs.—Apparently normal.

Liver.—Pale, with streaks and patches of red. The congested areas are usually large in size. Occasionally epidemics will be met with in which the liver is more or less congested throughout. In such cases the portion of the stomach lying in contact with the liver is inflamed.

Kidney and Spleen.—Apparently normal.

Intestines.—Pale, and for the greater part empty. A small amount of dark grayish or brownish matter frequently present.

Cæca.—With few exceptions but partly filled with a grayish soft material. Only occasional cheesy or firm contents.

Unabsorbed yolk.—Usually present, varying in size from a pea to a full-sized yolk. The color may vary from yellow to brownish green or nearly black. In consistency there is also much variation. It may appear perfectly normal, distinctly gelatinous, or watery. Frequently it looks like custard and again it is more or less dry and firm. Unless the chick has been dead for some time the yolk is not putrid, but merely stale.

The chick appears as a whole more or less anæmic and emaciated. The muscles of the wings, breast and legs may be almost completely wasted away.

Additional Points of Practical Interest

There are several other matters which I believe should be brought to the attention of practical poultrymen at this time, even though there is not sufficient evidence to warrant making positive statements regarding them. Throughout the work a number of things have come up which are strongly suggestive, and which are regarded as being of such importance as to deserve further and thorough investigation.

The trap-nest records of individual hens, when studied in connection with the results of egg examinations, seem to indicate that infected hens are comparatively poor layers. This is especially true of those hens which are in their second and subsequent laying years. Apparently such hens lay regularly only in the spring and summer, the natural breeding season.

In order to secure further practical information on this point, an extended trip was made among poultrymen who make it a practice to raise winter chicks. In a very few cases there seemed to be evidence of white diarrhea infection, but the large majority of the men interviewed agreed that the chicks which are hatched in the late fall, winter or early spring are comparatively free from this disease.

Should these early observations be fully confirmed, the selection of breeding stock which is comparatively free from inspection would be greatly simplified.

The question has frequently been asked whether infection could spread from one hen to another, through food which has become contaminated with infected droppings. On this point there is no direct evidence, but that in view of the fact that infected and non-infected hens have been kept in the same pen for many months without any apparent spreading of infection, it seems highly improbable that the organism is conveyed from adult to adult in this manner. Experiments are being conducted to determine this point conclusively.

The question also naturally arises, may not the male bird carry the organism from one hen to another? The same course of reasoning may be followed here as in the previous instance, and the evidence is not regarded as being conclusive. It is quite probable that the organism in question is not carried in this way.

Whether or not adult male birds may be infected with bacterium pullorum is another matter which is still undecided. Should the possibilities of the transmission of bacterium pullorum from hen to hen, and through the agency of male birds, be actually eliminated, there is apparently but one explanation for the presence of the organism in question in the ovaries of adult females. It has already been demonstrated that chicks may have the disease when hatched, or acquire it very soon after hatching. The infected female chicks which survive the disease continue to carry the organism in their bodies, not in the various organs, as when they are young and visibly affected, but locally, as in the ovary. In other words, such chicks have become permanent bacillus carriers. The examination of the ovaries of half-grown pullets has given strong evidence in support of this theory.

Points to be remembered are:

1.—The original source of infection is the ovary of the mother hen.

2.—Eggs from infected hens contain the organism in the yolks.

3.—Chicks produced from infected eggs have the disease when hatched.

4.—The disease may be spread through the medium of infected food and water. Hence normal chicks may acquire it by picking up infected droppings or food contaminated thereby.

5.—Infection from chick to chick cannot, apparently, take place after they are three or four days of age.

6.—As a rule, infected chicks make less satisfactory growth than those that are apparently normal. For some time they appear stunted and weak, but may eventually undergo more or less complete development.

7.—The female chicks which survive often harbor the infection and may become bacillus carriers. Infection in the breeding pens is perpetuated in this manner.

8.—In all probability infection does not pass from adult to adult.

9.—Infected hens are apparently poor layers, especially in their second and subsequent laying seasons.

Practical Suggestions

It is of the greatest importance that the poultryman learn to recognize bacillary white diarrhea, both through external symptoms and post-mortem appearances of diseased chicks. The mere discharge of whitish material from the vent is not of itself proof that the chicks are affected with this specific disorder.

Infected hens should be eliminated from the breeding pens. Such elimination is made possible by pedigree records of the chicks. If the eggs from the different pens are hatched separately, and the chicks segregated for the first few days, it will soon be made apparent, through the condition of the chicks, which pens contain infected hens. This may prove effectual in cases where infection has not become general. To determine which individual hens are infected, the trap nest should be used, and the same general procedure followed.

Another possible means of determining infection of breeding hens is the direct examination of the ovaries. It is entirely practicable to inspect these organs through an opening in the side of the bird similar to that made in caponizing. Where the abnormal condition is marked it may be easily detected.

In case infection exists and it is not practicable to determine the breeders which are infected, the entire flock should be discarded for breeding purposes, and eggs for hatching secured from flocks which have been tested and found free from the disease. As for the means of preventing infection from chick to chick, keep the incubator dark from the time chicks commence to hatch, as that will prevent them from picking at the droppings, and then keep the chicks in small flocks for the first four days.

Since infected chicks make unsatisfactory development for the first few weeks, and may later regain vigor and make fair growth, it is advisable to select at an early age those intended for breeding purposes. The selection may be made when the chicks are from eight to ten weeks of age, reserving only those which show greatest vigor and development.

Food and water should be supplied in such a manner as to prevent contamination with infected droppings. The use of fine absorptive litter in the brooder, especially for the first few days, is also advisable.

The feeding of sour milk may prove very effective as a preventive measure. The milk must be fed early, or during the infection stage. After the white diarrhea organism has once entered the general circulation, such treatment is of little or no value. Hence, sour milk should not be looked upon as a cure, but merely as a possible preventive.

C. F.—It is quite hopeless to try doctoring young turkeys for blackhead after the disease is once established. The only practical help is along the lines of prevention. Refer to the October number of COMFORT. I devoted all our space in the poultry department to the subject of conditioning breeding stock to eliminate the disease in next year's hatches, so if you read that number carefully, you will have all the information I can give you on the subject.

L. C. F.—Please read answer to H. L. L. in this issue.

C. P.—You had better write to the secretary of the Silver Wyandotte Club of America, Mr. A. E. Retting, Indianopolis, Indiana, and ask him to send you the addresses of breeders in your vicinity.

J. J. K.—The chickens were suffering from chicken-pox. The continued wet weather that you had would account for the severity of the outbreak. The disease is usually introduced by a new bird—pigeons or wild birds that have visited the yards. Soften the crust which is formed over the spots by painting them with oil or vaseline, and after about an hour bathe the birds with warm, soapy water. Remove as much of the scabs as possible. Then anoint with carbolic ointment, or a saturated solution of boric acid. If the eyes are inflamed, bathe with the following solution: One and one-half ounces of boric acid, and one ounce of biborate of soda and a quart of warm water. As the disease is contagious, the house, the feed and drinking vessels should be disinfected constantly during the outbreak and for some time afterward. Any of the good sprays sold for cows are practical. Use a regular hand garden sprayer.

R. M. T.—Without doubt the trouble was roup. Your plan to disinfect and pull down the house, remove it to fresh ground and make a new start is most certainly a wise one.

R. I. C.—Your breeding stock must be badly infected with blackhead. As you are a subscriber to COMFORT, you will have had the October number, and in that I gave my method of treating breeding stock during the winter.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 32.)

last year and have a fourteen-room house to care for. I raise ducks and chickens and do much fancy work.

I am 24 years old, light hair and complexion and weigh 220 pounds.

SISSY.

CANADA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing to see if I can get help, turning to the only friend I know.

I am a homesteader's wife. We have four small children, ages ten, eleven, twelve, girls and a boy of fourteen. My husband was in France fourteen months with the American Army and he has never been strong since he came back. He works very hard but we can barely make a living. Our home is of logs. We have no flour, and it is a hard life but we are out of debt although for weeks we have lived on bread and tea and not had one other thing to eat. This is my problem. How can one earn a bit of money at home? We are all in need of clothes and shoes and for two years I've not had fifty cents to spend. Most of our clothes are made of flour sacks. We are 24 miles from the railroad and one and one-half miles from postoffice. Please, Mrs. Wilkinson, print this. Perhaps someone can tell me how I can make a little money at home. I will leave my address with you. A MOTHER IN NEED.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Hang This in the Laundry

Soak ink stains in sour milk. If a dark stain remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Soak blood stains in cold salt water, then wash in warm water with plenty of soap.

Saturate grass stains thoroughly with kerosene, then put in the washtub.

Wash iodine stains with alcohol, then rinse with soapy water.

To remove hot tea and coffee stains, soak the stained fabric in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot. Let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Soak iron rust stains thoroughly with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Hot water and soap generally remove grease spots.

Soften pitch, wheel grease or tar stains with lard and soak with turpentine. Scrape off all the loose surface dirt with a knife, sponge clean with turpentine and rub gently until dry.

Soak mildew in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

Rub sewing machine oil stains with lard, let stand for several hours and wash with cold water and soap.

To remove scorch stains, wet the scorched place, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

Wash chocolate and cocoa stains with soap in tepid water.

To remove fruit stains, stretch the fabric over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water over the stain. In cold weather fruit stains can be removed by hanging the stained fabric out of doors over night. If the stain has been fixed by time, soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid or hold the spot over sulphur fumes.

If varnish or paint stains are on a coarse fabric, dissolve by saturating with turpentine. Use alcohol on a fine fabric. Sponge with chloroform if a dark ring is left by the turpentine. Be very cautious not to use either chloroform or turpentine near a fire or artificial light.

Requests

How to remove ink from photographs and snapshots without spoiling either.

Poem: "District No. 9."—MISS CLARA SCHOCK, Dayton, R. R. 8, Ohio.

Poem: "John Jenkins' Sermon."—MRS. E. L. MARSH, Tarkio, Missouri.

I wish to secure one copy of "Anne of Avonlea." Please write first.—MRS. R. J. NELSON, Stockton, Box 128 G, Calif.

Song: "Falling Leaves."—MISS BEULAH REED, Chandler, R. R. 1, Box 111, Okla.

How to remove ink spots from light tan waist.

Anyone having the book entitled, "The Babe of the Confederacy," please write to P. H. Tolle, Glasgow, R. R. 4, Box 31, Ky.

How to remove mark of hot dish from fumed oak table.—MRS. W. E. ZEHNDER, Atchison, R. R. 4, Kans.

I would like to get number of COMFORT containing Infant's Cap in Irish Crochet.—MRS. O. E. NETHERLAND, Wesson, R. R. 6, Miss.

Will all who can send me a two-inch square piece of wood, from each state.—MRS. JANICE HARRINGTON, Alliance, Nebraska.

I would like the story, "White Paper," by Della Tompson Lutes. Please write first.—ANNIE SMITH, Marathon, Box 105, N. Y.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Please write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. Nora Means, Osborne, Star Route, Kans., July, 1922.

Mary B. Street, Manhattan Beach, Calif., January and May, 1922.

Mrs. Hazel Baptist, Springfield, R. R. 3, Box 171, Ill., May and June, 1922.

Mrs. Clarence Frye, Seneca, R. R. 60, Ill., July and August, 1922.

Miss Mae Templeton, Latona Bopough, 153 Gordon Ave., New Jersey, May and June, 1922.

Mrs. Brum Schwartz, Pecatonica, Ill., May, 1922.

Mrs. O. E. Dillard, Pitkin, Ark., August, October, November and December, 1919.

Miss Lola Noblitt, Cherryville, N. C., January, 1922.

Mrs. Harvay J. Taylor, Delmar, Box 106, N. Y., June, 1922.

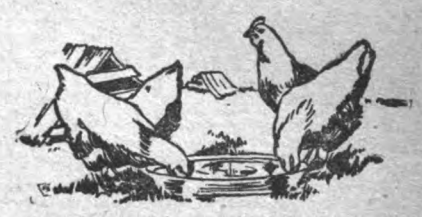
Mrs. J. C. Beard, Spring, R. R. 1, Texas, May and July, 1922.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Founts Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, make chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water, all lice and mites leave them. The



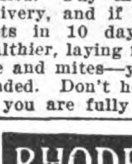
tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big $1 packages for only $1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do—to the Paratab Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two $1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman $1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.

RHODE ISLAND REDS

Send for Remarkable FREE Book on the Best All Purpose Breed



They'll make you more money than any other poultry breed. Egg laying contests show Rhode Island Reds lay more winter eggs, larger eggs, than any other breed. They mature quick begin laying early. Rhode Island Reds combine egg and meat qualities in highest possible degree. Make best market fowls. Hens make excellent mothers. Most beautiful, most popular breed today. Ideal fowl for farm or city lot. We tell you where to buy.

Rhode Island Red Journal Only Journal in World devoted exclusively to Rhode Island Reds. Tells how to make big money with them—how to buy, sell, get greatest pleasure, most profit—everything you want to know about Rhode Island Reds. Published monthly. 50c year—3 years $1.00. "Blue Ribbon Reds" remarkable book tells how to judge, mate, cull, feed, prepare for show, linebreed, etc. Given free with 3-year subscription to Rhode Island Red Journal, at $1.00. Send dollar bill today.

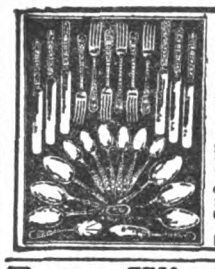
Rhode Island Red Journal, 2529 Democrat Bldg., Waverly, Ia.

Feather Beds
Pillows and Feathers

Delivered FREE (1)

Prepare now for cold weather. Write at once for our Free Big Bargain Book on new, sanitary Feather Beds, Pillows and Feathers. Our factory prices cut way down. 10 days free trial and we pay the express. Satisfied customers everywhere. Before you buy, send post card, get FREE book and sample feathers.

AMERICAN FEATHER & PILLOW CO.
Dept. 10 Nashville, Tenn.



26pc. Silveroid Set Given.

We Give You This full sized Silveroid Set. Beautiful Pattern, will never tarnish. Sell only 12 boxes White CLOVERINE at 25c. each and return $3 collected. Large Beautiful Picture Free with each box. We Trust You. Our plan easiest and squarest. We are reliable. Our 28th Year. Write quick. Do not delay!

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Dept. 53 10 Tyrone, Pa.

Turn Winter Evenings Into Money

Learn a pleasant, profitable vocation that is open to young men and women who will apply themselves during spare time. Become an expert. Hundreds of graduates earning good salaries. Facts free. Write now to

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301 Hodge Bldg., Lockport, N. Y.

Get This Free



Beautiful 10 Jewel 14 Kt. White Gold Filled Bracelet Watch, adjusted, excellent time keeper, guaranteed 25 years. COSTS YOU NOTHING by our plan. Send us your name and address quickly. Full details of our FREE WATCH PLAN will be sent to you immediately.

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Read interesting stories. Will thrill everyone. Send us Postage Stamp with name and address for our Booklet, "Leaves of Fiction." Popular stories by popular writers. Write today. F. B. WARNER CO., Inc., 96 Chambers Street, Dept. B, New York

Miller's Poultry Guide FREE



Tells how experts hatch, feed and raise poultry for profits. Also quotes low prices on baby chicks, pure bred poultry, eggs for hatching, incubators, Mammoth hatchers, poultry supplies, etc. Fully illustrated. Write today.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 3, Rockford, Ill.



This Fine 22-Cal. Rifle Shoots Short and Long Cartridges safe and True. Given FREE, POSTPAID, For Selling Only 60 Pkg. Sachet At 10c Each. Order Sachet. We Trust You. You Can't Fail. Everybody Buys.

CHICAGO SACHET WKS., 1020 Sunnyside, Desk 101, Chicago

LADIES EARN $6-$18 doz. painting pillow tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TAPESTRY PAINT CO., D104 LAGRANGE, IND.

Get New 1923 Model Stump Puller FREE

Clear your stump land WITHOUT COST. Your richest land lies under those tax-eating stumps. Pull them—make this valuable land WORK FOR YOU. Get a Stump Puller FREE by being a Kirstin Demonstrator



"I made $1028 with my KIRSTIN last year." F. Cook, Dewey Illinois

Pay for your KIRSTIN by showing it to others on your own land. We want one owner in each locality who will let us send other people to his farm to see the KIRSTIN work. You don't sell or canvass—just show the KIRSTIN.

We Pay You Cash! The KIRSTIN Demonstrators earn cash commissions.

Kirstin One-Man Stump Puller

Weighs less, costs less—yet has greater speed, power, strength. Guaranteed for three year. 30 days' trial.

SEND NO MONEY!

Write Today! Act quick! Only one demonstrator appointed in each locality.

A. J. KIRSTIN COMPANY 1806 Lud St. Escanaba, Mich.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful **curly-haired** doll is free to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands of them** during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has **a strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug her, kiss her and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9872.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1923.

All the latest **new style** Christmas **novelties,** beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., **add** to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we **had** this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them **add to the assortment a most beautiful 1923 Christmas Calendar** 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poisettia, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words, Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished **Christmas** Calendar for 1923.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry **a cheery Christmas Greeting,** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the **fun of "doing them up."**

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1923,** a large **handsome holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in **bold relief,** and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar** upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 7931.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in **width and two inches deep.** It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gent's Watch and Chain



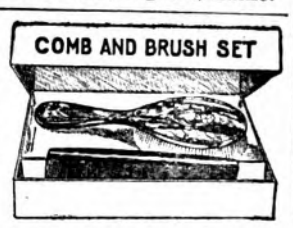
Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

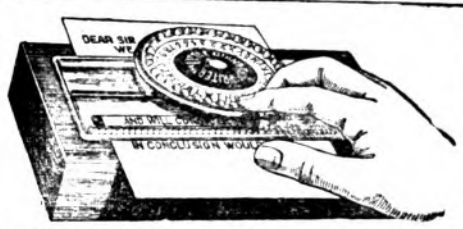
2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

54 Inch Rope Of Pearls



Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera** length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, and the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces **from a large importer** and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. **Please read the following** offer and learn how you can get a beautiful 54-inch rope of pearls **free of all cost.**

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Opera or Field Glasses



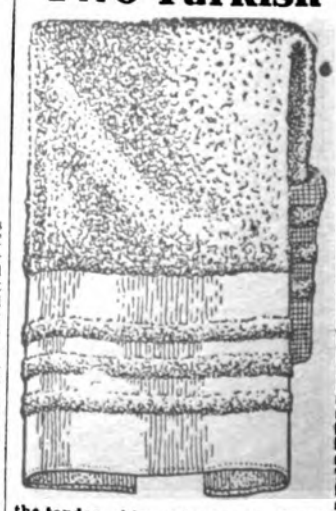
THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



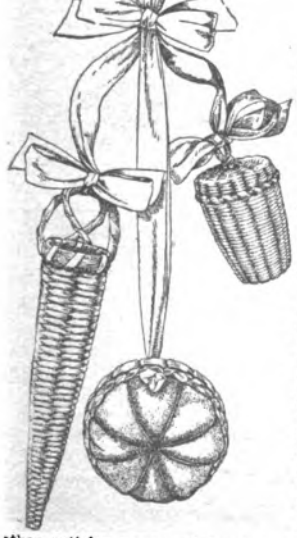
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a **good rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is **the best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine **for baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Sewing Set



THIS attractive Sewing Set is the handiwork of the St. Regis Indians. They gather the fragrant sweet grass that grows so luxuriantly in the St. Lawrence Valley and from it weave the most beautiful baskets, jardinieres, fern dishes, centerpieces, table mats, vases, sewing sets, etc., doing the work entirely by hand, the only tool used being an ordinary knife.

Not only are these baskets and other articles very useful and ornamental but there is an indescribable charm in the **delightful fragrance** of the sweet grass from which they are made—a fragrance that is practically **everlasting.**

In this handsome sweet grass Sewing Set are a Scissors case, Thimble case and needle and pincushion. These are all tastily arranged and fastened together with pink silk baby ribbon as shown in the illustration. The ends of the ribbons are tied in a dainty bow, into which is sewed a white ivory ring, so that the complete Set can be hung on the wall or suspended from the sewing table, mantelpiece or chandelier.

We will make you a present of this useful and beautiful sweet grass Sewing Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this sweet grass Sewing Set, exactly as above described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1252.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

GOOD morning, Girls! (It is only 5 A. M. and I want you to know that I am an early riser—this morning, anyway.) I hope you are feeling as Thanksgivingy as I am, even though there is a heap of work ahead of me, dishwashing, sweeping and suchlike. Of course you girls are really "work" but it is impossible to feel that way toward you because your letters are saved until the last, so to have something good then, just as I used to save the raisins from my boiled rice when I was a child. In fact, you girls are the raisins in my boiled rice existence. That isn't very poetical but after breakfast I can think of something better. Just now I'm hungry, but not so hungry that I can't remember this poem of Will Carleton's:

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

"We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be;
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee.
Let all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above."

TROUBLED TOPSY, W. Va.—If you still love him after the way he has treated you and forgive and forget it, make up with him. It won't be so unfair to the other fellow to give him up as it would be to marry him when you love another. Don't worry about "ruining" his life, men don't ruin so easily unless they want to. It seems that you would be happier to forget the first one and let yourself love the second, or, better still, forget both of them and hope for better luck next. In any case, think well befor marrying No. 1. He doesn't appear particularly solicitious of your happiness and that doesn't promise much for the future. Usually they don't get that way until after marriage.

BLACK EYES, Wash.—Don't do anything. Read answer to Marie of Oklahoma regarding parental objection. It's up to him to overcome it if he can.

WAITING, N. C.—Be nice to him but no nicer than to any of your boy friends. Perhaps when he sees that you are more or less indifferent he will put a little more pep into his courting.

VELMA, Sunshine State.—So glad you like me and my advice. I may say in return that a sensible letter from a sensible girl doesn't offend me any, either. (P. S. Other Cousins: I'm not calling Velma "sensible" because she likes me, but because of other things in her letter, such as appreciating her father's goodness to her, doing the housework since her mother's death, not using paint but staying out of doors and letting Nature and good health do it for you, etc., etc. That's what I call sensible.)

MRS. SADIE, Oklahoma.—I've sent your letter to Katherine Booth. Read what she says about being beautiful. Being plain myself, I have to content myself with the old adage, "Handsome is as handsome does." It helps some.

BILLY OF GREENWOOD.—Should you let a boy kiss you, and how can you tell whether or not he loves you? I've advised against kissing, unless engaged, and then in moderation, so don't allow it at all and see how he takes it. If he continues to be as attentive it would seem that he cares for you. If he gets cross about it and doesn't come to see you any more, his love wasn't very sincere. This isn't an infallible rule but it works sometimes.

MARIE, Oklahoma.—My dear, don't meet this young man at your sister's home or any other place. You are too young to have a sweetheart, anyway, and when you are old enough to have one I hope you will have sense enough to choose a man and not a cowardly boy. A real man, knowing your father didn't approve of him, would have had it out with him and proved that he was all right and worthy of you. Yes, I do think that boys grow tired of the girls they can kiss whenever they want to. It's only human nature to want what we can't get and when we can get it, not to want it, and men are the human-naturest things I ever knew. You won't find that word in the dictionary, so don't look.

BROWN EYES FROM WIRTZ.—The quickest way to get over being in love with a boy you've never met is to get acquainted with him. Just because he is handsome doesn't mean you would like him, unless you want to put him on the shelf and tie a pink ribbon on him. It often happens that good looks cover, but do not hide, a multitude of mean qualities. Chances are you've forgotten about him by this time.

FLORENCE, Alabama.—Never mind if you are "back in your grades." Study and then study some more until you are up with your class. You'll never be any younger and the longer you wait the more keenly you will feel the difference between your age and the ages of your classmates. The fact that you realize the need of an education is half the battle won. You'll work all the harder because of it. (2) You were right but I don't like the expression, "something to blow about." There are better ways of expressing yourself. I'm not so careful as I should be, I know, but you must be. Your writing is particularly good. Wish I could write as well.

HURT FEELINGS, New York.—If he took other girls to shows and otherwise spent money on them but took you for one street car ride only, in three years' time, it looks as if he wasn't so very keen about you, so why bother with him? I can't call him stingy and you shouldn't have done so. Why should he spend his good money on you when there are many other girls he, apparently, likes better? Of course, if he had been calling on you steadily and keeping other fellows away, it would be different. Anyway, if your friendship for him is as "deep" as you say it is, it would seem that you would enjoy a quiet conversation at home with him rather than going for a show—or did you mean deep in his pockets? If a girl is clever and really wants to impress a fellow, home is the best place in which to do it. In spite of their propensity to wander afield, and afar, men, at heart, are home-loving animals, and a nicely served lunch, or something cooked in chafing dish, appeals to them. After the man's little tummy is filled, and the dishes are cleared away and the girl sits down to embroider, and listens to him talk to her, he begins to feel very domestic and before he knows it is in so deep that the next day he is buying the engagement ring. Then, too, there is less competition at home for the rather plain girl. If you really care for him, I'm afraid you've ruined your chances with him.

H. L. A. W., Va.—That's a poor alibi. Evidently he is the sort of person who tries to square his conscience by blaming someone else, when all the time he knows he is in the wrong. I'm glad you did meet him with "head thrown back," when he was with another girl after promising to wait for you. What did he expect you to do—meach along as if you had done something you were ashamed of? That was no excuse for his behavior. He should have excused himself and left the other girl when you came. He didn't, but don't let him make you think it was your fault. Forgive him, of course, for I judge it is more or less youthful stubbornness. Doubtless he will outgrow such childishness and develop into a worthwhile man. Then will be time enough for you to consider him seriously if you feel that way; in the meantime you have your studies, and studies are heaps more important than boys. Let this teach you to meet the real adversities of life with head up, literally and figuratively speaking. Misfortune does not seem so overwhelming if faced bravely.

L. L. B., New York, N. Y.—I'm not an authority of matters of etiquette but believe it would be better if you didn't send him a Christmas present. He may have no intention of sending you a gift and it would be embarrassing for both if he has to scurry around, at the eleventh hour, and get something for you, after receiving your present. Wait and see what he does and if he gives you something and you want to make him a present, let it be for his birthday. Men like to be remembered on their birthdays. They don't mind birthdays the way women do. I'm taking it for granted that your correspondence is merely a friendly one, as it should be. Nine years, particularly the years between childhood and manhood, bring many changes and because you played together as children is no sign you'd be congenial now. Don't get serious until you have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted as your present selves. (2) I'm a friendly sort of person and quite likely to wave at a friend when he has waved to me, but if it would make me conspicuous in public I don't believe I'd do it. You have to use your judgment but it is always a safe rule to refrain from anything in public that calls attention to yourself.

MARY, Texas.—My advice is: "Don't marry." If he cared for you he would be willing to wait until you were old enough to be married and if he cared very much do you think he would go around with other girls? I don't. You have a good home, stay there.

SNAPDRAGON, Arkansas.—My goodness, child, I can't keep you informed as to the latest slang. I don't really approve of it, anyway, and if I did, slang that might be the ladybug's petticoat at the time I wrote it, would be out of use by the time it reached you. It takes quite a while to print and mail COMFORT, you must remember.

Sorry not to have answered more letters but the poem took up a lot of space. It's worth it, though. Read it again.

COUSIN MARION.

PERSONAL STATIONERY Attractively Printed 200 sheets, 100 envelopes, printed with your name and address, $1.00 postpaid. **Active Letter Shop, 716 W. Madison, Chicago.**

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

Remedies

TO REDUCE FEVER.—Bathe patient with solution of water and soda, three or four tablespoons of soda to two quarts of warm water.

To stop flow of blood from wound, bind on dry baking soda. This saved our little boy's life when he cut an artery in his foot.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Keep warts saturated with grease fried from salt pork.—MOTHER OF SIX, Wyo.

PILES.—Steep three tablespoons of Jimpson (Jamestown) leaves in one cup of boiling water. Strain and put the liquid in pan with one tablespoon of lard; cook until liquid evaporates. Use salve frequently.

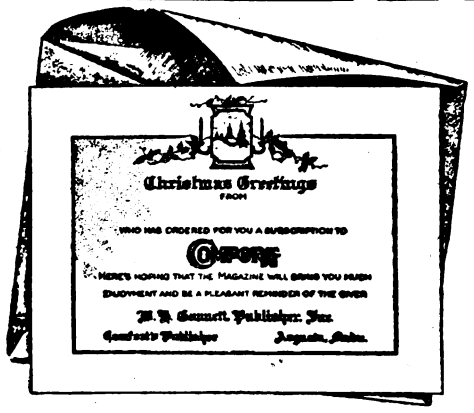
BOILS.—Make a paste of wheat flour and sorghum syrup and bind on boil. This will draw boil to a head but does not hurt the least bit.

ITCH.—Take equal parts sulphur and powdered alum and enough lard to make a salve. Apply for two nights then wash off with plenty of good soapy water and apply again. Three applications almost always cures. If not, take a bath and apply again.

CROUP.—Mix sorghum molasses, one teaspoonful and one-quarter teaspoon soda together, warm and give every hour until relieved. This is for common croup. This dose is for a child two or three years old. For younger children give proportionately smaller doses. Hope these remedies will help some mothers as I know they are sure cures, as I have seen them used successfully.—MRS. F. B. AULTMAN, Dustin, Okla.

Make Some Friend Happy With A One Year's Subscription To COMFORT

As A Christmas Present From You



We Will Mail Her This Greeting

SURELY among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT. Why not make her a Christmas Present of a one-year's subscription.

It is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and we will also mail a handsome steel engraved Christmas Presentation Card with envelope to match so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is 4x5 inches in size, beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and a hand-engraved announcement of the gift and there is a space for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

Fill In And Return This Coupon Today

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name as the giver. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No......*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No......*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

☞ If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!

EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Conclusive

"How does it happen, my boy," asked the curate vaguely, "that your name is Allen, and your mother's name is Taylor?"

The boy thought for a moment. "You see, sir," he said, "my mother married again, and I didn't."—*London Mail.*

Economic

"So you are studying economics," said father to son. "Well let me tell you, son, the first and best lesson in economics your old dad learned some forty years ago. It went like this: "A dollar earned is labor. A dollar saved is capital. When you save a dollar you really 'can' a dollar's worth of labor—it will 'keep' and be ready at any time in the future to meet an urgent need."—*Lombard News Bureau.*

This Beautiful Sleeping Doll FREE



You can have this Beautiful, Doll. She has closing eyes, movable arms and legs, turning head, real hair. Dressed as you see her in this picture. Dress can be taken off and put on. She also wears socks and baby bonnet. We will send her free, all charges paid, for selling only 12 pcks of Perfumed Sachet at 10c per pck.

Jones Manufacturing Co., Dept. 178, Attleboro, Mass.

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Think of it, for just a few hours of your time after school you can get a real bullet-shooting, bulls-eye hitting Hamilton Rifle. Has blue steel barrel carefully bored, accurate sights, automatic ejector, shoots 22 long or short standard cartridges. Shoots strong and true. Send name and address for our plan telling you how to get a Rifle Free and postpaid. 50 Targets Free with Rifle to boys who are prompt. TO BOYS

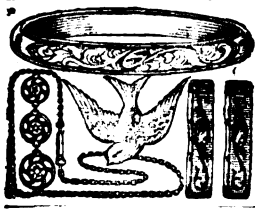
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Here is good news for bunion sufferers. I don't care how bad your bunion is or how you have doctored without success. I positively guarantee that my new combination treatment—PED-O—will end the pain and banish the ugly hump, or I make no charge for the treatment. No pads, no plasters, no clumsy appliances; but a new, different method that gets results. Don't doubt—don't hesitate. You will be amazed and delighted. Send postcard for full treatment. If results are satisfactory, it costs you $2.00; if not, it costs you nothing. Address:

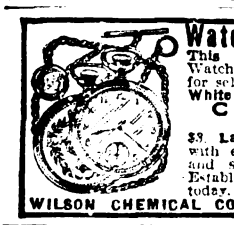
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To get acquainted with you, we will send this gold-filled ring, warranted 3 years, any size, set with your birthstone, for 12 cts. to help pay advertising. Give month born. Auction Gem Co., Dept. 112, Attleboro, Mass.



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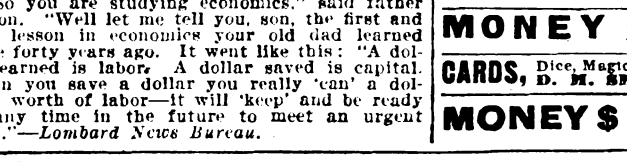
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Easy Payments — Do Nature's Work. **AGENTS WANTED** who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO **WORMAN CO.,** 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. **U. S. Supply Co. Dept. C-7, Greenville, Pa.** **FREE**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

nature is *never* satisfied until one has a *contented* mind. And how may one have a contented mind?

There are five things in life which will give one a contented mind. They are: the love of God, good health, honesty, morality and the willingness to do something toward bringing happiness into the lives of others. The question arises, "Are these things easily acquired?" If one believes in God, they are more easily acquired. If children are brought up to be strictly honest, honesty becomes a part of their lives. So it is with morality. In order to be really happy, one must possess every one of the above named characteristics, but so few people possess one of the most important of these traits of character—the willingness to *do something* to spread more sunshine into the lives of others, particularly little children.

Some seem to think that if they were rich they would be supremely happy. If money brought happiness, all the millionaires would be a lot of happy folks. It is not wealth which makes one happy, *But it is the good we do with our money, and the kind words of cheer we give to others which brings lasting happiness.*

Have you a few kind words and a few extra pennies for the newsboy who brings your paper—those of you who live in a city? Are you spreading words of cheer among your fellowmen, or are you a crank, handling out caustic words that sting?

Kindness is the oil which oils the wheels of industry, business and our social life. It is an essential to our growth and development as pure food, air, water and sunshine.

What is life, anyway? Doesn't it consist of service to others? And one of the greatest services one can perform in doing good in any way one wishes to; another great service which one can perform is providing a good home for some poor orphan and giving the child an education.

Before closing this letter, I must say a few kind words in memory of our dear Uucle Charlie, whose life was spent in the service of making ohers happy; and he didn't have to wait to go to heaven before receiving his reward; didn't he reap the richest reward a person can reap right here on earth—the friendship and loyalty of *millions* of his readers? Hasn't he erected the *greatest* monument to his memory by the good deeds of kindness, and the millions of loyal friends he has made?

Loyal friends! Can any one ask for a *richer* reward? A better monument? Of what lasting benefit to humanity is a marble monument? But his monument of good and noble deeds; and his loving kindness and sympathy for the sick and afflicted is a beautiful memory—a memory enshrined in the hearts of his friends, which will live forever.

May God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, bestow His richest blessings upon Uncle Lisha who is following in the footsteps of our dear Uncle Charlie, whose spirit still lives and which spirit is an inspiration to all to strive to live for others; and may He direct our paths so that we may walk in the "straight and narrow path which leads to eternal life"—and happiness.

Sincerely, ROY R. SMITH.

Thanks for both the words and the spirit of your good letter, Roy. It is so easy and happy a thing to be kind! Yet so many have never found this out. Locked more rigidly than any prison bars in a narrow cell of selfish personality, many unhappy and darkened lives are lived—if living it can be called. Lessons must be learned, now or later, if release is to come for those who are so self-bound. To know that we receive only as we give; to understand that we are each a part of a Great Whole and an "increasing purpose"; to live so that we serve and are not always served—these are the ways, as I believe you know, which give us life and give it more abundantly.

Roy, the happiest thing in the world is to make others so; the saddest thing is to look upon unseeing eyes, unhearing ears and the hearts that are turned inward, not outward. "Love one another!" is the old, the Great Command.

Thanks for your words about Uncle Charlie, Roy. I always remember this stanza of Coleridge when I think of my friend and our League's founder:

"Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures,—love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker and the angel Death."

WICOMICO H., NORTHUMBERLAND CO., VA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I just made up my mind to write. I am a girl of ten. I live on a farm. I am in the fifth grade. This letter I suppose will be thrown in the waste-basket, for I know it is not good enough to be printed.

I am always glad to get COMFORT. I love to hear from the other cousins. I am sorry I waited so long before writing. It has been awful hot where I live this summer.

Oh, I forgot to tell you how I look: I am a large girl with dark hair and dark eyes. My teacher last year was Miss Brann.

I am getting tired and sleepy now from writing. I guess I will close.

Your niece, HILDA KENT.

Hilda, I am so glad you made up your mind to write. This is an important thing—the being able to make up one's mind. Some folks go about with their minds all untied and untidy, and with corners of careless thoughts and undone deeds sticking out all over. Always keep your mind properly made up, Hilda, and all your brain furniture well swept and dusted. Then you will be a good mental housekeeper and get all your work done much more easily—whether you are in the fifth grade or the fiftieth.

You were so tired and sleepy and cut your letter so short, Hilda, that you left us in strange doubt about your size. You say you are a "large girl," and I have been wondering just how large you may mean. You may weigh seventy pounds—or more than seven hundred. I think you had better make up your mind to write again, Hilda, and tell us the real facts—no matter how big and terrible they may be. Surely you cannot weigh more than half a ton at ten years of age. But we will all love you just the same, even if you weigh more than this and have to make up your mind with a motor truck.

HENRYVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I hope the cousins will forgive me for not answering all their letters, when I say that the Henryville mail got such a boost the oldest postmaster could not remember a parallel. There were about 1,500 letters, from all parts of the U. S., which came rolling into this prettiest spot in Tennessee after my letter was published in COMFORT.

I have been reading Cousin Gus Trick's letter, and I suppose I rank next to him in popularity—or notoriety—among the fair sex of COMFORT'S cousins. Listen here, Cousin Gus: It's no wonder you got such a hail-storm of missives from fluttering butterflies, so to speak, when you came at them with a "death to the powder puff" sentence. Now let me tell the girls what another boy thinks about that much-discussed weapon of the toilet tools: I say let girls have all the powder they want and don't say a word about it, but I hope the time will come when they will not use too much, and will not paint at all—unless, of course, they want to get a job painting signs, etc. Then it would be all right. I have never heard a fellow say that paint improved a girl's looks, but have heard many say they could not see why so many girls used it—when it always made them look ridiculous. Why, not very long ago I saw a girl with paint on her nose and chin—and it was not accidentally put there, either!

As for the boys, they are worse in their extremes than the girls, so far as I can tell; but most of them are so stubborn that talking about it does not do any good. Sure, we know it is as bad for a boy to smoke cigarettes as it is for a girl, but what girl wants to puff them just because so many boys do?

Over a thousand girls wrote for my photograph, but you all know it would be impossible for me to comply with the request. I will say that the 1,500 who guessed at my age all missed it but two or three; I am twenty-three years of age.

As I said that I had been a wanderer, I shall tell a bit of this, although my letter is already too long: In early June of 1919 I left home (because I thought "somewhere else" was better than home) to go into the book agency business. I went to Nashville, Tenn., then to Roanoke, Va., and then south of Roanoke thirty miles to Rockymount, Va., where I remained about four months. I did not clear very much cash there, so started East, sightseeing. I visited the capital of our glorious land, saw the White House, the Washington monument, National and Smithsonian museums, and various other places of interest. I went from Washington to Toledo, O., where I remained for about six months, working in a great car factory. I returned home in the spring of 1920 and have not gone forth since and do not desire to go again. I got enough. But I learned more of the ways of the world that I never knew. My experiences I value very highly, but I do not advise other boys to do as I did. "To stay at home" is best, after all.

With best wishes to Uncle and the cousins,

FRANK CLARK.

Frank, we are all glad to have word of you and what you had been doing toward swamping the Henryville postoffice. I don't blame you a bit for not wanting to have over a hundred dozen photographs taken to distribute among your correspondents. You might settle this to a certain extent by sending on a Grand Cabinet Imperial, carefully packed, and showing you in your best light and broadest smile. I'll have Bill look the picture over and deliver his opinion before he puts it in his album. Of course you may not be as handsome as Cousin Wilmer D. Sweet, but that could not be expected, perhaps. But I'll wager you can stand a judicious inspection, such as Bill will give. I must warn you, however, that he is no flatterer, particularly on damp days and when the wind is in the east. So if you have pulchritudinous doubts and fears, you had better not send on any big daguerreotype.

I liked your letter, Frank; it gave me a more pleasant impression than cold type can give, I fancy. You were younger when you started your wanderings away from the "prettiest spot in Tennessee." Probably you did not list it as so beautiful when you headed for Nashville! The heart of a boy, Frank, is always rightly ready for loving, dreaming and roving—and the three go together, I think. But after fair wind and free road, it is good to be able to come back again and learn that "homekeeping hearts are happiest." Sights and scenes and friends we love, Frank, are the chief ends that life can give us, the ends to which all else are but diverse ways. When we have gathered these together around us, we have done all we can to make any and all of our years happy and worthwhile. Let youth wander as wander it must, but grant it always a home and a heart or two to be waiting when the roving is over. I think your letter tells me you have these.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Daniel O. Shaller, Orwigsburg, Pa. Badly handicapped in a struggle to live by an ununited fracture of his left leg, this suffering man asks financial aid. A. McClinton, Trenton, Ga. An old COMFORT subscriber now a shut-in for the past thirteen years. Believing he has not much longer to live, this aged friend and cousin asks that other COMFORT friends give him a shower of letters. Miss Judy Joyce, Smith, N. C. With a crippled mother and blind father, this woman fights for the livelihood of the family. She asks for clothing and any other aid or cheer. Elmer Bierd, Charles City, Ia. This is the appeal of a boy of fifteen. He is afflicted with lung trouble and rheumatism and his father died three years ago. He asks for cash to buy winter clothing. L. C. Pearse, Luverne, Ala. A cripple with deformities of hands and feet, this unfortunate man has been getting about with a crutch and fighting bravely to support himself. Now weakness and older years come on and he asks for help in his struggle. Mrs. Mattie E. Leake, Spencer, Va. A widow who in constant ill health has still to work to support herself and child. Clothing or cash will be welcome help in her fight.

Make it as happy a Thanksgiving as you can, cousins, for these shut-ins and needy ones. Show them that unfortunate and suffering as they are, there is still a depth of kindness in the world which can give their sad hearts true cause for thanks and praise. Help is most needed now as winter draws near and the months approach most difficult for shut-ins to endure.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Sharp Retort

"Women certainly are crazy about cheap things."

"Is that why your wife came to marry you?"—*Baltimore American.*

Make close cuts when pruning. Stubs are likely to decay back to the heart of the tree.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-23 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade Cards Made All in Colors



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the very best there is to be had. As you perhaps know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are **steel engraved** in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, linen-finish cardboard, and the illustrations and verse are all different and of the highest order.

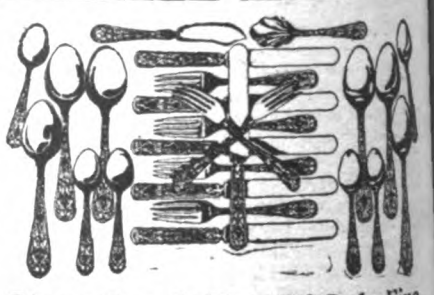
The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3½x4½ inches with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Silk Ribbon Binder, 2¾x4 inches, with envelope, and Nine, all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2¾x4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, therefore please send in your order at once as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy better cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match—28 pieces in all—packed in a neat box, upon the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8651.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a **complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest **value** we have offered and we guarantee every **set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—200% Profit. Wonderful Little Article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample Albert Mills, Manager, 7855 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 121 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 121, St. Louis.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 612, Dayton, Ohio.

Clean up $100.00 weekly from now till Christmas with "Nifty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales-dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made. Demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers. All ideal for Christmas gifts—several at each house. Big rush now starting. Get free Sample outfit offer. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 605, Chicago.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 12-E, Chicago.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. Your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished all colors and grades including silks—wool and heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 5411, Cincinnati, Ohio.

300% Profit. Quick seller. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells 25c, you make 18c. Samples free. Hestever Prod. Co., 1941-E, Irving Park, Chicago

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 34X, 573 Broadway, New York.

No Dull Times Selling Food—people must eat. Federal distributors make big money; $3,000 yearly and up; No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free Samples to customers. Exclusive territory. Ask Now. Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 51, Chicago.

Make $50 to $75 weekly selling our complete line guaranteed hosiery and silk knitted neckties. Whole or spare time. Samples Free. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So. 17th St., Phila., Pa.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents. Sell Wolverine Laundry Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big Profits. Quick repeaters. Free Instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. O, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sell the latest nationally approved cooking utensil, the Squire Broiler. Sells on sight. Convenient to carry and show. $90 profit weekly easy for live agents. Get full details from A. G. Squire Mfg. Corp., 280 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Agents—Old established company. New line. Big profits. Fast sellers. Quick repeat. Permanent. Easy. $33.00 a week spare time, $55.00 full time. Get free case offer. E. C. Harley Company, Dept. 10, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents 6,000,000 Fords need our 25c "Greater Grip" Guaranteed 5,000 mile fabric fan belt. Teuscher & Son, St. Louis, Mo.

Big Money and fast sales, selling White K. Laundry Tablets under our new premium plan. No money required. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Make $7 to $14 a day. Brand new Aluminum handle Cutlery Set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Full or spare time. No experience necessary. No capital. We need 1500 Sales Agents, men or women, to cover every county in the U. S. Demand enormous. Write quick. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1823, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—$8 a day. Take orders for Blue Ribbon Cutlery Set. Stainless Steel. Guaranteed. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Big demand. Easy to take orders. No capital needed. Write for sample outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., Cutlery 1317, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make big money the year 'round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 8, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Agents—Sell a Household necessity. Shinbrite Polish for Gold, Silver, Glass, etc. Works like magic. 100% profit. Sample 35c. Particulars free. Scientific Products Co., Dept. C, Mount Vernon, Indiana.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesmen. Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., F 22, Chatham, Va.

Wanted—Salesmen for Metal Polish, Silver Polish, cake soap, shaving soap, etc. Good commissions, exclusive territory, opportunity for advancement. The Skat Co., Hartford, Conn.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agent—Male, Female; earn $50 or $75 weekly, selling hosiery direct from mill—Easy, pleasant work, full or part time. Experience unnecessary—we deliver and collect. Marvel Hosiery Mills, Dept. A2, 545 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

Wonderful Seller. 98c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2451 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 594, Wooster, O.

Risk a postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Use Insyde Tyres in your old casings and get from 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Used over and over again. Low priced. Big money saved. Agents wanted. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-720, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents.—Here's your opportunity for a steady big income. We need more representatives in every state taking orders for newest style written guarantee hosiery. Complete line men, women, childrens including finest silks. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you in advance daily. Experience unnecessary. Spare time will do. Write for Samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 923, Dayton, Ohio.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 2535 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents—New **Invention. Harper's** Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 61, Fairfield, Iowa

Agents: Big profits, no competition. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 103, 214 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

We Want Men And Women Who Are Desirous of Making $25.00 to $200.00 Per Week. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free Samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—200% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 66, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller, "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Agents—$7 a day. Take orders for Stove Transformer. Use common coal-oil for cooking, heating, baking. Cheaper than coal. Fits any stove. No capital needed. Write for outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., Burner 1117, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents earn $10 to $15 daily. Very latest toilet articles, perfumes and novelties. Fastest sellers. Free sample case. Lee-Jackson Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Make $60 to $100 weekly selling Coffield Tire Protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 3-year guarantee. Big commissions. Lansing made $562, Ackerman $519 last month. No capital required. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 260 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Pay $36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., I. Parsons, Kan.

Moneymaking Books, Plans, Formulas: Own a business! Make money. Big Catalog Free. Ideal Book Shop, 5601-C. North Robey, Chicago

Men and Women make big money selling Ladies' and children's gingham and serge dresses direct. New Models. Dept. C-10, Loretta Frock Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Get your money on the spot. $16 daily demonstrating Serenolas. No waiting for commission or salary checks. No delivering. No collecting. Big season just starting. Write or wire. Perry Ludlow Co., S-1919, Dayton, Ohio.

Make real money and make it easily by selling the high grade El-Nor line of toilet articles. Fine profits. Big repeat business. Write at once. M. S. Company, 435 Fourth Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Woman Representative Wanted. Earnest, refined woman can easily earn a good income introducing Readi-Sew clothes. There are children's garments already cut, beautifully embroidered, and semi made that save the mother half the cost. Write for interesting offer today. Readi-Sew Package Co., Inc., 35-37 E. 20th St., New York City.

Immense Holiday Trade—Sell Beautiful Gift Boxes containing high grade "Velva" Toilet Preparations. Both men and women are delighted. Distinctive box for each. Pleases the most fastidious, yet very reasonable in price. Sure sellers. Profits Big. Now's the time. Get details today. Duoform Co., Dept. H 41, Attica, N. Y.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Live Salesmen to employ sub-agents selling fine food product. Big profits. Permanent, exclusive, unlimited. Advertising provided. Washington Company, 955H Rust Building, Tacoma, Wash.

Agents—Beautiful Complete New Line Combination Toilet Article Sets—Magnificent Display Boxes—sells instantly now until Xmas. Tremendous Profits—Exclusive Territory. Foster Reid Factories, B2001 Mango, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 289 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—Six new fast selling necessities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk H, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Texas., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Jolly Molly dresses are quick sellers—good repeaters. Every woman wants one or more. Complete line now ready. No capital required—no experience necessary. Commissions advanced. Domestic Products Co., 524 Davies Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

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President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes "Kept Us out of War" Last Fall

THE recent crisis in European affairs precipitated by the come-back of Turkey presents a notable confirmation of the familiar adage that "History repeats itself," but in its contact with American interests this repetition encountered a remarkable transposition of the principal actors on this side of the Atlantic and effected a most important result exactly opposite to that produced in the previous instance

Six years ago, in the fall of 1916, Woodrow Wilson, then President, was running for reelection and the never-to-be-forgotten slogan of his appeal for votes was that "He kept us out of war"- meaning the World War which had been raging since the first of August, 1914. Charles Evans Hughes, our present Secretary of State, was then the opposing candidate for president. Former President Roosevelt, in supporting the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, severely criticized Mr. Wilson's foreign policy of "watchful waiting" conjoined with opposition to putting the country in a condition of preparadeness for defense, a combination which Mr Roosevelt warned would surely draw us into the war, and in a costly and dangerous state of unpreparedness. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson and his supporters met this issue by telling the people, who for the most part were strongly in favor of peace, that the election of Mr. Hughes would mean plunging this country into the war and that they must choose accordingly when they came to vote. So it was the hopeful promise of peace implied in the slogan, "He kept us out of war", that reelected Mr. Wilson in November, 1916. But Mr. Roosevelt's prediction was shortly fulfilled, for in less than five months after the election we were actually in the war pursuant to President Wilson's urgent request to Congress at a special session called by him for the purpose of obtaining the requisite authority and means to fight Germany. These are undisputed, historic facts which I mention, without comment, merely because they lead up to, and have a bearing on, the present situation.

Last September our Government again faced the necessity of deciding whether or not it should involve the United States in war in an effort to resolve another disastrous imbroglio of Old World affairs. The shocking atrocities inflicted on the Christian subjects of the Sultan in Asia Minor and especially in connection with the burning and pillaging of the Christian and Jewish quarters of Smyrna, following the overwhelming defeat of the Greek expeditionary army by the Turks, excited righteous indignation in America to such a pitch that President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes were deluged with thousands of letters and petitions urging that the United States undertake a so-called "holy war" against Turkey for the liberation of the Christian peoples in the Ottoman Empire from the tyranny of their Turkish rulers. These letters and petitions were largely from religious bodies, clergymen, missionaries and other well-meaning but sentimental people whose emotions had got the better of their judgment. Some of them, although less extreme in their demands, insisted that our Government at least resort to a naval demonstration and threat of war.

Fully cognizant of the grave consequences portended by such requested action President Harding and Secretary Hughes, with sound judgment, and strong in their sense of duty to the country, refused to be swept off their feet even by such a tidal wave of public sentiment, and stood steadfast in their determination to keep us out of war when and where our national rights, obligations or honor are not at stake.

Secretary Hughes Explains Our Attitude toward Turkey

In discussing the foreign policy of President Harding's administration, in a recent speech, Secretary of State Hughes explained our Government's attitude and action regarding the problems presented by the sudden resurrection and extension of Turkish power, as follows:

"The most acute questions at the moment concern the Near East. The Christian world has been filled with horror at the atrocities committed in Anatolia [a general name for Asiatic Turkey] especially in connection with the burning of Smyrna, rivaled only by the wholesale massacres and deportations of the Armenians in 1915. While nothing can excuse in the slightest degree or palliate the acts of barbaric cruelty of the Turks, no just appraisement can be made of the situation which fails to take account of the incursion of the Greek army in Anatolia, of the war there waged, and of the terrible incidents of the retreat of that army, in the burning of towns, and general devastation and cruelties.

"We have not failed to voice American sentiment in our abhorrence of these cruelties practiced upon helpless populations. Our American high commissioner at Constantinople, during the past year and a half, has not failed repeatedly and vigorously to protest against them.

"In the appalling distress at Smyrna, American officers were the first to give, and continued to give all the relief within their power, and from that moment we have lost no opportunity to succor the refugees by measures which have been rapidly and constantly broadening to meet the exigency in every practicable way. Our representatives have been instrumental in effecting the evacuation from Smyrna of nearly 200,000 refugees.

"It is easy to talk of prevention after the event. The fact is that these latest occurrences have been the immediate result of a state of war and we were not parties to that war. When the Allies were at war with Turkey and we associated ourselves with the Allies in the war with Germany and Austria-Hungary, we declined to go to war with Turkey despite the occurrences of 1915. In the last two years, with armies in Asia Minor, the appeal has been to force, and the American people would never have been willing to shoulder this burden of armed intervention which the Allies with their forces nearer the scene were unwilling to bear."

We Make No Idle Threats

"It would," continued Mr. Hughes, "be equally futile now to talk of this country going to war when all the other Powers are arranging to make peace. At no time has the Executive had any authority to plunge this country into war, even a holy war. I know there are those who think we should have threatened even if we did not intend to make war. The Administration does not make threats which it does not purpose to carry out. The American people cannot afford a policy where the words spoken on their behalf do not mean all that is said, and when we threaten we shall execute.

"In the present exigency, in addition to the full measure of relief which the American people are giving, there are American interests which must be adequately protected and humanitarian interests which should have our support in every proper way. I cannot discuss these in detail tonight but I may mention the protection of American citizens in Turkey, the conserving with their just rights of our educational, philanthropic and religious institutions, the safeguarding of American commercial interests, the freedom of the Straits [connecting the Mediterranean and Black seas] in the interest of commerce and equal opportunity, and the protection of minorities.

"As we are not at war with Turkey, we are not appropriately parties to the peace negotiations which are about to take place. While we have American interests to protect, these are not associated with the political ambitions of European Powers which have made the Near East a checkerboard for diplomatic play. We do not propose to connect ourselves with these rivalries, as such a connection would only confuse our aims with those of others, and obscure our clear and s... poses. What we desire does not i... slightest injury to others or derogation o... of others, and we claim the protection o... interests at every place from whatever s... may be in charge. We trust that in the ... freedom of opportunity there will be no ... parcel out spheres of special economic ... If we avoid the conflicting rivalries in w... have no proper part and hold to a clear a... American policy we shall the more ... tain our friendship with other Powers ... will and heighten rather than diminish ... ence which we desire to be helpful."

Our People Have Had Enough of P... Chestnuts Out of the Fire for E...

COMFORT readers will note that our ... editorial comments (in November issue ... Turkish debacle have since been fully ... by these remarks of Mr. Hughes which ... understood to imply even more than is ... expressed, for he is constrained by h... position to a careful avoidance of giv... to foreign governments by his criticis... conduct. Courtesy to a friendly nation ... prevented him from denouncing, as seve... served, the aggressive war of attempted ... begun and waged by the Christian Gree... the Turks in Asia Minor for the purpose ... the City and Province of Smyrna, and the ... and devastation of the country and ... flicted on the inhabitants by the Greek ... its retreat: his bare mention of these ... facts as a reminder that Christians, wh... succor from us, were on occasion aggres... guilty of atrocities that provoked retal... the part of the Turks, is in itself a scathi...

Mr. Hughes points out that we never ... war with Turkey and that the present ... there are the outgrowth of war in which ... in no way concerned, and he intimates as ... perhaps as international etiquette and ... our last month's editorial asserted: that ... close of the World War Turkey lay ... at the mercy of the victorious Allies ... their greed, jealousy and distrust of e... were responsible for her recent come-back ... again carefully all he said, giving special ... to that part regarding our policy not to ... ourselves with the rivalries, nor associ... terests with the political ambitions of ... Powers, and you will discern that the ... substance of Mr. Hughes's conclusions is ... a very polite way of telling his fellow ... the world at large that never again ... American people go to war to pull the ... out of the fire for Europe.

Fortunately there is no doubt that ... nouncement by Secretary Hughes re... decided opinion of the great majority of ... Yet there are many deluded enthusiasts ... less numerous than the noise they ma... seem to indicate, who are still clamoring ... industriously working their propaganda ... public sentiment in favor of, a "holy war" ... the Turks. It is difficult to imagine a pl... unholy than to precipitate our country in... war. "Holy wars", incited by religious zea... waged in the name of religion, have been ... the most cruel in history. Turkey has ... equipped, ably commanded, veteran army ... by recent victory and three times the size ... She could double its size, if need be, and ... that, under her alliance with the Bolshevi... call to her aid the immense military res... Russia. To fight Turkey on the other side ... world we should need to draft a million me... start. The ultimate consequences can not ... seen other than that Russia would side with ... and if any European nation should take ... the conflict would probably expand into ... World War.

COMFORT'S EDIT...

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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When the Christmas Tree Burned

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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I.

THREE old ladies sat at one of the windows of the "Silverton Street Home for the Aged," their crochet needles clicking busily. It was two weeks before Christmas, but already the Christmas spirit was upon the earth. Through falling snow people hurried carrying bundles of suggested Christmas presents and once a group passed by, struggling merrily with a Christmas tree.

"I say," began Mrs. Borden, as she watched the group with the tree until it passed out of sight, "you say that we don't have any Christmas here?"

"That's what I said," returned Mrs. White, shaking her gray head forlornly. "You see, Mrs. Borden, I don't think it's worth while to bother. I do s'pose if someone *wanted* to make a Christmas for us, she'd not object. But we, old, worn-out critters, our days for Christmas celebrating is gone, I think."

"Oh, I don't think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Borden, her eyes sparkling brightly, "I don't think we're any too old to celebrate Christmas, and if it only means that someone's got to get a Christmas for us, well, I'm not afraid to say it."

"Ain't got any of us any money to speak of," began Mrs. Twikker.

"Aren't the Christmases on which most money is spent that are happiest," returned Mrs. Borden. "Remember once I took Master Bert to a Christmas party at a great big house where they had a Christmas tree as big nearly as a telegraph pole and the presents those children got! One little girl got a doll bigger than herself—but of course, appreciative children, I never saw a worse lot than they were——" Mrs. Borden stopped suddenly.

"Do go on and tell us all about it, Mrs. Borden," begged Mrs. White.

"Oh, you must excuse me. I don't like to talk of the past. It—it sort of saddens me and makes me feel what an ungrateful creature I was. For, truly, what I did I thought was for the best."

There was a certain amount of mystery about Mrs. Letitia Borden. She never spoke of her past except in unguarded moments like the present, nor did she make any reference to the past, though when she sometimes unintentionally did, that fact alone indicated that her life had been spent among the affluent and social elect.

The old ladies of the Silverton Street Home felt themselves entitled to hold up their heads for they were not the common variety of pauper. To the Silverton Home, one had to bring with him at least two hundred dollars which was turned over to the home in return for its agreement to take care of the applicant for the rest of life. Therefore the old ladies, having entered the home on this basis, often let their imaginations run away with them, and had they actually been transplanted to the past of which they unconsciously and gently bragged, they would have recognized it, so differently had their memories pictured it.

Mrs. Borden was not guilty of this sin of unconscious exaggeration, and while she came from another state to enter the home, her conversation indicated that in the past she had lived in a great city in which the Home was located. After her last "break," Mrs. Borden sat silent for a while. But presently the sad little lines that had formed out of her face and her cheeks, which were strangely smooth for one of her age, glowed with enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. White and Mrs. Twikker! Let's three get up a Christmas Eve surprise party for our sisters here! We'll work hard and secretly and make up some present for everyone in the Home. We can make caps and aprons and things of little things like that. Then we can trim with all the packages on a tree and if we string up yards and yards of pop-corn, that will fill up between the presents. Maybe we can buy a dozen or so of tinsely things to make the tree sparkle and it will be just grand! We can ask Mrs. Twikker, all he said, to distribute the gifts and call out the names."

"Regarding our pres," interrupted Mrs. Twikker, "and some of the rivalries bet ladies here do get little presents and we can political antag Mrs. Fortesque to give them to us to hang will discard presents to each other, Mrs. Fortesque can on the tree so that we'll get as many presents as Hughes's secretary, too." possible, and if any of the ladies are going to easily get them for us so we can put them on

"In two whole weeks, we can do a whole *lot*," agreed Mrs. White to the sum total of plans.

"Let's start right in," enthused Mrs. Borden. "I've got lots of cloth and lace for caps and aprons. And tomorrow I think I'll go downtown and get some ornaments for the tree."

Mrs. Borden arose from her chair and invited the other two to her room, and getting down before her "bureau," she took therefrom various odds and ends for the contemplated caps. Secretary Hughes have it to old ladies to properly value fabric! Little had Mrs. Borden come by such excellent material?

"Why don't you tell us something about your plans, Mrs. Borden? You've been here nearly two months and nary a word have you told."

But all Mrs. Borden did was to look with a reproachful longing at the speaker, and Mrs. Twikker did not repeat her request. Anon, however (such was Mrs. Borden's cheerful nature), the cheerful-ness came back to her eyes and the Christmas preparations commenced.

How wonderful it all was! Especially to Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Twikker who had believed that nothing had been left for them but stoic acceptance of life until fate cut the thread that would release their mortal pilgrimage.

Each day, whenever they found time, they labored together, fashioning all sorts of gay little articles, making their presents purposely small so that there might be so many more to open. Fifty and one different little articles did they construct and their old hearts glowed with the peace of the Christmas spirit as they saw their store grow in size. As each little article was finished and wrapped and tied up with gay or silver or gold string, it meant another beam of happiness on their Christmas tree.

Mrs. Fortesque was taken into their confidence, and the good-natured matron was only too pleased to help, for the big-hearted woman loved her duties but had not the time to fuss over things that were strictly within her sphere of action.

Accordingly she helped with any details that were necessary, promised that the tree should be properly set up at the appointed time, and that the packages that came by mail would be put in her charge. She also gave permission to Mrs. Twikker to bake fancy cookies for the tree.

After the gifts were practically all prepared, and then the stringing of pop-corn, and when the morning preceding Christmas Eve came, Mrs. Twikker baked the fancy cookies, and they were all giggled up-stairs to the big front parlor where the tree had been set up.

That all the old ladies knew something was up was apparent, but they tried to appear unconscious, for if, after all, it wasn't for them, they would not be disappointed.

During the afternoon, when the wind was blustering about outside and plastering everything with snow in the true Christmas manner, the trio of conspirators stole up to the parlor and began that task that never fails to thrill, trimming a Christmas tree.

Mrs. Borden, from her meager store of money, had purchased some tinsel and colored Christmas tree rope, a few dozen glittering baubles, a few dozen candle holders and several boxes of brilliantly colored wax candles. With these, Mrs. Twikker's cookies, the presents and the pop-corn, the tree soon was loaded.

When it was done, the trio stood off to survey their work.

"Well, I must say it does look real handsome, and it will be the best Christmas party we ever had. Some of us'll get as many as five packages and that will be splendid. I do wish we could light it once before tonight just to see how it will look," said Mrs. Twikker.

The three women stood in the dimming twilight. The wild gusty wind outside shook the casement and hurled swirls of snow at it.

"Let's light it," urged Mrs. White.

"All right. Get some matches," Mrs. Borden said, and, the matches brought, she illumined one candle and with this she proceeded to light all the others.

A cry of delight escaped the trio.

"Go and tell Mrs. Fortesque to come and see how wonderful it is, Mrs. White," said Mrs. Borden, "and Mrs. Twikker, will you see if a few apples can be spared? I think it would fill up a little more."

Kind little Mrs. Borden only did this because she had some special little treats for her two colleagues and wished to hang them upon the tree without their knowledge.

The two women went off, and as soon as they were gone, Mrs. Borden stepped upon a chair and went to fastening the little gifts upon the tree.

Then—how it happened she never knew—she heard a crackling sound. Then suddenly an ominous brilliance and the delightful smell of burning balsam!

But the sweet odor came to Mrs. Borden like the breath of tragedy. The tree was on fire!

She looked at it in dumb consternation as she saw their efforts of weeks quickly disappearing before the devouring tongue of flame. Rooted to the spot, she stood there, helpless, while the fire burned and crackled, but when she saw it spread to the window curtains and drapes and saw it rapidly blackening the walls, she awoke to panic-stricken activity.

Seizing a rug, she thrashed at the tree, which temporarily smothered the flame but caused a blanket of smoke to rise. To the window she flew and threw up the sash, and with a howl of demoniac glee all outdoors rushed in, giving fresh impetus to the blaze which flared in a brilliant sheet behind her.

For a short second she stood, framed in the window against the glowing red, then her head spun, she reeled and sank to the floor, and the consciousness of an uproar in the streets drifted from her mind.

II.

The glare of the fire had attracted the attention of the few belated automobiles in the street, and one driver, driving a luxurious limousine, drew up to the curb and jumped out. Diving into the crowd of old women who had been hastily dressed for the street, and who now stood shivering and shrieking, he demanded to know if everyone had been gotten out safely.

"I'm sure I saw one old lady drop in that room!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it was Mrs. Borden!" shrieked Mrs. Twikker, wringing her hands, "she was the last one in the parlor with the Christmas tree."

"She didn't get out then!" exclaimed the motorist.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Mrs. Fortesque.

"I'll go in!" the motorist exclaimed, throwing off his heavy fur coat and gauntlets which the trembling old women took from him, and he fled into the building and through the smoke-filled halls and rooms to the blazing up-stairs.

He groped around, and then, guiding himself by the location at which he saw the tragedy occur, he dashed into the room and right to the spot. He stumbled against something and reached down. It was clothes he touched—it was Mrs. Borden. Throwing his coat about her, and tying a handkerchief about his mouth, he staggered through the smoke and flame and finally reached the street just as the firemen commenced to play streams of water upon the blazing building.

He carried the little old woman to a neighboring house, and laid her upon a bed. The other old ladies crowded about, in the foreground Mrs. White and Mrs. Twikker.

"She ain't dead, is she?" queried Mrs. White tremblingly. She was just like sunshine in the home," and then quaveringly she told the story of the little Christmas surprise that Mrs. Borden had planned and which they had helped execute.

"And now our Christmas is all burned up," Mrs. Twikker and all the old ladies wailed in chorus, now that they knew the surprise had really been for them.

The young fellow had left Mrs. Borden to the mercies of Mrs. Fortesque, after phoning for a doctor.

At the continual mention of the name, "Borden," he turned to look at the woman whose life he had saved.

He thought he had just saved a charity patient. Now he gazed earnestly at the sweet face, with the closed eyes, resting on the pillow.

His own widened.

"Merciful heaven!" he breathed. "It's the old girl. I must take her right home with me!"

III

When Mrs. Borden awoke to real consciousness (she had, of course, been brought out of her syncopatic state), she found herself lying upon a bed of snowy whiteness in a room that to her bewildered mind seemed to glow with the light of heaven. The light glowed and sparkled upon walls of silver and hangings of old rose and soft gray.

Through the room there permeated that delicious smell which pervades a house only when a Christmas tree is set up therein.

She slowly raised herself on elbow, and now more than ever she wondered if indeed she were not in heaven, for distantly there came to her the words of that joyous carol:

"Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye
To Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Oh, come let us adore Him,
Christ—the Lord!"

Then came the sound of distant chimes.

"Am I in heaven?" thought the bewildered little creature, for the exquisite music (though rendered by a phonograph) seemed to indicate it.

Just then a fine little lad of about six entered the room and came to the bed.

"What—what does it mean? It can't be heaven for here is Master Bert, but he didn't die, he grew up to be a big man——"

"Hello, Merry Christmas, dear Mrs. Borden," the little fellow greeted. "Daddy said I should call you Nursie Jane, the way he used to."

"Call me Nursie Jane, the way he used to," Mrs. Borden repeated. "Why, what does it mean? Who are you, little man?"

The little fellow looked at her in astonishment. "Me? I'm Bertram St. Clare and I was named after my papa. And you're his Nursie Jane and you're coming to live here with us and take care of me and we're going to be good pals like you and daddy used to be."

"And is this your daddy's house?"

"Sure, Nursie Jane, and it's going to be your house, too."

"But how did I get here? There was a fire, I remember—or did I dream it——"

Poor Mrs. Borden was getting quite befuddled when the motorist, who had been quietly standing in the doorway, softly came forward.

Mrs. Borden looked at him.

"Bert, my darling Master Bert!" she cried, looking up at the sparkling eyes and teasing face, and seeing only the little lad whose steps she had guided from infancy. "Tell me what's happened."

"All right, old girl," he said, the title he had used for her after he had grown up, "but first I want you to meet Mrs. St. Clare, whom you will have to get to forgive you for your very ungrateful treatment of her," and he shook his finger at her teasingly.

Mrs. Borden colored, but her momentary embarrassment passed as Mrs. St. Clare came into the room and putting her arms about the old lady's neck she kissed her and said comfortingly:

"We want you to stay with us always, and if you run away we'll do something dreadful to you."

And as Mrs. Borden looked at the lovely face and form of the glorious girl who was far more wonderful than the pictures "Master Bert" had shown her, but felt the lashings of accusing conscience. But what she had done had been for the best, she thought.

"How did I get here, Master Bert?" she asked.

"How did you get here? Why, old girl, I'm quite a hero. I was passing the Silverton Street Home and saw it ablaze and I saw a woman (I didn't know it was you) apparently faint into the flames. So I rushed in, the way they do in the movies, and carried you out, and, lo, I found that I had rescued my old nurse. So, of course, I brought you here, and here you'll stay. You've got to obey me now. That being quite clear, tell me how you happen to be in an old ladies' home when I thought you comfortable and happy with your brother out in Nebraska?"

"Well, Master Bert, it was this way: When I knew you were going to be married, and you said that you wanted me to live with you, I didn't think I should because I feel that young people should be by themselves. You loved me so much and treated me like your mother almost, but I didn't know whether Miss Laurette (so she had always spoken of Mrs. St. Clare when she had been Laurette Montgomery) would care for me as you did, and I couldn't blame her because she didn't know me the way you did, and I thought perhaps she'd see in me nothing but a stupid old woman, and if she did, she would be perfectly justified because that's what I am, and I couldn't have the place in her heart that I had in yours. And I didn't want to be the cause of any trouble between you. I was terrible to think such thoughts of you, wasn't I, Miss Laurette?"

There were traces of tears in Laurette's eyes. "In a way, yes, because I knew you must be a good woman from Bert's praises of you, and he said how splendid it would be to have you with us in case we had children. And then again, on the other hand, I think you were very brave and self-sacrificing in not putting Bert to the test. Another person might not have been that thoughtful."

"I might have known Master Bert wouldn't marry any other kind of a girl than you are, dearie," Mrs. Borden said, grateful for the high compliment her actions had received.

"Well, so," she continued, "I went to my brother's home in Nebraska. Talk about relatives! But I guess I *won't* talk about them. Well, I lived with them for a while, in fact all the time until up to a less than a year ago—then I came to the Home."

"But why to the Home? Didn't you have plenty of money?"

Mrs. Borden's cheeks burned. "I guess I'll have to tell everything. You see, when I told you I wanted to live with my brother because he needed me, I had about seven or eight thousand dollars which you had invested so nicely for me. Well, my brother got a notion that he wanted to raise fancy cattle, and I cashed my investments. Well, he failed in everything and I didn't get anything and all I had left was five hundred dollars. So I went to the Home and paid them two hundred dollars and kept the balance to bury me."

"But why didn't you come to us? When Bert was born, I wrote to your brother in Nebraska and he said that you were happy where you were—that you hadn't much to do and that you weren't as strong as you used to be."

"Did he write that? I never heard from you, but I suppose he didn't want you to know that he had used my money."

"And all these years you might have been with us," said Bert. "Well, that's all over now, so we'll let you just forget all about it. Now, if you feel strong enough, get up and dress," and with the words, Bert, Mrs. St. Clare and the little lad left the room, Master Bert, however, remaining outside the closed door.

Mrs. Borden then offered up her morning prayer, then dressed in the pretty garments she found, they having been marked for her as Christmas gifts. Then she went out into the hall.

Master Bert was waiting for her, and placed his little hand in hers. As she took the soft, confiding little member into her own, she seemed to drift back through the years when she had thus held the lad's father's hand and guided his footsteps.

Master Bert helped her to the immense Christmas tree and loaded her down with presents that he said Santa Claus had left for her.

Poor Mrs. Borden was quite overcome, but suddenly her eyes grew sad.

"Dear me, Master Bert, *Senior*," addressing Bert's daddy, "I can't accept all these things. They, by rights, should go to all the ladies at the Home. Poor things, they won't have no Christmas. They lost it all on account of me, though how that tree caught fire is a mystery to me. Maybe it was my carelessness. And for that, here I am back with you again where I was always longing to be, and loaded down with presents and they maybe not having a roof over their heads."

She thought St. Clare looked at her queerly as he said:

"There wasn't such a dreadful lot of damage except to that one room and the damage done by the smoke. But don't you worry about them, nor fret. This is Christmas Day and I want you to be perfectly happy."

"I know——" she began, but he raised a warning finger.

"Don't worry. Christmas isn't over, yet."

So Mrs. Borden gave herself over to the wonders that had happened and to Master Bert Jr.'s toys, helping him to build houses of his blocks and winding up his mechanical toys to make them run, and as the two played together it was difficult to determine which was the greater child.

When the summons to dinner came, Bert led the old lady through the halls and to the dining-room and when Mrs. Borden entered, she rubbed her eyes as if she had been in a dream.

The room was gaily trimmed with Christmas greens and sparkling festoons of silver. In the center of the table a small, fully decorated Christmas tree stood. But this was not what made her stare. No, it was the sight of twenty-four old ladies seated around the table on which was spread a most tempting Christmas dinner, beginning with the big smoking geese and whole roasted little porkers with apples in their mouths down to plum pudding and other Christmas dainties.

"Surprise, Sister Borden! Surprise!" cried the old ladies.

But St. Clare and his wife escorted her to the head of the table and sat down on either side, while Master Bert had a seat between Mrs. White and Mrs. Twikker.

When she was seated, Mrs. Twikker arose.

"Sister Borden," she began, "we told Mr. St. Clare how it was you as thought of us old folks and decided to get up a Christmas for us, and didn't we groan when we saw it burning up. We thought that there was an end to it all, but this morning——!" She stopped, then commenced again:

"First thing this morning, it began like a story. A big buss automobile drove up to the Home and we were told to get on our things and take Christmas dinner here. And when we got here there was a big box for each of us, and while we can't open it until we get back, still we know there's many nice things for us in them. And the decorators came to the Home this morning so that everything'll be fixed up for us when we get back—that is, all but the room where the fire really was. So, I'm to thank you on behalf of all the sisters, Mr. St. Clare says, for no greater love hath man than he who gives up everything for his friends," Mrs. Twikker said, confusing somewhat the Scriptures, "and that is what you did because you thought it would be best for his happiness. If the Christmas tree hadn't burned he'd maybe never have found you. So he gives us this party, but it is you, not he, that's giving it, he says, and it's to take the place of the one that burned up. On behalf of the sisters, I thank you and wish you a Merry Christmas and many of them."

Mrs. Twikker sat down amid the applause of the gathered company and her confused speech wasn't one whit worse than many you and I have heard from people when called upon for an impromptu speech at a banquet!

There was a moment's pause then, after which Mr. St. Clare said:

"Nursie Jane, will you not pronounce grace?"

All bowed their heads.

And then Nursie Jane, in her sweet but quavering voice said:

"Dear God in Heaven, who doest all things for the best, bless, I pray Thee, this food. Bless and keep these more than kind people who have provided it, and whose loving kindness teaches us truly that man is made in Thy image. Bless each and every one of us who know that, though misfortune may seem to have fallen upon us, we are held in the hollow of Thy hand, and Thou lookest after us even as after the sparrow that falleth. Let us ever remember Thee, and thank Thee for the gift of Thy beloved Son who was born on Christmas Day. Amen."

The Forgotten Woman

By Alice L. Whitson

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PART II.

"PUT that down!" yelled Cody in a tone of voice that Deed's Cove settlers had long since learned to fear. "I've got something to say to this audience myself.

"I've been a yellow hound for five years—and this is where I start back tryin' to be human."

"That child," continued Cody, pointing to little Zach, "is *mine*, and I married Jane Stairs through trickery, but now I'm ready to claim her whenever she says the word—and I ain't going to stand by and see the same wrong done to Aaron Deed's gal——them that has somethin' to say agin' her, speak out—*now*—or hold yer peace."

"So say I," said chastened Warren Slayden. "Let's have the benediction."

Unnoticed save by a few, Mary had taken her baby from Jane and slipped from the church while Jim Cody was speaking; consequently she did not know what had taken place, but a few minutes later as she went down the slope towards the shore road she heard the sound of many voices calling her name. Glancing back, she caught sight of the people running from the church.

The thing she had done suddenly filled her soul with terror—not that she would undo it—her baby had a right to salvation—but could this crowd see it as she did? She must evade them some way—and she quickened her steps into a run.

The wind sang in her ears as she raced along the white shore road. She could not, nor did she try to distinguish what was being said by those behind her—she guessed the worst—and her one thought was to get out of their reach. Instead of turning back to her own cabin for refuge, she went straight towards the sea, and at the very landing where Sidney Creighton had come into her life, she sprang into the dilapidated old dory that Aaron Deed had used during his lifetime, and rowed fearlessly out upon the sunlit waters of Deed's Cove.

A hundred yards from shore she looked back at the shouting, gesticulating crowd that had followed her to the water's edge, and seeing Jim Cody jump into a boat she realized she was playing a losing game—he would soon overtake her.

"NO"—she shouted back—"the sea shall save me!" Then with a despairing cry, she flung her oars upon the water and rising to her feet with her baby clasped closely to her breast, she lifted her face heavenward and in solemn voice cried out: *"God be merciful."*

* * * * * *

After two years abroad Zane Bradley came back to New York, hoping to drown his sorrow in work. At last he realized that no amount of wandering over the earth would ever wipe from his heart the image of Mary Deed.

Over and over had he blamed himself bitterly for having left her without an understanding, and the only thing that brought him any comfort whatever was the thought that she had won a worthy man.

The second day after his arrival Sidney dropped in for a little visit. Instantly Zane was alarmed over the change in his brother's appearance; the face that had once shone with only the joy of living was now marked with lines of anguish, and his temples were silver with gray hair.

Zane had always had a tender spot in his heart for this weaker brother, but never before had there been any sympathy for him. That Sidney had married for money was no secret to Zane, and having heard nothing from him since he was married, supposed that the boy had been happy enough to justify the act.

Calling his servant to bring in some refreshment, Zane dropped down beside his brother and began chatting pleasantly of the things and places he had visited abroad.

"Don't tell me about them," Sidney interrupted. "I've traveled till I hate the sight of a time-table."

"Not unhappy, kid?" Zane asked presently as he eyed Sidney closely.

"Bored to death," answered the younger brother, "absolutely bored to death—all I do is run about the world and drink pink tea."

"Surely that hasn't caused all these gray hairs!" laughed Zane.

Sidney shook his head. "Not that exactly—but I deserve every one I have."

"Not sick of married life?" asked Zane, trying to fathom out the secret of his brother's unhappiness.

"I'm paying for what I bargained for, Zane," Sidney answered thoughtfully, "but I've found out

(Continued on Page 15)

Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"I beg your pardon," said Miss Douglass hastening to the rescue.

"Ye gods and little fishes,' Gordon! I've found a treasure!"

She took up the locket with a tender touch.

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CHAPTER I.

AN ENCOUNTER.

"BROWNIE! Brownie Douglas, wait a moment."

Time—three o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of September, 1876.

Place—vestibule of the Memorial Hall, at the World's Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, when all the world did literally flock to behold the great sights in that city of brotherly love.

The speaker of the above sentence was a young lady of about twenty, tall, slender and of aristocratic bearing.

The person addressed was a bright little fairy, who looked not over sixteen, yet who in reality was two years older.

She turned quickly toward the aristocratic-looking lady who had spoken.

"What is it, Aspasia? I have been waiting for you. Where have you been?" she asked brightly.

"Oh, this is you, then? I thought that young lady just passing out was you—these linen dusters deceive one so."

"You look heated and weary; will you not sit down and rest?" asked Brownie Douglas, regarding the flushed face of her friend with an amused look in her dark, bright eyes.

There was never a greater contrast than between those two young ladies.

One tall, fair and languid and dressed in the height of fashion; covered with jewels, laces, flowers and furbelows, not to mention a three-quarters of a yard train, which, with the other fixings referred to, demanded so much of her attention that she could enjoy nothing of the wonders and beauties around her.

The other, petite and dainty; her glossy brown hair simply coiled at the back of her small head, which was crowned with a hat of dark straw, trimmed with a wreath of scarlet berries and shining dark green leaves. Her half-fitting linen ulster protected, while it did not wholly conceal her rich though simple dress of black silk, which just cleared the floor, and did not hide the "two mites of feet" incased in their tiny French boots. A pair of gray silk gloves covered her little hands and a simple linen collar was fastened at her delicate throat by a richly-carved spray of coral, her only visible ornament.

"Are you ready to go on now?" she asked her friend, as she saw the frown upon her brow fade out, at being once more set in moving order.

"Yes, but—— There! Oh, dear!"

Miss Douglas, who was about moving on, turned again at this cry of woe, and immediately a ripple of musical, irrepressible laughter broke from her scarlet lips.

There stood her friend in the act of gathering up her voluminous train, while directly behind her stood an unmistakable countryman, with one huge foot planted firmly upon the ruffles and plaitings of the beautiful skirt, securely pinning it to the floor, and making it optional with Miss Aspasia either to go on and leave behind her that (to her) very important appendage or wait until that herculean member should be removed.

The luckless, though innocent cause of this uncomfortable state of affairs, was gazing with wide eyes and open mouth at the figure of an Indian upon the trail opposite him, and wholly unconscious of the strong attachment which bound him to the fashionable belle.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Douglas, hastening to the rescue, "but will you please lift your foot?"

"Eh? What? Oh, ya-as," ejaculated the clumsy but good-natured fellow. "I declare, miss, I never saw so many wimmen a-losin' their clo's off before. I hain't been nowhere today but somebody's dress has ben tumblin' off on 'em, and I've stepped on't. I sh'd hev a fit if 'twar me, and I'm tarnal glad I wur born to a pair o' breeches."

Miss Huntington colored angrily, and murmured something about "such insufferable insolence," whereupon the irrepressible countryman offered a piece of friendly advice.

"Granm'th'r 'd tell ye to sew it on stronger to the bindin'—put on a button and make a buttonhole. That's her way, and I don't believe she ever lost her petticoat in her life."

Having delivered himself of these pithy remarks, he moved away, and at this instant a suppressed laugh greeted Miss Brownie's ear. Looking up, she caught two pairs of mirth-gleaming eyes fixed upon herself and her unfortunate companion.

Two young men were standing near, and had been amused witnesses of the comical scene just described.

On being discovered, one of them lifted his hat and bowed low to Miss Douglas, who flushed a rosy red as she returned it, and who would instantly have burst into gleeful laughter had it not been for doing violence to her companion's feelings.

As it was, however, she linked her arm in Miss Huntington's and turned quickly away, but not before she had caught the look of unmistakable admiration with which the other gentleman regarded her.

"Who is she?" he asked eagerly of his companion, after he had watched her out of sight.

"That full-rigged craft, with all her sail crowded on, is Miss Aspasia Huntington, a Baltimore belle and heiress——"

"And the other?" interrupted the first speaker, somewhat impatiently.

"Is—hold on to your ears, my boy—Miss Mehetabel Douglas, of Philadelphia," was the startling announcement, accompanied with a smile of amusement.

"Thunder!"

"'Tis rather an imposing cognomen for such a dainty piece of flesh and blood, I admit."

"Her parents ought to be choked for giving her such a name."

"They are already defunct, and, I believe, in no way responsible for the obnoxious appellation."

"How so?"

"Her father died before she was born, and her mother at her birth; so the poor little waif fell to the tender mercies of a maiden great-aunt on her father's side, who immediately had her christened for herself, and proceeded forthwith to bring her up, after her own ideas, to inherit her million of money."

"But the other one called her Brownie?"

"Yes; no one could 'Mehetabel' that sprite. Her nurse called her Brownie from the first, on account of her eyes, hair and skin, for she was very dark as a child."

"Showed her good taste—the name just suits her," muttered the first speaker, absently.

"The little elf liked the pet name so well herself that she would never allow any one to call her anything else. I believe since she has grown up her schoolmates and a few of her gentlemen acquaintances, who do not feel familiar enough to address her so freely, shorten the obnoxious old maid title into 'Meta'."

"You seem to know all about her."

"Yes, my sisters are intimate with and very fond of her. As for myself, I always thought her a bewitching little fairy."

"She has the sweetest and brightest face in the world," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Ah, ha! Hard hit, aren't you, Dredmond?"

"So hard that I should like another of the same kind. Will you introduce me?"

"Certainly, the first opportunity."

"You say the old aunt is rich?"

"Immensely, and very aristocratic, too."

"Aristocratic, is she? The little one herself seems to be simple enough; she put on no airs. How civilly she spoke to that countryman."

"Oh, yes; she treats the rich and the poor alike. She has been very kind to some poor working girls whom I know, and yet she has a thus-far-and-no-farther way with her, when the occasion requires, which even your high blood could not overcome."

"There's fun in her, though; how her bright face dimpled and gleamed when that clown stood ballast for Miss Huntington. Douglas, I believe, was the name of the little one, was it not?"

"Yes."

"It is a good one with us."

"A good one! I guess it is, my boy. Why, Miss Mehetabel, the elder, claims to be a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility."

"Aha! is that so?"

"Yes, indeed; but I warn you if you go there not to bring up the subject of genealogy, for once started upon that topic, there is no whoa until she brings up with an ancient queen."

"Pshaw! you are talking gammon now," returned the young man impatiently.

"Indeed I am not. I have seen the genealogical tree, and I assure you she has as good blood flowing in her veins as you have, notwithstanding she has been an inhabitant of plebian America for nearly half a century."

"Well, well, Gordon, we won't quarrel about their ancestry; there is beauty enough there, let alone blue blood."

"Yes. But I think we have discussed the subject sufficiently. Shall we go over to Machinery Hall now?"

"Anywhere you choose; but stop! What have we here?"

Adrian Dredmond stooped and picked up the shining something upon which he had almost stepped as they turned to leave the place.

It proved to be a costly cuff button of black enamel and gold. Upon the face of it was a large D., studded with brilliants, while a tiny row of the same precious stones was set around the edge.

Turning it over, the young man discovered the word "Brownie" engraved in finest letters on the back.

"'Ye gods and little fishes,' Gordon! I've found a treasure!" and he held it up to view.

"Egad! that is so. That must have cost a cool hundred," exclaimed Gordon, examining it critically, then added: "You are in luck, my boy. It is a good omen to find something belonging to one whom you admire."

"Is it?"

"Yes; but I suppose torture would not compel you to give it up until you can put it into the owner's own little hands," and the young man laughed.

"You are right for once," returned Dredmond lightly, although with heightened color.

"It will give me a good excuse for seeking an introduction," he added, as he carefully tucked the button into his vest pocket.

Again Gordon laughed.

"Mark my words, Dredmond, something unusual will come of your finding that trinket."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't know—it is a sudden impression, perhaps, but I believe it will have an influence on your future."

"You are superstitious," replied Dredmond, with a little scornful curl of his handsome lips.

"If it should result in your carrying Miss Brownie Douglas off to the old country with you, there would be a buzzing about your ears, I can tell you; for not a few have their eye fixed already upon the dainty elf with her golden pile in prospect."

"Are you among the number, Gordon?" asked his friend, with a keen glance at the young man.

"Not I, my boy; my star shines from another quarter," Gordon replied laughingly, though growing red in the face with the acknowledgment.

"I think then, my friend, you are getting up a little romance upon your own account, and without much of a foundation to begin with. If you were interested I should not wonder, but as there is no jealousy in the matter it seems a little singular that you should jump at conclusions thus. I fear, Gordon, I shall have to set you down as a masculine match-maker."

"Call me what you like, but I confess that I think you and that little fairy would suit each other wonderfully well. She is just the right kind of a little woman to make a——"

"Hush, my boy; do not reveal my secrets here," interrupted Adrian Dredmond, looking anxiously around.

"Well, well, come on then to Machinery Hall; but, Dredmond, I think you are over modest about some matters."

"It is a failing which will never harm anybody," the young man replied smiling; then linking arms in a friendly way with his companion, they wended their way to view that wonder of modern achievements, the Corliss engine, and those countless other inventions of the human brain.

CHAPTER II.

BROWNIE'S THOUGHTS.

In a luxurious apartment of a modern house on Chestnut Street, two hours after the incidents related in our first chapter, Miss Mehetabel Douglas, the senior, might have been seen sitting in a comfortable easy-chair, while Brownie sat upon an ottoman at her feet.

The former was a woman of about sixty-five years of age, with a delicate, high-bred face, surrounded by bands of soft, silvery hair. She had dark grey eyes, which always had a look in them as of some hope suddenly crushed out of her life, while a patient, gentle expression hovered about her thin, aristocratic lips.

Brownie had just been reading to her from "Patience Strong's Outings," and now they were talking it over together.

"Why is it, I wonder," said Brownie reflectively, "that so much sport is made of old maids?"

"I suppose because the theory prevails, that every old maid has failed to catch a husband, and is therefore a fit subject for ridicule," Miss Mehetabel returned, a little gleam of amusement lighting up her sad eyes.

"Pshaw! I know any number of people, who are no more fit to be wives and mothers than so many children; and yet every one has managed to secure a husband, while there are plenty of 'old maids' in the world, so patiently living out their lonely lives, who would make such strong, helpful wives, such wise and tender mothers. Now, auntie, you would have made such a splendid wife for some good man; and you ought to have had at least a dozen children. What a charming household it would have been, for you would have governed so wisely and so well. I don't believe nature ever intended you for an old maid."

A spasm of pain contracted the old lady's brow but she replied quietly:

"Perhaps not; yet there is, doubtless, some wise reason for it. What would have become of you, dear, if I had had a large family of my own?"

"Oh, I should have only made up the baker's dozen, and it seems such a pity that so much native talent should all be wasted upon one poor little waif like me," Brownie said with a little laugh.

"If I had had the number you assign me, dear, and they had all proved the blessing to me that you have been, I fear it would have been too much happiness for one human being; and yet——"

The old lady did not conclude her sentence, but heaved a deep sigh, while unshed tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

"Auntie, why were you an old maid? I don't understand it—it must have been no one's fault but your own."

"My own fault, Brownie! You don't know—child, you don't know," cried Miss Mehetabel sharply, while a deep, dry sob that was almost a groan burst from her lips.

Brownie was startled at her deep emotion. She had spoken lightly, and with no thought that she was probing an old wound.

She sprang up quickly, and seeing the fair old face above her almost convulsed with agony, she twined her arms about her neck, saying remorsefully:

"Auntie, dear, forgive me! Have I touched some hidden spring of sorrow? I would not have wounded you so for the world."

"Dear child, would you like to read a sad page in an old woman's history?"

"No, dear auntie, do not talk of anything that gives you pain. Forgive me for speaking in a way that should recall anything to distress you," said the young girl sadly.

"You did not think to pain me, and I am glad now that the conversation has taken this turn, for I would like you to know something of what my past has been."

"Let us wait until some other time—you are tired and ought to rest now," pleaded Brownie, recoiling from a revelation which she believed would be painful.

"No, Brownie, something prompts me to tell you now, and I will obey the call. The book of my life is almost written, love, and it will do no harm to review it once more before it is closed forever. I have borne my sorrow alone for [illegible] five years, and it seems as if it would do me good to breathe it to someone who would give me sympathy and remember it tenderly when I am gone."

Brownie's little hand fluttered down upon Mehetabel's lips, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Let us not talk about it, auntie; I don't like you to speak about going away from me. I should be desolate without you, if I had ever so much money," and the bright face wore a look of pain.

Miss Douglas drew the shining head down to her, and kissed the sweet lips.

"Well, well, so be it, though it must be sooner or later; but we will talk no more of it now. You are very precious to me, darling, and your love has been the only brightness of my life for the past eighteen years," she said softly. "Now lock the door," she added, after a moment's pause, "that we may be uninterrupted; then draw a chair beside me, and I'll tell you how I came to be an old maid. It may be a lesson that will do you good."

Brownie glided softly to the door and turned the key. Then she drew a low rocker and seated herself beside Miss Douglas, while a feeling of solemnity took possession of her, as she realized that a hidden page of life was about to be turned back for her to read.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUNT'S STORY.

"You know who the Douglases are?" began Miss Mehetabel, bracing herself up, with a little of pride.

"Oh, yes; you have always given me to understand that they belonged to a very honorable race."

"An honorable race, indeed! Why, child, we are the descendants of a queen—a Scottish queen! Lady Margaret Douglas was the daughter of Queen Margaret Tudor, and back to her we can trace our ancestry. Never forget it, child, never forget that you are descended in a direct line from the royalty of Scotland."

Brownie did not reply to her last remark, for it was a hobby with her proud kinswoman, and once thoroughly started on the subject, she knew the family tree would have to be brought out, and the wearisome task of tracing the Douglas race for three long centuries would have to be rehearsed. So she wisely held her peace.

"Yes, the descendants of a queen!" she repeated; "and many of our ancestors intermarried with the English nobility, so that today, Brownie Douglas, there runs no better blood in any veins than in yours and mine.

"Before I left the old country, dear, I mingled with the proudest circles of the land. I was presented at Court, and during a brilliant London season I was introduced to the young Lord Dunforth, son of the fifth Lord of Firth.

"His name was Royal—they called him Roy—and he was rightly named, for he was fit to be a king!"

"From the first hour of our meeting we loved each other, and we were betrothed, by the consent and approval of both his friends and my own, after an acquaintance of six months. Our marriage was to be delayed for a year, until he should complete his course at Oxford, when he would come in possession of a fine estate in Essex. We exchanged letters frequently, and the [illegible] he penned were like a feast to my soul. I love them now, every one, and they are all that have left of the love, the glorious love, which once fondly hoped would brighten my life to the end. In the same circle in which we moved there was a very handsome girl, by the name of Lady Helen Capel. She belonged to a very wealthy and honorable family, and it was said that betwixt Lord Dunforth was introduced to me he used to pay some attention to her. From the very first of my acquaintance with him she evinced an intense dislike toward me.

"Report said that she wanted to win him for herself, and I believe in my heart that was true, she was so haughty and disagreeable whenever we met.

"Lord Dunforth finished his course at Oxford with great honor to himself, and preparations were begun for our marriage, which was appointed to take place just before the Christmas holidays.

"One evening we attended a ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley.

"On entering the ballroom I had given my card to Roy to fill out such sets as he wished for himself, and then as others were introduced to me they put their names in the blanks that were left.

"Soon after, Charles Capel came up with a handsome but rather rakish-looking gentleman, whom he introduced as the Count de Lussac. Roy had left me for a few minutes to speak to someone he knew, or what followed never would have happened.

"The stranger immediately requested the pleasure of dancing with me, and I innocently consented, never for a moment dreaming that any one would be present in Lady Ruxley's parlors with whom it would not be proper for me to dance.

"I gave him my card and he put his name down against a waltz, while a peculiar smile curled his lips.

"Not many minutes after Helen Capel sauntered toward me and sat down by my side.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



The "Comfort" Sisters' Corner

s Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

r object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

y abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

ase write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

dress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

F one-half the Sisters are as busy making Christmas gifts as the other half has been in writing how to make them, then there is a chance that we'll get ourselves and our Corner disliked by the menfolks who may have to wait for their meals or go th holes in their stockings, while the wives re busy making all sorts of lovely things for ristmas. They are forgiving creatures, though, d very likely they've been standing around, tching and offering suggestions, really worthile suggestions, too. We are always glad to t them. Merry Christmas to every one of you. Ed.

LATHAM, MO.

EAR MOTHER WILKINSON AND ALL:

I think she is a "mother" to us all. This is my first ter to COMFORT and as the door was open I walked I have taken COMFORT for a long time and wouldn't without it. If I want to know anything I go to MFORT and I nearly always find it.

Sisters, let us see how many Sisters' Circle Pins will taken by Christmas time. We all want one, don't ? Let's get busy. They would make a nice Christs gift to some COMFORT sister less fortunate than rselves.

I will describe myself and go, to make room for some- e else. I am five feet, four inches tall, have light own hair, gray-blue eyes and was thrty-two years old e 25th of last June. Am married to one of the best anks there is, I think. We have three girls. I am closing a picture of the youngest one, Effie Evalyn, hich I would like to see in COMFORT. I am also send- g for a pin.

NAOMI SCOTT.

Mrs. Scott.—Snapshots do not reproduce at all ell, so it will be impossible to use the picture your little girl.

For a long time I've wanted to say something the sisters about the Sisters' Circle Pin but dn't know how to express it. I had already ld them there was nothing compulsory about it d that they were just as much sisters without e pin as with it, but I hoped they would *want* e. It cost quite a lot to have the pins made and they were made only because I insisted at enough would be sold to make it worthwhile d I've been rather disappointed. I don't like have people say, "I told you so," so I am looking forward to the sale of hundreds and hundreds pins.—Ed.

LAKE DELAWARE, DELHI, N. Y.

EAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Every time my COMFORT comes I say, "I am going write to the sisters," but I never have. All right, rs. Wilkinson, here are a few suggestions for Christas gifts.

How many have husbands, sons or brothers who hang eir ties on chairs or whatever is nearest when they ake them off? My husband was just about as bad as ny, for need of a collar bag. I wanted to give him ne but I had very little cash, so I made one. Take ne of the large, round oatmeal boxes and cut off about wo and one-half inches from bottom. You can line it carefully paste white paper inside. For the outside ake a strip of cloth a trifle larger than will go around t. and about seven inches wide. Turn in one-half inch t bottom and stitch on machine, sew the ends together o it fits snugly around the box. It can be glued or titched to the box. Make a three-quarter inch hem at op with buttonholes at each side and run a double

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

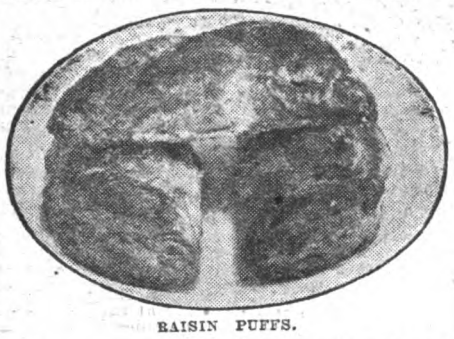
It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE COMFORT Sisters' Pin, given as a prize for the best recipe, has been sent, with Christmas greetings, to Naomi Fletcher of Roanoke, Ill. By "best," as has been explained before, is meant the recipe that an inexperienced cook can successfully follow, the recipe that has the exact quantities given and the plainest instructions for making. There was one recipe this month, a fruit cake, that had every appearance of being a prize winner, so neatly written that it wasn't necessary to copy, exact proportions given and, apparently, minute instructions for combining the different ingredients, but—"add the grape juice," and not a word had been said about grape juice. The most experienced cook could not tell whether a teaspoonful or a pint was meant. Of course the recipe could have been tried out and experimented upon and the exact quantity determined, but I feel that if a writer is willing and kind enough to send in a recipe for the benefit of others, she is willing and kind enough to be accurate, once the need for it is explained. Who wins next month?—Ed.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Roast a large chicken; clear all the meat from the bones, chop and pound it thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of boiled rice. Put the bones (broken) and the skin into two quarts of cold water. Let it simmer for some time, when it will make a weak broth. Strain it and add it to the chicken and rice. Now press this all through a sieve and put it away until dinner time. Take off the grease on top; heat it without boiling, and, just before sending to table, mix into it a gill of boiling cream. Season carefully with pepper and salt.

RAISIN PUFFS.—Beat one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoon of butter to a cream. Beat in one egg, one-

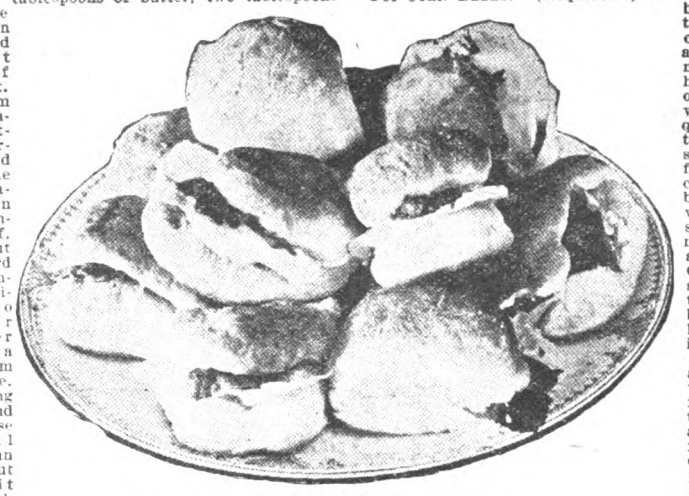


RAISIN PUFFS.

half cup of milk, one cup of chopped raisins and spice to taste. Boil until thick and use it for filling for turnovers.—MARY HARROD NORTHEND, Salem, Mass.

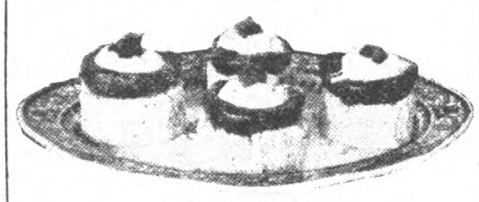
CHICKEN PIE.—Two chickens boiled tender in just enough water to cover them; when done line a deep dish with rich pastry then lay the chickens in, alternating the white and dark meat. When full, slice three hard-boiled eggs and lay over the top, and quite a quantity of butter cut fine, then turn over all the juice of the chickens and some rich stock thickened, and flavor to suit the taste. Cover with rich pastry and bake two hours.

CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST ROLLS.—In a deep mixing bowl put three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, and pour over it two cups of scalding milk. When lukewarm add one compressed yeast-cake first thoroughly mixed with a little lukewarm water. Stir in bread flour until very stiff, then turn out on floured board and knead until it will neither stick to hands nor board. Cover and set in a fairly warm place to rise. In the morning cut down, and if time, let rise again. Roll about half an inch thick, cut with biscuit cutter, brush over with melted butter, crease each through the center with a knife and fold over. Rise till nearly as large again and bake in a hot oven until brown. Remove from tin, break open and spread each with a little melted butter and fill with a slice of cranberry jelly and a piece of hot crisp bacon.—MRS. A. M. G., Augusta, Maine.



CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST ROLLS.

PEACH DESERT.—Cut rounds of plain white cake and scoop out the center, leaving the edge thin. On top of



PEACH DESERT.

each place half a canned peach, heap with sweetened whipped cream and top with a candied cherry or a cube of bright jelly.

PLAIN CAKE.—Sift together one cup of sugar, one and a half cup of sifted flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder and a scant half teaspoon of salt. Break two eggs into a measuring cup, fill the cup with milk and add to the drys with five tablespoons of well softened butter, but not melted. Beat hard until smooth and creamy.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round steak, beat it, and spread it with a dressing made from cracker-crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper, thyme and butter. Begin at one end and roll it up neatly, tying to keep it in shape. Cover the top of the roll with shreds of pork, put in a pan with a little water, and bake till tender, basting frequently. Thicken the gravy with a little browned flour and pour over meat before serving.

WALLED OYSTERS.—Line a pudding pan with mashed potatoes and glaze it with well-beaten egg. Set in the oven until thoroughly heated and of a delicate brown. While this is in the oven put on your saucepan, into which put the liquor from a quart of oysters; let it boil, add the liquor and season, letting all boil together for four minutes; remove the oysters and put in the liquor a teaspoon of cream, a tablespoon of butter, and enough flour to thicken. Boil until thick, then put the oysters and prepared liquor in the potato paste and serve at once.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Cook six large sweet potatoes with a little salt. When cooked, remove from fire, peel and mash smooth. In a separate dish beat three eggs, add to the eggs three tablespoons of corn-starch and a quart of good rich milk and a piece of butter size of walnut. Mix well with the mashed potatoes and put in crust and bake. Sprinkle with nutmeg before putting in the oven. A meringue may be added if desired. —MRS. TAYLOR, McLAUGHLIN, Oldtown, Md.

BUTTER SCOTCH PIE.—Mix one and one-half cups of brown sugar and one-half cup of corn-starch. Add one and one-half cups of boiling water and cook until thick. Remove from fire and add two tablespoons of butter and the yolks of two eggs, beaten, with speck of salt added. Put into a baked pastry shell and cover with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff with sugar. Put in oven to brown.—MRS. ZILDA SMITH, Wann, Okla.

HUNTER'S PUDDING.—One cup chopped suet, one cup molasses, one cup stoned raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one level teaspoon soda. Steam three or four hours. Serve with foam or hard sauce.

POP-CORN BALLS.—(Requested.) Three-quarters cup brown sugar, three-quarters cup white sugar, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup water, one tablespoon vinegar, one-quarter cup butter, one-half teaspoon soda, and freshly popped corn. Put brown and white sugar in saucepan with molasses, water and vinegar. Cook until it spins a thread; then add the butter. When hard ball stage is reached (when it forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water), add soda and remove from fire. Have corn freshly popped and in a large pan and pour the hot syrup over it. Wet the hands and press into balls of uniform size. —MRS. L. E. STADLER, Reidsville, R. R. 1, N. C.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Twelve eggs well beaten, two and one-half coffee cups brown sugar, one coffee cup melted butter, one tablespoon of cloves, mace and cinnamon each, eight crackers pounded and soaked in one pint of cold milk, one teaspoon salt, two quarts of milk warmed, one coffee cup of citron, two and one-half coffee cups stoned raisins. Bake six hours in a slow oven.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Nine tablespoons sugar, two eggs; beat the yolks and sugar together. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and put the two together. Just as it is going to the table, add about a tablespoon of boiling water, stir well together and flavor.

DARK PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup molasses, one and one-half cup raisins (chopped), two-thirds of a cup of suet, one cup milk, one teaspoon of soda and a little salt, one teaspoon of cloves, one of cassia, one of allspice; steam from four to five hours.

SAUCE.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, rub to a cream, add three or four tablespoons of boiling water just before sending to the table; if wanted extra nice, add the white of an egg; flavor to taste.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sugar (creamed), two cups molasses, nine eggs, one cup cold coffee, five cups flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon each cloves, allspice, cinnamon, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound citron.

EGG SALAD.—Cook eggs in a large amount of water which is kept just under the boiling point for 20 minutes. Boiled eggs are leathery and indigestible. Cool and cut into halves. Remove the yolks, mash and mix with minced chicken, ham or boiled salmon. Season



EGG SALAD.

well with butter, salt and pepper, and a little onion juice if desired. Chopped pickle also improves the flavor. Fill the egg whites and set in a bed of lettuce. Garnish with rings of green pepper.

PRUNE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, one cup chopped prunes, cooked without sugar, four tablespoons sour cream or milk, two small teaspoons soda, one small teaspoon baking powder and a dash of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg. Flour to make thick batter. Bake in layers and put whipped cream or boiled icing between each layer and on top. This is also good with dried apples or raisins. Does not seem dry, like lots of dried fruit cakes. —MRS. E. H. W., Creswell, Ore.

HOWARD, BOX 42, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Mrs. Wilkinson asked for Christmas suggestions. I hope my letter will help someone. Don't you think there were a lot of good suggestions in "The Hope Chest Girl" in September COMFORT?

A novel way to give fruit would be to make a crepe paper bell, large enough to cover whatever fruit you give; grapes work in nicely. Leave a hole in top of bell to put the stem through and tie a ribbon bow on it. The fruit shows below as a clapper. If you think you can give a chicken or canned fruit or something along that line, cut top off pumpkin, scrape out the seeds and place your gift inside, replace top and wrap up and you will have a Christmas gift that is a little different.

I think that Christmas is getting to be more of an exchange of gifts than it should be. One dear lady I know went among a crowd of children in front of a large store and listened to them tell what they would like. She used her pencil and pad and got the names of the children she could buy for and on Christmas Eve she delivered the gifts at their homes and asked the mothers to hang up the children's stockings and put her gifts in them. It doesn't take as much to make people happy as we think. A few cents spent in the right way and a cheery smile will work wonders.

MRS. CLAUDE HUGHES.

HERMANVILLE, R. R. 1, BOX 27, MISS.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I have taken COMFORT many years and read the Sisters' Corner with much interest. I think the Sisters' Circle Pin a fine thing and especially for this reason, each sister should always wear her pin when traveling or visiting so that we can recognize each other just as our husbands recognize a fellow lodge member by a pin.

I am very fond of reading and playing with the children. I have two boys of my own, four and two years old. We live on a farm and have lots of fun going in swimming.

I would appreciate it if the sisters would send me a small scrap of silk, enough to make a two-inch square, as I want a COMFORT silk bed cover. Letters with scraps will be doubly appreciated and I'd like to answer all but feel that I won't be able to do so and will not say now that I will. It's better to do that now than write to Mrs. Wilkinson later that I can't.

I live four miles from town, in the woods, and have to walk half a mile to my mail box and most of the time I don't get any mail. I will wait patiently and see if the Fates will be kind to this farmer's wife, but I assure you if a more worthy letter takes the place of this I shall not mind very much, though, of course, we all cherish a wee small hope that ours will be printed.

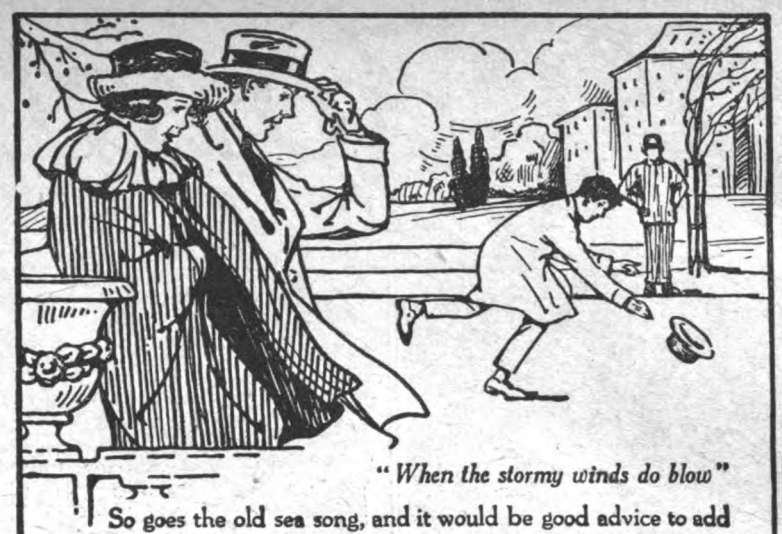
MRS. EDDIE LOWE.

TONKAWA, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I wrote to dear old COMFORT about a year ago and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



"When the stormy winds do blow"

So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

DRINK

Baker's Cocoa



It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating.

It is delicious too.

Made only by

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Drink this, get it down," he ordered standing behind her.



Before nine next morning all Wellford House was up in arms.



She crushed herself against the wall as the door swung open against her.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis'. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress sewn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals down the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PEARL COLLAR.

SOMEHOW Gillian got through that awful night; just how, she never knew.

Yet it had been strangely easy to keep Jacky quiet. After hearing that wild avowal she had scarcely spoken; had never rebelled as Gillian made her get into bed. Only one thing she said clasping Gillian to a silent, faithful heart:

"Gill, do you care? Do you love him?" She had whispered.

"Better than heaven—worse than hell," said Gillian, dry-lipped. "But it's not that so much as—oh, Jacky, the shame! I could not bear the shame!"

"You sha'n't—through me," her voice was quiet enough, but she bit into her arms as she buried her face in them. Not for a hundred thousand jewels should Gillian's story and her own come out, and yet if it had not been for Gillian she could have laughed to see Lesard hunted down.

"Lesard Gillian's husband! Lesard!" She writhed in her bed. It could not be true; there must be something wrong somewhere. And yet she knew it was true as that she, who hated a thief, had stood quietly by and seen the house robbed of some of the finest jewels in England.

"Why didn't I scream? Be killed, anything? rather than let him go?" She was sick with humiliation. "Now I can't do anything. If I speak it will only drag her out before the world as a burglar's wife. It wouldn't even mean catching him. And I can't! I can't! I won't have Gill in any court nor in all the papers, nor have her know that it is I—I who stand in her shoes, and I called her a coward." Her tearless sobs racked her. "A coward! and she is downstairs now, facing them all, dancing, when she has found out—this!"

Gill sat at supper downstairs—for she dared not stay away—her mask off, her face white as ashes, waiting in deadly terror lest any minute some woman's maid might fly in and say her jewel-box was gone.

Sir Charles Vivian opposite her looked with wonder at her dry lips, her shaking hands, as she tried to eat. He had once seen a woman look like that—only once; but she knew that her husband had to fly for his life for murder; and she was a woman, not a girl. He got up and filled Gillian's glass with champagne.

"Drink this, get it down," he ordered, standing behind her, and without answering she obeyed him. The wine seemed to run like fire to her finger-ends, to her knees.

"You're very kind to me," she said, as the other people left the table and he sat down by her, but there was no light of gratitude in her vacant eyes.

"You're ill. You ought to be in bed. Won't you go?" he asked, not daring to look at her strained face.

"I can't; it would make a fuss. Mr. Marchmont hates fuss," she whispered.

"Let him," said Vivian shortly. "Hello! What's the row over there? Why, little Mrs. Fareham's fainting."

Gillian followed his eyes. The room was filled with small tables that held four people only, and at the second one from them, among the flowers and champagne bottles, something was happening—something she had expected, and it was only the champagne that Vivian had made her swallow that kept her from screaming.

A frantic maid, regardless of appearances, stood wild-eyed over her mistress, who was standing, swaying, as if she would fall.

"They're gone, madam, gone! And her grace's, too!"

Mrs. Fareham's shriek rang in Gillian's ears.

"The diamonds! They weren't mine, they were borrowed! Borrowed!" her voice was piercing, hysterical; everyone in the room turned.

There was a hubbub of questions and answers, a flight of every woman in the house-party from the room to see if the news were true, and if her jewels were gone like Mrs. Fareham's. Only Gillian never stirred; she sat motionless, wide-eyed, as if she were stunned. Sir Charles, coming back to her side, gazed at her where she sat like a woman in a nightmare.

"It's nothing, I hope—I'm nearly certain!" he said gravely. "Look out! You've cut your hand!"

For the tumbler that held the champagne had broken into pieces as she gripped it.

And now she could not speak! She sat, in frozen misery, never even seeing that Vivian had gently taken the broken tumbler from her fingers, stripped off her cut glove, and was wiping the blood from her hand with his handkerchief.

"Don't look so frightened," he said very softly, his honest eyes full of tenderness; "there's no danger. It's all over, and they're sure to catch the thieves."

"Catch them! Oh, my God!" said Gillian's mind, but her stiff lips never moved. Her heart, her honor were out there fleeing through the night. Only her body was in the lighted supper-room, hearing for consolation her worst dread put into words.

"Are you afraid your jewels will be gone, and that Marchmont will be angry with you? Is that it?" asked Vivian, wonderingly, and then he stared in amazement.

"My jewels!" she stood up, a strange passion in her face. "I hate them. I wish they were all gone—all!"

A hand, very white and soft, was laid on her shoulder. Mr. Marchmont, not as calm as usual, was by her side.

"My dear child, I hope you are not frightened!" he said smoothly. "And I hope you haven't lost anything. Have you looked?"

Had he heard? Gillian was past caring.

"Lost anything—I? I don't know," she said slowly, and Vivian saw her shoulder slip from under Marchmont's hand.

"Your pearls! Aren't you wearing them?" with a curious sound in his voice the girl noted, not Vivian.

She put her slim hand to her throat vaguely; the pearls were not there.

"I meant to put them on; I must have forgotten," she muttered. "I think I left them on my dressing-table."

"Then your maid probably put them away!" with apparent relief. "Shall I go and ask her?"

"She's ill; she's in bed!" it was almost a cry. "I'll go and see."

She broke away from her guardian as she spoke, and fairly ran from the room.

"She's frightened—unstrung!" observed that gentleman to Sir Charles. "She has had a horror of burglars ever since the Hollis' were robbed."

"She seems unstrung!" returned Sir Charles dryly. He was beginning to have no opinion whatever of Mr. Marchmont. No girl who is young and beautiful should hate jewels, and this one seemed also to hate and fear the man who had given them to her. Sir Charles hung about to see what would happen if the jewels had been stolen.

He had not to wait long. Gillian was back almost immediately, absolute amazement written on her face.

"They're gone," she gasped, "but my jewel-case is there."

If Vivian had expected her guardian to fall on his ward and berate her, he was disappointed.

"My poor Gillian;" said Marchmont, his courteous voice very kind and smooth. "Don't look so frightened, it was not your fault. If we do not catch the thieves, you shall have new pearls."

But Gillian Hamilton never answered him. She stood with that curious surprise frozen on her face.

Had she wronged Marchmont—or was he only the most consummate actor the world ever saw?

If he were the last, she—his tool—was playing into his hands, and she loathed herself, yet saw no other way.

"The shame of it!" she thought passionately, and then a sudden recollection made her cry out: "Oh, that poor little woman! Her diamonds were borrowed. She will be ruined if she has to pay for them!"

"My ward has a very tender heart," said Mr. Marchmont to Sir Charles with precisely the right inflection.

"She ought to go to bed; she's done up," Sir Charles returned bluntly. With or without reason, he longed to kick Mr. Marchmont.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TORTURE OF JACKY.

Before nine next morning all Wellford House was up in arms. The local police had arrived and detectives from London; each and every person in the house had been put through an examination as to their whereabouts at the time of the robbery, and no one had either evidence or suspicion to offer.

Gillian had gone into the room where the head of the local police was seeing each person one by one. She looked pale and frightened, and very young. Not even the London detective dreamed for one moment that this pretty, gray-eyed girl, who had lost her pearl necklace, knew more about the robbery than any one but the man who had planned it.

She stood by the door, her hand on a chair, for her knees were shaking.

What should she do if they asked her a question she could not evade? The beating of her heart shook her, but her lips faltered as she answered the very cursory questions asked her.

She little knew that it was to Sir Charles Vivian she owed the fact that they were so few. His statement not five minutes since to the local man, who was a tenant of his, had taken all responsibility off Gillian's shoulders.

"What was I doing, Evans?" he had said. "Let me see! The dance before supper I had with Miss Hamilton," musingly. "I was called away to speak to Lady Wellford; I came back later on, met Miss Hamilton at the drawing-room door, and we went in to supper. We were still there when the news came out. I'm afraid I'm not a very useful witness, Evans, or Miss Hamilton, either."

"No, sir, no! It's just a matter of form," apologetically. "You didn't see any one suspicious in the ballroom or anywhere?"

"I saw a lot of idiots in fancy dress, but I saw them all at supper afterward and they seemed pretty respectable," absently. He had forgotten all about the monk, whom he certainly had not seen at supper.

"I'll send Miss Hamilton now, Evans," and he had departed, quite unconscious that to save Gillian discomfort he had utterly disposed of all hopes of catching the thieves; and with no idea that it was certainly not Gillian Hamilton who had been with him during that dance before supper.

"I suppose we can see your maid!" Mr. Evans said, as Gillian was turning away, having been asked nothing as to her movements, but how she came to forget her pearl necklace.

"Yes, of course. But she was ill; I sent her to bed," truth that was not truth making her feel sick with shame. She knew nothing about my not wearing my pearls."

"Ill in bed? Oh, well; we need not see her." Mr. Evans had no idea of making himself disliked by the future Lady Vivian, as he considered Gillian from Sir Charles' manner of speaking of her.

The London detective, yawning in the background, agreed with him. This amateur nonsense about the people in the house was childish; he was quite certain he could put his fingers on the thieves. Wellford House was not the first burglary he had been engaged in discovering, but it was the one he was determined to unravel; for the value of the stolen jewels was enormous; not a woman of the house-party had saved anything but the jewels she was wearing, and the aggregate reward offered by the bereft ones would amount to a decent competency for life.

Gillian, thankful to escape, flew up-stairs to her room.

"Jacky," she but the door and spoke in a needless whisper "you needn't go down. The man says he doesn't ant you."

Jacky was pa ing furiously, for the robbery had broken up the party. The duchess had already set the example by leaving for London, and Mr. Marchmont was only too anxious to follow her august lead.

She looked up from where she knelt in her smart black satin that showed off her round, young figure so daintily.

Her eyes were swollen and heavy; there were lines round her mouth that had never been there and they showed through all her face bleach.

"How did you do it?" she asked slowly.

"I didn't do it. The man said it of his own accord." Jacky laid in the last gown without a word, and locked and strapped the boxes. Then she got up as if her knees were stiff and old.

"Gill," she said, "have you thought at all of what we're going to do?"

"Do? We can't do anything. It's done." Her voice was full of a resigned despair that made her sister furiously angry. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We thought of ourselves last night; I don't know whether we can go on doing it."

"We had nothing to do with the robbery," sharply.

"No. We could only have caught the thieves! Don't look so frightened, I haven't any intention of telling. It's only that I saw Mrs. Fareham's maid this morning, and she says her mistress is nearly crazy. Those diamonds of hers were borrowed from a cousin who is married to a Jew stockbroker; the man hates her; she will have to pay every penny they're worth if they're not recovered, and face a scandal besides, for he is quite capable of saying that she stole them. You see, there are other people to suffer besides you and me!"

Gillian put her hands to her head.

"Jacky, what can I do?" she cried passionately. "Put yourself in my place. Think, think, what you would feel like if you were me! How do I know that if I told all I knew and said I was his wife, that I might not find out he had been married before! And what would I be then?" her miserable face crimson. "You can think of Mrs. Fareham. Can't you think first of me?"

Think of her! Not till daylight was gray in the east had Jacky Hamilton thought of any one but Gillian. Then, as if a knife had been plunged deep in her breast and some one had suddenly turned it, her own agony came to her. It was Lesard who had done this thing! Lesard, the heart of her heart, who was a liar and a thief, the right hand in iniquity of the man he had despised and condemned.

His stern, lean face, his hawk's eyes, his mouth that was so sweet and strong, had risen up before her in the dawning, clear as if she saw them in very deed. She buried her head in her hands. An insult, a deadly treachery. And if Lesard were such as this, could there be any truth anywhere in earth or heaven?

Small wonder her face was haggard when she rose and painted it to face the world. Gillian could talk; only she must be silent while black crime went by, for Gillian's sake, not Lesard's.

There was nothing but fierce loathing in her for the man who had wronged them both. She could have kissed Lesard on his lips for the beauty that she loved, and driven a knife into his heart in the same breath for the very hatred of him.

And now Gillian cried out to her to think of her!

Jacky caught her breath.

"I do think of you. I'd kill myself, soul and body, for you!" she muttered. "Don't speak to me like that!"

"I know," Gillian was crying silently. "You don't want me to tell; say you don't!" she pleaded. "Listen, Jacky! Then you'll be couldn't tell, you'll understand. I met when I was with father; I think I love from the very first day. You've seen him you ever see any man like him? Who him, moved like him, had such ways?"

Jacky Hamilton dropped to her knees ox under the butcher's mallet, and laid on Gillian's knees to hide her painted face.

"No! Go on," she said, with a hard "Go on."

"Well, he loved me. The day he the room went round. I couldn't see, his voice as if he were miles away. I faced the judgment day when he kissed

Jacky's head was strangely still knees.

"But I can't face it now. We were I couldn't tell you, he did not know. I never thought they liked never seemed at ease with father—matter?"

"Nothing," holding herself in an iron for she had started against Gill's knee. ease" did not sound like Lesard. have smiled scornfully at the words—knew his reason, and was quiet.

"We were married," Gillian went registrar's. I lied to father. I said home, and I went to Lesard. I for a fortnight. I was happier than in heaven. He was so tender, so and merry. You can't know—him once or twice, haven't you?"

"A little more," very gently. never stop? Never get on to throwing her over? How else to keep down the mad anger other woman—even Gillian—things of Lesard.

"You sent for me then; Miss nearly killed me to leave him. the train, he had gray clothes carnation in his coat"—her foolish detail was soft and full of of a new Gillian whom Jacky

"He said, 'Good by, sweetheart! don't forget me!'"

"My God in heaven keep me still," prayed Jacqueline Hamilton knee.

"Yes," she cried sharply. "Go can't bear it."

"I can't go on, there's no more," ful, mirthless smile. "You gave you? Did you read them?"

"No. I've got them—here!"

"Bring them. Read the end for

Jacky, like a girl in a dream, of letters from her little had known what it held he cured it before all the jewels thought bitterly, watching out that last letter.

As she stared at it open she could suffer no more. one note from Lesard, curious trick in his full stop between nearly up, with no connection or sense. And she was looking little full stops now that

"My dear . Gillian," she read. write . to you . some . time you . needn't . come back . let . you . know when . I not . think at . the . time to . have you . as my wife derstand . that this to write, . and so I . say good by.

With a jerk of her wrist Jacky into the fire, as if its touch

"What a devil, what a devil!" she furious whisper. "And after Gillian cowering in her him? You can hold your him?"

Gillian looked up, her something Jacky could

"I was his wife," she ten times what he is, I

"And I would murder out fiercely in the Gill! I will keep condition—only that I do not tell men down-stairs."

She sat down, very with a quick clearness wonder as she heard. a look of hope there since she had scream of misery

"We can't do it, enough, nor brave there was still

"We must! It will poor little woman mont; freedom her fingers, that themselves cruelly,

"Revenge for you! Why?" wide-eyed.

"Oh! you are my ness. " 'Revenge in the poem. at the door."

CHAPTER X.

KEY TO THE REFERENCES.

It is not good for a woman to have mainspring of her existence a hatred of the man whom

It was Jacqueline waking, it was the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

HRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE PANTRY



By Violet Marsh

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O you ever think how unchangeable is the Christmas spirit, and how the customs of centuries ago remain as fresh and enjoyable as ever? In a great many homes every day of the Christmas season brings some enjoy- event. It may be the home-coming of the eler, or the arrival of boys and girls from ol and college, bringing with them their ns for the holiday vacation, or, where fate been kind to those no longer g, their married sons and ghters will be arriving with ky, red-cheeked grandchildren ly to hang their stockings in old fireplace, just for Santa's enience.

ifts have been coming and go- and an air of mystery pre- s. Behind closed doors softly- pered feet and hushed voices the midnight hour hint of istmas trees trimmed with ands of pop-corn and bright cranberries.

hristmas Day finds everyone's t open and in the mood for iness, and long-existing bar- s between relatives and once friends are often dropped on great day of "Peace on earth, l will toward men." Who ld change Christmas?

nning the Christmas Boxes

he housewife who beholds the ducts of her own hands and fruits of the harvest within own storeroom can in no se be handicapped in Christ- giving, for there is no pres- more welcome, nor one more in ging with the holiday festivi- than a box or basket of tempt- food daintily wrapped. Fre- ntly a housewife becomes fa- is among her friends for the ellency of a particular dish or es, and right here is where can pay a very pretty compli- nt by making these dishes gifts and presenting them with the accom- ying recipe for making same.

t is a genuine treat to city friends to receive ething fresh from the farm during the holi- s. Living in small quarters with only a hen cabinet in which to store everything on d necessitates buying frequently and in small unts, and one who has once known the de- ts of a storeroom crowded with the winter's d never ceases to hunger for something which unts to more than a memory from this "house plenty."

ine poultry, a small pig ham, vegetables, jel- and pickles, freshly churned butter, rosy ap- s, cider right from the press, a jar of honey, o-corn, a big fruit cake or plum pudding are ne of the things which would carry joy to the rts of the city dwellers on Christmas Day. other little touch not to be forgotten is to k in pieces of evergreen and, if you can, make ne of the boxes of birch bark.

Recipes of the Season

ROAST GOOSE.—Singe, scrub with a coarse cloth warm soapy water and rinse. Make an in- ion below the breast-bone and remove the in- gle contents of the ose. Wash the inside th cold water and pe with a clean cloth. uff. Place on a rack d cover the breast th strips of salt pork ich assists in draw- g the oil from the fat the goose. Bake near- an hour in a fairly ot oven, then remove e pork and drain all e fat from the pan. prinkle the goose with lt, dredge with flour d return to oven. hen the flour com- ences to brown, add a ttle water and baste e goose. Dredge again d sprinkle with salt. aste frequently and ok about two and one- lf hours in all. Serve ith apple sauce.

GOOSE STUFFING.—wo cups of hot mashed tato, one-half cup of chopped tart apple, one d one-half cup of soft fine bread-crumbs, one- ird cup of butter, one level teaspoon of pow- red sage, one slightly rounding teaspoon of salt, e beaten egg, one-half onion chopped fine and bout two tablespoons of chopped salt pork. No quid is required.

APPLE SAUCE.—Make a syrup of one cup of gar, three-fourths cup of water and the rind of lf a lemon cut into strips. Cook five minutes. ave seven tart apples cut into eighths, pared d cored. Add apples to boiling syrup and gent- cook until soft but not broken, remove to serving dish, oil down the yrup and pour over the ap- les.

CRANBERRY AUCE.—To one uart of dark ed cranberries dd a scant alf cup of wa- r and cook in n agate stew- an until the erries are roken and soft, hich will take but a short time. Stir frequent- . Press through a sieve, return the pulp to the an, add two cups of sugar and heat until the gar is dissolved. Pour into the serving dish.

HARLEQUIN JELLY.—Wash and wipe five medi- m-sized quinces, and four quarts of tart red ap- es that are hard and juicy. Cut into slices, ld one quart of ripe cranberries, add cold water to come nearly to top of fruit and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain through a single cheese- cloth and again through two thicknesses. The first that comes through will be very clear, and then the bag can be squeezed for a second quality of jelly. There will be no difference in the flavor but the second jelly will not be transparent. Measure the juice and an equal measure of sugar. Bring the juice to a boil, cook five minutes and skim. Add sugar gradually and when it is dis- solved pour the jelly into glasses.

MASHED SWEET POTATO.—Boil in jackets until soft. Drain and set in oven five minutes. Peel and mash, season with melted butter, salt and paprika. Moisten with cream, beat until light and turn into buttered baking dish, leaving the top irregular. Boil three tablespoons of syrup with one tablespoon of butter for three minutes, pour it over the potato and bake until the top lightly browns.

POTATOES BAKED WITH MEAT.—Pare and soak one hour in cold water. Boil ten minutes in salted water, drain and place the pota- toes on rack beside the meat. Baste occasionally.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE. Plunge macaroni into rapidly boil- ing salted water and boil contin- uously until soft. Drain in a col- ander, and then pour cold water over the macaroni to prevent its sticking. There should be about three cups of the macaroni. To make the sauce, melt one table- spoon of butter in a saucepan and smooth into it one teaspoon of corn-starch mixed with one salt- spoon of salt, about the same amount of dry mustard and one- half teaspoon of paprika. When it begins to cook, gradually add one cup of hot milk while con- tinuously stirring. Cook ten min- utes, then stir in one cup of rich cheese cut into small pieces, and stir until the cheese dissolves. Add the macaroni, toss until hot and serve.

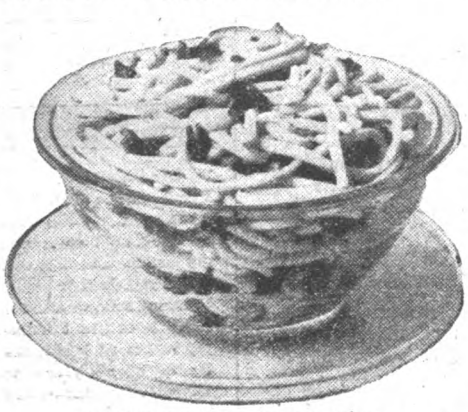
SAUSAGE TURNOVERS.—Cut one and a half pound of fresh lean pork and one-half pound of fresh fat pork into inch pieces. Mix with two-thirds teaspoon of white pepper, a dash of cayenne, two teaspoons of salt and one-half tea- spoon of fine sage. Put through the meat grinder, using the fine cutter. Make into small cakes, place on a shallow tin and bake in a hot oven until done but not hard. Make rich biscuit dough, roll quite thin and cut into rounds. On one side of dough round place a hot sausage cake, turn dough over the other half and bake in a hot oven until brown.

FRUIT CAKE.—Cream together until very light one-third cup of butter and three-fourths cup of brown sugar. Now add one cup of chopped rai- sins and half-a-cup of currants and beat well. Beat in two well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of molasses. Sift together two cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon each of nutmeg and allspice, one teaspoon of cin- namon and a scant one-fourth teaspoon of clove, and add to the butter mixture alternately with one-half cup of milk and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat until smooth. Bake in loaf bread tins in a slow oven one hour and twenty minutes.

CEREAL MERINGUES.—Beat two fresh egg whites until stiff and dry, gradually beat in one-half cup of powdered sugar, one and a half cup of corn flakes and a small pinch of salt. Drop by tea- spoonfuls on a slightly greased tin a little way apart and bake in a very moderate oven until a delicate brown.



GLASS CANDY JAR.



MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE.

Christmas Pies

PASTRY.—If all the in- gredients are measured with accuracy a light, tender pastry is assured. Use a measuring cup, and measure flour after it is sifted, filling the cup with a spoon. Into the mixing bowl put three-fourths cup of cold lard, cream with a spoon and gradually add one-half cup of ice- water. Have ready three cups of flour sifted with half a teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder. Add flour to lard mixture, using two knives to work it in. Handle the dough as little as possible, shaping with the fingers instead of kneading. Roll quite thin.

BANANA AND PRESERVED DAMSON PIE.—Line a deep plate with pastry. Put in a layer of sliced banana and sprinkle with three tablespoons of sugar and a few gratings of lemon peel. Cover with a layer of damson preserve, then another of banana and top with damson. If the filling ap- pears too juicy mix a level tablespoon each of flour and sugar and sprinkle it over the top. Dot with a little butter and cover with a top crust. Bake three-quarters of an hour. This is an English pie and is sometimes served with a sauce made as follows: Beat one egg very light and gradual- ly beat in one cup of cream and a third of a cup of damson juice. Set in a dish of hot water or use double boiler, and stir until the sauce thick- ens.

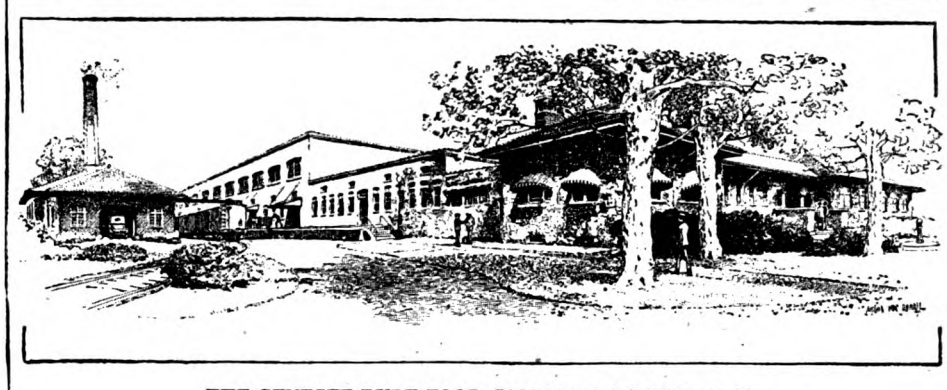
MOCK CHERRY PIE.—Two cups of ripe cranber- ries cut in half, one cup of rai- sins seeded and cut in pieces, one and one- half cup of sug- ar mixed with two tablespoons of flour. Line deep plate with pastry, fill with the cranberries and raisins and pour the sugar mixture over the top. Cross strips of pastry over the pie and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

COCOANUT PUMPKIN PIE.—Line deep plate with



MOCK CHERRY, MINCE AND DATE PIES.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, LE ROY, N. Y.

INTO the Jell-O factory you see pictured above come materials from five continents and from the islands of five seas.

Jell-O comes from the four corners of the globe. Jell-O is an international!

Have you any idea of the size of the task involved in manufacturing America's Most Famous Dessert?

Scattered over almost the whole world are thousands and thousands of human beings who, without knowing it, are largely dependent for their livelihood on what happens in the little town of Le Roy, in the western part of the State of New York, U. S. A.

You good folk who have put your faith in Jell-O and have made it the indispensable food product it is, should by right know more about it.

Thousands of miles away from hundreds of thousands of Jell-O's friends, clear over in Sicily under the shadow of Mt. Etna, are the most beautiful groves imaginable! And from these groves in a slow, winding stream comes the fruit from which we make your citrus flavors. Funny little two-wheeled carts, gaudily painted and drawn by a horse or mule with harness richly decorated with silver and tassels, are loaded high. And on the top sits a little old man with a long tasseled hat. Jell-O is kissed by the sun of Sicily!

That you may have your orange and lemon colors, pure vegetable colors—we go into far off picturesque India, and there the brown man in turban and quiet dignity toils the long day through. The land of the Brahmans contributes its best to Jell-O.

Italy, France and England from their grape vineyards send us the finest tartaric acid to be obtained. It is not to be wondered at that Jell-O has the delicious tartness of fruit itself.

Far away tiny Java with its motley horde of Orientals, touches Jell-O by sending to us her finest sugar. But Java is but one source of sugar. Huge quantities come from South America and Cuba.

Bustling Brazil and its wealth of splendid vegetation provide its choicest chocolate.

And again to the far side of the world we go for cudbear, a vegetable product from which we make the various reds you like so well in Jell-O.

Of course, our own homeland contributes its share, for much of the gelatine in Jell-O is domestic, as is much of the fruit flavor.

True it is then, that we comb the world to give you the best in Jell-O.

True it is also that Jell-O is a national—international—food product of the purest, cleanest possible sort.

A FEW JELL-O RECIPES

SNOW PUDDING

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold and still liquid whip with an egg-beater to consistency of whipped cream. Let stand till firm and then pile it by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses and serve with an egg custard.

MAGIC ICE

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When it is cool, if you can get them, add green Malaga grapes, halved and seeded, and let harden. Remove by spoonfuls into sherbet glasses. The irregular mass looks like ice and is delicious.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Pour into mould and set in a cold place to harden. Turn from mould and garnish with pineapple, cherries or grapes.

ALMOND CHERRY

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. Pour half into a bowl or mould. Just as it begins to harden, drop in a row of blanched almonds or walnut meats. When hard pour in rest of Jell-O, add another row of almonds, and set away to harden.

NEAPOLITAN WHIP

Dissolve one package of Lemon Jell-O in one-half pint of boiling water, add one-half pint of juice from canned pineapple. When cold but still liquid set the dish in a pan of ice water or very cold water and whip with Dover eggbeater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in two or three slices of canned pineapple, finely chopped. Turn into square mould, filling half full. Then dissolve a package of Raspberry Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water, add half a pint of juice of canned or fresh raspberries and proceed the same as with pineapple whip, folding in the berries which have been sweetened if tart. Fill the mould.

JELL-O

"America's Most Famous Dessert"

The American Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company are at Le Roy, New York, in the famous Genesee Valley Country.



The Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company of Canada, Ltd., are at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on the Niagara River.

Cubby Bear Travels Swiftly

By Lena B. Ellingwo

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"HERE are some yellow flowers I picked for you, Grandma Bear. And look at the pretty little ferns with them!" As he spoke, Cubby held out the little woodland bouquet with a loving smile.

Grandma Bear seized it eagerly.

"Oh, Cubby Bear! Where did you find the maiden-hair fern?" she asked. "I had some like it close beside the doorstep where I lived, on the mountain-side, so long. I wish, oh, how I wish, I might go there and see the place once more!"

"It is a hard climb," said Mamma Bruin. "You would be tired out long before you got there."

Grandma Bear said nothing in reply, but one morning soon after, she came out of her little room wearing her best bonnet and black silk mitts.

"Why, Grandma," asked Cubby, eying her wonderingly, "you are not going away, are you?"

"I am going to see my old home," answered Grandma Bear firmly, "and I may be gone a number of days. "Will you go with me, Cubby Bear?"

"Oh, gladly!" cried Cubby.

A worried pucker came between Mamma Bruin's eyes.

"I am afraid you could never stand it to go there and back," she said.

"My heart is set on going, so do not try to stop me," replied Grandma Bear.

After breakfast Mamma Bruin said, "If you go, of course I shall go with you, and I shall get Dr. Squilly Porcupine to go, too."

"'The more, the merrier'," agreed Grandma Bear. "Ask others, too, and we will have a fine camping party."

"Shinyblack Crow could fly ahead, and show us the easiest way to go," said Mamma Bruin. "I will see the others today, and we can start tomorrow morning, bright and early."

That afternoon Cubby heard a quick tapping at the door, but before he could reach the door, it was opened suddenly from outside, and Bonniebelle Bear, all smiles and happiness, came running in—Bonniebelle Bear, Cubby's little cousin, whom he had not seen for a long time.

He greeted her with delight, then hurried around to find Mamma Bruin and tell her the glad news.

"Shall we put off Grandma Bear's old home journey until after Bonniebelle's visit is over?" Cubby whispered the question.

"No, indeed," answered Mamma Bruin, "she will like to go with us, I am sure."

Shinyblack Crow and Dr. Squilly Porcupine came before sunrise next morning, and the camping party had an early start.

Grandma Bear's faded eyes were bright with joy, and she hurried on her way blithely.

"I find it is harder for me to climb than when I was younger," she sighed when, at the close of the second day, the mountain-top still lay before them. But in time they reached the top, and began the descent of the further side.

They were making their way through a thicket of close-growing bushes, when Bonniebelle cried:

"Oh, I have broken the ribbon that held my gold locket! See? I caught it on the bushes." And she held up the blue ribbon she always wore around her neck. "Have you a good, safe pocket, Cousin Cubby?"

"Yes," answered Cubby, "right here in my coat."

"Then, if you please, will you keep my locket for me?"

So Cubby took the locket, and felt very proud to be trusted to carry such a precious thing.

Shinyblack Crow, who had flown ahead of the others, came back to meet them, and with him was Drummer Partridge, who had been one of Grandma Bear's old neighbors.

"You will find things sadly changed," said Drummer Partridge. "Our old neighborhood is not at all as it used to be. Woodsmen have been logging on the mountain-side. But come, you shall see for yourself."

Changed, indeed, it was. Most of the forest growth had been cut down, and where great trees used to stand were now unsightly stumps. After some trouble, they found the place where Grandma Bear's house had been, but no house was there, and the maiden-hair fern which she had cherished was gone.

"What is that thing, down there?" asked Cubby Bear, pointing, "with the big log out over it?"

"Oh, that," answered Drummer Partridge, "is a log-chute, which the woodsmen made to slide the logs down over the mountain to the river below. And that log was left there at the top when they finished work last spring. Next winter they will send it sliding down, I suppose. It is a great sight, but rather a scary one, to see the great logs go racing down the chute, one after another! Come nearer to it. There, now you can see."

"Look far away down there at the bottom," said Dr. Squilly Porcupine, pointing to where, nearly half a mile away, the chute ended, near the river bank. "Why is it made to turn up like that at the lower end?"

"Why, when the logs reach that place," explained Drummer, "they are going so fast, they fly up into the air and then go splashing over beyond, into the river."

Squilly Porcupine mounted the log whose end stood out over the steep chute, and Bonniebelle sprang up beside him.

"Run out to the other end, Cubby Bear," Squilly said, "and we will have a 'teeter'." And Squilly laughed at what he meant for a little joke.

But Cubby ran out on the log gaily, never thinking of danger.

"Who dares to come with me?" he called.

Even then he might have been safe, if Squilly and Bonniebelle had stayed where they were, to balance him.

But Squilly was frightened, and sprang off the log hurriedly, pulling Bonniebelle by the paw.

"Come back, Cubby Bear! Jump for your life!" he shrieked.

Poor Cubby, frightened and wild-eyed, had no time to think what to do.



THERE CAME A TREMENDOUS SPLASH.

The log, with the weight of Bonniebelle and Squilly gone, tipped quickly, and went flying down over the slippery, smooth-worn chute at almost lightning speed.

Cubby's claws dug into the bark, as he clung to the log with all his might. He felt confused and dizzy. He could not breathe, though the air whistled sharply in his ears as he whizzed along.

Surely a little bear never traveled so swiftly! In almost no time at all, he had reached the lower end of the chute, where it curved. The log shot up over the curve, and went flying through space, Cubby still clinging to it with his might. Then came a tremendous splash. It seemed to Cubby that the end of all things had come.

He had been thrown from the log, and with nothing to cling to, sank down, down, down to the bottom of the deep, cold river.

"I shall never see Mamma Bruin again," he thought. "Oh, I wish I had been a better little bear!"

Then he was amazed to feel the good, cool water blowing in his face.

He opened his eyes and gasped for breath. He had risen to the river's surface.

"How did I get here?" he wondered. "I thought I was drowned!"

But he began to sink again, and closed his eyes helplessly.

"Swim, Cubby Bear! *swim!*" shouted a familiar voice, and the words were followed by excited "Caw, caws!"

Shinyblack Crow had flown after Cubby, and now hovered over the water, his great wings flapping.

At the sound of his friend's voice, Cubby Bear took courage, and struck out bravely for the shore. Soon he clambered up the river's bank, dripping and shivering.

"You are not hurt, are you?" asked Shinyblack.

"N—no——I don't *think* so," faltered Cubby, shaking the water from his face and ears.

He heard a mocking laugh near by.

"You don't *think* so!" jeered a young otter coming up to Cubby Bear. "You ought to think! My, but you were a sight, splashing into the river like that. I down stream a little way, but I saw it all. came here to see if you got out all right."

"Why," exclaimed Cubby Bear, "I do believe you are Sammie Otter, who was at Furry Creek coasting party last winter."

"Sammie is my name, and you are Cubby Bear who won the prize at that same coasting party."

"Oh, h, oh!" cried Cubby Bear suddenly. He had put his paw into his pocket, and made a terrible discovery.

"What is it?" asked Shinyblack and Sammie.

"Bonniebelle's gold locket, which she had me take for safe keeping," answered Cubby woefully. "I have lost it. It must have slipped out of my pocket when I went head first into the river."

"Dear, dear!" mourned Shinyblack. "We can never find it, never."

"What shall I do?" wailed Cubby. "I cannot go back to Bonniebelle without her locket!"

"Take hope!" It was Sammie Otter who spoke. "You beat me at the coasting party, but I will show you that I bear no grudge, by helping you now. There's nobody hereabouts who can beat me at diving. Your cousin's locket is as good as found."

Into the river plunged Sammie, but he soon came up, empty-pawed.

"I'll try it again," he said, and went down once more.

"Look," said Shinyblack Crow. "See who is coming."

Cubby looked where Shinyblack pointed.

"Why, they're *all* coming!" he exclaimed.

Sure enough, Squilly Porcupine was waddling along only a little way off, puffing as though he had hurried very fast indeed. Bonniebelle was not far behind him, and in the distance could be seen Mamma Bruin helping Grandma Bear over some rough stones.

Sammie Otter popped his head out of the water and winked his little eye.

"I'll find it yet!" he promised, and disappeared again.

Squilly sat down on a rock, and wiped his face. Then he opened his medicine-case, and solemnly passed Cubby Bear a large, white pill.

"To keep you from taking cold," he said. "I can tell you, you gave us a terrible fright, Cubby Bear. We all started after you at once. The others are coming, and Bonniebelle is near here."

"I cannot meet her!" groaned Cubby.

Then Bonniebelle herself came running up to them.

"I am so glad you are safe, Cousin Cubby," she said.

"But your locket——" began Cubby sorrowfully.

Just here Sammie Otter sprang up out of the water.

"Your locket is safe, too, and has had a fine washing, Miss Bonniebelle!" So said Sammie, as he made a long bow and held out the lost locket, all bright and shining.

So the adventure ended happily. Sammie Otter was warmly thanked, and invited to go back to the Pleasant Forest with the others.

Shinyblack Crow showed them the way around the mountain, so they need not climb it again; and Grandma Bear, though her old home was destroyed, declared she had had a delightful vacation, and should go again next year.

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JANUARY COMFORT

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Special Features for January

"The New Year Jest" An inspiring New Year story with a novel plot cast on the most modern lines, written especially for COMFORT by Joseph F. Novak.

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December, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

To love is to know.
Life is a tissue of habits.
Time is the supreme illusion.
Nature is the mother of marvels.
All men have need of compassion.
Discouragement is always unbelief.
We must accept ourselves as we are.
Faith is certitude without proving.
Joy makes all beauty more beautiful.
He who cannot pray is indeed solitary.
Love itself is a faith that needs no creed.
To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.
Every life has its possibility of greatness.
Humanity is tough and survives all catastrophes.
Much that is sowed in tears is reaped in triumph.
Life should be a constant giving birth to the soul.
Let us feel and live, and beware of too much analysis.
Every man is a priest and our conduct is unspoken sermons.
The world is a world of men and these men are our brothers.
We are always restless until we have given our heart away
Blessed be childhood which brings heaven to our rough earth.
Only evil grows of itself; goodness needs effort and courage.
A serene tenderness of heart is the truest happiness and wisdom.
Great men are the true men, the men in whom Nature has succeeded.

Save COMFORT Wrappers—They Are Useful

Keep the wrapper on this magazine and pin it to your kitchen calendar or put it away in some place where you can easily find it. The printed information is very useful. It enables us immediately to find your subscription order and our mailing stencil. You will save yourself postage and possible delay if you enclose the last wrapper received whenever you write us. ALWAYS ENCLOSE YOUR WRAPPER WHEN WRITING US FOR A CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Please save the wrapper.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HERE'S the last month of the year, the midnight-striking twelfth month of 1922, soon to be laid upon Time's dusty shelf—that place of storage filled with old years and crumbling centuries. To a Family as vast as irs, the passage of a year makes many changes, ith much to remember and much to look forard to. I know we have grown in size, for I ave seen the big circle stretching wider and ider as the months have passed—and spreading ripple of smiles and cousinships around the orld. And I'm sure we have grown happier, for e linking of friendship is certain to bring new atisfactions and joys. I am a greater and happier Uncle than ever before and with a greater nd happier Family to group around me this holiay season. So the Christmas wishes I send broadast to you can be big and merry—and the echo your answering greetings will make joyful ckles in my ears and broaden my Christmas nile several inches. For it is the glad season —and we are a Glad Bunch!

This is our festival. Let us make the most of We are glad at Christmas because each of us ecomes then an emissary of joy, a collector of neer, a bringer of gifts—a reflecting point of hat spirit which made the angels sing when a hild was born unto us, a Leader of Love, a rince of Peace. It is the world's Great Holiday. The happy, jostling crowds that fill the streets f my city, jamming the big stores and cramming he trolleys and subways, are all abroad with earts of good will and ready smiles which aborb all bumps, shoves and inconveniences of getting about in the holiday rush. It would seem as Christmas was something that must be bought —and that there was not enough to go 'round. have been out in the crush several times and ave brought home armfuls of big and little packages, gathered among shining eyes and smiling aces. To go through the various "toy lands" and toy towns" established by the large department tores is great fun for me and something. I look orward to each December. This celebration of the irth of a Child is one of the dearest parts of hildhood, and fun runs high among red-cheeked evelers.

Although one may justly criticize and say that oo much of a true rejoicing at the birth of Christ s buried under a riot of gift-giving and noisy erriment, standing far apart from the coming nto the world of the Manger Baby, yet this medey of varied joy and present-making has its beter side, its humanity which gives it worth, perhaps, in the eyes of Him who loved to call Himself the Son of Man. Hearts are opened and become happy and freely-giving for the holiday season, at least, because they have been swept for a time into the spirit of Christ whose heart was open to all, whose giving was His life, whose happiness was to spend Himself for the saving of a world.

Our task is not to lessen this working of the Christmas spirit in our modern life, but to see that it becomes more than a holiday—or holy day—expression of living and doing. He who was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King was born for all time. Not for a day or for a week was given the message of peace and good will on earth, but for all the coming centuries down which that earth must roll. When we give, and are given unto; when we seek not our own, but another's good; when we love, even as we are loved—then we are truly keeping the Christmas spirit, we are living the teachings of the Christ we celebrate. It is not a foolish dream to think that this spirit can be held by us for more than a holiday season. It is one of our heart's highest hopes to feel that as we make this spirit a steady part of our daily life we have saved our own happiness and that of the world for all time. We have made cheer constant. We have written Merry Christmas on our hearts to keep the message there forever.

We have Christmas Clubs that are formed, as many of you know, to save throughout the year the pennies, nickels and dimes which can be expended at Christmas time. I want to see a Christmas Club that would expend itself during the whole year, that would always distribute just the same sort of gifts and happiness we now hold as ours for so brief a period. Too many that receive cake once a year, get bread throughout the other eleven months—and sometimes only stones. And we can maintain our Christmas giving during the year more easily than Christmas Club members might think. We need only to follow an old rule—one known to Christ and followed by him—that the truest gift is a part of ourselves. We can give ourselves again and again, and still have our Christmas Club capital intact; we can empty our hearts many times, and yet find them overflowing for the next thirsty ones; we can smile and leave a trail of cheer behind us—and yet find new laughter always ready for another day's shadow-chasing.

So do not let your Christmas preparations end with the passing of 1922. Hang on to your Merry Christmas smiles throughout the coming months of 1923 and keep your pockets and your hearts as open as they are through these busy happy weeks. A Christmas tree cannot last very long at most, but the spirit it stands for can be made as evergreen as the tree which is its symbol. Deck your lives with small and great gifts, with little kindnesses and daily sparkling thoughts of cheer and happiness-giving. Why, if every member of our Big Bunch became a twelve-month Santa Claus of Joy, I'm sure 1923 would go down on record as the happiest year in history. Let us start a Merry Christmas that will reach 'round the world and last till the candles are lighted on next year's trees. For the world stands in need of the gift of ourselves, not alone now, but always. The light of the Christmas star needs to shine upon us every dark night of the year. Love knows not seasons and where it dwells is always holiday.

Merry Christmas to each and all of you, then—this month and every month. I know you have heard me, for my ears are tickling already!

And now for the letters:

UNO PARK, ONTARIO, CANADA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here comes something new—a cousin from Canada. I have never seen a letter from Canada in the Cousins' department, so I thought I would write and then maybe other Canadian cousins would write also.

As most of the cousins describe themselves first, I guess I will follow suit. I am five feet, six inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have dark brown hair and blue eyes, and a medium complexion. I will be eighteen years old this coming April of 1923. There now, how do you like me?

I have four brothers and one sister. My sister is married but my brothers are all single. We live on a farm of over a hundred acres and grow grains and vegetables of all kinds, but no fruit. Our farm is situated on the banks of the Wahi River, five miles north of New Liskiard—which is our nearest trading town. This is all a very rolling country and a real good one for farming. Uno Park is just a small village, containing a store, post office, school, Methodist church and a railroad station. There are also quite a few houses. We have rather early winters here and we have also early frosts in the summer time which often spoil our garden. Next to New Liskiard, our nearest town is Haileybury. People call this the "rich man's town," as people who are retiring go and live there. Cobalt is next to Haileybury. It is a silver mining town and there is also a good market there every Saturday where all sorts of farm produce are offered for sale. Well, I guess if I don't stop describing our country you will all be moving up here and we would not have room for all of you. Then what would we do? But if this gets past Billy I will write again and tell you more of our wonderful northland.

I have taken COMFORT for two years in my own name, but my sister took it for years before she was married. When she went away I found I could not do without dear old COMFORT and I subscribed for it and am taking it yet. I surely enjoy reading the interesting stories, but the part I love most is the League of Cousins. I read all the letters, and your answers, Uncle Lisha, certainly makes me laugh. I think that if anything should happen to Billy one would be lost without him.

I liked Ruth's letter, and Dave of Washington, and Teddy Carmichael and them all, in fact. I sure had a good laugh at the Hermit of the Hills. I wonder if he got something to make his hair grow out again. I hope so, as he would look funny with his head devoid of hair as a toad's back!

As my letter is getting long I will soon have to quit. First, I would like if some of the cousins could send me the song, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and also the song, "In the Baggage Coach Ahead."

I wish COMFORT and all its readers, and also Uncle Lisha and Billy, the best of luck.

Will Augustus Trick, Hermit of the Hills and Ruth please write to me? And I'll hope to hear from other cousins as well.

Your loving niece and cousin,
ORPHIA LEVERRE.

P. S. Oh, say, Uncle! If you'll print this letter I'll send you a snapshot of myself in my baseball outfit. Uno Park girls have a girls' team. I'll send it in my next letter. Is it a go?

Orphia, I was glad to get your letter from the banks of the wild and rolling Wahi, telling us some of the things Uno about the part of Canada in which you dwell. But you must not think Canadian cousins are scarce, Orphia, even if they are scarce writers. I assure you we have oodles of members in our Maple Leaf Division. I don't know why they do not write oftener, unless it is their ink is frozen or they believe their letters would be held up for duty on the border. But I'm sure you will soon be hearing from plenty of northland neighbors and cousins—as well as some who dwell south of the icy Wahi.

Your town has a wise name, Orphia, and I'm glad it has a "few houses" in it. At first when your letter started to tell about it, I was afraid there were no houses at all and the unfortunate inhabitants had to roost in trees like guinea hens or turkeys. I should think it would be rather uncomfortable roosting in Canada—anyway along about February. I hope there are plenty of houses in Haileybury, this retiring town of yours, Orphia. I am a retiring sort of person and I might want to go up there and get retired. But I'm not going to roost in any tree, no matter what the retiring advantages of Haileybury are—and I'm pretty sure that Bill's objections would be stronger yet. Just how much wealth does one have to have to qualify for citizenship in this "rich man's town," Orphia? At my last inventory I had accumulated nine dollars, a Columbia half, seventy cents in assorted "shin plasters," and six dollars in Confederate bank notes. I also have a plugged three-cent piece and a cent of your Canadian government. Would these savings of mine let me in provided I was retiring enough? When you write to me let me know about this, don't forget that baseball photo. I think I would prefer one of you sliding for second or slamming a three-bagger out to right field. I'll have Bill start a Sporting Section in his Album.

SOMEWHERE IN MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Having read Mike's letter in COMFORT about farm life, I decided to tell what I think about farming: Farming is all right if parents work with the children—but not when they expect their children to work, work, with no pleasure, not even a pleasant word.

I can tell you that I have always lived on a farm all my life, and I can say that I'm an invalid and will be for the rest of my days,—and all caused by hard work.

I've a father that hates a doctor's bill. He knew I was sick for years, but wouldn't take me to a doctor till too late. Now I can never be well again. Do I like farm life? No. Do I like city or town life? I'll say No again. I prefer country to town because in a town you can rarely go any place but what there is some man to insult you. They say a girl is to blame; she is somewhat, but not all. I can say, though, it was a girl got me into a scrape I never want to be in again.

Now I'm no man-hater; but what I like is a man with a clean life—and you can't find but few. I haven't found any yet. Boys, brace up; lead the right sort of life, and you will find the girl you want to marry.

I suppose you will think I am some old maid and couldn't get a look from a man if I wanted to. You're wrong there, for I'm between 19 and 22 years of age—and called good-looking.

Your niece, PEACHES.

P. S. Uncle, I'll tell you my name, but don't you dare print it or I'll never forgive you.

Peaches, your letter hit me hard. I have known too many instances where parents have expected too much in the way of heavy farm work from their children—and often with crippling injury to health. Where physical hurt has not come, the unsuited, overloaded life has meant a loss of all of youth's naturally happy outlook, a repression of the healthy play instinct, a state of continual physical and mental fatigue which have meant unhappy changes all around and the leaving of marks on body and mind which future years cannot erase. A twig must not be too much bent. As old heads do not grow on young shoulders, so, too, young shoulders must not be expected to bear the work loads of adult years. Every child brought up on a farm should have certain duties to perform, should early be accustomed to bearing an interested part in all the busy many-sided life of a country home. But the work to be done by boys and girls must be wisely and justly allotted according to age and strength—and with time left for play, for study, for plenty of sleep, and for the natural rebounding elasticity of young bodies to have uninjured action and proper growth. Leading, direction and light burdens are right, but no heavy harnessing too early. It is just this too-young breaking in to the more difficult work of the farm which brings disgust and disallegiance to home and the land on the part of farm young people. Yet if parents are grasping, short-sighted, unloving—as some of them are, alas—sad results sometimes happen. Peaches, I am sorry for you and for all ways in which your body and heart have been hurt. I am sorry for your father—who has lost your love. Anything gained, or saved in the ways of which your letter tells, must be the surest possible loss—and with no chance of replacement.

TIFFIN, 97 JACKSON STREET, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am a very decided blonde (no peroxide), with dark blue eyes. I am twenty-six years of age. At present I am caring for an aged grandparent, and my vocation and future training will be that of a beauty specialist. Just now I am very lonely as I have few friends and my grandfather insists on having no noise. Will you, Uncle Lisha, kindly help me in this matter by asking your nephews and nieces to write me? Dear Uncle, you will be glad to hear that one of the very nicest penfriends I have had was a cousin. Excuse pencil, as I am no good with pen and ink.

Lovingly your niece, CONNIE JOHNSON.

Are you sure, Connie, that what your grandfather objects to is noise? When I read your letter I thought perhaps it was "boise" to which he was opposed. But probably it comes to the same thing in the end. For of course it would be hard to have your friends come and converse with you in whispers. Your mistake was in not picking out a deaf grandparent, but I suppose it is too late now to change. There might be a chance, though, of your finding some deaf-and-dumb "boise." These would make the quietest sort of callers and not at all disturbing to your grandfather's nerves. Well, I'm sure you are going to make a lot of lonesome-curing friends through our Big Family, Connie,—and these friends will not make one bit of noise, unless you take a notion to read their letters aloud.

I was delighted to hear you were going to be a beauty specialist, Connie. We can't have too much beauty and I'm glad you are going to specialize in increasing the lovely commodity. You might write to Cousin Gus Trick for a correspondence course on how not to begin this beautifying business. But, seriously speaking, I would like to send you a customer. This is my butcher on Utica Avenue. He has a wart on his nose which seems to get larger every year. He would be much more beautiful without this wart, Connie. But you'll have to cut it off when your grandfather is not about the house, for really I'm afraid this butcher chap is apt to let out a yell when you slice off the wart. It's about three-quarters of an inch at the base and rather firmly attached to his nose, I fancy, so one could not blame him for protesting a little when you start in to beautify him. Beauty cannot always be had without a little noise. How is your grandfather for beauty, Connie? Has he any warts? You might get permission to practice on him in his quietest moments. Perhaps if you made him more beautiful he might become more tolerant of noise and boise.

NUMEDHAL, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a very little girl into your happy circle? I am four months old and two feet, one inch, tall. I weigh nineteen pounds and have blue eyes and medium brown hair. I live on a farm of 75 acres with my parents, three brothers and seven sisters.

Love to Uncle and all the cousins from
Your little niece, RUBY VERNA HALVERSON.

I have heard there were good schools in North Dakota, Ruby, but I never supposed the cleverest of classroom artists could make anybody as young as you write so well. Why, your letter was ever so nicely done—and properly spelled—every word! I thought it most astounding. I showed it proudly to Billy and he grunted and said: 'It is entirely credible in Ruth, but not so exceptional as you seem to think, Uncle. I must remind you that the infant Macaulay is said to have written a leader for the London Times at the age of seven months and four days." But Bill never lets anything surprise him, Rubykins; he thinks it would be undignified.

Ruby, you have a lot of brothers and sisters of assorted sizes. I hope you will not get lost or mislaid among such a crowd of Halversons. Of course I am delighted to give you the tiny space you ask in our Big Circle. I hope you will write us another letter for each pound you gain in weight up to a ton and a half. And not another one of them shall Billy have a chance of seeing!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



For You, Also

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Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A new way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

asked the sisters to write to me. I got only one letter and Sonny Boy got hold of that and lost it, with the address, so Pearl won't you write again and give me your address.

Now that Mrs. Wilkinson has asked for Christmas present ideas I feel that I have something to say. I am working on my presents and here are some of them. Buy inexpensive handkerchiefs, or get the material and make them yourself. Put a border of checked gingham, about half an inch wide, around edges and embroider initial in one corner, using thread same color as gingham. Make collar-and-cuff sets of checked gingham. If you want to spend a little more, make a vestee to match. Have the set hemstitched or trimmed with lace. Find the middle of the vestee then take a little tuck on both sides of the middle, the long way. The space between tucks should be about two inches wide; hemstitch tucks or trim with lace, sewed on very full to make a ruffle. Sew little colored buttons on part between tucks. For a cap, take some plain gingham about a yard and a quarter long and nine inches wide. If you don't like your caps full, use only a yard of gingham. Make a narrow hem at the bottom and measure one inch from hem and sew on a bias strip of gingham, about half an inch wide, this is for the elastic. Sew together and fold cap so seam will be in middle of back and sew the top together on each side about three inches, then cut a little square to fit opening and sew it corner to corner. Put a little bow or rosette on front of cap.

Sisters, don't disappoint me again. Write a letter or send a card.

MARGARET CARMICHAEL.

Margaret.—I'll start the ball a-rolling by sending you a card.—Ed.

LUTZ, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How many of you sisters make your Christmas presents. I make pincushions of organdy or any fine white scraps and buttonhole the ends with pink thread and put two or three small tucks in the middle with pink thread.

Here is a way to make a pretty window shade. My shades began to tear at the bottom so I took unbleached cotton the length and width of the shade, cut pink flowers and green leaves from cretonne, and put them on at the bottom, made a hem for the stick, starched and ironed the cotton, tacked it on the same roller and it made a pretty shade. They can be made of different colors.

I have read several articles on better kitchens and if I ever have a home of my own I intend having my kitchen fixed up real cozy.

I am seventeen years old and have been married two years. My baby girl has brown hair and eyes. I am saving the Cubby Bear stories to read to her when she is older.

I would like to hear from West Virginia, sisters, as I came from there when I was eight years old.

Wishing you all happiness and prosperity,

MRS. D. E. DOZIER.

OTTUMWA, 910 RICHMOND AVE., IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I started my Christmas presents last July as one cannot start too soon.

For my little friends I made slip-on aprons and appliqued animals on them and feather stitching or crocheting around the edge. I make these aprons from pieces left over from my large aprons.

It is hard to make things for men, isn't it? Last year I hunted up some of my brother's old ties and made a pillow top of them, working round all the blocks with different colored thread.

My motto is, "A place for everything and everything in its place." It saves lots of steps.

How many have a medicine chest? Mine is only a little wooden box that I got from the grocer but it serves the purpose. I have it nailed on the wall behind my bedroom door and keep all my medicines there. I covered it with cretonne.

Another step saver is a wooden candy bucket lid padded and covered with cretonne for a holder for scissors, needles, etc. I tacked a cushion near the top for pins and needles and below this at intervals I fastened hooks on which to hang spools and thimble. Arranged in this way, it can be hung up in any room.

Good by.

MRS. CHAS. LANGFORD.

SHAMROCK, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Begin your Christmas gifts early, otherwise there are friends and relatives that are left out for want of time.

I make animals, such as cats and dogs, out of outing flannel stuffed with cotton batting. A teddy bear made of brown flannel with red shoe buttons for eyes, will please the baby. For children I make little aprons of gingham and rompers and dresses of the same material. One year I made two dozen for relatives and friends. Make little sweaters for children. I enjoy the giving as much as receiving.

We have a beautiful place and when I get through or tired of my housework I can take baby, three years old, and go out of doors and watch our garden grow. Sisters who have gardens, can beans, beet pickles, cucumbers, chow chow, etc., for your city relatives and friends. They will appreciate such things so much. We live on a farm where we can raise our peanuts and pop-corn for Christmas. I believe I'll send Mrs. Wilkinson some.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. C. L. C.

SEVERN, R. R. 1, MD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

My mother has taken COMFORT for a long time and I always like to try all the help hints and new ideas for Christmas presents, so I am writing you one of my own ideas for presents, also for pin money. This is for the country sisters who raise persimmons. Pick the seeds in the fall and clean by soaking and washing (do not soak in tin for they'll turn blue), and then let dry until wanted for necklaces. With a sharp knife, cut a little off both ends and soak in warm water a few hours or overnight; then take a large needle, but not too large else it will break them open, and stick holes through them lengthwise. They are then ready to string with beads. Take two small silver beads and one long (bugle) bead of red, green or blue, then two small silver beads and then the persimmon seed, and so on until the string is the desired length. You can make any color to match your dress. If you have girl friends in the city or at school you can soon get orders by making a few as advertisements. My mother has sold about two hundred and fifty. The cost is about eight cents, not counting the seeds or labor. At first you will think it a lot of work but after making a few it will come easy. I forgot to mention that you'll have to take a pair of pliers to pull the needle through the seeds when making the holes. Four o'clock seeds with steel and long bronze beads make a pretty chain.

Mrs. Wilkinson, you will find a string of beads enclosed for you if you care to keep them.

Have any of the sisters the story by Laura Jean Libby called "The Crime of Hallowe'en." I would like to get it. I started to read it a long time ago but the last half of the book was gone.

Yours truly, MRS. RICHARD REINECKE.

Mrs. R.—Indeed I do care to keep the beads and think it was good of you to send them to me. Thank you. The bronze beads blend beautifully (sounds as though I were trying to say "Peter Piper picked a peck") with a favorite brown dress of mine and have been much admired by friends.—Ed.

SCOBEY, BOX 322, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Six years ago I tried to get in but maybe you folks don't like noise in your comfy corner and I have four noisy babies. But they are all busy and quiet at present. I am sending a picture of my baby boy, John Carlyle Beeks, and we think he's the nicest baby ever. He was just one year and one day old when this was taken.



JOHN CARLYLE BEEKS.

We live in a shack 12x32 feet in a new town on a branch line. I have a dear husband and we get along all right.

I made overalls for my boys out of their daddy's old ones, and little shirts from scraps of different kinds. Most of their stockings are made from old ones and their underwear, table-cloths, and many other things, are made of flour sacks. I do all my housework and sewing so you see I am busy. Still I have time for a lot of crocheting and many other things.

With the best wishes and a "Happy Christmas" to all,

MRS. FRANK LEEKS.

That's all right for you, Mister Johnnie, sticking your tongue out at us that way. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Just for that you can't have any Christmas dinner. Maybe, though, if you are very good I'll see if there isn't something for you.—Ed.

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a good many years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much.

I'm just a plain little country woman, five feet and two inches tall, dark brown hair and eyes and am thirty years old. I've been married nearly fourteen years to one of the best of husbands. I'm not trying to convince you that he's an angel, very few of earth's mortals are perfect, but I try to look over any faults that he may have, as I hope that he will look over mine, and in spite of sickness and financial reverses our married life together has been and is a very happy one. My heart is filled with sympathy for those who have uncongenial life companions, those with physical afflictions and those who grieve for loss of loved ones.

We have two little daughters, Nellie, twelve, and Virginia, seven. I'm always interested in the letters on the subject of raising children, which is, I think, a problem of grave responsibility.

As it will be nearing Christmas by the time this is printed, I will tell you of some things I made for Christmas last year. From a paper I cut the pattern of a galloping horse, twelve inches high. I placed the paper horse on a twelve-inch pine board and marked around it with a pencil, then with the saw and a knife I sawed and cut out the wooden horse. Then with the paper horse as a pattern I cut two more horses from dark gray outing flannel, allowing a quarter of an inch for seam, then I cut a long strip of outing, allowing about a half inch more than the thickness of the board. I sewed this strip all round one of the cloth horses, and from the bottom of the hind foot over the back and down to the bottom of the front foot of the other cloth horse, then I turned it right side out and put over the wooden horse, and with needle and thread whipped the remaining part of the seam together, drawing the cloth tight and smooth over the wood. Two big brass-headed tacks driven in the proper places make the eyes. I used hair for the mane and tail, but a fringe of heavy thread would do. Next I cut a board long enough for the horse to stand on and about four inches wide, to this I fastened the horse by nailing two-inch thick strips, one on each side of the feet in the center of the board. For the wheels I cut the ends from silkateen spools, putting a nail through the spool end, driving the nail into the edge of the board. I made a bridle of strips of an old kid glove tacked in place with small brass-headed tacks. I also made a saddle from cardboard covered with part of an old glove and put on in the same way. When finished it was really pretty, and it has seen many days of rough play and is still as good as new. I also make cloth doggies. Black satin or velvet make pretty ones, most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Christmas Gifts from the Pantry

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

pastry and build up the edge. Beat two ... prepared pumpkin with three slightly-... one cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of ... third teaspoon of ginger, one level ... cinnamon and one-third cup of cream ... smooth and light. Previously have ... one hour one-third cup of desiccated ... two cups of fresh milk. Bring milk and ... to a scald and gradually beat it into the ... mixture. Bake one and a half hour in a ... ately slow oven.

MINCE PIE.—Mix together one cup ... chopped apple, one-half cup of washed ... one-half cup of seeded and coarsely-chop... sins, one-third cup of chopped beef suet, ... of brown sugar, one tablespoon of molas... even teaspoon of cinnamon, one-third tea... cloves, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg, one ... teaspoon of mace and one even teaspoon ... Cook one hour in enough of the meat ... moisten, bringing slowly to a boil and ... frequently. Add one cup of cooked chopped ... and one-third of a cup of tart jelly; cook ... few minutes longer while stirring. When ... should have no standing liquor. Bake ... crusts in a moderately hot oven.

DATE PIE.—Line plate with pastry and ... up the edge. Wash, skin and pit two-thirds ... of dates, cut into small pieces, and cook ... pint of fresh milk half an hour, using a ... boiler. Slightly beat two eggs with two ... tablespoons of sugar, a very little nutmeg, ... cinnamon and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, ... over the hot milk mixture and beat. Bake ... moderately hot oven, but do not let the pie ... Dot with whipped cream just before serving.

FIG AND CREAM PIE.—Line a deep pie ... with a fork and bake in a quick oven. Cook ... a double boiler one-half pound of clean, ... chopped fine with one-half cup of sugar, one ... spoon of lemon juice and a very little grated ... and one-half cup of boiling water. Cook ... one hour. When cold beat into enough ... cream to fill the pastry. Serve at once ... ing as the cream will soak into the pastry ... should be crisp.

Holiday Sweets

Stored in a glass jar as shown in illustration ... or in closely-covered tin pails or boxes, ... will keep fresh indefinitely. The old-fashioned ... glass-covered sugar bowls have been brought ... use as candy jars and when filled make a ... ing and useful addition to the side table.

MOLASSES CANDY.—An iron kettle with ... ing bottom, often called a doughnut kettle, ... cellent for candy making. Melt four level ... spoons of batter in kettle, add three-fourths ... of sugar and two cups of good molasses. Stir ... til it begins to boil, and then continually ... the last part of the cooking as any molasses ... ture easily scorches. The candy is done when ... little dropped in cold water becomes brittle ... before taking from the fire add one tablespoon ... sharp vinegar. Pour onto a well-buttered ... ter, and as it cools work the edges into the ... ter. Pull until light colored. Cut with ... into small pieces.

PEANUT BUTTER ROLL.—One cup of sugar, ... cup of heavy cream, four tablespoons of ... one-third of a cup of corn syrup and one-half ... teaspoon of salt cooked together until a ... dropped in cold water forms into firm ball, ... very thin in a buttered tin until cold, then ... move to the cake board, thinly spread with ... nut butter and roll. Cut into slices and wrap ... paraffin paper.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.—Two cups of sugar, ... half cup of milk, one-half cup of water, two ... squares of chocolate cooked slowly until ... dropped in water forms a soft ball. Add ... teaspoon of butter, remove the kettle from ... and allow the mixture to cool without stirring. ... When the center is entirely cool add one ... spoon of vanilla and beat with a strong ... until creamy. A few drops of water may be ... added if the fudge is still sticky after considerable beating. Spread in a shallow tin and ... into squares.

RAISIN BAR.—Two cups of brown sugar, ... thirds cup of rich milk and one-eighth ... of soda cooked until a little dropped in water ... forms a soft ball. Stir occasionally while cooking. Remove from fire, add one-half teaspoon ... vanilla, two level teaspoons of butter, one ... cup of ground pecan meats and one-third cup ... seedless raisins that have been washed and ... Let stand until cool, then beat until creamy. ... Make into a roll and cut into slices

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he Forgotten Woman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

all the money in the world isn't worth the of a good, true woman."
ne threw back his head and laughed.
What do you know about good women, Sid?" questioned jokingly, "you who have never vn any except those belonging to a very self- set."
That's true," admitted Sidney, "but all the e, I've known the love of one good woman in life."
And you gave her up——"
To marry money," supplied Sidney.
Tell me about it," said Zane., "maybe it will ease your mind."
'an't do it," answered Sidney, rising. "You ldn't understand——"
t the door he turned back. "Haven't been n to see Valesque's pictures yet, have you?"
No——"
Guess you better go down this afternoon; he's great fame in the last two years—so the ers say—and is having his art exhibit this rnoon."
I'm so glad," said Zane happily. "Old Val has ked so hard and has had such an unhappy ; maybe this success will help him in a meas- blot out the years of unhappiness he's lived ough. Have you seen the picture?"
No," answered Sidney, "but am going with my this afternoon."
The crowd was thinning out considerably when e made his appearance at the studio of his old nd, Valesque, who had won fame and fortune Zane's absence. Delighted to see his young nd, Valesque bade him wait in the sitting- m until the studio was empty of guests that might observe his new work in peace.
ane picked up a magazine to pass the time y, and presently was absorbed in a thrilling ry. Suddenly he became conscious of voices instantly recognized in one the voice of his ther, Sidney, the other was that of a woman.
What in the world," the woman was saying, d you see in the picture to upset you so?" as no more than a thousand other pictures ve seen before; anybody would think you had ortgage on the model and the baby."
Come away, come away," Sidney begged. "It's the picture but the warmth of the house that upset my nerves."
Poor old chap," murmured Zane as he watched couple depart a few minutes later, "I guess would be pretty tough sailing to marry for ney."
resently his musings were interrupted by the ist.
Come now," said Valesque, "we can take our n good time."
From picture to picture Valesque guided his st until finally coming to the prize picture of year he asked Zane to keep his eyes shut un- he bade him look.
Now," said Valesque joyously when he had ced the picture where the last rays of sunset l in golden splendor upon it, "you may look."
Zane opened his eyes and for a moment stood ring at the picture—speechless, spellbound— fore him was the prize picture of the year— young woman it was in a small boat on a sun- sea, a baby clasped close to her breast, and on r face the anguish of a hopeless heart. Be- ath the picture in softly blended colors was the le that clearly bore out the anguish of the autiful face: "*The Forgotten Woman.*"
Suddenly he laid a trembling hand on the arm the artist and his voice shook with suppressed otion.
"Where, Val," he asked in a husky whisper, id you get that——"
"Why, Zane, old man, anyone would think I d brought the dead to life, by your actions."
"You will tell me about it?" Zane begged.
"Certainly," answered Valesque, "but it's far om a pretty story. Funny thing," continued lesque, "that picture affected your brother rangely this afternoon also."
Standing before the picture, Valesque told Zane e story of his prize picture; he was sketching ong the Virginia coast in the early spring more an a year ago, and in crossing Deed's Cove one abbath afternoon had found the young woman his prize picture just ready to cast herself and by into the sea. In tender tones he told how had persuaded her to listen to reason, and how fore she had explained her reason for the act, e kind-hearted fisherman overtook her and told r the Settlement was waiting to welcome her ck into their midst instead of crucifying her.
"The attitude so inspired me that I was never le to get away from it, and finally I decided paint the picture, and persuaded her to pose r me. And one day she told me the story. She ad married some man secretly, who deserted her ortly afterwards; the shock killed her old randfather and left her to face the coming of er child alone."
"You know the name of this deserter?" Zane sked huskily.
The artist shook his head. "She wouldn't tell e."
"And the girl," questioned Zane, "is—is she till at Deed's Cove?"
"Yes," responded the artist, "she is still there —peculiar sort of little thing—seems to be wait- ng for someone she used to know. I'm deeply in- erested in her, and would have brought her on o New York to share the joy of my success—but she wouldn't come."
Suddenly the hope that had risen in Zane's heart seemed to choke him—was he going to find Mary Deed only to lose her again?
"Are—are your interests in this girl serious?" he asked presently.
"Serious, all right, Zane, but not in the way you think. Perhaps you don't know—but I lost my wife and baby near Deed's Cove some twenty years ago when the ill-fated Pandora went down, and this girl is the very image of my wife."
Zane gripped his friend's arm and drew him to a nearby settee.
"It's possible, Valesque," he said thoughtfully, "that in The Forgotten Woman you have discov- ered your own daughter."
"My daughter—great God! Zane, don't talk like a lunatic. What do you know about this woman?"
Carefully, accurately Zane told him of the years he had spent in Deed's Cove—told how Mary wasn't the granddaughter of old **Aaron Deed** ex- cept by adoption; told how the old man had found her among the wreckage in a blue basket after the Pandora went down.
"And you," said Valesque, "what have you to say about the girl?"
"Me—why, I—I——" stammered Zane, "have loved her for years. I wanted her for my wife but before I declared my love to her she discov- ered she was in love with another man so I never went back."
"And this other man, Zane," cried Valesque, "must be found and punished."
Suddenly the color faded from Zane's face— clear as light he saw the truth—the man who had deserted the woman he loved was his step- brother. Sidney's gray hair, his declaration of love, his nervousness over the picture—every- thing pointed clearly enough towards the guilty party. There was no time to waste. Sidney had not only sinned against Mary, but had also com- mitted bigamy—he must make reparations. If Mary still loved him she should have him—no stint of money should keep them apart—but one thing was sure, he would see for himself that the girl should not be mistreated.
"I shall go to Deed's Cove immediately," he promised as he arose to leave.
"Make it day after tomorrow, Zane," begged the artist, "and I will go with you."
"Can't wait until then," Zane declared, "we might lost sight of her again."
"Then let it be noon tomorrow and I will ar- range to go also."
So it was agreed that the two would start to Deed's Cove the following noon, but Zane's work was not over. From Valesque he went direct to the home of his step-brother from whom he de- manded the truth.
"It wasn't that I didn't love her," Sidney ex- claimed over and over, "it was the mere fact that I needed money and neither of us had it, so I had to put her out of my life."
"But do you realize," said Zane, "that you are a bigamist—that the law can and will handle for you this thing you have done? It isn't Mary or your child that is nameless, but your present wife; she is the one you have lived with unlaw- fully. You know the marriage vows at Deed's Cove is but the admittance of accepting each other before a third party, that will hold good— it's Mrs. Sidney Creighton of New York that you have been living with unlawfully."
Suddenly Sidney began to laugh. "Serves her right," he murmured disgustedly. "She's stepped on me ever since I've been married to her—now I'll get even.
"But listen, Zane, don't tell her about it un- til I've had a talk with Mary; you know, Mary may not take me back—if she doesn't then I'll get a divorce from her on the sly, and my present wife will never know the difference."
"You can mark it down right now that Mary won't want you," said Zane, "but you're going to explain things to your present wife either way— and I'll give you twenty-four hours to begin action."
Without another word Zane was gone, leaving Sidney Creighton to himself. His present condi- tion was anything but pleasant, and Sidney Creighton, fearing that at last the long arm of justice was reaching out for him, restlessly paced his room far into the night, finally reaching a de- cision to go in person to Deed's Cove and see for himself how the land lay.
Suddenly it dawned upon him that the luxuries with which Mrs. Sidney Creighton's money sur- rounded him were of the sort from which he had no desire to be divorced, even for love's sweet sake, and in his heart he realized that he would go most any length to retain his present position, if he were forced to do so. The thought of hav- ing to pay for any of his misdeeds filled him with an almost insane rage—and it was in an ugly mood that he finally started for Deed's Cove.
'Twas scarce 6 o'clock by the sun-dial when Sidney Creighton made his appearance on the white sands of Deed's Cove, and yet the fisher folks had cast their nets and gone home. Only Jim Cody lingered at the water's edge, tinkering with his boat. Looking up suddenly, he beheld a dark, foreign-looking man with black Vandyke beard walking towards him.
"A stranger in Deed's Cove," thought Jim, and presently the two were chatting like old friends —but Jim Cody was never known to forget a voice, and in the stranger's tone detected an old familiar note, and while he couldn't fathom out just whom it belonged to, he decided the stranger would bear watching. Jim noticed with a peculiar sensation in his heart that the stranger kept his face turned towards the cabin that sheltered the woman he loved and his little son.
Jane had never forgiven him his villainy nor taken him back, though he had claimed her as his lawful wife and little Zach as his son—still, if danger threatened her, he wanted to be near.
Presently the door of the old Aaron Deed cot- tage opened, and Mary and little Zach, leading be- tween them a toddling curly-haired baby, came out and turned down the pathway leading to the shore road.
The last rays of the setting sun shone on Mary's face—a face of grave beauty and sweetness. Since her baby had been spared and her purity accepted that awful day, more than a year before, she had developed into a wonderful woman. At the shore road, just as in the old days, she was joined by Zane Bradley who had been walking along the white beach, and Jim Cody realized that whoever the stranger might be, he was interested in Mary.
"Just who might these people be at the cross- ing?" asked the stranger hoarsely.
"That's Mrs. Sidney Creighton and Zane Brad- ley," answered Jim, trying all the while to con- nect the voice of the man with someone he had known.
In this preoccupied frame of mind he failed to note the start the stranger had given at the men- tion of Mrs. Sidney Creighton. Getting no re- sponse, he pointed out another figure far down the beach.
"That is her daddy," said Jim. "Him and Mr. Zane just come today, and as soon as they can find Sidney Creighton she's going to get a divorce and marry Mr. Zane. She's just found her real daddy after being lost from him twenty odd years —and him and Mr. Zane is mighty big folks."
Presently Zane walked on to join Valesque, and Mary, coming down to the spot where Jim and the stranger were, stopped to speak to Jim.
"Jane is alone, Jim," she said softly, "and I think in a gentle frame of mind. Just for an ex- cuse you might run up and tell her that father and Mr. Zane will stay with us for supper."
At her approach the stranger had turned his face to the sea and walked down to the water's edge, and Jim, pushing his boat back in the water, smiled his appreciation at Mary for her kindness, and went to do her bidding, followed by little Zach, who no longer feared this big-fisted man for the two were now inseparable companions.
The cabin door had scarcely closed upon the man when the stranger wheeled, and pointing a revolver at Mary, ordered her to pick up the baby, get into the boat and make no sound.
Mary, thinking she had to deal with a crazy person, obeyed, and the stranger, stepping in after her, took up the oars and with a few swift strokes sent them out from the shore. Trembling with fear, Mary clasped her baby and waited for a chance to do something, and the man—rowing grimly towards the sunset—spoke no word to tell her of his plans. Finally, realizing the danger before her, she sprang to her feet.
"Who are you?" she cried angrily. "**What** are you going to do with me and my baby?"
Receiving no answer, Mary leaned toward the rower with a look of terror in her eyes—a feel- ing that she had encountered this man before —somewhere—and again she demanded an ex- planation.
The man gave an ugly laugh. "You won't be hurt if you behave—I'm just going to send you on a little trip 'round the world. My yacht is down at the Cove's mouth, and——"
With a swiftness that took him completely by surprise, Mary dropped the baby into the bottom of the boat and sprang for the revolver which he had placed beside him.
A short, sharp struggle followed, then some- thing flashed in the red sunset and buried itself in the waters of the sea. Before the man had time to recover from the first action, Mary made a lightning pass at his face, and when her hand came away her fingers were clutching the false Vandyke beard and bushy eyebrows, and Sidney Creighton was meeting her look of horror with one of cold fury.
"You beast!" exclaimed Mary. "You've learned that you are a bigamist and meant to kidnap us, did you?"
"My intentions are still good," snarled Sidney. "No one at Deed's Cove knew me—and one move from you will mean death in the sea," he threatened.
As if in answer to his threat, Mary turned her face towards Deed's Cove and sent a ringing cry for help across the water, then with a shrug of her splendid shoulders, she faced Creighton.
"Turn the boat over if you dare," she called defiantly. "You vile brute—you can't swim— turn it over!"
Sidney loosened his grasp on the oars, and a wave of fury swept over him. "I can *drop* you over," he cried angrily, "you and that damned brat, too, that has brought about the trouble— and I will unless you listen to reason."
But Mary was no longer afraid—she knew the waters of Deed's Cove—she knew the strength of her voice—somebody at Deed's Cove heard that cry—somebody would come to her rescue—her problem was to prevent Creighton from any dras- tic deed until help arrived.
As Mary suspected, the cry she sent across the water had reached the ears of willing rescuers. The artist, Zane Bradley and Jim as one man heard the call, and a moment later two boats shot out from the shore.
In one was Jim, in the other Zane—Valesque falling behind in the race for the boats. With sinking hearts both Zane and Jim watched as they plied their oars, the desperate struggle tak- ing place in the boat ahead.
Sidney, however, had placed a false estimate on the strength of the girl. To dispose of her was not an easy matter as he had supposed, her strength fully matching his own. She was a su- perb figure against the grey sky, fighting for her- self and her child.
Creighton, too, was desperate and fought sav- agely. Suddenly he caught sight of the pursuing boats, and realizing that it would all be up with him if caught, made one more frantic effort to rid himself of Mary, but her strength was too much for him. A moment more, the boats bore down upon him, and turning a look of livid hate on Mary and the child, he uttered a maniacal cry and threw himself into the sea, while Mary, slip- ping to her knees, caught her baby to her breast with a sob of Thanksgiving.
At that moment Zane drew his boat alongside, and transferring himself to the one with Mary, gathered both her and the child in his arms.
"It—it was Sidney," she faltered, "and—he— can't swim."
"Shall we save him?" asked Zane.
For an instant Mary stared at a hand thrust up in appeal a few yards away—then she nodded.
Zane spoke briefly to Jim, whose boat had also come close, and Jim's boat shot swiftly in the di- rection of the up-flung arm. But they were too late—Sidney had gone down in sight of her whom he had sought to destroy—and Mary Deed hid a shuddering face on Zane's shoulder.
"He was my stepbrother," said Zane briefly. "Five years I lived under a shadow because of him—he has left a trail of tears wherever he has gone—God be merciful to him—now!"

* * * * *

Again three people were gatherd around the fireside of the Deed cabin—Mary, Zane and Valesque—in Mary's hand was an old book, the diary of Aaron Deed. She handed the book to Valesque, open at an entry made many years be- fore, which read:
"December 19th, 1892.—This morning—after a night of storm—I found a little baby girl, which I have named Mary Deed, and which I shall keep until identified."
"It was on December the 18th that the ship went down," said Valesque. "My heart tells me you are my little girl, Mary."
"And mine tells me you are my father," re- turned Mary, her eyes filling with tears. "Al- most it seems I have too many blessings for one," she said solemnly.
Zane, who had been smoking, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and crossing to Mary's side, took her hands in both his own.
"And I," he said, "have too few. Confer a few of yours, Mary dear, upon me—yourself and—" he paused, there was a light patter of little feet, and Aaron Sidney Creighton toddled towards them out of the shadows—"and this little tike," fin- ished Zane.
"Oh, Zane,' cried the girl softly as she hid her face against his broad right shoulder, "my heart has been crying for your return so long—so long."
"I'll never leave you again," declared Zane, drawing the slender figure a bit closer to his heart. "We will be married *right* away."
"You must remember, Zane," reminded Valesque, "that I have but found my children, and not un- less you both come back to New York and live with me will I give my consent for this."
"Yes, daddy," cried the girl, "we will have to crowd in every minute with happiness to make up for all *these* lost years——"
The conversation was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, and when it opened there stood on the threshold Jane, Jim and little Zach.
"She has married me all over, Miss Mary," an- nounced Jim proudly.
Mary looked swiftly from Zane to Valesque and back, then began laughing joyously, and giving Jane a friendly caress declared she was going to give her Deed's Cabin for a wedding present.
"Only we will not be gone for good," said Zane, "we'll be coming to Creighton Lodge, which be- longs to me, every summer."
With beaming faces the callers slipped away, leaving Mary with those who henceforth and for- ever would love and care for her—no longer a forgotten woman but one greatly beloved—Zane's eyes told her so as he drew her to him with one arm while the other encircled her child.
And Valesque, looking on, smiled contentedly and thanked God for his blessings.

THE END.



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Christmas Joys for Children

By Eveline Vance

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THE spirit of Christmas brings to childhood a season of happiness and enjoyment that remains unrivaled during the year. Bright faces fairly shine in their cherished belief that Santa Claus and Christmas are inseparable, and all the preparations and conspiracy which precede the eventful day hold them in a state of wonderment. It is during this impressive season that children should be given unusual freedom, so in later years, when the joyous circle is scattered and broken, the memory of merry voices, wild shouts, laughter and jests will win them back to the wonderland of the past and keep Santa Claus from slipping away; all so incompatible with the restless struggles of life.

And while centered about the pleasures we are to bestow on our children, let us not fail to teach the great truth that "Christmas is the birthday of one whose chief contribution to the human heart and mind was his message of boundless, universal love. He brought to the world the greatest thing in the world and that is why the season of his birth has won such an intimate place in our hearts."

If taught early in life that Christmas is only faithfully observed when we have given to the world something of ourselves and our possessions in return for all of His gifts to us, children will grow in wisdom and the current of their lives will carry hope and cheer as they journey onward.

Things That Children Can Make for Christmas

It is well to have the children do their part in the Christmas preparations as it teaches them the value of time and effort and thereby they will grow less selfish and exacting. With a little training, small hands can do a good many things. Among these are garlands for the Christmas tree, made by stringing on strong white thread first a kernel of popped corn and then a dark red cranberry until the required length is obtained. Another garland is made by stringing popped corn, dipping it into icing and hanging it to dry. It will produce a shimmering effect against the green.

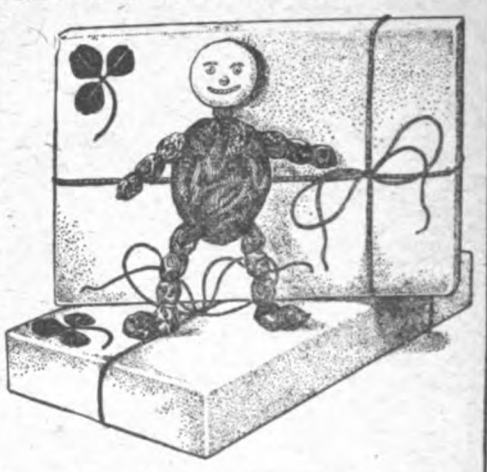
Hemlock cones may be gilded with school paints and used to help decorate the tree. A rope of yellow or other bright color is made by twisting wide strips of crepe tissue paper around a stout cord. The rope can then be attached to the branches of the tree here and there and used simply as a bit of color, or it may be hung with cones, or used to hang handkerchiefs or other lightweight articles. Brightly polished red apples are hung by tying loops of twine to the stems and slipping them over the branches, and ruffles of fringed white tissue paper fastened by tying the gathering threads around the stems will give to them a festive appearance.

And while preparing your own Christmas tree, don't forget the hungry winter birds who would feast from a large piece of suet if it were tied to a tree.

Giving the Christmas dinner table a festive touch will bring the children to a closer understanding of how much mother does for them. Use an ordinary tablecloth that pins and a little pitch will not permanently injure, and let the children pin on flat pieces of evergreen below the table edge. Also stick on with flour paste a cut-out picture of Santa Claus just below the edge of table where father sits. This will make father feel very important. If you look through your old magazines you will find pictures of holly, evergreens, ribbon bows, dolls, toys and many other things suggestive of the holidays. Cut these out and paste them on the outside of plain dishes. If in black and white, take your school water-colors and color them, only don't use too much. On the bottom of each drinking glass paste a Santa Claus head which will appear magnified through the water as the glass is raised toward the eyes to drink from. If your Santa Claus heads give out, use some other head, first giving it a few lines to make it appear grotesque under the water.

Candied cranberries are delicious and closely resemble candied cherries. Spread the cranberries in a shallow agate pan and sprinkle with an equal amount of sugar. Place in a moderate oven for one hour or until they look clear and candied. Remove each one with a toothpick to a piece of oiled paper and dry. A cake decoration that children will enjoy making is to pop corn, and choose the kernels that are the whitest and largest. Take a tiny clean brush and tint the highest edges of each kernel with beet juice, using only a little at a time. Slightly press these kernels into the soft frosting around the edge of a cake and see what a pretty effect you have given it.

You are probably wondering what the funny little man that stands on the candy box is made of. Well, I will tell you. He has a marshmallow head, a raisin neck, a prune body, and raisin arms, legs and feet. If you are going to make some, first prepare your boxes. Just one makes a cute surprise for a little friend. Use toothpicks to hold the parts together. Paint the marshmallow face with beet and carrot juice, and outline his eyes and a little scraggly hair with the charcoal from a burnt match. In this way the marshmallow will not be spoiled for eating. If you have no marshmallows, dip a firm piece of jelly into frosting and decorate for the head.



CANDY BOXES—CONFECTIONERY MAN.

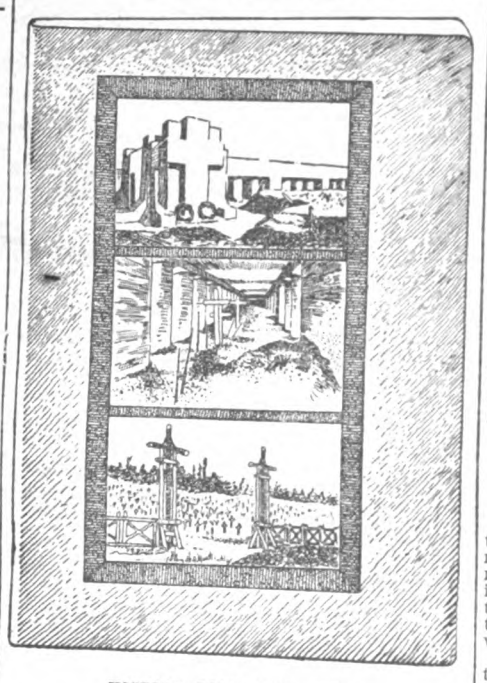
History Post Card Book

Since all the children are learning new geographical boundaries, and historical postcards are finding their way into most homes, starting a book with this class of cards will make a most acceptable gift. The one here pictured is simply a brown covered composition book such as children use in school. Every other leaf is carefully cut out to within one inch of the binding so as to allow space for the thickness of the cards. Three cards are glued to the cover and edged with a narrow strip of strong paper, glued flat.

These particular cards pictured on the cover are of intense interest to our boys and girls old enough to study history. The upper one represents a monument in Thiaumont which was built by an American aviator over the trench in which a lot of French soldiers were buried, as they stood with bayonets fixed for a charge, by the explosion of a shell.

The center card shows the original trench beneath the monument. There the soldiers lie buried with their bayonets sticking out of the ground just as the earth thrown up by the exploding shell fell upon them.

The lower picture is of a French cemetery in Verdun. The black crosses mark the German graves, and these bodies have not been claimed by Germany, who buried most of her dead so that the number killed in battle would not be known.



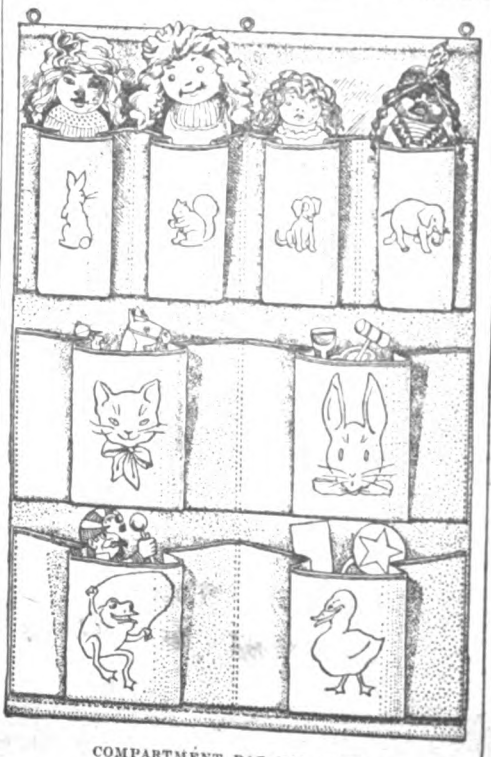
HISTORY POST CARD BOOK.

Toy Compartment Bag and Other Novelties

Among the new wrinkles for children is the toy compartment bag, which is a vast improvement over the toy drawer, where, thrown hit-or-miss, the toys become broken and are soon an uninteresting sight to children. Little girls in particular, enjoy putting their house in order, and to them this toy bag becomes a veritable house with rooms for all purposes.

The early love of mystery which surrounds anything concealed is another advantage over the toy drawer, for it satisfies the child's desire to investigate, and old toys brought to light after being hidden some days will bring the pleasure of meeting old playmates.

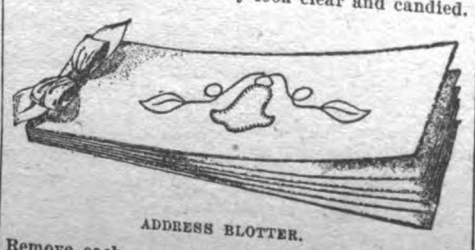
To make this toy bag, two strips of wood, plain denim and three screweyes with corresponding hooks are the necessary materials. In design the bag is planned the same as our old friend the shoe-bag, with pockets to meet the requirements of the individual set of toys. In this particular bag the top row of pockets is assigned to the doll family, an arrangement which assures good order while the little mother takes one away for an outing.



COMPARTMENT BAG FOR TOYS.

On each pocket an animal is drawn and outlined in red cotton. If one has a stamping outfit, more elaborate designs may be used, providing they are of a nature to interest children.

The blotter is called an address blotter because it is long and narrow. Cut several blotters the desired size, lay them together, pierce two holes through the whole, at one end, about an inch apart; draw a ribbon through and tie. Use any desired decoration. Using a colored blotter for the outside ones with a ribbon to match makes a prettier present.



ADDRESS BLOTTER.



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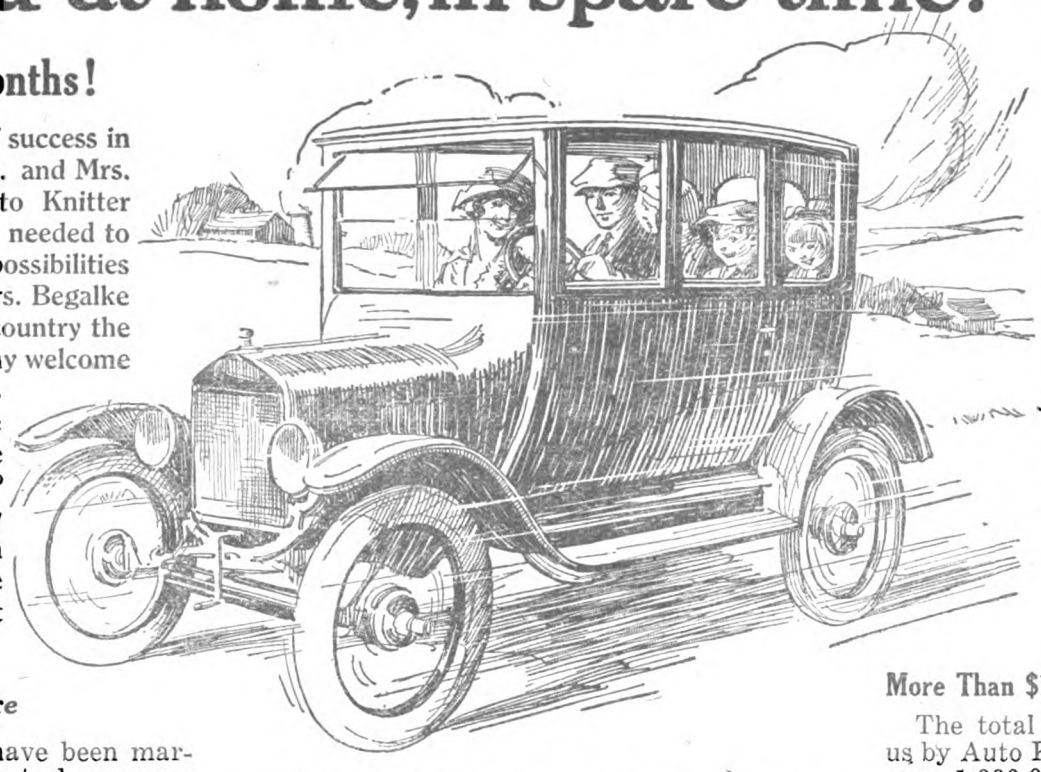
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"so now we have our car,

bought with the extra money ve earned at home, in spare time!"

536 Cleared in 5 Months!

IS is the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. G. Begalke. Not many Auto Knitter rs have the time and energy needed to out the full money-making possibilities eir machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Begalke , but in homes all over the country the Knitter helps to bring in many welcome rs every week the year round. ldn't you be glad to have e extra money in exchange ome of YOUR spare hours? l the Begalkes' inspiring story send for free information t our "Guaranteed Wage ." That was how they got start.





G. G. Begalke

By G. G. Begalke

VER since my wife and I have been married, it has been our desire to have some kind of an automobile, but as time went t never seemed possible for us to realize wish.

hen our children came, expenses of course eased. We now have three, the oldest eight, youngest two, and the care of this growfamily has always made it out of the ques- for us to save enough money from our lar income to buy an automobile.

inally we concluded that we must find some to earn extra money in our spare time, so started looking for a home occupation that ld enable us to add to our bank account.

We found nothing very promising until last ober, when I noticed a full page advertiset in the Sunday paper, telling how people our circumstances made money at home in re time by knitting socks on the Auto tter. I called my wife's attention to the ertisement, and she said it was almost too d to be true, but we were both so interested t we decided to find out more ut the work, and mailed the pon from the ad.

Ve received by return mail e literature explaining the position thoroughly, and we ame convinced by reading it t the Auto Knitter Hosiery mpany was offering us a gene money-making opportunity. aid to my wife, "If others do it, why not we?" So h her consent I sent a money ler and we awaited the ar- al of the Auto Knitter ma- ne.

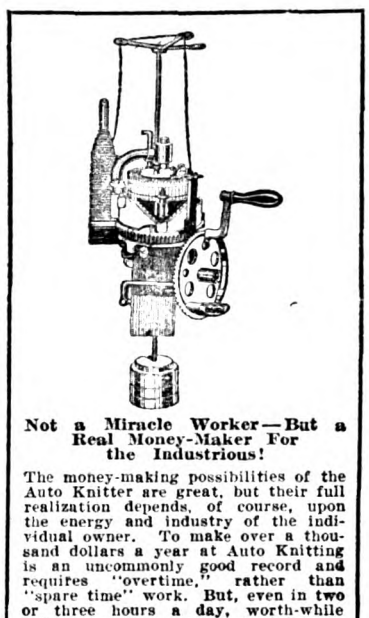
Just before Thanksgiving the pressman delivered it to our use, and that evening we ened it and found the machine be just as represented. The truction book was also too ar and plain to be misunderod, so I became convinced at we had indeed found the y to make the extra money r our long-desired automobile.

To make a long story short, soon learned to make standd, salable wool socks, and we are now glad say that in the four and a half months we ve used the machine we have turned out 80 pairs of men's socks; part of these we ld to the company under the wage contract, d part we sold to private customers at $1.00 $1.50 a pair. My wife just went from use to house a couple of times, displaying mple socks, and after that people began com- g to our house to order socks. Sometimes e had to hustle to fill our orders.

And finally, after the knitter and a stock of ool was paid for, we had a net balance of 536.56 clear profit for our work. On Washington's Birthday I celebrated by buying a brand new Ford Sedan, and our long-time wish came to be a fact, thanks to the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company. So now we have our car, bought with the extra money we made at home, in spare time.

My wife and I often speak of that full-page advertisement we answered, and all that it has meant to us since. If we had not invested in the Auto Knitter we should never have been able to buy a car, but by turning our spare time into real cash right at home, it was so easy that now we are going on earning until we have a piano too.

G. G. Begalke, Wisconsin



Not a Miracle Worker—But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The money-making possibilities of the Auto Knitter are great, but their full realization depends, of course, upon the energy and industry of the individual owner. To make over a thousand dollars a year at Auto Knitting is an uncommonly good record and requires "overtime," rather than "spare time" work. But, even in two or three hours a day, worth-while dollars can be made, and our Work Contract guarantees you a market for every standard sock you knit. The Auto Knitter will work just as fast and long as you do yourself, and your pay will always be in proportion to your industry and skill.

Why Not Satisfy YOUR Wants Through Auto Knitting?

Even though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it? To sit down for a couple of hours in the evening at a light occupation that is really more fascinating than embroidery or crocheting, and to know that every bit of standard work you turn out has a steady, always-ready market waiting for it—that is real satisfaction!

That is the advantage which thousands of women, yes and men too, now enjoy because they have learned to make a standard pattern of all-wool socks—on a handy little home-operated machine called "The Auto Knitter."

If you too had an Auto Knitter you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth-while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves often unexpectedly, when your family income is already strained by regular expenses.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "check from Buffalo."

"The check from Buffalo" is a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes—and it pays for all sorts of extra comforts, pleasures and little luxuries. This money is used to help pay for new homes—to buy new furniture—to start bank accounts—to help educate children—to pay vacation expenses—to buy vacuum cleaners, kitchen cabinets, washing machines, phonographs and farm machinery—to start mushroom and chicken raising businesses.

More Than $100,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 1,000,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "checks from Buffalo" will exceed $100,000. This will give you some idea of the extent of this spare time industry that the remarkable Auto Knitter machine has made possible to American homes everywhere.

This immense number of pairs is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishers and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old —less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Old Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected By a Contract

You are given a signed Five-Year Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 1012, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 1012, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Comfort 12-22



A Lovely New Skin in Fifteen Minutes

This vacuum clay of wonderful beauty power brings out the hidden color and life in every skin fifteen minutes after it is applied.

Simply cover your face with this marvelous clay as you would with ordinary cream. Read or relax while this wonder-pack is banishing blemishes, making your skin satiny smooth and soft and giving it a natural color.

The very first treatment shows remarkable benefits. You can feel the gentle tingling sensation as the vacuum clay draws all the impurities from the millions of pores and rejuvenates the tissues. Enlarged pores are closed; blackheads, wrinkles and bagginess vanish; and the complexion is left firm, smooth and clear. It does not cause hair to grow on the face; has no bad after effects.

Especially valuable for women whose skin has passed the first bloom of early youth.

Breon's Vacuum Clay takes only fifteen minutes to do its wonder work. You can apply it shortly before going out in the evening and give your skin the radiant glow of youth. This clay brings the secrets of the expensive beauty parlors to every home.

Special $6 Offer for $1.50

So confident is Mr. Breon that you will be delighted with Vacuum Clay that he is making a special offer of two $3.00 tubes, enough for six months, for the introductory price of $1.50.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Georges Breon Laboratories, Department 13, 1018 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Department 13, Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two regular $3.00 tubes will be mailed immediately. Upon arrival, pay postman only $1.50 and few cents postage. If the first application is not completely satisfactory, your money will be immediately returned. Don't delay. Accept this offer before it is withdrawn.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

—authority on skin-treatment, declares that with just a few minutes' care each day, every woman can have a smooth fresh skin. She recommends—

Venetian Cleansing Cream—an exquisitely light cream that melts into the pores, removing every impurity. Soothes and softens the skin, keeps it smooth and supple. Use night and morning. $1, $2, $3.

Send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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RUBS OUT WRINKLES

Don't let wrinkles and hideous crow feet destroy your beauty. They make you look years older than you really are. Under the magic urge of

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

wrinkles disappear. Absorbed by the dry skin and shrunken tissues beneath, it fills hollows and replaces that aged, tired look with one of youthful freshness. You're a new woman and can see it! Send name, address and ten cents for Sample Box and Beauty Book. *Agents Wanted.*
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Refreshes Weary Eyes
When Your Eyes feel Dull and Heavy, use *Murine*. It Instantly Relieves that Tired Feeling—Makes them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.



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Cuticura Soap
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Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty Gifts for Christmas

PRETTY Girls at Christmas-time ought to be thinking how to pass along a little bit of beauty. And it is an easy thing to do. There are dozens of Christmas presents that are delightful to receive and a distinct addition to one's toilet table. And many of them are quite inexpensive, requiring only a little thought, time and ingenuity.

Gifts of this type used to be confined to manicure sets, and it certainly isn't likely to disappoint a girl if she receives a delicately curved pair of manicure scissors at Christmas-time, or a bundle of orange-wood sticks, tied together with a dainty ribbon, like a bunch of faggots. While toilet water, and a spray to use it with, is sure to please, and even a bath powder shaker—one of the tin or aluminum ones with a handle, sold for sugar shakers, and enameled some dainty color—filled with a perfumed talcum, will meet with approbation.

But let me tell you of some pretty, useful and novel gifts which you can make at home for a very small sum. First, some "beauty bags." These are intended to take the place of a wash-cloth, and to much greater advantage, and I have recommended them to my girls for their own personal use many and many a time. But for Christmas, let's add a few extra touches. Invest in a yard of rather closely woven cheese-cloth, and cut it up into pieces about six and one-half inches by four. Turn a seam one-quarter of an inch wide all around this strip. Now, fold it once in the center of the long way of the material. With mercerized cotton in pink or blue or lavender—whatever color best suits your friend's fancy—use the buttonhole stitch to catch together lightly two edges of the folded material, leaving the other edge open like the opening of a bag. Half fill this little case with rolled oats, then buttonhole the remaining opening, and the folded side, making a dainty little padded square, buttonholed on all four sides. It will be about three inches by three and one-half. Prepare a dozen of these and pack in a box, lined with tissue paper cut large enough to fold over the contents, then wrap box in tissue and tie with colored raffia strands or paste together with Christmas seals.

Another gift which will prove a real boon to any woman, is a little pack of flannel squares to use in wiping cold cream off the face or in applying powder. Pink the edges of the little square with a pinking iron if you have one—if not, then pink it with a pair of sharp scissors. This is nothing more or less than snipping the edge into tiny points. The squares should be about three by three inches in size, and should be packed in little piles, fifteen or twenty in a pile, and tied with baby ribbon ending in a rosette in the center of the pack. The flannel used should be very soft French flannel, and preferably white, though the ribbon should be pink or blue or lavender, or some Christmas-y pattern.

The "beauty bags" are used in place of a wash-cloth, but should be only dipped quickly into and out of the water, not soaked in the bowl. With this wet bag, the face should be washed as with a cloth. A milky liquid will ooze out of the thin cheese-cloth covering. The face should not be rubbed, but patted dry. A white powdery substance is left, which should be gently smoothed with a puff of cotton. This makes the skin white and soft, and cleanses thoroughly. If well dried after using, a bag may be used a couple of times.

Answers to Questions

OKLAHOMA.—I am sorry that I cannot reply to your letter by mail. The rules of this department require all letters to be answered in its columns. You are certainly much under weight. You need to gain forty pounds. That means a lot of perseverance on your part, for you cannot gain without keeping everlastingly at it. Of course the physical condition to which you refer would keep you pulled down in health. What does your physician say. You say, "I hope I won't be asked to drink milk." Well, I won't ask you, but that is the very best way for you to gain. I used to "hate" milk, too, and when I took the milk diet at one time, I had to retire behind a screen when drinking a glass, it made me so nauseated. But I persevered, and finally it meant no more to me than a drink of water. If you should decide to be courageous and take milk, you must drop



USING A BEAUTY BAG.

everything else in the way of food, and be sure to take the full quantity of milk prescribed. But, first, I will tell you how to eat to gain, without using milk. It is slower, however, much slower. To begin with, if you are to get the proper nourishment from your food, it must be properly cooked and properly chewed. Proper cooking eliminates all fried foods, for food coated in grease, as fried food is, is difficult of digestion. The stomach juices cannot get at the food to digest it, being prevented by the greasy coating, and it takes them much longer to overcome this obstacle. Do you see? For breakfast you should not eat any heavy foods, such as potatoes, hash, meat of any kind, but should eat only fruit—always some fruit—plenty of cereal with cream or milk, buttered toast, and two soft-boiled eggs, say eggs boiled about three and one-half minutes. For fruit you can eat prunes that have been soaked all night in plenty of water, then cooked slowly for at least an hour, without sugar; or a baked apple, apple sauce, sliced oranges, half a grapefruit, dried apricots soaked all night and cooked as the prunes were cooked, a raw apple—or canned peaches or apricots if not too sweet. For cereal, cook some oatmeal a long time, or use other cooked cereals, or the uncooked which have been heated in the oven, and be sure to eat plenty of cream or milk with them. I should be sparing of sugar, and it wouldn't hurt you to go without it on cereal. For dinner, you should eat some meat, broiled or baked, not very well done, and chewed until liquid; a huge baked potato dry and mealy, with plenty of butter, some other vegetables such as canned corn warmed with milk, baked Hubbard squash, tomatoes heated with bread-crumbs, etc., whole wheat bread and butter but no hot bread or biscuit. Soup is good for you, and for dessert you should eat simple things like baked custard, corn-starch blanc mange with cream and sugar, baked apple, ice cream, rice pudding, etc. Don't eat rich pudding sauces, or rich preserves, or any pie, or rich cake. When your weight is down as far as yours is, the stomach is not very strong and needs to be given simple foods to digest so that it will get out of them the nourishment they contain. About half an hour before you go to bed, eat a dish of warm boiled rice with sugar and cream; this is one of the best ways to gain in weight. In cooking the rice have a large kettle of boiling salted water and sprinkle in the rice a little at a time so that the boiling does not stop. If you have a quantity of water, there will be room for the grains to be whirled around and around through the whole process of cooking, and each grain will be separate when you finally pour the water off, instead of being a sticky, starchy mess. To stop the drain on your system to which you refer, try at such times to avoid all unnecessary activity. Lie down as much as you can, then, keeping off your feet. In other words, look after yourself and use your head to save your feet, for every action means a drain on your system. In answer to your other question, "vitamines" are food elements, and are contained in proper foods. Everybody gets them in food; some foods are richer than others in them. I should go to a good physician and in the meantime would live as sensibly as possible, choosing right foods, getting all the sleep I could, and avoiding every drain on my system. Now, about the milk diet: it would be a wonderful thing for you as milk is easy to digest and contains in almost perfect proportions all the elements the body needs. But it is no use starting it unless you do so with every intention of being faithful to directions and omitting all other food, except for the first week. To take it, first go without food for a day, drinking plenty of water, and eating fruit—six prunes in the morning which have soaked all night in a tumbler of water; then during the day more cooked prunes or an orange, etc. See that the bowels move thoroughly. Then the next morning on rising drink a glass and a half of water, sipping it slowly as you dress, not gulping it down. Fifteen minutes later eat half-a-dozen prunes that have been soaked all night, and drink the water. Be sure you chew the prunes until they are liquid. Half an hour later, drink a glass and a half of milk, sipping it slowly and holding it in the mouth before swallowing—almost "chew" it. In another hour take another glass and a half of milk, and continue doing this, an hour apart, until about three or three-thirty. Between this hour and your evening meal, drink a couple of glasses of water. For your evening meal, eat, say, some vegetables, a dish of rice with cream and sugar—or a bowl of soup and crackers, and a baked apple. Between dinner and bedtime, drink a couple of glasses of water. Continue this treatment for a week, at the end of which time you should drop your evening meal and take a glass and a half of milk every hour from, say, eight o'clock in the morning until and including seven at night. Keep up your prunes in the morning, and your water night and morning. If the bowels become constipated, physicians frequently recommend the little lapactic pills your druggist can furnish you, but it would be infinitely better if you could get along without anything except the prunes. Weigh on the morning of the first day and the afternoon of the last day of each week. You should gain from one to five pounds per week. I think you could get up to one hundred pounds in six weeks, and to one hundred and twenty pounds in possibly six weeks more. But that is only if you absolutely follow instructions, and also are careful to do as much lying down as possible when needed. It is really imperative that you take some action to build yourself up, and at once. About the bobbed hair, that is "going out"; all the newspapers and magazines are full of ads. of "coronet braids" or other devices to conceal bobbed hair, so don't bob yours now when everybody else is repenting. Your hair will thicken when your body has something to feed it; it is thin because it gets no nourishment. As to the proprietary beauty remedies you mention, it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion upon such things, but it is a safe thing to say to you that the only way in which you can improve your appearance satisfactorily is to do it from the inside out, for you simply must add weight; it is essential to your health, and with the addition of weight and strength, your complexion, figure, hair and everything else will show a big improvement. Good luck to you!

E. S. H.—I do not know what is the cause of the white spots on the hands. It would be impossible to tell at this distance. Have you asked a physician. Sorry not to be of use.

VERMONT.—You gave no pen name, so I am answering at random and hope you will realize this is for you. Ninety pounds! Of course you need building up. See what I have said to "Oklahoma," who weighs even less than you and has some special physical conditions to combat as well. Follow all the directions I have given her, and you will come out all right. There is no use in giving you exercises for the calves of your legs, or for the development of your bust, etc., for these depend first of all on added nourishment. When you have built yourself up to one hundred and thirty pounds I am sure you will not need any help about the other matters, so get right at it, won't you?

WEST VIRGINIA.—You shouldn't feel forty, when you are so young. I expect you aren't very well. I see you are married, and you are pretty young to have such responsibilities. Now, let's make up our minds that you aren't going to be ugly at all. I feel sure you aren't and that you yourself will know you are not when you begin to take a little care of yourself. First, pimples and blackheads come from two things improper food, and bowels that aren't functioning properly—or, rather, from three things, for blackheads are nothing but pores that have become filled with dust and have not been properly cleansed. So let's start right in. First, see that your bowels move every day, without cathartics. Food will help this, and exercise will also. Food will overcome the pimples, as well. Do not eat pie, cake, rich gravies, fried foods. Chew all your food until it is liquid. For breakfast, eat what I have recommended to "Oklahoma." Drink in the course of the morning two or three glasses of water. Do the same in the afternoon. Eat much the same meal at noon that I have recommended to "Oklahoma," though this somewhat depends on your weight. If it should chance that you are over-weight, cut out potatoes and rice and white bread and butter, but whatever weight you are, avoid hot biscuits, bread, griddle-cakes, etc., salt pork or other greasy or fried foods. Try to eat soft-boiled eggs, vegetables, fruit, and plenty of the latter; this will clear up your skin. Take an entire body bath every day. Even if you have no bath-tub, this need not be a great undertaking. A bowl of good hot water, and soap, with another bowl for rinsing water later will do the deed. Slipping on a night-gown or wrapper, bathe one arm, and dry, then the other, then face and neck and shoulder, then one leg, then the other, rubbing each part dry as you wash it, and covering it up so you cannot get chilled; finally the trunk of the body quickly but thoroughly, and you will be as clean as possible, all the little pores rid of impurities and stimulated to action. See that your underclothes are changed frequently, and, in other words, keep the skin and everything next it sweet and fresh and clean. Wash your hair once in two weeks with water in which good white household soap has been dissolved. Rinse the hair many times and dry in the sun. Brush it each day, not hard but gently and as if you were brushing beauty into it—as you will be. Keep your teeth well brushed. Brush them every night before you go to bed, using some good toothpaste or powder, and again in the morning when you rise, so that your mouth will be perfectly sweet and wholesome. Indeed, you should brush your teeth after every meal, but night and morning makes a big difference in your appearance. Keep your nails well brushed, filed and cleaned, and use something softening on your hands—either a hand lotion or put bran in the water in which you wash your hands. If you have rainwater for washing, that will be good for your skin. Don't use soap too often, for it dries up the skin—by that I mean don't wash your hands every little bit, using a lot of soap each time. They may only need a wiping off with a damp cloth, some of the time. Begin to think well of yourself, for more than half of beauty lies in thinking well of one's self. If you keep teeth, nails, skin and hair perfectly clean and well cared for, and everything about your clothes neat and clean, you will soon begin to be proud of yourself, and your face will take on new expressions. "Crows'-feet" aren't disfiguring. Sometimes they mean nothing but a love of fun, sometimes they mean that the skin has been allowed to get too dry and that the weight has fallen off: a few more pounds in such cases pads out the skin and stretches it so that the crows'-feet disappear. Use a little cold cream on your face either at night or during the day. It need not be disfiguring. In fact you should rub some in at least once a day to keep the skin soft. Just put a little on your finger-tips, apply it to your cheeks and rub it all over the face, rubbing it well into the skin so that it will all be absorbed. Always apply cold cream before putting on powder, but be sure to wipe off the surplus grease with a pad of cotton or a bit of soft cloth. The reason for applying cold cream before powder is that powder is drying to the skin. Now, brace up, take another look at yourself, and get to work at that skin. You are only nineteen and have a long time ahead of you to be very good looking, I am sure you will when you make the most of your natural possession. You know, yourself, that a good skin will make all the difference in the world, my dear, *anybody* can have a good skin if they will work after it, so it is merely a matter of a little time and that trouble of yours is entirely overcome.

IOWA.—I am sorry, my dear, but there is no way to restore bleached hair to its natural color. You will have to grow out and grow and grow until you have your natural colored hair to cut off the bleached. The reason in bleaching it, you have probably taken away the natural oil and that is why it is falling out. The only thing you can do is to shampoo it regularly, every two or three weeks, brush it gently every day, massage the scalp each night and morning, sleep with your hair loose, air it in the sun when you can, and above all seek to build up the health of its roots. As to restoring color, there is no way to alter it except by dyeing, and that is a hazardous proceeding, even in the hands of an expert. I wish I could give you more encouragement.

FARMER'S WIFE.—Your hair is thin because it does not get, or has not received in the past, enough nourishment. With as many children as you have, each one has been a drain upon your system, and since the birth your hair needed careful attention which probably did not get it, as most mothers are apt to forget of self. The only thing you can do now is to stimulate the scalp to stimulate the roots, apply a tonic for the same reason, but most of all feed your body so that you will put you well up to weight? Eat plenty of eggs—a couple each morning. Eat baked potatoes, mange, cream, milk, etc., etc. There is a tonic cure which many people use; it isn't a



PINKING COLD-CREAM FLANNEL SQUARES WITH SCISSORS.

does seem to make the hair grow. In the beauty parlors they put it on and let it stand for two hours, then shampoo the hair, but the best way is to saturate the hair and scalp with it, and massage day or night—with the head tied up in a towel. To do this at night-time then shampoo the next morning. This is the best thing for the scalp where the roots are not dead. If your hair is thin be careful not to pull it when massaging. Slip the fingers under the hair next the scalp and press firmly so that they move back and forth on the hair but merely move the scalp on the skull. If the scalp is tight, the hair will be unhealthy, so manipulate it as above directed to get it loose on the skull. Go over every portion of the head in this manner, morning and night. Are you accustomed to brushing your hair straight back from the forehead, especially at the temples? This is responsible for much thin hair about the forehead. Change your way of brushing your hair. If you now brush it back from the forehead, at least part it at one side and comb the back part by itself, then gently brush the front part loosely and pin where you desire. Now, when you brush your hair brush it down toward the forehead instead of away from it, then, with a comb, put it in the way you want it to go, but never brush the front hair in with the back so that it is straight from the forehead. Handle it by itself, and arrange it as you want it, with no strain on the roots. A tonic that is recommended for the hair is as follows, but it never takes the place of proper treatment of the hair, the proper care of the body itself, for the hair is but an outward sign of its nourishment from the body as a whole.

The Falling Hair

Glycerine four ounces, tincture of cantharides half ounce, rectified spirits one pint, subnitrate of bismuth one-half ounce.

Use a soft baby brush and brush the thinning parts three times each day for about five minutes, working the lotion and let it dry in. Be very gentle with the brush on these thin spots.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"Sorry, old top, I couldn't join you in that little game last night, but circum-stances over which I have no control——"

"But I thought your wife was away."—*Portland Express.*

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half a pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advt.

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No Pads—No Plasters—
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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

'or the first time in her life she was gracious
e, and, bearing her no ill-will, I chatted free-
ith her for quite a while.
Have you danced much?" she asked, holding
her hand for my card.
Several times,' I returned, with a smile, as I
it up to her.
he ran her eyes hastily over the names, and
uld see her scowl every time she read Roy's.
, suddenly looking up, she exclaimed, aghast:
Why, Miss Douglas, will his lordship permit
to dance with the Count de Lussan?'
he form of the question nettled me exceed-
, and I replied, somewhat haughtily:
His Lordship will permit me to dance with
nsoever I choose, Miss Capel.'
he laughed a silvery, wicked laugh, and fix-
her bold black eyes upon me, said, in an ex-
rated way:
'ardon me, Miss Douglas, but I do not believe
t Dunforth, who is very arbitrary when once
will is aroused, will permit his betrothed to
e with anyone who bears the reputation
h Count de Lussan bears.'
'But your own brother introduced me to him,
Capel!' I exclaimed indignantly.
'Charles? I'm astonished at him; but I pre-
e the count asked him and he did not like to
se. Why, he is a notorious blackleg, and how
ver gained admission here is more than I can

was startled at this intelligence, but I would
show it before her, nor yield one iota; and
ing up at that moment, I saw Lord Dunforth
Count de Lussan both approaching me.
Miss Capel remained by my side, evidently de-
s of seeing the little game played out.
The count reached me first, and bowing low,
ed me his arm, saying his turn had come.
I glanced nervously into my lover's face as I
tatingly took the count's arm, fearing that all
not right, and my heart stood still as I noted
expression of blank dismay and stern dis-
sure.
He hastened forward, and taking my card,
ily scanned the names upon it, and his brow
dark with wrath as he read Count de
an's against a waltz.
Bowing haughtily to my companion, he said,
compressed lips:
'Excuse me, but I must ask you to release
lady from her promise to dance with you.'
The count's eyes flashed fire, and his face
crimson as he answered coldly:
'I cannot do so, my lord, except at the lady's
request.'
'She does request it through me—by my de-
' replied Lord Dunforth sternly.
'Miss Douglas, do you command me to release
?' asked the count, turning to me with that
e disagreeable smile upon his lips that I had
there when he had written his name against
waltz.
'Tell him yes, Meta. I cannot allow it, and
give you my reasons the first opportunity,'
spered my lover in pleading tones in my ear.
I was on the point of yielding. Oh, why was
blind that I did not? I had half withdrawn
hand from the count's arm, when I heard a
mocking laugh near by.
Glancing up, I saw Helen Capel watching
ry motion, catching every word and tone, a
le of mocking triumph on her handsome face.
In an instant I remembered my boast to her,
t 'Lord Dunforth would permit me to dance
h whomsoever I chose,' and in that fatal mo-
nt I resolved to show her my power over him;
t I had a will of my own.
Lifting my head a trifle haughtily, I said:
'My lord, I have promised Count de Lussan
t I will waltz with him, and I cannot break
word.'
'Meta, Meta, don't do it!' he begged in a
isper.
'I must,' I answered coldly.
'I command you not!' he said in a tone which
count caught and curled his lip in scorn.
I bowed coldly, all the antagonism in my na-
e aroused by his command, then turning to
companion I said:
'The music is inspiring, count. I am ready,'
l encircling my waist with his arm he whirled
into the midst of the giddy dancers.
I had always loved to waltz; but, oh! how I
e hated it since then. And this is the reason,
r, why I would never allow you to learn. It
not decent for young girls to be encircled in
arms of men of whom they know nothing.
As we waltzed I became aware of strange, sur-
sed glances following us; whispered words of
isure greeted my ears, and a tremor of uneasi-
ss took possession of me, which merged into ab-
ute terror when I reached the spot where Lord
nforth still stood.
He was like a piece of statuary, his noble
w overcast and his fine lips white and set as
in pain.
"Count de Lussan released me, thanking me for
e great pleasure I had given him, and then
ved away.
"My lover did not speak one word to me until
e music struck up again and the attention of
e people around us was attracted in other
rections.
"'Will you oblige me by withdrawing from the
mpany?" he asked then.
"I arose at once and took his arm.
"'Oh, Roy, what have I done?" I exclaimed,
deep distress at his coldness, my heart thrill-
g with a terrible pain.
"'You have disgraced yourself and me—the
unt de Lussan is the lowest blackleg in London.'
"I lifted my eyes and searched my lover's face
ter these, to me, words of doom. It was as
flexible as marble, not a gleam of love, kind-
ss or forgiveness. He was like a stern judge
nouncing sentence upon me, and the thought
irst like lightning upon me, searing my very
ul.
"I had lost him forever! and throwing out my
ands toward him, I sank with a low moan of
ony at his feet before he could even put forth
n arm to save me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEGACY OF JEWELS.

'In falling, my head struck against the base of
pillar, cutting a severe gash in my forehead,
hich, with the blow, nearly cost me my life—
here is the scar now, dear."
The old lady lifted the silvery hair from her
orehead, revealing a white seam about an inch
n length.
Brownie reached over and pressed her red lips
pon it. The act nearly unnerved Miss Mehetа-
el again.
"I was taken to a room in the house," she
ent on, "put to bed, and a physician sent for,
ut it was hours before I recovered conscious-
ess, and the doctor said I had had a marvelous
scape.
"I lay for days listening, trying to catch the
cho of Roy's footsteps, and once or twice I fan-
ied I heard it, and the deep, rich tones of his
oice, asking some eager question. Then the
ound would die away, and I thought my ears
nd my longing heart had deceived me, for he
ever came, and I was too proud and hurt to
end for him.
"At last one day my maid brought me in a
ittle note.
"I saw and recognized the handwriting as soon
s she opened the door.
"'Give it to me quick!' I cried, my heart
ounding at the sight of it.
"With trembling fingers I tore it open and read
hese cold, formal words:

"'Will Miss Douglas kindly favor me with an
nterview, if she is strong enough to endure it?
nd oblige, ROYAL DUNFORTH.'

"I nearly shrieked at the icy words—my nerves were still unstrung, and they hurt me as nothing else had ever done before.
"Was he coming to blame me—to charge me with the disgrace I had brought upon him and myself, and then cast me off forever? Had I sinned past all forgiveness? I asked myself again and again.
"I seized a pencil and wrote:

"'Yes, come at once, if you can forgive your repentant META.'

"I folded and inclosed it in an envelope, without sealing it, and giving it to a maid, told her to carry it down to Lord Dunforth, who, she said, was awaiting an answer.
"I did wrong to send him a written reply. I ought to have gone to him, even if I had been obliged to crawl upon my hands and knees to do so; but I was weak—I had not yet left my room, was able only to sit up for an hour or two at a time, and I thought, of course, he could come to me. I never dreamed of treachery."
"Treachery, auntie!" exclaimed Brownie, who was intensely interested in the sad tale.
"Ah, treachery, child, as you will soon see, and I might have known it, too, had my wits been about me.
"The maid came back almost immediately.
"I looked up in surprise as she entered.
"'Why are you back so soon?' I demanded.
"'I met Miss Helen on the stairs,' she answered, 'and she told me Lord Dunforth was in the drawing-room, and she would take the note in to him.'
"I could not say anything, but I did not like it even then; I did not like Helen Capel to be the bearer of any message from me to my lover. I liked her far less since the ball than I had ever done before, for I believed she had tried to make all this trouble for me. I had refused to see her during my sickness, although she had called a number of times and had also sent me beautiful flowers.
"I lay two hours, listening for my loved one's tread on the stairs. I had not a doubt but that he would obey my message and come to me. But at last I heard gay voices in the hall, then his deep, rich tones gravely saying 'good morning' to someone, after which came the sound of closing doors, and I knew he was gone.
"With a heart like lead, I bade the maid go down and ask Miss Capel if she had given Lord Dunforth my message.
"She came back, saying that Miss Capel said, 'Certainly, she had given his lordship the message.'
"Then it came to me that I had made a condition in my note—I had said if he could forgive me, to come to me.
"He could not forgive me, therefore he would not come, and, without even a word of farewell, he had left me forever.
"I cannot tell all that I suffered, Brownie. I know I raved against the injustice of Heaven in permitting such sorrow to come upon me, and in shutting out the light of my life from me. I cursed Helen Capel, her brother and the Count de Lussan for their part in the drama; but most of all, I cursed myself for having allowed myself to become their dupe.
"I insisted at once upon returning to my own home, where I was again prostrated, and for another long month lay sick and weak, and praying to die; and thus my wedding day passed. Oh, who can tell the blackness of despair which came over me as that day came and went. I was to have been a happy wife, proud and blessed in the love of a noble man. Instead, I was a heart-broken girl, wailing out my life in loneliness. A homeless beggar in the street was not more wretched than I.
"Another month went by, and I was at length thought able to ride out; and one day my father took me out to Richmond Park, where we spent an hour or two driving about.
"On our return, when about two miles from the city, I saw Lord Dunforth's elegant carriage, with its span of black horses, approaching. He was driving himself, and a lady whom I did not know sat by his side.
"With my brain on fire, and my heart quivering with pain, I sat like a statue, watching his every movement, noting his every expression.
"He gave a sudden start, which I could see shook his whole frame, while an expression of pain passed over his features. His face grew pale as my own, and he leaned forward with an eager look in his eyes, as if about to speak. Oh, if I had only smiled, if I had but spoken one word, all would have been well even then; but I did not, and drawing himself erect again, he inclined his head with haughty grace, and was gone.
"Many times I longed to write him a line, begging him to come to me, if only for an hour, that I might hear him say he forgave me; many times I had the pen in my hand to do so, but pride whispered, 'you are sick and feeble, it is his place to come to you, not yours to beg his presence,' and so we, who today might have been united and loving, were parted forever.
"My parents decided soon after to take me abroad, as the physician said my health would never improve unless I had some change, and we set sail for the United States early in May.
"In July, after our arrival here, they both sickened and died very suddenly, and I was left alone a stranger in a strange country.
"I could not return to England, where I had suffered and lost so much, and I could not remain here alone. Accordingly, I wrote my brother, begging him to take his family and come to me. I had often heard him say he would like to live in America. I commissioned him to settle the estate, as far as I was concerned, to the best of his ability, and bring me the proceeds when he came.
"To my great comfort he consented to my request and in October arrived in New York with his wife and child—their son, who was your father, Brownie.
"We decided to make our home in this city, having spent some time in traveling, and finding no other place we liked so well; and here they lived until God called them, and here I have lived ever since.
"Five years after our arrival we heard that Lord Dunforth had married Helen Capel's cousin, Lady Leonie Herford, and just three months later I learned that but for Miss Capel's treachery I might have been his wife."
"Oh, auntie! only just three months after his marriage!" exclaimed Brownie in deep distress.
"Yes, dear, those three months were all that stood between me and my future happiness; but what matters it if it had been but a day, or an hour even, if it were that much too late?
"I found out that Miss Capel never gave that note of mine to Lord Dunforth, but told him instead that I utterly refused to see him then and ever after.
"When he met me driving afterward, and I did not even recognize him, but sat so cold and indifferent, he was confirmed in the truth of her statement. I was told that it was a terrible blow to him, for he loved me and would have made me his wife notwithstanding all that had passed. He left England almost immediately after we sailed for America, and did not return until a year before his marriage."
"Who told you all this, auntie?"
"A friend of his lordship told my brother, who met him while he was traveling in this country. He did not know the truth of the matter regarding the note I sent, until brother told him, and I do not suppose Lord Dunforth knows to this day of Helen Capel's treachery or that she was the cause of our separation.
"Now, darling," concluded Miss Mehetabel, with a little tremulous smile which was sadder than tears, "you know the reason why I am an old maid."
"Did Miss Capel ever marry?" Brownie asked.
"Yes, the year following Lord Dunforth's marriage; but I have forgotten the name of her husband."
"If you had discovered her treachery before his marriage would you have sought a reconciliation?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Where Was I To Get the Money

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

HOW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick—
I hadn't had anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.
Everet's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.
But where was the money to come from?
We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everet could earn it. No matter how we skimped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.



Mrs. Helene Himberg 261 Wyckoff Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

I Couldn't Neglect My Home

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was all through by ten or eleven in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.
But what could I do?
I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for plain mending, I couldn't sew. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was too sensitive about what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Rack my brains as I would, there seemed nothing else left.

Emma Had A Lot Of New Things

One afternoon last spring when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.
Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to heels every thing she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I couldn't help envying her.
When she mentioned a little trip she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for her living-room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more than Everet. I wondered how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

I Was All Ears

"Really, Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the last few months that I know people must think some rich relative has left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."
"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."
I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles too.
"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued, "Even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—I earn them by knitting hose.
"Oh, no!" Emma explained, in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler.' I can knit a pair in so short a time. And I get fine pay for every pair I make."

Emma Tells The Way

"But who pays you?" I asked. "And how did you get started?"
"There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—to supply to stores. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than the factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the knitter from them They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, sweaters and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down at the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, as fast as you finish a dozen or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."
If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it and then immediately sent for a machine.
With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—simply following directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks—Many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocket book filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.
Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everet—who at first sort of pooh-poohed the whole idea—got interested and tried his hand. Now many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.

I No Longer Have to Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.
It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everet helped me every evening. Everet said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose— and at that perhaps there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Himberg,
261 Wyckoff Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE: *The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives and is printed here practically in her own words.* Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

It's Helping Hundreds Of Others

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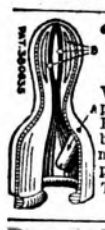
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Convulsions of Babies

WRITERS make different classifications of convulsions according to their own peculiar notions in regard to the nature and causes of the disorder. In our talk this month we shall consider but two kinds, sympathetic and symptomatic. The symptomatic convulsions are signs or symptoms of a condition where the disease has invaded the brain, as in meningitis, typhoid fever and tubercular disease. This form of convulsion we shall not discuss at this time, as it is simply a complication of some organic disease from which the baby is suffering.

Convulsions of the sympathetic class are the ones that seem to be of the most practical importance for consideration in this column, as they are the kind that occur most often, and in babies who appear to be well and strong, causing the mother serious alarm.

It has been generally stated that weak, delicate, nervous babies are more liable to have convulsions; but this is not true, though a baby with an irritable, nervous temperament is very susceptible, and you often get this kind of temperament in a strong, healthy baby. The causes of sympathetic convulsions are teething, indigestion, or any disturbance of the digestion, or stomach. In some babies even a slight rise in temperature from any cause will bring on a convulsion. A sudden pain, head exposed to hot sun or sudden exposure to cold will bring one on. In some cases the only cause that could be detected was constipation with impaction of lower bowel.

The signs or symptoms that a mother will notice before a convulsion comes on vary and are uncertain, but in most cases you will detect a disordered condition of the nervous system, the baby sleeps lightly, is easily disturbed, baby moans or starts or may have frightful dreams, screams out, or awakens in a bewildered, frightened manner. The baby seems very irritable, crying or fretting without cause. The expression is peculiar, a fixed staring look, lasting only a moment as if the baby was looking intently at some object, while in fact it is gazing at vacancy, the expression is without meaning.

Some babies seem to be pleased or happy and a smile passes over the face just previous to an attack. You often get tremblings or tremors in some cases, whether baby is asleep or awake. There may be a closing of the fingers and thumbs.

With or without any of the preliminary signs mentioned the convulsion begins suddenly. The baby utters a cry, becomes unconscious, the muscles of arms and legs draw up, the eyes are for a moment fixed and staring, then drawn upward until you can see only the white portion of the balls of the eyes. The whole body becomes rigid and stiff, and you may not be able to detect that baby is breathing. The face for a moment may be pale, but becomes red and congested and the veins of the neck become noticeable.

The state of spasm is followed quickly by irregular convulsive movements. The face is not always congested, but may become pale or even bluish. In severe cases the baby may not be able to swallow. As the attack begins to subside, the convulsive movements become more and more feeble until they cease entirely and the baby falls into a deep sleep, or more or less of a stupor. The duration of an attack is variable and in very severe cases may continue several hours, but as a general rule lasts from a few minutes to half an hour. When the attacks recur several times a day they leave the patient more or less conscious, but there may be restlessness and delirium. The period of time, during which the recurrence continues depends principally upon the cause of the convulsion. The danger of a convulsion depends entirely on the severity of the attack and the cause. If the attack is slight and followed soon by complete restoration of consciousness, there is not much doubt but what the condition is sympathetic; but if the baby is sick before the convulsion, it may indicate the presence of some brain involvement, and be a serious complication.

The important thing to bear in mind is that baby will not have a convulsion unless something is radically wrong. The cause of the trouble must be discovered and removed.

There are some general rules to be followed that every mother should know. The first thing to do is to remove the clothing, or at least loosen enough to relieve any constriction of the breathing. The air in the room should be good, and if the room is hot or poorly ventilated, expose the child to the fresh air of an open window. In some cases by simply doing this baby will come out of the convulsion, especially if the air in the room had been foul or full of smoke.

It is a general rule always to place the baby in a warm bath 96 or 97 degrees F.—no matter what the cause of the convulsion may be. This has proved to be an efficient remedy and easily procured. Be careful not to get the water too hot and if a thermometer is not available, dip your elbow into the water and test it.

The warm bath was never known to do harm unless too hot, and the baby burned. The baby should be left in the warm bath 10 or 20 minutes or until all the convulsive movements have ceased.

Remove baby from bath and wrap in flannel or blanket. Do not put on clothes for a while, as you may wish to put it in again, and whether you do or not it is best to hold baby for a while until it gets over the shock of an attack.

You can now consider the cause, and if there is any suspicion of indigestion or constipation, relieve this by moving the bowels at once with suppositories or an enema. Castor oil, or one-half grain doses of calomel are good treatment.

If the stomach seems distended, it will be proper treatment to produce vomiting.

If the baby is teething, the gums swollen, they should be freely lanced under antiseptic precautions. In cases where there is no indigestion, no teething, but the baby's head seems hot and a convulsion occurs, put baby in warm bath, apply cold cloths to head and send for a physician to find out, if possible, the cause in this special case.

The subject of our talk next month will be, *Scarlet Fever.*

Questions and Answers

STIES.—What can I do for my three-year-old boy, who for over a year has had sties on his eyes, although his eyes do not seem to be weak?

MRS. J. M. C., Albermarle, N. C.

A.—Hot fomentations, and frequent washings with saturated Boracic acid solution when pus seems to have formed, but if you will bathe eyes with one-tenth of one per cent. Chlorazene solution (Dakins Solution), you will prevent pus forming. A succession of sties means that the general system should be built up, and I suggest that you give your boy three-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup, after meals, three times a day.

SORE NAVEL.—What can I do for my two-year-old boy, who has reddish spots near navel that look like blisters? They heal up, itch, then become raw again.

MRS. C. C., Elkins, W. Va.

A.—I should bathe the parts once a day with Dakins solution, then apply a little sulphur ointment. Keep bowels regular and give two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup, three times a day, after meals.

BED-WETTING.—What can I do for my 10-year-old girl who wets the bed every night? She seems normal in every way, and I have tried everything, even coaxing and spanking. MRS. J. C., Manchester, Tenn.

A.—Bed-wetting is a most obstinate condition to relieve, and we must first find the cause and remove it. Spanking is absolutely wrong as the child is not responsible. Many of the most obstinate cases will yield to treatment when the urine is made clear and mild by some simple alkalies, like cream of tartar, teaspoonful to glass of water, or equal parts of vichy water and milk.

If urine is concentrated, with odor of ammonia, give three-grain doses of Urotropin in one-half glass of water, three times a day. Do not do this if urine is acid, as this will acidify it.

Have urine examined to see if acid.

In some cases you get bed-wetting from reflex irritation of the bladder walls from pinworms. Enlarged, diseased tonsils, and adenoids will often cause this condition; in such case a surgical operation is required to remove the cause of the nervous condition and give relief.

UNDER WEIGHT.—My two-year-old girl is under weight, although she seems healthy. She walked when she was seven and one-half months old, and has all her teeth but her eye-teeth. Her diet is milk, beans, potatoes, meat, corn and fruits. What can I do for myself as I am all run down? "JUST A MOTHER."

A.—Get your baby out of doors all you can, and give her plenty of milk and cream. Give meat and potato in moderation, but do not think I should give her beans, or corn. For yourself, get a bottle of Elix. Iron, Quinine and Strychnine, and take teaspoonful doses in water, after each meal, three times a day.

BABY SITTING UP.—Will it injure my three-months-old baby to sit up in a chair? How old should a baby be to use a baby walker?

MRS. J. L. B., Moorefield, Ky.

A.—Your baby is too young to sit up. Should not encourage baby to walk by any means until after the eighth month. Sitting up, or walking too young, are the causes of weak backs and legs.

INFANT'S CLOTHES.—What should an infant's clothes consist of that is born in May?

MRS. V. L., Forney, Texas.

A.—You should have woolen receiving blanket, three small abdominal bands, three shirts, woolen, pinning blanket, three outing flannel nightdresses, three dozen diapers, four cotton slips or dresses. Of course there is no limit to baby's wardrobe that you can get, but you really need the things mentioned.

CONVULSIONS.—My four-months-old baby has spells about every three weeks. She wakes up crying, screaming, eyes get large and she seems wild. The attacks last fifteen minutes and during this time it is impossible to awaken her at all. MRS. S., Hoxbar, Okla.

A.—From your letter would suspect that your baby has some form of convulsions. Coming in such regularity, would indicate a persistent cause, and I should advise a careful examination by a physician.

HEMORRHOIDS.—What can I do for my three-year-old boy who has piles that protrude at each movement? He is fond of cereals, milk, custards, but will not eat cooked fruits. MRS. T. E. C., Macon, Ga.

A.—It is exceptional for a child of this age to have hemorrhoids, but without doubt the condition was caused by constipation. Give him enough American oil or Nujol each day to produce one or two soft, easy bowel movements. After each movement, insert in the rectum an Iodex suppository; your druggist can get these from Menley and James, New York City.

NURSING BABY.—Should baby ever be allowed to nurse at night; if so, how often, and how old should it be when you feed them during day only?

MRS. C., Tennessee.

The following is practical for an average baby, small baby will require less, a large one more.

Third to seventh day, ten feedings, two hours apart, one to one and one-half ounces at a feeding, two night feedings.

Second and third week, ten feedings, two hours apart, two night feedings, two to three ounces at a feeding.

Fourth and fifth week, nine feedings, two hours apart, one night feeding, two to three ounces at a feeding.

Third to sixth month seven feedings three hours apart four to five ounces at a time, no night feedings.

HERNIA.—My fourteen-months-old baby boy does not walk or creep, will not hold his weight on his feet. He is ruptured on both sides, and his stomach is very large. His bowels are too active and do not respond to treatment. MRS. R. H., Athens, Tenn.

A.—Would advise your taking your baby to some hospital and have the ruptures relieved, as this will correct the intestinal trouble, and as soon as he gets his strength he will walk.

DIARRHEA.—My baby is twenty months old and has always had trouble with his bowels moving too often; cooked or uncooked fruit or vegetables pass through in a few hours; bowels sometimes move eight times a day.

MRS. C. A. W., Philadelphia, Miss.

A.—Give baby two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day. Give him a tablet, containing Bismuth Subnitrate, three grains, Pepsin Sacch, two grains, Aromatic powder, one grain, every three or six hours, depending on the frequency of the movements.

His diet should consist of milk, stale wheat bread, oatmeal, cooked a long time, cream of wheat, custards, a little baked potato.



Give "California Fig Syrup" Child's Harmless Laxative

Mother! This gentle laxative cleanses the child's system thoroughly. It never gripes or overacts like harsh cathartics, calomel, or castor oil. Children love it.

Avoid imitations! Ask druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Say "California"

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

anything will do, but I prefer the bath towel doggie, with spots painted on with shoe polish or other coloring, eyes worked with thread or made with beads or shoe buttons.

I also made little fudge aprons from two yards of eighteen-inch crash. Fold in the center lengthwise, begin about the center of the two yards and cut front part of neck in desired shape then gradually taper shoulder straps until the extreme ends are two or three inches wide. The goods cut out of neck can be used for something else. Face neck, hem bottom and embroider or applique some pretty design on front and bottom. The straps go over shoulders, cross in back and are brought around in front and fasten points together with button or snap. When made of unbleached domestic they are very inexpensive and are pretty, too.

I would like to get letters from the sisters. . . try to answer all those who send stamps.

I drew a large map of the U. S. and am going to cut it out and use it for a pattern to piece a . . . using a different piece for each state. If any of the sisters care to send me a piece large enough for her . . . and address to add to my quilt I will appreciate it . . . be glad to have you for a neighbor.

With love and best regards to all,

MRS. CHAS. G. . . .

SAN ANTONIO, 2312 E. HOUSTON ST., Tex.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

I am sending my baby's picture, taken December, 1921. He was four months old at that time and weighed fourteen pounds. His name is John Harris O'Larmic.

A sister wanted to know how to make flowers grow in winter. I buy narcissus and hyacinth bulbs in November and put them in a vase of water, . . . down, changing water daily, and they bloom by January or February, or earlier, depending upon the . . . This is called forcing and the bulbs will not bloom the following spring but will the spring after if they are put in dirt as soon as they finish blooming.



JOHN HARRIS O'LARMIC.

Do the sisters make rug towels from worn-out . . . I do, using some good part of cast-off gingham . . . for applique cups and saucers. I also make . . . baby's bed from the best parts of old sheets. . . . for the kitchen can be made the same way.

I have been a reader of COMFORT since a child . . . mother was a subscriber then. I think it . . . magazine and specially like the patchwork and . . . work page.

How many of the sisters have visited San Antonio? It is a prosperous town of 161,000 population with . . . eral attractive parks. Brackenridge, the most interesting one, has a big zoo containing monkeys, . . . bear, bison, deer, moose, sacred buffalo, sea lions, . . . trichs and bob cats. There are three depots, . . . large hotels, the Alamo and many other places of . . . terest.

I would like to exchange postals with any of the sisters. I wish scenery cards from different states.

I see no reason for withholding name and address, so you may publish mine.

MRS. JOHN O'LAR. . .

It's no use for the joy killers to tell little John O'Larmic "there ain't no Santa Claus. . . . wouldn't believe it and why should he? . . . he tangible proof that there is, in the shape of . . . his new sweater, cap and leggings, that were . . . brought only the day before? Of course he believes in Santa Claus. Merry Christmas, . . . and may your smile never grow less.—Ed.

MAXWELL, N. Mex.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in with a few Christmas suggestions? . . . Nearly everyone has some cast-off clothes that . . . make over into good caps and coats for some little . . . Maybe an old fur set or a plush coat that could be . . . as a scarf and muff. I have three girls, six, four and . . . three years old, so I know from experience what . . . be done.

Try making the Cubby Bear stories into books, . . . then give them a box of crayons and see how many . . . hours of enjoyment they will get out of such a box.

Anyone handy with saw and hammer can make all . . . kinds of things from boxes obtained at the grocery . . . store, a chair, doll bed or table and lots of other . . . can be made with very little labor.

Home-made candy is very acceptable to anyone . . . or old, and I give lots of it, especially to the . . . folks for it is harder to make things for them. . . . sending some of my favorite candy recipes and maybe . . . you will see them in print.

Flower or garden seeds and bulbs are very nice . . . ents if done up into a Christmas package. These . . . are jellies, and home-made cakes and cookies that . . . be sent to the bachelor girl or girl and boy at . . .

I have a baby boy one year old and he keeps . . . busy, although the girls take lots of care of him.

I would like to hear from the sisters on the care of . . . children and will answer all that enclose stamps.

Just one more thing and then I'll go. Sisters, . . . do you withold your names unless your letter is of . . . personal nature, especially when you request it? . . . Did you ever stop to think of the work it makes . . . Mrs. Wilkinson? I believe she is frowning at me. . . . Good by, I'll come again.

MRS. LLOYD MILLER.

MRS. MILLER.—I wasn't frowning, I was trying . . . to give you an encouraging nod which, translated, . . . would mean, "That's right, you tell them, they . . . get cross if I say anything."—Ed.

KOSSUTH, Miss.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here's my hand for a hearty shake and if I could be . . . a fairy for a short while I would peep in at the door . . . of every COMFORT sister and especially every flower . . . lover's home. I have been deluged with letters from . . . every part of our great U. S. A. since telling you about . . . my flowers. So many failed to enclose stamp for reply . . . that I will have to ask our Mrs. Wilkinson to keep . . . give you all the information you desired. I answered . . . all that did enclose postage and many that did not.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

her eyes. Do what she would, she could not h that haunting ghost of Lesard. Each word ad said to her rose up and battered at her , that it might not be forgotten. And as if wn wrongs were not enough, there was Gil- turning to a pale shadow of herself before very eyes.

r it would be no easy thing for the men who robbed Wellford House to get clear, and an knew it. There was not a newspaper r in England who did not know to a stone what they had taken, from the duchess' of pearls and diamonds and priceless neck- and rubies, to poor little Mrs. Fareham's wed brooches and bracelets. Even the men, made their living by buying stolen jewels d be afraid to take these at the price of a ound note for the lot. Most of them were rated family jewels, about as easy to dis- of as the Kohinoor.

d there was no safety in the foreign market, Amsterdam, Paris and New York were just as dangerous as London. Whoever had the der would have to wait a long time before sing of it, and walk very softly in the mean-

d of all places in England, Hamilton Place ed the quietest, the farthest removed from hing out of the common.

ere had been no midnight reunions of Mr. hmont and his upper servants; no visitors ark or daylight that were not people well vn in the neighborhood; furthermore, Jacky satisfied herself that there was not a game- er to be found on the whole estate, with the ption of a doddering old man, with a stupid, fed grandson as his only helper. These two h-built men in velveteen that night had cer- ly been flesh and blood, but they were quite ertainly no servants of Marchmont's.

or did she think they could be farmers, for ks to those recommendations, Gillian was no er in a kind of State prison where walks were idden. With her red-haired maid in charge, might roam where she would within the ts of the huge estate. And the two had, y thought, scoured every inch of it and found spot where two confederates could possibly l.

it had not been for the newspapers, full of tling paragraphs about supposed discoveries he missing jewels—paragraphs that were con- icted next day—and for the damning fact she had never heard one word from Lesard, y could have thought the whole thing a m.

ut not Gillian! She devoured every news- r she could lay her hands on, believed every t she read till it was denied, and shook with ut all day long for the man she loved still.

r. Marchmont had offered a reward for the ing pearl collar as his neighbors had done their more valuable things. Gillian saw the c every Sunday, stuck up in the village where drove to church with her guardian. Mr. March- t was never absent from morning service, any e than Miss Hamilton's maid was ever seen he servants' pew. But she saw the notice one as she was on an errand for the housekeeper, the insolence of it made her furious. Quiet hings looked, she was absolutely certain that only did Mr. Marchmont know exactly where collar was, but that it and everything else had been stolen was safely stored in his se. Something else, too, brought her impa- ce to a head. Gillian had heard from the ful Sir Simon Wellford that proceedings to ver the value of the borrowed diamonds had begun against Mrs. Fareham by the Jew stock- er, and "borrowed" was not the ugliest word l in connection with the matter. If they were found soon there would be little reputation for the pretty young widow who had no erful family to back her up.

"It's all very well to wait till they're off their rd," Jacky thought, as she repaired to Mrs. bs with the toothache-drops for which she had n sent to the village, "but goodness knows re those diamonds will be by that time, and wants them now!"

Come in!" cried the housekeeper joyfully, or much so as a raging tooth would permit. She a vast respect for the red-haired girl ever e she had returned from Wellford House, ab- tely silent about the robbery. Mrs. Gibbs was accustomed to such behavior from any one h such recommendations, and had quite given the idea that Mary James knew nothing.

Have you got the drops? Thank goodness, for ween pain and Marchmont fussing round, I'm rly wild."

What's the matter with him?" shortly. It s odd to live in her grandmother's house a rant, and knowing nothing about its master ept what filtered through the housekeeper.

Oh, they've sent a man down from the London ective force, and he's ferreting about every- re! He was here all the morning, asking ut those pearls, and Marchmont isn't one to worried about a few two-penny pearls. Be- s——"

Jacky laughed, standing with one small foot the fender. It was all very well to be as far ve suspicion as Cæsar's wife, or Mr. March- t, of Hamilton Place, but it might nevertheless be as uncomfortable to have fifty thousand nds worth of stolen jewels in your possession.

It's all very well for you to laugh!" Mrs. bs remarked crossly, through the large silk dkerchief that adorned her head. "You haven't to put up with his tantrums. I can tell you can be a Tartar!"

A devil incarnate," someone else had called t! Jacky winced at the thought.

As for me," pursued Mrs. Gibbs, "I'm not go- to catch my death of cold creeping around house after dark, but he was that vicious I en't say so. I wonder if you wouldn't go down ight after the house is quiet and open that r under your window! Could you, like a good l?" She had thrown caution to the winds ce she had decided that the new maid knew rything.

Where's the butler?" cautiously. As for the o footmen, she had long ago discovered that y were merely ordinary servants, like the maids.

Gone on an errand," significantly. "He was the ly one to send. You'll leave the door open for n; there's no latch-keys in this rattletrap stle. I don't fancy it myself. Give me a good vn house, with a door into the next one, and I told Marchmont! But, no! This was drunken m Hamilton's scheme, and Marchmont fan- d it."

Tom Hamilton! His daughter stood aghast.

Why," she said lamely, "he was Miss Hamil- n's father!"

But the housekeeper was taken up with an ex- t twinge; she did not see the surprise in the ie eyes that did not match the red hair. That m Hamilton had been a disreputable vagabond one knew better than his daughters, but not en Gillian had dreamed of this. Gillian, who d found in his old writing-desk those magical ferences that had worked for Jacky like a Free- ason's grip in a foreign country.

"Of course, and I can't see how she comes to such a fool! He had good wits when he sn't drunk. It was him worked out this scheme, trusting no one who didn't have references. hy, even the butler had to take his with him day, that they might know he was sent. I con- ss I was staggered when I saw yours! I ex- cted just an ordinary girl, but I suppose Billy ought it was safer, you hung about so much ith Miss Hamilton. And it's lucky for me to- ght, because you can let them in!"

The maid could only nod.

Who was Billy? And what was this dreadful ws about her father, whose blood ran in her ins? Had he been a thief and in league with ieves, and was there no truth nor honor any- here?

She dared not think, standing before Mrs. Gibbs, whom even toothache might not blind to the look on her face.

"It's safer, much!" she returned with com- posure. "You can trust me to see to the door," but as she turned away her heart beat madly.

For all she knew, this very night her enemies might give themselves into her hands!

The flush of elation that was hot under the white enamel on Jacky's face ebbed even as she closed the door of the housekeeper's room behind her.

At first, in spite of that revelation about "Tom Hamilton's scheme," her heart had been almost gay—that at last she could see her way to carry- ing out that plan that was her one thought, night and day. But now a quick conviction of coming dangers slowed her pulse.

It seemed a simple thing to creep down-stairs and unbolt a door—but why did not Marchmont do it himself? Could Mrs. Gibbs' apparent open- ness be all a trap, her careless statement about Tom Hamilton merely a veiled warning that the meshes about Gillian were thicker than could ever be broken? For, if this were true, there must be many pages in her father's life that would not bear the light of day! Supposing the hiding place of those jewels was discovered by that de- tective from London. The red-haired maid knew enough now of Mr. Marchmont to be sure that at the last pinch it would not be he who would bear the brunt, but Gillian, the daughter of a dead thief and blackguard.

To the white-faced girl moving slowly through the house to Gillian's room the hushed, decorous air of it seemed to smell of danger. The very tapestry on the walls seemed to sway with the moving of unseen spies behind it, mocking at the girl who passed them thinking to defeat with her own power the schemes of some of the subtlest men in England.

She had meant to tell Gillian all she had heard, but now she hesitated at her sister's door.

The story of the references she would tell, if only to warn Gillian how she must not dream of anything but flying for her life if anything should happen to "Mary James."

"What could they do to me, supposing they found me out? They dare not murder me," but though she thought bravely enough, she was not so sure.

"They," Mrs. Gibbs had said. Who could "they" be but Lesard and the bullet-headed man?

And surely Lesard—liar, thief, deceiver of wo- men, though she knew him to be—could not stand by and see murder done to the girl he had loved enough to warn against his own confederate?

Yet, after all, what did she know of Lesard?

He had made her acquaintance in the street by restoring to her a purse she had dropped. It had held all the money she owned; she had thanked him with sparkling eyes. Now she wondered if he had picked her pocket in order to scrape ac- quaintance!

In all their short friendship she had never known anything at all about him, except that he had offices in Capel Court in London; that he seemed to have money; was always perfectly dressed, and that his name was Lesard. She gave a little frightened gasp as it came over her suddenly that she did not even know his Chris- tian name.

"Gill knows; he's her husband!" she said to herself sharply, to drive out the memory of those heaven-sweet days when the sun had risen and set for the man who was her lover. She opened the door of Gillian's room, and the sight of her sister's wax face quickened the hatred of the man who had betrayed them both.

"What are you going to do with that frock?" she said, with surprise, for Gillian was trying on a pale yellow evening dress her sister had never seen.

"It came from London while you were out. He says I'm to wear it tonight; he has a dinner- party."

"Gillian turned from the glass, her face very white and pitiful over the gorgeous satin gown. "You don't think it's a—a purple velvet! Jacky, do you?"

Jacky pointed to the dressmaker's name on the cardboard dress-box.

"Not any more than you are a Mrs. Gibbs," she returned almost absently. "Who's coming to din- ner, Gill?"

"I don't know. Only men, I think, but he said I must come down."

"A dinner-party! So that was why he could not open the side door himself. It was bold, too, to have people to dine on the very night those men were to come; bold, and in its way clever. But even Jacky did not guess just how bold it was.

She threw down her hat and coat. She had long ceased to be cautious in Gillian's room, for no one ever came there except a housemaid at stated times. Yet she was all caution in an- other way as she stretched herself in an easy- chair by the fire. There was that in Gillian's face which told her that to say Lesard was com- ing to the house that very night would mean ruin. She would insist on seeing him from some hiding place, and once she saw him Jacky knew there would be no holding her. She would run to him, betray everything, be as wax in those strong, unscrupulous fingers. And then farewell to those jewels, forevermore!

"Gill, I've heard something today," she said abruptly. "No, don't look like that! It's about father. Mrs. Gibbs let out about those recom- mendations. She says those, and coming to this house, and everything—were father's scheme. Ex- cept that he died before he could come himself, and so Mr. Marchmont adopted you to get the entree in the neighborhood."

Gillian closed her eyes with a shiver, but there was no surprise on her face.

"I had found that out for myself," she said. "Look here, what I found among his papers this afternoon. I didn't understand it quite, but I do now." She held out a sheet of paper, and Jacky, with a sick heart, read a list of all the great houses for twenty miles round.

"Why are there crosses after some of them?" she asked, staring at her father's writing.

"Those are all the very rich houses, the family jewel people's! Jacky, if Marchmont is ever caught, what will happen to me? He would not hold his tongue if he could make Tom Hamilton's daughter look guilty."

"He'll be a cleverer man than he is, if he does that," but there was no conviction in her voice.

"We must get away from this before that hap- pens, Gill," she rose and looked hard at her, "could you face Lesard if you had to, and—and hold your own?"

Gillian turned the color of ashes.

"No," she whispered. "I'd follow him to the end of the world. I'd do whatever he said; I shouldn't care if he were a murderer."

"Not if he murdered me?" All the bitterness of her heart was in her voice. "I suppose not! But listen. If anything happens to me, if I dis- appear, will you have sense enough to know that it is Lesard who has disposed of me? Will you promise me to run for your life from him for my sake?"

"You're mad—dreaming!" Gillian cried.

"I'm very sane," composedly. "I tell you if I am found out in this house that will be the end of me. I know it."

"Marchmont can't find you out; no one can," dully.

"No one but Lesard. You forget he knows me."

Gillian, still in her satin gown, flung her arms round her sister.

"Jacky, Jacky," she moaned, "teach me to hate him! I try and try, but I can't. If I were free perhaps I could, but I'm his wife."

"If I dared, you should be his widow!" but the hot thought was unspoken. Gillian, who could forgive anything, could never understand the passion in her sister's heart any more than that sister could comprehend her dreadful loyalty to Lesard. Jacky Hamilton had never in her life forgotten or forgiven a wrong.

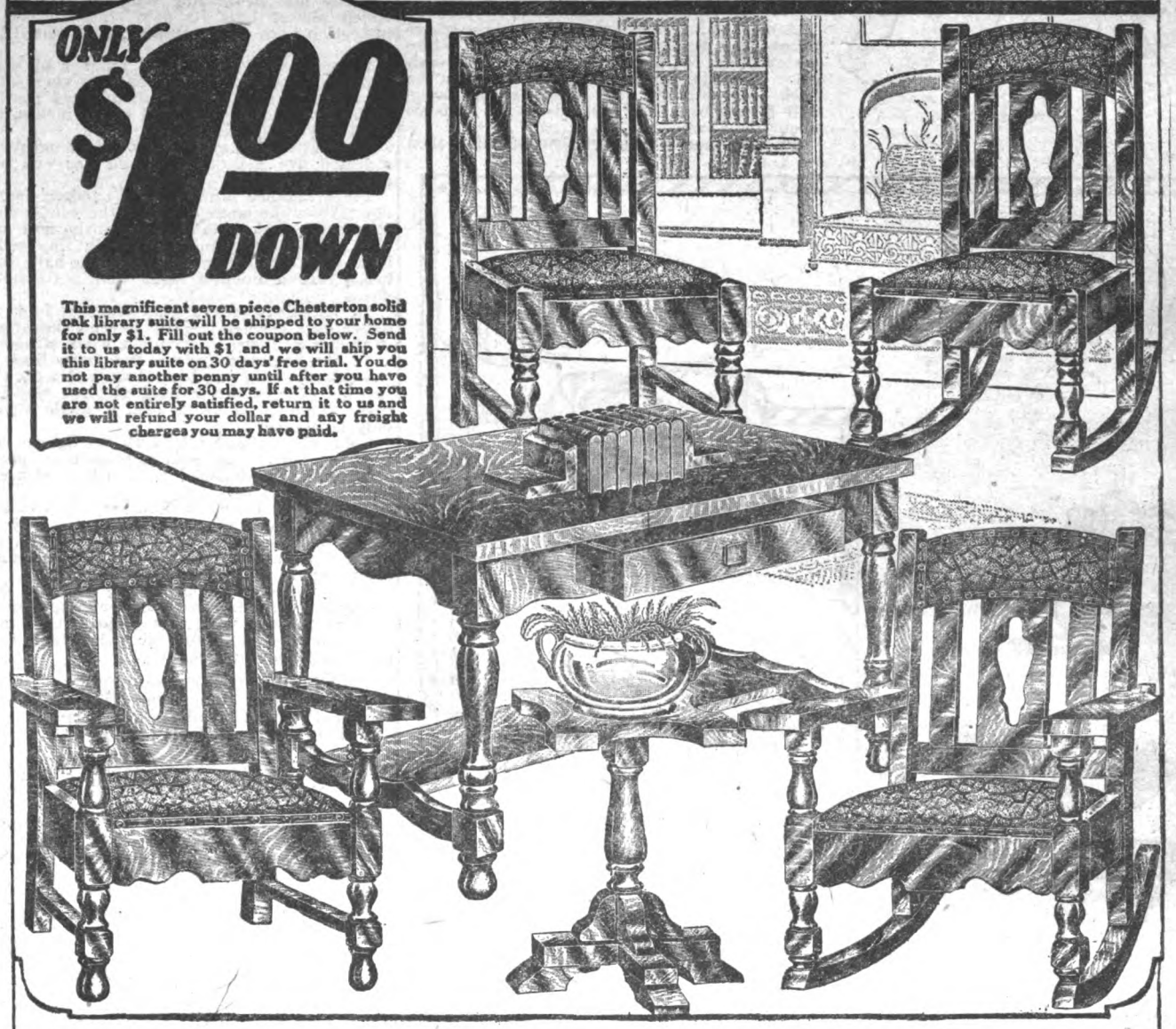
"You'll be free yet, Gill," she said softly, though her lips were dry.

Gillian clung to her, comforted by words that would have made her shriek outright if she had understood them.

"Don't ring for me, if I'm not here when you come up tonight," the sham maid said abruptly,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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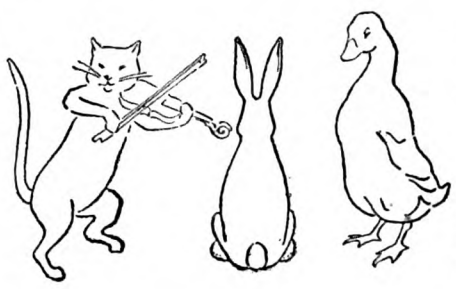
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For the wash-cloths, use a double thickness of ordinary white mosquito netting. In size, cut about 12 inches square.

Crochet a close picot edge all around with the silakteen. These little cloths are soft as down after they are once wet.

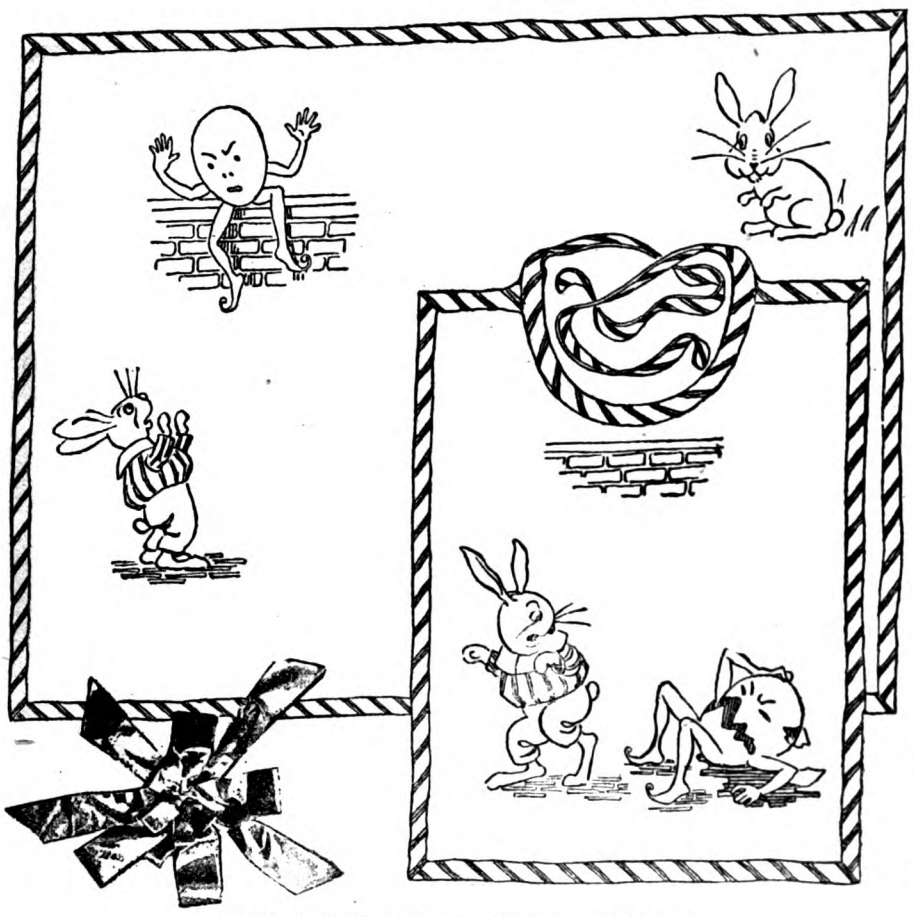
Rosebud Pillow

A most dainty and attractive little carriage pillow may be made of baby blue and white cotton perle, No. 3. Make six squares of each color in single crochet, working through the back loop only of each stitch so the rows will form ribs. The squares should measure about four inches.

Put together in checker-board fashion then work on each square four tiny pink bullion-stitch rosebuds with green lazy-daisy stitch leaves.

A handsome ribbon bow for a carriage robe, a pair of embroidered cap strings, a flannel-covered, tiny hot water bottle bearing baby's name, or any other little gift, for that matter may be made doubly attractive if neatly boxed and accompanied with such a little card as this:

"If all the little babies were
As sweet as you,
I'd have to make so many gifts,
I don't know what I'd do."



CARRIAGE ROSETTE AND A BREAD-AND-MILK SET.

Cuddle Toys

FOR the "most dear" wee folks on your gift list there are many varieties of delightful, huggable little dolls and animals which can be made up very easily fo old stockings or small pieces of cotton outing flannel or gingham.

Of these we illustrate a funny black cuddle cat, Sonny Boy and Sarah Jane. Then there are endless bunnies, dogs, elephants, clowns, jolly Aunt Dinah and a host of others that the little folks are sure to love.

Sonny and Sarah are examples of the stamped doll patterns which come all ready to outline. When these are worked, the front and back are machine stitched together on the wrong side, turned and stuffed lightly with cotton batting.

The black cat which is just right to tuck under little Reddy's arm may be made up without any pattern as follows:

From an old black silk or lisle stocking one can easily make up a little black cat such as is here shown.

Fold the stocking together from the seam towards the front and cut out a piece nine inches in length.

At the bottom it should measure at least nine and one-half inches around.

Five inches up from the bottom shape in a couple of inches so that around the line which marks the kitten's neck the measure will be about seven and one-half inches.

From here curve outward for the ear, which is three inches above the neck. Shape the ears as nearly as possible like the illustration. Then seam up, turn inside out, gather the bottom and draw it up closely about braided strands of stockings, used for the kitty's tail.



STOCKING CAT.

Mark the face with white silkateen, use two half-inch white pearl buttons, sewed on with black, for eyes.

Stuff with cotton batting, but do not fill too full as a cuddly, by-low toy should be soft.

For the New Baby

A bath-mat and a little wash-cloth wrapped around a soap kewpie makes a most useful and attractive gift. For the mat, which is designed for use in one's lap, a square of white rubber will be needed, a piece of Turkish toweling, a ball of silkateen and two yards of inch wide ribbon.

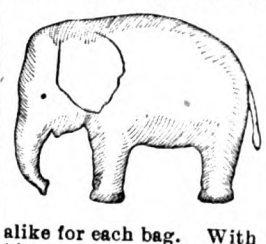


SONNY BOY WITH A BASKET OF APPLES.

With the silkateen crochet a picot edge around the toweling. Across one corner work the words Baby's Bath in cross-cross-stitch, place the rubber underneath in the center and tie in place by running the ribbons through and making bows in the four corners.

Animal Bean Bag

These little playthings can be made actually in a jiffy, as all the stitching can or rather should be done on the machine as it is so much stronger, and this quality is particularly necessary for these little bags which will be constantly handled and tossed about.



From pieces of canton flannel, wool flannel, cloth or felt, cut two pieces exactly alike for each bag. With the simplest possible outline indicate some little animal which will appeal to the little folks. The outlines here shown illustrate the idea, the elephant alone being the only form which would require anything but a small button or a heavily worked dot foran eye. On this the elephant's large ears should be outlined.



For patterns one can copy the figures from children's books, and in addition to these shown, little bears, pigs and kittens may be used. If light weight material is used, such as flannel, stitch all about on the wrong side, turn, poking out all the corners and stitch again on the right about a quarter inch in from the edge, fill full enough so each figure will be plump and close the remaining space by hand.

Doughnut Bean Bag

Very realistic are the bags made of golden brown silkateen. A trifling gift, perhaps, in some ways, but one which is sure to please a kiddie, whether boy or girl.

Begin with a ch 50 stitches, join in ring, 1 d c in each st, join, ch 2.

2nd row—1 d c in 24 sts, 2 d c in the next, 1 d c in 24 sts, 2 d c in the last, join, ch 2.

3rd row—1 d c in 4 sts, 2 d c in every 5th st, join, ch 2.

4th row—3 d c, 2 d c in every 4th st, join, ch 2.

5th row—2 d c in first st and the one about opposite.



GOLDEN BROWN DOUGHNUT.

6th row—Same as 4th row.

7th row—2 d c in every 3rd st, join, ch 2.

8th row—1 d c in each d c.

This completes one side. Now working in each stitch of the first chain, make the second side in the same way. Fill with beans and crochet together.

Gifts For Little Folks

A Bread-and-Milk Set

Little bibs or feeding sets, the making of which almost tells its own story in the illustration, are very popular with the little folks.

These can be made in a number of ways and of different materials, but are very satisfactory and attractive of unbleached muslin.

The tray-cloth may be 14 by 18 inches, the bib 13 by 16½ inches.

To shape the neck of this, fold lengthwise, measure five inches over from one end and mark with a pin.

Place another pin four and one-half inches down from the same edge, on the center fold. Round the neck from this pin to the first one. The neck may be finished with a tiny rolled hem, the other edges having one-half inch hems turned on the right and buttonholed down.

In finishing with a bias binding, fold the under edge ever so slightly beyond the upper, so that it will surely be caught when stitching.

In the outlined designs the main lines of the figures stand out best if worked with two threads of stranded cotton, but for the features, bunny's whiskers, etc., a single strand only is needed.

Colored chambray bibs with the figures outlined on white and then appliqued in place, and the edges finished with white rickrack braid, are also very pretty.

Two ducks facing each other, the cat and the fiddle repeated three times, a group of chicks or bunnies, or just a single figure, are but a few ways in which outlines such as are shown above may be used.

After finishing each piece, press and fold neatly and pack in a little box, adding a small card to the top with this jingle, which may be changed a little to suit the article sent, or one of your own making:

"The bib I'm sending you, my dear,
Bears Peter Rabbit and Humpty, too,
And when it's bread-and-milk time
They'll come and play with you."

Carriage Bootees

A six-inch square will be necessary to form the pattern. On the front side make a curve up two inches for the toe, and in to a point indicated by the bow; from here to the back measures four inches. Run line from here straight up to the top.

To cut bootee, lay straight back edge on a fold of material, and cut to shape. The shape of the sole can be traced from a child's shoe.



WARM CARRIAGE BOOTEES.

For this use cardboard for foundation to give a little stiffness, cover with eider-down on both sides, leaving edges raw. Baste the lining and outside of the upper part together, sew lower edge to sole. Bind all edges with inch-wide ribbon, as shown, finishing with bows and strings near the top of the sides for tying.

Rosette for Carriage Robe

For this simple but appropriate gift, for a wee baby, you will need two and one-half yards of three-inch pink or blue satin ribbon, one and one-half yards of inch ribbon.

Make a large, flat bow, having four five-inch loops and five ends of the inch ribbon. Of the inch ribbon make a rosette of two-inch loops and place in the center.

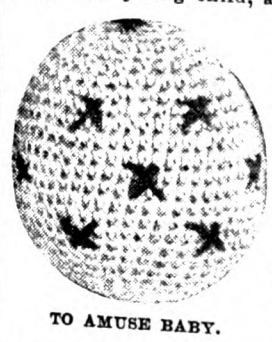
Shoe Forms

Who would not be pleased with a pair of these dainty little shoe forms which can be bought for the trifling sum of 10 cents and transformed in a jiffy with a little black paint?

Use this on the wooden toe pieces and the small balls. When thoroughly dry, paint in some small roses and green leaves in a group or semi-circle. Cover the steel springs between smoothly with a piece of pretty silk or wind round and round with a half-inch satin ribbon.

Crocheted Ball

A pretty gay ball is a nice and harmless plaything for a young child, and one which will please. Odds and ends of wool can be joined and worked up hit or miss, or one color used throughout and then cross-stitched, as shown, is attractive.



TO AMUSE BABY.

Begin with ch 4, join, 7 s c in ring, then 1 s c in a st, 2 s c in next st for 2 rounds, followed by 2 s c in each 3rd st. Make work to bowl until it measures about 3 inches across, then several rows of 1 st in each st, before shaping again by omitting instead of adding stitches. Stuff and then cross-stitch.

Timely Suggestions

The way a gift is given is really of almost as much importance as the gift itself. After that is selected and wrapped or boxed, just a few words besides the usual good wishes so often are necessary, yet few of us have the time, and still fewer the ability, to put just what we want to say into words. Little gift cards for many of the most frequently selected articles, such as gloves, handkerchiefs and stockings, may now be obtained. A few appropriate words may be used to accompany different small gifts.

Poppy Basket Envelope

Most popular are the woven envelope baskets, which one can get in all sizes. Some girls use the larger ones for carrying their daily lunches, others as a substitute for a hand bag, or in a bureau drawer for holding handkerchiefs or gloves, so, as they are so practical and useful, what girl could resist a case made gay and Christmasy with some small, brilliant flowers and some bright leaves?



BRIGHT WITH WOOL FLOWERS.

Begin your decorating first by buttonholing the edge of the upper case and cross-pointing a three-inch space, to represent the lower part of a basket, with black wool.

Use bits of your most vivid wool to make the small hollyhock-like flowers. For each begin with a ch 3 stitches, join in a ring. Fill this with simple crochet stitches. Fasten this round, then ch 3, 1 s c in first st of ch 3. Repeat.

Make the flowers as full as possible, set in place closely bunched together, then connect with long stitches in two or more shades of bright green.

Guest Room Bouquet

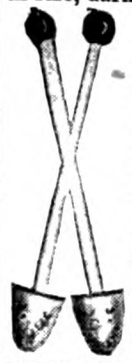
As the desire to make one's guest as comfortable and happy as possible is general the little bouquet here illustrated has proved to be a most popular convenient affair.

It is supposed to contain everything but the sewing line which would prove convenient in case a few unexpected stitches were necessary. Besides the convenience it is a most attractive addition to a guest room bureau



CONVENIENT FOR THE WELCOME GUEST.

For its making one should have a small pair of scissors, a thimble, an emery, beeswax, cotton and silk in black, white, navy blue and perhaps light pink and blue, needles assorted in size, darning needles, hooks and eyes, black and white pins and safety pins of different sizes.



SHOE FORMS.

A little pink, blue and yellow crepe paper will also be needed, some hat frame wire, a few wooden skewers, a paper lace doily and a small yard of baby ribbon Stick the spools on the skewers, then cover each in a three-inch wide piece of crepe paper, using either blue or pink and finishing with a couple of rounds of green. Take some crepe paper in a rope and make into loops, wrap with paper wiring all together, then into a ball pin various sized safety pins, hooks on a wire hairpin, eyes and snaps on other pins and wrap described with crepe paper. Secure the paper of needles by running a wire through the fold and wrap in paper the same way. Make a loop of wire the size to fit the top of the thimble, just so it will not slip through, and wrap this also.

Use a small silk or satin-covered cushion, either light blue, pink or yellow for the center of the bouquet, wrapped in paper to match the other articles, and filled with pins. Surround this with the other things which have been described, placing between each a few artificial flowers if one has them. Any small ones, such as rosebuds, forget-me-nots or lilac from a dainty carded summer hat will answer and add much to the attractiveness of the whole bouquet. A place for the scissors can be made by tying a ribbon through two or three strong wire hairpins and knotting one end to the scissors, or they can be attached to the ribbon which holds the bouquet together. All of the articles used should be wrapped as described, and after surrounding the cushion wrap the whole in green paper, then slip through the center of a paper lace doily and tie securelyunderneath with a ribbon.



DEMURE SARAH JANE WITH A SMALL BOUQUET.

...ome For Big Folks

With Bright Cretonne

[ERE are a few suggestions for making last-minute gifts of bright bits of figured wall-paper, cretonne, silk or, in fact, anything pretty which you may have on hand which ...h the work in-



PAD FOR PHONE CALLS.

The first little illustrated might ...d a phony gift, ...n so it is one ...s most necessary ...ful. Just an in...ve little 'phone ...ad such as can ...ght at any sta... store is the foun... To transform ...e anything suit... or the covers, ...s usually a good ... cardboard. ... the top edge ... bit of velvet, rib... gold braid, and ... silk cord and ... for hanging. In ... tassels, cord run through a few large ...olored wooden beads may be used ef... A card bearing these words may ac...y this attractive little affair:

... Central says, 'What number, please?' ...ou're in such a hurry, ...ttle index near your phone ... save both time and worry."

Book Ends

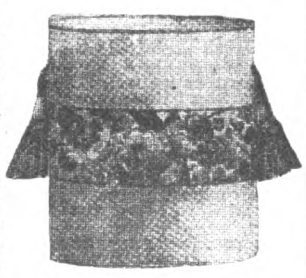
...her practical little gift for anyone who ...ooks is a transformed tin book end, which will serve the purpose of a more expensive one. These can be found in any stationer's shop and may be covered with a brightly-flowered cretonne, a figured tapestry corduroy and any material substantial enough to give ...nable amount of wear. First cover the ...h cotton cloth, or, if silk is to be the ...g, sheet wadding may be used. All ...ay be turned in and neatly felled, or a ... upholsterer's braid used as a binding.



BOOK ENDS.

Waste Paper Basket

...aste-paper basket is a desirable gift and ...y one to ...Secure for ...dation an ...y wire ...basket. ...r with ...heavy pa... cotton ...d, adding ...-inch fig... and which ... cut from ...e and ...d around ...ter. Bind ... and dec... the sides ...vo tassels ...rs which will harmonize with the band.



WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Case for Veils

...n the merest scrap of pretty silk, chiffon ...another little tuck-in case can be made ...'s veil. For this cut two four-inch ... seam together, turn and add a tiny ... lace. Cut one circle from side to side ... through the center and buttonhole the ... To the opposite side of the case sew ...mall gilt safety-pins for pinning to the ... in the crown of one's hat. Write on a ...he following:

"If this is pinned inside your hat
You'll always have your veil
Where you can find it instantly
In any sudden gale."

Cretonne Lampshade

...s by no means as difficult as one might ...se to make a really beautiful lampshade, ...ing one can secure a wire frame. ...s is comparatively an easy matter now-... as most of the larger stores carry them. ...selecting a cretonne, pick out something ... is bold in design. In coloring it should ...ractive in the daylight, and also a pat... which the light will filter through prettily. ...st wind all the wires of the frame with ...binding, which comes by the piece, or ... of old velvet or silk. Cut a pattern for ...hade of any cotton material, fitting it ...lly. Care must be taken to have this ...ight before cutting the cretonne, as if it is too small it will draw and if too large it will wrinkle.



...TY LAMPSHADE.

Cut the cretonne a half inch longer at top and bottom to allow for turning in.

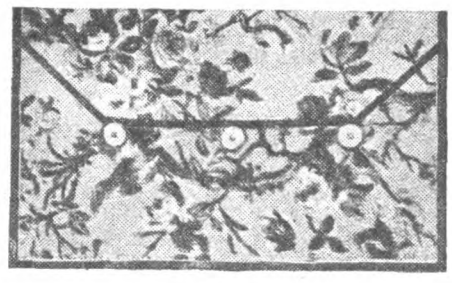
Seam up and slip over the frame, arranging seam over a wire. If one is not successful in working in this way, pin in place, sew to a wire, turn in the other edge and slip stitch down. In making up in this manner, a strip of narrow galloon will have to be run from top to bottom over each wire to cover the joining. Finish with four-inch silk fringe and band of galloon at the heading and also around the top of the shade.

Fetching Slipper Case

A slipper case is another little article which can easily be made of a small piece of anything which is bright and attractive.

Cretonne is perhaps the best material, if one has to buy the needed amount.

In shape, the case is like a large envelope. Take a piece of material 10 by 27 inches, turn up one end about 12 inches. On each side insert a 12-inch fold strip about two and one-half inches wide to give spring to the case. Finish all edges around with a binding of



SLIPPER CASE.

narrow black satin ribbon or with bias binding in black or color.

Fold over the top to form a flap and sew on good firm snap fasteners.

"When packing for a little trip,
This snug little case
Will keep your extra slippers
In their proper place."

Hair Net Case

At the bottom of the next column is illustrated a clever idea for a hair-net case. For this one will need a cardboard drum or roll upon which ribbon comes wound.

Make an opening at the top about one-third of the distance around. Make and fit a little silk pocket into the inside, turning the edges down around the top and holding in place with a little paste.

Next cut two circles of silk an inch larger than the foundation.

The band for hanging should be just the width of the space between. Buttonhole all the raw edges closely with embroidery silk. Decorate one or both sides with a fancy piece of silk, a bit of applique or a few flowers simply outlined.

Send with a card bearing these words:

"Hair nets, hair nets,
Apt to fly away,
So just tuck inside
Where they'll stay."

Receipt Folder

In a recipe case like the one illustrated below you may present to an expectant bride or old housekeeper a set of cards bearing your tried and choicest recipes. It is simply a folder of heavy paper, ornamental in design and attractive in color, measuring six by nine inches, and tied securely through the center with a red ribbon.



FOLDER FOR RECIPES.

On the outside, letter and paste in place a small white card bearing these appropriate words:

"The recipes within
You'll find
Are the finest
Of their kind."

Polly Prim Polisher

The lines below come with a five-inch square of lamb's wool, the back of which as illustrated is covered with flowered cretonne, neatly stitched down along the edge. Any design for the back, in making up a gift for the holiday season, can be used. A silhouette of a young girl in full skirt and broad hat, cut from black kid or velvet, forms a handle and helps to make a very attractive and helpful whole, as described and shown here.

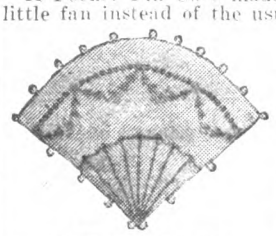


AN ORIGINAL POLISHER.

"A Polly Prim polisher for your shoes
Is just the little gift I choose,
To carry loving thoughts to you
And give you faithful service, too."

Pocket Pin Case

A Pocket Pin Case made in the shape of a little fan instead of the usual cricle is attractive. Cut a three-inch square of cardboard, cover both sides with sheet wadding after shaping as shown.



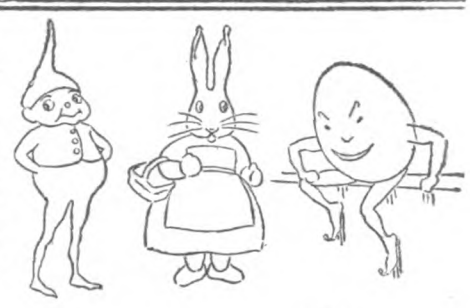
DAINTY PIN CASE.

The model is of plain buff silk, trimmed with fine gold cord, and a row of loops embroidered with green lazy-daisy stitches and tiny pink roses. Fill with different colored round-headed pins.

Making Aprons of What You Have

It is the exceptional woman or child who does not have a use for an apron of some sort, so just to give one a few ideas of how attractive and becoming these necessary little articles may be, we are very glad to be able to illustrate a few of the ways in which materials on hand can be utilized.

A dress which is out of date or worn, or two yards of bright cretonne may be very easily made up into the gay slip-over (Fig. 1) which is so becoming any girl will be glad of an excuse for wearing. This is fashioned by sewing a full skirt onto the straight waistline of the front which runs from a four-inch band in the back up to the bib in front, which is cut straight across the top, from either side of which bands go over the shoulders and down the back to the waist-band.

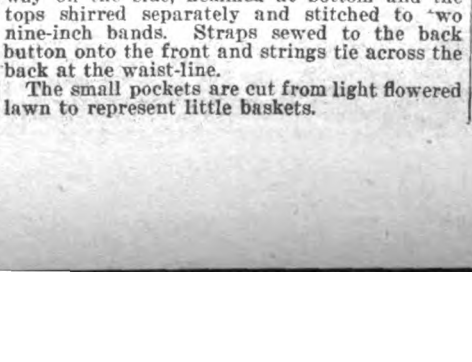




APRONS ARE AS BECOMING AS THEY ARE USEFUL.

Strings of the same are used for tying.

The apron shown on Fig. 2 one would little guess when finished that the materials once did duty as dad's or brother's shirt. When these garments, however, are past repair, it is



GRACEFUL GIRDLES OF VELVET AND SILK.

possible and practical to utilize them in this way if the materials are good.

From the back of the shirt one can get the center piece and from the front the side pieces. The extra pieces used in trimming should be of a decided contrast. Nos. 3, 4 and 5 show other smaller aprons, each of them made of numerous pieces, which may be of the same or different materials. The lines are so simple they may be easily copied, and one or more will certainly make a worthwhile present for any busy housekeeper.

No. 4 is a good suggestion for combining the rich, creamy tint of unbleached and a bit of color applique in flower forms.

No. 5, with its two deep pockets, is a useful design for a sewing apron. The edges are finished with wide rickrack braid.

For children, aprons and bibs are a real necessity but they are now so interesting that the little ones delight in wearing them.

The little models hanging on the line are really simplicity itself, as each is cut in a single piece. The straps button on the shoulders, after crossing in the back. Nos. 6 and 7 are designed especially for feeding bibs and have pockets placed, as shown, to catch any stray bits of food. The numerals or alphabet in outline will prove instructive as well as amusing to a child of three or four years. The third design is for general use and may be dressed up by outlining little bunnies, chicks or ducks across the bottom. Bind or hem all edges, afterwards overcasting in both directions to make cross-stitches.

No. 9 is a bread-and-milk bib, with sleeves, for a younger child. This also has a pocket across the whole lower section of the front. The sleeves are cut kimono style, and the back of the bib only comes to the waistline, fastening with one button at the neck.



HAIR NET CASE.

For a little girl, an all white apron is often desirable so we picture the little model, No. 10, to prove that daintiness need not be sacrificed to serviceability.

Shirr lawn or dimity or sateen would work up very prettily in this way. The back and front are both square pieces, seamed up half way on the side, hemmed at bottom and the tops shirred separately and stitched to two nine-inch bands. Straps sewed to the back button onto the front and strings tie across the back at the waist-line.

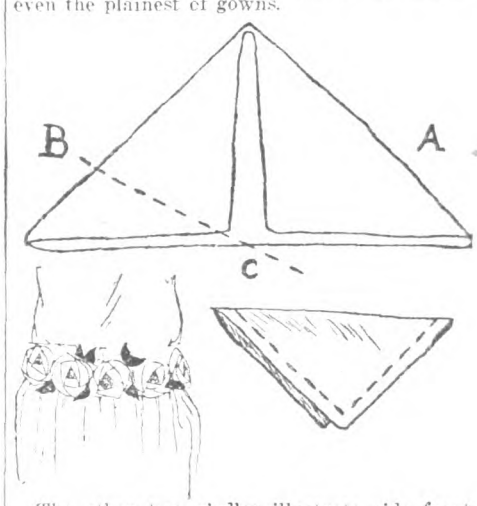
The small pockets are cut from light flowered lawn to represent little baskets.

Smart Girdles for Gifts

As girdles are worn with dresses for all occasions, a few designs featuring the small silk roses, now so popular, furnish ideas for home-made models which are very dainty and attractive.

For light voile or silk dresses nothing is prettier than one of these girdles made of several lengths of black velvet ribbon, upon which rest the roses.

The top girdle will require 10 yards of No. 2 ribbon. Cut into five pieces, varying in length. This joins in the back with two roses and the ends, while across the front are roses placed as closely together as possible. The sketch below gives one a good idea of the appearance of the girdle as worn, and of what it will add to even the plainest of gowns.



The other two girdles illustrate side front decorations, one showing loops of piping cord covered with green silk, just below a group of three roses, and the other two roses made up of two shades of material.

Silk Rambler Roses

For the center of each flower one may use either a few yellow flower centers or, if not obtainable, cut a one and one-half inch circle of silk, gather around the edge, draw up and fill with cotton.

For small roses, cut from nine to 11 pieces of silk into squares measuring three inches. fold together diagonally as shown in detail above and gather along the two raw edges, as shown, and draw up.

Around the center arrange three petals, each overlapping the other as indicated in sketch. Follow with next round, and the balance in the last round.

Leaves of bits of velvet are sometimes also added most effectively between the roses, and for these cut a piece of velvet at least one and one-half by three inches. Fold in the ends of each side towards the center as shown in illustration.

Then fold side A over to side B and run in a gathering thread from point B to C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



ROSE SILK CANDLE SHADE.

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europ

By W. H. Gannett

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A Gala Week at Geneva

THE great Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race was started on Sunday, August 6, from Geneva, Switzerland. This was the culminating event so far as the aerial part was concerned of a gala week of celebrations in this beautiful Swiss city.

I had no intention of participating in any of the events, but was one day invited by the Swiss army officer in charge to make an ascent in the captive balloon from which the parachute jumping was taking place.

I spent the greater part of the week watching the aerial events, in which I am so keenly interested.

There were races of other sorts during the week, including bicycle, motorcycle and motor car races. Aquatic sports were carried out on Lake Geneva; there was a monster fireworks display, and Geneva generally outdid herself.

The Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race

But the great event for all was, of course, the Gordon Bennett International Balloon race, it being held in Switzerland this year in honor of the fact that a Swiss competitor won the event last year.

This annual race, which, of course, did not take place during the years of the war, was established by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, with his gift of an international challenge cup. The cup was to go to the country which should win three times in succession. This triple feat has never been accomplished, America having been the only country to win twice in succession, in 1909 and 1910.

The starting point was laid down to be in the country of the winner of the previous year. The conditions were also that the pilots should, if possible, remain in the air two nights, the race being limited to forty-eight hours and the trophy being awarded to the aeronaut traveling the longest distance as measured in a straight line from the starting point.

Seven countries took part in the first race—the same as this year, except that Germany was included and that Switzerland was absent. It started from the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, on a memorable day, September 20, 1906, and America, represented by F. P. Lahn, was the winner.

The American team was composed of Major Oscar Westover, who piloted an army balloon and had as assistants, Lieut. Carleton F. Bond, who accompanied him in the car, and Lieuts. William E. Connelly and William Hoffman; Lieut. W. Read, who had charge of a navy balloon and had as an alternate, Commander Norfleet and was accompanied in the race by Chief Slade; Mr. Honeywell, well-known manufacturer of balloons in America, who piloted the third entry, a special type of his own construction.

Three Former Winners

Three notable former winners were in this year's race: Captain Armbxuster (Switzerland), last year's winner; Lieut. Demuyter (Belgium), winner in 1920, and the veteran, Maurice Bienaime (France), winner in 1912, who made the great flight of 2,200 kilometers far into Russia.

Entries apart from America were:

England—Ernest Allen and Griffith Brewer.

Belgium—Lieut. Labrousse, Captain George and E. Demuyter.

France—Maurice Bienaime, Georges Cormier and Jules Dubois.

Spain—E. Magdalena and F. Martinez Sanz.

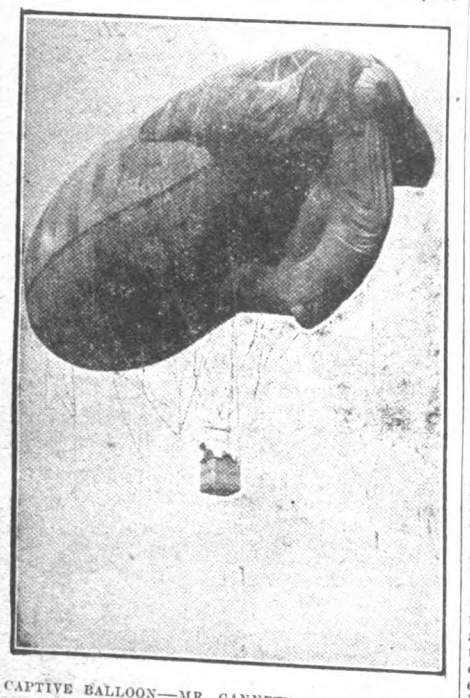
Italy—Barbanti, G. Valle and A. Guglielmetti.

Switzerland—Captain Armbxuster, Lieut. Ansermier and Major Gerber.

For a description of the more important events of the week, as I witnessed them, I will quote from my diary as follows:

As Told in My Diary

Geneva, Wednesday, August 2.—Evidently Nature did not want the people here to have the human fireworks as a monopoly of pyrotechnics last evening, so she got up a roaring thunder and lightning storm just as they were ready to



CAPTIVE BALLOON—MR. GANNETT IN THE BASKET.

start. This happened to be just as I was arriving back from my trip to Montreux so there was not much celebrating last night.

An aeroplane went over yesterday afternoon while we were way up 6,000 feet high, so I could get an idea of how it was on Saturday, when I flew over from Paris this same way, for they seemed to be a long way above us. What seemed like ordinary flat fields and table land was this high, mountainous, broken country. I can now better understand, for it looks all level enough when looking down on it from away up in the air.

The fireworks are to go off tonight. There were heaps of paper Japanese lanterns ruined but the bunting pennants over the bridge and along the party ways are still flying gaily. I have just met Major Westover, the balloon pilot from the U. S. Army. He was at West Point at the same time my son-in-law, Major Farnum, was there.

Preliminary Balloon Races

There is a little balloon racing this afternoon which I am going to see. Major Westover goes into the big race on Sunday.

Wednesday afternoon.—I am out at the field to see the first balloon races for short distance flights. At 6 o'clock. Not a very large crowd as I presume everybody is more interested in the Sunday event when the Gordon Bennett Cup will be raced for.

The wind seems to be blowing lightly right away from the Swiss Alps so think it will be good for the start. There are six balloons ready to go—mostly French—no Americans.

There is a low-priced flying service from here to Zurich and return the same day for only $22.00 but I do not think I will fly any more until I return to Paris and can fly into Belgium and Holland and back to London by air.

I have just met two more American officers who are looking for a balloon to enter a race with.

The people out here on the field are all Swiss or French. Most of them are sitting about in the restaurant tents drinking wine or beer.

Just met an American pilot—Hoffman—who is going into the novelty race tomorrow, a hare and hounds race which is also followed by automobiles. The six balloons all got off nicely with a north wind, so they sailed away very prettily together. There were some women who went along as well as the men. They say that higher up the winds blow south, so they are keeping fairly low down.

Thursday A. M., Aug. 3.—They did pull off a good show of fireworks last evening between 9:30 and 10:30. They had all kinds, and the sky was alive with all sorts of shooting star rockets, bombs, etc. I had a nice seat on the balcony, where I ate and sat through it all in the pale moonlight. There must have been half of Geneva out to see the works, all concentrated within half a mile of these bridges and parks. It took until midnight for the crowds to disperse.

I have just been to the American Consul to get a card to the secretary of the balloon events so as to have the privileges of a press representative.

Succeeded in getting my card, so I am now a full-fledged Press reporter. I met the New York Herald and the local press reporters. I also met Lieut. Connelly and Lieut. Reed of the American Army and Navy, and some other good Americans, so get some real American English spoken first hand.

Balloon Races with Automobiles Following

The races this morning have nine entries and are called "Hare and Hounds Race," the hare starting a little ahead of the hounds who following in close order, just a few minutes apart from each other, and are supposed to land as near as possible to the hare, who drops within an hour of the starting time.

Then to make it more interesting they have autos follow along by road to see who can get the nearest to the landing place of the hare.

They have a sort of fairway through which they lead the balloons all strung along in a line up to the front of the grandstand, they being all so well balanced that a few men can guide them along very easily. As they are led along, one behind the other, they look like a drove of elephants, except that the balloons are spherical in shape. They have one of the sausage-shaped army balloons for a captive balloon here on the field.

At 11 o'clock no word had been received from any of the six balloons that started on a long-distance race yesterday, but they were supposed to remain up about 24 hours. The light winds today took these balloons off to the North at the same speed and in the same direction as yesterday.

Lieut. Hoffman succeeded in getting a small balloon and entered in the Hare and Hounds race all alone. I had an American flag and gave him a good wave as he gracefully left the ground. Some of the large balloons had four and five people, some women going along.

The Belgian balloon got what they call a false lift and they thought she would touch the ground before she finally got away, but some sand bags hastily emptied soon put her up in the air and over the tree tops and grandstand.

There was an aeroplane flying about after all the balloons started yesterday and I thought I would like to be up in one and chase them up, but there are no spare machines around here. Have not seen any today. The Fox films are taking movies of the balloons. I happened to be in one of the "close-ups," Panama hat and American flag and all.

Up 2,000 Feet in a Captive Balloon

Thursday P. M.—Well, I had quite a little experience this afternoon while out watching the parachute jumping from a captive balloon. The Swiss army officer who has charge of all the starting of the balloons in the races also had charge of these events, and as he can talk English pretty well, he asked me if I would like to go up two thousand feet and look at Geneva from the sausage-shaped captive balloon they were using for the jumping. Perhaps I am unconsciously taking on an International Air Voyager's appearance. This may be the reason he singled me out in the bunch as the only one to receive such an invitation.

I could not very well refuse, so accepted and took my turn right after the first jumper had



U. S. ARMY BALLOON LEAVING THE GROUND. INTERNATIONAL RACE STARTING AT GENEVA.

safely landed. I told him I was used to seeing ski jumping but this was my first sight of a real army parachute jumper.

I was piloted up by Lieut. Theo Frick and we were the only passengers in the basket of this great army balloon. I am not keen on captive balloons, for if anything should break one is liable to be off for a long journey without any ballast or any control over the air monster, and they do look like monsters of the great elephant class. The side wings look like elephant ears as the wind makes them seem to gently fan the air. They act like the small fins back of the gills on a fish. Then the funny protuberance at the head looks like the curled up trunk of the elephant and acts like the keel of a ship to take the wind easily. Although near the head it acts as a rudder, or the tail of a fish.

We ascended very easily and gracefully, the wire cable being unwound from a windlass on the body of a big truck that has an easy-running but powerful motor. When we were up about two thousand feet I told my pilot that was high enough for me to get a good view of the city and the running together of the two great rivers. This last view is the one known as the "Water's Meet." Here the Arve with its muddy waters joins the Rhone with its clear water. They make a broad turn around and partly blend together right under where we were poised. The pilot blew his bugle three blasts and the motor below was shut off and we remained stationary for a while. This is the only time any motion is felt. There is quite a severe rocking of the basket but not for long, and as we quieted down I took a good look about the city and country from our elongated Eiffel Tower, or Woolworth

I had watched the flowing together of rivers, both on the ground and from running aeroplane a mile high. Now good chance to look down on this waters while standing still as from a ment. It proved quite an inspiring here as the nasty-colored, foul-looking of the muddy Arve flowed head on side of the pure, deep, clear waters of You can clearly see the befouled water gradually working itself into pure water of the other river, first vided in the center about half-clear dirty water, and then, as it flows clear waters being befouled two-thirds it all looks nasty and muddy as it around a bend. Then, as it flows curving around still more, the waters widen and deepen until the two rivers become one. Gaining more strength more swiftly on towards Lake Geneva, ally clears itself and becomes a very and pure body of active running water.

As I looked down on the marvelous took place away below me, I wondered impure thoughts that come sometimes mind cannot be likened to the muddy seem at first to be the dominating Then as the better and purer nature the pure thoughts sort of deepen and strengthen until the pure predominates evil is obliterated.

There is material for a sermon in this may have been preached, but it is the was given me away up in the sky over Switzerland.

M. Blanchet, pilot of the Fernando, balloon, has telegraphed of his landing across the Mediterranean. He was one six starters yesterday.

The parachutist, Ernest Buser, gave me card picture of himself and he kindly sent it within two minutes of his successful from a jump. He came down safely ten feet of some woods. I noticed that enced as he is, his hand was trembling he signed the card for me.

Balloon Race for Location

Friday, August 4.—In this balloon day, for location, they call it, that is, landing nearest a given place within the lotment wins—there were fourteen starters being Swiss, the others French, Italian gians—no Americans or British being but I waved the Stars and Stripes to loon as it started.

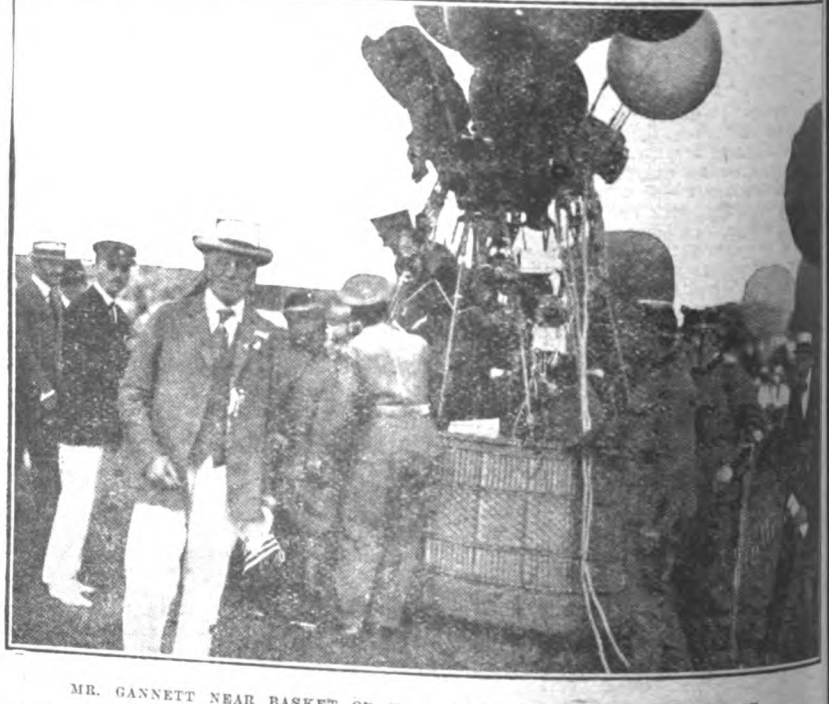
They seem to have a lot of these balloons over here, thirty different ones having been inflated from this one gas here on the field; and they seem to have of gas left for the nineteen others, all that are to ascend Sunday.

The race today was the most interesting watch of any thus far sent off, as the still and the distance short, we could only the ascent but most of the descent. They seemed to start off a little toward —or heading for Mt. Blanc—and then around a while—or drifting lazily along as they reached a little higher altitude currents would take them to the South in the direction of the foot of the lake.

The occupants were made up of from pilot to a party of four or five men and some just a man and woman. One lady tracted much attention from the fact that little eight-year-old Swiss miss went along tily dressed in white. While we were these fourteen balloons, nearly all of which bunched quite near together, not very the air, a captive spherical balloon was to give a close-up demonstration of the of a balloon. They did not ascend very the pilot immediately pulled the cord to gas valve placed at the top of the balloon it descended right on the field where standing, we, of course, did not care to close on account of inhaling the fumes of caping gas. It was a very quiet landing not being any wind stirring, and thus exciting as the three different countries we were going at full speed, but it gave of how one is enveloped in the big gas bag hitting the ground and the gas has escaped.

All of the fourteen balloons that started this morning's race could now be seen ing, none having gone a great many miles account of quiet air movement, as there short time limit put on this race.

In the hare and hounds race of yesterday Lieutenant Connelly just told me that he in an automobile with Mrs. Connelly and to keep in close touch with Lieutenant Hoffman the only American who started in that race one time Lieutenant Hoffman came down his balloon, hiding behind a clump of trees bushes very close to the elusive hare which mediately took the air again, with him



MR. GANNETT NEAR BASKET OF U. S. ARMY BALLOON ABOUT TO START.

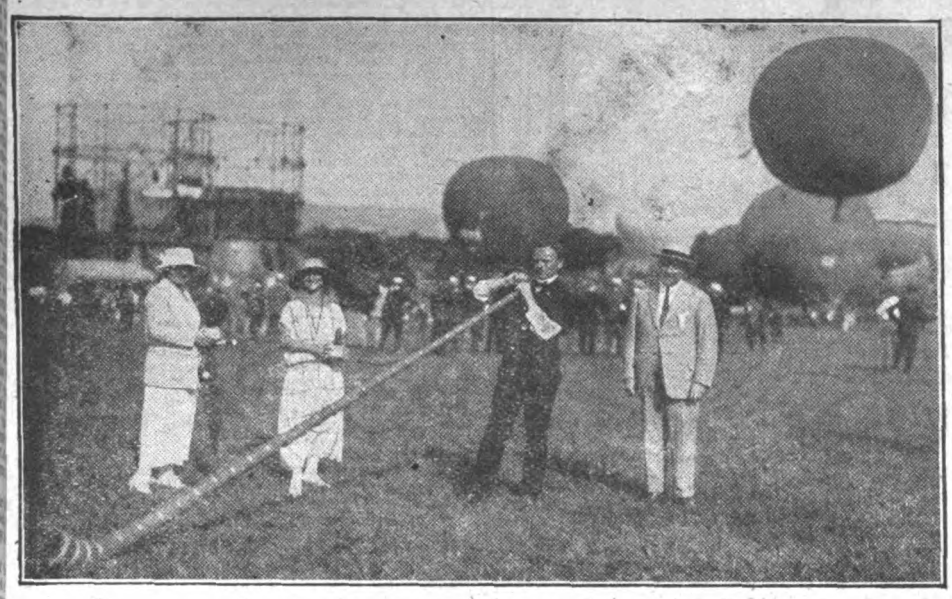
following. Hoffman had the smaller balloon being alone could handle it quite dexterously and finally did succeed in almost catching the foxy hare. I believe the trick is settled by delivering of a letter or parcel to the lucky the fortunate hound who catches her.

There is to be another demonstration of parachute jumping this afternoon and then nothing doing in the air line until the big Cup Race Sunday. That will take all day filling the balloons and getting ready for the start.

There is to be a big banquet tonight and then tomorrow come the Aquatic Sports on the Lake, water polo, boat racing, swimming contest, etc.

The winners of the combined balloon and motor-car competition which took place yesterday are announced as follows: (A) Balloons—

by Airplane Covers Six Countries in Flight of Two Thousand Five Hundred Miles



PIPING THE STARTING SIGNALS WITH HUNDRED-YEARS-OLD SWISS ALPINE HORN.

Cumulus, piloted by Comte de la Vaulx; 2, Azuria, piloted by Major Gerber, Switzerland. (B) Motor-cars—1, M. Gallay, Geneva; 2, M. Welti, Geneva.

Saturday, August 5:—The winners of the balloon direction race, which took place yesterday, were: (1) Signor Valle, Italy, who landed one thousand yards from the landing place he had chosen.; (2) M. Cormier, France; (3) M. Demuyter, Belgium. At the moment of starting the pilots had to choose their landing place, and they had to try to land as near it as possible.

The competitors for the six days' motorcycle race arrived yesterday night at Lugano, where they are resting today. There is a very close fight between the British and Swiss national teams, the former trying to win the championship, which is held by Switzerland. The British team is a few points ahead. On Monday the competitors leave Lugano and go to Beren over the St. Gothard Pass.

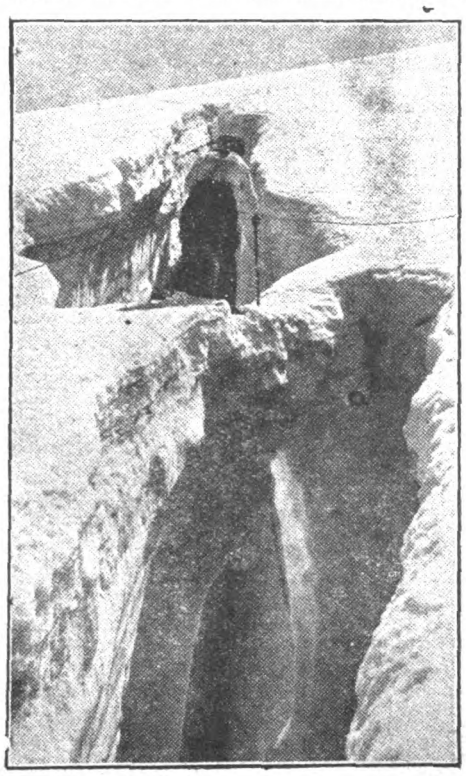
Big Gordon Bennett Race Starts

Sunday, August 6:—All balloons entering the Gordon Bennett Cup Race are spherical and contain eighty thousand cubic feet of gas—over four times as large as the one Lieutenant Hoffman used in the hare and hounds race Thursday. The baskets measure about three feet by six feet. It is a busy place early Sunday morning as one views the large aviation field, with nineteen of these large gas bags spread upon the ground, nets being covered over the silken bags; two hundred sand bags distributed around the large circle enclosing the net to which they are attached in the slow process of inflation. It will tax the great gas tanks to their utmost to get them all filled within the four hours allowed for this process, but Lieutenant Connelly, who is general manager of the American Air Team, says there are two million feet of gas in the tanks and only one million, six hundred thousand feet are required for the twenty balloons to be filled today and this filling process is all done at one time.

There is a crew of twenty-five men allowed to each balloon as helpers in the filling. There is a narrow-gauge railroad running around the field, on which a hand car is run to distribute the equipment.

In filling, the American Army balloon is the first one to get the gas, so let's hope she is the first to get the start—and also the cup. As far as I can learn there is no other American special press representative here and I think I am the only man in the world to come to the balloon races by aeroplane, which will probably not be the case next year as flying becomes safer and more popular.

The three Belgians have first place, being one, two and three in the start. The American Army balloon has place No. 4, American Civilian No. 5, American Navy No. 6. Major Westover and Lieut. Bond piloted this same Army balloon from Milwaukee to near Labrador, 863 miles. The balloon is the only one fitted with an awning or oscillating damper running all around the bag, to assist in landing and other maneuvering. The outfits carried are about the same in each basket, suitable clothing, food and instruments being



ENTRANCE TO ICE GROTTO NEAR GLETSCH.

taken to enable one to exist at least forty-eight hours. A rifle is also taken. The Civilian balloon won second place and the Navy third in the Milwaukee race this year. All American teams are carrying a supply of oxygen.

The dull air of the morning has livened up in the afternoon, so there is a nice easy breeze the right direction to take the balloons up Lake Geneva instead of away over the Alps in the direction of Mt. Blanc, as was feared.

It could not be better, being low wind on ground and high wind above, says Hoffman. The Swiss helpers around the American balloons have kept the different pilots busy signing and autographing cards.

The balloons are all sent off promptly three minutes apart, starting at 4 P. M.

Quite a busy time about 2.30 P. M. when all pilots go to headquarters on field to get their cars and sign out.

I am well decorated with balloon badges, press tag, American flags, and a pennant same as is carried on army balloon, given me by Pilot Hoffman.

The sun is quite hot. Don't know how many thousands are here, but being Sunday and such a good day there are many, many people about watching the preparations for the start in this great race on a long journey into Nature's most hazardous territory. Quite a number of Americans are present.

Many small test balloons are sent up to give air current direction.

An aeroplane is now flying over; it is 3.45. Four planes now appear and then the parachute jumps from the big military balloon take place.

Now it is time for balloons to get away. The bugle from the gas tank has just signaled to go. I have just shaken hands with Major Westover and Lieuts. Bond and Hoffman, and bid them Godspeed.

The three Belgians are all in the air flying serenely along towards Lausanne and now comes the American Army balloon amid loud cheers from the hundreds there bidding it Godspeed, with the music of the Swiss Alpine horn sounding its pure Swiss notes as coming from the mountain passes of Mt. Blanc, and I waved the Stars and Stripes as they were off for their long journey into unknown lands with the big American flag flying from the immense bag.

I gave up my pennant to a pilot of the civilian balloon to hang on his basket.

Here comes No. 13 being towed up to the starter. She is called the Bee—the Queen Bee of Great Britain, no doubt—for she is from England and the band plays "God Save the King" as she goes gaily above.

The British balloon is the only one with wireless equipment, a large wooden frame being hung from the basket for the equipment, it being strung with a lot of fine wires, so looks like a mammoth zither, octagonal in shape.

Several more naval men have arrived and now the Navy gets her send-off. I told Lieut. Reed she ought to be lucky for she has a bunch of thirteen small balloons hung over this pilot's head in the rigging of the network of cords above. They being brave sailors, stand on the edge of the basket as they ascend, and one wipes a lot of perspiration from his brow and throws it to the ground to lighten their load, and create a laugh.

Our civilian, H. E. Honeywell, No. 5, got an extra fine send-off and I gave him a parting yodel and yell.

At six o'clock all the balloons are still in sight, there is so little wind.

It is remarkable that throughout the whole week with forty-nine ascensions there has been but one accident. On Thursday a military balloon envelope developed a fault while in air, and in its quick descent a pilot's assistant suffered a broken leg.

One competitor—a Spanish balloon—came down soon after the start—a torn envelope.

It now looks as though the wind might carry the competitors to Norway or Sweden.

The direction taken emphasizes the importance of the agreement come to by the pilots that Russia shall be considered as forbidden territory. Unless the air currents are found, landings are probable on this side of the line agreed upon as the boundary barring Russia.

Winter Sports in Mid-Summer

Wengen, Switzerland, August 7th.—This is a fine place and I should have arranged a longer stay so as to have gone further along on the little railroad that cogs itself up the mountain, for I have not found the spot that makes me feel I have really arrived. Perhaps St. Moritz will give it to me. If not, will decide on this place for a week's stay next winter.

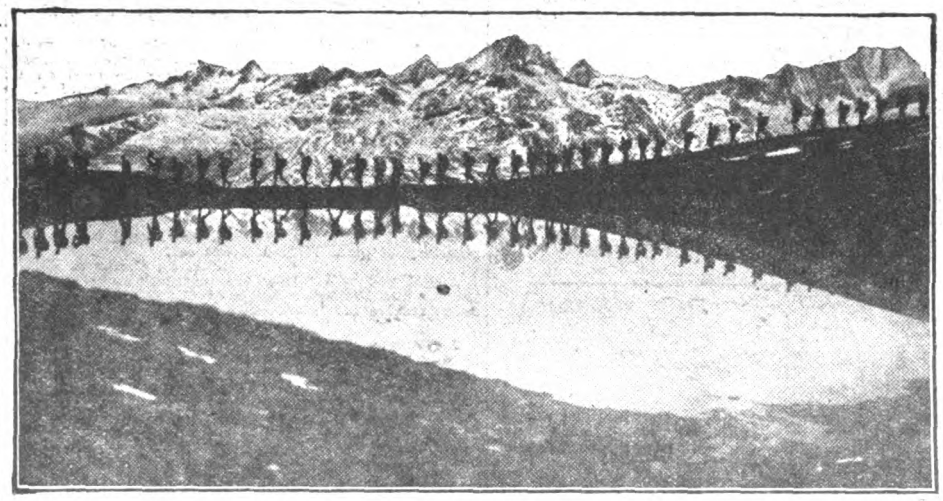
I have a dandy room and the ice and snow does look pretty near from here. It must be melting a lot by the amount of water coming over the cascades and down the river.

August 8.—Here at Wengen they say the temperature does not rise above 60 degrees in the summer, nor go below 20 degrees in the winter, so what more could one want for a comfortable temperature as it is said there is usually about enough snow to make good sporting over the ski runs and jumps built by nature.

There are heaps of people coming in on these many eight-car electric trains, but very few Americans. I am about the only person on this long train going out this morning en route for St. Moritz. A good many bicycles hereabouts. It's hard walking them up the steep grades, but mighty easy coming down.

I thought I was going to bed very early last night—and I felt so very sleepy after the hard day of Sunday, but the effect of seeing the rays of soft light stealing softly from behind these great high mountains kept me up quite late, for having this wonderful bright moon just at its full on coming out on such a clear night after such a rainy day was really a transformation one could not help enjoying to its utmost. The great snow-white mountains here do stand up so majestically from this particular spot from where this hotel is located. It makes a genuinely ideal place from which to enjoy a sublime view of Nature's great upheaval of massive granite. And as the moon finally came up from behind these great peaks, first casting its soft light before it and rising above in all its great fullness, the scene that was presented was certainly one never to be forgotten. And now something awoke me early this morning and just made me get up and take this fine view of the sunrise that words cannot describe.

The sun setting was just as fine as it could be after the showers of the day, and I have certainly been fortunate in having such fine weather given me during my brief stay so as to get the most there is to be had from my little visit. An inspiring sunset and a glorious moon rise as well as this splendid sun coming up.



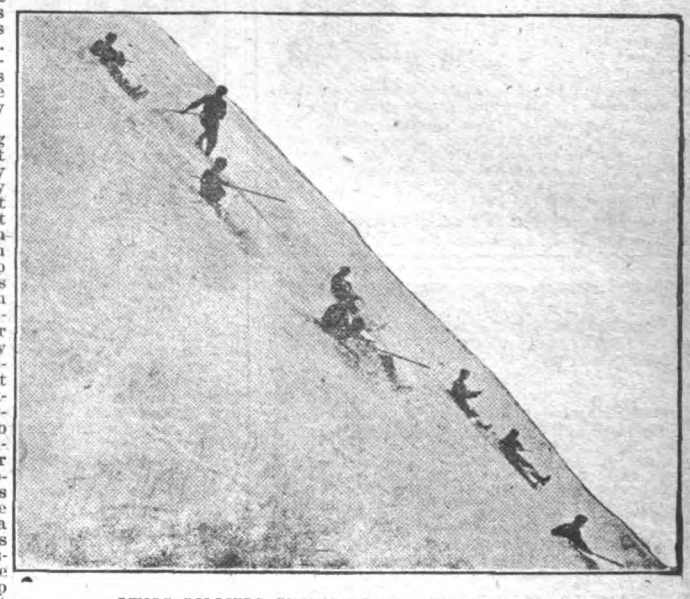
SWISS SOLDIERS IN THE ALPS NEAR ANDAMATT CLOSE TO ITALIAN BORDER.

Isn't Nature grand! Yes—that's what I was thinking as at five o'clock this morning I am up and out on my balcony, with my winter overcoat and Panama hat on, looking straight into the bright eyes of this dear young Frau who enticingly beckons me with her entrancing smile and radiant, sun-warmed, snow-covered peak, to come up and sit beside her on her glacial couch. She evidently thinks as did good Mother Eve—that much clothing is not necessary, although her seat must feel a bit cool, even if Old Sol is casting his rays over her sides and clothing her with the glowing light from his spreading sunbeams as he slowly rises, tempering the early cool morning air with congenial heat.

Dawn of a Perfect Day

The sublime stillness of this mountain air, the subtle hush given the quick-moving waters as they flow rapidly down the green hillside below their great white ice and snow covered parents towering far above, gives a God-like aspect to this broad scene of indescribable grandeur. Cascades and beautiful waterfalls come into more distinct view as the softness and greater light comes stealing over the sky, cast from the fast-spreading rays of the glorious sunrise, bringing nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer, the view of this marvelous mountain panorama. It is now most prfectly and distinctly shown across the broad horizon of that great natural mansion in the skies—God's house—without any walls on this most wonderful dawn of a perfect day.

And now, my dear young Frau, you gay glacier-gowned queen of the Alps, I must bid you adieu, but having seen you from my aeroplane over a hundred miles afar, and then coming right into the heart of you, in fact, almost sitting in your very spacious lap, I can but promise to return to you and further explore your fair face and



SWISS SOLDIERS SKIING DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

form, for your fine proportions are propitious for a tarry that is long.

Parting Brings Regret

In coming down the Funicular at Interlaken, I met a Danish lady who can talk English and she said she took the trip way up and back to Jungfraujoch where I have marked, in one day. Guess I ought to have put in a day or two longer in this section so as to cover the snow places. They had a squall of snow while she was up there. Have just taken this trip up the Harderkulm by Funicular railway at Interlaken while I am waiting for train.

Had several hours' wait here at Interlaken and am now leaving for St. Moritz, going by motor car from Meringen to Gletsch today from Gletsch to Coire the same way tomorrow. Arrive at 9.43 P. M., so guess it is some trip as we leave at 8 A. M., making a long day of it, but don't leave Coire until 10.25 next morning and arrive at St. Moritz at 1.40, so that will give a resting chance.

Like Lakes of Maine

As we motor bus along the narrow roads over the mountains going from Wengen to St. Moritz, we pass two little lakes of very clear black water like Maine. Just below it is the dirty water same as the Arve. The clear water from the lakes comes from the ledges but the muddy water comes from a gravelly soil which accounts for muddy water of Arve and clear of Rhone. A pretty view from here, higher up as we bus along, looking back through the notch to high snow-capped peaks.

Soon we are really at Hotel de Rhone des Alps and can look right up on to this great mass of ice frozen in between the high ledges, and as we see the water flowing out from under this frozen mass can now say I have been to the mouth of the Rhone as well as its source, as the mouth of the glacier makes the course of the Rhone. I have seen this long river flowing along its shore from an aeroplane high in the sky and also on foot as well as from the military balloon. Now I have come through the narrow passes by motor car, crossing mountains 7,500 feet high to arrive at this spot where the varying waters are seen sweeping down through the gorges on to Geneva and its great lake.

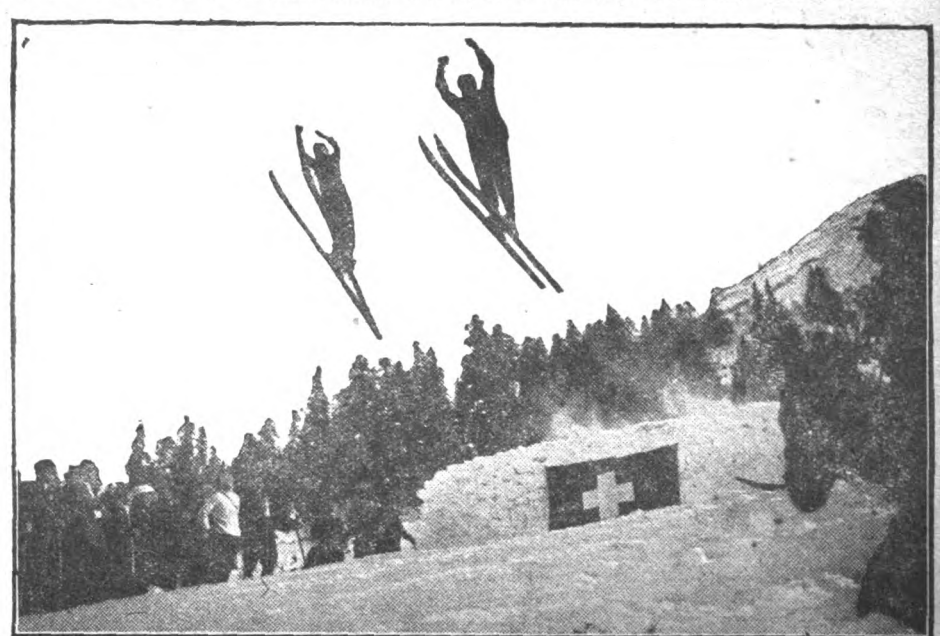
Gletsch—August 9th

It surely was a nice trip over the mountains 7,500 feet high in the big motor bus yesterday to the mouth of the Rhone Glacier here at Gletsch. This ice is about 1,500 feet thick at the mouth which is the source of the Rhone River that has its mouth in Geneva miles and miles away. I am out at 6.30 A. M. writing this, looking right on to the ice which is 1,000 feet away. Sun is just coming up. We leave at 8 o'clock; I must go to breakfast at 7.

When I first looked at this fill of ice from Gletsch I guess it was 50 feet and then a hundred and finally 150, but as we came up to its top it was 1,000 and finally decided on at least 1,500 feet thickness of ice laid between these ledges. We walked out on it and into the ice grotto. Ten minutes' stop allowed here. There had been a big rock slide so a bridge has been built near hotel. We all got out of bus and walked across.

It was nice to really get right on top of the source of the Rhone and now I can say I have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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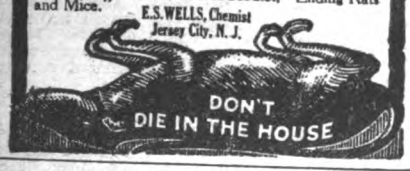
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The Construction of a Regenerative Receiving Set

PART II.

IN our November issue we described in detail the construction of the antenna coil and the tickler coil. The next step is to mount the tickler coil in its proper position which is inside the antenna coil. The shaft of the tickler coil is made in two parts, and is placed in the coil through the two holes provided for it. It is held in place by coating the shaft with shellac, or glue may be used if necessary. Before making the shaft fast in the tickler coil, however, the coil should be placed inside the antenna coil so that the shaft holes are in line with the two holes made in the antenna cord for the shaft. The shaft should then be put through the two holes in each side of the coils and made fast.

It is best to place a fiber washer on each shaft between the tickler coil and the antenna coil to prevent any side play in the tickler coil. The two ends of the tickler coil are now soldered to the ends of the shaft inside the coil. The entire coil is now complete and all that is left to make the inductance unit complete is to make the bearings for the shafts. As the coil is now, the holes in the aerial coil are through the tube only, which allows the shafts to wabble.

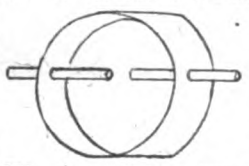


FIG. 1.—TICKLER COIL SHAFT IN TWO PARTS.

The bearings consist of two strips of brass cut the same length as the antenna coil tube, and in each one three holes are drilled of the same sizes and exact center to center spacing as those in the antenna coil tube. When this has been done, they are slipped over the shafts and are held at a distance of one-fourth inch from the winding by means of a 6-32 machine screw at each end. In order to make this come out right, the following procedure is necessary:

A fiber washer is first slipped over the screw, the screw is inserted in the tube from the inside, another washer which is held in place by a 6-32 nut, a space of one-fourth inch is left, then a 6-32 nut, the bearing and another nut.

The top screw should be left a little longer than the bottom to allow a narrow strip of this copper or flexible wire to be soldered to it. This

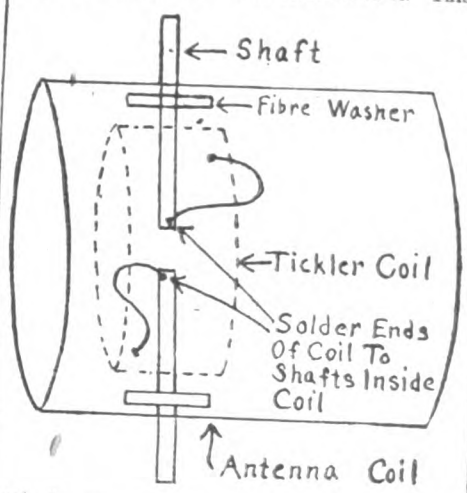


FIG. 2.—TICKLER COIL PLACED WITHIN ANTENNA COIL.

strip should be about five inches long and is wound around the shaft like a clock spring and one end is soldered to the shaft, while the other end is soldered to the top machine screw. This provides a positive connection to the tickler coil and eliminates all possibility of a noisy tickler connection. A good point to bear in mind when placing these "Pigtail" connections is to solder them on in such a manner that when one winds up, the other will unwind. This tends to prevent their tearing off.

Referring to Fig. 3, notice that on one bearing 6-32 screws are used and on the other 8-32 screws are used. The 8-32 screws are used on

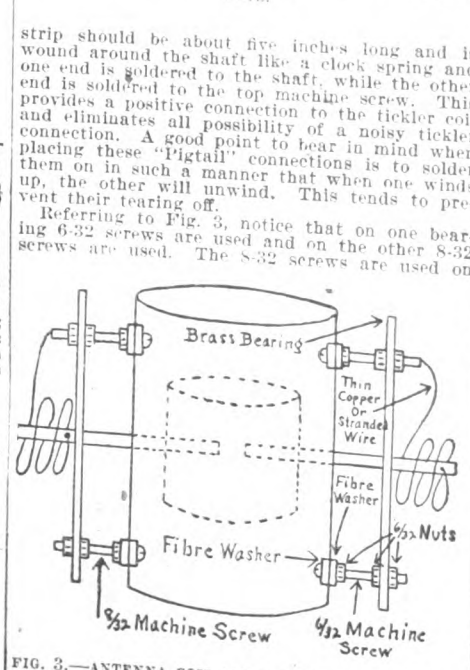


FIG. 3.—ANTENNA COIL WITH TICKLER COIL WITHIN READY TO BE MOUNTED.

the front bearing, one facing the panel, as they must also serve to hold the coil in position on the panel. Be sure the long shaft is used on this side of the coil as it must come through the panel and take a dial.

We can do nothing further with the inductance coil until the baseboard and panel are ready for mounting the condenser and inductance.

The baseboard should be of hard wood, preferably quartered oak, mahogany or maple. Ordinary birch will take a very good cherry stain and does nicely for this purpose. The baseboard is laid off and drilled according to the following diagram.

The holes for the binding posts are located in the rear edge so the battery connections will be out of the way.

Dimensions—16 inches long, seven inches wide and five-eighths inch thick. There are two holes which cannot be drilled until we are ready to mount the inductance.

The baseboard should be shellacked after being stained the desired color. It is extremely simple to make this board and no difficulty should be experienced by our readers.

The baseboard and coils are now finished, and in the next issue we will continue with the laying out of the panel and general assembly of the set.

Questions and Answers

What kind of battery do you use on the radio outfit which was described in September COMFORT?
P. C., Taylorville, Ill.

A.—No battery is required for this outfit. A galena crystal is used for a detector. Yes, the V. C. you mention is large enough.

How many meters will the outfit in September COMFORT receive?
V. H., Ringgold, La.

A.—The set in September issue of COMFORT will reach approximately 800 meters.

Please tell me all you can about the crystal detector.
J. D. W., Pink Hill, N. C.

A.—The crystal detector, although very stable, is not sensitive and you cannot expect to hear music over 25 miles except under abnormal conditions. Pittsburg

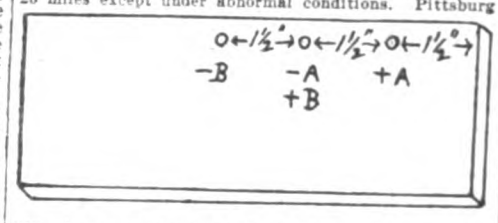


FIG. 4.—BASEBOARD WITH 3 HOLES 1½ INCHES APART AND ½ INCH FROM EDGE OF BOARD.

Station, K. D. K. A., has been heard in Maine on a crystal, and Schenectady is heard often in this State on a good crystal detector.

Can a fixed condenser be used in place of the variable condenser on the set shown in the September issue of COMFORT? Can a bibolar receiver be used on a radio set?
K. F., Orofino, Ida.

A.—A fixed condenser may be used in place of the V. C., but the results will probably be poor.

I am sorry, but I am not familiar with the bibolar receiver and can give you no answer to this question.

Please send me instructions for making a crystal detector radio receiving set. W. S., Emporia, Kans.

A.—This set is described in the September issue of COMFORT.

I want to build my own set, and would be glad to receive your plans for building a set.
R. A. J., Greenlee, Va.

A.—If you will follow the instructions in the November and December issues of COMFORT you will no doubt receive the information you desire.
D. E. T., Ky.

A.—Single circuit is the term used to denote a receiving set which employs a single coil which acts as the primary and secondary also.

What is the most sensitive crystal used for a detector?
L. R., Mo.

A.—Galena is probably the most sensitive crystal, although some find silicon and carborundum very good.

What causes a receiving set to receive music loud when your hands are on the dials, but fade out when they are removed?
J. E. D., Tenn.

A.—This is due to the capacity of your body, and may be remedied by placing a sheet of copper or tin foil on the back of the panel and connecting the foil to the ground lead.

What is the difference between radio frequency amplification and audio frequency amplification?
M. D. L., N. J.

A.—Radio frequency amplification is that which takes place before the incoming wave is rectified and is still vibrating at radio frequency, while audio frequency amplification is that which takes place after the incoming current is rectified and is vibrating at audio frequency.

What staton has the call 5 GY?
M. G., Okla.

A.—5 GY is located at Fort Worth, Texas.

Is it possible to use dry batteries on audion tubes?
C. T., Ind.

A.—Yes, but they will last only a short time on the ordinary tube. There is a special tube, however, which is made especially to use a single dry cell and may be bought from any radio dealer for about $8. The commercial name of the tube is W-D 11.

Is it possible to use the electric light socket for an aerial?
E. C., Penn.

A.—Yes. A special plug is made for this purpose and it is very satisfactory.

Is it true that radio may be received in a submarine while it is under water?
J. N., Del.

A.—Yes. It is true and the government station at Arlington has made some very successful experiments with the submarines at various depths.

In broadcasting the Sunday services, is the sending apparatus located in the church?
P. L. D., Mich.

A.—No. The microphone only. The apparatus is located in the regular station.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: GREASON, PENN.

I have been watching with a great deal of interest the letters in COMFORT on the powder and paint question. It is a pleasure to note the sturdy statement of existing facts by the boys and the sarcastic answers (if I may so name them) from the girls. However, I hope that just because you noticed I am from the same state as the leader of the opposition, you will not presuppose my being on the same side. This is not the case, because I am now going to issue my proclamation of neutrality and give my reasons for so doing.

First, if anyone has been moved by the finding that his hands still smell of perfume, that his coat has the appearance of having seen a snowstorm, and that his French mustache has turned red after a night of courting—I will say that my occupation does not require that I get so close. As for the perfume, I prefer it to the smell of cigarettes—which I do not think so many girls use as are reputed to use.

Secondly, if anyone is afraid of being deceived by the complexion of his intended, I would advise that he take her for a swim.

Lastly, I believe that he who is without sin should cast the first stone. I used to spend time regretting the fact that I was different from all others, but now I believe we are all very much alike. I am not insensible to the fact that for every folly I find in some other I have one to combat in myself. All are moved by the same aims, desires and follies to a greater or lesser degree. Each one chooses his favorite phantom. These are my reasons. Do they justify themselves to you?

Uncle, I wonder if what interests me would interest you? Would you believe that my favorite pastime is studying languages, history and literature? The only reason I can give for my liking is that these subjects mean more to me than any other subject. Every word in any language tells of a step toward civilization. Words were never made till they were needed. Especially am I interested in my mother tongue, one of the most beautiful of existing languages, how many of us sin against her by using either unlessly or purposely bad English. I am hoping I may some day write and speak without any fear of English.

History reveals to me the circumstances attending the steps in civilization named by the words of the guage. It teaches me to look even back as far as the cave dweller and be thankful for what comforts he gives. To a nation, it is like a surveyor's mark to a uninhabited land. Shadowed warnings of the past, a warning finger to the present and future. History more than a record of past events, it is a living story of why we are what we are.

Literature tells us what men feel and think. Looking deep into the human brain you will find the key man determined by his feelings. At present I am contrasting the essays on Friendship by Emerson and Thoreau. Which one do you think is the better? They are very different, yet I cannot say that I view friendship in the same light as either. I believe that friendship is different to each of us. Most of us agree that it is something more solemn than mere acquaintance. I guess I have said enough about friendship, but stories and poems full of feeling are the kinds of literature I like best.

With permission, I will introduce myself to you and the cousins. Possibly introduction comes before conversation, but, if it does, pardon my rudeness. If this does not devour this letter I shall be teaching school by the time it is published. Thus, from the school house of Penn's woods, you must know that I am somewhat over eighteen—and I will add that I am somewhat under twenty-five. I am five feet and nine inches tall, I have black hair, but I cannot determine from it what species of ape I am indebted. I have brown eyes, but this is farther from the solution because all the apes I ever saw had black. Can you find my family from the description?

If any of the cousins will write to me, I will take time enough from my reading to try writing. It may be that I will enjoy it the better.

Yours truly, PAUL FINEE.

On the Great Paint and Powder Question, Paul, that swimming test of yours is a good enough suggestion—but suppose the girl in the case doesn't happen to swim? The doubting swain might fling his beautifully-complexioned beloved into the creek or millpond—and she could go down like a stone! There might be left behind only a light fragrance of perfumed lipstick and a skim of pale talcum or "rouge vinaigre" on the rippled surface of the water. Paul, I can't endorse this cruel test of yours; there might be too many casualties. You force me to say, better a live niece with a powdered nose, than a drippy damsel carried to the coroner.

Aside from this, Paul, your good letter contained many things I like and believe, and it strikes me that I have a pretty wise young nephew down in some neck of Penn's Woods. Stick to your study of men and books, Paul, being careful not to make too much of a fetish of acquired knowledge and to judge all things by life itself as it is unrolled to you by the years and underlined by experience. A man should be able to stand before the open pages of any book as its master. Its message is to be true only as it is true to him.

I agree with you on the importance of English. It is the tool by which you will handle all other studies. Its mastery will give you expression for your thoughts. It will always open to you new doors of books and men. Pedagogues tell us that English is the most difficult of studies to teach. I rather think that it is too little taught and is displaced for far less necessary subjects. There is too much of a feeling that the use of our mother tongue is something that "comes by nature." And so we can watch and sadly see how the tongue of Shakespeare and the King James Version falls from the lips of University products—and even university professors. By the way, read and re-read the Bible, Paul. All great masters of the written word have always had this book at their finger ends. Have you ever noticed how biblical quotation and expression creep constantly out in Kipling? As a fount of poetry, the greatest and most perfect of poetry, the English Bible stands unexcelled.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

seen the river from a good many angles. My, but the pile of ice does look thick when you get up here and the grotto is very fine.

Albert Heim-Hutte—August 9th

We stopped here on way through the Pass en route for Andamatt. It was bright sunshine above but down here all fog. Could see the clouds hanging low as we came along and it looked fine; then as we went a little lower down we went under the clouds. They do not look so pretty when viewed from below as they did coming down on them, but pretty soon the sun breaks through and the fog is all absorbed by the sun, and we have it clear below and above.

Andamatt—August 9th

I found Andamatt one of the most interesting old places that I visited while on this motor bus trip. It is the nearest town to the Matterhorn. It is a great place for natural ski jumps and sports, but it is as a frontier gate to Switzerland that it is most noted. Nature has made it almost impregnable but a fort built into the precipices houses some Swiss troops.

It is said that the German forces did not like the idea of attempting to force this position as a way of getting through Switzerland to turn the flank of the Allies.

Andamatt contains the famous Devil's Bridge of which there are many traditions, one of which says that the devil built the structure. A big lake once existed where Andamatt now stands, but in the year 1113 it broke through the granite and ran away, leaving a level place where the town was built, 4,500 feet above sea level.

The waters rush through the gorge at a furious rate and as a safety measure some of it is carried off through a tunnel.

The Devil's Bridge was the scene of an unsuccessful attempt at invasion by the Russian many years ago.

A statue of Rosseau and a figure of the devil are cut in the rocks nearby, on opposite sides of the bridge.

St. Moritz—August 10th

Guess I have struck the peak of perfection in mountain resorts, for not only has it nearly half a mile more altitude than Wengen, it being situated on the highest plateau in Switzerland, the Engadine Valley with a lake alongside, all being over 6,000 feet above sea level.

Wengen is only 4,000. So after traveling nearly the entire length and breadth of this great Alpine country, seeing it by aeroplane, captive balloon, steamer, railroad, electric and cog-wheel train, motor bus, automobile, horse carriage and on foot, I think in St. Moritz we have the king of all the bunch for beauty and everything—golf as well, while others have only tennis. Although its highest peaks rise only 10,000 feet against Wengen's Young Frau of 14,000 feet, the natural situation of the surroundings and the addition of lake and baths make it at once the finest resort in all Switzerland.

Here we can play golf as well as tennis and enjoy all winter sports, and more than is offered at the other resorts, so with the natural location of the town so far above the others, it is surely the one choice bit to select for winter activities.

So dear St. Moritz, in the Engadine,
You are the choicest gem I yet have seen.
'Neath Summer skies so fresh, so green,
And of Winter sports are surely queen.

To be continued in January number, in which Mr. Gannett will tell of his visits to the battlefields and devastated regions of France and Belgium, Strasbourg and the lost province regained by France from Germany, and queer things he saw from a monoplane in Holland and on his return flight to London.

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER IV.

THE snowslide which came down and filled the hollow nearly annihilated the two trappers for fair. Had they been less alert to impending danger or only a few seconds slower in acting, the tons of debris surely would have caught and crushed them. Every spring trappers and prospectors in the high mountain countries are accustomed to finding skeletons of various animals that have been overtaken by the terrible snowslides.

Lon had barely reached the protection of a rock ledge, when the roar and spray of the slide deadened all sound and sight of his companion. Above the terrific howl of the snowslide, Lon thought he heard a cry, but at the moment had no time to look and a few seconds later a mountain of packed snow and logs covered the spot where they had been eating their lunch.

Even before the snowslide had quite settled, Lon was clawing his way over the ridges of snow to get to the spot where he had last seen his partner, Tubs. As he ran, Lon sensed with misgivings the solidity of the packed snow. Nothing could lie for any length of time and live under this huge mass of plunder. The trapper rushed all the faster, until he stood over the spot where his partner was last seen, then he grabbed a pole and started digging away. The pole loosened up the snow but was a poor tool for shoveling it out of the way, so Lon jerked off a snowshoe and used it furiously as a shovel. When down almost out of sight, he came to a large log lying crosswise of the ravine; in a few minutes he dropped through for a distance of perhaps two feet.

"Hey, that's no way to come in, feet first," greeted Tubs, seemingly unhurt, but still "pale around the gills," as Lon afterwards expressed it.

The junior trapper had fallen between two large boulders, and the log settling across them had held up the tons of smaller objects. Tubs had room enough to wiggle around during his short period of interment, and had begun to devise a means of escape. He had been cautious enough not to do any digging without first feeling around the dark vacuum for fear a mass of snow and stones would cave in on him. When Lon dropped through on one snowshoe, bringing daylight with him, Tubs was about the most tickled trapper that had ever bent steel.

"That was a close call, Buddy," said Tubs, "let's get out of here before another mountain peak rolls down on us."

"I'm with you, Tubby. Guess we've set enough traps for today."

On the way down the mountainside the boys ran into a fisher's trail, apparently freshly made. Like all professional trappers, Lon stopped and closely examined the trail. Perhaps to a novice like Tubs, the tracks meant little except to indicate the direction in which their owner had been traveling. As it was still a couple of hours of dark, the trappers spent some time looking over the fisher signs. After a few hundred feet of trailing, Lon determined to follow the animal up to its den.

That the fisher's sleeping quarters was close, Lon deducted reasons to believe from the "signs." The animal had walked all the logs in its path—which is a habit of the pekan—but instead of hopping off and continuing ahead, it had sniffed and clawed around the ends, as if looking for a hollow. A small rocky bluff had been circled and the zigzagging trail indicated that the maker had been looking for porcupine dens. Lon circled the bluff to save the time of following the intricate loops of the trail, and soon crossed the trail again. The fisher had next completely circled a dead snag, but still the trail led on through the mixed green timber and hardwood. Now there was no doubt about the fisher's purpose.

"There's a forty-dollar pelt waiting for us, Tubs. All we have to do is to trail it up. Can't be more'n a mile from here; maybe a few hundred yards. Dark may catch us, but I'm in favor of getting that skin, even if we have to lie out over night. I have my safety box of matches and a little jerky, so we will neither freeze nor starve."

"I'm with you," rejoined Tubs.

The trappers tightened their belts and increased their pace. Lon, who was in the lead, looked to the loading of his carbine and kept an eye ahead on the trail, in readiness for a quick shot, should the fisher be seen. He greatly preferred a chance shot at the running animal to later finding the pekan safely holed in a rock den. Of course, he might try smoking it out, and if this method failed, he could resort to setting traps, but this animal is too cunning for either of these ways to insure capture. Lon, who was really a crack shot with the rifle, expressed a preference of "lining his sights on the varmint."

While the fur hunters did not come within sight of the fisher, they were lucky enough to find that its trail ended in a tangled windfall. Lon circled ahead and failed to find the tracks leaving the log jam, so a search was started by following the trail closely. Now the trail circled and criscrossed so that it was difficult to tell whether the fisher had been coming or going. But Lon had trailed more than one fisher, and he invariably untangled all the "doubles" with little loss of time. The end of the trail was reached at a hollow log.

"Isn't this luck," exclaimed Lon, "nothing to do but chop him out."

Already it was getting dusk, and the boys hustled around, highly elated with their good fortune, but none the less alert to prevent the animal escaping. First a switch was poked into the log, and a snarl indicated the location of the fisher; then the ends of the log were plugged with chunks of wood. The work of chopping the fisher out was only a matter of ten or fifteen minutes. To obviate escape, as soon as the animal's head became visible through the newly chopped hole, Tubs was permitted to try his .22 pistol, which mercifully ended the career of a perfectly furred pekan.

The boys had turned to back-track themselves, when Tubs uttered an exclamation that might have done justice to a scalped Indian.

Quickly Lon whirled on his feet, gun in readiness, and the two trappers opened fire simultaneously on a large black bear which had approached within gunshot range.

There was no chance for the bear and it had dropped at Lon's second shot. Tubs kept firing, as fast as he could work the lever of his gun, evidently not aware that the bear was not only dead but had actually rolled out of sight into a hollow.

"Say, what're you shooting at, Tubs?" This isn't the Fourth of July nor your birthday, neither," stormed the cool-headed Lon.

"Oh, so we've already killed the bear," laconically replied Tubs.

The woods now rang with whoops and yells of the trappers. A bear was indeed big game, especially so late in the season. Its fur would be prime and valuable. Ordinarily this hibernating animal would have been denned up, and to satisfy woodsman's curiosity, Lon back-tracked the animal the following day to its den in a rock bluff over which the snowslide had passed. Evidently the bear had decided it was healthier to den in the lowlands, but of course it had no way of anticipating the menace of armed humans in the winter woods. The luck of favorable wind had been against it.

"Some adventures for one day, I'll say," said Lon. "Now for the hard work. Did you ever try to skin a bear in the dark—but of course you never. Here's a candle. I always carry a short one when in the woods. It won't take so long to rip the hide off while the carcass is warm. If it should freeze, we might as well leave it here till spring."

Luckily the boys were only about a mile from their toboggan trail, and the candle lasted them until it was reached. It was no trouble to keep in the hard-packed toboggan road, and two tired but happy boys came staggering up to their camp late in the evening loaded down with a fisher and a heavy bearskin. During the return trip, Tubs had spoken little for when the bearskin had been taken off no marks were found to indicate that he had put in a single effective shot. One hole back of the shoulder, such as a soft-point bullet from Lon's gun would have made, seemed to have been the telling shot.

Fur trapping and hunting was now in full swing. The blizzard and cold weather had primed up all kinds of furs sought after by the boys, and the traps required the combined attention of the two, working from daylight until dark. The frequent snowfalls necessitated moving up the traps often. The snow interfered greatly with trail sets, but as foxes, for which the trail sets were particularly intended, did not travel much during cold weather, these sets were neglected in favor of cubbies and under-ice sets.

During the early days of the season, Tubs made some large catches of muskrats, mink and raccoon, but as the season advanced, the raccoon denned up, and the mink and muskrat traveled most of the time under the ice of the streams and ponds. Winter trapping in the woods was something new to Tubs, so he soon abandoned his trap-line and pulled most of the traps, intending to follow and help the experienced Lon with his long lines. In this way he would acquire in a few weeks the knowledge of trapping lore and woodcraft that had required years of personal experience to learn.

"We start at daylight, old top, which means we get up at an hour of dawn to cook some of this bear meat. By the time you get your hide around a pound of bear steak, you may be able to keep up with me. Better stick a bunch of raisins and some sweet chocolate in your pockets, too, along with a chunk of bear meat. I never stop to cook a meal while on the trap-line; usually I halt only long enough to 'boil the kettle'."—make tea, in trappers' parlance.

If the reader will follow closely the narrative of the day's trip over the trap-line, he will learn almost as much about trapping ways as did Tubs who followed in Lon's snowshoe trail. There were not any traps set for fur animals within a mile of the camp, except a few muskrat and rabbit traps. The muskrat traps were not visited, as any animals caught would be drowned in the stream and remain safely until a convenient time to remove them. The rabbit traps were set not far off the trail and these were visited and the captured rabbits killed and taken along in the packsacks to be used as bait. When enough were taken for bait, the rest were hung up in the evergreens to be taken to camp later.

"Now, Tubs, from here on little talking, remember. We're getting into the fur country and are apt to get a shot at game or a fur bearer any time. Most important of all, a trapped animal begins to struggle fiercely in the trap when it hears the trapper coming, and often if they have time enough this last superb effort will effect their escape. I always slip up to a trap quietly,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

if I expect game in it, and should the animal escape then, I stand some chance of shooting it. This was the law laid down by the senior trapper, and thereafter until the boys arrived back to camp conversation was limited to the sign language and chats while eating lunch or traveling in the clearings.

"Hear that chain jingling, Tubs? That's music to my ears, for I happen to remember it was a trail set for fox. The light snow late yesterday evidently covered the trap and human sign and scent properly. Fox trapping in the snow depends mostly on the luck you have with the weather."

The trappers came within sight of the trap and found that it held a large, prime red fox. The chain had a grapple on the end, which had hung up close to the set. Lon approached quietly and tapped the fox smartly across the head with a walking stick he always carried on the trap-line. He purposely aimed the blow just light enough not to draw blood, for the set would then be ruined. The trap, a No. 3, was reset and with a balsam bough Lon lightly brushed dry snow over it, then brushed out his own tracks as he backed away. The trap was setting in a narrow trail between two evergreens which Lon had learned early in the season to be a regular fox run.

Three hundred yards down the trail the fox fur was peeled off and the carcass hung up in a bush for fisher bait. Directly under the bait Lon set a No. 3 jump trap.

"Just the kind of set for a fool cat (Canadian lynx) and I've caught fisher this way," remarked Lon.

The trap-line next traversed a two-mile stretch of barren or burnt-over land where traps were far apart. Lon had recognized one runway at right angles to his trail and placed several traps in it. The traps were No. 3 jumps and wool was stuffed under the pans to prevent rabbits springing them. One of these traps held another red fox.

Further time was lost on the burnt-over land by following a bobcat's winding trail. After an hour's trailing, in the hope that the animal would be found denned or the trail merge into a regular runway, Lon declared the cat didn't know where it was going, noway, so they didn't set a trap.

The trail now led into a swamp where rabbit trails were without end, and in each trail appeared lynx tracks. Lon was disappointed in not catching one of these valuable and scarce fur bearers—awkward and timid when in a trap, but ready to scrap at the approach of the trapper.

In the swamp were numerous springs and these afforded excellent places to trap mink and raccoon. Lon reckoned he had about a dozen sets in the swamp springs, some of them for fox. Some of the sets were hard to find, in spite of the fact they were marked by three blazes on the nearest tree. The results of the swamp sets were two mink and an undersized 'coon. These had been taken in blind sets where tracks had been numerous.

Down at the lower end of the swamp, the water was draining off in sufficient quantity to form a small brook. Lon had carefully prospected this outlet for a place where one trap would effectively guard it for any animal passing up or down stream. That he had been successful was soon proven to the satisfaction of both trappers. While a considerable distance away, Lon spotted the water-and-mud marked snowbank.

"Holy Mackinaws! Tubs, that's a lot of sign for a mink to make," exclaimed Lon aloud, who now changed his gait into a lope, so impatient was he to learn what rare game was now trapped. The trap chain extended its full length out into deep water and Lon began to pull it in with trembling hands. It pulled hard, as if attached to a log, and then the head of an animal appeared, the like of which Tubs had never before seen.

"Ah, whoopee! By the great medicine, here's real luck. A rare otter, the travelingest bird that wears fur and catches trout. What do you think of that, Tubs? Worth at least thirty dollars." Lon was all excitement and held up the slim and finely furred animal admiringly.

"Guess this is some lucky catch for one day, even if the line hasn't been visited for a week," replied Tubs.

The younger trapper now got the job of carrying the otter, for this animal is so difficult to skin that most trappers prefer to take them to camp where a careful and unhurried skinning may be performed.

The otter brought a change of luck, for not another animal of any value was taken that day. Several new sets were made along the streams where mink and raccoon had been wading in search of crawfish, cubby pens baited with fish were conveniently established along the banks near crossing places or at the mouths of brooks. Back on the mountain line, en route to camp, the boys found a deer carcass that was being eaten by what appeared to be a whole colony of marten; but Lon soon explained that a pair of marten will make tracks enough in one night to afford a toboggan trail. Anyway, here were at least a few pairs of these valuable and easily trapped animals, and most of the afternoon was taken up in setting traps in the trails.

When Tubs and Lon reached camp at dark, the former declared he would never be able to crawl out of the bunk on the morrow, the trappers having covered about fifteen miles besides trap setting, most of the time carrying considerable loads. The next day, fortunately for the less calloused trapper, was extremely stormy and the trappers stayed indoors, making boards and stretching their furs.

The days that followed during the month of December were hard ones for the trappers. The thermometer hung around thirty below much of the time. The country was new, the trap-line far back off the beaten paths of hunters and village trappers, and the boys profited greatly by their energetic methods. Tubs worked several pounds of his superfluous flesh into hard-as-pig-iron muscle and both made enough money to exceed the best wages paid "outside." Besides a substantial catch of raccoon, mink, fox, muskrat, a few each of marten, fisher and otter, just a few days before pulling the last traps preparatory to going out for Christmas holidays, a rare cross-fox was taken in one of Tubs' self-set traps. The pelt brought $75 when shipped.

The weather got so cold, most fur bearers hibernated or lived under ice, and the trap-line catch fell off fast, so a week before Christmas the boys pulled and cached their traps under rock ledges and tacked up a sign on the cabin door, reading:

"This cabin belongs to Lon Baker and Tubs Johnson, fur trappers, who have gone out to Racquette Lake village to sell their furs. Everybody welcome, but leave what you find. Salt sack hanging from the rafter out of porky's reach; matches in the Dutch oven. Shut the door when you leave. Thank you!"

Thus ends the first trapping expedition of Tubs Johnson and Lon Baker, fur trappers of the Adirondacks.

Industrial Gas Uses Increasing Rapidly

The use of manufactured gas in industrial plants is increasing rapidly in the great manufacturing centers of the country. It is supplanting other fuels in many processes where an easily controlled and intense heat is needed.

Some of the reasons for the increased use of gas in industry are:

An assurance of a continuous supply of fuel, because if the flow of fuel stops, production must stop.

A fuel which is uniform in quality.

Gas is a flexible fuel which is easily controlled and the amount of heat necessary to various manufacturing processes readily adjusted.

Heat is easily applied to work, as it is not necessary to go through numerous mechanical operations to make the heat available as with other fuels.

The cost is reasonable.

The gas is always available by the twist of a wrist.

It is not necessary to provide storage space for fuel or to have a large amount of capital tied up in fuel stocks.

There is no expense of ash or waste removal and no worry about transportation delays or car shortages and there is no freight to pay.

It does not have to be paid for until used. There is no interest charge on the coal pile.

When Government Runs the Switchboard

Public ownership of a utility causes some wry faces in England, when the British telephone system, run by the Post Office, is contemplated. It happened that England received in the same week the report of an official committee which had been seeking the reason why the British telephone system is not a success and the reports of the telephone system of the United States for the previous year.

In the United States the 26 large associated private companies and the 9,000 and more independent concerns made a showing of efficiency that is unknown in England, where both the telephone and the telegraph are heavy charges upon the public purse.

"The telephone system in America," one British comment runs, "is as different from what we know here under the same name as an article in general use is different from a rare and expensive luxury. In this country very few people not actually engaged in business use the telephone at all. In the United States, even in rural districts, it is quite common to find the telephone installed under conditions which in this country would seem to preclude the possibility of having such a convenience."—*The Nation's Business.*

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the country over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex, then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in a few hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

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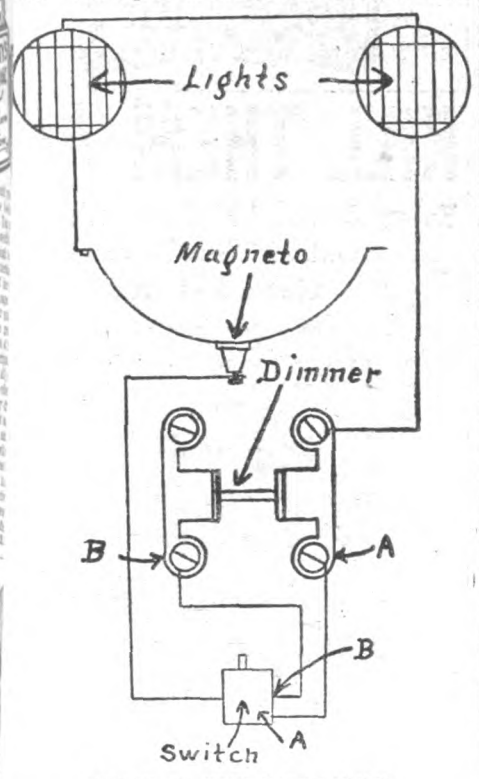
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Dimming Headlights

OWNERS of Ford cars which use magneto generated current for headlights have undoubtedly many times desired an arrangement which would make possible the dimming of the lights without necessitating the reducing of ıe motor to almost an idling speed. While there ːe dimming sockets and resistance units which ın be purchased for this purpose, the owner can, he should so desire, make and install a device hich will serve the purpose well and incur but small outlay of money. The resistance unit hich cuts down the amount of current to the ımps is a piece of hard lead cut away from an rdinary hard lead pencil. A piece of about one nd one-half inches in length is about right but ne owner can best determine the proper length ɔ use by trying leads of different lengths. Two rackets are constructed of sheet brass between hich the piece of lead is held. A switch and a ew lengths of cable complete the outfit. The ccompanying diagram shows the manner in which he outfit should be installed. It will be noted hat turning the switch to the position marked A" in the sketch sends the current directly to he lamps without going through the dimming nit. The lights of course burn brightly when



SKETCH OF HOME-MADE DIMMER.

switched in this position Turning the switch to position "B" sends the current through the unit and cuts it down so that the lights are dim even when the engine is running at fairly high rate of speed.

Gasolene-Oil Mixture

Manufacturers warn owners of new cars to drive at moderate rates of speeds for the first 500 to 1,000 miles so as to give the bearings a chance to ease and polish. It is a timely warning and one which should be strictly heeded. I am acquainted with a large car and truck distributor who for several years has made it a practice to drive cars overland from the factory to his place of business, a distance of about 600 miles. It has been his custom to pour into the gasolene tank one pint of oil to every five gallons of gasolene. The principle is that a small amount of cylinder oil will be sprayed through the carburetor up into the cylinders. This affords additional lubricant for the pistons and is good insurance against a scratched cylinder should the piston rings be a trifle tight.

Helpful Pointers

Engine Refuses to Stop

Due to a lean mixture, it sometimes happens that the motor continues to run after the ignition switch is turned off. An easy way to stop it is to choke the carburetor or engage a gear and let in the clutch.

Railway Crossings

A driver should, and usually does, slow down when approaching a railway crossing. The danger of stalling the motor on the crossing lies in attempting to pick up speed while still in high gear. After slowing down it is always well to engage the second gear or even the low speed until having passed over the crossing. You are then assured plenty of power with little or no danger of stalling the motor.

Battery Reading

When necessary to test a storage battery, take the hydrometer reading before adding any distilled water. The true condition of a cell cannot be determined immediately after adding the water as charging is necessary for its mixing with the electrolyte.

Leak-Tight Gaskets

Gaskets used for carburetor manifold, water connections and like places, will usually be rendered leak-proof if coated on both sides with hard oil before being drawn up tight.

Getting Out of Ditch

Having recently experienced the misfortune of running one side of my car off a gravel road, due to a fog and the blinding lights from an approaching car, I wish to pass along a suggestion which may prove helpful to other owners. The right side of my car was down the bank about a foot when I brought the machine to a halt. As is usually the case, my tow-line reposed on a nail in the garage. I inquired of the drivers who arrived on the scene and like myself they all seemed to have tow-lines but they were left at home. Necessity being the mother of invention, I dug a track with my hands in the loose gravel so that the right side of the car would have a runway onto the road. Next I persuaded my friends to stand on the left running board or on the side away from the ditch. This I did to keep all the weight possible on the road side. Taking my place behind the wheel, I engaged the low gear and with just enough motor speed to insure power, I gently let in the clutch. Like the conclusion of the movies where all is well, the car gained the road on its own power without digging or sliding further down the bank.

Cold Weather Suggestions

Cold Weather Hard on Battery

Most everyone knows from experience that when a motor is turned over on a cold day, the action is very stiff. When the electric starter is used upon such occasions, additional current is required to perform the work which would have been accomplished on much less current on a warmer day. All this current is taken directly from the storage battery. If the engine does not start readily, continued use of the starter places an enormous drain on the battery. If the battery is not kept up to "fully charged" state, starting with the electric starter on a cold day may be almost an impossibility. The starter may turn the engine over but the failure of the engine to fire is due to all available current going to the starter, leaving none for ignition purposes. If only a little current diverts to the ignition system, the spark may be too weak to fire the mixture in the cylinder. The use of the hand crank after the car has been standing a long time in the cold is good policy as it insures a hot spark and also does not cause a heavy drain on the storage battery.

Winter Battery Storage

If the storage battery is to stand idle it should first be fully charged. About once a month the battery should receive a freshening charge. Unless you are equipped to give the battery a charge from an outside source, I have found it convenient to store it at a garage or battery shop during the winter where equipment is available for recharging.

Care of Top

Do not put the top down if the car is stored for the winter. Leave the top up and the curtains on to prevent their cracking.

Carburetor Air Heater

Most cars are equipped with an arrangement for heating the air taken into the carburetor. Frequently these heaters are fitted with a shutter which should be opened in summer and closed in winter. If you have not already done so, the shutter should be closed so as to direct all air through the heater. If you have been running on a lean mixture during the summer months it will be well to richen the mixture a trifle at this season to assist starting and prevent a lengthy spell of spitting through the carburetor when the motor is first started.

Cold Weather Starting

Difficulty in starting is a common trouble in cold weather. Frequently choking and priming the carburetor will be sufficient to produce a start but there may be times when priming the cylinders with gasolene will be necessary. Some drivers do not understand why a motor refuses to fire after the cylinders have been "primed" with a considerable amount of gasolene. The fact is that when a large amount of gasolene is poured into each cylinder, the cylinder is not primed but flooded. This charge will not fire and must be thinned by opening the relief cocks in the head of the motor and turning the motor over several times with the ignition switch off. The cocks can then be closed and after the ignition is switched on the motor will usually fire. At times an owner will flood the cylinders with gasolene, make several attempts to start the motor and then give up. An hour or so later he will try again and be surprised to find that the motor starts readily. In this case the gasolene has worked past the pistons, leaving just enough in the combustion chambers to form a rich starting mixture. About a teaspoonful of gasolene in each cylinder should be enough for priming.

Warming Gasolene

In the absence of high test gasolene, warm gasolene makes an effective priming agent. Gasolene poured in a squirt can and placed in hot water will quickly rise in temperature. Due to the explosive vapor which will come off of the heated gasolene, it will be safer to place the hot water away from any flames before immersing the squirt can of gasolene.

Watch Crankcase Oil.

For reasons which have been several times explained in these columns, gasolene may accumulate in the motor crankcase during the cold weather. A close watch should be kept on oil consumption during this period because, should the motor appear to be using but little oil then an investigation should be made on the assumption that gasolene is replacing the oil in the crankcase. The crankcase should be drained and the old oil caught in a retainer. When contaminated with gasolene, the oil will be thin and usually will put off an odor of kerosene or gasolene. Refill the crankcase with fresh oil. Most manufacturers advise changing the oil in the crankcase about every 500 miles during cold weather. The old oil drained from the crankcase is excellent for spring leaf lubrication.

Answers to Correspondents

BURNT GAS RESIDUE IN CYLINDER.—Have been an interested reader of COMFORT'S "Automobile and Gas Engine Helps" for several years and certainly have received some valuable information therefrom. If not too theoretical, please answer the following question: If it were possible to build a gasolene engine that would force all the burnt gas out of the cylinder on the exhaust stroke and still have a suitable combustion chamber on the compression stroke, would it not be more economical of gasolene than the present-day motor with its seemingly necessary combustion chamber which cannot be entirely cleared of burnt gas?

H. K., Hanover, Ohio.

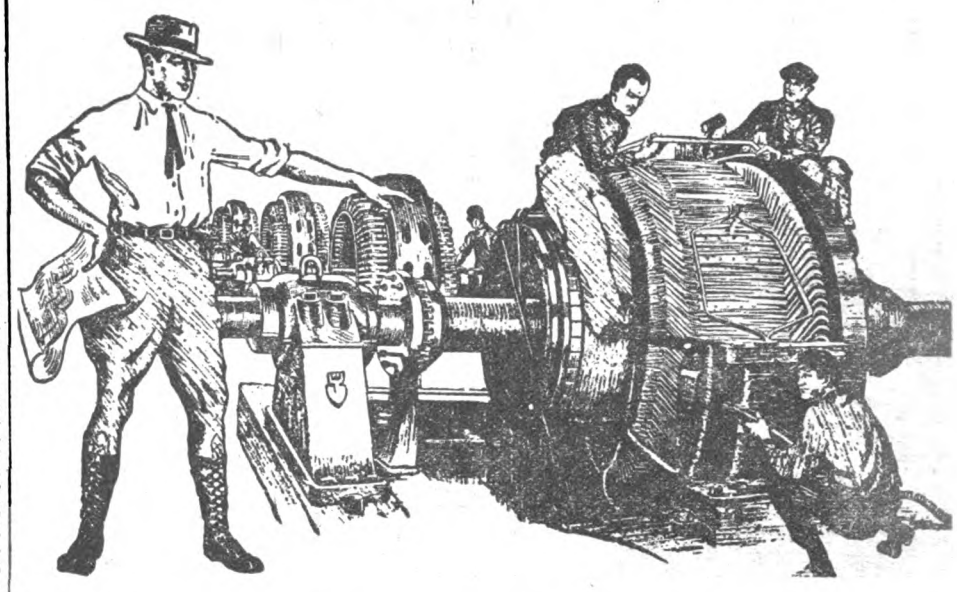
A.—Theoretically, the exhaust stroke is supposed to sweep the cylinder clean of all burnt gases. However, in practice the four-stroke cycle does not absolutely clean the cylinder and there is a certain portion of the burnt gases in the cylinder when the fresh charge of vapor is admitted. You are correct in the assumption that the engine would be more efficient if the burnt gases were entirely forced out.

POINTS ON BUYING USED CAR.—As we are thinking of purchasing a used car next spring I would like to get some pointers on how to judge the quality of a used car. D. S., Madison, Kansas.

A.—It is a difficult matter to give advice relative to the purchase of a used car. I have purchased a few myself and have got "stung" as well as received bargains. My first suggestion is that you deal with only a reputable concern. By this I mean that you should consider a dealer who has been thoroughly established and who has a reputation for looking after the interests of his customers. In further explanation, I would state that this type of dealer usually considers the purchaser of a used car as a good prospect for a new car at a later date. He will therefore take care that the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Herbert Dickerson, Warrenton, Va., a farmer, is making over $65.00 a week. "This is as much as other young fellows around here get in a month—your training did it" he says.

Al. Sebreck, Phoenix, Arizona, jumps to $75.00 a week from an $18.00 carpenter's helper job—"Electricity and you did it," he says.

W. E. Pence, of Chehalis, Wash., earns $750.00 every month as an Electrical Expert. $125.00 was his limit before taking my course.

Jos. A. Stueber, St. Louis, Mo., on Electrical Contracting business, employing six men and making over $600.00 a month clear, earned only 30.00 a week when he started my course.

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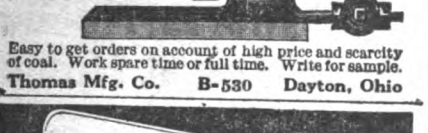
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December—and "Merry Christmas"

DECEMBER is the "rest month" in the garden. Other things take up our time, for this is the season of Christmas trees, Santa Claus, presents and good cheer.

But has it ever occurred to you that most of us, unintentionally of course, overlook our best friend every holiday season? There are toys and goodies for the kiddies; there are remembrances for Gran'ma and Gran'pa, bless their cheery old hearts; there are presents for the "good wife" and for daughters and sons and good friends of the family. But, speaking of good friends tried and true, why is it that the old farm itself is overlooked? It provides the wherewithal that buys the presents—the presents that are simply the dessert following the full meal of the season's bounty it has so lavishly provided. At this merry time of giving is it right or fair to forget the farm, the place that represents *home* to us, the hearth around which our happiness for years has centered? How thoughtless we humans are! But once our attention is called to the error of our ways, how promptly and willingly we strive to make amends.

Speaking in all seriousness, why not make the farm a present? Let the whole family contribute toward the gift. Make it something that will be useful, something that will serve for years to lighten the load and the hearts of the farm family. Look at it this way if you wish: When you make a present to your farm it is for all the world like reaching down into the pocket of your jeans and transferring the money to your vest pocket. You eat the cake and still you have it, the old saying to the contrary notwithstanding.

Worthy farm presents are legion; we have space to mention only a few. Let's therefore take a look at the farm as a whole. What single thing would be most welcome? To our way of thinking there is nothing that should take precedence over electricity as a source of farm light and power. Farmers the country over begin and end their days with a lantern in their hands. They perform from four to six hours' work by the dim and questionable light of a smoky lantern, "cuss" the gloom of the cold winter mornings, start the day with a grouch. Without mentioning the fire risk, and the inconvenience, there are dozens of reasons why electric lights are worth while and should not be considered as an impossible luxury.

Then, too, with a power plant there is "juice" right at hand to save elbow grease in countless ways. In the barn there is the fanning mill and the feed grinder; in the machine shop the grindstone, emery wheel, lathe or drill; in the modern dairy the cream separator and perhaps the churn. There may even be the wood saw and the silo filler—but we have said enough along this line. Let's take a look inside the house.

Often on the so-called "improved farm" all the improvements are from the back door of the dwelling house out. The house itself shows little change in the past generation. Is it fair to the "missus" and the girls, life partners in successful farming, that this should be the case? We only state facts when we say that their side of farm improvements is neglected at the expense of happiness, health and prosperity. Is it worth correcting?

Here, then, is a chance to do a good turn for the housewife and for the old farm at one and the same time—to kill two birds with one stone, as it were. A pressure system to provide running water will lighten her work and brighten her long working day. Add to that the convenience of running water at the kitchen sink, the comforts of a well-equipped bathroom, and the joys of an up-to-date laundry. Then there is running water for the barns, the watering trough, for fire protection, for lawn sprinkling and for washing the family automobile when the ambitious boy prepares to go "sparking" the neighbor's daughter.

We could go on and enumerate good presents for the farm, things that would quickly return the first cost in a number of ways of which increased profits would be one. But space does not permit. All we can do is advise that the idea be given serious thought by every reader. Each knows his own needs best; each can best tell how much can be afforded. But remember this: any outlay for a *Christmas present for the good old farm* is in reality an *investment*, not an expenditure. How many other presents we buy will stand that test?

"Home-Grown Ice"

In regions where ponds, lakes or rivers are few, a supply of ice for the farm can be "home-grown," provided cold winter weather prevails for a sufficiently long period.

Ice may be made in either metal cans or paper bags. The metal cans may be made in any convenient size by a local tinsmith for a small cost. They should be of galvanized iron reinforced at top and bottom with iron strips. The bottom is made smaller than the top to make the removal of the cake easier. Here is how they are used:

When cold weather is at hand, the cans are placed near the water supply, filled with water, and left exposed to the weather. A shell of ice soon freezes across the top and around the inner surfaces of the can. When the shell is one and one-half to two inches in thickness, pour hot water on the outside of the can to loosen the ice, then carefully invert the can to remove the cake. Chop a small hole in the top of the cake, remove part of the water; the little remaining will quickly freeze. Add more water little by little through the hole in the top until the shell has been filled with ice and a solid block is produced. By operating in this manner, only a few cans are required, and the cost is considerably reduced.

Paraffined paper or light cardboard boxes or bags are handled in just the same way as the galvanized iron cans, but they do not last long and are more difficult to handle, having a tendency to "buckle" and spill their contents. Their cheapness is their greatest recommendation.

Another method of ice making that can be used in the colder sections is to run water into the ice-house and let a layer freeze. This is done by first constructing a dam of snow around the floor of the ice-house 10 or 12 inches from the walls to allow room for sawdust insulation next to the walls. The interior of the house is then flooded with a few inches of water; when this freezes, the process is repeated until the house is filled with ice. It is then covered with sawdust or marsh hay and closed up until ice is needed. One great drawback of this method is that in order to remove ice it must be cut or chopped out with an ax. Uneven and irregular pieces, and considerable waste result. Cakes of uniform shape and size, as those obtained by the tank or paper bag methods, are much more convenient to handle and economical to use.

Drainage Through Wells

Drainage through wells, sometimes called "vertical drainage," is a method of disposing of surface water through wells dug down to a porous soil layer or to an opening in the underlying rock. Occasionally such wells can be used to advantage to dispose of surplus water where outlets into natural water courses or artificial drains or ditches are not possible. Where accumulated water is held in depressions by a layer of tight soil or rock which does not permit the water to pass readily through, and where no surface outlet is practicable, vertical drainage often proves to be a comparatively simple solution of the drainage problem.

Simply stated, vertical drainage consists in providing a channel for passing the water from the surface through impervious soil layers into an underlying reservoir. This reservoir may be formed either by rock openings or by an extensive body of coarse sand or gravel that is capable of taking up large volumes of water. It is only necessary, then, to dig or drill a well down to this natural reservoir and turn the drainage into it, first having taken precautions to prevent the clogging of the well with sediment carried in the water. Clogging may be prevented by lining the well properly and by providing an entrance for water that will exclude trash and sediment.

This sounds quite simple; sometimes it is. The difficulty lies principally in the fact that the existence of the required underground reservoir is the exception rather than the rule. Furthermore, there usually is no way of telling in advance whether such a reservoir exists, or whether its capacity is sufficient to be permanently effective. The only way to find out is to try—and to try means to make an outlay of time, labor and money which either may or may not bring the results desired.

Limestone Areas Favorable

In the limestone areas of the United States, particularly in Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Alabama, "sink holes" are more or less common. Frequently drainage of considerable areas takes place naturally through these depressions. Sometimes there may be only a few feet of soil over the rock crevices; sometimes the openings in the rock extend to the surface of the ground. Where such crevices can be reached without great expense they afford good outlets for drainage. As such conditions are more likely to be found in the limestone regions, it is here that we find the best opportunities for vertical drainage.

Drainage wells that depend for their efficiency upon the water absorbing capacity of underground layers will always be more or less uncertain except where experience with nearby wells that the reservoir has the required capacity. Even that the addition of more wells may prove to be an overload that results in the failure of all. Often such wells will give good service for a time, only to fail later due to the limited capacity of the reservoir. Where reservoirs are known to have outlet as springs or into streams or depressions, the probability of their usefulness for drainage purposes is considerably increased.

Of 73 wells in the North Central States examined by engineers of the Department of Agriculture, 42 were reported unsatisfactory, 23 of doubtful value, and eight entirely satisfactory. Many wells had been dug in regions in no respect suited to this method of drainage, which may account in part for the unfavorable showing. Of the properly constructed wells examined in limestone regions, 75 per cent. were successful. Power-drilled, rock-penetrating wells have generally proved more effective than shallow wells, provided that clogging had been successfully prevented.

Using Tobacco Barns for Sweet-Potato Storage

Many farmers who do not raise a large acreage of sweet potatoes feel that the expense of a special building in which to store their crop is not justified by the size of the crop itself. Therefore they depend upon pits, banks, or cellars for storage—and in many instances a large part of the crop is lost. For sweet potato raisers who cannot afford the necessary outlay for a special building, some building already on the farm which serves another important purpose can be remodeled so as to meet both needs, thus assuring safe storage of the sweet potato crop at a very small cash outlay. On farms that have flue-heated tobacco barns or similar buildings that serve their main purpose before the potato harvest, this saving is quite practical.

Farmers' Bulletin 1267, "Utilization of Flue-Heated Tobacco Barns for Sweet Potato Storage," has recently been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture to meet the request of farmers living in sweet potato regions in the tobacco country. The changes needed to convert tobacco barns so that they will serve the double purpose, bill of materials necessary for the remodeling, best methods of storehouse management, and a brief description of a number of varieties of sweet potatoes are all included in the new bulletin which may be obtained free by writing to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Why a Farm Name?

Here are some good reasons why a farm should bear a name of its own, a name that is dis-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

Burns 94% Air

M. A. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Advertisement.

Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. 35c and 65c in jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

KILL THEM ALL

Every Rat and Mouse easily destroyed by New Discovery

Not a Poison

Absolute freedom from rats and mice is assured everyone. No more trapping and poisoning just a few. Clean out the whole bunch, old, young, big and little.



Hick's Rat Killer kills every rat or mouse on your place. Most wonderful of all, it does not harm anything but rats, mice, gophers, and other rodents. It is harmless to children, pets you try and all kinds of stock. It can be used anywhere and will kill only rats and mice. The death bringing disease rapidly spreads and quickly destroys all the rats and mice. There is no smell or odor for they run outside for water and die away from the building.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Mr. Hick is offering everyone troubled with these pests the chance to get rid of them at no cost to themselves. He will send two boxes double strength, one dollar bottles for the price of one. You keep one for yourself; the other you sell to your neighbor at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 105, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are not absolutely satsified, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

Safety First



SEND NO MONEY

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Don't be taken unawares. Protect your home and earnings with this dependable, brand new, fully tested, double safety, blue steel automatic. Shoots standard cartridges. Sold with iron-clad guarantee of money back if not satisfied. Don't be fooled by imitations which are inferior and sold for less. Genuine "Paramount Automatics" spell absolute protection when you need it. Be sure yours is a Paramount. Order direct from us.

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HN 125. 25-cal. Military Model 10-shot. Extra mag. free. Big bargain $12

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STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
405-A Broadway New York City

New Discovery Makes Hens Lay

ny poultry raiser can easily and quickly ble his profits by doubling his egg yield ugh the remarkable discovery of M. B. th, a Kansas City chemist.



Working along entirely original lines, Mr. Smith discovered why hens lay less in winter than in summer and perfected a formula that turns loafers layers and profit makers.

Within five or six days this discovery, which called Ditto Egg Tablets, will rejuvenate r flock. Your hens will go strutting and kling about with red combs and full of life l pep Every nest will yield an egg nearly ry day in the week, which means a lot, e eggs are certain to sell for 60 cents or re. This is not guess work as over 100,000 cessfull poultry raisers testify to the value Mr. Smith's products.

Although different from anything you ever rd of, Ditto Egg Tablets are easily admin- ered by simply dropping in drinking water.

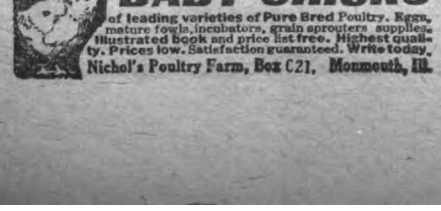
So confident is Mr. Smith you can double triple your egg yield, that he offers to send large $1 packages of Ditto Egg Tablets ough for a season) to any reader who will te for them. If you are satisfied they cost y $1 on this introductory offer, otherwise, hing.

Send No Money—just your name and ad- ss to M. B. Smith, 1269 Coca Cola Bldg., nsas City, Mo. The two $1 packages will mailed immediately. When they arrive, pay postman only $1 and postage. Use the lets 10 days. If you are not getting more s or are not satisfied for any reason, simply urn unused tablets and your money will be urned immediately without question. A big nsas City bank guarantees the reliability of s offer. Write today before this introduc- y offer is withdrawn, as you can sell one ckage to a friend and thus get your own free.

asy Now to Double Winter Egg Yield

oven Remedy Gives Remarkable Results— Turns "Boarder" Hens Into Profitable Layers—

Winter egg yields, double and treble those of former ars, are now being made by many poultrymen rough the use of a compound that science has finally rfected.



This wonderful medicine, which is called "Hick's g-Lay," contains rare and expensive ingredients ixed so as to quickly increase the egg yield. The edicine acts on the reproductive organs and causes uble and treble the usual number of ova (the germ ll of the egg) to be produced. Thus you get many ore eggs and get them during the time they bring e highest prices.

Hick's Egg-Lay is prepared for convenience in tab- t form. Simply dissolve one tablet in a quart of ater. This is the surest, easiest and quickest way er discovered to get more eggs.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Egg-Lay ablets will double and treble your egg yield that is making a special guaranteed offer of one regular uble strength $1.00 package of Egg-Lay Tablets and full size $1.00 package of Hick's famous Lice-Go ablets all for $1.00.

Lice-Go is added to the drinking water. The medi- ne taken into the system of the bird comes out rough the oil glands of the skin and every louse or ite quickly leaves the body. Keeps the birds al- ays free without the poultry raiser doing any work. you would rather have two $1.00 packages of Egg- ay Tablets or two $1.00 packages of Lice-Go instead one of each, say so on your order. Send $1.00 oday (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. . Hick & Company, Dept. 903, 1018 So. Wabash ve., Chicago, Illinois. If you prefer, send no money. ust your name and address and pay postman $1.00 nd postage on delivery. If after thirty days trial, ou are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and our money will be refunded. This offer is absolutely uaranteed, so don't hesitate to make the test.

5 Eggs from 57 Hens were received by Mr. C. E. Graham after eeding ARROW EGG TABLETS. They cured cholera n my flock and I got eggs all winter, writes Harriet . Jones of Idaho. Don't send a cent. Cut out this dv. and mail to us, giving your name and address, nd we will send you two $1.00 boxes ARROW EGG ABLETS. When they arrive, pay the postman $1.00 or the one box, the other is yours free of charge. Ve have pleased customers all over the U. S. and in he Philippine Isles. Write today.
rrow Chemical Co., Dept. H11, Rocky Ridge, Md.



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Getting Ready for the Holiday Market

EVEN for home consumption it is desirable to fatten, kill and dress poultry knowledgeably. It makes such a difference to nutriment and flavor.

Fattening, as understood in France and some parts of England, is a semi-artificial process. Birds—capons and turkeys, principally—are confined in individual coops and fed heavily on moderately soft mash for two weeks, by which time the appetite commences to fail and stuffing is resorted to. A funnel-like appliance is inserted in the bird's mouth and pushed down into its throat; then a liquid food is poured into the bird's crop until it is filled. The very large commercial establishments use an apparatus which looks something like a street knife grinder's machine, and is worked in the same way by the attendant's foot, only instead of turning the wheel the treadle action controls a pump which forces the feed out of a tank down a tube into the bird's crop. Both excellent methods, possibly, but after seeing them in operation, I confessed to preferring a little more humane and wholesomely old-fashioned way of providing delicacies for our table.

We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old when properly prepared make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly trampled earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days the mash consists of one quart of ground feed, one-third of a teaspoon of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes, or beets, mixed and moistened with skim-milk. Last ten days, one quart of corn meal, one dessertspoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes, and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together and make quite soft with skim-milk in which beef suet has been boiled. Suet is only about six cents a pound. Half a pound chopped fine is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs as much as the birds will eat up in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually, or they will become satiated. It was an old Frenchman who gave this hint about suet, which is excellent, making the flesh deliciously tender and juicy.

The effect of food on cavor has been set forth as most important in the New York Market Journal. They call poultrymen's attention to the fact that the exquisite flavor of the canvasback duck is due to the wild celery it feeds upon. The delicious Congo chickens owe their superior excellence to the pineapples they eat. The grouse meat of the far Western plains is aromatic with the wild sage.

The feeding for more weight or size will, in the near future, give place to the higher art of gratifying the palate. The capon now ranks high above ordinary poultry without any special methods of feeding. How much greater must its superiority be when fed for flavor as well as tenderness and size. Now and then some enthusiastic thoroughbred raiser will descant on the merits of his favorite breed—"their tender, juicy flesh, and rich, highly-flavored eggs, not to be compared to the 'dunghills long ago discarded'"—forgetting that the "dunghills" were truly named, and that from hard scratching in the barnyard for a living resulted the small, tough bodies and ill-flavored eggs complained of. His thoroughbreds have a yard to themselves, are fed on the choicest grains and grasses, and have only pure water to drink. Feeding for flavor must sooner or later become a generally acknowledged part of poultry culture.

After the fattening has been successfully accomplished, correct killing and dressing must follow to insure excellence. Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floors of slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through and out of the bird's reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food. Last twelve hours, nothing but water, to insure crop being empty.

The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a noose at one end suspended from a beam in some outhouse. Slip the feet through the noose. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird; take the body under his left arm, breast uppermost; the head in the left hand. Open the beak by pressing at the sides between the thumb and finger, and with a French killing knife stab up into the extreme back of the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks, down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly toward the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all pin-feathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing, but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck, slit the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck bone close to the body. With the point of the knife sever the membrane which holds the windpipe to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breastbone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle around the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

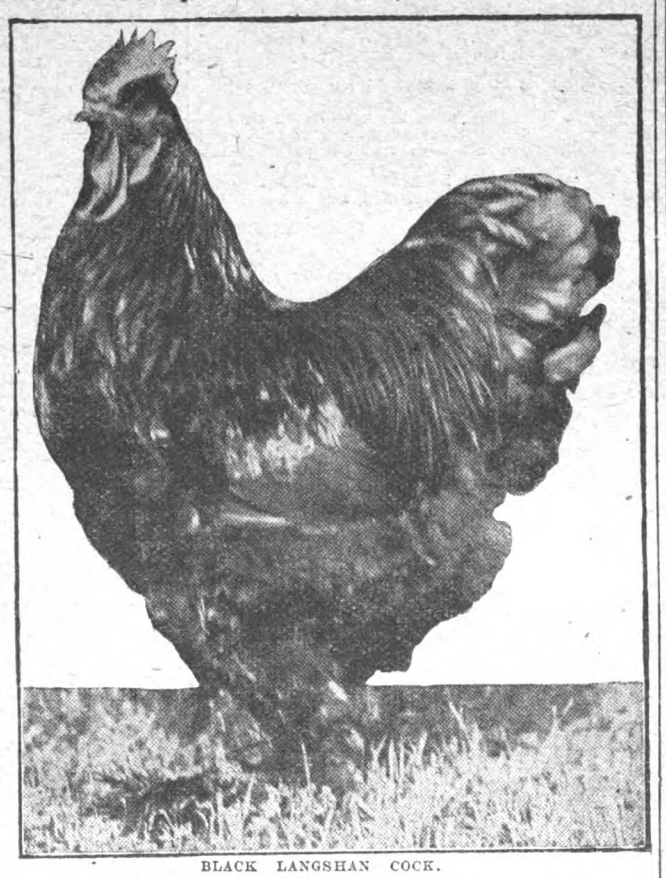
Place a peeled onion or a piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred; and the neck skin, being folded under the back after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary from the breastbone down do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts to avoid breaking the gall bag, which is a small sac lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line, and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray-colored inner bag that is to be removed intact, hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once, but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long I believe that the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

The approach of Christmas makes every housewife and mother long for extra money to spend on presents and good things for the family table. Town and city women have to scrimp and scrimp for months to gratify such desires, but the country woman, with her poultry and other farm products, can easily earn the wherewithal for gifts and good cheer, as well as yearly income, by taking advantage of the parcel post to bring her in touch with private customers. On every farm there is some product which the city dweller would be glad to have direct from the country, and now, when the rural delivery picks parcels up right at the gate, a woman can ship from a comb of honey to a quart of berries, a dozen eggs or a fifty-pound box of vegetables, without waiting for the men folks to hitch up and take them to the express office, which used to be one of the greatest obstacles to small orders, even when customers were willing to pay the heavy charges made on small packages by express companies.

How to find such customers is usually a puzzle, unless one has city friends who can be bribed into doing a little dilettante canvassing. Failing any such friendly agency, more commercial methods must be employed. A personal letter to a few doctors in good localities, stating that the writer was making a specialty of strictly new laid, sterilized eggs for invalids, for ladies and children, would be likely to bring results.

A city telephone book or business directory will furnish the names and addresses of private hospitals and sanitariums, and also of trained nurses.



BLACK LANGSHAN COCK.

By return mail she received an order for half a dozen three times a week, and another order for a dozen a week. Within ten days three more orders had been received, one for a dozen a week, one for six twice a week, and another for a dozen a week.

Gradually she acquired a large clientele of customers; and in many cases where illness brought fresh orders for eggs, the family became regular customers for table eggs, and fresh vegetables and fruit when in season. In time they added squab broilers, chicken and currant jelly to their specials for invalids, and are now clearing from fifteen to twenty dollars a week.

There are several firms making corrugated paper boxes and cases specially made for shipping eggs, berries, vegetables and dressed poultry through the parcel post, and as they are all constructed on the collapsible plan, they can be returned by the customer and used over and over again, which minimizes the cost, which seems heavy until that fact is considered.

The egg boxes which hold one dozen cost $2.30 for fifty. Two dozen size, $3.00 for fifty. The vegetable boxes also come in two sizes—15x9 and 14x13 inches, and cost respectively $2 and $2.50 for twenty-five. Postage on a dozen eggs is six cents within the first and second zones, which means within one hundred and fifty miles of the shipping point. Two dozen cost only an extra cent. The first sized vegetable box, when filled, usually weighs about eight pounds, on which the postage would be twelve cents.

The most satisfactory method is to have a fixed price, which will cover postage, for trying to follow the fluctuations of the market prices is annoying to both shipper and receiver, and is very likely to cause mistakes and dissatisfaction, besides which it causes much more labored bookkeeping. If you know that every dozen eggs is going to bring you in just so much cash return, An ex-city business woman, who was compelled by illness to return to her father's farm, worked up a very comfortable independence along such lines. She wrote to the Young Women's Christian Association in the city for a list of registries and boarding houses of trained nurses. A few of these located in the best neighborhoods were selected and a carefully worded note and self-addressed and stamped envelope was sent to each, asking the manageress to supply the names and addresses of a few of their senior nurses. On receipt of replies, a few names were selected and personal letters were written, explaining that strictly fresh eggs could be shipped each morning for invalids' use in half-dozen or dozen boxes; price seventy-five cents a dozen or forty-seven cents a half dozen.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

117 Eggs Instead of 3!



One of our readers says, "'More Eggs' increased my supply from 3 to 117 eggs." You, too, can reap bigger profits than ever, by making sure of a big egg yield this winter. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "MORE EGGS". Give your hens a few cents' worth of "MORE EGGS" and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

More Eggs Tonic keeps hens in the best possible laying condition. It is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It contains every element that helps make eggs.

Start using More Eggs Tonic right now. Keep your hens laying right through the coldest weather when eggs are highest. You can get big profits from your hens this winter, just as hundreds of other More Eggs users are doing.

1500 Eggs in 21 Days

"Dear Mr. Reefer: I have fed two boxes of More Eggs to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white Leghorn hens and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs."—H. M. PATTON.

Hens Lay All Winter

Results tell the story. Here are just a few letters from poultry raisers who are getting more eggs and more profits through the use of Reefer's MORE EGGS Tonic.

Gets 132 Eggs on December 1

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"Dear Mr. Reefer: From the 21st of November to the 7th of December, my 36 hens have moulted and laid 200 eggs Your More Eggs Tonic is fine and I never will be without it in my home."—F. SHAW.

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Best Christmas Poems

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PROBABLY the most famous poem in the world—one that has been translated into as many languages, it is said, as the Bible, is best known as "The Night Before Christmas," although the author, Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, called it "A Visit From St. Nicholas."

This poem was written in 1822 and first appeared in print in the Troy, N. Y., Sentinel in 1823. Dr. Moore was a translator of Greek and Hebrew, a noted authority on theology and the author of many books on theology—which are long forgotten, but this poem, which he wrote for his two daughters, will live forever:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet, on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the bead of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke of it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Another famous Christmas poem is only famous because it is the first of its kind ever written in English—and the first line of it, at that, is in Latin. It was written about A. D. 600, author unknown. It began with the ancient Latin line which means, translated, "For Us a Boy is Born of the Virgin Mary," as follows:

"Puer Nobis Natus est de Maria Virgine,
Be glad, lordynges, be the more or lesse,
I bryng you tydings of gladnesse,
As Gabriel me bereth witnesse."

There is an ancient Christmas poem which takes high place in literature today. It was written nearly eight hundred years ago. This is, "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen." There is no record as to the author. It has been translated into many languages. The complete poem is:

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day—
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

"Fear not," then said the angel,
Let you nothing affright;
This day is born a Savior
Of virtue, power and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoice-ed much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm and wind;
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed Babe to find.
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this Infant lay;
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
His mother, Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface!
O tidings of comfort and joy—
O tidings of comfort and joy!

One of the best modern Christmas poems was written by the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, a Boston clergyman held by thousands to be as wonderful as his verses, which follow:

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

"For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

"O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today,
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!"

An especial favorite with youngsters for reciting at the Sunday school Christmas entertainment is "Baby's Stocking," first published years ago by Edgar S. Werner. It follows:

Hang Up the Baby's Stocking

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it,
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big, blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! What a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But, then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner—so;
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came last year.
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And, now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe!"

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope. —*Phillips Brooks.*

God's plans for us in the new year are greater than our ambitions for ourselves.

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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"Certainly, dear, for I know that he loved me with a love as true and strong as my own for him, and this makes me think to caution you never to let pride stand in the way of your happiness. If I had hushed the voice of pride and written his lordship to come to me, when I so longed to do so, all would have been well even then."

"I should like to have known Lord Dunforth, auntie—I mean I should like to see the man whom you would choose," the young girl said musingly, and not heeding the advice just given.

In after months she remembered it.

A look of keen pain swept over the old lady's face, but she had fully recovered her self-possession now.

"Go and bring me a little ebony box, dear, which you will find in the third drawer of my dressing-case," she said.

Brownie arose to obey, and soon returned, bringing a beautiful casket about twelve inches square and eight deep. It was inlaid with pearl and gold, in lovely designs, and was quite heavy for anything so small.

Miss Mehetabel took a delicate chain from her neck, to which was attached a tiny golden key.

Her hand shook as with the palsy, as she inserted the key in the lock.

"This has not been opened for forty years, my child, and I feel as if I were about to look upon the dead," she said in a voice that shook despite her efforts to control it.

"Don't open it now, then, Aunt Meta. I cannot bear you to live over this sorrow for me," Brownie answered, a feeling of awe stealing over her at Miss Mehetabel's words.

"I will look once more before I die, dear, and I wish to tell you about these things, which are to be yours when I am gone."

She turned the key as she spoke, and lifted the jeweled cover, and Brownie uttered a cry of delight at the sight which greeted her eyes.

There upon their blue velvet bed gleamed rare jewels as she had never seen before.

In the center lay a beautiful diamond necklace, with ear-pendants to match. Then there was a coral and diamond cross, with a hair ornament, in the shape of a butterfly, to match. A ring composed of pearls, opals and diamonds, with a cross for the neck. Rings of pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds; one, a large pearl, surrounded by six small, pure diamonds, Miss Mehetabel took up tenderly in her hand.

"This," she said, while her lip quivered, "Lord Dunforth put upon my finger when he told me of his love. It has never been there since that day when I believd he went away from me forever of his own accord. These other jewels were given me in honor of my approaching marriage, but I have never worn any of them, excepting this coral and diamond cross which Royal gave me and which I wore to that ball when I lost everything dear in life. I have no use for them, and henceforth they are all yours, dear, to do as you like with—if you ever feel that you can wear them for my sake, I wish you to do so."

"Oh, auntie, they seem too precious for me to wear; they seem like something sacred to me," the young girl said reverently, while her eyes lingered upon their beauty.

"Then you will prize them all the more, dear, and I am glad that it is so—you will never wear them lightly, and they will never grow valueless to you. You have the cuff buttons already which Lord Dunforth gave me the same time with the coral cross."

"Are those—did you give them to me?" stammered Brownie, feeling that she had almost been sacrilegious in wearing anything so precious, and not know it.

"Yes, dear, they were the only articles of his giving which I ever permitted myself to wear, and then only a few times. So, feeling that they ought to do somebody some good, I had them marked for you for your last birthday."

"I shall never wear them again without feeling that they are tenfold more precious than ever before," the young girl said with starting tears.

She little knew that even then one of them was lost. She had removed her linen ulster upon returning home, and left her cuffs hanging in it.

Miss Mehetabel now lifted the velvet bed, and laid it with all its glittering wealth upon the table near which she sat. Beneath it lay a locket of blue enamel and gold, studded with diamonds; a little bunch of dried flowers, a crumpled card and a pair of soiled white kid gloves.

"These," Miss Mehetabel said, touching the flowers, "I wore in my hair that night, fastened with the butterfly; and these are the gloves—they bear the last touch of his hand. This is the card on which the Count de Lussan wrote his name."

She took up the locket with a tender touch.

"This contains the face of the one man on earth to me. Open it, dear—I cannot."

Brownie took it, the great tears rolling over her flushed cheeks. It seemed so inexpressibly sad, and as if she, too, were about to look upon the face of the dead.

She pressed the spring and it flew open. From one side of it there gazed up at her the dark, noble face of a man about twenty-five years of age.

The fair girl gazed upon it for several moments in silence, then heaving a deep sigh, she said softly:

"He was grand, auntie!"

"Put it away," said Miss Mehetabel with white lips, "and when I am dead come and get this chain and key and wear it around your neck as long as you live."

Little did that fond old lady dream of the pain and shame which that legacy of jewels would bring upon the fair girl whom she so loved!

TO BE CONTINUED.



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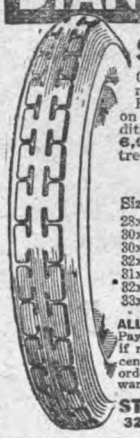
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Christmas Greens

By Leslie Gordon

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A SMALL spray of holly over the mantel or an inexpensive wreath in the window, a pine branch over a picture or a rope of "creeping Jenny" breathes the Christmas spirit more truly than do tables loaded down with expensive gifts or tons of Christmas cards.

If you live in the country you have not even the excuse of expense to plead for leaving the church or the house undecorated at this season for you can collect your own greenery. There are very few rural communities where it is not possible to get at least a bunch of some kind of evergreen.

A church looks best decorated with long ropes of green, perhaps hung in festoons with a wreath wherever the rope is looped up; small trees can also be used effectively here and masses of holly.

In decorating the simplest schemes are always the most satisfactory and any woman with the average amount of taste can do the work well. Holly with its shining leaves and bright red berries makes the most show for the money, both for wreaths and used in masses above the altar or reading desk or used to fill big vases and deep bowls. Very pretty wreaths can be made of laurel adorned with the red berries of the spicebush, and to the uninitiated these often masquerade as the real holly wreaths. If you want rather more elaborate decorations use the ropes of green that come for festooning walls. These green ropes are twisted from an evergreen vine that grows among the pine trees of our Northern States and keeps green even under the snow.

Mistletoe has lost none of its former attractions for home decoration, especially this Christmas, now that our boys are back home again from the war, but a little of it goes a long way. A bunch under the chandelier or a sprig over the doorway is all that is needed in the ordinary household to enable the young men to have all the fun possible by kissing any pretty girl who is caught under it.

If you live in the suburbs or in the country where there are pine trees, I wonder if you have ever realized what beautiful Christmas decorations you can make from pine branches, pine cones and spruce boughs, or in fact any kind of evergreen. The tassels of the pine branches are the most beautiful of all Christmas greens when seen against light tinted walls. These same branches make dignified and very easily arranged decorations for churches, as they can be most effectively massed to fill up large spaces. Of course, all sorts of flowering plants, especially poinsettias, with their starlike scarlet flowers or pepper bushes covered with shining red berries or even the little begonias with their masses of pink flowers are lovely at this season.

But whatever you do, if there are children in the house, don't forget to put a few Christmas greens on the mantel or over the living-room stove or radiator or grate or fireplace if you are fortunate enough to have such a luxury as the fireplace. A five-year-old friend of mine expressed the idea perfectly last year.

She said: "I don't think it's exactly polite not to put some Christmas greens over Santy Claus's doorway, just to show him how much we want him to come here."

So in that house, you may be sure, the first spray of holly brought in always decorates the mantel and, strange to say, Santy has never failed to appreciate the attention.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

used car purchaser will receive just value for his money so that the satisfaction will reap him favorable consideration in the future. It is true that a coat of paint will sell the average used car prospect, but do not let this be the deciding factor in your decision. The mechanical condition of the car is the main factor. Turn the motor over slowly with the hand crank and note the compression of each cylinder separately. Should you find compression very weak in a cylinder, do not be easily persuaded that regrinding the valves will correct the condition. There is a probability that the cylinder may be scored and unless the dealer will give a guarantee against such a condition it will be well to pay a few dollars if necessary to have the cylinder removed and inspected before making the purchase of the car. Look at the springs for broken leaves. Inquire regarding the condition of the storage battery. Look at the spedometer for the number of miles the car has been driven and inquire the name of the person who previously owned the car. You or your friends may know this person and recall whether the car was given hard usage. Ask for a road demonstration and while on same listen for motor knocks, chassis rattles, etc. Take a person with you who drives a car and after going into the matter as above suggested, arrive at a decision as to whether you believe you are getting a good buy. As stated above, however, it would be my suggestion that you deal with a reputable concern which is looking to future business rather than for the present dollar.

Silk Rambler Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Either georgette, chiffon, gilt ribbon or velvet may be utilized for these little roses with charming results.

Still simpler girdles may be made from lengths of narrow ribbon, knotted at regular intervals and finished with large beads or silk tassels. Others are developed of strands of different shades of ribbon plaited or braided together, the ends knotted and then falling free.

Large Corsage Flowers

One large corsage flower of taffeta or velvet is so often the sole decoration on the severely plain dresses that a nicely made one cannot fail to be a pleasing gift for any girl who loves pretty things.

These are made usually of only five petals, gathered and sewed together in the center, then arranged and somewhat flattened out and finished with closely massed French knots, as shown in the silk candle-shade.

For these one will need five-inch squares; fold each and proceed just as directed for the smaller roses.

Rose Candle Shade

For Illustration See Page 19

Very dainty little shades can also be made in the same manner of either taffeta or two thicknesses of chiffon. For a foundation to which to sew the rose petals make a small circle of hat-frame wire and cover with silk. When the shade is completed, attach to the top of a candle-shade lamp, which can be purchased for very little.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

But here we go now to preparing a place to keep Jack Frost from our lovely pot plants which many of you have asked me to tell you about. A window seat made from one-inch lumber neatly lined with paper, the builder's paper is best, and the outside covered with paper and if you prefer can be covered with any suitable color of cloth to harmonize with the furnishings of your room. On bright days slide the lid for air and light and to get a glimpse of beauty and fragrance when all outside is clothed in cold winter's coat of brown. Also a cellar with plenty of light is all right to keep plants in. I have tried a pit dug a few feet deep in the earth and slide a cover over made from plank but I like my plant house best of all as it is built of double walls filled between the sawdust and has nine large windows to admit the light, and what a treat it is to me to visit this plant house and see the pretty flowers all through the lonely days of winer. I start plants every month to keep a succession of bloom, and where anyone can care for plants in winter it is best to start lots of pot plants in the fall months as they will have time to grow and be well rooted for early spring blooming. I have the most wonderful collection of Coleus that I ever saw. They are very large leaves, larger than a man's hand, and resemble the most costly velvets, and are every shade, purple and gold, purple and pink, deep purple, black, yellow, yellow and red, chocolate, maroon and so many are blotched and striped with every shade of color one is called Joseph's coat, and truly it was rightly named for every color is represented on it. Queen of the West is also beautiful.

So many wanted me to give the culture of roses. Spade the ground well and mix well-rotted fertilizer from the barn and a few gallons of wood ashes mixed well with the soil and set your roses two feet apart on beds if you wish or in rows and cover the roots well with sand and around the stem place a little sand and cover with leaves or straw. If you live where the cold freezing zero weather is, place a glass can over them the first winter of their lives, and in our southern climate where snow seldom gets over six inches deep they will live without it. If it were possible I would build a floral park and give every flower lover a free ticket.

Long live dear Mrs. Wilkinson, to edit the COMFORT Sisters' Corner.

MRS. F. T. MULLIKIN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To clean silverware which has become tarnished from disuse or any other way, cover it with sour milk and let it stand over night. Wash in warm soapy water and wipe dry.—MRS. CLARE D. HIPPLE, Roseville, Ill.

To make garters for farmers, section men, or men whose work soils clothing, cut wide elastic shape of garter and sew on clasp from old garters, those used on corsets are good.—FARMER'S WIFE, Loraine, Ill.

If you need hot water and the top of the stove is covered with cooking dishes and there is no room for the teakettle, just set a pan of water in the oven and it will heat as quickly as on the top of the stove.

Use the sewing machine for your patching whenever possible. It takes less time and the work is stronger.

When you are using the last bit of a spool of thread, set the new spool on the machine and tie the end of the new thread and the old thread together with a small "chicken head" knot and go on with your sewing until the knot reaches the needle's eye; break knot off, thread needle and go on sewing. This uses up every bit of thread.—BLANK, Hopkinsville, Ky.

If you happen to scorch something when ironing, wet the scorched place with peroxide, place a white cloth over it and iron with a medium hot iron.—MRS. J. T. SLEDD.

When you spill grease on your floor, just cover it with coal oil and forget about it. In about a week the oil and grease will both be gone. Another good use for oil is to clean wash basins and bathtubs.—SARA SMITH, Bay City, Texas.

To remove grease spots from wall-paper, cover with blotting paper and hold a hot flatiron against paper. A preparation for cleaning wall-paper that proves very effective is made as follows: Mix two-thirds dough and one-third plaster of Paris. Make this mixture a day or two days before it is needed and bake slowly for two hours. Rub on soiled paper.—BESSIE I. RUGGLES, (age 15), Holley, N. Y.

Requests

Wanted: To hear from anyone cured of cancer by Dr. E. Miller. Mrs. granddaughter, MRS. EDNA KELLEY,

I would like to correspond with rural school teachers or high school students in other states.—MISS GARNET HAULDREN, Hamlin, W. Va.

How to destroy moths.

Lou Jones, Morrisonville, Ill., an invalid, would like to receive cards and letters.

Will a sister send me the song, "Jessie James"?—MRS. METROE ANDREWS, Caledonia, Miss.

How to make "snowball doughnuts," and "salt rising bread." These recipes appeared in COMFORT in 1912-13.—MRS. LAURA DAME, Oxford, Ind.

Would like to correspond with those interested in Spiritualism.—CLAIR FELLOWS, Saginaw, Box 152, Mich.

Poem: "Rio Grande's Last Race." Published in Vanity Fair about twenty years ago.—A. J. GUERRY, Marion, Box 185, S. C.

Can anyone send me book or papers containing "A Woman's Mission," and "The Family Secret"?—PEARL HARWELL, Trumbull, Texas.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first.

Mrs. J. J. Kuettel, St. Paul, 863 Winslow Ave., Minn., July, 1922.

Carolina Spitzer, Kensal, P. O. Box No. 33, N. Dak., April, May, June, July and August, 1921.

Miss Millie Pavlis, Geddes, R. R. 3, Box 23, So. Dak., January and February, 1922.

Pearlie Paldgett, Cora, La., November and December, 1921.

Mrs. L. G. Newell, Syracuse, 980 So. Salina St., N. Y., April, 1922.

Remedies

A good liniment is made by adding one-half pint of turpentine to one-half pint of vinegar with one egg, well beaten. Mix together and shake well before using. This is fine for most things liniment is used for.—MRS. JOHN R. KELLEY, Mt. Airy, Md.

Don't be afraid to use iodine on a fresh wound; swab with piece of cotton on toothpick. Treat for a day or two with iodine, keeping covered to prevent dirt getting into it. Later keep cotton or white cloth with boric acid solution on the wound.—FARMER'S WIFE, Loraine, Ill.

When taking Epsom salts, dissolve whatever amount you are in habit of taking in hot water and add sugar and one-half teaspoon peppermint.—MOTHER OF TEN, Smithsburg, Md.

CROUP.—Give syrup of ipecac in fifteen-drop doses for croup. Usually one or two doses is sufficient to cause vomiting.—MRS. EDNA MILLER MAXWELL, Alhambra, Alta., Can.

BLOOD POISON.—Mix tar and table salt together and apply to wound. It will hurt but will cure.—MRS. D. P. TROTTER, Wrightsville, Ga.

Sisters' Circle Pin

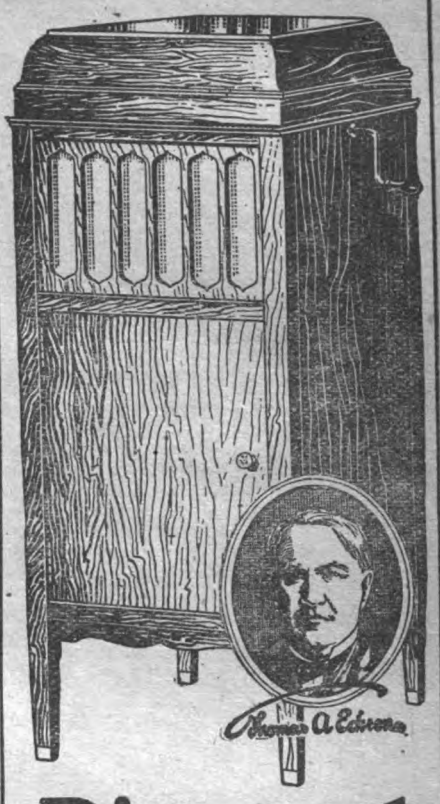


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If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671

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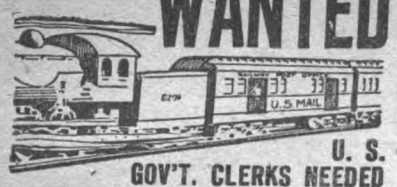
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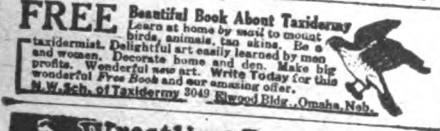
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A "Tri"-ing Evening



By Lula Pauline Whinna

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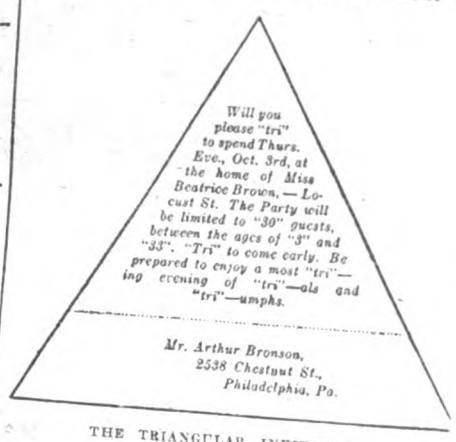
WE had "tri"—ed so hard to have something new in the way of entertainment for our non-card playing friends that we decided to call it a "Tri"—ing Evening.

Our invitations were typewritten on a triangular bit of cardboard and read as follows:

"Will you please 'tri' to spend Thursday evening, Oct. 3rd, at the home of Miss Beatrice Brown, —— Locust Street. The Party will be limited to '30' guests, between the ages of '3' and '33'. 'Tri' to come early. Be prepared to enjoy a most 'tri'—ing evening of 'tri'—als and 'tri'—umphs."

The porches were lighted by Japanese lanterns, three in a group. The house was decorated with bunting in the three autumn shades, red, brown and green; autumn leaves were used lavishly as an auxiliary decoration.

"Faith, Hope and Charity" received the guests in the living-room, pinning upon the front (to



THE TRIANGULAR INVITATION.

eliminate wall flowers) of each one a triangular card (See Plate 1) bearing a number.

Three of the cards bear the same number. After the last guest had arrived the hostess would explain the purpose of the "tagging".

The three people having a similar number (as three "10's") are instructed to get together and follow the directions written on the back of their united cards. (Plate 2.)

At the end of a certain time there should be ten groups of "3's". Those not so grouped should be compelled to pay a forfeit" to be redeemed at the will of the hostess. (Made to sing or tell a story, etc.)

The groups will then be called to order by the hostess for a vocal "Tri". The hostess will hold ten slips of paper in her hand—seven are blanks. The remaining three are marked with a certain number (for ex., 3—6—9). One of each group draws. If "3" was drawn, "Group 3" would have to "tri" to sing some popular song. Groups 6 and 9 would do the same "tri".

Then would follow a mathematical "tri". Seat guests if possible (we used the folded chairs which we had borrowed from our S. S.) or have them stand in some regular order.

Hostess explains:

We are going to count from one to one hundred. When you come to "3" or a combination including "3" or a multiple of "3" you must say "tri" instead of the number; as, 1—2—tri—4—5—tri—7—8—tri—etc. When a person fails to use "tri at the proper time he or she is declared "out". The prize winner may be given sticks of (white) peppermint candy tied with ribbon of the three autumn colors.

A short musical and literary program may follow. Arrange for this beforehand but have the numbers "seem" to be volunteered on the spur of the moment; for example: We'd like to have some of our guests "tri" to furnish us with a "Tri"—o. Miss B, will you and Mr. D and Mr. F "tri" to give us a musical number of your own choosing? I wonder if we have "3" elocutionists in this crowd who are willing to "tri" to recite for us?

End up with the rollicking "round," "Three Blind Mice."

Five or ten minutes of informal conversation.

Then Group 1 is called to the dining-room. They find there several trays (large tin serving trays are best), each bearing a number. When they locate "1" they may take it wherever they please. The other groups may be called, singly

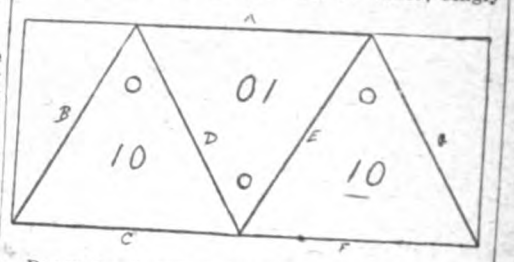


PLATE 1.—A card 8 inches long by 3½ inches wide will cut into three triangles.

or two or three together, depending upon the size of the room.

On each tray may be placed "3" plates, "3" glasses, "3" napkins (folded in triangular shape), "3" spoons, etc.

It depends entirely upon the size of the hostess' pocketbook as to the extent of carrying out the "tri" in the matter of refreshments. Suggestive only: Ice cream ("3" flavors), "3" cakes (assorted small) for each guest, "3" almonds, "3" raisins, "3" peppermints, all in a small individual fancy box.

As souvenirs, on each tray would be found "3" tiny ribbon rosettes made of narrow ribbon of the "3" autumn shades.

"Faith, Hope and Charity" should be on hand all the evening as "helpers" for the hostess. They should not take part in any of the amusements.

An 8 by 3½ oblong will give the three triangles. Tie small piece of ribbon through one point and pin to front of guests as they enter, telling each one his or her number.

Suggestions for Group Cards:

1. Whistle "America".
2. Talk for "3" minutes about President Harding.
3. Imitate a "3"-piece band.
4. Sing some popular song.
5. Walk lock-step—"3" times around the room.
6. Pretend you have the toothache—appeal for sympathy to other guests.
7. Talk "3" minutes about the League of Nations.

These directions are merely suggestive. Every hostess would have her own ideas about this matter.

This form of entertainment lends itself readily

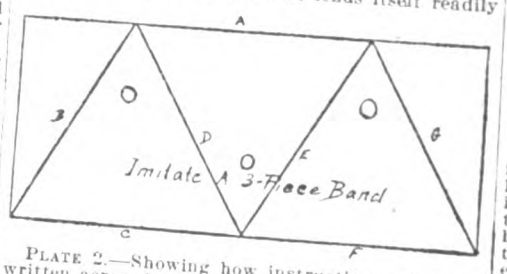


PLATE 2.—Showing how instructions are to be written across back of Plate 1 before cutting into triangles. Cut lines A-B-C-D-E-F-G.

to "money making". Charge an admission fee of three, six or nine cents.

For all failures in the various amusements exact a "forfeit" of three cents.

Sell refreshments: Ice-cream, 13 cents; cake, 3 cents to 13 cents; water, 3 cents a glass; napkin, 3 cents; etc.

Fortunes might be told by "The Three Fates" for 3 cents.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of William Milligan, last heard of in Cripple Creek, Colo., please notify his father, Mr. Thomas Milligan, Valley Junction, 608 Fifth Street, Iowa.

Does anybody know the whereabouts of C. L. Roberson, black hair and black eyes, age 30? If so, write his mother, Mrs. Isham Roberson, Jesup, Route A., Ga., who wants him to have his part of her estate.

Will any reader knowing the whereabouts of Jesse A. Crutchfield kindly write his wife, Mrs. Jesse A. Crutchfield, Greensboro, Box 588, N. C.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of kin to Harriet M. Tuttle, born in Iowa, or John W. Oldfield, born in Indiana, please write Minnie Martin, Hardin, Mont.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Max Prokup, last heard of was at Auburn, N. Y. Mr. Frank Lazoi, Canonsburg, Pa.

I would like to hear from Mollie Hudson or any of her family, last heard of in Winston, Texas, in 1905. Mrs. Thos. Wilkerson, Corbin, Ky.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Hannah Speck, last heard from in Orange Ville, Canada. Was adopted by a couple named Jull, has since been married, don't know her last name. Please notify her sister, Mrs. W. H. Davis, Red Oak, 1010 Eighth St., Iowa.

Mrs. Agnes Boyd (Agnes Todd of Illinois), would like to hear from her old schoolmates. Address, General Delivery, San Diego, Calif.

Dixie Coston would like to hear from her sister, Mrs. L. J. Norwood, last heard of in Minden, La., in May, 1920. Any information of her sister will be gladly appreciated. Address, Mrs. E. W. Coston, Camden, Arkansas.

Two Wheel Chairs in November

657 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am sorry that the wheel-chair subscriptions received during the past month were sufficient only to enable me to award two wheel chairs for



JESSE FILLPOT ENJOYS HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

distribution in November. Was it the press of fall work that interfered with your usual activity in behalf of the Wheel-Chair Club? Let us try to make up for this shortcoming by extra exertion in aid of the crippled stranger in the remainder of the year, and don't let Christmas preparations supplant duty.

The two November wheel chairs go to Ellsworth R. Shaw, R. R. 5, Anadarko, Okla., and Mrs. Ruth Williams Roberts, Idaho. The figures following their respective names show the number of subscriptions sent in by the recipients or by their friends for them.

Ellsworth R. Shaw, age 34, has been in bed since the 29th day of last March, as the result of injury to spine which paralyzes the lower part of his body and causes much pain in the back and legs. He is the father of three children and has three stepchildren. Mr. Shaw is dependent upon his wife and children for support as well as care, and this much-needed wheel chair will be a great comfort to him and help to his good wife and children in caring for him.

I am lacking detailed information as to the nature and cause of Mrs. Ruth Williams's condition, and have only the general



INEZ SMITHSON ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

of her friend, Mrs. Herman A. Olson, who in most of the subscriptions for her, to the effect that Mrs. Williams is in great need of a wheel chair.

Help me to send Christmas cheer of a Comfort wheel chair to a goodly number of crippled applicants on our waiting list, and may you be blessed for your beneficent efforts.

The pictures of Inez Smithson and Jesse Fillpot enjoying their COMFORT wheel chairs and the accompanying letters of thanks illustrate the good work of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT
Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers it is stated that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who desire they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB and claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled child or adult, the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part to help faster each month than you do yours.

Could Not Do Without Her Wheel Chair

Calico Rock, Ark.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I wish to thank you and all other good friends who helped to get me my wheel chair. Since I have known the joy of having and using it I feel that I could not do without it. I enclose a picture of myself in my wheel chair, and I hope you will print it in COMFORT so that all the readers will see it. I can never cease my praise of COMFORT. May the Lord bless this great work you are doing. Again thanking you all, I am

Sincerely yours,
Inez Smithson.

Takes Great Pleasure in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Rich Hill, Mo.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a picture of my son Jesse in his wheel chair which you sent him. He surely takes great pleasure in his wheel chair and it is a great comfort and help to him. I am very thankful to COMFORT for getting it for him. I hope the 27 subscriptions which I sent in after the chair was awarded to him will help some one else to get a needed wheel chair. I shall continue to do all I can to help COMFORT in carrying on this good work.

Gratefully yours,
(Mrs.) Matilda Fillpot

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. L. S. Copple, Ill., for Miss Leverne Copple, 45 subs; Mrs. John Zerger, Okla., for Mr. Ellsworth R. Shaw, 40; Miss Lucile Chapman, S. C., for Lucile Chapman, 24; Mrs. R. F. King, S. C., for Lucile Chapman, 20; Mrs. Geo. D. Burd, Pa., for Mrs. Mae Long, 20; Mrs. Frank Sillery, Ala., for Oscar Payne, 18; Mrs. N. P. Bradbery, Texas, for Mr. Arthur Edmunson, 18; Mrs. Geo. E. Emrich, N. Dak., for Mrs. Ruth Williams, 16; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mayme Esther Carter, 14; Mrs. M. E. Yandell, Okla., for Mr. Ellsworth R. Shaw, 5; Mrs. Ellsworth R. Shaw, Okla., for Mr. Ellsworth R. Shaw, 32 subs and $4.25; Louise Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 11 subs and $1.81; Mrs. Mary E. White, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 6 subs and $1.00; a friend, Calif., for General, 3 subs and $3.00; a friend, Wis., for Mrs. Zonie T. Peacher, $2.00; Mary L. Woodcock, Colo., for General, $1.00; Arline Vettrie, Ohio, for General, 5 subs.

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hrough the columns of this de-tment subscribers may have free ice from our eminent legal ad-r on all questions of law ex-t divorce matters.
ddress Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, ine. Sign your true name and give your address. me will not be published.

C. T. W., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, are of the opinion that your parents have a legal ht to disinherit by will such of their children as y may see fit, provided they possess testamentary acity, and provided no undue influence is exercised n them in connection therewith and provided the l is legally drawn and executed. (2) We do not nk your mother's children by a former marriage uld have any interest in your father's estate, unless ne provision is made for them by will.

Miss T. E. H., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of ir state, we are of the opinion that any person of l age and sound mind can make a will disposing of h real and personal property, but such will must in writing, signed by the testator, and attested and bscribed at his request in his presence and in the sence of each other by three or more witnesses com-tent at the time of attestation; a beneficial devise or acy to an attesting witness, or his or her husband wife, is void unless there are three other competent bscribing witnesses. The husband or wife of the tes-tor or testatrix has a legal right to waive any pro-sion of the will and receive the share to which they uld have been entitled in case of intestacy, and chil-en not mentioned in the will receive their intestacy are of the estate unless their omission from the will pears to have been intentional.

Mrs. G. E. G., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of ur state, we are of the opinion that upon the death f a married man, leaving a surviving widow, but no hild nor descendant, and leaving no will such widow hall be entitled to the real and personal estate or both the aggregate value of five thousand dollars in ad-tion to her exemption allowed by law, and if such es-ate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, he surviving widow shall be entitled to the sum of ve thousand dollars absolutely, to be chosen by her om real or personal estate, or both, and in addition ereto shall be entitled to one-half part of the remain-g real and personal estate.

J. F. J., Florida.—If your brother refuses to pay is indebtedness to you it will be necessary for you to ring suit against him to enforce the payment of same; f he has no property or income you will, of course, not e able to collect your claim.

Mrs. M. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your tate, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a narried man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving vidow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, such widow and child would receive the estate, after payment of debts and expenses, in equal shares; the widow would be entitled to remain in possession of the homestead until disposed of according to law.

E. F. T., Vermont.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in building your share of the line fence in a farm community you would be en-titled to use such trees as posts as may be on the line but that you should not use fruit or other valuable trees as posts; we think you should replace and keep in repair such of your share of the fence as may be destroyed or washed out; we think such fence should be a substantial one in order to protect yourselves against such livestock as your neighbor may keep and to protect him from such as you may keep; we think that if your neighbor fails to build his share of the fence, after the proper notice to him, he would be liable to you for any damages his livestock may do you, and that he would be unable to collect damages from you in case your cattle trespass upon his property by reason of his poor fence; we think either of you must keep your fowls upon your own property.

S. F. B., Nebraska.—We are of the opinion that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Arizona, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming.

L. W. G. Texas.—If the man with whom you had the contract failed to perform his part thereof without any failure on your part, we think you would be entitled to recover damages from him in such amount, as you can substantiate by the proper evidence you suffered by reason of his failure to perform his part of the contract.

Mrs. D. F. S., South Carolina.—In the absence of a legal adoption, we do not think the child you mention would have any inheritance rights in the foster parents' estates; we think, however, if this child can prove a contract with the foster parents for payment for services rendered them, such claim could be properly proved as a claim against the estate.

Mrs. D. C., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that no will shall be valid unless it is in writing, with the name of the testator subscribed thereto by himself or by some other person in his presence, and by his direction, and unless wholly written by the testator the subscription must be made and the will acknowledged in the presence of at least two credible witnesses, who shall subscribe their name to the will in the presence of the testator; the testator at the time of executing the will must possess testamentary capacity and must not be under undue influence from any other person.

Mrs. G. D., West Virginia.—Upder the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and all of the personal estate, absolutely; we think the appointment of an administrator would be necessary in order to settle and distribute the estate and that the widow would be entitled to the appointment as such administratrix; we think any child born to the marriage after the death of the decedent would be entitled to a child's part of the estate. We think that under the laws of Ohio the widow's share in the husband's real estate in case of intestacy would depend upon the manner in which the husband acquired such real estate.

Mrs. W. N. T., Colorado.—We do not think the validity of the marriage of the girl you mention would be affected by the fact that she was married under the name she had always used and came to know later that the same was not her true legal name, nor do we think her inheritance rights in any estate would be affected by such fact provided she can prove by the proper evidence that she is the true person entitled to the inheritance. (2) Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all wills must be reduced to writing and signed by the testator or testatrix, or by some one in his or her presence and by his or her direction, and attested by two or more credible witnesses, in the presence of such testator or testatrix. (3) We do not think a married woman's separate property, unless acquired from her husband, is liable for his debts, but that it is liable for family expenses equally with her husband. (4) We think a mortgage must be recorded in order to hold against the claim of an innocent third party claimant without notice.

G. S., Missouri.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that if you are unable to settle your claim for damages against the Railroad Company you mention, it will be necessary for you to bring an action against them for the recovery of same; it may be possible that the claim agent you mention may be offering you the small amount you mention in settlement in view of the fact that the expense of a lawsuit would cost you more than the amount you would lose in accepting his offer.

Mrs. W. W., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the chattel mortgage upon the property you mention was properly executed, drawn and recorded it would be a lien upon the property it covered and the same could not be sold except subject to such mortgage, and the mortgage could, upon any default, be foreclosed against the property in the hands of the new owner.

Mrs. F. D., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention stood in your mother's name, upon her death without a will, you would be entitled to a child's share therein, but if the property is in your stepfather's name it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived your stepfather in order for you to have had any inheritance rights in the property upon your mother's death; we think the small amount of personal effects left by your mother would scarcely be of enough value to pay her funeral expenses in case there was an administrator appointed for the administration of her estate.

Mrs. C. L. O., Michigan.—If, as you state, your husband sold your car without your consent, we think you would be entitled to recover same from the purchaser thereof upon the presentation of the proper evidence of ownership; we think your husband would be liable to such purchaser for the purchase price and such damages as such purchaser has suffered, and if he made a misrepresentation as to the ownership he would also be liable to punishment for so doing.

Mrs. G. A. H., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the widow of the man you mention was named as beneficiary in his life insurance policy she would be entitled to receive payment of the same and the payment of her husband's debts could not be enforced against such moneys, but if the policy was made payable to his estate it would be liable for the payment of his estate debts.

Miss E. K., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your mother can, by will, disinherit such of her children as she may see fit, provided she possesses testamentary capacity and provided no undue influence is exercised upon her in connection therewith, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed; we think any party in interest has a legal right to contest such will, but that such will is valid if the above requirements are substantiated.

Mrs. C. A. H., Utah.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that real estate sold for taxes may be redeemed at any time within four years by any person interested therein by paying into the county treasury, for the use of the purchaser or his legal representative, the amount paid by the purchaser, and all penalties and one per cent. a month interest on the whole from the day of sale to that of redemption, and all taxes subsequently paid by the purchaser.

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

as she saw Gillian ready to go down to dinner. "I promised to go and sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and I'm certain to be late. Don't wait up for me."

The clock was striking half-past eleven that night as Jacky slipped down-stairs from the housekeeper's room. She had listened at Gill's door and knew she was in bed and asleep from very weariness of misery. But Mr. Marchmont must be somewhere. She peeped through the curtained archway into the great entrance-hall.

There, in immaculate evening dress, stood Marchmont, speeding his last guests, with the assistance of a sleepy footman.

"Lock up and go to bed, Thomas," the master said curtly, as the door closed on Sir Simon Wellford and a man Jacky did not know. "I will put out the smoking-room lights."

The man obeyed willingly. The butler had been given leave till the next day—ostensibly to go to London!—and the first footman had had a heavy evening's work.

Jacky, in bedroom slippers that made no noise, fled like the wind to her old hiding place under the back stairs. She crouched there as the servant went sleepily by her, to lock the side door and see to the window fastenings. But the man was intent only on getting to bed, and climbed the stairs, candle in hand, with tired steps.

The passage was pitch-dark, the house deadly still, as Jacky slipped out and unbolted the door.

It was pouring rain, but, even so, the gust of cold, fresh air that came in as she let the heavy door swing ajar was heavenly to her, for her cheeks were burning. She longed to stand in the door and watch for the coming visitors, but dared not on account of Marchmont.

She need have taken no thought for him, had she known it. Mr. Paul Marchmont, confiding in the utter trustworthiness of Mrs. Gibbs, and being at no time a man to keep a dog and bark himself, was calmly dozing on the smoking-room sofa. The butler and his friends might not arrive for hours, and Marchmont had no idea of exciting himself till they did.

But they were nearer than anyone thought.

Jacky had only taken two steps from the door when a sound caught her ears; a sound of softly shod feet on gravel. She stopped short to make certain.

She was found out—lost! For the unlached door was swinging noiselessly on her. "They" were here!

There was no time to get to her hiding place under the stairs; no chance to do anything but move like lightning behind that opening door and flatten herself against the wall so that the man who opened it should not feel the resistance of her body behind it. She crushed herself against the wall as the door swung open against her. If she were caught now she would be as helpless as a rat in a trap; and even if she were not caught, she could not see them. She would never know who passed her where she stood facing the wall, and she dared not turn to look through the crack, dared not breathe, even. If they shut the door and struck a light, there she would be, standing helpless before them.

"Come on, do!" It was the voice of Brookes, the butler. She realized that it was he who held the door open, with his hand not three inches from her shrinking shoulder.

"Oh, shut up! We've the night before us. The answer made her quiver, for the voice was Lesard's. "If we'd come in the other way you wouldn't be hurrying me on, I'll swear!"

"We couldn't get in the other way; that's all rot," returned the butler sulkily.

"You couldn't, I dare say." She knew, without seeing, the smiling devil in Lesard's eyes as he spoke.

"Luckily we're not all Cockney bred. Oh, never mind the matches! Go on, and I'll follow. You ought to know the way well enough."

"I don't know who mightn't be in the house, though; we're before our time. I heard a carriage in the avenue as we came."

He went forward and vanished into the front part of the house.

Lesard swung the door to and fro, whistling, as he waited. Each time it came toward her Jacky was sure it would touch her, but it just stopped short. It seemed hours in her fright till she heard Brookes calling softly from the end of the passage.

"All clear!" he said. "Shut the door and come on."

"Oh, hang you and your door!" Lesard swore, as he carelessly kicked it shut, and, without a glance behind him, went after the butler.

He was alone then! The bullet-headed man was not there. Jacky drew a hard breath. Perhaps, if she had known that, she might have done differently. Well, it was too late now!

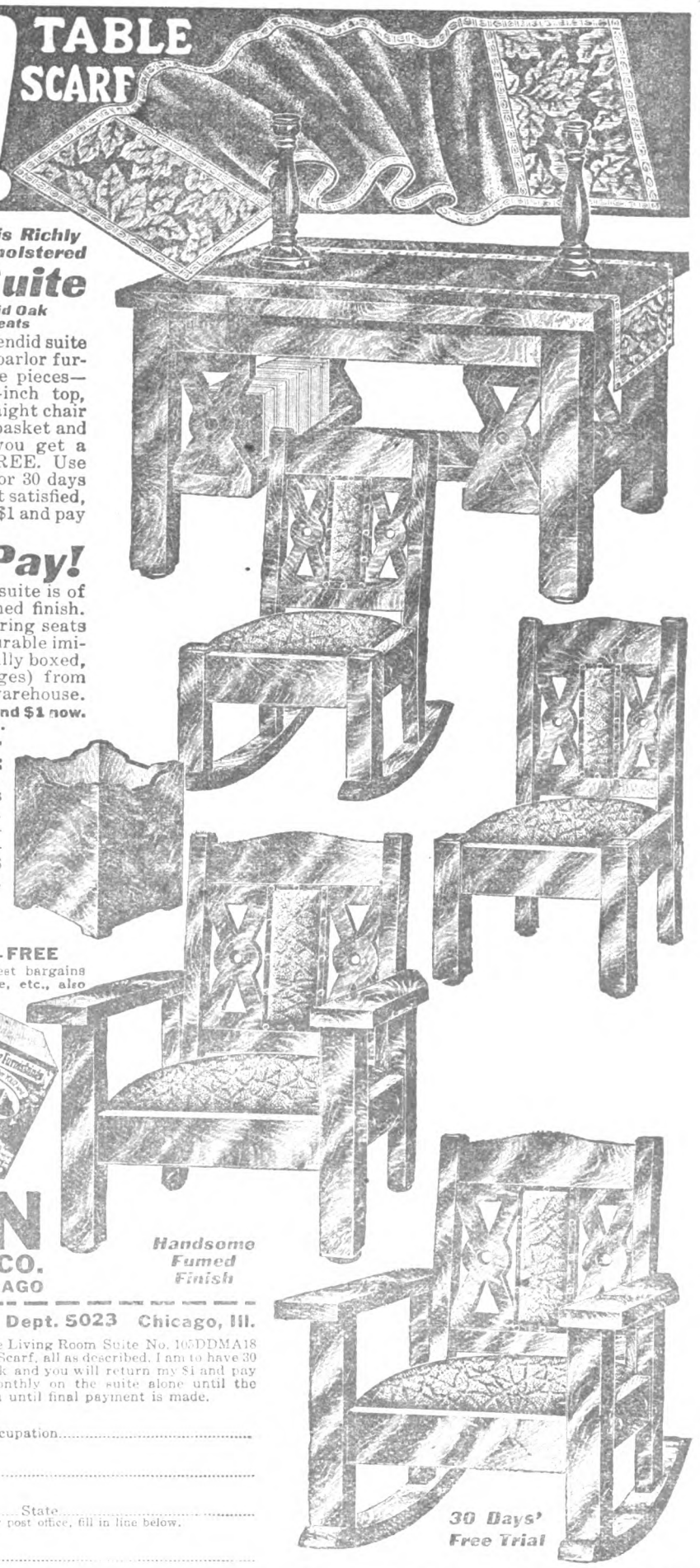
And as she thought it she little knew that chance, for the second time in that house, had saved her life. There would have been no mercy for Jacky Hamilton from Lesard if she had prayed for it all night long.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BROWN EYES, Nebraska.—Now that all friendly or closer relationship is over between you and this boy, you are entirely correct in thinking he should return the photograph and letters he has of yours when you have twice asked him to do this. Yet if he is so boorish as to pay no heeds to your requests, we do not see that you can do aught else but further lower your opinion of him and his standard of action. You see, you gave him your photo and the letters you sent him were addressed to him—so as far as actual facts go he has a right to these things if he so insists. But to insist in the face of your wishes is to show himself both unmannerly and unkind. We think you are well rid of him.

DICKY, Shell Knob, Mo.—Surely you should write to this boy again if you have heard from a third person that he has said he has not received any letter from you of late. Say that you have heard this when you write the second time and give this as your reason for your writing. Be just as frankly sincere in your note as your friendly relationship with this young man rightly demands. If he is such a nice chap, you must not let your friendship lapse through a misunderstanding, or an error in the mails.

WORRIED SUSIE, Spencer, Ind.—You are rightly worried about your escort's manners when he fails to tip his hat when with you and the occasion requires it. As your escort, courtesy demands that he must do this whenever a man or woman, of either your acquaintance or his, is met and greeted while you are together. Show him this answer and tell him he must not prove himself so unmannerly as to embarrass you. Surely if he wishes to please you he will, for both your sake and his own, comply with so simple and established a form of convention.

E. B., Greenbriar, Ark.—If you know this boy is to leave town, you may quite properly ask him what his address is to be and say that you hope you may hear from him in his new surroundings. Then wait and you will find out if he cares enough about you to write—or if the strange town offers attractions needing no pen and ink. We warn you that boys are fickle and can trade hearts as easily as towns—at least we remember we used to find them so and we do not think styles have changed much in boys.

BUTTERCUP, Pritchardville, S. C.—Wedding announcements are sent out in the name of the bride's parents, or of the nearest relatives when no parents are living. Necessarily, then, in the wording used the bride's name must precede that of the groom. Any engraver or stationer will show you proper sample forms from which you may order and be sure that the style of wording used will be correct.

M. S., Webster Groves, Mo.—Etiquette would not demand that you make any more return than written or verbal thanks to the young man who gives you this Christmas present. Yet, if you wish, and you think your friendship makes it appropriate, you can give him some simple gift which should be inexpensive and preferably of your own handiwork. Hand-initialed handkerchiefs, a crocheted tie or a knitted muffler—any of these would be correct and acceptable. If he has the sweet tooth most boys have, a box of scrunchy home-made fudge might make his Christmas—and you—seem all the sweeter to him.

UNCERTAIN, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—Surely you don't think that when a box of candy is given to a girl by a boy, it is necessary that the giver be the first to eat "in order to prove the food clean and non-poisonous"—as you most surprisingly suggest. It would be a strange situation if the girl must delay reaching for a bonbon and instead must watch if her caller turns pale and clutches madly at the expanse under his belt. In the old dangerous days kings had their "tasters," but in these piping times of Fords and constables a boy is not supposed to be offering "unclean and poisonous" gifts to his sweetheart nor should she suspect this. Any such action on the part of a suitor would be unsanctioned both by etiquette and the sheriff.

RUTH S., Springfield, W. Va.—Thanks given with a smile as sweet as his candy would be all the needed return for this boy's box of Christmas confectionery. (2) If a woman, when traveling alone, does not wish to enter the main office of a large metropolitan hotel and engage her room at the desk there, she can quite properly take a seat in one of the public rooms of the hotel and send a boy for one of the room clerks who can arrange for her accommodations.

E. H., So. Dakota.—We emphatically do not think you should write to this girl, whom you have not seen for eight years, and tell her that you love her. How do you know that you would care for her now as you did when she was fifteen and when she then only thought of you as a friend? You do not say how far she now lives from your own town, but our advice would be to go and see her and recall your old acquaintance. Then you could find out at first hand if you loved her as in "the long ago." Making love by mail is uncertain and dangerous business for happiness. If you have carried the memory of this young girl all these years she must be really dear to you, and surely your peace of heart and chance of making both of you happy demand that you see her again and give your affection a new and genuine test. Writing letters can never do this. The difference in your ages is a very suitable one. You and she might make a most happy couple—but it is up to you to find this out.

M. P., Springfield, W. Va.—Surely you do not have to ask how you "should receive" a boy who calls at your house. If you like him and are glad to see him, act this way and this will be the right sort of a reception. And when he leaves and you shake hands and say "good by," you may be sure your farewell will be correct and that he will "come again"—if he wants to and he has been wise enough to find out that you would be glad to have him. There are lots of things boys and girls may say to each other without set phrases and the conventions of etiquette. (2) If this boy caller is from a distance and his return home in the afternoon is inconvenient, it would be pleasant and courteous to have him remain for supper at your home, rather than to turn him over to the lonely and cold comfort of a country hotel.

F. H., Wilmer, Ala.—If your aunt has no objections, it would be quite correct that this boy call to see you while you are a guest at her home. See that he is introduced to her the first time he calls. After the call, and if your aunt finds him a suitable acquaintance for you, there would be no objection, we think, to his serving as your escort to local entertainments. (2) We do not approve of long engagements and we think there are many common-sense objections to such arrangements. No boy or girl should make any such bond over their affections for a lengthy period when so many incidents can happen in life and love. A two-year promise to marry would be really no promise at all, in our opinion. Do not make it and leave yourself free. When time and circumstances permit this boy to definitely ask you to marry him, let him ask you then and let your answer be given then. Later on we think you will find that our advice has been wise.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. **No attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the sender's full name and address, but we will use only initials if so requested.**

"Colt Founder"

IT is not generally understood that when a mare becomes acutely foundered in foaling the cause is infection of the womb. It is difficult for the owner to understand that lameness of the feet can proceed from inflammation of the lining membrane of the womb, but that is the case. It will be more readily understood when one remembers that ordinary founder (laminitis) may be caused by irritation of the lining of the stomach and intestinal tract induced by giving an aloes physic ball without due preparation or feeding the horse bran mashes without water, that a similar attack sometimes follows the effect of large doses of raw linseed oil when the bowels suddenly respond after a severe attack of impaction. The sensitive tissues (pododerm) of the feet, or sensitive laminæ as they are called, seem to become inflamed in sympathy with the inflammation of the mucous membranes of other parts of the body. That should be remembered and precautions taken to prevent an attack.

Retention of the afterbirth or a part of it is most liable to be followed by colt founder. In the mare the afterbirth is intimately attached to all of the lining membrane of the womb. In the cow it is only attached to some 50 cotyledons "buttons." Infection is therefore more likely to occur in the mare. In cows it is usual to postpone removal of the afterbirth by hand for 24 hours or so after calving. In mares the removal of the afterbirth is removed the better and it must be carefully done by a trained veterinarian. He will then swab out the womb with sterilized cotton saturated with an antiseptic solution and administer such a drug as quinine, hyposulphite of soda or salol as an internal antiseptic. In addition when the mare's afterbirth comes away naturally it is advisable to disinfect the womb by douching with a quarter per cent. mixture of Lysol solution and boiled water. When colt founder occurs the veterinarian should at once disinfect the womb and give internal antiseptics and counter irritants, besides local treatment of the feet. The chances of recovery are extremely poor. Prevention is all-important.

HOOK WORMS SUSPECTED.—What is the matter with my dog? He seems to be stiff, and very drowsy. He will not eat. I have given him copperas and also dusted copperas in his mouth. He is one and one-half years old and has always been sluggish.

MRS. W. L.

A.—We suspect that the dog is infested with hook worms. To destroy them, withhold feed for 24 hours and then give two drops of carbon tetrachloride in strong gelatin capsules. Be careful not to break the capsules when giving them to the dog. The treatment may be repeated in two weeks. Burn the droppings.

SUPPURATING CORNS.—I have a horse that gravelled three years ago and is still lame. The hole if the hole is not kept open. I cut it so he would not rest on it, and he is not so lame.

A.—Gravel is not the cause of a suppurating festering corn, although there is a common belief to the contrary. It is due to bruising of the sole by an ill-fitting shoe or one that has been left on too long. A similar condition may be caused by a nail driven into the "quick" or too close to it. You should have a veterinarian inject a cocaine or eucaine solution into the trunk nerves of the foot to prevent suffering, then cut away every bit of loose or under-run horn of the wall and sole. The exposed part should be well cleansed, scraped where diseased, swabbed with a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate and then packed with a mixture of one part each of calomel and nitrate of bismuth and six parts of boric acid in sterilized cotton bound on with clean bandage. Renew the dressing daily. Keep the horse in a stall while under treatment.

FITS.—I have a puppy 10 months old that runs barks and acts as though he were crazy. None of the dogs in this county act the same way. What dog has a hard fit he falls and trembles. When he gets up he runs and every little noise scares him. What is the matter and what can I do for him?

MRS. EVAN J. REES.

A.—The fits and barking and running spells mentioned are usually due to worms and hook worms have recently been found prevalent in dogs in the Southern States. The best remedy, and a most effective one, is carbon tetrachloride. The dose is one drop for each pound of body weight. It must be given in capsules, care being taken not to breathe the drug at time of administration. They are given after withholding feed for 24 hours. Castor oil is not needed afterward, but a dose or two helps, a day or two after the treatment, if the dog is badly out of condition. The dose for a grown or adult dog is two drops of the drug for each pound of body weight.

BIG DOLL FREE!



17 Inches Tall.

Big, beautiful, smiling "Mary Ann" with the wonderful hair and real eyes that open and close. SHE IS YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE if you can solve the Dolly Puzzle and will devote just a little of your spare time to help boost our paper.

This is a new and unusual FREE OFFER, and you will be surprised how easy it will be to get this big 17-inch Mary Ann Doll.

First see if you can find the funny faces hidden in the picture of the big Mary Ann Doll. Some are in plain sight while others are hidden in the folds of her dress. If you can find as many as four (4) of the faces, mark them with an X and send the picture with the coupon.

Then we will tell you how to get Mary Ann. Send your answer to the Dolly Puzzle right away. —AUNT MARTHA.

Write your name and address below and mail this ad to Aunt Martha.

Rural Weekly. Dept. 12, St. Paul, Minn.

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City ..... Rfd. ..... State ....

HOLIDAY GIFTS

High grade "fashion" pearls Rich and lustrous. Only, $4.45

GENUINE STERLING SILVER rings, exquisite mounting set with special "Fashion" brilliant. Ladies or gents. Only, $3.25.

Money cheerfully refunded, if not satisfied.

FASHION JEWELRY CO., Dept. A, 3332 Lexington St., Chicago.



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Send name and address. Many Get Away 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 boxes of our Famous White CLOVERINE Salve at 25c each, returning us $3 and 25c extra for postage and packing. Write today for pictures and sales. Ellen use Cloverine for sores, cuts, burns, etc. Orders filled same day as received. Our plan easiest and squarest. Our 35th year.

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This fine American made Watch, new style, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED to keep time; Given for selling only 8 boxes of ROSEBUD at 25c each and returning the $2.00. EASY TO SELL. We TRUST YOU. Order today.

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Self-Instructor guarantees to teach young or old to play Piano in 12 lessons. Hundreds now using this book playing beautiful waltzes, etc. Any mother can teach a child of 6. College method used. Price $1.00. Address, "Self Instructor", 746 Wesley, Oak Park, Ill.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 26.)

ve, a name that indicates in some way the location or the most important enterprise cted thereon.

If a farm is worth farming it is worth g.

A good name helps make a good farm.

It dignifies the farm home and increases alue of the farm property.

It adds permanency to agriculture and s pride in the business of farming.

A good farm name can be sold with the in just the same way as the good will of a an be sold with the business.

Certain localities have become famous and erous because of their good farms and the ctive farm names that go with them.

A good name is one of the first essentials ilding up a good reputation and a tradition e farm.

A properly chosen farm name will go far in oping that sense of pride which is a fundaal basis for a more enduring and permanent ry living.

A good farm name doesn't cost a cent; a little thought.

Feeding Winter Lambs

dden over-feeding of fattening lambs, rather continuous feeding of a narrow or proteinration, has been determined as the cause of b apoplexy," according to experiments coned under the supervision of Prof. Wing of Cor- University Agricultural Experiment Station. is not at all uncommon for those who make siness of fattening winter lambs to have as occur suddenly from no apparent cause. aps the lambs are all in good health in the ing; at noon or in the evening one or more be found dead, and there is nothing to indi- that death followed pain or struggling. Many ese cases are due to "lamb apoplexy," as can etermined from an examination of the brain, e tiny blood clots will be found.

mong feeders it has generally been believed such deaths were due to over-feeding of a ow ration, but experiments with protein-rich ons as narrow as 1:4:6 and 1:5 no deaths re- d. On the other hand, deaths did result re a wider ration was fed, indicating that e other cause than the richness of the feed to blame.

was found that deaths occurred, even with rich feeds, when some of the lambs were per- ed to go "off feed." This left vacancies at feeding rack, thus allowing others to over- . In the opinions of those who conducted the riments, there should be no deaths from lamb olexy if proper precautions were taken to keep rack spaces all occupied by lambs at each feed- and to distribute the grain equally through- the length of the rack. There often is one or e lambs that cannot stand the heavy feeding essary to fattening; they go off feed as a re- . When this happens see that the vacant ces at the rack are closed, or introduce lambs n other pens to fill the vacancies. Do not "let lamb eat for two"! This is where the danger

Large Shoats Make Gains

n average of eight bushels of corn hogged off h soy beans was required to make 100 pounds gain on 20 Indiana farms where careful rec- s were kept on this method of feeding hogs in ooperatively conducted experiment under the ervision of county agents and Purdue Agricul- al College. At 50 cents a bushel for corn, the vailing price at the time of the experiment, average cost of 100 pounds of gain was $4.20. "While the average figures show that hogging corn and soy beans is an economical method fattening hogs, there was a big variation of economy of gains made on the various farms," s J. R. Wiley, of the Purdue University Agritural Extension Department. "The things that used this variation were the size, thrift and ddition of the hogs and the methods of manage- nt followed.

"One bunch of 37 hogs, for instance, ate only e bushels of corn for each 100 pounds of gain. ey were thrifty, growthy, big-framed shoats in dium flesh that averaged 113 pounds when ey were turned into the corn and soy beans. ey gained 2.6 pounds apiece per day for 26 ys. The cost of 100 pounds of gain with corn 50 cents a bushel was only $2.61. It was hogs this kind—thrifty, growthy fellows in medium sh weighing 100 pounds or more at the start—at made the most rapid and economical gains."

Through the columns of this department subscribers may ve free advice from the eminent specialists and experts our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, e stock and dairying.
Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign ur true name and give your address. Name will not be blished.

Questions and Answers

FLAG SMUT.—Relatives of mine in Missouri have ritten to me about the damage done in their wheat lds by a new disease that they call flag smut. It ems that this has only been known in that region for couple of years. How can the disease be controlled, d is it likely to make its appearance here? Where d it come from? S. V. W., Nebraska.

A.—The new wheat disease called flag smut has made s appearance in the region adjoining St. Louis in both issouri and Illinois, but so far as is known it has not t gained a foothold elsewhere. It has, however, spread nsiderably in a restricted area, from some 72 square iles in 1921 to over 700 square miles in 1922, and oth eradication and quarantine measures employed to estrict its further spread seem to be doomed to final ilure because the spores of the disease are carried nd scattered by the wind. Losses have run as high as 0 per cent., but usually are closer to 5 per cent. where hole field average is considered. In Australia, where he disease is quite common, a loss of one-fifth of the rop is general. As flag smut spreads mainly by means f the wind scattering the spores, it is unlikely to mirate westward against the prevailing winds, and exlusion of contaminated seed from infected regions hould keep it out of Nebraska. Furthermore, several arieties of winter wheat are either immune or highly esistant to attacks, and if these are grown there will e little need to worry. Among the soft red winter heats, Red Rock, Stoner or Marvelous, Fulcaster, lammoth Red and Dietz are in this class. Of the hard ed winter varieties, Kanred, Illinois 10-110, Illinois 2-41 and Illinois P-1068 are highly resistant or quite immune. Other varieties than those listed have been shown to be highly susceptible to attack in the infected region.

WINTER CARE OF RASPBERRIES.—Please tell how to take care of raspberries for the winter in this climate. Should the bushes be tied in clumps or laid down? Also will cuttings of gooseberries grow?

MRS. H. B., So. Shore, So. Dak.

A.—In South Dakota, or any of the colder Northern States in fact where cold and dry winter winds prevail, raspberry bushes should receive some protection. This is best done by gently bending down the plants lengthwise of the rows in the late fall, and covering them with a few inches of earth. In large patches this can be quickly and easily done by plowing a furrow from each side and then finishing the covering with a shovel here and there to make the covering even. In the spring uncover the plants and straighhten up the canes. Gooseberries may be propagated either from cuttings or from rooted shoots. Probably the surest way to propagate gooseberries is by layering the branches; that is by bending down the branches to the ground in early spring and covering part of each branch with earth, leaving the end uncovered. The part so covered will readily take root. The branches thus rooted will be vigorous plants for transplanting the following spring.

GROWING CARROTS AND CAULIFLOWER.—Please tell me when to plant and how to grow carrots and cauliflower in northern Louisiana. MRS. E. B., Marion, La.

A.—In northern Louisiana you should be able to grow carrots outdoors the year around, but perhaps climatic conditions would be most favorable for plantings made between April 1 and November 1. Soil must be clean, mellow and kept free from baking. Weeding is important, particularly when the plants are small and frail. Drills are commonly made from nine to 18 inches apart; smaller varieties are thinned to between four and five inches, larger varieties thinned from six to nine inches. An ounce of carrot seed will seed about 200 feet of row, because of its small size. Carrots are of three general types, the long, half-long and shorthorn, according to their shape. There are also early carrots, requiring a growing season of about nine weeks to reach market size, when they are sold in bunches with tops attached; and late carrots, requiring a growing season of about three months, when they are usually sold in bulk or stored for winter home use. We seriously doubt if cauliflower could be grown successfully in your locality, as this crop is quite exacting in its cultural requirements. As a rule it fails in hot, dry climates, or in regions where hot weather quickly bakes and dries out the soil. It grows best in cool regions, such as eastern Long Island, where long summers with plenty moisture and little excessive heat are the rule. Perhaps your State Agricultural Experiment Station, located at Baton Rouge, can supply more complete and specific information relative to the cultivation of cauliflower in your part of the state. This information, if available, will be mailed to you free of charge in bulletin form upon request.

About Butter Starters

Readers frequently inquire about butter starters, what they do, how they are used, what they consist of, and why they are necessary. A starter is a medium containing desirable bacteria for the ripening or souring of dairy products. Starters are usually divided into two classes, natural starters and artificial starters.

Natural starters are the result of the natural souring of milk, such as sour buttermilk, sour skim-milk, sour whole milk, or sour cream. Buttermilk is the most convenient and common of starters of this kind. Artificial starters are pure cultures of lactic acid forming bacteria, which, when introduced into milk or cream, produce lactic acid and cause souring. These bacteria are isolated from milk, are cultivated in laboratories, then put into such form that they can be sent to users in good condition.

Artificial starters can be purchased at some drug stores and at all dairy supply houses. These starters are added to cream to develop the best kind of souring or ripening, doing away with the slightest degree of uncertainty as to what kind of souring will take place—a common fault with the old-fashioned, "trust-to-luck" plan of souring cream for churning.

Cream should always be cooled to below 50 degrees and kept at this temperature for at least 36 hours prior to churning. At that time it should be placed at a temperature of about 72 degrees. Natural or artificial starter should be added to the cream before it is placed at the latter temperature. When cream is ripened, cool it again to 56 to 58 degrees, and hold it at that temperature for at least two hours before churning. If this is done there will be no excessive water formation in the soured cream; this happens only when careful and more improved methods of ripening are not followed.

Label Butter Packages "15-oz. Net."

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace says that his department had discovered that several large butter packers are putting out short-weight packages, but that there is no law to reach them because of the label, "15-oz. net," on the package. The unsuspecting consumer, not deeming it necessary to scrutinize carefully, hands over the price of a pound.

The amount of earth brought to the surface of poor pasture land by worms has been calculated at as much as 18 tons an acre a year.

Ship furs to FOUKE FUR CO.

—if you have not yet shipped to Fouke, split your next shipment fifty-fifty, skin for skin, grade for grade. Send one half to the house you've been shipping to and the other half to Fouke at once. See how much more you get from Fouke. Let the checks tell the story. You will get a whole lot more for the furs you ship to Fouke, you can bet your bottom dollar on that. Quotations in most fur price lists mean nothing. It's the grading that counts and **Fouke grading makes your fur checks bigger.** SHIP NOW!

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Cut out this Tag, paste on cardboard and tie it to your next shipment

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—or if your shipment is not ready use tag above as coupon, sign your name and address and mail it today.

We will send you free samples of NOXENT (kills all human scent) and REMOV-A-SMEL (destroys skunk smells instantly), get Trapper's Pardner, lowest prices on trappers' supplies, Tags. Keep posted on fur market all season. ALL FREE. WRITE TODAY.

Top Prices for Furs!

There is a tremendous demand for furs now. World's Leading Buyers attending the Mammoth Taylor Sales have orders for enormous quantities. Prices are high and Taylor shippers always get the top of the market. Bundle up every pelt you have and send them to us today.

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Life Jobs



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Government positions have yearly **vacations with full pay. Promotion to Big Pay** positions is **very rapid.** The position is not affected by strikes, poor business conditions or the whims of some petty boss.

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Every boy or man over 16 should send coupon at once.

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Kindly send me, without any obligation whatever on my part, and entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Sample examination questions; (3) Free copy of copyrighted book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them;" (4) A list of U. S. Government Jobs now easily obtainable.

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Name .....
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For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

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GENUINE DIAMOND **4 RINGS FREE** BIRTHSTONE
WIDE WEDDING SIGNET - YOUR INITIAL

GENUINE DIAMOND, Signet with your initial, Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 8 years. Order 15 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax. Sell at 10c each. Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. Send no money. Get 4 beautiful Rings Free. Boys, Girls and Grown-ups.

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3 Piece Toilet Set Free for selling only 8 boxes of our famous **ROSEBUD** at 25c a box; a home necessity. **EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU.** Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.

Write to this firm.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. A, Woodsboro, Md.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful **curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has **a strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9872.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



52

All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1923.

All the latest **new style** Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., **add** to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them add to the assortment **a most beautiful 1923 Christmas Calendar** 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poisettia, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words, Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1923.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a **cheery Christmas Greeting,** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1923,** a large **handsome holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in **bold relief,** and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar** upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 7931.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



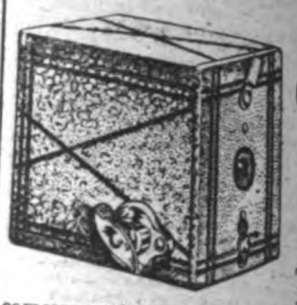
Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a number of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following liberal offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Silver Plated Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

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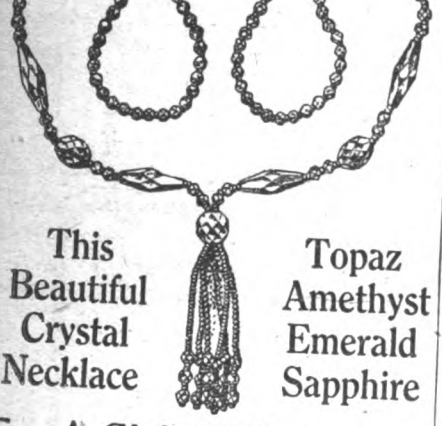


Premo Camera

THIS is a genuine Premo camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** before you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the high quality **Meniscus lens** and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. Pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regular Premo roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this may be put in the camera and taken out **again in broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you for "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., etc. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you free **Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one Premo Camera with One Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7961.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

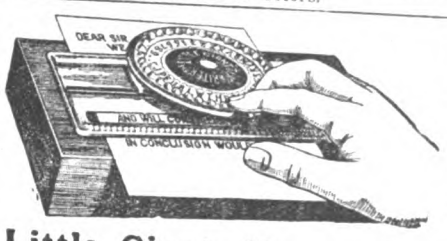
For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



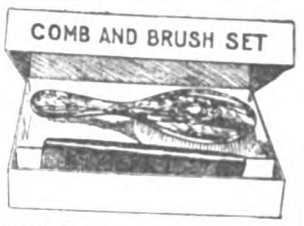
Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6 inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also you will notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than **10 seconds** by pressing down the gold on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a [illegible] inch nail polisher or buffer with [illegible]ch Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled — Guaranteed For Years



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—1¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious should be taken to your local doctor. dress, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, sta, Maine. Sign your true name and give address. Name will not be published.

s A. M., Seco, Ky.—Your trouble may be of atic origin. You might try five-grain capsules icylate of sodium after meals. Avoid sweets of ds, including pastries. Drink plenty of water to out the kidneys also. Your diet should consist sh vegetables and cereals plus milk or butter- Your constipation can be relieved by taking two oonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada morn- nd night. Also take a tablespoonful of mineral th your meals. The army liniment, so-called, you ub on the painful parts. Liniment is made of parts of ammonia water, olive oil and turpentine ich two eggs have been added.

s. N. T., Belleville, Mich.—The rheumatism men- l is due to a rheumatic condition of the general m. Have your husband take, after meals, a five- tablet of salicylate of sodium and drink plenty ater. Also iron the leg with a flatiron over flan- wrung out of hot mustard water.

ss I. B., Magalia, Calif.—The best way to remove , or other growths, is by the electric cautery. Of e this must be done by one accustomed to the use e cautery. Trichlor acetic acid also can be used. ormer is, by all means, the best and most sure of t.

ss E. P., Russell Springs, Kansas.—The mole can be removed by the use of the electric cautery in etent hands. Do not use tincture of iodin at all his purpose.

ss B. W., Pittsfield, Ill.—You probably are suf- g from too hard work. Don't think you have tu- lar disease. Try some good tonic, such as Basham's ure, in tablespoonful doses well diluted, after meals. ourse you must avoid working beyond your strength. can use a vaginal douche of solution of common Use a teaspoonful of the salt to the pint of r. Use hot.

rs. R. A., Lenah, Va.—Your father is suffering intercostal (between the ribs) neuralgia. Have take at once a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture, diluted, after meals. He can also apply, locally, l parts of camphor and chloral hydrate—combin- these drugs makes a solution.

rs. E. F., Detroit, Mich.—The latest belief is that s and warts are of bacterial origin. Have one or e removed by use of the actual cautery, and pos- the rest will disappear.

rs. T. B. M., Bay City, Texas.—You should apply lastic bandage to the legs in the morning and re- e the same at night. This will help, if not cure, varicose condition of veins of the leg.

rs. C. M., New Haven, Ky.—Your husband may enlarged tonsils and adenoids. Have him exam- at once and the tonsils removed as well as the oids if present. In the meantime have him spray nose and throat with Dobell's solution three times y. At night apply, over the chest, a mustard plas- made of equal parts of mustard and flour.

rs. J. W. M., Florence, Miss.—You better take e hot vaginal douches of normal saline solution, ning and night, for the leucorrhea.

iss L. K., Decatur, Ill.—Use no kind of ammonia superfluous hair. Have the hairs removed by use electric needle.

rs. E. P., Crowell, Texas.—You should have the tal abscess operated on and cured in this way. ere is no other way to get relief.

rs. R. S., Peoria, Ill.—For the chronic bronchitis, e a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Sodium mide, thirty grains; Fowler's solution, thirty drops; up Tolu, one ounce and water to make two ounces. place of the sodium bromide you may use ammonium ide, but in smaller quantity—about fifteen grains to two ounces.

Miss M. V., Wilson, N. C.—You have leucorrhea. uche with normal saline solution. You can also take five-grain tablet of urotropin, after meals, for the dder condition.

Mrs. M. H., New Hampton, Iowa.—You can get arburg's tincture at any reliable drug store.

"Sunflower," Neodesha, Kansas.—Your full name d address must be sent to warrant an answer.

Mrs. H. S., Chicago, Ill.—Probably adenoids cause u to sleep with the mouth open. Be examined and d out the exact condition.

Mr. B. J. H., Cannon Falls, Minn.—Your backache ust be related to some form of rheumatism. You ould drink plenty of good spring water, avoid red eats, live on fresh vegetables and avoid sweets of all nds. As a remedy, you might try fluid extract of patorium. Take a teaspoonful, well diluted, after eals. Keep your bowels free by use of some saline thartic, such as Rochelle salts. At night, also, have ur back ironed with a hot iron applied to several ickenesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water.

Miss G. M. B., Mart, Texas.—One of the best reme- es for chronic bronchitis is the iodide of ammonium combination. Try the following prescription: Am- onium iodide sixteen grains, Fowler's solution thirty rops, syrup tolut, one ounce, and water to make two nces. Take one teaspoonful after meals. You should so apply some counter-irritant to the chest at night— ich as mustard plaster made up of equal parts of flour nd Coleman's mustard.

Mrs. G. C. W., Perry, Texas.—Cannot give the name f any correspondent.

Miss F. J., Grafton, West Va.—Consult your den- ist about the condition of your teeth and gums. The rouble can be cured. Wash out the mouth three or our times a day with Dobell's solution, in the mean- ime.

Miss Z. R., Deerfield, Va.—Try, for your neuritis, which may be of malarial origin, two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals.

Mrs. Q., Cashmere, Wash.—The one "best cure" for aricose veins and ulcers is the woven elastic bandage put on in the morning and removed at night. A wet dressing of chlorozene—one tablet to a pint of water—should be applied to the open ulcer before applying the bandage in the morning. The ulcers should also have a wet dressing applied at night and retained by an ordinary bandage. Have your daughter take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals as a tonic and bracer.

Mr. C. A., Watts, Calif.—The "lump in the testicle" may be a tubercular condition or it may be a varicose condition. Better be examined by some good surgeon and follow his advice. In the meantime you can paint the testicle with tincture of iodine; not oftener than once or twice a week.

Mrs. L. B. M., Magent, Ark.—The mucous comes from the intestine. Take one or two teasponnfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada after meals, or twice a day, for the constipation. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

Mr. J. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind.—Smoking tends to keep you thin. Give up smoking and drinking strong coffee and eat more starchy foods.

Mrs. W. E., Tomah, Wisc.—Take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals, for your malaria.

Mrs. A. J. W., Wilburton, Okla.—Your druggist can send and get the tincture of larkspur for you, if he has not got it in stock. Can be gotten, as he knows, of any wholesale druggist.

Mrs. S. E. H., Okmulgee, Okla.—The cathartic pills which you are using contained belladonna probably are one of the causes of your dry throat. Try cascara sagrada pills, instead, as a cathartic. Use, also, Dobell's solution as a mouth wash or gargle.

Mrs. M. N. A., Laton, Calif.—Better be examined, as "lumps of the breast" are more or less dangerous and need immediate attention—medical or sugical. Lacerations of the womb should also be attended to and restored to normal by operation. All your pains and symptoms may be due to your sexual organs.

Miss L. F., St. Henry, Ohio.—Nervous indigestion. Take a five-grain asafœtida pill after meals.

Mrs. M. T. K., Taft, Calif.—A two per cent. solution of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rosewater will remove the dandruff. Apply the lotion at night. Epsom salts are weakening and should not be taken too often.

Win $5,000



Sam Ross Did!

$10,000 Bank Guarantee

Producers and Consumers Bank
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Public:

E. J. Reefer has deposited $10,000 in this bank to be used in awarding all the prizes in the "C" letter contest.

This Bank guarantees that no part of this $10,000 will be used for any purpose until all the prizes have been paid by E. J. Reefer.

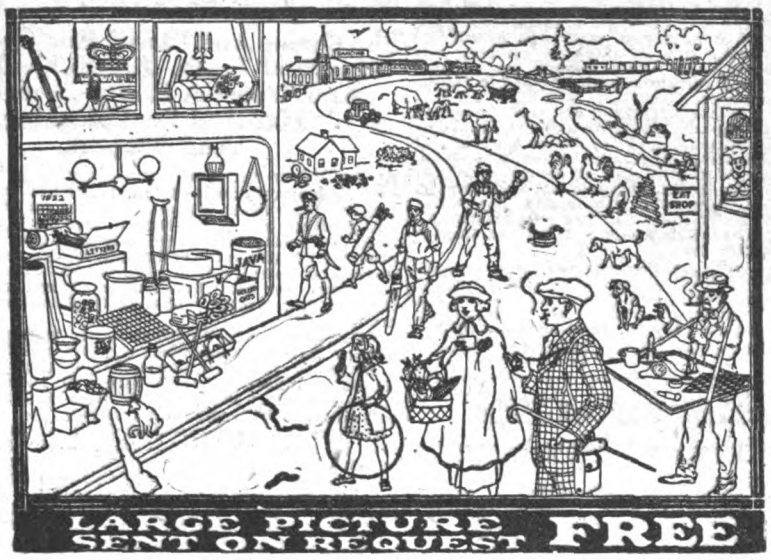
Very truly yours,
PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS BANK
by Benj. B. Bowman, Treasurer.

Mrs. Young Got $5,000



19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won $5,000 in a former Reefer Contest.

Mrs. B. R. Young, of Girard, Pa., another winner of a $5,000 Reefer Contest Prize.



LARGE PICTURE SENT ON REQUEST FREE

How Many Objects in This Picture Can You Find Beginning with the Letter "C"

There is Cap, Cornet, Cane. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverence will win.

Costs Nothing to Try!

If you send in your list of "C" words and the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "C", they will award you first prize in whatever column you qualify. If your list is second best list, they will award you one of the second prizes, etc. Get started *right now!*

Win the $5000 Prize!

You do not have to buy anything to enter this contest and win a prize!

If the judges decide your list of "C" words is best and you have not ordered anything, you will win first prize of - - - - - - - - - $50

If you send in a $1.00 order for either Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic, and your list is awarded first prize, you win - - - - $250

If you send in a $2.00 order for either product, and your list wins first prize, you get $600

But if you send in a $5 order for either product and you are awarded first prize, you get $5000

(Study the Prize List)

$10,000 in Prizes!

	If no order is sent	If a $1 order is sent	If a $2 order is sent	If a $5 order is sent
1st prizes	$50	$250	$600	$5000
2nd prizes	35	100	250	1250
3rd prizes	30	60	125	500
4th prizes	25	50	75	375
5th prizes	15	35	50	250
6th to 10th prizes, each	10	25	40	100

Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10,000 will be paid.

Besides there are 36 other cash prizes. Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10,000 will be paid. Second prize in column 4 is $1,250. Third prize $500, etc. Just think of it—40 chances for you to win.

$600 Extra for Promptness

Your word list may be mailed any time up to Feb. 15, but for every day before Feb. 15 that your order is received, a special prize of $10 for each day (not exceeding $600) will be added if you win the $5000 prize. Send order today and word list later.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your orders for $5 worth of Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic if you wish to qualify your list of words for the $5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

OBSERVE THESE RULES:

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

9—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

10—An additional prize of not over $600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded,

11—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

Goods You Get Either one of these products may be ordered to qualify in this contest, but combination orders will not be accepted.

"More Eggs"

A Wonderful Poultry Tonic

A scientific poultry tonic, used by half million poultry raisers with great success to increase egg production during Fall and Winter. A highly concentrated preparation. Makes rich, red blood. Helps the digestive apparatus. Sharpens the appetite and helps prepare for healthy egg production. Does not contain one particle of bran, or grit, or any filler. 100% concentrate. Contains every ingredient my vast experience tells me is needed to make a remarkable poultry tonic.

Two $1.00 packages. Prepaid . **$1** Five $1.00 packages. Prepaid . **$2** Economy size, or 20—$1.00 packages. Prepaid . **$5**

Washing Tablets

Take all the back-breaking work out of washday. One tablet to a tub of water. Soak clothes and rinse. So simple and easy! Wash dirtiest clothes with only 15 minutes work.

Family size, prepaid . . **$1** Economy size, prepaid . . . **$2** Jumbo size, same as 7 large $1 packages . **$5**

Start NOW!

Send in your order today. Think of the extra prize money for promptness! Qualify for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5000—which do you want?

FREE

Everyone, sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a sample package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for it today.

E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets Dept. 3049 Philadelphia, Pa.

No goods bought during this contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval. No C. O. D.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

you can estimate your income without any trouble, and the housekeeper who takes your supplies will know just what she has to pay.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. A. S.—The year-old hen must have been hurt. Is the henhouse free from rats? If they are on free range, a skunk or fox may have caught the bird, or is there any young puppy in the neighborhood? Your rations run well balanced, and as correct feeding is of great importance at this season of the year, both for the protection of table eggs and the vigor of chicks to be hatched next spring, I will give you a condensed formula for old hens and pullets. The whitewash would not hurt the birds, but their eating it showed that they needed lime and grit.

RATION 1.

1 lb.	corn meal,	2 lbs.	cracked corn,
1 "	bran,	1 lb.	wheat,
¾ "	meat scrap,	1 "	oats,
1 "	middlings,	1 "	barley.
1 "	ground oats,		

RATION 2.

3 lbs.	corn meal,	2 lbs.	cracked corn,
1 lb.	bran,	1 lb.	wheat,
1 "	middlings,	1 "	oats.
½ "	meat scrap,		

Feed with table scraps or cooked vegetables.

Ration No. 1 is especially adapted for yearlings or old hens of breeds inclined to get too fat, such as Plymouth Rock, Orpington and Wyandotte. As corn meal fed with meat scrap is very fattening, those two feeds are cut down in the ration.

With Ration No. 2, feed all table scraps available, or vegetables at the rate of five pounds daily to thirty hens.

Five per cent. of bone meal may be used in any of these mashes, and the quantity of meat scrap reduced accordingly, or two per cent. of bone meal may be added without changing the mashes.

The scratch mixture should be fed twice a day, preferably scattered broadcast on litter, three to five inches deep on the floor of the henhouse. Give about one-third in the morning and two-thirds in the afternoon, which means giving them only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes; in the evening enough to fully satisfy them.

Mash, either dry or moist, must be fed in addition to scratch grain. Dry mash is kept constantly in a hopper before the hen. Most mash is fed only once a day, preferably in the morning or at noon, and only as much should be given as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. A moist mash is more convenient and profitable for a small home flock, as all table scraps and cooked vegetables can be mixed with it. Moist mash is improved if mixed with milk instead of water. The quantity of the meat scrap mixed in the mash can be reduced in proportion to the garbage and milk used. A light feed of moist mash sometimes may be fed to supplement the dry mash to pullets in the fall, if they do not eat the dry mash freely.

If hens show a tendency to become too fat, make them work longer for their feed by feeding the scratch grains in a deep litter; feed less scratch grain and reduce the quantity of meat scrap in the mash. It is sometimes necessary to close or hang up the dry mash hopper until noon to make the hens work harder for their feed. Feed the same rations or combinations of feeds throughout the year, and do not try to force the moult prematurely by special methods of feeding or by abnormal rations.

The feeder must use his own judgment in deciding how much grain to give the hens, as the amount of feed which they will eat varies with different pens and at different seasons of the year. They will eat more feed in the spring when laying heavily than in the summer and fall when laying fewer eggs. A fair general estimate is to feed about one quart of scratch grains and an equal weight of mash (about one and one-half quarts) daily to one of the general purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds or Wyandottes, or to sixteen hens of the smaller or egg breeds. This would be about seven and one-half pounds each of scratch grains and of mash daily to one hundred Leghorns, and about nine and one-half pounds of each to one hundred general purpose fowls. If hens have free range or large yards containing green feed, a general purpose hen will eat about 75 pounds of feed in one year, and a Leghorn will eat about 55 pounds, in addition to the green stuff consumed.

Meat scrap, or some other animal feed high in protein, is the one essential constituent of the mash which cannot well be omitted. Skim-milk, or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap. The milk may be used in mixing the mash if a moist mash is fed, or it can be kept before the fowls as a drink. If clabbered and fed thick like cheese, hens will eat enough of it to replace all the meat scrap needed. A little bone meal makes an excellent addition to the mash, or it can be used to replace part of the meat scrap. Green cut bone, if fresh and sweet, will also take the place of meat scrap if fed at the rate of one-third to one-half ounce daily to each hen. If too much is fed it will give the fowls diarrhea or looseness of the bowels.

High vegetable protein feeds do not entirely replace meat or animal protein feeds to advantage, but in sections where they are produced may be used to replace one-fourth to one-half the meat scrap. Of the high vegetable protein feeds, cottonseed meal has given us the best results, followed by peanut meal, soy bean meal and velvet bean meal, named in the order of their values. Not more than one-tenth of the mash should be composed of cottonseed meal, as the use of a large proportion of the cottonseed meal cuts down the egg yield materially, and may affect the quality of the eggs, producing spots and blotches on the yolks which make them look bad. Other high vegetable protein feeds which can be used with success for poultry are gluten and linseed meal.

Green feeds should be supplied to hens confined in small yards and also to all hens during the winter. Good kinds of green feeds are alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages and mangel beets. In ordinary cellars cabbages do not keep so well as mangel beets, so they should be used up first. Cabbages may be hung up in the poultry house; the beets are usually split and hung on a nail on the side wall of the pen about a foot above the floor. Vegetables which have been frozen can be thawed out and fed to the fowls but do not keep well after thawing. Clover and alfalfa may be cut into one-quarter to one-half inch lengths, or they may be bought in the form of meal.

Keep oyster shells and grit before the hens all the time. These substances are an inexpensive but quite necessary part of the ration. Hens will eat about two pounds of oyster shell and about one pound of grit each in a year.

H. L. F.—There are both brown and white Chinese geese. Possibly your stock came from a cross between the two varieties. Yes, you could improve your birds. Select females which are all white, and mate them to a thoroughbred gander.

J. T.—From your description, I should say the little chick had received some accidental injury, as the bird seems perfectly well and strong. No, it is not natural for Wyandottes to be so slow in getting their feathers. Was the breeding stock strong and healthy? Or have you been inbreeding? If so, you must get new males before next season. Perhaps your method of feeding is to blame. Give them milk to drink, and some sort of animal food, such as beef scraps or bone meal.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something **as good as a movie show** for the children the **year round** — the wonderful new Film-O-Scope with a powerful magnifying **lens** — and with it we give you **free** a big collection of 125 Views from real **moving picture films.** These views, when looked at through the Scope, are **magnified** many times and stand out as **real and life-like** as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading **movie "stars"** and scenes from their **best pictures** are included in the collection and there are **no two alike.** As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one experiences about the same pleasure as that derived from a regular movie show and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired, they furnish a **never-ending, joyful entertainment** for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT'S boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them **absolutely free** by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8741.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl —a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents **for the little folks and older children as well,** COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—**horns, dolls, whistles, musical rifles, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are **a foot and a quarter long,** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1012.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?



Her Arms, Hands, Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. **And just think—** a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful Christmas present for some little tot in your home!

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silverold buckles.

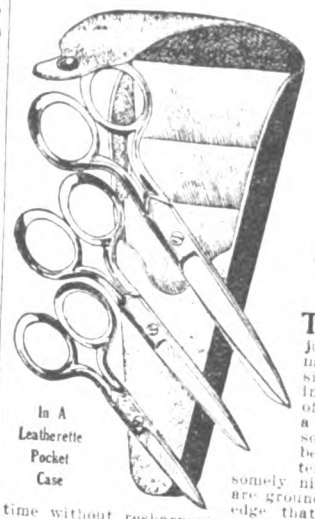
Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Scissor Set



In A Leatherette Pocket Case

Reward No. 9093

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9093.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Toilet Set



THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 4½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this fine Three-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7635.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Here's Your Christmas Surprise Box!



50 Beautiful Christmas And New Year Post Cards.

THESE are the **prettiest, daintiest cards** you ever saw, all **new designs this year,** exquisitely done **in bright, harmonious colors,** and **handsomely embossed.** Of course you cannot give Christmas presents to **all** of your friends and acquaintances—none of us can afford to do that—but you **can** send them a **loving remembrance** when you get this Big Surprise Box by mailing each of them a beautiful Christmas or New Year Greeting Card that they will never forget. In this Box you find cards to send to **baby, the older children, father, mother, grandma and grandpa, too.** There is old **Santa Claus,** or **"Kris Kringle"** with his **big, smiling face, bright, cheerful, twinkling eyes and long gray beard; Christmas Bells, Cute Little Children, Holly, Evergreen, Snow, Birds,** and many other beautiful designs all glowing **with the happiness and cheer of the glad Christmas season.**

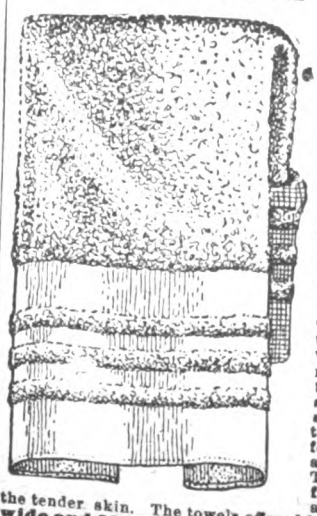
Each card carries a Merry Christmas or New Year greeting in the form of **a pretty verse or touching sentiment** expressed by a great mind. The designs are all lithographed in exquisite colors on the **finest cardboard** and finished with **plain and tinted backgrounds.**

Christmas will be here **almost before you know it,** so don't delay, but send for **your** Christmas Surprise Box **today.** It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Christmas Surprise Box containing 50 beautiful Christmas and New Year Post Cards free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 8711.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



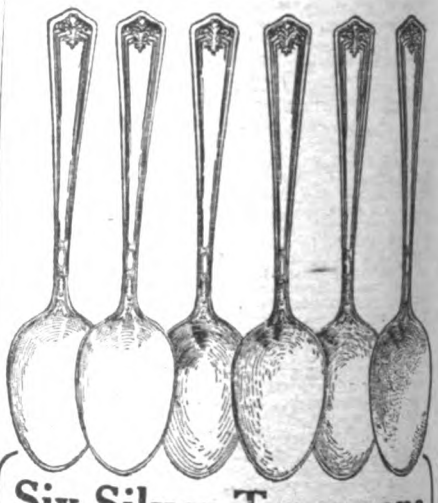
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine **for baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Silver Teaspoons



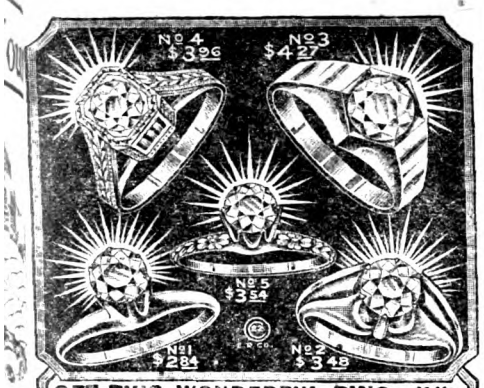
The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

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No. 3—Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring $4.27
No. 4—Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish $3.96
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All Given

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SONGS Clean, catchy, popular songs for the home. Big variety of ballads, comics, novelties, coon songs. Beautiful lithographed full sheet music. Latest Hits: "Mammy's Twilight Lullaby," "Old Fashioned Rose," "Swanee River Blues," "57 Varieties of Sweethearts," 30c each; many others. Also complete line of plays, recitations, drills, etc. Big entertainment catalogue free.
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

MERRY Christmas! This greeting is as old as, well, as old as Christmas but no other means so much, and I wish every one of you the best Christmas you ever had—until next year. Don't let the day come and go and leave you with ill feeling toward anyone else. Remember, "The kindness of Christmas is the kindness of Christ. To know that God so loved us as to give His Son for our dearest Brother, has brought human affection to its highest tide on the day of that Brother's birth. If God so loved us, how can we help loving one another?"—*Babcock.*

PAT, Indiana.—Have patience, my dear girl. Seeing a young man twice a week, for six weeks, may be enough for you to decide that he is *the* one and only for you, but mother is apt to be more cautious. She has your interest and welfare at heart and if she refuses to allow you to go out with him, unattended, it is because she hasn't decided yet whether or not he is to be trusted with her little girl, for that's how she regards you even if you have reached the venerable age of seventeen and a half. Be content to let matters remain as they are for a while.

PEGGY, S. C.—A narrow-minded or ignorant person might consider the girl with bobbed hair not "nice" but it wouldn't make her so. Hair is hair, and morals are morals, and lack of the former doesn't mean a corresponding lack of the latter. In fact, the girl with long hair is as likely to be short on morals as a bobbed haired girl. Personally, I don't care for the latter unless it improves a girl's appearance, and so many times it doesn't. (2) There's no set age at which girls begin to keep steady company with boys. It depends upon the girl, and her circumstances. Ordinarily a girl should be through school, but if she gets "through" school at fifteen or sixteen she should wait until she is eighteen, at least. (3) Proper diet and exercise will reduce weight. Read Katherine Booth.

EDITH, W. Va.—If you've talked your affairs over with your mother then you'll have little need for my advice. However, I love to give advice. Have your mother invite him to your home, she can find a plausible excuse for it, and if he still cares for you he won't be slow in making the most of the opportunity given him. It shouldn't be necessary for you to make advances, just be your kindly, friendly self and let him do the rest. Of course if you are a wee bit kinder and more friendly than usual it won't do any harm.

BLUEBELL, Wis.—More misunderstandings and heart aches are caused by stubbornness and lack of frankness than from any other cause. If you feel that a third person is the cause of your friend's coolness toward you, go to him and ask him what has happened. Tell him that you value his friendship and that if you have unknowingly done anything to forfeit it, you wish to make amends. (2) Wouldn't it be possible for you to attend the school parties with other girls and boys, not necessarily an even number, rather than confining yourself to one boy. A crowd of jolly boys and girls are fun, even though noisy, and much better than "twosing." It cultivates more of a school spirit, too.

BROWN EYES, N. C.—A girl of fifteen is too young to have a sweetheart. Even if he were a desirable young man my advice would be the same, and he isn't a bit desirable. The fact that he drinks at all is against him, even if he doesn't drink enough to get drunk. Maybe he hasn't money enough or he may be a regular tank. Whichever it is, forget him.

MRS. EDITH, W. Va.—If you love your husband you'll just naturally take him back. Women are like that, but don't be in a hurry about it. Have it understood that if you do go back you are to be treated differently or you won't stay back. Let him be the one to show the most love this time. He'll think more of you if he isn't so sure of you.

BROWN EYES, S. C.—If a boy really loves and respects a girl he won't "act fast the first few times he goes with her," or at any other time.

LONESOME, Wis.—How could it be a "surprise party" if you knew about it? It would seem that the originator of the idea should look after refreshments. (2) Before going to Milwaukee to work it would be a good idea to write to the Y. W. C. A. there and inquire as to conditions, and if they could find work for you with a nice family, etc. Go there upon your arrival in the city and they will be glad to assist you. (3) Why bother keeping company with a young man you do not care for?

GRAY EYES, Okla.—At fifteen you needn't be worrying about your size, and you aren't too fat, anyway. Wear your clothes loosely and suspended from the shoulders as much as possible. Don't wear corsets or high heels. Give your body a chance to grow as Nature intended it should, then later, if you want to dress in some silly fashion, it won't do quite so much harm; but we'll hope you'll have the good sense not to do it.

BOBBY AND TRIM, Mich.—No kissing before you are engaged. Winks don't mean anything. Don't sit on a fellow's knee. A chair is much safer.

OKLAHOMA BLUE EYES, Okla.—It would be impossible for me to tell you how to do your hair becomingly without knowing more about your general appearance. Experiment with different styles of hairdressing until you find the one best suited to you, then stick to it.

BROWN EYES, Kans.—It may be that your sister loves your fiance herself, which would account for her objection to your marriage to him, or she may be of a jealous nature and doesn't want you to have a husband or home of your own if she hasn't. You would be most foolish to give up your chance to happiness because of her. Would she do as much for you? Marry him and let "dear sister" find a man for herself.

MRS. O. H., Nebraska.—A mother with a six-weeks-old baby has every right to feel jealous when her husband loves other girls. Now of all times, you need to be happy and contented, particularly if you are nursing your baby. He isn't much of a man, and tell him I said so; also tell him you value your baby's health and your own health and happiness too much to let him spoil either, and if he doesn't show himself a different sort you'll stop loving him. It can be done.

IONE, Iowa.—It would be better to marry a widower of 53 than a bachelor of that age. He's already been trained and isn't so set in his ways as a bachelor. You, at 33, aren't too young for him unless you have unusually youthful ideas. Have you?

MISS L. F., Illinois.—A jealous nature is a terrible thing to have—worse than freckles or bow legs—and unless your fiance can learn to control that side of his nature you had better think well before marrying him. Have a good talk with him about it—not when he is having an attack, though—and tell him how unhappy it makes you and how fearful for the future. Give him a chance and your help to overcome it.

MARY AND ELIZABETH, Oklahoma.—After this I'll never believe in names. Mary and Elizabeth are such lovely names and to think that they belong to such silly, silly girls. At fourteen and sixteen you shouldn't have sweethearts and most certainly you shouldn't steal out of the house late at night and go car riding with boys. Keep it up and you'll be sorry as well as silly.

MARY, Arkansas.—You mean well, Mary, but you are a little bit selfish and think more of yourself than you do of your sister. Put yourself in her place—if you were left with the care of a four-year-old child and a home, at your age, as she was, it would tend to make you more serious minded and appear older than you really are. When your sister was the age you are now she had the same youthful ideas you have, but gave up all girlish pleasures and assumed the responsibility of being a mother to you as well as a sister. Now that you are older and require less care she is trying to pick up the threads of her life where she dropped them to be a mother to you. Never mind if your friends think she is old-fashioned and don't like to have her with them. Chances are her friends wouldn't have cared any more about having you around fourteen years ago. You should be more loyal to her and appreciate more all that she has done for you. Doubtless she still feels a motherly interest in you, and, candidly, would any of your friends measure up to her for unselfish devotion? Would they stand by you and help you as she has done?

BLUE EYES OF KENTUCKY.—Whatever you do, don't marry the man who drinks, breaks dates with you and lies to you. Go to school instead.

RUTH, California.—Don't fool yourself, if he really wanted to, he'd ask you to go with him. Tell him how you feel toward him and scare him away for keeps, or, worse still, give him something to laugh and brag about. Boys aren't the bashful things girls like to think they are.

DEACON, W. Va.—Money doesn't always mean happiness—though I can think of hundreds of ways it would add to mine. Whether you, at nineteen, would be happy with a man of thirty-eight, depends solely upon yourselves, your ideas, likes and dislikes, etc. It's a 50-50 proposition and if you really love him, and not his money, it's worth taking a chance.

MARION, Minn.—If you feel you are mistaken in your feelings toward him, tell him so, but be sure of it first, else you'll be writing to me to find out how to get him back.

BLUE-EYED SUSIE, Ky.—It must be wonderful to have a sweetheart "as pretty as a peach," but since he has such peachlike qualities (gets mushy) towards other girls, you had better let them have him.

BLONDE OF ARKANSAS.—Freckles are rather obstinate things to get rid of if one is in the sun a great deal. Personally I prefer sunshine to a freckleless face, but that may be because I don't freckle. (2) If your father is financially able to furnish your home better but persists in buying horses and mules, tell him you are going to bring the mules into the house for furniture, the old grey mule for a carpet, the white one for a dining-room table and the brown one for a sofa. Appeal to his sense of humor, get him good-natured and then ask for furniture. Tell him you want him to select it because he has such good taste. Men, even fathers, are amenable to flattery.

LILLIAN, Mich.—"How far should a girl let a fellow go when he takes her home?" As far as the door and no farther, absolutely and by no means, no farther. Do this and you won't need answers to the other questions you asked me.

Be good children and think of the happiness of others as well as your own.

Christmasly, COUSIN MARION.

Unmentionable

The mistress of a certain newly-rich family was talking with a young man who had applied for the position of chauffeur in the establishment.

"In this house," said the lady, "all servants are called by their last names. What is your last name?"

"Call me Henry, madam," said the young man, flushing.

The lady insisted; but the young man was quite as stubborn.

"I don't think, madam," he said, "that you would care for my last name."

"Why not?" asked the lady coldly. "What is it?"

"It's Darling, madam."—*McCall's Magazine.*

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact



A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere on-looker instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

FOR BEGINNERS OR ADVANCED PUPILS	
Piano	Harmony
Organ	and
Violin	Composition
Drums and Traps	Sight Singing
Mandolin	Guitar
Clarinet	Ukulele
Flute	Harp
Saxophone	Cornet
Cello	Piccolo
Hawaiian Guitar	Trombone
	Banjo
	Tenor Banjo
Automatic Finger Control	
Voice and Speech Culture	

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 300,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely **by note.** No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear, and the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of the music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book? Just now we are making a special offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. **Please write name and address plainly so that there will be no difficulty in booklet reaching you**

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 412 Brunswick Bldg., New York

COUPON

U. S. School of Music, 412 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Without obligation, please send me your book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

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(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me, at once, and entirely without charge or any obligation on my part, list of U. S. Government big paid positions now open to me. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and date of the coming examination in my section, sending me also free sample examination questions.

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Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

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We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advise you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 45,000 cases.

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Paralyzed

Since Infancy



Hazel Bliss was deformed by Paralysis when a baby. The photograph at right shows how her foot looked when she arrived at the Sanitarium. The picture below and her mother's letter tell what five months' treatment did.

"When we arrived at the McLain Sanitarium Hazel had a badly deformed foot and walked on her toes. When we left five months later she had a nice straight foot and walked with her heel and bottom of foot flat on the floor. I will recommend your Sanitarium to any crippled persons.

"MRS. EDITH BLISS.
"Cooperstown, N. Y."



Crippled Children

You may know some. Tell their parents of the McLain Sanitarium, which is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Diseases of the Joints, Wry Neck, etc., especially as these conditions are found in children and young adults.

Write for their book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and Book of References, mailed free.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Sure Rupture Comfort



MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157T State St., Marshall, Mich.

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The Morley Phone for the DEAF is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova (Wonder Menthol.) Return the $3.00 and receive watch or choice of 147 premiums free. Address

U. S. Supply Company, Dept. SD2, Greenville, Pa.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. C. E. B., Higgins, Tex.—Any book upon the income tax which we might recommend would prove more confusing than helpful for the simple purposes under which you might consult it. As an employee upon a ranch, it will suffice if you keep careful record of gross income throughout the year—that is, your salary, any other earnings, and any income you may derive from rent, interest, dividends, etc. When the time comes to make out your income tax report on the forms supplied by the government (obtainable through your district Internal Revenue Office or through your local bank), you will be able to note on these forms the proper spaces to enter your various kinds of gross income. There are also places to list the allowable deductions. Upon first use and inspection, the present Federal Income Tax forms are rather sure to appear complicated to the inexperienced taxpayer. If you find this the case, you have a bank in Higgins, we note, and you should consult your local bank officials who will be glad to aid you over a beginner's difficulties in helping Uncle Sam pay his debts. This aiding of a customer over the uncertainties of the income tax is becoming an established part of the service offered by banks. COMFORT readers will note this, we hope, and act accordingly when in doubt. But the Government during January and February sends agents of the Internal Revenue Department to the larger towns and cities in each collection district to assist people in filling out their income tax returns, and announcement is usually made in the local papers.

MRS. F. W. M., Flatonia, Tex.—The coin you describe is a Mexican cent and would command no premium as a rare coin. We appreciate the trust you kindly express in COMFORT'S helpfulness.

W. B. C., Seagrove, N. C.—In our country the terms Whig and Tory came into general use during the American Revolution. Those adhering to the British crown being called "Tories," in opposition to the patriotic party who were known as "Whigs." Later on these words ceased to have political significance until the year 1832. Then the party opposing Andrew Jackson took the name of Whigs. This party again disappeared from the political horizon in 1854. The derivation of the word "whig" is said to be from "whiggamore," a name applied to drovers in certain parts of Scotland. By various ways this term became one used to denote all who opposed the King or court party and, as may be seen, was thus used in the same sense when the word became a party name in America. "Tory" is said to spring from an Irish word used originally to indicate the "most savage of Irish." In 1679 the word came into use in England to furnish a caption for all those opposing the bill to exclude the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. Although the term "whig" has dropped out of common use in our country, the word "tory" still has a good standing in the vocabulary and has come to mean any person of strong conservatism and who prefers to hold always to "things as they are." (2) There is no simple rule by which a plank tapering in width could always be accurately divided to give the same area in each half. Such a problem can only be worked out by the long and rather difficult routes of higher mathematics. In the problem you give us, your sixteen-foot plank could be divided into halves of nine feet, eight inches and six feet, four inches. This would give approximately the same area in each half of the plank of varied width. (3) No more than you, we regret to say, do we know how John Archdale obtained his share of your state's soil in the time when North Carolina was a province granted by Charles II to eight of his lucky noblemen. We are sure there must be a State Historian or State Historical Society in North Carolina. Why not take this problem of early local history to them for solution?

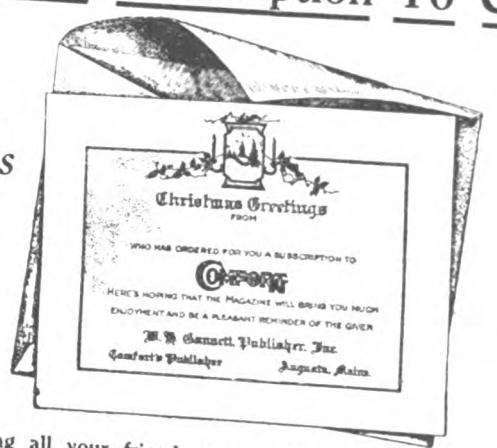
MRS. W. F. E. O., Opstead, Minn.—If land has been posted with signs forbidding hunting thereon, no hunter would have the right to pursue deer or other game across this land, even though he had previously wounded the game he was in pursuit of. As to possession of the wounded deer, the law is that property in any wounded wild animal cannot vest until the creature is actually captured. Your neighbor or anyone else might later capture this wounded deer, and you could have no valid claim through having first disabled the animal. (2) If you have your land posted forbidding hunting thereon, you have right to cause the arrest of those committing such trespass, but you would have no right to take the law into your own hands and seize such game as you may think was killed upon your property. (3) You do not tell us who dug this unfinished ditch and by what authority it was done, or just what permission you may have given for the digging, etc. Without such facts we cannot advise you, we are sorry to say.

C. J., Palmetto, Ga.—Your small and glass-like rock is doubtless a bit of clear white quartz or one of the various crystals. Show it to some high school teacher who has a knowledge of mineralogy and let him identify it for you.

J. C., Springdale, Ark.—You ask a most difficult question and one that it is practically impossible for us to answer in the way that you would wish. Thousands and probably millions of men and women in our big country would like to obtain steady and profitable work which they might do at home. We are living in a factory age, however, and industry and production now, in all lines, means organization and machinery to obtain large output. The days of home work and handicraft are past. We sympathize much with your letter and the many like appeals which we receive from women who would like to obtain work which they might do without leaving home. Yet it is impossible to offer much encouragement to such inquirers. Really the only solution of these problems is for the one seeking to look about for opportunities in money-getting which might prove profitable to the locality. A roadside tea-room or refreshment stand, home baking, home jelly and candy making, home millinery work, fine embroidery and dressmaking—these are all suggestions possible of development. But to succeed in any of them, the necessary thing is to obtain a sale for the home work or products. And here enters in the question of brains and business ability which must play a part in all success in our competitive world. The fact remains that some people make money and some do not. There will always be those seeking opportunities—and those who get out and make their own chances of success. When restricted to home walls, the only thing to do is to watch for an opening, however, small—and to use brains and wits and hands to develop this into a source of income.

Make Some Friend Happy With A One Year's Subscription To COMFORT

As A Christmas Present From You



We Will Mail Her This Greeting

SURELY among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT. Why not make her a Christmas Present of a one-year's subscription.

It is the **one** gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and we will also mail a handsome **steel engraved** Christmas Presentation Card with envelope to match so that **both** paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is 4x5 inches in size, beautifully **colored and embossed** with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and a hand-engraved announcement of the gift and there is a space for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and Presentation Card **properly filled out with your name as the giver** at precisely the right time.

Fill In And Return This Coupon Today

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name as the giver. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

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Post Office.....*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

State.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No......

Post Office.....*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

State.....

☞ If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

I was long-soaked in the teachings of [illegible] cord Sages, Paul. They were and are [illegible] gods to me—particularly Thoreau. [illegible] turn to again and again. There is [illegible] Thoreau's words on Friendship, in his [illegible] the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." [illegible] feeling behind them, but they do not [illegible] subject from so many golden sides as do the [illegible] tences of Emerson in his collected [illegible] latter's effort is a mine of quotable [illegible] thought. What is finer than, "A friend is [illegible] person with whom I may be sincere"? In [illegible] age, Paul, the words of both Emerson and [illegible] may seem too cold and detached as they [illegible] upon such a glowing subject as Friendship [illegible] worship of truth is too often a chilly [illegible] However attempted and finely won, the [illegible] together of greatly-sequenced words cannot [illegible] all the warm effusion of heart and brain [illegible] is a comradeship no written words can [illegible] and no printed page image.

Paul, you should make a good teacher. [illegible] and yourself have taught you much already [illegible] you will have just so much more to give [illegible] what you know—and give yourself to [illegible] teach and make yourself worth the giving [illegible] teach humbly, remembering that however [illegible] edge may come by rote and rule—wisdom [illegible] the soul itself and as infinite and eternal as [illegible]

League Shut-ins and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the [illegible] of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from [illegible] ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary [illegible] Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Myrtle King, Vivian, Box 422, La. [illegible] to sixty-seven pounds and with a baby and [illegible] small children on her hands, this poor woman is in sore straits. She needs prompt help in [illegible] and clothes. Miss Callie D. Barefoot, Fayetteville, R. R. 2, Box 66, N. C. Dependent, helpless, has not walked for thirty-six years. A little money will help her to comforts that will ease pain and long confinement. Mrs. Hattie Lee, Leander Biscoe, Ark. Unable to support herself because of a long illness, this unfortunate woman turns to COMFORT readers for help. Give her a hand to aid her struggle. Miss Rosa B. [illegible] Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 57, Va. A patient sufferer for many years. Help her as she has asked. Mrs. Martha Clark, Spring Hill, Tenn.; [illegible] Bird, Dalton, Ga.; Mrs. Bertha C. Smith, [illegible] St., Portland, Ore., and Mrs. Mary J. [illegible] Brooklyn, Md., all send earnest letters of grateful thanks to COMFORT readers who have generously aided them and whom they are unable to thank with personal letters.

A little cheer, a little cash, a few warm clothes will make all the difference between a sad Christmas and a merry one for these shut-ins and [illegible] ones. Give them a chance for happy holidays for a bit of real Christmas in their shut-in lives during this season of gifts and good will.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers. It costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members is doubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

nts—Sell necessities like Tea, Coffee, g Powder, Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps and products; used every day in the year; over and over again. Every home a ner and a regular user. The smart and enced agents handle this line, why not Write today for money-making plan; delay. Territory going fast. American cts Co., 7856 Amer. Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Start You In Business, furnishing thing; men and women, $30 to $100 y operating our "New System Candy ries" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. er Ragedale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

ents—Write for big soap offer. Quick r, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 st St., St. Louis, Mo.

Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex- s, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un- sary. Carnation Co., Dept. 151, St. Louis.

gents: $40 a week selling guaranteed hos- for men, women and children. Must wear nths or replaced free. Write for sample t. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

ean up $100.00 weekly from now till stmas with "Nifty Nine." Weekly aver- 100 sales-dollar profit each. 30-40 sales frequently made. Demonstrating outfit hes order. 30 other coin-coaxers. All for Christmas gifts—several at each e. Big rush now starting. Get free sample t offer. Postal brings our unique plans. is Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

gents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales— Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium e to every customer. Simply show our utiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle lery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., Madison St., Dept. 32-F, Chicago.

5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New le Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or re- ed free. No capital or experience required. show samples, write orders. Your pay in ance. We deliver and collect. Elegant out- furnished all colors and grades including s- wool and heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills , Desk 5412, Cincinnati, Ohio.

00% Profit. Quick seller. Klean-Rite Magic shing Compound. Washes clothes without oing. Sells 25c, you make 18c. Samples free. stever Prod. Co., 1941-E, Irving Park, hicago

arge Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. clusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. adison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beau- ul Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard ods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book over 1000 handsome fabric samples fur- shed to agents. Write today. National Im- rting & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, ew York.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad d asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes othes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manu- cturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sell the latest nationally approved cook- g utensil, the Squire Broilet. Sells on sight. onvenient to carry and show. $90 profit week- easy for live agents. Get full details from . G. Squire Mfg. Corp., 280 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Sales Agents. Year round employment. o layoffs. Newest hosiery. Written guar- ntee of satisfaction or new hose free. Liberal ay. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 623, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Two coats n one. One side dress coat, other side storm coat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., Coat 1417, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make big money the year 'round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 8, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Big Money Selling Nomis Guaranteed Silk Hosiery. They'll sell absolutely on sight! 4 pairs women's Silk Hosiery in Christmas Boxes, $5. 4 pairs men's silk hosiery in Christmas Boxes, $5. Also silk and wool stockings for men and women; black, and colors. Write for our proposition. Nomis Knitting Mills, Dept. C, 34 S. 17th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents, Demonstrators Making $20 daily selling newly patented E-Z-4-in-hands, latest, most novel Men's Neckties ever put on market. Styles take big; sell on sight. Double your money. Send $1.00 for three trial samples. Write quick for territory. E-Z-4 Manufacturing Co., Suite 1507, 920 Broadway, New York.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet pictures, medallions, merchant's signs, waterproof and tea aprons, silk and wool hose, luminous crucifixes, catalog, free 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H 12, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Risk a postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Old Worn Out Casings will give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service with Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage — any tire, old or new. Use over and over again. Low priced. Agents wanted. American Accessories Co., B-820, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents — New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 61, Fairfield, Iowa

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Hustlers! Big Money selling Cherys Quality Toilet Articles. Novel Frenchy packages. Free sample case with first order. Lee-Jackson Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, O.

We Pay $36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., 1, Parsons, Kan.

Immense Holiday Trade—Sell Beautiful Gift Boxes high grade "Velva" Toilet Preparations. Both men and women delighted. Distinctive box for each. Pleases the most fastidious. Price very reasonable. Sure sellers. Profits Big. Write Duoform Co., Dept. H 41, Attica, N. Y., at once.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit —worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 60 years. Lyons Co., 300 Logansport, Ind.

Agents. Sell rich looking 9x12 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.35. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free Samples. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

"Authentic Life of Henry Ford"—Amazing, Thrilling, Fastest selling book. Be first. $100 weekly easy. Free outfit. Hertel Co., 9 So. Clinton, Chicago.

Represent Importers: French tapestry pillow-tops, runners, magnificent Persian prayer rugs 26x46 are netting agents quick profits. Appeal instantly to women. Wildfire holiday sellers. Write today. Exclusive territory. Sample rug $3.00, tapestry $1.00, prepaid. Novelty Exchange, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

Quick Money selling Amazing Life Henry Ford. Illustrated, New, Authentic, 25 sales daily. Outfit free. Act now. R. C. Barnum Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

27,000 Records Guaranteed With One Everplay Phonograph Needle. New; different. Cannot injure records. $10 daily easy. Free sample to workers. Everplay, Desk 1213 McClurg Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors," Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—The Best Seller in years in our Super Fyr Fyter. Not a cheap tin can at "a dollar a throw" but a real high grade article, approved by the Underwriters. School boards, factories, garages, buy in quantities; also fast seller to farmers, auto owners, homes, etc. Hustlers make $100 a week and more. Exclusive territory to the right men. Write quick. Fyr-Fyter Company, Dept. 2217, Dayton, Ohio.

Tailoring Agent: Good men now earning $50.00 to $150.00 per week year around selling our wonderful $29.50 virgin wool tailored to order suits, overcoats. They sell fast because $20.00 cheaper than store prices. You get paid in advance. Protected territory, prefer experienced; will train inexperienced if right man; write J. B. Simpson, personal, 831 West Adams St., Chicago, Dept. 332.

Agents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Case Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of this month's issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 526 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati..

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Farms Wanted: Give full description and cash price. Quick sales. Leaderbrand Sales Agency, B-140, Cimarron, Kansas.

HELP WANTED

Men Over 17. Become Railway Mail Clerks. Commence $133 month. Steady. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted. Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyesight. 10c silver brings them. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Ladies!—Every woman wants This Multiple Home Sewing Outfit. Consists of an excellent collection of needles, scissors, thread, snap-fasteners, buttons, tape measure, pins, cotton and thimble for every day use. Neatly packed in a beautiful box. An Ideal Christmas Gift. Send $1.00 Today. We pay postage. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Dept. G, Hamtramck, Mich.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We pay big money for painting pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233 Spyrun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women-Girls over 17 wanted. $100 to $150 month. Steady work. U. S. Government Jobs. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list positions for women. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 9 Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Anywhere Make Money Crocheting Lingerie. Instructions, complete sample and price, 10c in silver. Paris Art Works, 1-D West Haven, Conn.

Women—Girls over 16. Learn Dress-Costume Designing. Earn $35 week up. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 501 Rochester, N.Y.

Become Millinery Designers. Women-Girls over 15. $35 week. Hundreds Spring positions. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 800, Rochester, N.Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 a week. Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$300, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

$35 Week. Boys-Men. Become Automobile Experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. L410 Rochester, N.Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly. (Which position). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted:—Mail us your Discarded Jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges, Watches, Diamonds, Silver, Platinum, and Old False Teeth. Money sent by return mail. Packages returned at our expense if offer is refused. U. S. Smelting Works, (The Old Reliable) Dept. 8, Chicago

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Start a cleaning, pressing, dyeing shop. Splendid field, big profits. Plans free. International System, Dept. 29, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

POULTRY

Plans for Poultry Houses! All styles 150 Illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 75, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOOKS

Free Book. Prophet Elijah must first come said Jesus. Convincing Bible Evidence. Send at once. C. Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

Think is a book that teaches you to Think. Postpaid, $1.00. Earn money selling Think. John James, Box 912, Nashville, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Com- panies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

$10 to $50 down starts you on 20, 40 or 80 acres near hustling city in Lower Mich. Bal. long time. Write today for Free booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy America's leading writer's magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 809 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

PHOTO FINISHING

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 2c each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attach- ment works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Washing Compound. Will remove dirt, grease and stains of all descriptions without fading any colors or injuring any kind of cloth. A life time receipt. Send fifty cents in coin (stamps not accepted). Dept. A, Box 178, Clinton, Tenn.

SALESMEN WANTED

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Laverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1161 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MUSICAL

Join our Sheet Music Club and receive latest popular music of all publishers. $1.00 Year Plan. Write today for details. Sheet Music Club, Suite 709, 1545 Broadway, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 60 acres at Ballico, in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36½ years with five per cent interest. Money advanced for improvements and dairy stock. You can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, excellent schools. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

$500 secures 80 acres with 3 cows, horse, poultry, implements, 60 bu. oats, 25 bu. potatoes, 12 T. hay, 3 T. fodder, firewood, about 75,000 ft. timber, 10 a. growing pine, 5-room house, barn; $1,300, only $500 needed. Details page 80 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Federal Game Law Violation

That it is becoming a serious matter to violate the Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act is evidenced by the fact that a violator in New Jersey was recently fined $200 and sentenced to 10 days in jail for killing wild geese after the close of the Federal open season. The geese were killed during the latter part of February, whereas, January 31 is the last day that the Federal law permits the hunting of migratory wildfowl, including ducks and geese, anywhere in the United States.

The Story of Perpetual Motion

There are times when it is just as interesting to find the date when something stopped as to find one when something started.

Among the latter is the year 1772 when it was finally decreed that no such thing as perpetual motion could be produced by human hands.

Prior to that date, practically every scientist of note had tried to produce a piece of machinery that would move on forever.

It remained for Sir Isaac Newton and the French Scientist, De la Hire, to demonstrate beyond doubt the impossibility of attaining it.

Quite a little time passed before the scientific world in general was willing to accept the Newtonian theory, but finally the French Academy of Science at Paris, in 1775, publicly declared that perpetual motion was an impossibility and thereby branded all those who still insisted upon experimenting with it as charlatans.

The Distillation of Liquors

It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain when and where the first distilled liquors were made and many nations assert the right of priority.

What we know, however, is that 2,000 years before the birth of our Lord, the Egyptians had the wherewithal to drown their sorrows in something that would not be permitted under the Volstead Law in the United States.

The other countries who lay claim to the invention are China and India.

In 360 B. C the great Greek philosopher and scientist Aristotle made very particular mention of the manufacture and effect of distilled beverages.

The Irish say that St. Patrick taught them the art of distillation. However this may be, it is a fact that during the first English invasion of Ireland in 1170, any number of stills were found which, however, did not surprise the invaders, because as early as the sixth century a Welsh troubadour by the name of Taliesin had penned a lay on strong drinks.

Not Guilty

Adam P. Leighton of Portland, according to the Boston Globe, was the originator of the picture postal, but did he also originate that famous phrase, without which the postal is null and void: "Wish you were here?"—*Lewiston Journal.*

No, nor can you hold our distinguished citizen responsible for that other bromidic phrase: "I'm having the time of my life!"—*Portland Express.*

The twenty-seven States of the Mississippi Valley region are seeking Government support for development of their water transportation, through the operations of the Shipping Board Act.

Height

"Is that young woman dressed in the height of fashion?"



"Judging from the distance between ankle and skirt she must be."—*Washington Star.*

She Must Be a Peach

George Pinkus is in the City Hospital. He is not yet out of danger. A trained nurse is in constant attendance.

(*Western paper.*)

Flippant Flappers

It is not by her garments new
And neatly dapper,
But by her flippancy that you
Can tell a flapper.

(*Washington Star.*)

It is not by garments old,
Or morning wrapper,
But by her finery that you
Can tell a flapper.

(*Luke McLuke.*)

It is not by her garments few,
Or "jazzy" chatter,
But by her "war paint that you
Can tell a flapper.

(*Brooklyn Eagle.*)

Though you may tell a flapper, boys,
If I get in Dutch,
I want to warn you just the same—
You can't tell her much.

(*Portland Express.*)

But if the passing of the flapper
Brings sadness to your heart,
Just remember, boys, that there's great
Rejoicing on her mother's part.

(*Anon.*)

$1.00 Down
Brings This 6-Piece Library Set



New Set with Solid Comfort Morris Rocker

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this positively sensational furniture bargain—Straus & Schram's newest offer—on 30 days trial. An entire roomful of furniture—6 splendid pieces, fumed solid oak—**including a wonderfully luxurious and comfortable reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest and adjustable back**—at a slashed price that is positively sensational when you consider the value, the usefulness and the supreme comfort of this set. A few months ago a set like this would have cost you $45.00. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to offer you this complete set, 6 splendid pieces, at only $33.80, and on easy payments of only **$3.00 a month** — less than you can duplicate this set for elsewhere, even if you paid spot cash. Get this special price, special terms, and special comfort. Seize this opportunity and our special offer—we take all the risk.

30 Days Trial—Only $3.00 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish — the fine upholstery and graceful lines which lend character to all the pieces. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest that only a Morris rocker will give, with foot-rest and adjustable back extended, affording every possible comfort of a couch. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter, more beautiful and more luxurious. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price — **even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain — you alone to judge — return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $3.00 a month until you have paid $33.80—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them while you enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture including a luxurious and unusually comfortable full reclining Morris rocker with disappearing foot-rest. A full year to pay — at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.**

A Room Full of Furniture

6 Pieces
Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Morris Rocker has the real comfort giving features of the Morris chair and couch, as well as the additional advantages of a rocker. The back is adjustable to 3 positions, affording great comfort and luxury. Foot rest can be extended or hidden entirely under seat. Seat measures 20 x 20 inches, width of back 27 inches, height of back from seat 28 inches. Arms 4 inches wide.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Library Table — a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs, with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2-inch stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¾ x 34 inches.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 inches, height 35 inches.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ inches high, the top 12 x 12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 230 pounds.

Order by No. B7340A. $1.00 with coupon, $3.00 a month, price $33.80.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3049 Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set No. B7340A. $33.80.

*Name*_____

*Street, R. F. D. or Box No.*_____

*Shipping Point*_____

*Post Office*_____ *State*_____

If you only want catalog put X in box below.

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Get this Offer—Send NOW!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial — we take all the risk — costs you nothing if not satisfied — no obligation. Send coupon today — NOW.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.

Straus & Schram, Department 3049 Chicago, Ill.

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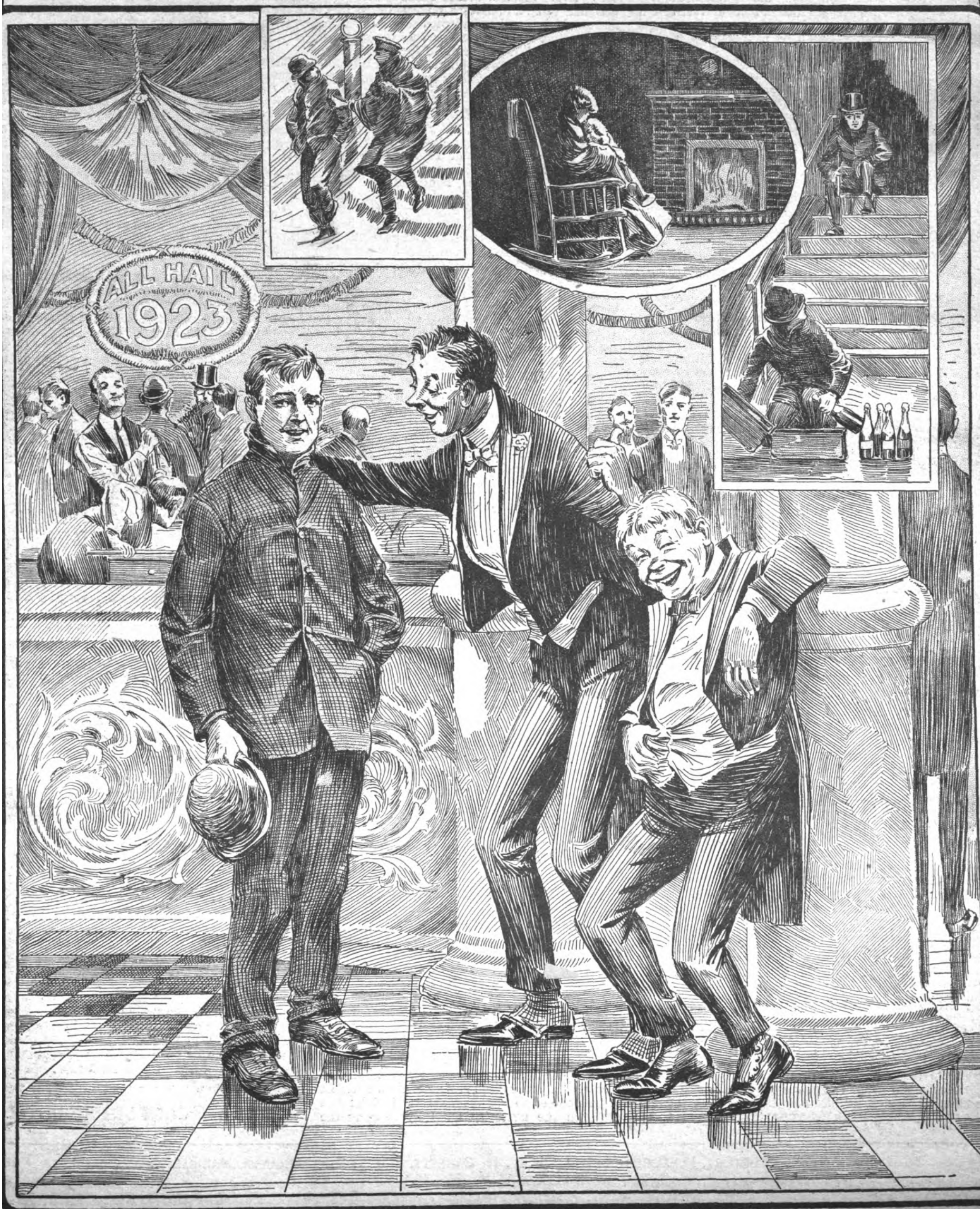
NEW YEAR NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

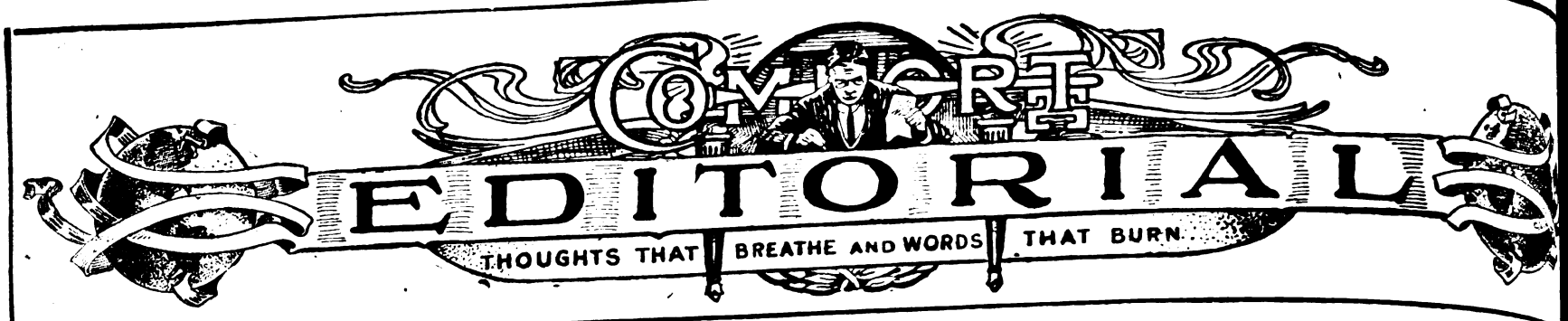
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Anti-Socialist Revolution in Italy Inspires Uprising against Bolshevism in Other Lands

THE recent anti-Socialist revolution which has rescued Italy from impending disaster, and the anti-Bolshevist demonstration that quickly followed in other lands, are hopeful indications of a wide-spread and growing revulsion of public sentiment against the Communist movement that has wrecked Russia, brought Austria and Italy to the verge of ruin and has become a serious menace in other countries, including the United States.

After the World War Italy found herself floundering and nearly submerged in the wave of Bolshevism that swept westward from Soviet Russia The "Reds" (that aggregation of radicals symbolized by the blood-color of their banners and other insignia, and comprising Socialists, Communists, Bolshevists, Anarchists I W W's and what not, all striving, though perhaps with somewhat different aims, to overthrow not only the constituted governments but even the existing social order on which present-day civilization has been upbuilt) became rampant and through political activity or by lawless violence, frequently by both combined, got control of a large part of Italy, including agricultural as well as industrial sections and important cities.

Following the example of the Russian Bolsheviki who had confiscated all factories together with their finished products, stock unmanufactured or in process, and including even the ready cash and bank deposits without compensating their owners, the wage-earners in the "Red" districts of Italy forcibly took possession of the industrial establishments in which they were employed, drove out the owners and worked the factories for their own benefit, dividing among themselves the entire profits which they confidently expected to yield them much more than they had been receiving as wages The dispossessed owners were compelled to submit to this species of robbery because such of the local officials as were not in sympathy with the "Reds" dared not oppose them, and in fact were powerless to do so.

Soon the hired farm laborers became infected with Socialistic ideas and consequently agricultural interests suffered demoralization. There were numerous strikes attended by violence and intimidation by employees of the municipalities and in other branches of the public service, inflicting hardship and suffering on the people. As an illustrative instance may be mentioned the strike of the employees of the lighting system of one of the largest Italian cities which enveloped the entire city in a pall of Stygian darkness. A veritable reign of "Red" terror that was rapidly approaching a state of anarchy prevailed throughout a large part of Italy, causing a general industrial, commercial and financial depression. The "Reds" were so numerous and violently aggressive that the Italian government was unable to cope with the situation, not daring to attempt the restoration of law and order by resorting to military force for fear of provoking a civil war which appeared to be imminent. In all probability civil war started under conditions existing at that time would have resulted in overthrowing constitutional government in Italy and establishing in its place a Soviet despotism like that of Russia. Even as it was the "Reds" had a large representation in the Italian parliament and a considerable influence in the administrative departments of the government.

The Fascisti to the Rescue

When conditions were at their worst and the prospect was the gloomiest some veterans of the World War formed an association for the patriotic purpose of defending the constitutional government of Italy and rescuing the country from the tyranny and machinations of the "Reds." They called themselves "Fascisti", deriving their name from the word "Fasces", the old Latin name of that quaint symbol of power which consisted of a bundle of birch or elm rods bound with a thong and enclosing the handle of a battle-ax with the blade protruding conspicuously from the side or end. In the days of the ancient Roman republic the fasces was the insignia of lawful authority, and as such was borne on public occasions before the chief magistrate by an attendant called a "lictor". Every member of the Fascisti wears a pin designed to be a miniature representation of the fasces which they have adopted for their emblem as indicative of their prime purpose to support the government. When assembled for public parade or other duty they wear black shirts for a distinctive uniform typical of their special antipathy to the "Reds".

Although originated by, and still largely composed of, war veterans, the Fascisti welcome to their membership true and loyal men in any walk of life, however humble or exalted, who are sincerely in sympathy with, and willing to work, sacrifice and, if need be, fight and even die, as hundreds of their members have, for the cause. Their membership grew rapidly and now numbers, as is claimed, more than a million including, besides former soldiers, nobles and peasants, business and professional men and laborers. As already stated, the situation was desperate in the extreme when the Fascisti began operating, and, as they believed, required heroic treatment which they proceeded to administer. Where the "Reds" had subverted lawful authority by lawless violence and intimidation the Fascisti armed themselves and by opposing force with force and threats with threats reestablished law and order in place of tyranny and anarchy.

Experiment in Applied Communism Turns Out a Dismal Failure

Those inclined to favor Socialistic or Communistic theories as the basis of a workable scheme for the solution of industrial and social problems should find an illumination object lesson in certain developments which were influential in inducing many laborers after a while to renounce their "Red" proclivities and join the Fascisti. The Italian workmen, who, acting in accordance with the Socialist proposition that capital has no right to share in the products of industry, had seized the factories, soon found that they lacked the business ability requisite to operate them successfully. Under their inefficient factory management production fell off largely while cost of manufacture increased in like or even greater proportion, and their difficulties were augmented by unbusinesslike methods of buying, selling and financing, so that manufacturing plants that were prosperous going concerns when seized soon ceased to return any profit, then began to lose money. On reaching the stage at which the laborers could not get their wages out of the business they were running they went to the dispossessed owners and besought them to take back the properties and operate them in the old way which they were free to acknowledge was best for all concerned. By bitter experience in having their own way they had learned that capital and management are elements quite as essential as labor in the production of wealth.

Remarkable Career of the Leader of the Fascisti Revolution

The extreme misery in the form of general poverty, famine, business stagnation and unemployment of labor inflicted on Russia by the Bolshevist government which still holds, but can not successfully operate the industrial properties which it confiscated, and at the same time murdered, imprisoned or drove the owners into exile, is in such sharp contrast to the recent happy come-back of Italy that world-wide attention is directed to the man who led the movement that has culminated in an anti-Socialist revolution.

Until the World War Benito Mussolini was a Socialist. He had been the editor of a Socialist paper, and later a college professor. As a Socialist he was opposed to war on general principles but recognized the necessity for Italy to enter the World War in the interest of self preservation. At the risk of personal violence he attempted to express his views on a mass meeting of Socialists who were trying to keep Italy out of war. When Italy entered the war he volunteered for military service. He was wounded at the front, and on his return organized the Fascisti to combat the growth of Socialism in northern Italy.

After cleaning up the situation there in a manner and to the extent already described he determined to rid the Italian government of Socialist officials, and, backed by more than a million Fascisti who were armed, organized and ready to march on Rome at his command, demanded the resignation of the Prime Minister and his entire Cabinet. On the King's refusal to permit the use of the army for forcible measures against the Fascisti the entire Cabinet resigned. Whereupon the King sent for Mussolini who accordingly came to Rome, attended by a large force of armed Fascisti to preserve order, and presented himself at the palace where the King appointed him Prime Minister and commissioned him to form a new Cabinet.

Mussolini chose strong, able, patriotic men for his Cabinet and set to work at once to reform the administration of government in the interest of economy and efficiency. He has a perfect understanding with the King who heartily approves his governmental policies. Mussolini has the enthusiastic support of a large majority of the Italian people who acclaim him as the liberator of Italy from the scourge Socialism.

Anti-Socialist Movements in Other Lands Follow Fascisti Revolution

The effect of the successful Fascisti movement is not confined to Italy but has spread with astonishing rapidity into many other lands where it is exerting an influence that at its present rate of progress bids fair to become world-wide. "Black Shirt" organizations have sprung up in most of the countries of Middle Europe, including those that border on Soviet Russia. Some of these call themselves "Fascisti" while others have adopted a different name, but all are modeled after the Italian prototype. The Bolshevist rulers of Russia are alarmed lest the movement penetrate that country and start a counter-revolution that will end their official careers if not their lives.

A recent Associated Press dispatch from Moscow, the Soviet capital and headquarters of the "Third Internationale" (the supreme authority that directs Communist activities and propaganda the world over, and is intimately associated with the Soviet government of Russia) states that the Third Internationale is considering tactics to combat the wave of Fascism which is reported making tremendous strides in Germany, Roumania, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. It adds that "the Russian newspaper Pravda declares the Communists must create an anti-Fascisti army and fortify their party against the rapid progress being made by the movement that swept Italy.

Fascism of the genuine type has got a foothold in Mexico and is expanding through the formation of "Black Shirt" organizations that are springing up in various localities. The banner under which they parade is the national flag of Mexico, signifying their patriotic purpose to defend and uphold the constitutional government in the exercise of its authority for the maintenance of law and order in all parts of the republic. Their special object will be to resist, forcibly if need be, any lawless or insurrectionary attempts on the part of the Bolshevists whose strength and aggressiveness have come to be a national menace and a source of constant trouble in one or more States dominated or influenced by the Communists. Doubtless Mexico needs the stabilizing influence of a strong citizens' organization.

COMFORT'S EDITOR

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THE NEW YEAR JEST

By Joseph F. Novak

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See front cover illustration.

EREFORD walked down the crowded street, glad of the dark night that hid his poverty, for it was emphasized by the well-dressed people who pressed gaily on all sides of him. It was late, after eleven, the theaters were disemtheir crowds, and these mingled with the ns who paraded up and down the streets for the midnight riot of noise, for it was r's Eve.

rd had left his home in desperation—he t stand the sight of his tired, discouraged bear to hear his small daughter ask if uld have something real nice for their ar dinner, especially when she told her strict confidence—that she was sure it chicken.

d never been rich, but he had always to make enough to keep himself and his d ones comfortable. Came the old story, loss of work, the attendant drain on his nd then, discouragement.

he'd have to go to the charitable bureau orning, that was all. Pride was strong, for his dear ones was stronger. His suggested that she go, but to allow her harity, that he would not do. No! If itable associations were to be applied to, do it, for though the task was humili- weakly let her do it would, in his estibrand him as forever yellow.

l-blooded man wants charity and even the of doing something desperate to secure ch would preserve life, was infinitely bet- that would not do. Not being a pro- at that sort of thing, the jail would him up, undoubtedly, and while he had he had hope. And then, he had promised that he would not do anything wrong.

to do? What to do? It was verging on t, and he could not go home without some hope for his wife, for he had assured her nothing must turn up. Place your own ones in the position of his, see your wife d whose welfare and happiness are your rning's thought when you arise and last ey lie down at night beneath your prorealize that Hereford's were as dear to yours are to you, and then you know was up against.

is growing colder every moment and a d was blowing from off the lake. If it out snow and storm hard. A blizzard ean snow-clogged streets and a chance down-and-outs to make a few cents.

assed from the crowded streets and on to levard, on which fashionable clubs fronted. edestrians were not walking here; the s too cutting.

now a bit of damp coldness struck his Another, and another. His hope had been It was, indeed, beginning to snow.

livered up to a building and hunched up collar. The immense foundation stones uilding formed little caves where the winere cut in, and into one of these recesses d slipped, for it kept the sharp stinging rom cutting through his all too thin He might just as well wait there as possibly he might be told to move out if he were so bidden, he would—his as almost broken down.

stood there while the storm continued to violence, and he noted with pleasure that ks the automobiles made continually grew h.

ntly a tall figure clad in a cloak that much gold braid, approached. It was the n of the club.

e on," Hereford said mentally and preo do so, when the doorman said:

're to go in, sir."

Hereford asked, unbelievingly.

the gentlemen want to see you."

could they want him for? Probably to m of him, Hereford thought. Well, that clubman generally was of generous dis- and if they made sport of him perhaps ould pay him for it, and accepting help way was infinitely less degrading, he than out and out charity.

followed the broad-shouldered door-man o the club where he was introduced to the ps who evidently had sent for him, by the n, thus briefly:

's the chap you wanted, sir," and he left.

ord looked at the two young men to whom been thus perfunctorily presented. One l, the other rather short, *a la Mutt and* Both were good-looking fellows with eyes ith waggish glee, their dress-suits did not whit to the dignity of their appearance, rather rakish aspect of both led Herebelieve that they had been drinking and just enough to have a merry "souse" on. both grinned at each other, then the little giggled foolishly and the big fellow uproariously.

you want me?" Hereford asked, without in their merriment. There was nothing in the situation to him, though perhaps as to them in inviting a tramp like himo the sacred precincts of their club.

re not laughing at you, brother," the taller xplained, "and we called you in to ask you want to go on an errand for us?"

y, yes, I'll be glad to oblige you," Hereford

dangerous!" the little fellow said suddenfierce whisper.

l maybe you'd go over the road if the proofficer caught you!" exclaimed the taller th a melodramatic hiss.

ced proper," thought Hereford, "but at ey talk plainly." He was interested, howand the club was warm, so he waited pafor them to proceed, which they presently

ten, brother. The club was raided tonight ey took away all our wet goods. How can ebrate the New Year without drinks? I n? *I ask you?"* he repeated complainingow, I got some fine old champagne in my at home and I want someone to go for it. ou?"

ccurred to Hereford that it was strange ey should ask a total stranger to go on errand, and he wondered why they didn't attache of the club or one of their chauf- But he didn't say anything. If there was ce to make a dollar or two running the that dollar was to be his. He needed it ch to quibble.

go," he said briefly. "Where to?"

placed a key in his hand, and gave him t directions. As they described sundry little in the building to which they were send- n, any misgivings as to their right to send anished. That they were doing the pre- us thing of sending him to the home of them (he hadn't gleaned yet whether the was the home of the big fellow or the little), giving him the key and thereby giving e full opportunity of looting the place if chose, he attributed to the fact that they half-shot" and didn't fully realize what ere doing.

took the key they gave, and then listened y told him to bring all the champagne he arry in a suit-case which he would find in e closet adjoining the wine-cellar. They ed the bottles with enough accuracy for rd to recognize them and then they nearly to blows as to whom should pay for run- he errand, and finally compromised by each Hereford a five-dollar bill, so that he got llars instead of five and had their promise of a like amount when he returned with his burden.

With key in hand, he left the building. He heard the little chap gurgle: "What a joke!" but he thought that the little fellow considered that they were playing an excellent joke on the prohibition officers who had thought to deprive them of their drinks, and let it go at that.

Hereford was now in the skies! Twenty dollars! In the blustering wind there was a song of cheer, and its whistle was like unto the unvented shout of joy that rose in his heart. He would accomplish his errand, and his fee collected, he would make application to clean the streets, and return home—rich!

Already that great army, the street cleaners, had appeared. They loom up from—one wonders?—and stoically perform their duty. What is in the minds of that army that work, steadily, quietly, never a laugh, never a jest? How many of those human shells hold some pitiful life tragedy? In a short while he would be one of them but—it was for his loved ones!

Hereford hurried along and after a half-hour's walk reached his destination. The house was built on mansion lines, spacious as to ground and noble as to structure. Not a light shone about it, and its snow-bound appearance gave it a lonely grandeur.

He hurried up the steps and to the porch and slipped they key into the keyhole. It turned with the familiarity of much usage, and he went in, his hand sliding along the wall until it struck the electric button.

This illumined various lamps in a long hall, and their different colored shades, artistically blended, gave the long corridor an aspect of bewildering beauty. On various pedestals there were fine bronzes, worth, to a man in Hereford's condition, a small fortune. How easy to pick up a few and disappear. But no such thought occurred to him just then. The fact that he had ten dollars in his pocket to alleviate his pressing distress routed all criminal thoughts.

The sight of so much wealth did not rankle his heart. He was strangely unenvious. He wished that he might provide his loved ones with the beautiful things he now saw, and he felt that if he possessed them he would joy in seeing his wife and child in such splendid surroundings. If a man was capable of making enough money to surround himself with such beauties, that was his affair—he would do the same if he could. He had no patience with those envious ones who envied the rich simply because they had been more fortunate in their battle with life.

He walked down the long corridor to a heavy walnut door and opened it. Then pressing the button at the head of the steps, as per instructions, he followed the staircase down into the cellar and found the cabinet wherein the private stock was stored. A hasty examination of the bottles showed him what he wanted, and he turned to another door and opening same found stacked neatly therein traveling bags of all sorts.

Selecting a strong suit-case, he brought it before the cabinet and put a dozen and a half bottles of champagne into it. Then closing it, and testing its weight, he strapped it up and turned to leave.

"Put it down and stick 'em up! buddy" a voice casually remarked behind him. With a startled thrill he did as he was bidden, then slowly turned to see a man seated at the head of the stairs, calmly holding an automatic, steadily leveled.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" queried the calm figure.

"I—I—was sent for it," Hereford stammered.

"Oh, undoubtedly! But really, buddy," the casual voice continued, "I have a very poor cellar to rob, and believe me, I didn't stock up before prohibition set in. It's all hold-over. As long as you intended to rob, though, why didn't you take the up-stairs? There's more valuable stuff up there, unless, of course, it was wet goods you wanted."

Hereford looked at the young fellow. He was about twenty-six or twenty-seven, with steady eyes and a fine face. And there was nothing grim in the look he bestowed upon the intruder, only a sort of sad compassion. He sat there, calmly, holding the gun, the heavy fur collar of his coat falling away from the white bosom of his shirt-front where a pearl stud gleamed softly.

Taking heart from the man's unhostile look, Hereford ventured:

"Will you let me explain?"

"Explain?" the young chap answered, with just the slightest smile about his lips. "I don't think there is need for explanation."

"Well, what are you going to do with me?"

"There's generally only one thing to be done with chaps like you and that's to turn them over to the police, buddy."

"All right," Hereford returned, "I'm glad." But he wasn't.

"Glad?" remarked the young fellow.

"Yes, for then my story will become known and perhaps I will be given a helping hand."

Thus Hereford spoke, but he wasn't glad. He knew that if his story were given publicity, there would undoubtedly be a purse made up for him, and condescending charity bestowed, and that galled his spirit. And then to be arrested as a thief. Everything had looked bright—the prospect of an additional ten dollars meant so much to him, and he had hoped to eke out this with cleaning the streets all night.

"What is your story?" the young fellow asked.

"Just the old, threadbare one. Money all gone, no job, discouraged wife, hungry kid——"

"Oh, buddy, buddy, that's what every low-down thief tries to get away with!"

His disbelief stung Hereford like the swing of the knout.

"No, by God, I'm not a low-down thief! And I'll tell you how I got here and the only way you'll stop my mouth is by plugging me. A couple of young fellows, half-shot, called me into their club and and told me that the place had been raided by prohibition officers and they sent me to this house to get some champagne. They gave me five dollars each and promised me more when I returned. I thought everything was all right and why should I suspect differently when they gave me the key to the house and described the interior? I did think it was strange that they should ask a perfect stranger to do the errand, but I laid it to the fact that they were partially drunk—and I needed the money they promised me for doing the errand. All right. That's all there is to it. Arrest me, if you like, but I don't know that you've got the right to stop me, and how can I know whether you are the owner of this place or not? But go ahead, you seem to be in authority here, so call the police. I've never been in jail yet, and perhaps I might just as well start the New Year in that fashion as well as any other."

He sank down into a chair near by and hid his face in his hands. The thought that he had always kept his name clear was always a comfort and now he would lose that consolation. No one would believe his story, and how could he get the two young fellows to prove that he was speaking the truth? He didn't even know their names.

As he sat, he suddenly felt hands passing quickly over his body, and especially about his trousers and coat pockets. He looked up. The young fellow stood before him.

"Pardon me, buddy, I just wanted to make sure that you hadn't a gun about you. You talk pretty sincerely, but I thought it might be just a ruse to work on my sympathies. By the way, do you know the name of the club into which you were invited?"

"It was the 'Petronius', if I am not mistaken," Hereford answered.

"And what were the young fellows who sent you on this errand like?" continued the young fellow.

"One was tall, rather dark, and well but slenderly built. The other was considerably shorter, a little inclined to be stout. Both of them were immensely tickled over what they were doing and spoke of what a joke it was. I thought they meant on the prohibition officers."

"Oh," commented the young fellow, "all right, come up-stairs," and dropping the automatic into his pocket, he led the way Hereford followed him.

"Listen, buddy, just take those statuettes and put them in the other room and kick those rugs about some."

Wonderingly, Hereford did so. Then the young chap opened a small wall cabinet and drew forth a telephone and called a number.

Almost immediately a connection was had.

"Petronius Club? This is Waverly. Billy Waverly. Is either Spencer or Parker there? Mutt and Jeff, you know.....All right, call them .....I don't care if they are *mildly soused*, call them anyhow.....all right.....I'll hold the wire....."

He sat with the receiver to his ear for several minutes without a word. Then:

"Hello, hello, that you, Spencer?.....Are you too drunk to understand?.....Oh, you do! All right, then, listen: My home has been robbed." (The grin that overspread his face and the audible voice that could be distinctly heard in the quiet room though it was at the other end of the wire, told Hereford that the young fellow had sprung a sensation). "You'll come down right away? Why?.....You know something of it?..... *You?*.....Oh, all right, if you wish. Good by."

He continued to smile his quizzical smile and they waited for a little while when there was a *squee* of brakes outside which betokened a machine stopping.

The next moment there was a ring at the door.

The young chap sprang up. "Hide behind that curtain, buddy," he directed and Hereford did, just as the door opened and the two chaps who had sent him on the errand rushed in, both thoroughly shocked into sobriety.

"Good heaven, Waverly, you don't mean to say that you were robbed?" said little Parker.

"That's what I do," Waverly returned, "look!" and with a sweep of his hand he indicated the rather disordered corridor.

"Good gosh!" ejaculated Spencer in his turn, "it's our fault. You know you were talking about that splendid old champagne of yours. Well, we thought we'd play a joke on you, by getting it and serving it to you, and then try to prove that what we were serving was superior to it, and when you persisted in saying yours was better to pounce on you and tell you that it was your own stock. We picked up a chap from the streets and asked him to go on the errand. We helped ourselves to your house key and gave it to the fellow and told him exactly how to get down into your cellar. We were stewed just enough to know that our chauffeurs nor none of the attaches of the club would do it. And we trumped up a story that the club was raided so as to give this man some reason to believe that we had an object in sending for it. But, gee, we never thought that he might strip the house. Is much gone? If it is, we'll have to make good, of course."

"So you thought it a pretty good joke, eh? Seems like it is on you, doesn't it?" Waverly said sternly. "Suppose I had plugged the chap without a word?"

"Plugged him? How could you have done it?" and then seeing the twinkle in Waverly's eyes, Spencer exclaimed: "You didn't catch him, did you?"

"Did I catch him? Well, you'd better believe I did. Say, buddy, come here!"

Hereford stepped out.

"It's a mighty good thing you selected an honest man to help you. The joke's on you, boys. You've had your little scare—now for the sequel. There's nothing gone, and this man only did as he was instructed until I interrupted him."

The little chap stepped to Hereford's side. "My name's Parker. Shake, brother."

"And mine's Spencer," informed the taller chap, also extending his hand. "Say, Waverly, how did you get *hep* to what we did?"

"I didn't get *hep* as you say and my returning home in this manner was quite accidental. After I had finished my game of billiards, I put on my coat and subconsciously looked for my key and found it gone. I knew I had it for it is the only key I carry when I wear full dress. How I lost it, I couldn't imagine, and so I started on a still hunt for it. I asked the door-man if he saw anything of it and he said no. I didn't know why I should feel worried if the key were really lost because even if someone found it, they would not have any idea as to what house it belonged. Then I thought I might have dropped it on the porch and if perchance some prowler happened along, he might find it, though that seemed a little absurd considering the snowstorm outside. But something told me to come and I came, first getting the duplicate key that I keep in the club safe. But now that that is explained, what are we going to do with buddy here?"

"I'm, that's simple enough," little Parker returned. "You know that the Club makes a New Year resolution every year to do some good, regardless of the nature of that good. Now, I shall propose that we adopt buddy and his family until they get on their feet again. Our first step will be to get him a *job* and then advance him enough money, if he needs *any*, to start out the New Year with a nice, clean slate."

"Fine idea," said Waverly. "Will you accept, buddy?"

Would he accept? Who would not when the thing was presented to him in such tactful fashion? No charity, just the extension of honest trust, just what a square man wanted.

"I can't thank you enough, gentlemen," he said. "I——"

"That's all right," Waverly said. "And suppose you come up-stairs with me and I'll give you a warmer suit of clothes. It's freezing outside tonight."

Hereford was persuaded and went up-stairs where he was soon fitted out in one of Waverly's suits which, fortunately, fitted him well, he and Waverly being about the same build.

To the suit was added a warm overcoat, hat and woolen gloves, and then the four left the house and *got* into the big limousine that was waiting outside. Directions given, they drove to Hereford's simple home.

Mrs. Hereford was sitting up, waiting, wondering what the coming *morning* would bring. She had been possessed alternately with hope and fear. Hereford's not coming betokened several possibilities: *he might* have found work or in a frenzy of desperation done something which had gotten him into the hands of the police. She fervently prayed it was the former, and when at midnight she heard the joyful New Year bells peal forth through the blustering storm and listened to the shrieking whistles, hope had risen. But, with the dying away of the celebration, so had her hopes died away and the sickening dread of the morrow had returned. Now, when her husband entered, she shrieked aloud, not recognizing him at first.

"Hush, dearest," he said, throwing the overcoat from him and taking her in his arms, "let me wish *you* a happy New Year. And it will be, for these men have promised to give me what I ask for a chance to get on my feet. The *old*, dark days are, I hope, *gone* forever."

"Yes, Mrs. Hereford," said little Parker briskly, "we're going to do that. And we just thought we'd better bring your husband home lest you think that his promises were only fairy tales. Confound that sharp wind. It has made *my* eyes all bleary!" And he wiped them.

Hereford picked up little Evelyn from the bed.

"You see, gentlemen, my only treasures. Priceless, yet I could not part with them if I starved for it."

"Well, I guess there's no need of our hanging around, Hereford. We just wanted to bring you home and save you the walk on this awful night. Everything is set for your starting fresh on Tuesday morning, so we'll see you then."

They shook hands and departed.

Mrs. Hereford looked inquiringly at her husband as if she wondered if indeed she were awake.

He poked up the fire, sat down before the little stove, and drew her into his arms.

"Let me tell you the story, dear," he said.

SMILES

By Robert Lee Campbell

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There is nothing that costs less or yields a larger dividend than a smile. For

Smile and the world will befriend you,
Frown and you fight all alone;
Smile and your bed's made of roses,
Frown and you sleep on a stone.
Smile, you're bedecked with bright jewels,
Frown and their brilliancy ends;
Smile and the world is an Eden,
Frown and a tempest descends.
Smile and long years will endow you,
Frown and you're aged in youth;
Smile and then all will be beauty,
But frown and all is uncouth.
Smile when temptations assail you
And half of your fighting is done,
For smiles have won more great battles
Than Mars has ever yet won.

Thirteen-Twice

By Luth Addington

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THE afternoon express whistled for the station Coeburn. A handsome girl of nineteen summers—Gertrude Cecil was her name—shoved her alligator-hide traveling bag into the aisle and arose to stand beside it. She was supremely happy. In her pleasing air one could read, "The greatest event of all my life will happen today." Her big brown eyes were two pictures of expectant joy. Her little round mouth seemed to be waiting for—but that should be the climax of this story. *Should!* Nothing would be said here of her cheeks and neck had they not been the typical "the skin you love to touch" kind.

On the seat directly opposite her sat two girls, apparently of the "soda-jerker" class. Their conversation caught the attention of Miss Cecil.

"You say that Calvin delved right into the cash register at Cox's Mercantile and started to run with a roll of money?" said the one of the black middy to the one of the white middy.

"Yes," returned White Middy, "but someone struck him over the head with a scale weight. I would not have known it was Calvin had the weight not knocked some kind of a riggin' off his face. Quick as lightnin' he jerked a pistol and shot a time or two. Bein' obliged to hurry on to the drug store I could not stay to witness the final results. Though I heard later that the police took Calvin to jail; and that he was so nearly dead, old Tom Hank, owner of the Hank Coal Mine took pity on him and bailed him out so his pleading mother could nurse him. I went home that evening and heard nothing more about the case. We'll hear everything today."

Instantly the expression on Miss Cecil's superb face was completely changed. Now it was one of mingled disappointment, sorrow and sympathy. Yes, sympathy. Sympathy for Calvin—Calvin Crist—a new clerk at the Cox Mercantile Company. At nine o'clock that evening they were to be married. Why had he committed such a crime?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Yes, betrayed your trust, betrayed your aunt's trust, and played the villain of the deepest dye."



She threw her arms around her friend and embraced her fervently.



"Can you do it?" she asked curtly when she had finished.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, is joined by her friend, Aspasia Huntington, a wealthy Baltimore belle, who meets with a slight accident in her dress, attracting the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt, who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond, stepping upon something, picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants, and the word "Brownie" in finest letters upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her life, her betgothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lussan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth, and when she is gone she requests her to take the chain and key from her neck and wear it as long as she lives.

CHAPTER V.

STAKED AND LOST.

THAT night Miss Mehetabel died suddenly of heart disease.

How the next few days passed Brownie never knew, but it was all over at last.

There were no near relatives, only some distant cousins, and these, knowing they had no claim upon the old lady's money, did not deem it worth their while to come to the funeral. So Brownie and Aspasia, who had proved herself a real comfort in these days of trial, sat alone, excepting the servants and a few intimate acquaintances, in those great somber rooms, while those last sad words were spoken above the dead.

And then they carried her forth to her last long home, and laid her beside those other dear ones, who had been gone so many years.

It seemed to Brownie as if she were almost the only one living—as if all the world had died and were buried, when she returned to that great house in all its lonely splendor.

"Oh, Aspasia," she cried, throwing herself into Miss Huntington's arms, with her first wild burst of tears, "What shall I do? I have nobody in the world now to love me."

"Don't talk so, darling," she said, her own tears flowing in sympathy. "I love you better than anyone else in the world, and I will never forsake you."

She little knew how soon her words would be put to the test.

"I know you love me, dear, but you cannot stay with me; you will soon go home, where you have a fond father and mother, brothers and sisters, while I have no one. I have no object in life, Aspasia, now that auntie is gone," and again the torrent of grief rushed forth.

Miss Huntington made her lie down, and soothed her as she would a child. With her own dainty hands she removed her boots, brought a soft pair of slippers and put them on, then bathed her head and worked over her until she grew calm again.

Their conversation was interrupted by a servant coming to tell them that Miss Douglas' presence was required in the library to listen to the reading of the will.

The summons made the poor girl's grief burst forth afresh.

"Oh, auntie, auntie!" she sobbed, "your money will be nothing to me without you—gold without love is worthless."

"You will go down with me, Aspasia," she said, holding out her hand to her friend as she arose to obey the request.

"Certainly, dear, if you wish," was the kind reply, and the two friends descended to the library, to find Miss Mehetabel's lawyer, the family doctor and clergyman awaiting their appearance.

Brownie greeted them with a graceful inclination of her head, then seated herself to await their business.

Rev. Mr. Ashley approached and took her hand.

"My dear Miss Douglas," he said, and his voice shook with sympathy as he looked into her sad face, "it was your aunt's request that her will be read immediately after the funeral ceremonies, and as our good friend, the doctor, and myself were witnesses to that document, we were invited to be present at the reading of it."

Brownie bowed. She could not speak, for the tears were choking her so.

What was wealth to her in her lonely condition.

She knew everything was willed to her, for Miss Mehetabel had told her so, but her generous little heart recoiled from having so much, when there was no one but herself on whom to lavish it.

Mr. Ashley retired to a seat, and signified to Mr. Conrad, the lawyer, that they were ready to listen.

He took up the legal-looking document from the table, near which he was sitting, and began to read.

Everything, as she had expected, was given to Brownie, excepting a legacy of five hundred dollars to each of the trusty servants, who had been with her so many years.

All the plate, the house, with its elegant furnishings, the stable, with its fine horses and carriages, were hers, and she was privileged to choose whom she liked to manage her affairs in the future.

There was a long silence after the lawyer ceased reading.

Brownie sat listless, and gazing absently out of the window, and feeling so strange and lonely, as if some great burden had suddenly fallen upon her.

"Ahem! ah—Miss Douglas—will you kindly give me your attention for a few moments?" asked Mr. Conrad, breaking in upon her reverie, and speaking with great embarrassment.

She started violently.

"Yes, sir; I beg your pardon for seeming inattentive," she said, and the color leaped into her face for a moment.

She waited a few moments, but he seemed suddenly to have become as absent-minded as she had been.

She glanced at him, and was amazed at his appearance, while the doctor and Mr. Ashley exchanged wondering glances.

Mr. Conrad was an elderly man of about sixty; his hair was gray, and his face was wrinkled, but it was a noble face withal.

At this moment it seemed to be convulsed with pain.

His lips were drawn into a tight line across his teeth, and were almost livid, while the cords stood out hard and knotted upon his forehead, and the hand which held the will trembled visibly.

Brownie forgot herself instantly when she saw his evident suffering.

"Mr. Conrad, are you ill? Let me call Jones to get you something," she exclaimed, half rising to ring the bell.

"No, Miss Douglas, keep your seat. My illness is of the mind, not of the body," he replied, in tones of deepest pain.

Then, quickly rising, he went over and stood before her with bowed head and hands clinched as if he were struggling with some terrible emotion.

"Miss Brownie," he continued, speaking very gently and humbly, "I have a very humiliating confession to make. I pray you, when you have heard it, to judge me as kindly as you can, and whatever you do with me to meet the claims of justice, if you will only say on your own part that you forgive an old man, it will take the heaviest burden of my life from my heart."

She could not understand what this proud, self-reliant man, who for many years had had charge of all her aunt's affairs, could mean by speaking in this humble, broken way to her.

"You wonder at my words," he went on, "and yet you look trustingly upon me; but it will not be quite so when I tell you that I have betrayed that trust."

"Betrayed my trust?" she repeated.

"Yes, betrayed your trust, betrayed your aunt's trust, and played the villain of the deepest dye, Miss Douglas, I have made a beggar of you!"

"Conrad, man, are you mad?" exclaimed Dr. Sargeant.

"Surely, my friend, you do not mean anything so bad as you have stated," said the kind-hearted clergyman in grave tones.

"A beggar!" cried Miss Huntington, she alone taking in the full sense of the word, and appalled at her friend's calamity.

"Did you understand me, Miss Douglas?" asked Mr. Conrad somewhat impatiently and wondering at her apathy, while he did not heed the questions of the others.

"Yes; you said I—I should not have my property," she replied, avoiding the harsh words he had used.

"Heavens! how indifferent you are; I said I had made you a beggar. Not a pauper in the streets has less than you will have when the debts are all paid," he cried, sinking into a chair by her side, the sweat rolling off his face.

"Yes, yes, I know what you mean," Brownie said, arousing herself when she saw how distressed he appeared, then added: "But, please, Mr. Conrad, do not look so—do not feel so badly about it. I know auntie trusted you fully, and I am sure it was something you could not help; I dare say I shall not mind it so very much when I get used to it," she concluded gently.

The stricken lawyer groaned aloud. He had been prepared for tears and sobs and censure; and here the noble girl was forgetting all her own wrong and striving to comfort him for his share in it.

"Dear Mr. Conrad, will you please explain this disagreeable affair to me? I see it is troubling you very much. I do not understand much about business, but I will listen attentively and try to comprehend," she said gently.

"God bless you, dear child, for your goodness to me," he said, taking her hand in one of his, while he wiped his moist brow with the other. "I do not deserve it from you. Yes, I will explain at once, and have this dreadful burden off my mind; it has nearly crushed me for years. You know, dear, that I have had the care of your aunt's property for the last forty years—in fact, nearly ever since she came to this city to live."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, for thirty years I was faithful to my trust. Had anyone told me then that today I should be a thief, I would have felled him to the ground and spurned him with my foot. Ten years ago a dear friend of mine died, leaving his only child in my care, together with a property of fifty thousand dollars. I invested it in what I believed to be a sound concern, but in less than a year it failed, and my friend's child was penniless."

"How sorry I am," was Brownie's simple comment, and deeply impressed in the lawyer's tale.

He smiled bitterly, but clasping her hand more firmly, went on:

"I then did something which was not right, but which I thought must succeed, and everything would be all right again. I felt that I was entirely to blame for the loss of my ward's property, and that I was in duty bound to replace it. I had no ready funds of my own, but I knew that your aunt, with her vast wealth, would not miss fifty thousand dollars for a little while, and I resolved to use it—speculate in what promised to be a very successful operation, hoping thus to win back a portion at least of what I had lost for my ward. I staked it and lost!"

"Ah!" ejaculated the clergyman with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"Whew!" whistled the doctor.

"Horrid man!" breathed Miss Huntington under her breath.

But Brownie only nestled a step nearer the poor man's side.

"Driven desperate by this unfortunate circumstance," he went on, with a deep sigh, "I grew reckless, and invested a hundred thousand more of Miss Douglas' money, but again I lost. Then a bank where I had invested a very large amount of her funds suddenly suspended payment; but hoping that all would come out right by and by, I kept all knowledge of the difficulty from her. You know that the old lady loved the good things of this life, and was not at all careful of the dollars; and she need not have been, had I been faithful. But I continued to speculate with what ready money I could get hold of, and, with her annual expenditure, her thousands have melted into hundreds; and today, when she thought you would inherit at least a million, I have to tell you, that if I pay the debts and the legacies to the servants, there will not remain sufficient to feed you for a year. I, who always prided myself upon my integrity and my incorruptibility, have forfeited my character for probity and honesty, and stand here before you a criminal worthy to suffer the extent of the law."

He paused for a moment, but as no one spoke, he continued:

"This is my confession; and now I surrender myself into your hands, to do with me as you will. I had no right whatever to touch a penny of your aunt's money. I was deeply distressed at the loss of my ward's property, but I ought to have stopped there. However, having once failed of success in using Miss Douglas' money, I kept on, hoping in my desperation, that some favorable turn in fortune's wheel would enable me to replace everything."

There was an awkward silence when the old man concluded.

Dr. Sargeant and Mr. Ashley were horror-struck at the revelation.

It had been deeply humiliating to the old and respected lawyer to make this confession in the presence of these witnesses, but the time had come when the state of affairs could no longer be concealed. The property was all gone, and Miss Douglas' death necessitated a settlement of some kind, and it would have to come out that her niece and reputed heiress was penniless. The house and everything would have to be sold to pay the outstanding debts, and she who had been cradled in the lap of luxury from her earliest infancy must now go forth into the cold world to buffet with its storms and bitterness alone.

Brownie's face was very grave as he concluded, and all but the lawyer were watching her anxiously to see how she would bear the news.

She began already to realize the care that had thus suddenly fallen upon her. She knew that henceforth she must work with her hands for the bread which she ate; and during the lawyer's story she had changed from the gay and light-hearted girl to the grave and thoughtful woman. But still her first thought was for others.

"I am so glad auntie did not know of this be—before she died," she said, her lips quivering as she uttered those last words.

Mr. Conrad looked up with an expression of bewilderment.

"It would have made her so unhappy, you know, on my account," Brownie explained.

"What will you do with me?" he asked wearily.

"What will I do with you, Mr. Conrad? I do not think I clearly understand what you mean," she answered, with a troubled expression on her sweet face.

"You know that the law takes care of people who do as I have done. The crime of embezzlement is no light one."

"Oh, dear Mr. Conrad, do not speak so! You meant to commit no crime; you only wished to right someone else's wrong. It was not, perhaps, just the right thing to do without auntie's knowledge, but I can do nothing with you, only——"

"Only?" the lawyer asked, raising his haggard face, and eagerly reading the lovely flushed one at his side.

"Only to be very, very sorry for you, my friend," she said softly and with a little quivering smile.

Mr. Conrad looked upon her as if she had been an angel—wonder, reverence, awe, all expressed upon his countenance. Then with a deep groan the strong man bowed his head and wept the bitterest tears he had ever shed in his life.

He could have borne to hear the felon's doom pronounced upon him with the face of a Stole; but this sublime pity and forgiveness caused him to forget his manhood and made a child of him.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE HAD CONQUERED PRIDE.

Dr. Sargeant now came forward, saying:

"Miss Douglas, do you realize how serious this matter is? Have you considered what your position will be in the world henceforth?"

He did not like to have the lawyer escape so easily.

"I realize, doctor, that I am no longer an heiress to great wealth, as everyone has thus far supposed—that there is no longer a life of idleness and pleasure for me. On the contrary, I must go out into the world and work for my living," Brownie replied, lifting her grave eyes to the doctor's face, while there was a touch of dignity in her manner which he had never seen before.

"Mr. Conrad," he said, turning to the lawyer, "this is a very grave matter. How do your own affairs stand?"

"Much the same as Miss Douglas'. I have nothing in the world except what I earn from day to day. If I had money of my own, do you suppose I would have touched any one's else's?" he asked, a flash of indignation kindling and his fine form for a moment being

"Pardon me. No. But who is the yours?"

"Miss Emily Elliot."

"Where is she now?"

"In my own family. She has been her loss; I have provided for her every want by the labor of my own hands. I intend that she shall know of it while I am taken away it will have to come

"And, Miss Douglas," turning eagerly, "if you do not utterly hate me for which I have brought upon you, come to my home and let me provide of life for you? I can easily do the one but my wife and Miss Elliot, ness will give me enough to support fortably."

"It is well thought of, Mr. Conrad," Ashley approvingly.

"Oh, Mr. Ashley, and you, doctor never know the suffering which this brought upon me," Mr. Conrad continued, and pacing the floor nervously. "I am an honorable man—I am an honorable heart now, but my zeal to do well by child, my zeal that no one should suffer placed their interests in my keeping to commit a wrong for which I can Had it not been that others were depe me, my life would have paid the forf

"If that bank only had not suspe Miss Douglas might still have had but everything has seemed to be against Miss Brownie," he added, turning sorrowful girl, "you have not yet heard question. Will you come to me and care of you?"

"No, dear friend; you have enough mind and heart now, and I cannot burdens."

"It will not. I pray you, give faction of doing this much toward consequences of my wrong," he pleaded

"My dear," interposed the clergyman sively, "I advise you, by all means Conrad's hospitality and protection. young and not at all fitted to do battle world. It will never do for you to port yourself; you are entirely ignorant ways of the world."

"Mr. Ashley, there are hundreds, sands, as young, and even more delicate who not only support themselves but maintaining their father and mother and sisters," returned Brownie. "I to be of finer clay than my unfortunate

"But they have been brought up posed Mr. Conrad.

"Some of them have and some have has given me health; and, thanks who took infinite pains with me, I have cellent education; and, gentlemen, I competent to take care of myself," returned proudly, yet with a more than she had worn since Miss Mehetabel

In vain they pleaded and urged clergyman and the doctor offering with them, if she would not go with She remained firm, and they were miration at the strength of character displayed.

"I will try for a while," she said bitterly disappointed Mr. Conrad will fail, I shall know where to come for

"You are not strong, you will break der it," he said gloomily.

"I think not," was the cheerful have always sympathized with the and now I shall know by actual experience their life is."

"What will you do?" the lawyer great tears rolled down his wrinkled

"I do not know yet; I shall have that point a while."

Then, after a few minutes' thoughtful ing his distress, she added:

"At all events, whatever I undertake I promise you I will not refuse the offer me; and if I need a friend I shall know where to find him."

She held out her hand to him with winning smile, and again the strong down, weeping like a child, and there dry eye in the room excepting her own.

"What a foolish set we are!" exclaimed doctor, after a vigorous blowing This young lady shames us all. course she'll succeed, and I say God she is an honor to the name which she

After a few more remarks the gentlemen their departure, and the two girls were alone.

"Brownie Douglas, you surely did what you told Mr. Conrad!" exclaimed Huntington the moment the door them.

"I told him quite a number of things in particular do you refer?"

"Why, working for your own living else for me to do."

"But Mr. Conrad offered to relieve all anxiety about your future. Why accept his offer?"

"I will never be dependent upon myself," Brownie said haughtily.

"But you will lose caste."

"Perhaps; but I shall not lose nor my self-respect," was the very cold reply.

"Your friends will forsake you."

"They are not worthy the name," regret," and the delicate red lips curled finite scorn, yet there was the faintest quiver upon them and a wistful look in beautiful eyes.

Would Aspasia go with the rest?

"Do you not care if you lose them?" asked eagerly.

"I have had many dear and kind

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



epartment is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

ject is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

buse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

s MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HERE were so many Christmas gift letters left over from December that it seemed advisable to use them this month. Perhaps it is a good idea, for there are long evenings during January and February that might profitably be ed in the making of gifts for next Christ-

ember, sisters, that anything that has helped ill help someone else, so don't be afraid to your suggestion, no matter how small and ortant it appears to you.—Ed.

CARTHAGE, R. R. 1, MO.

MRS. WILKINSON:

me very near saying "and COMFORT Sisters," n afraid this won't get any further than your mple waste-basket so I'm pretending that I'm to you alone and then I won't be disappointed n't see this in print. I've been thinking that ld be nice if everyone had the gift of writing letters, like Pearl Vesy, but since I've thought it more I've decided that it would be terrible if they did for you would have such a time to decide which ones to print that you'd be a wreck. As it is, you can destroy some of our without a single pang.

letting my little three-year-old girl wear cover- st of the time. Did I hear you telling yourself our neighbors for you wouldn't gossip), "There's woman?" But really I don't think so for I do order to have more time to romp with her as the only child we have and would be lonesome dn't play with her. Her Daddy plays with her he doesn't have as much time as I do. I iron eralls but as they are not starched, gathered or they don't require much time.

you ever make dolls out of socks? I'll tell you make them. Get men's work socks, any color, sure they have white toes, heels and tops, one akes a doll and they are cheap if bought by the ozen. Cut the toes off both socks a little more alf way back, measuring from the toe. One of s split half in two and sewed up for the arms. ther is rolled up to make a cap and can be d with a pompon or anything that you wish. fold one of the socks so that the heel will be the face ought to be and split the white top for s, sew these by hand as machine stitching will retch enough. Now stuff him and sew up the his head then slip the remaining sock over this d sew the head in the same manner. This one d up to form sweater. Sew arms in place and features with yarn or silkateen and put his cap you have a lovely dolly. I make imitation but- f yarn and also tie yarn tightly around his neck ke necktie and also relieve the straightness. I the face to resemble a Kewpie but one can use al ideas on that.

Wilkinson, shall I tell you how my mind's pic- f you looks? I see you as a medium-sized, mid- d, motherly lady whose hair has begun to be a grey (probably from reading so many letters) and as the kindest grey eyes one ever saw, and a fair xion. How far from right am I?

lieve in parents making pals of their children. n't any mother, as she died when I was very but I intend to make up for it by being the very nother I can to my own dear little girl. Her is Lorine Elinor. I enjoy the babies' pictures in he letters. I am not quite 21 years old and have narried over four years.

I would enjoy letters from the sisters and will try to answer all I receive. Mrs. Wilkinson, won't you please write to me so I will be spared the humiliation of confessing I didn't get a single letter.

LYDIA HILTON.

Lydia.—If I didn't know that you'd get ever so many letters I would take time to write to you but you'll have enough letters without mine. So you like grey eyes? I do, *too*, but have had to worry along all these years with blue *eyes*, but I hope they are as kind as grey ones would have been. That's the way I feel, anyhow.—Ed.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

You asked for Christmas suggestions in the September COMFORT. As I have helped at large bazaars will give you an idea of a few things.

There are many beautiful things you can buy but I find that a home-made, inexpensive article, made by loving hands and with kind thoughts the best and most useful. There are many letters waiting so will shorten this as much as possible.

Lovely things can be made of unbleached muslin, dresses, aprons, luncheon sets, scarfs, sash curtains, etc. These can be trimmed with checked and plain gingham, applique, put on as is often shown on the needlework pages of COMFORT. See June number. Everyone uses towels and wash-cloths. Buy toweling, cut in towel size, scallop, and sew on colored rickrack braid, or crochet lace and sew on edges. Make wash-cloth to match towel.

Then there are painted articles; don't say you can't paint. The designs used are so simple. Buy a can of talcum powder, the ten-cent stores have a nice grade in a tall, well shaped can. Paint the can black and when dry put on a design in yellow, red, blue and green. These cans of paint can be gotten in any five-and ten-cent store. I go to the large department stores and buy ten-cent articles in odd glassware, such as salt and pepper shakers, glass candlesticks, vases, dishes, plain white plates, etc. Paint them all black or just the rims. When dry put on a bright design. Also treat any tin box you have in your home the same way, make candy or cookies and fill the box. Anyone, young or old, will enjoy such a gift.

Black patent leather bags with painted designs or crocheted flowers are very pretty for the young girl. (See July COMFORT, pages 14-15.) Then for those who have plants to give away, paint the pot as is shown on page 17, September issue. Who wouldn't appreciate a plant, no matter how small. I know I would. Then for those who have lots of flower seeds, put some in an envelope and paint on it a design in water colors or paste a pretty floral card on it with some verse such as follows:

"Gaily they wave in the bright sunlight,
Gay flowers, red, blue and white,
May they bring a lot of happiness to you,
The long bright days, the summer through."

Can you imagine a sweeter gift than flowers all next summer?

Let the children make Christmas gifts, they enjoy it. My little girl of eight and one-half years can make kettle holders, calendars, work designs on dish towels, the designs I draw for her, and ever so many little things.

I am an old subscriber, as my last letter appeared about seven years ago and many will remember me as Mrs. M. C. B., but since then have added another letter to my name. Who says a second marriage isn't successful?

Before I forget, why not give a year's subscription to COMFORT as a Christmas gift. A better one could not be found.

MRS. M. B. G.

NATURAL BRIDGE, ALA.

DEAR SISTERS—AND BROTHERS:

I do believe we are the most free-hearted set of women in the world, to share our deliciously comfy corner with all those masculine "critters" who come buttin' in, even as I am doing, to air their opinions of men, maids and other things of little consequence. Oh, well, we are glad to have them to break the monotony.

I wish I could discuss the "care of babies" or "how to keep the boy on the farm," etc., but being steered by fate into a channel flowing swiftly toward the Sea of Spinsterhood, my talk will have to be on something light, to fit my mind.

"Dolls" are a good subject. How many of you make your kiddies' dolls and other toys? I have a hard-headed, rip-tearing, adorable kid for a niece, who is the life of the family and may be the death of it, but she has to have playthings just like nice, quiet children so on her first birthday (November 11, 1921) my sister made her a cunning black cat which is the delight of her life and it has withstood her "loving caresses" admirably. Cats are not dolls, however, and that, you know, was to be my subject. When everybody was crazy about unbleached domestic, making curtains, dresses, cushions and nearly everything out of it, I took the "nearly" out by making real stand-up dolls, with sure enough pull-off clothes and my! how the kiddies do love 'em. I cut my own pattern which took eight separate pieces of paper. The doll is in fifteen pieces. It takes all this to give dolly the perfect form that its little mother loves. When finished and stuffed I paint them. Oh horrors! But they learned it from us and they declare they are not fit to make any child happy without their complexions. Some of them want to be peroxide blondes, some hennaed vamps, and some

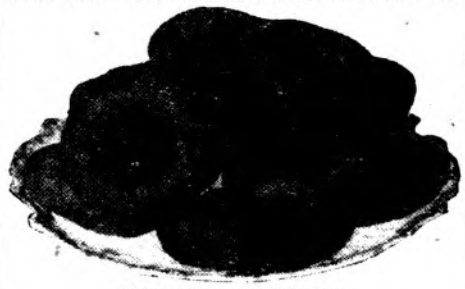
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

MRS. Caroline Radford of Columbus, Nebraska, wins the COMFORT'S Sisters' Pin for the "best" recipe this month. The conditions of this prize contest have been explained in preceding numbers. We hope Mrs. Radford will enjoy her pin as much as we shall enjoy her chicken pie, and it isn't necessary to wait until a cold day to make one, either.—Ed.

CHICKEN PIE.—After a large chicken has been well cleaned and cut into pieces, put on to boil in cold water. Cook till it is almost done then add salt and pepper to taste. If not rich enough add a bit of butter. Make a thickening of one-half cup of flour and just enough cold water to stir to a cream. See that plenty of broth is in the kettle, add hot water if needed. Turn into a well-greased bread pan, after the thickening has been boiled into the chicken to make a good gravy. Use one quart of flour, two-thirds teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder and sift together. Add one-half cup lard and mix, with enough sweet milk or water to make a good biscuit dough. Roll almost an inch thick, cut in rounds and place on top of chicken, after seeing there is enough gravy to come to top of chicken. Bake in hot oven till biscuits are done. This is excellent on a cold day for dinner or supper, to be served hot.—MRS. CAROLINE RADFORD, Columbus, West 13th St. Nebr.

SOUR MILK DOUGHNUTS.—Three even tablespoons of butter creamed with one cup of sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs and one cup of thick sour milk. Beat in four cups of flour sifted again with one-fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, half a teaspoon of soda, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, using enough more flour



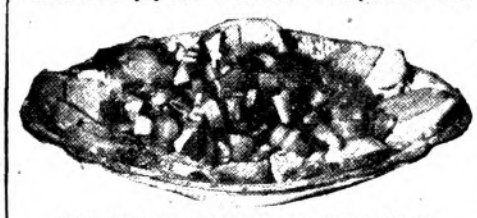
SOUR MILK DOUGHNUTS.

to just handle. Care must be taken not to have the dough too stiff at first as each time of cutting the trimmings add a little more flour to the next ball of dough. Start with a very little dough at first, and cut them all before commencing to fry. Care must be taken not to have the fat smoking hot, but just hot enough for the dough to rise to the top at once.

SMOTHERED RABBIT.—Flour rabbit and fry to a light brown, add several slices of onion, four or five cloves, one teaspoon vinegar, a little salt and pepper and enough hot water to cover. Cook slowly in oven two hours.—MRS. METTIE ALGOOD, Stony Fork, N. C.

SALMON LOAF.—One can of salmon, well shredded, add three cold biscuit that have been put through food chopper or finely chopped, one onion, chopped fine, one-quarer cup of vinegar, two beaten eggs, one tablespoon of melted butter, salt and pepper to season. Mix well and bake half an hour in moderate oven, until browned on top.—MRS. C. M. FITZGERALD, Ennis, Texas.

HOT POTATO SALAD WITH COLD MEAT.—Scrub and boil potatoes without paring in salted water. Set in oven a few minutes after draining. Peel and cut into cubes and put into baking dish, sprinkling each layer with salt and paprika. Heat four tablespoons of salad



HOT POTATO SALAD WITH COLD MEAT.

oil with two of lemon juice and pour over the potato. Set into the oven until very hot. Have cold meat arranged around the edge of platter and pour the salad into the center. Sprinkle the top with finely-chopped celery and a little scraped onion.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Peel egg plant, cut in discs one-third inch thick, soak in slightly salted milk or water for fifteen minutes, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker-crumbs and fry in butter or olive oil until nicely browned. Serve with slices of lemon.

EGG PLANT FRITTERS.—Pare an egg plant and cut into dice, boil until soft, drain, add two well-beaten eggs, two slices of bread previously soaked in milk and season to suit taste. Drop large spoonfuls on well-greased griddle and fry until brown and crisp.

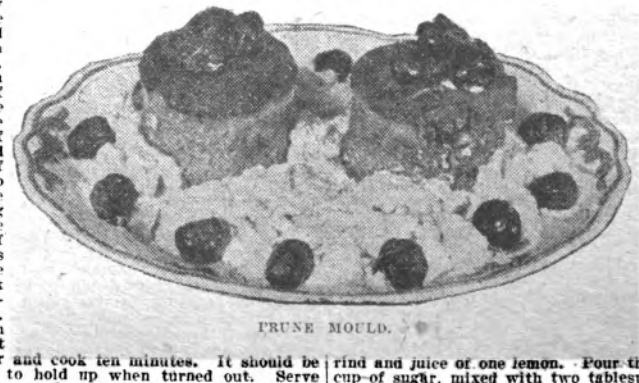
STUFFED EGG PLANT WITH NUT SAUCE.—Boil egg plant (entire) for fifteen minutes, then cut in two. When cool enough to handle, scoop out the pulp, being careful not to break the skin, season and add one tablespoon melted butter, one cup bread-crumbs, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of onion juice and a little salt. Mix well, fill the shells and bake until browned on top. For the nut sauce, add finely-chopped walnuts or pecans to white sauce.

EGG PLANT OYSTERS.—Two parts egg plant, cooked and pounded into paste, one part soft bread-crumbs; add salt and one teaspoon melted butter to each cup of egg plant and bread-crumbs. Form into oyster-shaped cakes, dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs and fry brown and crisp. Serve with slices of lemon.—NAOMI FISCHER, Roanoke, Ill.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat three egg yolks to a bright yellow and gradually add one and one-half cup of sugar. Add one-half cup of cold water and one teaspoon of vanilla, and beat the whole to a cream with an egg beater. Beat in two cups of sifted flour to which one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of soda has been added. Lastly add the beaten whites.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third cup sugar, one-half cup of melted butter and lard, one-half cup of milk (sweet or sour), if sweet milk is used, one teaspoon of soda; if sour milk is used, one heaping teaspoon of soda; one teaspoon cloves, two and one-half cups flour, a little salt.

PRUNE MOULD.—Soak two-thirds of a pound of prunes half an hour; wash and drain. Cover with one pint of cold water; let stand one hour, and then simmer in same water until very soft. Remove prunes, skin and stone, and mash the prune pulp. Add one and a quarter cup of corn syrup, or one cup of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon and one tablespoon of the juice. Add to the prune juice enough boiling water to make one and a half cup, and pour this into the prune mixture. Cook about fifteen minutes very slowly. Thicken with corn-starch first wet in cold water and cook ten minutes. It should be just stiff enough to hold up when turned out. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with whole prunes.



PRUNE MOULD.

CREAM OR COCOANUT CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon of lemon or vanilla. Bake in layers.

APPLE CREAM CAKE.—One cup sugar, one egg and yolk of another egg, one large tablespoon of melted butter, one half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one and one-half cups flour. Bake in three tins.

FROSTING.—White of one egg, one cup powdered sugar, one large sour apple grated, mix well together, beat twenty minutes; flavor with vanilla; spread on top and between the cakes.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, five tablespoons of milk, one teaspoon soda, four cups of bread flour, nutmeg and ginger. Knead quite stiff; roll thin.

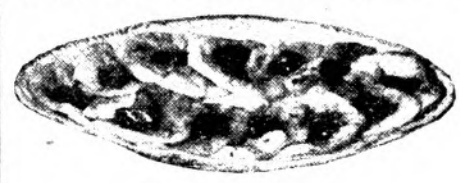
PORK CAKE.—One pound of English walnuts, one pound currants, one pound raisins, one pound brown sugar, one pound fresh fat pork, one pound flour, four eggs, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoon baking powder, one teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and allspice and one-half teaspoon salt. *Grind* the walnuts, raisins, currants and pork through food chopper, mix with sugar, then the eggs, slightly beaten, milk and the spices and baking powder with flour enough to make thick dough. Bake in medium oven.

COFFEE ROLL.—Take one pound (two cups) bread dough, four tablespoons sugar, one or two eggs and one teaspoon butter. Knead and let rise two and one-half hours, work down, let rise one hour, roll out and sprinkle with raisins or nuts, or both; roll into a long roll and form a ring, pinch ends together and raise one and one-half hours. Bake thirty minutes. While warm cover with a frosting made of one cup of pulverized sugar and one tablespoon milk. Delicious.—BLACK EYES, Alliance, Nebr.

FEATHER CAKE.—One and one-half cup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, three eggs, one cup sweet milk, three level teaspoons baking powder one teaspoon vanilla and two and one-half cups flour. Cream sugar and butter together, beat eggs and add to sugar and butter. Add flour and baking powder last.—AMY COURSEY, Longdale, Okla.

EGGLESS LOAF CAKE.—Two cups sugar, four tablespoons lard or butter, one-half cup grated chocolate or cocoa, in one cup boiling water, three teaspoons baking powder in three cups flour, two teaspoons soda in cup boiling water, two teaspoons vanilla and one-half teaspoon salt. Combine in order named.—MRS. AGNES RUDISH, Blairsville, Pa.

SOUFFLED CRACKERS.—Split common crackers, cover with very cold water and soak eight minutes. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake about forty minutes, or until they are puffed and brown. Arrange on a hot



SOUFFLED CRACKERS.

platter and dot each with a cube of jelly. Another way is to dot each with butter, sprinkle lightly with sugar and cinnamon mixed, and bake as above. Delicious with thinly-sliced cold ham.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, three cups flour, four eggs, one half cup molasses, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one and one-half pound raisins, one pound currants, one half pound citron, one half nutmeg, one teaspoon cloves, two teaspoon cinnamon one teaspoon extract lemon.

HARLEQUIN CAKE.—One cup of butter creamed, two cups of sugar, three eggs (yolks only), one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda, whites of three eggs. Mix in order given and divide the dough into four parts. Color the first part with two squares of melted chocolate; the second part with pink coloring; leave the other two parts uncolored. Bake in four separate tins. Lemon jelly to be put between layers. Beat one egg; add one cup of water, grated rind and juice of one lemon. Pour this slowly over one cup of sugar, mixed with two tablespoons of flour, and cook until smooth and thick.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One cup sweet milk, one cup molasses, one cup chopped raisins, one cup currants, two cups graham flour, three teaspoons sugar, two teaspoons soda. Steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

FROSTING.—To the unbeaten whites of two eggs add one and one-half cup of confectioner's sugar, a little at a time, and beat into snowy whiteness. Now put 12 or 15 marshmallows into a double boiler and steam into a cream and add to the frosting. Spread over cake.—MISS SHIRLEY MATSON, Neola, Iowa.



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A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



Lesard his coat unfastened, was laying his canvas belt into to the hiding-place.



"And keep within hearing, too," he added dryly. "That is all, You can go!"



She had found the "other way"—some one was inside!

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress sewn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals down the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels, her grace's, too, are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Requesting to see her maid and how she forgot the jewels, Gillian admits she was sick in bed and knew nothing about her not wearing them. The robbery breaks up the party, and Jacky, packing up, asks Gill what they are to do. It's done. If Gill tells all she knows she may find out Lesard is married before, and Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky requests her not to ring, she is to sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and late in the evening she slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and later the latter calls "All clear."

CHAPTER XI.

"I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF HIM."

IN her stocking feet the girl crept after the man she had loved. But as she drew aside the curtain that hid the entrance to the lighted hall a sudden terror came on her. She dared not cross the bare, brilliant space between her and the smoking-room door, dared not even stand where she was, for fear of meeting those mocking, leering eyes of Lesard's, as she had met them the night of the masked ball.

In wild panic, she ran back to her refuge under the stairs, to get her breath and think what she must do.

She felt certain that Lesard had come to carry away those stolen jewels; and she must, somehow, keep track of him.

It was useless to try to overhear anything at the smoking-room door, even if she dared cross the hall, where there was nothing to hide her.

What a fool she had been not to open the door earlier, and get under one of the huge lounges in the smoking-room! Yet if she had, the footman would have undone her work. Helpless, angry tears came into her eyes—were all her plans, her watching, to come to nothing?

A step, a flash of keen, white light, startled her. Someone, carrying a lantern, had entered the dark passage!

It was all three of them, Marchmont, Lesard, the butler; the pitiless rays of the acetylene lamp in Marchmont's hand seemed to be full on her. Surely they were not so mad as to go out in the dead of night with a light like that, with a detective from London they knew not where!

Her own safety lay in the very brightness of the light, that made impenetrably dark the shadow where she crouched. The men passed her, Lesard with his hands in his coat pocket. And at the outline of his figure in the piercing light Jacky caught her breath.

He was not taking away the jewels, but bringing them! She could see through his coat the bulging of the belt where he carried them.

Marchmont opened a door that led to the kitchens.

"Yes," he said, with smooth delight at his own daring, "I had the fellow to dinner! We talked of the robbery thoroughly. He is going to investigate every suspicious place in the neighborhood, for the inspector is certain the jewels never reached London. So I thought it was time for them to come here!"

The neighbors don't know about it?—the place, I mean!" asked Lesard, with a curious laugh.

"They? No! Tom Hamilton swore no one knew out of the family, and they had grown to think it a fairy-tale. But it—isn't!" he laughed in his turn. "Come on, Lesard! You've got to be out of this before morning."

"Don't worry about me," calmly. "I can go out the other way, and take my time."

"In the dark!" sneeringly.

"Perhaps you'll tell me when it's ever daylight down there!" He flung back his head and laughed as only Lesard could. At the low, rich note of it Marchmont raised a quick hand.

"Do you want to wake that girl up-stairs?" he whispered angrily. "Come on!"

"The girl? Oh, no!" Jacky, kneeling in the shadow, saw his face harden savagely. "Go on, and show me your dog-hole."

He followed the other with his queer, noiseless step, that was so long and free. And as close at his heels as she dared came the girl who had loved him.

The passage went round sharp turns, it was easy enough to keep out of sight, but Lesard had good ears. She gathered her satin skirts to her knees that they might not rustle.

Where were they going? They had passed the deserted kitchen, the servants' hall; surely there was nowhere else! She paused and listened.

They had stopped just in front of her; she could hear them as they stood talking in whispers while a key grated in a lock.

The wine-cellar! Of course; there could be no safer place, since no one but the butler or his master ever went there.

"If I only knew what it was like ahead," she thought passionately, "I could go after them. But I might walk straight on to them. Even now if one of them turned back I'd be caught."

For there was nothing on each side of her but the bare stone walls of a long passage that slanted downward to the door where the men were standing.

But an unmistakable sound gave her courage.

A door swung back on creaky hinges, and then came the tread of men going down-stairs. The girl waited till the sounds ceased before she stole forward.

It was dark at the stairhead; far below she saw the sharp light of the lantern, and by that gleam crept her way down-stairs as far as she dared.

Suddenly the light brightened, spread out. She saw before her a huge cellar, running off apparently without limit. It was stone, damp and cold, full of casks and wine-bins; at the farther end, to which the men were making their leisurely way, she could see nothing but a dark wall. Yet it was to that dark, blank wall they were going, with never a glance behind them.

Jacky moved quickly to the shelter of a cask, her heart in her mouth at her own footsteps. Yet they must have been noiseless, for not even Lesard turned his head.

More wine-bins were plain now where the men had stopped. She saw Lesard stoop, and with an easy, effortless strength that was pretty to see, move a great bin bodily away from the wall. All three men disappeared behind it, and then came a silence full of quick, hard breathing, as if Lesard were working at something too heavy for him.

The dull thud of carefully-eased stone lowered on the stone floor startled her. If they were going to bury the jewels under that stone she might as well get away at once. Not Jacky Hamilton, nor the ten like her, could move that stone as they had done. She began to creep away, back to the stairs, a sudden vicious purpose of betraying Marchmont to the London detective making her quiver. Come what might, she would get Gillian safely away; get those wretched diamonds back to Mrs. Fareham.

But at the very stairfoot she stopped short. The great cellar was getting pitch-dark. The men carrying the light had gone—where? She turned sharply, and could see the place where they had stood only by a gleam that grew less each instant.

"I've got to see where they've gone!" she thought desperately, and without a care for her own danger, ran lightly across the cellar, just in time. For when she reached the wine-bin that had been moved the darkness was like the grave. Black, inpenetrable, thick, it seemed like a solid wall, and the terror of it made the girl's heart thump.

Had they moved a stone from the floor or from the wall? She dared not take a step lest she should fall bodily into some dreadful depth through an opening in the floor. Kneeling down, she felt each inch of the floor round her; it was solid as bedrock. As she fumbled she struck her hand hard against a slab of stone that leaned against the wall; the next instant she laughed. For in front of her, in the wall, was the opening the stone had filled, and a damp, cold wind came from it to her burning cheeks.

With a terror of what she was going to do that shook her like a leaf, Jacky Hamilton crept into that black opening with nothing to guide her but her hand on a stone wall that was cold as death, slimy with festering mold.

Step by step, feeling the floor cautiously, not daring to take her hand from the cold, unnameable horror of the wall, she went forward.

She was in a passage which slanted steadily downward, but whether it was wide or narrow she could not tell.

A strange noise that she knew, yet could not name, reached her as she felt her way, sick with terror, yet her face hard-set and grim as Lesard's own. Nothing except death could stop Jacky Hamilton now—and death she would not think of lest her trembling knees should fail her utterly. And the queer, liquid rumbling kept growing louder, more insistent, closer. Suddenly she stopped, her head swimming, her spirit quailing in her for very horror.

The passage had taken a long curve; she was round it now and could see the light not fifty yards ahead; could see the three men standing round a heap of slimy stones in a curious round cellar. But it was not that which made her blood like ice in her body; not that which turned her faint. She knew that familiar, yet strange, noise, now.

For she could see that the passage down which she had come had but one wall, the one she had followed; and to that dark, slimy wall she owed her life. The sloping, slippery footway was not three feet wide, and on the side away from the wall rolled an angry black stream. The roof sloped down to its other side, and she had been near to the brink of the black, wicked water time and again.

It took all her strength to turn her eyes from the fascination of the sullen, rolling stream; but turn them she must and did, for drowning was not the only peril that was at her elbow.

She was just in time. Marchmont had moved away some of the loose stones that lay so naturally on the rough-hewn stone floor of the queer place. Lesard, his coat unfastened, was laying his canvas belt into the hiding place left uncovered.

Life and determination came back with a leap to the girl looking on. If she were to get out alive she must go now; in a few minutes they would be on her. She paused one minute to see Marchmont stoop and take something from the canvas belt with a laugh that echoed above the rush of the dreadful water at her side. What he took she could not see, and she dared not wait another instant.

Clinging to the wall—that would have sickened her to touch could she have seen it!—step by step she crept back, in dread of the one slip that might send her dead body whirling past the men beyond. More dead than alive she gained the entrance to that awful passage. Her hand was bleeding, she could feel the hot, wet stickiness of it, and she wrapped it in her skirt that it should leave no telltale marks on casks or bins as she groped past them in her search for the cellar stairs in darkness that felt like a weight on her eyes.

Was she going straight? Would she ever find the stairs?

It was impossible to tell, since even a familiar room in utter darkness is a place to get lost in. Great drops were on her forehead as she blundered on her desperate way, her unhurt hand held out before her lest she should fall against a bin. She looked behind her in a voiceless agony that Marchmont might be coming with his light and see her circling round in the big cellar, dazed, at his mercy.

Thank Heaven, there was no light yet! Only a faint, faint gleam, a hum of angry voices. They were stopping to talk in that awful passage—and oh! whereabouts in that huge cellar was she?

As she watched the gleam, it brightened.

Jacky drew her breath and caught her last courage to meet them—and what they might do. But even at that she would not give up. She stared round her into the pitiless gloom and could make out no sign of the stairway. As she stared she gave a frightened gasp. Did something flash in front of her, like a match suddenly lit and extinguished?—or was it a trick of her eyes in the unutterable blackness of the vault?

What it was she was too helpless to care. Nothing could be worse than to be caught like a rat in this dreadful place. With her last strength the girl gathered herself together and ran desperately to that half-seen gleam that had been gone on the very instant.

She blundered wildly against casks; twice all but fell; and each second she was aware that the light was growing behind her like a living thing that haunted her. The sound of men's feet echoing from the hidden passage was growing plain. Her breast rasped in her panting chest. There were only two things before her if she could not reach the stairway in time—to be caught, or to hide behind a cask while the men went away and be locked in to starve.

With a staggering run she moved on, she knew not where. Something caught her ankle, and she fell headlong on the floor. For a moment she could not move. Then she almost screamed with fear.

A hand, a human hand, was on her arm, dragging her to her feet; a voice was whispering in her ear; and the light behind was brightening till in a moment it would be on her.

"Quick, quick!" said the voice sharply, yet low with caution, and Jacky felt herself pulled to the stair.

Oh, if she only knew whose fingers were on her arm! Her heart seemed to die in her breast.

"Come," said a voice she had not known at first, so hoarse and changed was it with terror, "be quick! We must get up before them."

"Gill!" Relief made Jacky suddenly weak; she sank down where she was, a few steps up the stairs.

"Yes. Come on, hurry! They will hear us." As she stooped and put her arms around Jacky her whole body trembled with the hard drawing of her breath. But her very presence gave the younger sister new strength. Hand in hand they stole up the stairs, not daring to whisper, even, for the light was following them. Alas! it only made the gloom in front of them more hopeless!

Gill looked ahead at the gleam at the foot of the stairs; then forward, and was staggered at the darkness, the unfamiliar passages that lay ahead of them.

"I've a candle," she breathed, "but I daren't light it. They're too near."

For there were footsteps on the stairs now; at the head, where they stood, the lantern light all but reached them, like a long, malicious finger pointing to its prey.

Desperate, the girls fled along the passages, and darted into the first open doorway they could feel. On their knees they crouched.

Jacky caught Gillian's hand hard as they listened. There were only two pair of footsteps approaching. Neither of them was Lesard's. Where was he? She peered through the crack of the sheltering door and drew back swiftly. Marchmont and his butler had paused outside. Did they suspect anything? Or were they only waiting for Lesard?

The servant's oddly well-bred voice reached to the listeners.

"I tell you I don't trust him," he said, not by a long way. What made you come out the other way? It was mad." He held the lantern angrily, so that Jacky trembled for the scrap of Gillian's skirt might show in the waiting light. But she dared not so much as turn her head to look.

Marchmont's answer came clear in its scorn. "If he likes to risk his neck, let him," he turned, significantly. "There'd be one less. What else are you afraid of?"

"Well, you're a cold-blooded devil," the voice came, after a pause. "But you're right. He won't make any mistake; he can't afford to fish."

"Then what ails you?"

"I tell you I don't trust him! What prevent his going off with the whole thing back that way some night and didn't like his manner today. He was too reckless and high and mighty."

"Tell me how to do without him. The master's accent was as precise as just as his toilet was utterly unruffled night expedition, while Brookes' was a slime and dust—but it changed now to brutality that startled all three hearers.

"You talk nonsense about getting him way," he said slowly. "Not even Lesard it. And as for taking the stuff, he can know too much for Lesard—or you—games. Do you understand?"

The lantern shook in the man's hand.

"I know," he said sullenly; "I don't."

"See that you don't, then!" he moved on.

As their footsteps died away they turned to each other in the dark.

"What does he mean by the other lian whispered. "Is there another dollar? What were they doing down did you know about it?"

"Mrs. Gibbs told me to open the the butler and someone else. She ache. I saw them all going to the it was something about the jewels them."

"And you never told me?" She son, and it cut her to the heart not trust her to fight against Lesard. You might have."

"I was afraid, Gill!"

Gillian sobbed in the dark.

"You were right," she said, choking grimly. "But yet—I fought for you

"You saved me!" shame hot on Gill, forgive me!"

Gillian took her hand, gropingly

"You need never be afraid quietly. Something came over I saw his face, and saw you the stairs and follow him. following a leopard that had

"Where were you?" in sharp

"At the head of the back stairs and you weren't in your room. little things in this house may I went to look for you. I head of those stairs just when they came from the They couldn't see me, but on them and you. I heard if he wanted to wake the saw his face when he was a devil's face. I know loved me; he must have reason that Marchmont for a catspaw. And too much and he was he dropped me. And have been a wicked gave a hard little laugh "Don't shrink like that! she finished sharply.

"Then you'll help?" incoherently

"I'll do anything but was ever his wife. know I'm Gillian Lesard."

The name came like a shock to to make everything so Lesard! The sister had one day furtively, look—"Jacqueline made her sick with

"Gill, light a light; pered peremptorily. now."

"I'm afraid. He may be

"No, he's gone. from this. It go to look for was her turn By the light of one by one, Not a mouse their noiseless house was them.

Once in Gillian's the lamp and chair.

"Go on," she

"Only to the to go on. dropped it they lowed, and bin, with the to follow them." sister's hands slime, dark

"How did you been?" she

"Where they her hand and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

HAT TO DO WITH LEFT-OVERS



NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

By Violet Marsh

ight, 1922, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

OST people who have ever lived in a boarding school, college, or other institution of training, or have eaten regularly in a large mealing place, will agree that no matter how good the food, the serving of certain certain days of the week soon becomes otonous and causes the appetite to flag. other hand, this routine is difficult to vhere large amounts are freshly cooked meal.

short time after leaving home the regu- let is very acceptable, and the letters home will say: "The table is great." ful state of affairs will continue some hen along comes a letter saying: "The been poor of late, and I'm getting so I n take a look at cold tongue and prunes. he cook is on a strike."

he chances are that the quality of food cooking are unchanged. It is also proba- the variety of not large, and r how good, the n soon becomes e to the appe- bill-of-fare con- surprises such ssible from yes- roast, or from l bits and com- of food that pear where the to be fed is The taste re- ange just as do and mind.

boys and girls me it is not long before they begin to why they never seem to experience the icipation and relish for food that they , and they close their eyes to dream of things to eat way back home. Young o not always realize that it is mother's in making tasty dishes from whatever there is on hand that makes them eat so d keeps their appetites so keen.

housewives know that when meal time ey will be greeted by a hungry lot who the platter clean."

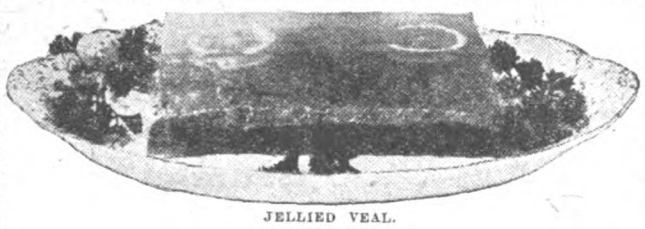


APPLE SHORTCAKE.

Made-Over Dishes

se this is the season when the limited f fresh fruits, vegetables and eggs gives sewife more planning to do, it seems a e time to talk about making remnants of ood into new dishes. The following have ted and found to be excellent ways of he large and small amounts of leftover

D VEAL.—Chop two cups of cold roast h one-half cup of firm tomato pulp. Soak espoons of granulated gelatin in one-half old water ten minutes, then dissolve in three-fourths cup of boiling water. Add rth cup n juice. little of tin into bread l when s place slice of ar each er with the gel- d when ffens ver the xture in h even layer. Cover with the remainder elatin and set in a cool place.

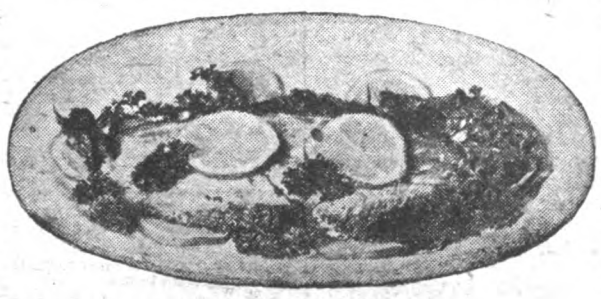


JELLIED VEAL.

AND MASHED POTATO.—Pick into fine y cold fish; season with salt, melted but- ry salt, paprika and a little lemon juice. bottom of a greased deep dish spread a mashed potato, then the prepared fish. with more potato, sprinkle with grated nd fine cracker-crumbs, add a few spoon- milk or cream and bake twenty minutes oven.

KEN AND RICE.—Pick all the meat from mains of a roast chicken. Break up the cover with cold water and simmer one Strain and cook down to about one cup- elt one tablespoon of butter, stir into it espoon of dry flour and gradually add the broth. Season. In a baking dish put al- layers of boiled rice and chicken, cover e cup of stewed tomato and pour over the d broth. Cover and bake forty minutes derate oven. A few leftover carrots, on- peas may be added to the chicken and

D HAM WITH CRUMBS.—One cup of fine, ead-crumbs and one cup of milk slowly ht to a nd stirred eamy. Add ablespoons ter, one- teaspoon tard, a lit- er, one cup ed boiled d a little nless the salt. Beat hen fold in ite of one aten stiff. nto a but- ish, set in ith a little ater and a moder- n about 25 s. An excellent way to use scraps of ham.



FINNAN HADDIE.

D HASH.—One and one-half cup of chopped eef, one and one-half cup of chopped raw one-half cup of thick gravy, two table- of tomato catsup, one teaspoon of minced and salt to taste. Mix and turn into a l baking dish and bake in a moderate oven ar.

CAKES AND BACON.—Chop cold cooked ither lamb, chicken or beef. To each cup e-half cup of cold boiled rice, granulated or hominy. Cold corn-meal mush is also Mix and season with one tablespoon of butter, a little pepper, and salt unless eat and cereal are already salted. A pinch ltry dressing may be added. Add just enough gravy to hold the meat and cereal together if any additional moisture is necessary. Make into small round cakes about half an inch thick. Wrap in thin strips of bacon and fasten with wooden toothpicks or tie with a clean white string. Bake in a hot oven until the bacon is brown, turning the cakes once.

SCALLOPED PORK AND MUSH.—Chop cold roast pork quite fine and place in a deep baking dish in alternate layers with corn-meal mush, sprinkling each layer of pork with a small pinch of ground sage and a little salt and pepper. Have the top layer of mush. Add roast pork gravy. Many like this dish with a little stewed tomato added to each layer. Bake in a moderate oven one hour.

SCALLOPED HOMINY.—Put an inch layer of cold boiled hominy into a baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and season with salt, paprika, and a tiny pinch of mustard, or the mustard may be omitted. Repeat until the hominy is used, then pour over the top one cup of white sauce. Bake 35 minutes in a hot oven.

HOMINY AND TOMATOES.—Cook one cup of hominy two hours and pour into a deep baking dish. Pour over the top about an inch layer of tomato that has been strained and cooked down about one-half. Sprinkle with cheese and butter, salt and paprika and bake 30 minutes in a fairly hot oven.

RICE.—Leftover boiled rice mixed with white sauce and beaten up with grated cheese may be baked until brown and served with cold meat.

BAKED BEAN SALAD.—Two cups of cold baked beans which have been cooked until the juice is quite thick. Mix with one tablespoon of scraped onion, two tablespoons of chopped sour pickle, one-half cup of crisp shredded cabbage. Season with salt and pepper and pour two tablespoons of salad oil over the top.

BAKED BEAN LOAF.—Two cups of cold baked beans put through the potato masher. Add one cup of fine bread-crumbs, two or more cold boiled onions mashed, one-fourth cup of thick stewed tomato, salt and pepper, and one well-beaten egg. Stir well together, press into a baking dish, lay slices of bacon over the top and bake one hour in a moderate oven. A little cold carrot or beet may be added to the loaf.

VEGETABLE PIE.—Prepare the boiled dinner vegetables the same as for hash and fill a deep baking dish about three-fourths full. Add a few tablespoons from the "top-of-the-pot" to moisten, or a little beef gravy you may have on hand. Cover with a rich biscuit dough a little less than an inch thick. Bake in a hot oven until the crust is thoroughly baked. Serve with apple sauce.

GRAVY FOR LEFTOVER MEATS.—Slice two small onions, add two sprigs of parsley, half a bay leaf and the leaves from a piece of celery. Cover with water and boil one hour. Strain. Add about one-fourth teaspoon of prepared table mustard and one tablespoon of meat fat. Put one tablespoon of meat fat in a saucepan and when it bubbles smooth in one tablespoon of flour. Cook one minute while stirring, then add the liquor and cook five minutes.

Possibilities in Small Amounts

It is often a mistake to continue serving a leftover until the eye as well as the taste refuses to be attracted by it. This may apply to a dish of cold meat that has been sliced, and through continuous efforts to get it eaten had time to dry and curl. Or it may be pieces of dried cake, broken and covered with loose crumbs. A little stale apple sauce making its appearance until everyone shuns it is likely to cause some member of the family to "sour" on apple sauce for years to come. Fish should always be made into a palatable dish and finished on the second day. It may not become tainted by the third day, but it will develop a "fishy" odor that is apt to result in turning the family against this valuable food.

The "don'ts" are endless regarding the use of stale food, but perhaps the most serious objection to such practice is that it reduces the variety of foods the housewife can serve and be sure of getting eaten. There are endless ways of using cold meat. Leftover slices should be reheated in gravy, chopped for hash or made into a scallop. For families who eat too heavily of meat, these dishes made from meat and vegetables combined have an advantage outside using the leftovers. Dried cake is made into a "bread" pudding with very little labor, and with a bit of inventiveness a new dessert is the result. Add that cup of stale apple sauce to your meat or fish stuffing and then "taste and see." Pick your cold fish into bits and reheat in the egg sauce, or lacking the egg use it in a cracker and milk escallop on fish-cakes. If the family seems to be slighting the fish-cakes, next time try adding a little chopped boiled beet as this makes it into a new dish.

Bits of dried cheese should be soaked in a little cream, then beaten into a paste flavored with salt, paprika, and a pinch of mustard. Or it may be softened with mayonnaise. Serve on toasted crackers or fill the grooves of tender stalks of celery.

All the cold vegetables make into delicious sal-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



THERE IS something enticing, something strangely enchanting in the delicacy of these wafers. To taste one is to make the second quite irresistible.

Whatever the occasion, show the daintiness of your taste by serving Anola, Harlequin, Ramona and Nabisco Sugar Wafers at your table. There is nothing more delicious or more exquisitely dainty that you can serve your guests.

ANOLA

Two crisp chocolate-flavored wafers with a creamy chocolate-flavored filling between.

RAMONA

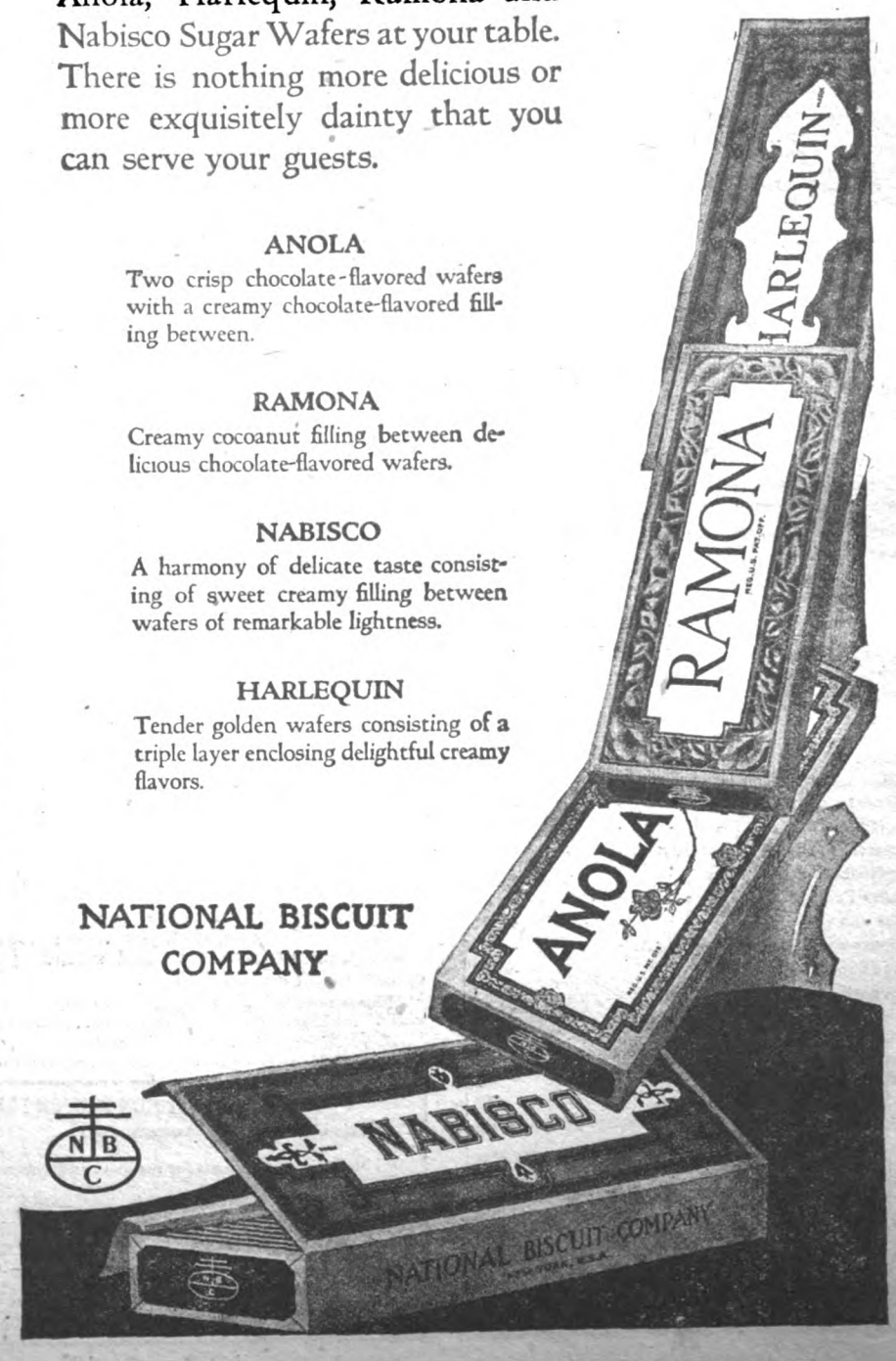
Creamy cocoanut filling between delicious chocolate-flavored wafers.

NABISCO

A harmony of delicate taste consisting of sweet creamy filling between wafers of remarkable lightness.

HARLEQUIN

Tender golden wafers consisting of a triple layer enclosing delightful creamy flavors.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Cubby Bear's New Year Calls

By Lena B. Ellingw

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"WAKE up, Cubby Bear! The old year is ending!" said Mamma Bruin.

The words reached Cubby's mind dimly, through his sound winter sleep. He stirred, opened one eye drowsily, and would have been fast asleep again in another instant, had not Mamma Bruin gently shaken him.

"Is the New Year coming?" he asked. "I am glad." And he crawled out of bed and stretched his drowsy limbs.

In the fall, when the time for their winter sleep was near, Cubby had heard Wise Owl and Redtop Woodpecker talking about New Year calls, and had said to Mamma Bruin:

"Why must we always be asleep when the New Year begins? I have never, never made any New Year calls! How could I manage to wake when the old year is ending?"

"Why, if you care so much about it, Cubby Bear, I will call you," promised Mamma Bruin. "If I set my mind on waking at a certain time, I always do it. But you must promise me to go back to bed and to sleep as soon as your calls are ended."

"Oh, yes; I promise," agreed Cubby Bear. "And, Mamma Bruin, I have thought of the loveliest plan—but I could not do it without your help."

"What is it?"

"I would like to take a plum pudding to each place where I call. Little round, brown plum puddings," he explained, with shining eyes, "each with a pretty pine-tassel stuck in the top! Could I?"

"Yes," said Mamma Bruin, "I will help you."

And now the time had come.

Mamma Bruin had a brisk fire started, and Cubby held out his little dark paws to the cheery blaze. He felt rather heavy and stupid, much more like going back to his little bed than making calls.

Mamma Bruin was mixing the puddings.

"You must bring in some snow, and melt it in the kettle," she told Cubby, "so we can boil the puddings."

They spent the rest of the night in the warm little kitchen, putting wood on the fire to keep the kettle boiling, and telling stories to keep themselves awake.

Then, when the little round, brown puddings were done, they put each one into a birchbark cup, stuck a pine-tassel in the top, and placed them carefully in a basket. Such a festive sight!

They had made one extra one, and this they broke in two, and each ate half.

"They taste as good as they look," decided Mamma Bruin. "Now, Cubby, a Happy New Year to you!"

So saying, she went gladly back to finish her long sleep.

Cubby put on his best necktie, green, with yellow and purple spots, his red earmuffs and mittens to keep him warm, and, carefully carrying the basket which held the puddings, started out in the grayness of the winter morning to make his New Year calls.

"I am afraid I have started too early," he thought. "I will call on Mr. Wise Owl first. He stays up at night, and perhaps he has not gone to bed yet for the day."

To Mr. Wise Owl's hollow tree he went, and knocked.

Soon a gray ear and large eye appeared. Then Wise Owl hurried forth.

"Whoo-whoo!" he cried, with pleasure and surprise in his voice. "Whoo ever thought of seeing you out today?"

"I have come," said Cubby Bear politely, "to make a call, to wish you a Happy New Year, and to give you one of my fat little puddings."

"This is kind, indeed!" said Wise Owl, as he shook Cubby's paw. "If you will excuse me, I will eat a little of the pudding now. It is a hard winter, and food is not too plentiful. I will hang the pine-tassel on my wall, where it will remind me of you."

After talking with Wise Owl a while, Cubby started on again. By this time the world looked more cheerful, for the bright sun was just lifting his smiling face above the mountain.

Wading along through the snow, he heard a loud tap, tap, tapping on the bark of a tree.

"Someone else must be making New Year calls," thought Cubby. Then he spied Redtop Woodpecker, and called to him, "Whom are you calling on, Redtop?"

"Nobody," answered the bird, and came fluttering down to where Cubby stood. "I am trying to find some worms to eat."

"I can give you something better than worms for a New Year's feast," Cubby told him. "See if you can find Billy Bluejay anywhere around. I will wait here for you."

Cubby stamped around to keep his feet warm while he waited.



"I HAVE COME," SAID CUBBY, TO MAKE A CALL, TO WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND TO GIVE YOU ONE OF MY FAT LITTLE PUDDINGS."

When Redtop came flying back, both Billy Bluejay and little Chickadee Chirrupee were with him.

"How do you do?" asked Cubby, bowing in his best manner. "I have come to make a call, to wish you all a Happy New Year, and to give you one of my fat little puddings."

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Billy Bluejay. "Hurry up, you Redtop and Dee-dee, if you want to get your share, for I am hungry!"

Cubby watched them happily as they ate.

"I will go to Bunny Rabbit's next," he decided.

Bunny Rabbit, delighted to see Cubby Bear, invited him in. Cubby took one pudding into the house, leaving the others, in the basket, on the doorstep.

"I have come," said Cubby, "to make a call, to wish you a Happy New Year, and to give you one of my fat little puddings."

"Oh, thank you," said Bunny Rabbit.

"Oh, thank you," echoed the Bunny Babies, and all stared at the pudding longingly, their eyes big and round, their little pink noses wiggling as they sniffed.

"It will make us a fine New Year's C... Bunny.

When his call was ended, Cubby w... door.

The basket had disappeared!

Not one fat, round, brown little p... left!

Cubby sat down suddenly on the ... quite weak.

"Where—*where* have they gone?" h...

Bunny looked at him with pitying ...

"Foxy Reynard," he said solemnly, ... does all the mischief."

"Yes," burst out Cubby, beginning ... gry. "Yes! No one else in our Pl... could be so mean. Always, always, b...

"Find Foxy, and you will find your ... went on Bunny Rabbit; "that is, if he ... ready eaten them. Foxy is lank these ... I suspect he does not find much to ...

"I will find him," declared Cubby.

As he turned the corner of Bunny ... met Busy Beaver and Brother Binney. ... They greeted him with, "Well, we ... the trouble with you, Cubby Bear?"

"Foxy has stolen my New Year pud... am looking for him," said Cubby short... ried on.

The Beaver brothers chuckled, w... thought very impolite.

"Wait!" called Busy Beaver, "We ... you."

"Yes," said Brother Binney. "You ... and I will soon catch up with you."

"Have you seen Foxy yet?" he ask... joined them, a little later.

"Not yet," answered Busy Beaver.

The two brothers seemed to find a ... laugh about as they went on together, ... hurried along soberly.

"I wouldn't go any farther if I were ... Bear!" called out Billy Bluejay sudde...

"Why not?" asked Cubby rather sh... temper had been sorely tried.

"You will find no tracks around F... know, for I have been past there. ... snow fell last night, so you see he ... out today."

"Then who *did* take the puddings?" ...

"Go back to Bunny Rabbit's hou... find them where you left them—on ...

"But they were not there when I ...

"I am not fooling you," said Bill... will go with you."

Sure enough, when they came to Bu... house again, there was the basket on ... with every little fat, round, brown p... safe and sound. Not even a pu... missing.

The Beaver brothers chuckled mo... said, "Good by, Cubby Bear! A Ha... to you!" and ran off together.

"It was only the Beavers' little jo... Billy. "I saw them when they hid ... did not want to spoil their fun—I ... would give it back to you."

"Then Foxy did not take it after ... Cubby. "Poor Foxy! I am sorry I ... kind things about him when he did ... them. You say there are no tracks ... den. Then perhaps he has had no ... know what I will do." And, taking ... he started off.

"What are you going to do?" asked ... jay, hopping along after him.

"Make a New Year call on Foxy, le... him as I know how to be, and ... pudding."

Reaching Foxy's den, Cubby knocke...

"Who is there?" he heard Foxy's ...

"It is I, Cubby Bear!"

"Open the door, and come in," sa...

So Cubby went in. There was Fo... his bed, and looking very unhappy.

"I have sprained my leg, and cannot ... Foxy. "I have not been out for tw... am very hungry."

"Oh, I am sorry!" Cubby told hi... come to make a call, and wish you a ... Year. And see—I have brought you ... ful, fat, round, brown little puddings ... and with pine-tassels sticking in the...

How Foxy's hungry eyes shone!

And how gratefully he thanked ... kindness!

And as Cubby Bear trudged home ... the snow, swinging his empty basket, ... glow he felt in his heart, even though ... January winds were blowing!

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FEBRUARY COMFORT

Our big mid-winter number will serve our readers with a feast of good reading besides the special articles commemorative of Washington, Lincoln and Saint Valentine. The following are some of the

Special Features for February

"St. Valentine's Day in the Evening" A delightful romance that pivots on a celebration of the day consecrated to true lovers.

"The Love Affairs of A. Lincoln" Strange that so great a man should have been so unfortunate in love.

"Washington's Birthday Party" Program with unique features for home or community social affair.

"Religious Faiths of our Presidents" Tells the religious beliefs and church affiliations of our Presidents, most of whom were devout Christians.

"Washington's Birthday Celebration" Some curious features of old-time celebrations of the occasion.

"The President's Cottage" Describes the former Summer home of our Presidents and relates interesting traditions about its famous occupants.

"A Hind Quarter of Beef" Describes the cuts and tells how to cook and serve them to make the best use of a hind quarter.

"Cubby Bear and the Mumps" Cubby Bear turns nurse to help Dr. Porcupine care for the forest animals when sick with mumps.

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January, 1923.

Crumbs of Comfo...

Be friendly.
Give a smile.
Every hour has its sun.
Patience is always power.
Promises are made to keep.
We are as old as our doubts.
Nature's music is the most sweet.
Gentleness is an overcoming force.
Our lives are built out of our days.
Time teaches more than our libraries.
It takes courage to know how to forgive.
To judge life meanly is to mistrust God.
We love those who are loved by children.
To the young the heavens are always blue.
We say: Life is short—and go on wasting time.
Get your tools ready and God will find the w...
The first stumble should warn us of future ...
Learn to forget easily the things not worth rem...
We often waste valuable moments in anticipa... ones.
Be honest with the world if you would keep ... young.
We cannot all be great, but we can all be s... sincere.
The keenest talent, the greatest genius, ... without labor.
That all life is one, is the great and simple ... all things.
No man can raise himself above the higher ... which he believes.
Associate reverently and as much as possible ... loftiest thoughts.
A man who can find no satisfaction in himself ... find it elsewhere.
Anyone who tells us what is wrong and how ... it right, is a friend.
Nothing except ourselves can force us to mak... mistake a second time.
A man who lives right has more power in h... than another has in his words.

Save COMFORT Wrappers—They Are Useful

Keep the wrapper on this magazine and ... your kitchen calendar or put it away in some ... where you can easily find it. The printed inf... is very useful. It enables us immediately to fi... subscription order and our mailing stencil. ... save yourself postage and possible delay if you ... the last wrapper received whenever you wr... ALWAYS ENCLOSE YOUR WRAPPER ... WRITING US FOR A CHANGE OF ADDR... Please save the wrapper.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

A New Year!—new days, new thoughts, new beginnings, for all of us! Our faces turn toward 1923 with few glances backward at the discarded twelve months. Man is an eternal Looker Forward, and Youth, with all the more before it, gazes the farthest and the most eagerly into the beckoning future. "Well, we'll see what 1923 has in store for us," is what we find it easiest to think and say.

We say this, most of us, because we are filled with the pleasant illusion that the year may bring us something or all that we crave—wealth, love, happiness, peace, and other bright gifts. But when we think more deeply, we find that these good things are not in the keeping of this or any other year, that we ourselves can be the only bringers of these joyful qualifications of life. It is *in us* that the future lies and that the past will be. We are the makers of every one of our sorrows and joys; the builders of our own dreams and achievements; the destroyers of our hopes, and the tearers-down of our own half-begun houses of life.

In all the busy, complex and external ways in which we live today, it is too easy and seems almost necessary to fall into ways of thinking in which we look to external and future things to give us what we seek. We have not found what we desire in the past years, and so we look to see each new year lay gifts at our feet. But if we think thus, we look in vain; not gifts, but renewed illusions is what the New Year is pretty certain to bring us. Instead of gifts laid at our waiting feet, it is disappointments which probably will be treading on our toes—already sore from other past crushing of events.

For in the many or few years put behind us, if we have not builded within us the qualities that make for happiness, we will look vainly for a Happy New Year. We must bring what we ask and hope for. If it is friends we seek, the year cannot give them unless we have learned to be friendly to others. If it is love we desire, we must have learned to love and to make ourselves worth loving. If it is joy we wish, we must have found how to be bringers of joy to others and how to live with the corners of our lips turned up. And finally, if it is wealth we want—that ever-sought Pot of Gold at the foot of Life's Rainbow—then we must have been somehow taught the hardest lesson of all: that gain comes best by giving, and that riches are too dearly bought if they are won by the impoverishment of the heart.

These are all but suggestions of laws dealing with the inner life of man—his only real life. They form no part of the materialist's creed of success. They do not seem as real in returns as the crashing, cashing life of trade or the noisy many-footed search for pleasure which is trampling down the world. Yet they are inklings of the surest, truest laws and gleams of the only realities—the more substantial because they are not a structure of conduct built by man, but one that was builded for him. In their simple completeness these laws underlie all else. They are the key to every system of religion. They will see mountains wear away and seas retire through all New Years, for they are the laws of the Government of God which must finally be the government of our creation.

For man is here to make his world; it never makes him. Out of the heart of man are all the issues of life—and by "heart" I mean his inner laws of impulse and feeling. It is this inner life which must be builded, guarded and fed if we are to have any Happy New Years—or anything else which is enduringly happy.

Although in my best moments these simple truths, of which I speak but parts, seem so simple and true to me, I know they too easily seem foolishment to others, a delay and a stumbling-block to what is termed success as the world lives. Youth, looking eagerly ahead and seldom within, pushes such thoughts carelessly aside. Age, having failed to find or understand them, believes the following of new paths too late or too seemingly impossible.

But in watching life around us, in reading the columns of our crime-and horror-filled newspapers, we can see examples of how these laws of the heart of man work out. Before us is the evidence of how any d struction or emptiness of the inner life finds a sure following of an outer destruction, of a crumbling to sorrow, suffering and death of all those things which have been piled up as possessions or of the fame given by men. A man's life may have for years made a fine and showy seeming before the world, but an inner emptiness and rot have been increasing—and suddenly the great fall comes, or perhaps the slow decay of unhappinss goes on. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," which means that as he thinks within, so will his future be and the lines of his life be for good or for evil. We make our new and old years. We must take thought to make them right.

So in all this I want you to know that when you look forward to 1923, you must look within also. All the prosperity and happiness we can ask of the New Year we can only make within ourselves and only receive the gifts we have made ourselves ready for receiving. As we have, so it may be given to us. A Happy New Year will surely come to happy full hearts, and to this sort of heart only. The most prosperous New Year will be theirs only whose wishes are sincerely for the prosperity of others and not for themselves. These are the things I believe. I want you to believe them, too. It is hard doctrine, perhaps; but, oh, so true when put in practice. Try it and find out! As for our Happy Bunch, I know many of "em are already proving how these things work out in daily living. To others we can say: Come and see and be happy with us—this year and every future one!

Let's all work for a Happy New Year and a Happy Heart. Let's look for Love and not for Luck to work wonders. Let's all turn to 1923 with a smile and an outstretched hand. And the Young and Friendly Year will smile back, take our hand, and give us more than we have hoped or asked.

Bill says his idea of a happy New Year would be a mild January when he could throw every liniment bottle out of the window and walk on four legs and not three. That three inches of snow we had last week put a crimp and a limp in Bill's holidays. I am going to make him read twice over what I have written here. I know he needs it and that some lessons are better than liniment for lame hearts and legs.

And now for the letters:

UNION, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Some time ago you made the statement that romance does not exist in real life and this letter is being written to prove it, and that you, Uncle Lisha, are responsible for some of it. Anyway you were for ours: Perhaps you and some of the cousins remember Ruth Miller, R. F. D. 2, Asheboro, N. C., whose letter was printed in our department of COMFORT, July, 1921. After it was published, letters and letters and letters were sent to the above address, so many they could not be answered. But there was one, from a rural mail carrier in Michigan, that seemed different from the others. The letter was answered and Uncle Sam's postal employees between Michigan and North Carolina were kept pretty busy handling letters after that. The result is that he secured a transfer from rural carrier in Coldwater, Michigan, to postal clerk in Union, South Carolina,—all for the sake of one little southern girl. And that's all, except that August 23, 1922, the North and South, as represented by a northern man and a southern girl, were again united. You have been a fairy godmother—or rather godfather—to us, Uncle Lisha, for you brought us together, and we wanted you to know how happy you have made two COMFORT readers. You have the heartfelt gratitude, highest esteem, and the very best of all good wishes of

Your loving nephew and niece,
MR. AND MRS. CARROLL I. CHASE.

Talk about laughing and cooing, Carrol and Ruth, I certainly gurgled with joy when I read your letter and found that COMFORT and I had a share in building your happiness and making you something nearer and dearer than cousins. Yep, there is a lot of romance in real life that never gets into the movies or between the covers of "best sellers." And a good thing for us it is that this is so and that we do not have to take our dreams second-hand. But there is a little of magic about romance—you must believe in it if it is to happen. Here, as in all things, faith counts for much. Ruth, I'll wager there was a good streak of romance in your heart when you wrote your letter to COMFORT and when you read the replies—and the one that "seemed different." And Carroll felt the same when he sent his letter to you and romance radios commenced to vibrate from Michigan to South Carolina. And now it has all come true! What more appropriate place for such a Union than your town, Ruth?

I'm writing this with every hope for your deepest, dearest and most enduring happiness, and with thanks for your own kind wishes and the proof you send that romance is just as real as we make it and just as enduring as life. Carroll and Ruth, I'm a happy fairy goduncle this day, believe me.

MT. PLEASANT, 805 N. LINCOLN ST., IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I wonder if any of the cousins can give me the words of the poem, "In the Land of Beginning Again"? The first verse is:

"I wish there were some beautiful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches
And all our poor foolish pain
Might be dropped like a shaggy old cloak at the door—
And never put on again."

Sincerely, ALICE LYNELORD.

Alice, it is no wonder you are interested in the Land of Beginning Again. That would be a country worth finding. No Central Africa, farthest North or uncharted Antarctic would offer such charms and rewards to the explorer. Not only poets, but oodles and oodles of quite ordinary folks have tried their hands at this discovery game in vain. The best that remains is but to write about the fair, far, unattainable domain.

No, Alice, we can never turn back the hands on the Clock of Life. We cannot start our Life's day over again. We are pitifully unable to interfere with the beginnings we may have made on the hours of Time's allotment. I fear the only things we sometimes start over again are our old mistakes—for we are such sorry learners and rememberers! And so we must be careful to begin as rightly as possible, that we may have the less sad wishes later on, the less of seeking for unfindable turnings back. When dreams go aground they are too fragile for much worthwhile salvaging.

Alice, a poem like the one you quote is sure to be popular, for its appeal is as universal as life. It voices the cry of disappointed hearts, broken hopes, unsatisfied longings for things more whole and perfect than our own uneven lives and unsteady souls can gain for ourselves. The poet who pens such lines is sure of a high place in every Scrap Book Anthology, no matter how the highbrow critics may rank his or her muse. As it happens, Alice, I can help you about this poem. It is by Louisa Fletcher (Mrs. Willard Connely), and was first published in 1911. A book of Mrs. Connely's verse is published, under the title of "The Land of Beginning Again," by Small, Maynard & Co,, Boston, Mass. So you may find the poem there, if none of the cousins produces it from a scrap-book—as I am quite sure will be done.

CARUTHERSVILLE, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I'm sincerely glad that you love Missouri, Uncle Lisha,—at least I judge that you do from all the kind remarks I've read in the Cousins' department. But I'm sure you've never seen southeast Missouri, generally known as "swamp-east Missouri." Although this name was at one time an appropriate honest description, it desires to be no longer known as such, for it has now been dredged and grows the finest crops, equal to any in the U. S., without commercial fertilizer of any kind.

This section has a wonderful history: When the Indians roamed the country, the spot where Caruthersville now stands was one of the landings on the Mississippi River and a ridge running west from here, known as Morgan's Ridge, was never known to overflow. Now our levee prevents any overflows. There are quite a number of Indian mounds in Pemiscot County. Various kinds of pottery have been dug from one which is about two miles southwest of the town.

Then there was the earthquake of 1812. That was an exciting time for the settlers. The Mississippi ran upstream Some of the highest land sank, causing great lakes and bayous to form. The lakes have been dredged and drained, but they say there is a place in one beautiful bayou where no bottom has ever been found. The largest lake was more than ten miles long. Big walnut timber, nearly eight feet in diameter, has been dug from the bed of the lake, sure proof of its once having been high ground. Thousands of walnut logs were burned in heaps during the clearing of the country. Then game was abundant. Deer, bear, elk, wolves, squirrels, ducks, geese, pelicans and turkey made it a hunter's dream—but times have rapidly changed.

There are now scarcely any swamp. Ditches eight to 25 feet deep have been dug all over the low ground. An aviator flying over our section landed and asked about our "canals." He thought we had a wonderful system for the transportation of our products!

Where lakes once produced 80-pound fish, corn now grows to the enormous height of 30 feet and pumpkins to the weight of 118 pounds. Alfalfa and clover make from four to six and sometimes seven cuttings a season, producing a ton and a half to the acre at each cutting. A farmer living in the Arkansas cotton country visited in our county and wants to rent 1,000 acres to plant to cotton—he says 35 acres here will produce more than his 1,400 acres where he now lives.

I live on a small farm on the edge of the town and we raise fruit mostly. We have received the blue ribbon on our pears at the fair for many years. We have raised pears weighing two and three-quarters pounds each. Some of our pears went to the San Francisco Exposition.

So when dear Billy the Goat gets hungry won't you please send him to our part of Missouri? Hay is a much-better diet than paper, although we once had a cow that would leave hay for paper. Once she ate a whole barrel of paper and while we owned her she ate quite a lot of clothes and a section of heavy Brussels carpet.

Enclosed you will find valuable(?) works of art—one of Bill and one of Uncle Charlie. Of course if you, Uncle Lisha, will some day pose beside the picture of Uncle Charlie, I will do one of you. I always desired to be an artist or an illustrator for stories, but never got the chance except as a pastime. I enjoy other things besides drawing. The letters of the cousins and those in the Sisters' Corner seem almost like personal letters to oneself. You see I, having no uncles, aunts nor cousins, want to adopt some, and COMFORT is a recommended source of supply. I was afraid many would never visit me and so I have given you, one and all, as pleasant a time as I could by taking you through my country, over its paved streets and tarvia roads, in the easy way of history and description. I would especially like to hear from any of the Stephens family or descndants who live in or near Raleigh, N. C., as my grandfather came from that state. Also would like letters from the Grubbs family of Kentucky and Illinois.

I am, sincerely,

Your southern Democratic cousin,
ZULA STEPHENS.

It is true, Zula, that in all my Missouri-loving, mule-hunting rambles among the Ozarks, I never ran across your little corner of "swamp-east Missouri" which sticks like a moist thumb into the sides of Arkansas and Tennessee. And I'm sorry now I never put on my boots and waded down into your land of 118-pound pumpkins and pears. I should like to own a farm on the shores of Grassy Bayou or on the outskirts of the thriving town of Cooter. With a giant pear or two, what ducks I could shoot, and all my winter's wood to be cut from the bottom of the lakes, I could live comfortably the year 'round and let the cruel Brooklyn landlords starve among their empty apartments. But how about overflows, Zula? Are the levees good at Grassy Bayou? And I would not want to have it so grassy that I would have to take too much time from duck hunting or pear peeling to mow my lawn. I must know about these things before I move.

Zula, your "works of art" were artfully done and won a spot in Bill's Album if not in his hardened heart. He did not like your comparing him to a cow or suggesting that he might eat Brussels carpet. Bill would never touch anything less expensive than imported Axminster. I do hope you will make me into a work of art some day, Zula. A sort of "old master," you know, and giving me a halo or something. When the pears are ripe and the pumpkins yellowing, I'll come down to Pemiscot County and pose for you among the bayous—perhaps with a 118-pound mosquito munching on the south slope of my Roman nose.

VICKSBURG, KENTUCKY.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I have become so interested in the cousins letters thought I would write one. now pleas uncle Lisha dont let Billie see this for I know he will git it as it is the first one I every wrot to be put in a paper.

I am foufteen years old yesterday and was to have birthday party but my brother was sick.

I have one brother sister.

I go to school and am in the eihth grade.

I have dark brown hair and dark brown eyes and have fair complexion.

I am sorrow William M. Hwley is so lonely but I am afraid to write to him for fear I would not git veary much candy.

I live on a farm of 160 acors. And my father all so owns a stor half a mile from our home. and I have been clearking for him to day and I am tired and so I will go.

Wishing you and the cousins much jok.

LOUISE CONN.

Your letter, Louise, is a dreadful example of how a typewriter will spell. If you had written to us with a fountain pen I'm sure the result would have been very different, even if less amusing. Some typewriters never were taught to spell!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

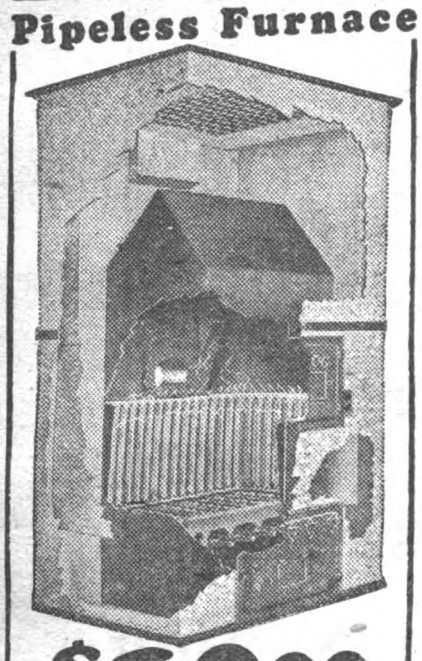
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Kindly send me sample of lessons in Millinery Designing and Making as taught in ten weeks' spare time.

Name .....

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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

they have loved my prospective fortune more than they have loved me, the sooner I find it out the better. At all events, this calamity, if it can be so termed, will show me the true and the false."

"And you will not feel degraded to go out and earn your pittance, perhaps a dollar a day, with your own hands?"

"No. My hands may grow hard and rough with the toil, but my heart will be the same."

"Brownie Douglas, you are a splendid girl, and I love you a thousand times more at this moment than I ever did in my life before. I am prouder of you as a friend, prouder of you without a penny today, than I was yesterday when I thought you worth a million!" exclaimed Miss Huntington impulsively as she threw her arms around her friend and embraced her fervently.

This broke Brownie down completely, and she sobbed wildly for a few minutes.

"Dear Asia," she said at length, wiping her tears, "I thought surely, when you were talking about caste and the degradation of toil, that you were speaking your own thoughts. We have loved each other so well that the idea of losing your friendship was very painful to me."

"Forgive me if I for the moment pained you. I have read of people being above such feelings upon the loss of all their earthly goods, but I never believed it, and I was testing you. I truly prize you more in your misfortune than I ever did before. You have taught me a lesson today which I shall not soon forget. Your example toward the poor and unfortunate has always troubled my conscience, and henceforth I shall shorten my trains and extend my charities."

"I am glad to hear you say this, Asia, for you have the means at your command to do great good," replied Brownie, her face now radiant at this proof of true friendship.

"Well, but I'm afraid the lesson will not be lasting if you do not follow it up with others, and so, my darling, I am going to propose that you go home to stay with me. No, you needn't refuse," she continued, putting her hand playfully over Brownie's lips, "on the score of being dependent, for you know papa has plenty, and would never feel it in the world. He would be delighted, for he has always admired you intensely."

"Aspasia, I know it will hurt you deeply to have me refuse this kindness, but indeed it cannot be, dear. My mind has been made up from the first to earn my bread 'by the sweat of my brow,' and nothing can change it," Brownie answered decidedly.

"But if he desires you to come as a companion and a help to me?" urged Aspasia earnestly.

Brownie laughed aloud at the idea, in spite of her sadness.

"A companion, Aspasia, when your home is already full!"

"Well, but you know Jennie is soon to be married, and Lina needs someone to look after her French and music. You would be just the one, and we would have such delightful times together."

"It would be all a mere form. I know I should not be received or treated as a governess or companion in your father's house, and I should live a life of idleness and pleasure as much as heretofore. No; I have said I will work, and work I will! And if my friends prove themselves as true as you have, I shall only be so much happier," was the firm reply.

CHAPTER VII.

EARNING HER OWN LIVING.

It soon became noised abroad that Miss Meta Douglas, the heiress, was no more than any other common mortal, since her wealth had taken to itself wings and flown away.

It seemed as if her heart must break when, as the last day before the sale came, she went from room to room to take a farewell view of everything, and gather up the few precious treasures which Mr. Conrad had told her she was at liberty to take. Aspasia had insisted upon remaining with her until everything was over, and donning a simple calico dress, minus either ruffle or train, she superintended with her own fair hands the packing of valuable books, statuettes, bronzes and ornaments, which she knew were so dear to Brownie's tender heart.

And when at length the last day arrived, early in the morning before even the servants were astir, she had slipped down-stairs and, moving noiselessly from room to room, had tucked a card bearing the words "sold" upon several of the finest paintings, which she knew Miss Mehetabel had highly prized from the fact of their having been brought over from the old country.

Her father had given her permission and *carte blanche* to perform this delicate service for her friend.

But it was all over at last.

Everything was sold, and the house was left bare and desolate.

Aspasia had gone and Brownie was alone.

The debts were all paid, also the bequests to the servants, which Brownie had insisted upon, although strongly urged to invest the money for herself.

Mr. Conrad was obliged to do her bidding, and then, with a sigh of despair, placed two hundred dollars, all that remained of a fortune of a million, in her little hands.

"Why, I feel quite rich!" she exclaimed merrily as, after counting it over, she looked up and saw his quivering lip.

With a mighty effort he swallowed the sobs which nearly broke forth and managed to say:

"Now, my dear child, you will come home with me for a while. Mrs. Conrad desires it, and Emily is lonely."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Conrad, I cannot, as I have promised to be in New York tomorrow morning," she answered, with an air of business which would have amused him had not his heart been so full.

"In New York tomorrow morning!" he ejaculated in astonishment.

"Yes, I have an engagement there."

"An engagement? May I ask of what nature?" and he felt hurt that she had not consulted him regarding her movements for the future.

"Certainly. I saw an advertisement a week ago for one hundred girls to work on fancy straws. I have always been bewitched over fancy-straw work, so I wrote, asking for a situation."

"But you have no friends there, and where will you make your home?" he asked in dismay, yet admiring the resolution expressed in her bright eye and flushed face.

"There is a boarding-house connected with the establishment for the accommodation of those who work in the factory and I shall board there for the present."

And thus it ended as Brownie decreed. He bade her farewell as she took her seat in the train that was to bear her away, feeling worse than any condemned criminal who had been sentenced to hard labor for life, for she must go forth unprotected into the world to earn the bread she ate, and he was utterly powerless to prevent it.

* * * * * *

Never was there a more lonely or heart-sick girl than Brownie Douglas when she entered the office of Ware & Coolidge the next morning and presented her card and the letter she had received from them engaging her to come into their employ.

"Do you wish to see anyone, miss?" asked a clerk as she entered the office and bestowing a bold stare of admiration upon her lovely face.

"I wish to see Mr. Coolidge, if you please," Brownie answered with cold dignity, yet a hot flush arose to her cheek at his look and manner.

"Ah, yes, certainly. Walk this way," and the dandy led her into an inner office, where a man of about forty-five sat reading his paper.

"Mr. Coolidge, a young lady to see you, sir," the young man said, and with another insolent stare bowed himself out.

The gentleman immediately came forward, and Brownie gave him her card and the letter.

"Ah, yes, Miss Meta Douglas," he said pleasantly, reading the name, while his quick eye ran over her dainty figure from head to foot, taking in her beauty and expensive apparel at a glance. "You understand the business, I suppose. What department would you prefer to work in?"

"No, sir, I know nothing whatever about the business; I have come to learn," she answered frankly and simply.

The gentleman gave her a look of surprise, then a smile of amusement curled his lips.

"My dear young lady," he said, a trifle embarrassed, "there is some mistake about this. We never employ any but experienced hands. The fall work is coming on rapidly and we need those who can go right into it without any showing or teaching. Did not the advertisement say 'none but experienced hands need apply?'"

"Yes, sir," Brownie replied with a sinking heart; "but I thought it might be only a mere form; and as I am very quick to learn anything, and necessity has suddenly compelled me to labor for my living, I thought I would apply for the easiest work I could find."

"Do you think straw sewing easy work?" Mr. Coolidge asked, with a genial smile, and deeply interested in the fair stranger.

"I always thought it very pretty work, and judged it easy," she answered naively.

"Have you relatives living in New York?" Mr. Coolidge asked thoughtfully.

"I have no relatives, excepting very distant ones," and the sad tones touched him.

"Excuse me for asking the question," he added courteously, "but I feared if you remained with us the accommodations in the boarding-house might not be pleasant for you and I had hoped you had some other place in which to go."

"Thank you," Brownie answered quietly, "but if you kindly consent to my staying, the boarding-house will do as well for me as for the others whom you employ."

He opened a door opposite the one by which she had entered the office and led her into a long room where a hundred girls sat at tables, their hands flying back and forth upon the hats and bonnets as if their very existence depended upon the number of stitches which they could set in a minute; as it did, poor things!

"This is the wiring room," explained Mr. Coolidge, "and I think you could learn to do this work more easily than any other; you are not strong enough to run a machine and your fingers are too tender to finish off the tips," and he glanced at the delicate hands from which she had drawn her gloves.

"Machines! Are hats and bonnets made by machinery?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," and he smiled at her ignorance, then asked: "Do you think you would like to work here?"

"Yes," Brownie answered, "and I think I can learn very readily."

"Very well. Miss Walton, please come here a moment," Mr. Coolidge called to the overseer of the room.

She came at his bidding.

A tall, angular, sour-visaged woman, who had been in the establishment for years, and her face grew darker yet when her eyes fell upon the delicate beauty of the young girl standing by her employer's side.

She had always hated everything that was bright or beautiful, probably because it made her own deficiency in that respect so apparent.

"Miss Walton," continued Mr. Coolidge, "this is Miss Douglas, and I wish you to assign her a pleasant seat in the hall and teach her to wire hats."

"Teach her! I thought no inexperienced hands were wanted here?" exclaimed the woman, measuring the young girl with her keen eyes, and speaking in an impatient tone.

"That was what I said, Miss Walton. I desire you to teach her to wire hats. Please give her some work right away."

Mr. Coolidge spoke in a quiet, authoritative way, which there was no gainsaying, and he had specified hats, because he knew they were much easier to do than bonnets.

Without replying to him, Miss Walton told Brownie to follow her, and with a grateful smile and bow to her employer she obeyed.

She was led to a seat in a quiet corner of the hall, where Miss Walton, sitting down beside her, took up a hat and without speaking once during the operation wired it with rapid fingers, Brownie watching intently meanwhile.

"Can you do it?" she asked curtly when she had finished.

"I can try," the young girl answered with a little sigh, longing to ask a few questions yet not possessing the courage to do so of the forbidding-looking personage at her side.

And now the wearisome, lonely task of earning her own living was begun.

Her heart ached with a sense of utter desolation as she sat there, vainly trying to imitate Miss Walton's example of wiring a hat.

She felt more utterly alone among these hundred girls than she had done the night before in her quiet room at the hotel.

The wire hurt her delicate fingers, the needle, instead of going to its appointed place, often slipped and pierced their rosy tips, and the crimson drops would ooze forth, causing her to lay aside her work and wrap the wounded members in her handkerchief until they ceased to bleed, lest they should stain the hat.

One sad-looking girl on her left had, without appearing to do so, been watching her ineffectual efforts with a great deal of sympathy.

When at length, after running her needle half its length under her finger-nail, Brownie laid down her work in despair, she turned kindly toward her and said with a smile:

"The work is new to you, isn't it?"

"Yes," Brownie replied, looking up at the sweet tones, and much comforted by them; "and I am afraid I shall never learn. I am so awkward."

"Oh, yes, you will. We were all so at the beginning."

"Were you? Then I'll try again," she said, brightening instantly.

It was a real comfort to her to know that she was not quite such a goose as she had thought herself, after all.

"Perhaps if I show you how to hold the hat, and just how to set the needle, you would get on faster," said the strange girl, laying down her work and holding out her hand for Brownie's.

It was even so. She was very quick in her motions and apt to learn and after a while she found she could wire a hat in ten minutes, when at first it had taken her more than double that time.

But the confinement—the close, hot room, the noise of distant machinery and incessant chatter of the girls around her began to wear upon her.

Her head throbbed and ached, as did also her arms and back, from their unaccustomed work, and she grew so tired and nervous that it seemed to her when night came as if her brain were turned.

Wearily and sorrowfully she wended her way back to the hotel where she had stopped the night before, and threw herself upon her bed, too thoroughly worn out to even heed the demands of hunger.

But her strong spirit conquered at last and rising she bathed her face and head, rearranged her toilet, put on her hat again and went down to the office to settle her bill at the hotel.

Notwithstanding her loneliness on the night of her arrival, after the noise and din of the day, she would gladly have remained in that quiet room, but she knew her purse would not permit of it; so, after paying the clerk, she ordered a carriage and proceeded to the factory boarding-house, which was to be her home for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE.

The days passed slowly by, and Brownie became more and more accustomed to her work.

Before the week was out, she found, by diligent application, that she could earn seventy-five cents a day, and during the next week her earnings gradually crept up to a dollar a day.

She became quite hopeful after this, for her nature was naturally buoyant and she was not one who would not readily give up an undertaking, for the spirit of the Douglas was strong within her.

She began to feel very independent, too, and she really enjoyed the feeling that she was able to take care of herself.

To be sure, her earnings at the most were only six dollars a week. Three and a half of this were paid out for her board and lodging and the other dollar for washing, leaving her only a dollar and a half for other needs.

But she still had the two hundred dollars which she had received from Mr. Conrad, and her wardrobe was amply supplied for a year or two, so that she had no fears but that she could live, at least until some better position should be offered her. She hoped in time to find a situation as teacher.

Had it not been for that dreadful boarding-house, with its noise, its small, close rooms and its ill-cooked fare, she would have been comparatively content, for she had made the acquaintance of one or two young girls who were refined and intelligent like herself and who, too, had been suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty.

Mattie Burnham was the name of the young girl who had been so kind to Brownie on the first day of her life in the factory, and soon her gentleness and refinement, won a warm place in her heart.

Both of the young girls were extremely fond of reading.

One evening they issued forth, arm in arm, and wended their way to a public library to change their books, and to look over the new periodicals in the reading-room connected with it.

They exchanged their books, and then proceeding to the reading-room seated themselves in a cozy corner and were soon deeply interested in the various reading matter which lay scattered about upon the tables.

They read for an hour or more, then Mattie suddenly glancing up at the clock, asked:

"Meta, do you know what time it is?"

"No," absently.

"It is half-past eight."

"Is it?" and Brownie's eager eyes were not even raised from her book; she scarce heard what her friend was saying.

"What have you there that is so interesting?" demanded Mattie, after watching her in silence for a few minutes.

"It is a little French story, and so strangely interesting! Must we go home now?" and Brownie looked up wistfully at the clock.

"Yes, it is about time. We shall be locked out if we do not get in before ten, you know."

"Oh, well, there is time enough, then. I may read just a little more. I will read aloud to you, I know you will like it, the story is so beautifully told. Do you understand French?"

"No."

"Well, no matter, I will translate it as I go along;" and Brownie began and read for a few minutes as fast as her tongue could fly, but soon becoming as deeply interested as herself.

She at length stopped, with a sigh.

"Well, I suppose I must leave it; and they will not allow us to take any of these books out," she said regretfully.

"It is beautiful, Meta; but before we go you must read me a little in French. I should like to hear you."

Brownie laughed, and glad of any excuse to return to the book, began to read aloud in a spirited, piquant manner.

"Dear, dear, what a chatter! I should certainly take you to be a Frenchwoman yourself," interrupted Mattie, at length, adding: "It is half so interesting to me, though, as when you translated it."

She arose as she spoke, and Brownie, with another wistful look at the entrancing page, reluctantly laid the book down and followed her example.

They were suddenly arrested, however, by a pleasant voice saying:

"One moment, if you please, young ladies."

They stopped and looked around.

An old gentleman was sitting just a little back of where Brownie had sat, and he had been a very attentive listener while she was reading so glibly from the French romance. She had never dreamed of having another listener.

He was a venerable, genial-looking man, with flowing white hair and beard, and he wore gold bowed spectacles, through which his clear blue eyes beamed kindly upon them.

"Pardon me," he said, courteously rising and addressing Brownie, "but I wished to ask if you are a teacher of French?"

"No, sir," replied the young girl blushing as she thus became aware that he had been listening to her. "I only read for my own profit and amusement."

"Your accent is remarkably pure. Pardon me again, but where were you instructed in the language?"

"In Philadelphia, sir. I had a teacher who was a native, and who never allowed his class, after they once understood the language, to utter a word in any other tongue during the hours of recitation."

"An excellent plan, young lady. Now, if I would not tax your patience too far, will you kindly read me two or three more sentences in French from this book?"

The old gentleman took up the book she had but just laid aside and held it out to her.

Brownie bowed gracefully, wondering what the object could be in thus testing her powers, as she took the book and began reading again fluently.

"Thank you," he said after a few minutes, during which time he had been intently reading the face of the beautiful girl before him.

He then immediately asked her a question in French.

She smiled brightly, and answered it on the instant.

He asked another, and soon they were in a lively controversy, which was like Chaucer to poor Mattie, who was anxious to get home.

"Do you speak any other language? Can you speak Italian?"

"*A piacere,*" Brownie responded in liquid tones which, being interpreted, means, at pleasure."

"And German?"

"I will not say I can speak it as fluently as the others, although I understand it, and can read at sight in the language. But its gutturals tones never had the attraction for me that the more musical languages of Italy and France have,"

"Are you musical?" demanded the old man abruptly after a few moments' thought.

"Yes, sir, I am passionately fond of music," returned Brownie, becoming somewhat embarrassed at being so closely questioned.

"I fear you think I am very presuming, my young friend," he said, noticing her confusion, "but I have a very particular reason for asking you these questions; and now, if you care to humor an old man, will you come into the music-room yonder and let me hear you play a little?"

Brownie had ached to get hold of a piano ever since leaving her dear old home, yet she shrank from displaying her accomplishments in so public a place.

Still the old gentleman was so courteous, and seemed so really interested in her, that she disliked to refuse him, and bowing assent, she beckoned to Mattie, and followed him to the music-room.

To her intense relief, she found it was empty, and sitting down at the piano she began lightly running her rosy fingers over the white keys.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Beauty Bath

ONCE people bathed merely to be clean—and even then not so often as we who live in the age of bathtubs, hot and cold water, and other conveniences.

But while the bath for the purposes of cleanliness is, of course, a feature of every day, there is a special bath, the bath de luxe, the bath for beauty's sake, which should supplement the daily sponge or rub.

Once a week is often enough for this, though many of its features may be added to our daily bath to advantage.

Five pounds of bran should be boiled for fifteen



SHAVING SOAP FOR THE BATHTUB BOWL.

minutes in plenty of water, then the liquid poured into the bath, and the bran itself, incased in a cheese-cloth bag and tossed into the tub. The bath water should be warm, and the body should stay immersed for ten or fifteen minutes.

After a bath of this kind, or any hot bath which has been of more than a few minutes' duration, always lie down, wrapped in a warm blanket. The pores will expel many impurities, and then the skin will gradually cool and become firm. Warm baths are weakening and so should not be taken too frequently, or remained in too long. For daily bathing a warm bath should be quickly taken, then followed by a quick cool sponge of the entire body, and friction with a bath towel.

For greater daintiness, the body should be powdered after a bath, using one of the talcum perforated cans of large size, or filling one of the fine sugar shakers with a handle which can be purchased from kitchen supply departments. In this case, one may use one's favorite flower for perfume, adding dried roses, violets or lilacs to the powder in the shaker, and letting it stand before using. Even the daily bath should be followed by a quick powdering from a shaker, and a patting of the body with a big puff of cotton to remove the surplus and equalize the distribution of the powder.

A spray can be used to advantage to stimulate the skin with one's favorite toilet water. This is a good thing to do after a tiring day. It rests and refreshes, and is one of the quickest ways to spur one's self up to normal if one is going out in the evening, yet feels weary after the day's tasks.

A sponge is an excellent adjunct to the toilet, not for the purposes of cleansing but for the cold sub or douche which should follow the day's bath. A small wooden bowl filled with melted soap and dropped into the tub is convenient in bathing, the cloth or brush being rubbed across its surface for the necessary soapy material. The bowl goes bobbing around, filled with one's favorite bath soap, which has been melted in hot water over the stove and through pouring into the bowl while liquid has formed a hard cake the shape of the bowl itself—and is always easy of reach. It may be perfumed to suit one's taste. Oil of geranium is a singularly clean smell and most attractive. Only two or three drops are necessary.

For a perfumed bath, not for cleanliness but for luxury, put in warm water eight ounces each of lavender, thyme and rosemary, and a half-ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon and peppermint. Let stand for two hours, then add to your bath water. This has an antiseptic quality not to be despised.

Answers to Questions

BLUE-EYED MARGARET.—I am very glad you get pleasure and help from our Pretty Girls' Corner. That is what it is for, my dear, so come to me at any time with questions that need answering. Spots on the nails come, usually from hitting or scraping the nails. Any strong pressure is apt to produce them, so treat the nails gently. They cannot be disposed of, once they appear; we have to wait until the nail grows long enough so that they are at the tip and can be pared off. Scrub the nails daily with a good nail brush, soften the skin by soaking the hand in soapy water, then cleanse with orange-wood stick, gently pushing down the skin at the base of the nail but being very careful not to press on the nail itself. The nails are brittle because the system lacks some of the elements it needs. Rub vaseline on the nails at night to soften them. Or occasionally soak the hands in olive oil. In the meantime, see that you eat sensibly, plenty of fruit and vegetables, and drink eight to ten glasses of water daily but not at your meals. Use a hand lotion on your hands after washing them, so that the soapy water will not entirely rob your skin of its natural oil. Indeed, bran water is good to wash in, or the addition of a few drops of tincture of benzoin to a bowl of water will aid in cleansing without so much soap.

TROUBLED B., N. C.—I don't quite understand your difficulty. Have you ever had chickenpox or smallpox which might leave a pit such as you describe? Your description of its depth would seem to indicate that it is something much more than an enlarged pore. I should dislike to advise you to "fill it up" for this might cause some sort of a sore on your cheek. What does your doctor say about it? For scars one can sometimes apply a little collodion which hardens at once into a thin coating, and over this one can powder, but I doubt the advisability of doing anything like this with your cheek. If you have somewhat exaggerated its size, then perhaps it might be nothing more than an enlarged pore and the treatment would be to keep it clean, and after cleansing, touch it with peroxide or camphor. To cleanse it, use hot water, then rinse with warm water, and finally use cold water over it on a cloth. After this, apply the peroxide, camphor or a bit of alcohol. Don't pick it.

CAMBRIDGE.—Your red nose comes from your poor circulation. You need to exercise daily, for fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes at night before going to bed. Then you must get rid of that constipation. Exercise, of course, will help about that, but you also need to be careful about your food. The milk diet is a good idea and I will give you directions, but first let me tell you what to do when not on the milk diet. Drink water, first of all; your body needs a great deal of liquid. Cut out constipating foods, such as potatoes, white bread, cakes, pies, griddlecakes, hot breads, etc. Eat easily digested foods and those which are not what we call starchy. You can take soup with your meal, beets, string beans, asparagus, tomatoes, canned corn, baked squash, etc. Chew each mouthful until it is liquid before swallowing, and thus the work of digestion will be made easy. In the morning eat for breakfast, a large dish of prunes that have been soaked all night, in a great deal of water, then stewed gently for an hour or more until perfectly soft. Do this every morning. You can eat in addition two soft-boiled or poached eggs, but they must not be cooked over four minutes if boiled, and three-and-a-half minutes is better; while for poached eggs they must be broken into water that has been boiling but which you have set back on the stove where it will not boil after the eggs are in it. Cook the eggs only until the white is well formed. With two eggs, and your prunes, and a slice of toasted whole wheat bread well chewed, you will have a perfectly good breakfast. Lettuce salad is a good thing for you to eat with any meal, and good hot soup, not greasy, is excellent. Do not eat pork or veal, which are hard to digest and would probably constipate you, and do not eat fried meat of any kind or indeed any fried food. Let your meats be roasted or broiled, and rather rare. These foods I am recommending are all easy of digestion, and that is what you need. For fruits, grapefruit, pineapple, baked apple, stewed prunes, canned peaches, if not too rich, sliced oranges, raw apples, all are good. Do not eat bananas. Only simple desserts are permissible, such as icecream, baked custard, prune souffle, etc. Cut out candy, cake, pie. Now as to exercise: Every morning before rising, practice the following exercise for five or ten minutes, and do the same thing at night when you are undressed and there are no bands or belts to bind you. Then after rising, practice the second exercise I give below, and do this also at night.

Exercise for Constipation

Lying on your back on the bed, arms at sides, raise the right leg until it is at right angles with the body, without bending the knee. Do this slowly. Now let the right leg down, just as slowly as you possibly can, and exactly as if some pulley were holding it up. You will feel a pull on the abdominal muscles in doing this exercise, and that is what I prescribe for it, for it is your abdominal muscles which need to be exercised to the point of fatigue. After practicing this eight or ten times with the right leg, repeat with the left, and then after a moment's rest practice with both.

Exercise No. Two

Standing erect, chest up, shoulders dropped, hands on the hips with fingers forward, bend the right knee until it touches the chest, without bending the back at all. You may not be able to do this at first, but practice it over and over again. Repeat with left knee, then spreading the legs apart about eighteen inches, raise the arms above the head, palms together, elbows straight and throw them out and down with force, and back between the legs as far as they will go. Keep the knees stiff, as well as the elbows. Bend only at the waist.

I suggest that you practice these two exercises daily for a month and correct your diet as I have recommended before you begin on the milk diet.

DARDANELLA.—There is no medicine which will cure stammering. It is a matter of training, and you can do a great deal for yourself. Your parents should not scold you, because that actually does make the stammering worse as all specialists in curing stammering could tell you. Show them this answer to you and tell them that I know how they feel about it, but that



IN MANDARIN COAT ON THE WAY TO BATHROOM.

scientific men and physicians now say that scolding makes the matter worse. The thing for you to do is never try to answer quickly or to speak in a hurry. Be very deliberate. Do not be afraid you are going to stammer. Make your mind feel that you are going to speak with perfect clearness; then very slowly form the word. You must practice speaking much, much slower than anybody else, and never attempting to speak the moment you are spoken to. Instead take time to make an effort and carefully form the sounds you wish to make. Will you try? Your parents will help, I am sure, by not speaking to you quickly, but not talking about your stammering, and by not noticing you when you are trying slowly to form the words you need. With their cooperation and your own earnest efforts I think you will be able to control this.

A good exercise for legs is to stand with chest out, chin up, hands on hips, then rise slowly to the very tips of the toes without bending the body or the knees. Just as slowly you should let the heels sink to the floor. The value of this exercise lies in doing it slowly and rising to the very tips of the toes. This exercises the calves of the legs. As to making hair curly, that can't be done, my dear, I'm sorry to say!

AUBURN.—See directions given "Cambridge." Give up your cathartics and begin to use water, fruits, exercise. Be particular about the prunes that are prescribed, and always eat an apple or an orange before going to bed, chewing it thoroughly if it is an apple, but not swallowing the pulp of the orange. You probably eat hot breads, and fried foods, and possibly a good deal of salt pork or pork in other forms. Cut these out, you do not need them and they are giving you no nourishment because you are not digesting them properly. So stick to the simple foods I have recommended.

BLUE EYES FROM NEW JERSEY.—Do you take a daily body bath, scrubbing every part of the body thoroughly? That will do away with one trouble of which you complain. The pimples may come from constipation, or they may be due to your age, as you say. Your bowels should move freely at least once a day, and it is better if they move twice, and you should not need to use cathartics. Drink quantities of water. See my answer to "Cambridge" and you will find some good advice there about foods and exercise, both of which you should watch carefully. Cold cream is a good base for powder, for the latter alone is drying to the skin. I always recommend rubbing in a little cold cream to the skin, massaging until it is all absorbed; then wiping the face with a pad of cotton, and then applying powder. I think you will find this better for your skin than powder without cold cream. The vaseline will make your brows soft but not cause them to grow. Brush the eyebrows with a tiny eyebrow brush, like a baby's toothbrush; let the eyelashes alone. Rubbing the eyes breaks the lashes off, so be careful about that. Vaseline applied at night helps to keep the edges of the lids soft but will not grow hair. Either color of vaseline will do.

PATIENT WAITER.—I am only supposed to give advice about beauty, my dear, but since you ask me about that fifteen-year-old boy friend, let me say that I should not under any circumstances let him kiss me or put his arms about me. You are both too young to talk about love, though it is perfectly natural that you should like each other, and I am glad you do, if he is a nice boy, as I am sure he must be or you would not be friends with him. Let me tell you something about boys, though, my dear. They naturally like to kiss pretty girls whom they like, but they don't like to think that a girl is willing to be kissed; so though they ask and ask and ask, the moment she lets them kiss her they do not have so good an opinion of her and before very long are sure to turn to some other girl. Not quite fair, is it? But it always works out that way. And the man who wants to prove *his* love, doesn't ask a girl to kiss him or permit any familiarity until he has asked her to marry him. And fifteen, my dear, is far too young to be married or to think of being married. Be satisfied to have a good time at parties and sleighrides and picnics for several years to come, and say to every boy: "I don't permit kisses or any familiarity. I want to be good friends, and I like you, and I want you to like me well enough to respect me, and kissing isn't any proof."

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What's Your Social Value?

By Andre Dupont

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ARE all your friends glad to see you come in at the door? Do they look up with pleasure and say, "Oh, there's Mr. Smith (or maybe it's Mrs. or Miss Smith)—I was afraid he wasn't coming," and do they look as if they really meant it?

You haven't seen anybody do this lately, not so you could notice it anyway. You haven't even intercepted a glance in your direction that conveyed this pleasant information without the necessity of saying anything at all? Well, it must be because you are not socially valuable.

What is being socially valuable, you ask? For perhaps the expression is a new one to you and also the idea which it conveys.

Social value is of course nothing more than your value to society. Do you give something for what you get? Do you always try to be as agreeable as you can, or do you indulge in moods or even grouches or sit back lazily and let other people entertain you? Social value is the art of bringing something beside your mere presence whenever you go to call on your friends or attend any entertainment or are invited out to dinner or supper or anything else. It is the habit of bringing with you something interesting to talk about or something that will make your friends laugh, or will touch their sympathies or help or even uplift them. A person can be socially valuable in so many ways that it would take a book to tell them all.

One of the secrets of social success is to make the most of every little gift that you happen to possess. Take for instance the commonest of all gifts, conversation. You realize, maybe, that you are not a very interesting talker, and you envy some friend more gifted when you see people literally "hang on his words." But the knack of pleasant conversation can be cultivated if one lacks it. First take a keen interest in what is going on in the world, stop thinking about yourself, and you will soon find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself as well as others by the quickness with which your thoughts are expressed.

If you are invited to a dinner, or a dance or to any place where you wish to make an especially good impression and you find it hard to talk interestingly to entire strangers, there is not the least harm in cramming a little just beforehand. By "cramming" I mean thinking over before you go a few things you might say if you get the chance. Perhaps refreshing your memory by reading over again some funny anecdote that struck your fancy when you took up a paper or magazine the other day, but try to have it short and snappy and impress the point in your mind even if you forget the other details. It is not a bad plan also to think over whatever you know that will interest a stranger. Perhaps a little about a new book you have read, a thrilling or educational "movie" you have lately seen or even some good play; or exceptional music or anything like that. After a while when you become used to talking generalities interestingly this preliminary studying over what you shall say will, of course, not be necessary. But for the person who has not been gifted by nature with a glib tongue it will be found invaluable practice for a while.

It is not necessary to be gifted in any way to have accomplishments that are valuable socially. One of the chief ingredients of social popularity is to make the most of your talents. Even an indifferent voice can give real pleasure with a small repertoire of songs, sung sympathetically and in tune. It requires but little musical ability to be able to play an accompaniment on the guitar or banjo.

People sometimes say that they detest games as if inability to enjoy an indoor game was a mark of superiority. Now games are certainly not exhilerating as a steady diet, but everybody cannot dance, and there are certain social occasions when conversation lags so they provide an amusement greatly enjoyed by many people. Everybody likes the man or woman who takes a hand at cards or an active part in guessing games or contests or in whatever way his assistance is needed and people like him none the less even if he is not a very good player. The important point is his interest and cheerful willingness to do anything that will help entertain the company, and this is another way to be "socially valuable."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

demure little towheads and brunettes. Also some want their shoes and socks painted on while others prefer the pull-off ones. When finished my dollies immediately set up a howl for the fig leaves to be passed and these I supply by making dainty undies and pretty plain little aprons such as their mothers wear. One would never guess how expensive they look and how inexpensive they really are, by reading my poor attempt at writing of them.

I like to make pretty underclothes for grownups too and it is surprising what pleasing combinations can be made of a bit of lace or tatting and a yard or two of cheap material and a touch of hand embroidery. Of course I prefer nice material, but the legacy I inherited did not include money so I must be content with things suitable for a country school ma'am. Money is such a small part of the "valuables" of life anyway. Good health, a sunny disposition and a pure heart will outweigh all the gold in the world if weighed on the scales of happiness. I have been sick a great deal in the past, enough to make me realize the true worth of a sound body and also that an ambition for things of the world only seldom brings success. I'm now trying my best to forget the past by living only in the present and looking forward to a happy future. I find that the more I ponder over and talk about my illness, aches and pains, the more they thrive and grow. It took me a long time to learn this, for I loved sympathy and was foolish enough to believe that the sympathy of my friends helped me, while now I know it only harmed me. Hard hearted, did you say? Not a bit of it. While I feel sometimes that I'm the exact opposite of the word "perfection" I earnestly believe in the divine love of Jesus for both saints and sinners, and feel that when things "go wrong" it is our fault instead of the "Special Providence" so often alluded to.

I know my letter is growing like a school boy, but I simply cannot help saying a word about flowers. I love them dearly enough though you'd hardly believe it if you could see ours. All dried up with the sun. That is, most of them are. We have cinnamon and maderia vines on the front of the porch. I don't think there is anything in the world prettier, cooler or more delicate than the cinnamon vine, and so easy to grow. It is never bothered by any disease or insect and is pretty several weeks after frost. Too, our petunias, zinnias, cannas, elephant ears and sweet peas have withstood the dry weather wonderfully and our potted plants are not hurt. Two of our prettiest ferns are the common wild ones which grow abundantly here. One is like the Boston only more hardy. The other has broad, feathery fronds, sometimes growing four and five feet long, near the creek banks. It is not as hardy as the other though. Our woods are a solid mass of color from early spring until late autumn. Honeysuckle, woodbine, golden jasmine, wild asters, daisies, violets and others too numerous to mention. Just wish every one of you with your babies, puppy dogs and kitty cats could take a day off and ramble over these Alabama hills and rocks with me. We'd go to the "Ball Rock," the old water mill and back by way of the Natural Rock Bridge, from which our little village received its name.

I believe it is customary to send a description of one's self, but I won't. I'll just confess that my besetting sin is my longing for the unattainable. By that, I mean beauty.

I shall be pleased to hear from those teaching, or having taught, the primary grades. Also to exchange flowers or anything I might have for something that would help me in teaching the little ones intrusted to me.

With sincere good wishes for the happiness of each COMFORT reader and the COMFORT staff, I am,
Your friend, EMMA L. SHONK.

EUREKA SPRINGS, R. R. 1, ARK.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

No, this is not my first attempt but Mrs. Wilkinson found better letters for the space mine would have occupied. I'm not the least bit out of humor but think I will write once a month until I am admitted.

I am a young woman of twenty-one years. Have been married two and one-half years to one of the best of men. We have a dear little girl twenty months old. She has been walking and talking for a long time. I like to see the baby pictures in COMFORT. Will send my girl's picture some time.

I make nightgown cases for Christmas presents. To make, take a piece of sateen 32 inches long and 12 or 15 inches wide, line up and turn up about twelve inches to form pocket, turn the other end down and round off for a flap, bind edges with ribbon or cretonne.

Let me say to Undecided Mother that I would not give my little girl dancing lessons under any circumstances.

I will be glad to hear from any who care to write.
MRS. M. A. MEEKS.

GLENDALE, BOX 762, ARIZONA.

FRIENDS OF MINE:

What have you to be thankful for? I have many things too numerous to mention, even though I sit here and watch people go by in automobiles, to the mountains for a picnic. I have to remain at home for I have a sick baby, but nevertheless I am thankful for many, many things.

I am enclosing a picture of my three-year-old girl who won the prize at a baby show held here. There were seventy babies in it. She is posed as Kewpie.

I live in the heart of the great Salt River Valley, a beautiful country. If any of the sisters would like to know more about this country and will write me, enclosing stamp, I will be glad to tell them about it as I see it.

I receive much help from COMFORT, more than from any other magazine I take, and it is the only one I have ever worked for.



POSED AS KEWPIE.

This is how I make fruit rolls for the children: Chop one cup of raisins, one cup of walnuts and one-quarter cup crystallized ginger, knead together on a board dredged with powdered sugar and form into long, thin rolls. Coat with cocoanut and set in a cool place until firm. Time in combining, about twenty-five minutes. This recipe makes twenty-four pieces. I find this easy to prepare and is more healthful than ordinary candy for children.

I am going to ask a small favor. Will those who care to, send me a scrap of cloth large enough for a quilt block. I wish to make a COMFORT quilt.

Now for what I look like: I am a young mother of three children, have chestnut brown hair, grey eyes, weigh 120 pounds and am five feet, three inches tall.

Good wishes to you. MRS. D. O. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards.—Your daughter (you didn't tell us her name) resembles a mischievous little fairy more than she does a Kewpie.—Ed.

MY COMFORTERS:

I don't know which was the most exciting, being nearly scared to death when a storm took the roof off our house and I ran into the chimney, or about my second trip in a Ford and Daddy running into a street car and from that into a big car, but things could have been worse. I don't remember how, but I, with a two weeks old baby got out of that Ford safe and sound. I have three babies, Vivian, four, Olivia, three and my baby boy J. O. Jr. is ten months old. My first baby is in Heaven. We've been married seven happy years and are not blessed with much of this world's goods except a good Ford and a U. S. Mail Route.

The sisters tell how they make their homes attractive. I wish someone who lives in a rented house, with rough floors and deep cracks for dust and dirt to collect, would tell what they did to make it look fit. I live in such a house. My kitchen shelves are covered with white paper and behind the stove, where I hang my cooking dishes, is a large piece of reddish brown paper that shows off my aluminum ware, and on my kitchen table is white oil cloth. My one window has sugar sack curtains with flowers appliqued on them. My dining-room has one window and a kind of built-in cupboard that has no doors. I made long curtains from unbleached muslin, with fruit and flowers at the bottom, and put it on a roller and it serves the purpose. My window has a sash curtain trimmed with blue gingham, with tiny flowers in the corners.

Now to Christmas presents. I give very few and receive even less. My mother's present was cup towels made of flour sacks; one sister's was a dust cap made from scraps of organdie, lace and ribbon, the other a crocheted yoke for nightgown. For baby, two years old, I made a table cover, bib and napkin of Indian head, with colored stitches around edges. Sister said the baby couldn't possibly eat without it. For my baby I made a little chair from a drygoods box and covered it with cretonne. I made a baby table, bed and cupboard for my little girls' dolls. The little things are not painted for I couldn't afford it.

COMFORT is a grand paper and I love everything in it. Can anyone tell me where Pearl Vesey has gone? She was a dear pen friend of mine.

Nelle, you're a wonder, so is Mrs. Marsh. I like your letters.

Would you like to know what the Texas sister looks like who sent Pearl V. the okra seeds? She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 240 pounds, has red hair, a freckled face and a heart that is kind. Pen letters.

Love to all, your big sister,
MRS. PEARL MCWHIRT.

ROSEVILLE, [illegible]

DEAR SISTERS:

I haven't taken COMFORT very long but my mother has for years.

I will give you my idea about buying Christmas presents for father and mother. Many of us buy something for them that the whole family can use, or not buy a present for their own personal use, for instance, a pair of house slippers or combs or something they and no one else will use. Get them something they have always wanted and never had. One Christmas I got Mamma a ring, she hadn't had one since she was a small girl, and she was so pleased and proud with it.

I've noticed in all the letters that none give father any praise. Of course mother can never get all she deserves but I think we should praise father, too. Who is he the one who paid the bills and tried in every way to give us the best of everything? My father is a dear and mother is my chum, big sister and mother little one. I have one brother and two sisters at home younger than I am. I suppose you are wondering what I look like. I have light brown hair, gray eyes and rather light complexion. Am five feet, two inches and weigh 107 pounds. I have been married for one year to the best man living but that's what you all say, isn't it?

I hope to hear from some of the sisters and will answer all who send stamps.

MRS. CLARE D. HIPPLE

ARMANDVILLE, IA.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Isn't it strange how you are inspired to write a letter every time you get COMFORT and read the wonderful letters published in the Sisters' Corner? I seldom see a letter from the Sunny South and I know that when I am writing this letter with a summer dress on and all the windows open, you northern sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson are trying to get closer to the fire. Want to trade places with me?

Molly-Joe must be a dear girl.

I can't write much about housekeeping because I've only helped Mamma but I can say a little about children because I teach sixty of them. I am in a rural school and have grades one to five. I find my work very interesting and I think every girl should teach school a while. It helps one to understand and love children better. At least, that's my own experience. Teachers, visit the children's homes. You learn to know the child better and it gives you a chance to know the parents. It pays to be friendly with everybody and especially in a rural community where "the teacher" is a person of importance. Be careful how you dress and act because the children are going to imitate you. Also do all you can to let the children enjoy their school days. There is a time for work but let the play time be happy. Would you like to hear about the Christmas entertainment I had? It's too late for this year but remember it for next. I began planning and practicing about two months before Christmas so I was not rushed. Every child had a part. I had a great many recitations, some dialogues and Christmas songs. Of course we had a tree and I let the children make most of the decorations. Everybody here raises sugar cane, pop-corn, peanuts and pecans so I suggested that each child bring syrup, sugar, pop-corn or whatever they had. In that way they all brought the articles they could spare and I made candy and pop-corn balls to be given away at the Christmas tree. Each child drew names and bought a present for someone else I gave each of them an inexpensive present. I invited the community and had a kind of reception. Everything was free and everyone had more than they could eat so you may be sure I had to make plenty of candy and pop-corn balls. Many of the children had never seen a Christmas tree.

You can have a reception for the closing of school. I have little costume songs and dances. Most of the costumes can be made of crepe paper and are very attractive.

How many sisters know what a wonderful state Louisiana is? Do you know that it leads the world in the production of sulphur? We also have several large

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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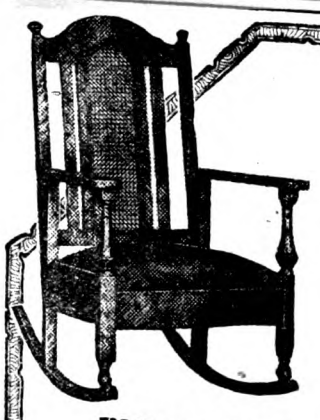
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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

bleeding surface, with the mold off the walls ground into it. "But we can never get them," with a shudder. She seemed to hear once more that black, sullen stream in her ears. "Unless we go the other way!" But even in her own ears the words sounded a mockery. If Lesard, whose every muscle was trained to obey him, could not get in the "other way," how could she? And yet there was a queer determination in her voice as she answered Gillian's quick question:

"What do you mean—what did Marchmont mean by the other way?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you." Regardless of her aching hand, she leaned forward and spoke in Gill's very ear, lest the walls might hear her.

"And he's down there, in this very house."

Gillian started up in white terror. "He may come up."

"He can't. They locked the door. The stone is too heavy to move, and the wine-bin——"

Gillian, who had been Lesard's wife, interrupted her.

"Suppose he drowns—down there in the dark!" she said; and the tone of her voice was not good.

"Hush!" said Jacky angrily. "He swims like a fish." She hated him, but she had seen the place, and Gillian had not. It sickened her to think of even a rat struggling in that dreadful water, and Lesard was all strength, living steel. She turned from the ghastly vision, appalled by the hatred that was greater than her own.

"Don't speak like that," she cried. "He's gone, by now, ever so far. Tomorrow we must find the way he went out. We'll beat him yet."

"Not while he's alive," abruptly. "If you knew him better you'd know that!"

Jacky set her teeth.

What made her remember that day when against all her will the Lesard she loved had made her come to him; cross the room to him—at the word of her master? Blind with tears she turned away, lest she, too, might pray that that Lesard was dead.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE OTHER WAY.

"We will go and look for that stream the first thing after breakfast," Gillian had said the night before. But she counted without the weather and Mr. Marchmont. It still rained in pitiless torrents, lashing blindly against the windows; and her guardian was in one of his most urbane and dangerous moods.

He took the reluctant Gillian to the billiard-room and amused himself with her hopeless efforts to make even one fair stroke. If he had known why her hand shook and her mouth was tense with nervousness he might not have thought her cowed demeanor so amusing. But he put it down to her usual discomfort in his society.

"Try once more, and pray stand less as if you were waiting to be hanged!" he remarked, as she just escaped cutting the cloth.

Gillian put down her cue.

"I can't, I'm too stupid," she said wearily. "It can give you no pleasure to play with me."

She glanced at the clock as she spoke. It was nearly lunch-time, and the precious minutes were flying by, each one priceless. She had the same distrust as Brookes had of the man left behind in the cave by the water. If she and Jacky could not find the outlet of that queer, hidden passage that very day, something told her it would be too late to save the jewels. Little Mrs. Fareham would be up in court for the loss of hers, with an ugly stain on her name that it had been in Gillian's power to prevent.

But the Gillian who had stood silent that night, and kept Jacky silent, for love of Lesard, would be a spectator no longer. She was ready and aching to begin her part in the play—to fight evil with good. And it almost seemed as if Marchmont had a purpose in keeping her under his eyes. She dared not show the faintest impatience; the least wish to be gone.

Her nerves all on edge, she wondered if, after all, they were not too late; if Lesard had not been beforehand with her and Jacky and taken the things in the night. She looked at the pelting rain and knew that she dared make no excuse to go for a walk in such weather. To hide her despairing face she walked to the window and stared out. More than ever she felt she was a slave in this house. Any other girl would have gone out boldly directly after breakfast. Gillian had not dared.

Something in her attitude caught Marchmont's eye.

She looked languid, yet nervous; she was paler, too, and thinner than she had been. If she were not careful she would lose her looks; people would think he ill-treated her.

"You don't go out enough," he said. "You are losing your color."

"It doesn't matter." Suddenly she felt that at all hazards she must get away from him. She could not trust herself.

"You want excitement," he said musingly. Perhaps, after all, it would have been safer to have encouraged the budding admiration he had seen in Sir Charles Vivian.

A young man, in Mr. Marchmont's mind, was the best of all tonics for a woman; someone to dress for, to plan to meet. Yet something had bidden him beware of Charles Vivian. He dismissed the subject with a well-bred gesture of distaste.

"I have a surprise for you, by the way," he observed, drawing a leather case from his pocket. "I have replaced your pearls, since there is no sign of them being found. Here is a new collar. It came this morning from London."

Gillian turned from the window.

"New pearls—from London," she stammered. Then she controlled herself sharply, knowing it was a lie, as she took the jeweler's box from his hand.

It was new, certainly, whether it had come this morning or not. But the pearl collar, on its blue velvet bed, was the old one. She saw the tiny nick she had made one night with her silver nail-file, when it had obstinately refused to be unclasped.

So this was what Jacky had seen Marchmont take from the canvas belt last night! And he dared come to her with an open lie, and she must pretend to believe it.

She stood gazing at the collar, conscious of his eyes on her face, frightened more terribly each instant lest he might read the knowledge that was written there. Oh, for someone, anyone, to interrupt them! Marchmont was no fool. He would find out, unless someone came to save her, that she knew the collar—knew where it had been.

"I—I," she was stuttering in her fear.

"You what?" said Marchmont slowly, evilly.

"I never saw them before," she answered feebly.

"How could you? My dear Gillian, you are talking nonsense," but there was suspicion in his face, and she saw it.

Utterly at loss, she stood waiting for she knew not what, but before she could speak an interruption came from Heaven. Brookes threw open the door.

"Sir Charles Vivian!" he announced, in his level, servant's voice, and Gillian wondered if she had dreamed that only a few hours before she had heard him speaking to Marchmont with angry equality.

Marchmont's dull suspicion died on the instant. The girl must have expected Vivian, that was what had made her so absent, so queer!

He turned to the visitor, urbane, courtly, delighted to see him on such an inclement day. Inwardly he reflected that if Gillian were in love with the man it would be damnably inconvenient. Sir Charles in and out of the house all day long would be—bah! it was not to be thought of. But he would deal with that by and by. Today he would be civility itself.

Sir Charles at the moment stood looking at Gillian with dismay in his handsome face.

She looked pale, strained, frightened. Just as she had looked that night at Wellford House. It was odd, for she was surrounded with luxury, but very surely there was something wrong somewhere. His glance fell on the open case in her hand, where the pearls shone softly.

"What!" he cried involuntarily, "have you got back your pearls?"

"Unfortunately, no!" Marchmont answered for her. "They are a new set. I ordered them for a surprise. I knew Gillian was fretting about the others."

"I shall not fret any longer." Gillian, smiling politely, shut the case with a snap. "Thank you Mr. Marchmont! I shall take better care of these."

Marchmont was furious that Sir Charles should have seen the necklet, though it was absurd to suppose that any one could know it was not fresh from the shop.

"You will lunch with us after your long ride?" he said quickly. "Oh, yes! I assure you we insist on it."

"I came on business, really," Vivian returned, rather shyly. "One of your tenants has been stopping people from using the short cut over the Long Meadow, and I have had a hundred complaints from my laborers. It saves them a round of five miles, you know."

"The Long Meadow?"

"By that outlying farmhouse of yours, that has recently been let. Ashcroft, I think it's called."

Marchmont nodded, with sudden recollection.

"Of course, of course! I'll tell the man at once," he returned fussily. "But you must not blame me. I knew nothing of a right of way there. I did not warn him."

A right of way through Ashcroft! No wonder Billy had been turning people back. What a fool he had been ever to let him go there—and Lesard, too.

"My dear Sir Charles, you must let me apologize," he said unctuously. "A poor wanderer like me finds many things forgotten when he settles down to his old country life. Yet I can't altogether regret my oversight, since it has brought you to enliven our quiet luncheon."

"I'm hardly fit," Vivian began, looking down at his splashed boots, his damp clothes. But Gillian's voice, clear, appealing, cut him short.

"Please stay. We shall be delighted," was all she said, but Vivian, glancing at her, saw her eyes full of an earnestness he could not understand—unless she really was glad to see him!

He smiled with surprised pleasure.

"I shall be very glad," he said cheerfully, little knowing how near the girl had been to detection when his lucky advent turned the current of her guardian's thoughts.

Luncheon was announced almost immediately, and Vivian, through that excellent meal, had a growing sense that all was not right with his hostess. She laughed and talked certainly, but her lovely dark eyebrows were contracted, and she looked as a prisoner might who has planned to escape and sees the chance slipping by. He felt certain Marchmont had been scolding her about the old pearls even while he gave her the new ones. There had been something perilously like a scene in that dialogue he had interrupted. A long bar of sunshine shot across the table as he thought.

"We're going to have a fine afternoon!" he cried, pointing to the sudden break in the lowering sky. "Miss Hamilton, you ought to go out."

A sudden boldness, an inspiration, came over her.

"I will take you for a walk before you go," she said quietly, "that is," turning to Marchmont, "if you don't want me."

That gentleman for once was taken aback. Yet he certainly did not want her. It would fall in with his plans well enough. He meant to drive over to Sir Simon Wellford's and find out just what the London detective was doing. And Gillian, for some unknown reason, had been barely civil to the man the night before.

He did not want her to meet him again and repeat that piece of bad policy.

"No, I don't want you, my dear girl," he said perfunctorily. "I have business this afternoon, now that it is fine. I rely on Sir Charles not to let you get wet," with the smile the other man instinctively disliked.

Gillian, afraid to trust in her own good luck, rose from the table.

"I'll get my things on," she said hastily, "I will be ready by the time you have had a cigarette."

But she was longer than she had intended.

As she came down-stairs in her tight-fitting gray cloth, a smart gray toque on her chestnut hair, Vivian stood waiting for her in the hall.

"I've kept you waiting. I couldn't find my maid. I don't understand it," she said, as she reached him.

"You seem to have done very well without her." He wondered if any other girl in the world were quite so lovely, or wore her gowns with such a grace. All at once he saw there was fresh trouble in her eyes.

"Would you rather not go out?" he asked. "Is there anything wrong?"

She shook her head, mindful of Brookes, who was opening the door for them to go out into the spring sunshine, and she led the way.

Jacky, she had been told by the housemaid who answered her bell, was with Mr. Marchmont. What could it mean? Did he suspect anything? She dared not wait to find out, but her step was very slow and dragging as she walked down the drive.

"Did Mr. Marchmont leave you when I did?" she asked her wondering companion.

He nodded.

"Said he must write a letter. Why? Did you want him?

"No!" hastily, "but he sent for my maid. I can't think why. Sir Charles," she turned to him in reckless appeal, "do you mind coming into the garden and waiting till he drives off? The carriage is just coming round. I can't go far till I know what he wanted of Ja—james!" stumbling over the name.

"Whatever you like," lightly, but inwardly marveling.

What sort of man could her guardian be that she trembled at his sending for her maid? He saw plainly that she could scarcely speak for anxiety.

Jacky had changed color under her face bleach when the quick summons from Marchmont had sent her flying down the back stairs to his sanctum. He had never apparently known that she was in the house till now. But her nerve was better than Gillian's. She stood before the master of the house as calmly as though he had been in the habit of sending for her.

Marchmont, glancing at her, saw an odd-looking girl, very pale, with smooth red hair, particularly neat in her black satin gown. He had a horror of red hair, as some men have of cats, and his eyes turned from her distastefully.

"Your mistress has gone out," he said smoothly, "for a walk with Sir Charles Vivian. Take her waterproof and go after her. I do not trust the weather. And see that you keep her in sight throughout the afternoon. You understand me!" sharply.

"Yes, sir." Jacky knew better than to be surprised.

Marchmont little thought she dared not look at him for fear he should notice the dark, sapphire eyes that were so extraordinary for a red-haired girl, and too brave and beautiful for her well-drilled face.

"And keep within hearing, too," he added dryly. "That is all. You can go!"

She was a queer-looking girl for Billy to have sent. She must be clever for all her downcast demureness. He little knew that she was overjoyed as she ran to do his bidding. He had played into her hand; had given her and Gillian the chance they had despaired of. As for Sir Charles, he was in the way, but it could not be helped, and Gillian must look after him.

As Marchmont drove off in the victoria he saw the red-haired maid fastidiously picking her way over the wet gravel, in the wake of her mistress' footsteps. What he did not see was the sudden start Gillian gave when Jacky came round some shrubs, the haste with which she ran to her.

"Oh, Jacky! What was it?" She was quite regardless of Sir Charles, but not so Jacky.

"Nothing, Miss Gillian," she frowned at her to be careful. "I was to bring your waterproof and ask if you had any orders." Then, under her breath, her back to Vivian, "I'm to keep you in sight. But go down to the beechwood by the old wall!"

Sir Charles, who had fair wits of his own, saw the quick, cautioning frown on the maid's face that went so oddly with her smooth words. And her voice, too, seemed to strike a chord in his memory. Where had he heard it before? Yet he knew the thought was absurd, if anything could be absurd in a house where the maid frowned authoritatively at the mistress. Could Marchmont allow Gillian to be bullied by her own servant?

But as Gillian turned to him after a quick, inaudible word to the girl, he knew that, wherever the trouble was, it was not between mistress and maid. Every trace of wretchedness was gone from her face. Instead it was bright, excited.

"Did you know you were a wicked wolf!" she cried, smiling up at him. "That is my sheep-dog, who is sent to protect me."

"You don't seem to mind!" rather piqued.

Gillian laughed. The sun on her lovely, parted lips, her pearl-white teeth.

"Mind Jacky? James, I mean—no!"

"Why do you call her Jacky?"

"Oh, James means Jacques. Jacky is for short!" overriding her slip gaily. Come along, Sir Charles, to the beechwood. We may even find an early primrose there."

She led the way talking with a gaiety long a stranger to her.

From the northeast corner of the house there stretched a long wall of solid masonry, or rather a stone facing to an embankment on top of which grew a thick wood of beeches that covered the hillside to the house. Below the embankment was the grass of the park, and farther from the house a damp, overgrown path, arched with shrubbery. Gillian parted the bushes and led the way along the sodden grass-grown gravel. The path was dreary, cold and shady. Sir Charles wondered that she chose it.

"I've never been here," she said, answering his thoughts. "We'll go up into the wood presently. It is horrible and dark here, isn't it?"

It was, but he would have braved rivers of mud for the girl at his side. He went on before her, parting the wet, overgrown branches and then pulled up, standing.

Before him, utterly unsuspected, unknown, lay a great black pool, under the very foot of the wall, cutting off their path.

There was no outlet from it, no stream apparently running into it, and yet instead of lying dull and stagnant, it was swirling violently. Streaks and beads of white foam lay on it, sticks and dead leaves flew around it as if in a whirlpool.

"What a beastly place!" Surprise and a queer horror of the evil-looking water made his voice low. "Don't go on, Miss Hamilton! We'd have to go round this thing and the ground doesn't look solid."

But Gillian did not seem to hear him.

"It's it! The stream!" she said, excited, incoherent. "We've found it."

"Found what?" he really began to think his wits wanting. Then he gave a short exclamation.

The red-haired maid, whom he had thought behind them, was in front of them, standing by the very edge of the pool, close to the stained yellow masonry of the embankment that towered twelve feet high. He could just see the sunlight through the stems of the beeches that grew on its summit, on clean, dry ground. The girl had her back to him and was gazing not at the horrid pool, but at the stone embankment. As he looked she turned and came quickly to her mistress, edging by the wall as if she were afraid of being seen.

"Go back!" she whispered, grasping Gillian's arm, pulling her behind the drooping branches that hid the end of the path where it came on the black water.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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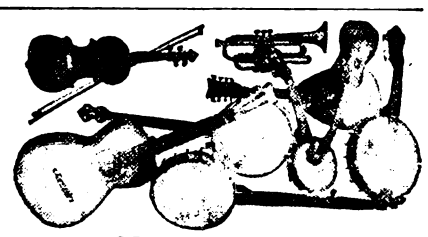
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The Years Between

By Itha M. Davis

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HORTENCE Egle stood shading her eyes with one dimpled hand, intently watching a fishing smack that was slowly beating its way in. Her father was one of the many fishermen who ply their trade up and down the Maine coast, and was as honest as any preacher who ever stood in a pulpit. But to Hortence, who had received a better education than most of the children of the fisher folks, it was a dirty and disagreeable way to make a living, and she had tried every way to persuade him to leave the sea. He had been born in the brown cottage they still called home and he knew little else, so she watched for him constantly in bad weather and hating it worse every day.

She was beautiful to look upon, with the same tawny eyes of her stalwart father, the long, curving lashes, the wind-blown hair, so dark and curly, and her rosebud of a mouth was a face for which another Mark Anthony might fling away a world.

And that Mark was near, he came down from the big summer home on the hill overlooking the little hamlet, and stood looking at the girl in astonishment. Then as he took a step toward her she turned and the big, childish, tawny eyes met the blue eyes of the stranger. But they were in plain sight of the boat that the girl knew was her father's, and knowing his hatred of the men that summered there in idleness, she turned and fled; while he stood watching the fleeing form and wondered what had frightened her.

With the beaching of the boat, he turned his attention to the occupants but there was only one man. Big and with shoulders as broad as a barn door, he carried himself as a king might, and his eyes were of the same tawny color as the girl's. This Guy Clary knew that Old Hugh Egle, father of the beautiful dark creature who had fled at his approach; and he, owner of one of the finest summer homes on the coast, town houses, a yacht that was simply a floating palace, and an unlimited bank account, was not used to members of the gentle sex taking one wild look at him and then flying, and the more he thought of her the more determined he was to see and know her. He was engaged to one of the butterflies of his own set but that did not deter him, that was a matter of convenience arranged by his lady mother.

His chance came next day when he strolled down to the beach to watch the boats come in. She was almost in the same place where he had first seen her, with restless eyes turned seaward for a first glimpse of the boats.

He went quickly to her side lest she take flight before he had a chance to reassure her. "Miss Egle, I think," he spoke softly, hat in hand. "I did not mean to startle you yesterday but you were gone so quickly I did not have a chance to apologize."

"It was not that so much," was the shy answer, and he was amazed at her charming voice, "but father does not allow me to talk to strangers."

"Oh! I see, but I can hardly be called a stranger. You know who I am, don't you?"

"Guy Clary, I think," with a glance from her tawny eyes that set his heart racing. "Father pointed you out to me the day you and your friends came."

"What time does your father usually get in?" he asked as a matter of safety.

"It will not be long now for he said this morning he looked for a heavy gale tonight, and he knows how Elspeth and I worry when he is out." He stood looking at her in silence, wishing he might see her clothed in "purple and fine linen" as was hers by right of her beautiful face and perfect form.

"I will go before they come in," he told her, in sudden resolve to spare her what reproaches his presence might bring. "But will you not meet me tomorrow? I am a half-way likable chap, if your father does disapprove of my ways of living." There was a pleading note in his voice, his blue eyes tender.

"I am always somewhere about, watching for father is about all I do." So the old, old story was repeated. He spent every hour with her that her father spent out with the boats.

At the end of his mother's and fiance's visit he escorted them back to Boston, returning to the little fishing hamlet by the next train, and that evening before the boats came in there was a quiet wedding in the humble church of the fisher folk, and Guy Clary, the last of an old aristocratic family, took his plebian bride to the stately home of his ancestors.

He met the incoming boat and told Hugh Egle the whole story, and asked forgiveness for both of them. But Old Hugh stood staring at him in stunned silence until the voice of the younger man ceased; then he raised his huge, hairy hand to Heaven and spoke in such a cold, vindictive volce that Guy felt like an icy wind had passed over him: "I have never known any good to come from such a marriage, but I tell you this, if you ever mistreat her or neglect her in any way—and I will watch every move you may make from this day on—I will cut your **hide** in strips from your body, so help me God." He dropped his hand and strode away to the weather-beaten cottage, while Guy returned to his bride of an hour and told of her father's wrath.

As the months passed Hortence found herself in possession of more lovely clothes and jewels than she had ever heard of, and the bleak months of that winter were like fairy-land. But at the beginning of hot weather Guy received a letter from his mother informing him of her coming to spend the summer as usual. She did not even mention Hortence, her son's wife might have been the laundress for all of the attention she ever received, and though he dreaded her coming in one way, he hoped much good would also be done, for Hortence was so beautiful and loving no one could dislike her.

But alas for his high hopes, she brought Cleo Morely with her, his one-time fiancee and the girl he jilted. And his mother never let a chance slip to make unfavorable comparison between them, the fisherman's daughter was no match for the age-wise women of the world. So between them Hortence soon learned the reason of their hostility toward her, and one night after an unusually trying day with them she turned on her husband and accused him of bringing those "immoral females" to her home, and making her life so miserable she would be forced to go.

Then before any of them recovered from their astonishment at her outbreak, she turned on them with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes and cursed them with every oath and vile word she had ever heard in her twenty years of life on the coast, then, turning, fled out into the night down the rocky path to her father's house. There she fell unconscious on the step and the loving old father gathered the dear form of his daughter in strong arms and carried her to her own bed. While he hurried for the old doctor, Elspeth undressed and got her between sheets, where she did not recover consciousness until the doctor had worked over her for hours.

And that night a baby boy was born in old Hugh Egle's cottage, that night a soul went out from it. Hortence died, died as her mother had before her, without a sight of the sturdy little one she had laid down her life for. The old doctor that had ushered her in this world closed her eyes, in passing, then straightening her pain-twisted limbs he drew the quilt up over the pallid face, and turned to his lifelong friend. "I can do no more for her, Hugh, so I will go and send you help, Elspeth will need someone."

"No, you won't," the old fisherman cried harshly. "She shall be buried from her husband's house, as is her rights. I am just taking her, maybe you had better come along." He stooped over the silent form and wrapped the quilts around her, then holding her close to him they went out into the gray of the morning, up the steep, rocky path to the home she had so lately left.

They were admitted by the butler, who had spent the night in watching, for he knew there was trouble as the master had never gone to his bed. He led the way silently to the room she had so loved in life; here the half-crazed father laid her down, then he stooped and kissed the cold lips. As he turned from his last good by, Guy and his mother, followed by Cleo, came in. He faced the older woman with murder in his eyes. "There she is, you old hell cat, out of reach of your dirty tongue forever. If you were a man I would choke the life from your lying throat and throw you in the bay; and I hope that never again will you know peace, and the sight of her dead face will haunt you until your hair turns white and your body dries up." Here the doctor caught him by the arm and hurried him out. They went silently back to the desolate house where Elspeth was alternately crying and crooning over the sturdy little tawny-eyed morsel of humanity that Hortence had left them.

Three days later Guy Clary's beautiful wife was buried with all the ceremony and respect befitting a Clary, then when everything was over Guy went down to the cottage to demand his son. But the cottage was silent and deserted, and forcing a door he went into the rooms that had been hastily but effectively dismantled. Nothing but a very few of the heaviest pieces of furniture remained, and upon investigation he found Old Hugh had straightened up all of his business in the little hamlet, but had told no one his destination, they could only imagine. He had loaded his fishing smack with as much of his belongings as it would accommodate, and drifted out with the tide, taking Elspeth and the heir of the Clary millions with him.

* * * * *

Then two years later a little dark woman with a smooth, parchment-like skin, and a big, burly, tawny-eyed fisherman sat staring at a Boston paper in their little brown cottage nestled in the hills, not far from New Jersey's fishing coast; for there where all might read was a marriage notice that "Guy Clary, age twenty-eight, and Cleo Morely, age twenty-six, were married at the home of the groom's mother, July fourth." They looked into each other's eyes in silence then to the curly-haired two-year-old boy who was piling up his blocks with unsteady hands.

* * * * *

Ten years drifted quietly by, uneventful years to the Clary household on the cliffs, except after one of Cleo's long stays in town she brought a blue-eyed baby home and presented it as hers. Guy bowed down and worshiped the little fair-haired stranger as a God, for it was a well-known fact that there was no love between the present wife and himself, and that in his remorse and despair he had made daily pilgrimages to the little cemetery where Hortence lay sleeping. His temples were gray and his manner listless. He had just two interests in life, one was that some day he would find the boy of Hortence, the other was his little daughter Tina.

He watched all the different fishing boats these past twelve years, and at last a boat strange in those waters beat her way in and anchored close by. Six strange men came over her side and a casket was lowered to them, then a minister and two singers followed, and the procession went straight to the little cemetery where a grave had been prepared. There the minister read from a slip of paper folded inside his prayerbook, "Elspeth Von, spinster, died July tenth, age eighty-nine." Not a word about where she died or whom her friends might be. After the short service Guy talked to the men, but they were noncommittal. No, they didn't know where she died but thought some hospital; yes, certainly they had been hired to bring the body in, and before he could detain them lawfully they had all gone back to the boat and pushed off. And he was no nearer solving the mystery of Hugh Egle's disappearance than he had been twelve years before.

* * * * *

The elder Mrs. Clary had been a helpless cripple for five years, a trained nurse was always in attendance to wheel or carry her back and forth from her bed to the window. She had not sat at the table with her son and daughter-in-law not even once in all those long, bleak years. She was only a wreck of the woman whose cruelty had driven Hortence, her only son's dearly beloved wife, out into the night, seeking care and protection from her old father.

"But even he would pity me and maybe revoke that awful curse if he could see my suffering and repentance. Oh! Hortence, forgive, forgive, I did not know what I was doing, just let me hold your boy in my arms once and I can die in peace," she sobbed audibly and despairingly, and the nurse came quietly from an inner room and stood at her side. She knew of course she could give no help, for who can administer to a diseased mind, but she stroked the white hair softly. She knew the whole story and knew the son's wife had banished the old lady to these secluded rooms because she could not endure such a skeleton at the table. The son had never forgiven her, scarcely tolerated her under the roof. Though he had married her arch conspirator, he put all the blame on his mother, and had even objected to Tina's daily visits to her "Granny," but Tina paid no attention to his reprimands or her mother's fault finding.

She had just celebrated her eighteenth birthday and was carrying Granny some of her cake and candies when the old white-haired butler called to her from the front hall. "Miss Tina, here is a young man who wants to see your father, but he will not be back until tomorrow so he says he would like to talk to your grandmother."

"All right, Seward, I am just going to see her, I will show him up." She halted a passing maid and bade her take the tray along, while she escorted the visitor. Seward came in advance of the visitor, his face white, his eyes beseeching, and Tina seeing his troubled look turned to the big, well-dressed man following. The wide open tawny eyes with their long dark lashes, that wavy hair and laughing mouth could belong to but one person, her brother, the child of Hortence, that her father and poor old Granny had grieved for some knowledge of ever since she could remember. Just a few seconds she stared with unbelieving eyes, then ran to him crying, "You are my brother, I know you are my big, big brother, you are just like that picture in papa's room." She flung both arms around his neck and pressed soft lips to him, and the astonished man held her tiny form close and gazed down into the blue eyes that were so mistily tender.

* * * * *

"Well, I guess I belong to the family all right and I have known for several years that there was a little sister, but I was not expecting such a dear welcome as this. I promised Elspeth before she died that I would come as soon as daddy would give up for me to."

"Come on and see Granny," she cried, holding to his hand, her eyes shining. "She has prayed every day since I can remember, just to live to see you. You stand right here until I go in and tell her, she is an invalid, you see." She went in, leaving the door ajar so he could hear when she called; she crossed the room hurriedly and threw her arms around the frail old form, drawing the white head close to her breast.

"Granny, granny dear, there is somebody out here who wants to see you, guess who," but her voice was so excited Granny knew this was no casual visitor, and her mind flew to possibilities. She clung to the girl's little hands and tried to get upon her feet, her poor, useless feet that had not borne her weight in years.

"Tina, tell me, tell me quick, has our boy come home, the little baby we never saw? Tina, dear, don't kill your Granny," the quavering voice failed, and Tina called in excitement, "Come to me, come right in, Granny wants you; there, now look at him, he is no baby now, and I will not have but half a Granny."

He crossed the room and took the half-fainting form from the girl's slender arms. "Why, Granny," he whispered, kissing the tremulous old face softly, "I never dreamed of scaring you like this or I should never have come. Do I look as bad as all that?"

"Oh, no! darling boy, you look good to me, how good you can never know, you are the perfect image of your beautiful mother. Her very eyes and hair and her sweet, laughing mouth, but I killed her. Oh! dear boy, did they tell you that I am a murderess, just as surely as if I had plunged a knife in her heart? After she was dead, her father carried her back here, and over

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

What To Do With Left-Overs

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 7.)

ads by adding French dressing, boiled dressing or mayonnaise. Serve with hot buttered white bread or brown-bread toast.

One cup of canned corn stirred into the breakfast omelet changes the routine. Before folding the omelet, try spreading it with reheated mashed potato and see how the family likes it.

Use cold cocoa in place of milk in gingerbread for a change.

A neglected dish of dried peach sauce can be turned into a delicious fruit butter with the addition of tart apple and a handful of raisins. Add water and brown sugar.

Use the remnant of a can of pineapple, berries or other soft fruits in a pudding sauce. Flavor with butter and lemon.

Dishes for January Weather

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER.—The best corned beef is corned in the kettle while cooking. Select the brisket or second cut of rattleran, cover with boiling water well salted. Bring to a boil, set on back of stove and simmer until tender, taking care that the water does not cease bubbling at any time. Remove from liquor. The vegetables usually cooked in a boiled dinner are cabbage, turnip, beets, carrots and potatoes. The beets are cooked separately as they color the water. The vegetables are put into the beef liquor according to the time required for cooking, carrots and turnips first, and when about half done the cabbage and potatoes are added. The vegetables must be well done. Scrape and cut the carrots in two lengthwise, pare and slice the turnips, pare the potatoes and cut the cabbage into sections. Storage beets usually require two hours cooking. Serve the meat and vegetables on the same platter.

BAKED BEANS.—The following method of cooking beans will be especially acceptable to those who find baked beans indigestible. Soak the dry beans 12 hours in cold water to which soda has been added, one-fourth teaspoon to the quart. Wash the beans out of this water and put on to parboil in fresh cold water to which the same amount of soda has been added. After half an hour of boiling the skins will begin to loosen and frequent stirrings will assist in peeling them from the beans. When well parboiled, skim the beans from the soda water into fresh cold water, and rub between the hands. The skins will rise to the surface and can be poured off. In the bottom of a bean pot or other earthen dish that covers closely, put about one-fourth pound of salt pork to each pint of dry beans. Add the beans. Season with one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of molasses, and one scant teaspoon of salt when the beans are about two-thirds done. Add boiling water to cover. Bake eight hours in an oven that keeps the beans cooking very slowly. Many like a small whole onion put in the bottom of the pot, also half a teaspoon of mustard.

FINNAN HADDIE.—Lay fish cut into serving portions in an agate pan, cover with equal parts of milk and cold water. Set on the back of the stove for half an hour, in which time it should just reach the simmering point. Drain, spread with butter, sprinkle lightly with bread-crumbs and bake twenty minutes. Baste two or three times with a little hot milk.

FISH-CAKES.—One heaping cup of cooked fish shredded fine, two cups of fresh boiled potato mashed, one well-beaten egg, and enough cream or milk to make the mixture the consistency of mashed potato when beaten all together. Season with salt and pepper. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat and fry brown.

ENGLISH VEAL ROAST.—Cover the bottom of the roasting-pan with a layer of sliced onion and tomato, a little minced parsley and chopped celery, and three tablespoons of beef fat. Rub a loin roast with softened butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay it onto the vegetables and roast until tender, basting frequently with the juice in the pan. Remove the roast, and slightly thicken the vegetable juices, then pour it all around the roast in a platter. If canned tomato is used there will be plenty liquid, otherwise it may be necessary to gradually add a cup of hot water during the cooking.

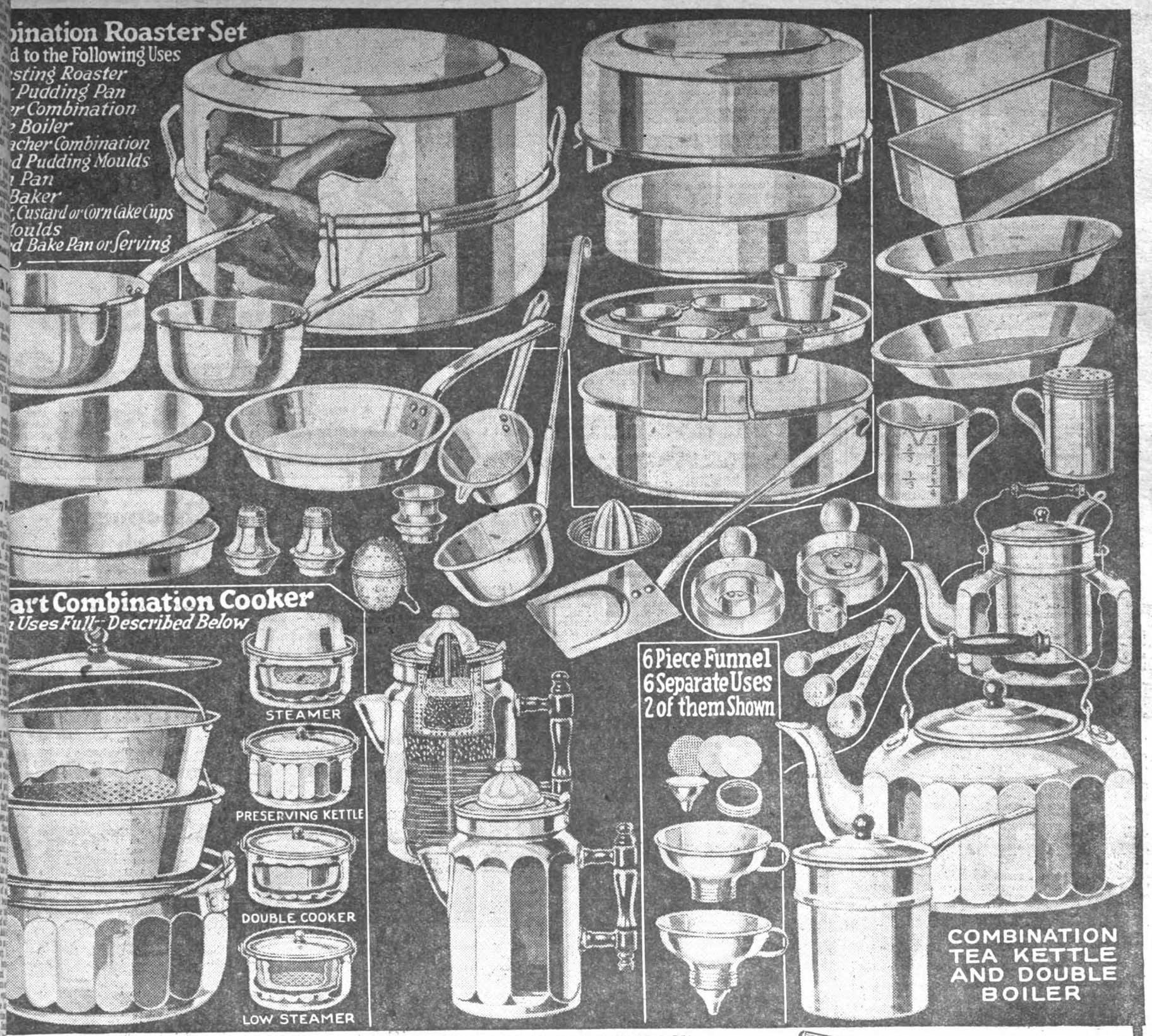
CITRUS MARMALADE.—One orange, one lemon and one grapefruit cut into very thin slices. Choice fruit should be used. Measure, then add two and one-half times the measure of water, and let it stand for 24 hours. Boil rapidly until tender, then measure again and add an equal amount of granulated sugar. Boil rapidly until it thickens.

APPLE SHORTCAKE.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter, gradually add one-half cup of sugar and one well beaten egg. Sift two teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt with one cup of sifted flour and add to the above mixture alternately with one-fourth cup of milk. Spread in a round tin and cover with tart apples cut into eighths. Sprinkle generously with sugar, and a little cinnamon if the flavor is liked. Bake in a fairly hot oven until well browned and the apple is done.

WINTER RELISH.—Put one quart of tender celery, one quart of cabbage and one large onion through the food chopper and mix well with one-fourth cup of salt. Let stand 30 minutes then put into a colander to drain. To one pint of vinegar add one-half cup of brown sugar and the following spices tied in a bag: Four bay leaves, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, six whole cloves, one-half teaspoon of celery seed, one tablespoon of white mustard seed, and one-half teaspoon of whole white pepper. Simmer ten minutes in a tightly covered agate dish and pour over the drained vegetables. Good after two weeks. Does not require sealing.

ESCALLOPED VEGETABLES.—Six good-sized carrots, two onions, two turnips, three potatoes and one-third cup of beef suet all put through the food chopper. It is well first to cut the suet into small pieces and gradually add it to the vegetables. Put an inch layer of the mixture into a baking dish, sprinkle with flour and add salt. Repeat until all is used, then pour fresh milk over the top until it just appears at the edges. Bake one and one-half hour in a moderate oven. Do not boil.

STUFFED BEETS.—Boil beets of uniform size until thoroughly done. Scoop out the centers until a half-inch thick shell remains. Soak dried lima beans over night. Slip off the skins, cover the beans with cold water and slowly cook until soft, taking care they do not burn. Skim out the beans and stir into the juice equal parts of butter and dry flour mixed together to thicken. Return the beans to the stewpan, cook five minutes and fill the beet shells. Sprinkle the tops with bread-crumbs, dot with butter and brown in the oven.



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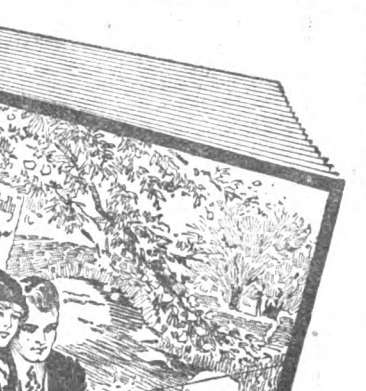
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Scarlet Fever

WE choose this disease as the subject for this month's talk, but do not wish to convey to the mothers the idea that we think they can treat a baby or older child that has scarlet fever, but hope to impress upon mothers the importance of knowing it if their baby does have the disease.

Scarlet fever is an infectious disease, that is, it is given from one person to another, and in every state where they have a health board they quarantine the patient or at least isolate him. Nursing babies rarely take the disease, even if in an epidemic, although bottle-fed babies are not so immune; why this is so we do not know. The period of time that you would expect to elapse from the time of exposure until the first symptoms show up, vary from eight to 10 days.

One attack, almost without exception, removes the liability of another.

There is some doubt as to just what time in the disease that it is the most contagious, and we cannot positively answer this question, but it is always best to isolate the patient from the time of the first sigh of the disease until he is through peeling or expoliating. It may be possible that the secretions and the breath may give the disease and the mother should bear this in mind, especially if she has not had the disease herself. If the mother takes the disease herself she is liable to be a great deal sicker than the baby was, and this is true of all children's diseases, viz., scarlet fever, mumps, whooping-cough and measles.

There is always a feeling of relief when our babies have had all these children's diseases as we know it renders them immune, and although this is a relief, I cannot advise a mother to expose her baby even to get this relief.

The complications that may arise in any simple disease make this a reckless thing to do. It is the possibilities, not the probabilities, that cause us the most worry. These possibilities are the reasons why a mother should know that her child has scarlet fever and not some simple eruption like hives or nettle rash.

Even the mildest case of scarlet fever may take on an inflammation of the kidneys that will end fatally or impair the baby's health through life.

The frequency of the disease makes it important that a mother should know enough about the rash to recognize it if she does see it.

The disease occurs most often in the spring and autumn, but may occur at any time.

In some of the epidemics the disease is of a very malignant type and very serious but late years the cases we see are of a mild type.

Scarlet fever is characterized by high fever, rapid pulse, and scarlet rash all over the body, a blush, and what I mean by this is that if you press on the rash with your finger it disappears and returns when you remove the pressure.

Hives and measles and most of the eruptions are on the skin, not under it, and this is an important point to remember.

There is usually more or less throat trouble and in a severe case canker appears in the throat that causes a great deal of discomfort and choking. This is why the disease is sometimes called canker rash.

When the mother discovers that her baby has a rash on body under the skin, with fever and sore throat, she has reason to be alarmed and should send for a physician.

A mild case is a trivial matter, but in severe cases there is nothing more malignant or fatal. The tongue in scarlet fever has a characteristic appearance, as it is red with raised points, called "strawberry tongue."

On the fourth or fifth day, if without any complications, the fever declines, the eruption fades, and on the fifth to eighth day the peeling or exfoliating begins.

This continues for a week or more and in some cases for several weeks.

The fact that so many cases are not recognized or treated causes it to spread, and without much doubt many of the complications of babies and children are caused by scarlet fever of a mild kind untreated.

The mildness of the attack does not eliminate the danger of kidney complications. I repeat the statement previously made, if any of you mothers suspect that your baby, or in fact any member of your family, has scarlet fever, isolate the patient from the rest of the family, keep them in a quiet room, warm, give simple diet largely milk, get a physician and have urine examined often to see that there is no kidney involvement. Older authorities told us to look out for dropsical conditions, but it is better not to wait for this as chemical analysis of urine will show trouble long before the dropsy appears.

Do not be satisfied with one examination, but have urine examined frequently all through the course of the disease.

Subject for next month, *Coughs and Colds of Babies.*

Questions and Answers

SORE NIPPLES.—When I am nursing my babies the nipples get very sore, and would like to know if there is anything I can do during pregnancy to prevent this?

MRS. A. B., Auburndale, Wis.

A.—During pregnancy be careful to not flatten nipples by pressure from corsets. Harden during the later weeks of pregnancy with alcohol, with a little tannin in it. If sore while nursing, use nipple shield, paint with compound tincture of benzoin. Nitrate of lead twenty grains to one ounce of lanolin, is good to rub on during pregnancy, but must not be used after baby is born, as it might poison him.

CATARRHAL COUGH.—My two-year-old girl has a cough and cannot breathe at night. Have taken her to a clinic and they said she had rickets, and suggested Maltine and Cod Liver Oil, but it does not help her much.

MRS. J. B., So. Norfolk, Va.

A.—The Maltine and Cod Liver Oil is good treatment and I should continue it. In addition should give her, three times a day, half-teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid in water.

Also have throat examined for diseased tonsils and adenoids.

RINGWORM OF SCALP.—I have a little girl who has a ringworm on her scalp and have tried most everything on it without relief. Will the hair come back that has gone on scalp?

MRS. J. W. P., Wilmington, N. C.

A.—Wash part with saturated solution of boric acid, then apply sulphur ointment. Paint around the edges with tincture of iodin. Yes, the hair will come back.

BLUE BABY, PARALYSIS.—Am writing for aid for my thirteen-months-old baby who has leakage of the heart, and at times she has sinking spells, or gets sleepy. Her pulse is very fast if she does not feel well. Would you advise heart stimulants? Her weight is seventeen pounds. Is this what she should weigh?

A few weeks ago, when cutting teeth, she suddenly became paralyzed, first leg, then arm. Could this have been caused by the teeth?

MRS. J. D. D., Clarissa, Minn.

A.—Taking into consideration what your baby has had to contend with since birth, think her weight gratifying, but am not clear as to the cause of the paralysis. Your baby should have heart stimulants. Digitalis, I think, is indicated, but under careful supervision by a physician to watch results. Should suspect infantile paralysis, but if care is taken there will be no after results. A hospital would be an ideal place for baby for a while.

ECZEMA.—Can you suggest anything that will help my ten-months-old baby who has eczema all over his body, rough with scales, then cracks open and bleeds?

MRS. H. S. H., Dunnegan, Mo.

A.—There are many forms of eczema and from your letter it is hard to decide just what kind your baby is suffering from.

Would suggest giving baby two-drop doses, three times a day, of tincture of chloride of iron, and bathe parts locally with Dakins' solution, one per cent., then apply sulphur ointment. Use white castile soap to wash baby.

UMBILICAL HERNIA.—My girl is eighteen months old, and the navel bulges out, and at times she lies down and strains as if she were in pain from gas. Can it be that this is gas, and what can I do for her?

MRS. T. M. P., Hampton, Iowa.

A.—Without much doubt the cause of your baby's trouble is the hernia. Get your physician to show you how to relieve this with adhesive plaster and button covered with gauze or cotton, holding the parts in place.

WORMS, RHEUMATISM.—What can I do for my four-year-old girl who picks her nose, and bites her fingernails?

Can the cause be worms, and what can I do for relief?

What can I do for my knee and leg, as sometimes in the night they pain me badly, and feel as if the bone was being crushed.

MRS. E. E. B., Okla City.

A.—Your girl may have worms and they may cause this nervousness. You can soon find out if this is the cause.

Give her one-half grain each of calomel and santonin, every three hours, until bowels are free, then examine stools.

Teaspoonful of salt to pint of water given as enema will relieve pinworms.

For your rheumatism, take two five-grain tablets of sodium salicylate after each meal; drink lots of water. Locally, rub Iodex with methyl salicylate on the parts that are painful.

BEDWETTING.—Will you tell me what to do for my twelve-year-old boy who wets the bed every night? The urine has a highly acid smell.

MRS. L. G., Epping, N. Dak.

A.—Please read October COMFORT; have urine examined in your boy's case.

PICKING NAVEL.—What makes my three-year-old girl pick her navel? She has done this for a year and at times it gets irritated.

MRS. C. N. M., Long Beach, Cal.

A.—This is one of the unexplainable habits that children take up. Some babies will not nurse or eat without taking hold of their ear. Patient, persistent effort, gently used, will break her of the habit.

SKIN ERUPTION.—My two girls have some skin disease; skin is very rough and cracks, scabs form and the parts look angry.

MRS. D. B. R., Muncey, Pa.

A.—Should give the girls three-drop doses of tincture of chloride of iron, in syrup, three times a day, after meals.

Locally, should bathe parts with Dakins' solution, then apply sulphur ointment.

IRRITATED NAVEL.—My three-weeks-old baby, who I am nursing, has a red enlargement, where cord was tied, that discharges

There is a bulging out that enlarges when baby cries. Baby cries a great deal with gas, but I have gas myself. What shall I do for the navel and for the gas?

MRS. E. W. G., Spencer, Ind.

A.—Should advise washing navel once a day with one per cent. Dakins' solution, then dust on a little powdered boric acid, or sulphur.

If this does not relieve, have red spot touched up with nitrate of silver stick. I do not consider it good judgment to allow this rupture to go unattended and if you cannot relieve and hold it in place with button and adhesive plaster, have an umbilical truss made that will hold in place.

Crying is bad for rupture, as it may enlarge it. For the gas, get your own digestion in good condition and the baby's will be also.

Avoid acid fruits, rich pastry and gravies, and after each meal take two teaspoonfuls of Elix Lactated Pepsin.

WEANING BABY.—When should I wean my baby who is now eight months old? Should I wean her gradually or at once and how shall I dry up the milk?

MRS. J. S., Marshall, Minn.

A.—Wean baby when it is eleven months old. Should wean her quickly, when you begin. Bandaging the breasts snugly to the chest with dry diet for a few days, soon dries up milk secretion.

COUGH, MORNING SICKNESS.—My three-year-old boy has hard cough, especially when lying down. There is no history of tuberculosis on either side of the family. What can I do for morning sickness?

MRS. J. F. C., Oxford, Ohio.

A.—For the cough, should give your three-year-old boy one-half teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid, three times a day, well diluted with water. Have nose and throat examined for adenoids or enlarged diseased tonsils.

Morning sickness is a sympathetic disturbance and often is an obstinate symptom to relieve. You should avoid all excitement sexual and otherwise; keep bowels regular, eat food easy to digest.

Have seen an abdominal binder, giving slight upward and inward pressure, give relief.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

salt mines, and oil wells in almost every part of the state. Our farm products are rice, cotton, corn, sugar cane, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables.

How many have heard of the beautiful Evangeline Oak on the banks of the Bayou Teche? It is near my home and there are benches around the tree where people sit and rest.

What's the matter with the men? I enjoy reading their letters.

Have any of the sisters ever taken correspondence courses and were they successful? I am taking a course and find it very good.

Here's a help for teachers. Wash your blackboards with a mixture of kerosene and vinegar and you will be surprised at the results.

I always enjoy descriptions so will give you one of myself. My height is about five feet, five inches, weight 125 pounds. I have medium brown hair, gray eyes, a fair complexion and am not old enough to vote, but of course I'm going to vote when I can.

I would like very much to receive letters from those who care to write and will try to answer all I get. I would enjoy postcards of views from all over the country to use in my geography class.

This is not my first attempt to sit with you.

Your friend, MINA SPELL.

CASSVILLE, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Did I hear someone asking for Christmas suggestions? Maybe I can give a few. There are many things for housekeepers, crocheted or embroidered doilies are always useful. Those who cannot embroider can surely do the applique work and this is very attractive. Dresser scarfs made from unbleached muslin and embroidered or appliqued in bright colors are pretty and serviceable. Bind edge or work in blanket stitch. Pincushions are also easily made. If you do not care to take the time to make an embroidered top, cover a pretty piece of silk with lace or net, put on a narrow edge of lace and a bow of ribbon to match silk. Doll girl who has a room of her own. Get small china or celluloid dolls, make a circle of cardboard and cover with silk or sateen. Gather a straight piece of the goods to this. Run a gathering thread in top and stuff with wool or cotton, placing the doll in the center. Gather cushion around the doll's waist, leaving the arms free. Take a piece of camisole lace, the length of four points, run a ribbon through the beading and tie in bow at back. Fasten one point at each side of the doll and on point in front and back. The effect is charming. Nothing pleases a small girl better than clothing or bedding for her favorite doll and these may generally be made from scraps. Handkerchiefs never wear their welcome out and even the little tots like them. Camisoles, aprons, collar-and-cuff sets, yokes, towels, table runners and handkerchief cases are other gifts always welcome. Most of these need not be expensive. Make as many things alike as you can and the material will not cost so much. For instance, one and one-half yards of thirty-six inch muslin will make two dresser scarfs and you would have to buy that much for one anyway.

If any of the sisters know how to fix prepared mustard at home, will you please tell me how to do it.

I will describe myself and then go. I am 22 years old, have dark brown hair and eyes, five feet, eight inches tall and weigh about 155 pounds. Have been married two and one-half years and have a sweet baby boy. His name is Donzol Ross.

How many of the sisters remember Mrs. Stella Nafus who wrote to this corner over a year ago? She is now in Colorado with tuberculosis. She says she is improving but gets homesick. Why not send her a card and letter shower. She will appreciate it you may be sure. Her address now is Mrs. Stella Nafus, 103 North 7th Street, Lamar, Colo. Her younger sister is also there with tuberculosis.

Love to all.

MRS. EDNA COLE.

BARTON, GEORGIA.

HELLO OLD DEARS:

I say "Old Dears" simply because I love each and every one of you. I have been married nearly six years and have always welcomed COMFORT at our home and long years ago my aunt used to take it so I learned to love it before I was grown. My subscription is paid for three years in advance.

Mrs. Pettis, I wish I could be like Aunt Polly and I mean to try from now on.



RUSSELL AND KATE SALTER.

Old Maid Sister, from Indiana, will you write to me? I have two children, a girl and a boy, and home wouldn't be home to me without them. I pray that I can always have them with me or near me. Kate is four years old and Russell, Jr., is two. Both are blondes. Everybody calls Russell "Buddie." I am sending a picture of them, taken when Kate was two years old and Russell only four months but weighing thirty pounds. They have always been healthy babies and no one has enjoyed their children more than I have. I have my hands full though and have a great many troubles and trials to bear but it does no good to grumble. Just ask God to help you and try to wear a smile. That is the best way to meet everything and everybody.

I will tell you how I look for I enjoy that part in other letters. I am five feet, six inches tall, weigh 157 pounds and have blue eyes, black hair and a fair complexion and am 23 years old.

We live one mile from a nice little town, on a splendid road, and own our own farm. Our house has six rooms and I want to remodel it when times get better.

I wish some of you dear folks would write to me for I get lonesome at times.

I have never written before but hope to see my babies smiling back at me when the next number comes.

Respectfully yours, MRS. R. J. SALTER.

Mrs. Salter.—Miss Kate is our very youngest flapper, with her rolled hose, bare knees and bobbed hair. Buddie is showing his brotherly displeasure by looking very stern in hopes to convince us that it isn't his fault, he just can't do a thing with her.—Ed.

MARBLEMOUNT, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

There are so many to write interesting letters that I hesitate to even bother you but I want to ask the sisters to write to me and to send me reading matter. There are many, I am sure, who have magazines they are done with. We are twenty miles and no car from the nearest news-stand and twenty-five cents a week and four dollars or so all at once are different.

The fall rains have started and as school is keeping I shall be "housefast all winter with three little ones that cannot be left alone. We are miles from neighbors and in midwinter the school children are gone from eight until five. My husband will be away working and lonesome is no name for it especially when the babies are asleep in the afternoon, and the long evenings. I can pay parcel post charges for the first two zones which include Washington and part of Oregon. We live way up among the mountains between Rockport and Marblemont, getting mail R. F. D. from either office; C. O. D. mail we have come to Marblemount, as it is nearer. It's just a store and post office and a few houses. Rockport is the end of the railroad. No one ever writes from hereabouts but they all used to take COMFORT. I say "used to" because my copies for the last four months were lent and are still traveling. I have hopes of getting them back. I shall be hurt if I don't, likewise if they are torn or mutilated. The mail man is the most popular man hereabouts, especially when COMFORT is due.

Sincerely, MRS. HELEN BUTLER.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want some of the Christian sisters to advise me in my trouble for some may have had a similar experience. I have been married ten years, eight of which my husband and I got along beautifully. After that time my husband found it necessary to employ a girl to assist him in his business as my health would not permit me to work as I had. A woman whom I considered one of my best friends told me that her daughter could take my place, which she did and we became dear friends. In a few months I realized that my husband was infatuated with this girl who was beautiful and charming. I expressed my opinion but it only made my husband angry with me. Matters grew worse. I felt as long as I had no proof of their guilt I would keep quiet, if possible. I did not want to be unfair and if it were only jealousy on my part, it would be wronging her. She continued her visits to my home. I treated her right but kept my eyes open and finally, several days before the birth of my son, I had proof of his infidelity. They both plead for mercy and made all kinds of promises to me with only the desire that I would not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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The Butterfly Girl

By Lilliace Montgomery Mitchell

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GERTIE was undeniably a butterfly girl. Her pretty brown hair was always waved and curly, her frocks were always fluffy and soft and her fingers were always white and soft with glistening finger-tips. Gertie was not a rge girl; indeed, had one held her against the all and measured she probably would not have sen more than one or two inches past the five-ot mark. And Gertie was Milton Webb's steady rl.

Milton Webb was not, absolutely, of the butter- type. He worked in the shipping room of a rge mail-order house and when there was any pecially heavy box or crate the first call for aid cluded Milt invariably. According to the records at the mail-order house kept in its employment partment (which, by the way, had recently been -named personnel department), Milt was six et two, tipped the scales at two hundred flat id was a rugged piece of manhood well fitted r manual labor. Milt, however, while fitted for anual labor, had no desire to remain at the job ng. This was not due to laziness but rather to e fact that the "head-work" jobs paid better id Milt was anxious to earn a good salary. He udied feverishly at nights except on Wednesday id Sunday when he took Gertie out. He was udying accounting. While the work was not dif-cult for him it was tedious and often hour after our would pass while he checked and re-checked rtain debit and credit columns to strike a bal-ice. He was often so desperately tired when unday came that he would sit back on a park nch and just look at Gertie and wonder how e could be so gay and effervescent. It was that ry vivacity in Gertie that he loved. At such mes he longed to take her into his arms and ll her so, tell her that he wanted to get her a ng such as Minnie and Stella had. But the un-udied lessons that must be covered before he uld ask for a real job in the mail-order house al-ays arose before him and paraded unyieldingly. Gertie knew he was studying to "get some-here," but she had never studied enough to know at mental work often wears one out even more an physical labor. She did not understand why e seemed tired and listless, why he looked at er so oddly, why he said nothing. Sometimes venty minutes would pass without his having id a word. And it was one group of words in articular that Gertie wanted to hear. She often oked at her fourth finger and pondered over the ea that it was unfurnished. But when Milt said othing—well, she thought, what could she do?

And then one day she found a newspaper ar-cle that talked about the modern girl. It be-moaned the fact that the modern girl is never serious but is flirtatious and flighty; it belittled her dress, her mode of hairdressing, her make-up and her manner. Gertie staid awake long that night. It was Saturday night and Gertie knew that on the morrow she would see Milton. He should propose, she decided. From what the article said, girls and women were running human events and secured what they wanted at any cost.

"Well," said Gertie, settling her mouth into as straight a line as that cupid's bow could manage, "I want Milt. If I don't set to work and get him someone else will. Anybody'd fall in love with him at sight."

The next afternoon late when Milt had shaved and donned his Sunday suit for the outing, he called for Gertie. Just as he rang the bell he discovered mentally a place in his set of books that was "off." He knew that by remedying that spot his books would in all probability balance. When Gertie greeted him, therefore, he was pleasant but absent-minded. He followed her into the living-room and sat down. Gertie sat primly opposite him. He looked at her.

"Gert!" he exclaimed, his jaw dropping an inch. "Wh-wh-why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said quietly. If tears were near the surface he should not know it, she determined.

"But—b-b-b-but, you look—sick—or—something," he stammered.

"Well?" she countered. "Well, don't you l-l——" and then the tears did come. And when Gertie cried she cried as she did everything else—heartily and loud.

"Why, Gert!" exclaimed the now thoroughly awakened Milt, "something is the matter! You just tell me what it is right off."

And so Gertie found herself running to her room for the newspaper clipping and stealing a glance in the mirror at the straight-haired, uncurled, unfluffy double that stared back at her gravely and unsmilingly before she closed the door. "You see," she told Milt, "it says that modern girls are butterflies and that no one sensible would care for that type of girl. It says you—I mean a girl shouldn't use any powder or —or anything and that the hair ought to be smooth and close and that ruffles should not be——"

But Milt was not listening; he was staring at her altered appearance. "Sa-a-ay," he broke in, "how long would it take you to get—you know—fixed up as usual? You may be a butterfly, all right, but it suits me. And, say, a fellow down at Merken's has a diamond he brought back from France and he and I have sort of been dickering about it for your ring. Suppose we go down so you can give it the o-o before I take it?"

And it was the old-time Gertie, the butterfly girl, who slipped a newspaper clipping into the top drawer of her dresser before she went out with Milt.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

hen they were young, and I think your machine ust be one of the untrained sort. But they are ll tricky beasts. My typewriter, for instance, has wo or three university degrees, yet it prefers to ell "friend" as "f-r-e-i-n-d." It will do this ery possible time my back and fingers are rned. Yet the twists of your machine make our letter most interesting, Louise. It tells about at strange combination "brother sister" you ave, and gives us your age as "foufteen"—which take to mean that you are between fourteen and fteen, perhaps.

Louise, you were wise to warn me not to let illy see your letter. His rage would have been eyond description and his language past print. ill thinks all babies should be born with a spell-g book in their hands and a dictionary between heir lips. Yet I once caught his spelling "sepa-ate" with an "e" in the middle!

Thanks, Louise, for wishing us all "much jok." think your typewriter played much of a "jok" n you and the result gave us all "much joy"—hich is what you really wanted and meant to ay, I fancy. I know it gave me "much jok" to ead it, although I had to pick out a time when ill was in the Park. You certainly ran a great isk, Louise, but you escaped this time.

BENTON, KANSAS.

EAR UNCLE LISHA:

As we are taking COMFORT I am taking your advice, or I don't know what to do. I want to join the eague of Cousins and would like to write letters, but re take the COMFORT now and have for a long while, o please let me know how I can join the League with-ut subscribing. I remain, as ever,

Your niece, FONDA DEWITT.

You write a good little letter, Fonda, and if ou can write I'm pretty sure you can read too. o if you want to know how to get in the Happy unch, just read the rules which are printed in ig black-face type at the end of our department his and every other month. As your household s already a subscriber, all you need to do is to end in fifty-five cents to have this subscription xtended, in your name, one year from the date f its expiration. Fifty cents pays for COMFORT ne year, and the extra nickel gives you your embership in the League of Cousins. It brings ou your League button, your membership cer-ificate, your number in the Big Family, and laces your name on our League letter list. Once member, Fonda, you are always a member. We ave no annual dues but love and loyalty: Love or each other and loyalty to the principles for hich our Big Family was founded and exists. We are probably the greatest society of young eople on earth, Fonda,—and it's a dead sure hing we are the happiest. Big as our circle is here is always room for one more and we are lways glad to "move over" and give a newcomer place and a smile of welcome. So come in, onda, and have a laugh and a letter with us.

WHITEFISH, MONTANA.

EAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is my first attempt to write to the cousins' cor-ner. I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a ong time and think it is a very good paper indeed. We ave taken it for about fifteen years.

Well, it seems queer not to see any letters or very ew in COMFORT from Montana—and none from the own in which I live.

I am going to ask the cousins if any of them have he song, "The Dying Cowboy." I think it starts out ike this:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!"

If any of the cousins has it I would like to get it. Will tell you something about myself. I am five feet, ive and a half inches tall. I am sixteen years old, weigh 158 pounds, and am a burnett.

Your niece, MYRTLE LOCKE.

You say you are "a burnett," Myrtle, and I no-tice you are careful not to tell us the color of your hair. It certainly would not take me three guesses to know what shade of hair should be ap-propriate to a "burnett." Nothing but hot stuff would do, and so I'm only taking one try and am guessing you ought to be listed in our immense and constantly growing Red Headed Division. If I'm wrong, let me know, Myrtle, but it seems to me you must be ginger-haired.

That's an orful mournful song you want to know about, Myrtle. Lots of cousins have told me in their letters that there are no more cow-boys—so they must all be dead at the present writing, including, of course, the unfortunate chap you write about. I certainly hope all these dead cowboys were not buried on the "lone prairie" if there is any such legitimate objection to being so interred. Certainly it is a roomy location and the digging should be easy. Not having the rest of the pleasant song, I don't know the particular spot a cowboy would prefer as a resting place, but if they are all dead already, what's the use of arguing about it? We can't all of us be buried where we choose, anyway: I knew a man here in Brooklyn (this was before prohibition) who wanted the worst way to be buried in a brewery, but the unsympathetic Board of Health refused to issue a permit. Finally his relatives compromised by burying him in a forty-gallon barrel out in the northeast corner of a hop field. Myrtle, we can't have everything we want while we are alive—or when we are dead, either. Taking it all in all, I can't see that this cowboy had much to kick about—and lots ought to be cheap on a prairie. Well, perhaps we can find out more about the sad case if some cousin sends in a second verse—or a third and a fourth.

ORLANDO, R. R. 3, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I won't say "and Billy, too," as I have always done before, because I know for sure now that he doesn't like me. I don't blame him, for my letters were silly and full of nonsense. In fact they were very much like me. This time, though, it's something very different, folks. I want you to do something for me. I'll tell you all about it:

I've an aunt who is in a hospital for consumption and she thinks she is going to die. You know, "If you believe it, it is so." She is believing it just as hard as she can. Do you think you'd mind sending her a postcard shower? But, for goodness sakes alive, don't tell her I asked you to do it, because then she'd not have anything to think about again in a little while. If she doesn't know where they come from she'll keep wondering about it. See! Wise little cousin, ain't I? Just address your letters to "State Tuberculosis Hospital, Clinton, Oklahoma," but first, of course, you must put her name, "Mrs. Barnaby."

Do you know, folks, things are never as bad as we think they are. I know from experience. Some time ago I was going to write to you and I couldn't find my League card. High and low I hunted for it and was about to cry, when my sister said, "Cry baby!" Then I started out and lectured everybody within hearing distance. I said all the ugly things I could think of. A few days later Mabel was going over the things in her "box," and found my card! I had given it to her to keep for me. I know my number now by heart. I have an awful temper. But I'm going to keep it under lock and key after this.

I wanted to tell you folks how to make a COMFORT Book, but this letter is too long now. Thank Billy for me, Uncle. I won't insult him by speaking to him.

Could a few of you folks manage to write to me?

Your niece, INEZ ROBERTS.

Sure thing, Inez; our Cheer Crowd will get right on the job and give your aunt such a boost of smiles and sympathy that she will think this world is a pretty good place after all and will decide she will soon be well again and able to enjoy life for ten, twenty or thirty years longer. Of course she doesn't have to die and we are not going to let her. You have the right dope, Inez, about how much our health and happiness can be affected by our mental attitude. Concerning health, the best physicians understand this and have learned to bring with them into the sick room a contagion of cheeerful confidence that does much to stimulate recovery. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is everlastingly true. Our world is largely—or perhaps entirely—a reflex of ourselves. If we look for kindness, we must be kind. If we want truth, we must be true. If we crave friends, we must first be a friend to others. Fear, suspicion, greed, and all like ugly mental attitudes bring back to us their own dark reflections in the mirror of life. There is an affirmative application of the Golden Rule which has a meaning both too little understood or used: All things whatsoever we would that others should do to us, we should do likewise to them. As we give, we are given unto. As we love, so are we loved. This is one of those mysterious spiritual laws whose workings are beyond the tests—and too often, alas, the belief—of science, yet whose strange power is greater and surer than any application of physical law. The first step toward your aunt's recovery, Inez, must be to rule away the thought that she cannot be well again, and I know the letters that our Happy Bunch will send will help just as much as you think they will. To chase Mr. Gloom is the best sort of a job. It is always an open season to hunt the old grouch and the further and faster he is chased the better for everybody and the more room there will be left for smiling.

Inez, that's right to keep your bad temper tightly locked up. It would be good, too, to forget where you put the key and never again let the tiniest bit of the ugly thing get beyond your closely-fastened lips. If you do this you will find yourself and your world so much pleasanter! And you will also surprisingly discover that there are not so many other bad-tempered people around as you once thought.

TILLAR, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Mamma has been taking COMFORT for a long time. I decided I would write to the cousins. I live on a large farm and we have a great many cattle and mules. I have for a pet a little mule. Her name is Tiny. We have a seven months school and I go all I can because I love to go. I am in the sixth grade. My worst study is Physiology.

Now I will describe myself: I have blue eyes, light hair and light complexion. Now guess my age if you can. I am not old enough to court the boys.

Love to you and all the cousins from,

Your niece, HAZEL BOND.

Hazel, if you insist upon being foolhardy enough to have a mule for a pet, I think you are wise to pick out a little one—the Tinier the better. A mule whose right hind leg would be visible only under a microscope would be about the best size, I should say. "Safety first" is the proper motto when it comes to pet mules—and always pet 'em on the nose.

I think it is just as well you are not old enough yet to "court the boys," Hazel. This difficult business would take your mind too much away from that young seven months school you like so well. Instead of studying your physiology and pondering the difference betwixt carpels and metacarpels, you would be riding off every moonlight night to make calls on some lovely blond blue-eyed and blue-jeaned Arkansan. I have heard that Arkansas boys are timid, backward creatures and need a lot of courting, Hazel. So perhaps you will find you have a hard job on your hands when you do start in making calls. Yet this practice you have had in making a pet out of a mule ought to help some. Pick out a little boy just as you have a tiny mule, and you may find it easier at first.

I'm always willing to take a chance, Hazel, and I'm going to guess your age as between twelve and thirteen. You do not offer any prize for the winner, but I'll be satisfied with a picture of you and your pocket edition cotton cultivator.

HASTINGS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been a silent reader of your department for ten years and thought I would write.

This is a real nice town. We have a population of about 6,000 here. There are several factories—among them being a large felt boot factory, a large table factory, a bookcase factory, an international lock and seal factory, a gas works and an electric light and power plant.

Well, I will describe myself so you will know how homely I am: I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, and have light hair and blue eyes. My age is between eighteen and twenty-eight.

Uncle, I wish you had been here for dinner; we had such good apple pie.

I will close, hoping to hear from all the cousins.

Your niece and cousin, LIDA PORTER.

Well, Lida, I was so glad to hear you had such a nice assortment of factories in your town. There is nothing like factories to give a town a cheerful homey look. They have such pretty smoky chimneys and they blow such lovely whistles early in the morning and just in time to make one reach for one's dinner pail. And your factories are such interesting ones! That boot factory, for instance, which will not bother with slim and graceful extremities but makes only "large felt boots." I suppose the smallest size must number ten and from that on to a yard and a half. And then the factory which makes the seals so one can have all the cozy warm sealskin coats one wants. I imagine they make the locks as a side line so a lock can be purchased at the same time to keep the seal coat away from moths and thieves. I really think you are ever so fortunate to have all these factories in your town, Lida. That's one thing I like about Brooklyn—we have plenty of factories. There's a lovely glue factory south of me and a large, handsome soap factory not quite six blocks away. When I open my windows on a spring morning it is delightful to smell the fragrance of these flowers of industry. You should get a soap factory for Hastings if you can. You do not know what you are missing.

Lida, I'll accept any dinner invitation that includes apple pie on the food chart. I like my apple pie flavored with nutmeg, dotted with butter, baked in a square tin—and the corner piece given to me. If nobody watches when the juice runs down my chin I can be completely happy. Why don't you start a large apple pie works in your town, Lida? I think this would be even better than the soap factory. I am open for a job as oven foreman or chief cutter and taster.

PATOKA, LOCK BOX 176, INDIANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I thought I would write. I was afraid the trains would not run. School started September 11th and I am glad. My brother has got a pup and its mother. Yesterday was my papa's birthday and he was 37 years old. I am going to the fair one day, I guess. My brother and I will go to the new school building. I would like to see all the cousins.

Your niece, THELMA SPORE.

Well, you see, Thelma, the trains did run after all! In fact they ran so fast that they got to Augusta and Brooklyn quite out of breath and laid your letter right on my desk with a big snort. So it was good, you see, that you decided to write to us and give the lazy old trains an excuse for exercise.

I must congratulate your proud papa on his 37th birthday, Thelma. That is a very advanced age, as you know, and he must be a very old and wise parent. I can remember dimly the first time I was 37 years old, Thelma, and how ancient I felt. That was 'way back in 1882, the year of the Great Blizzard. Oh, Geewhillikins! Now I've done it and let out just how old I am. Well, I don't care anyway, I'll have to let it go now, but please don't tell the rest of the cousins; some of 'em think I'm only twenty-six! But I remember, as I was saying, looking at my too shiny dome with a hand mirror on that day back in 1882, and noting as a strange herpicultural phenomenon that I had just thirty-seven hairs left—one for each year of my age. I leave to you to guess how many I have left now after all these long and windswept years have passed across my noble brow.

Thelma, I would like to see all the Family, too, but they would sure take a lot of seeing. Probably if you and I commenced looking at Cousin number one, we would finish up completing an inspection of the Happy Circle somewhere along about 1943. Why, the Red-Headed Division alone would take about two years to look over, Thelma, and we would have to wear smoked glasses all the while we were on this section of our looking job.

CONSTANTIA, NEW YORK.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have written to you three times before, but oh, dear, I guess Billy the Goat got all the letters I wrote.

I live in New York on a farm of 204 acres. The best of it all is there are three orchards on the farm—nearly all apples. Uncle, won't you and the cousins come and help can some of these apples? Now I don't mean for you to put them all in cans.

Maybe you would like to know who it is that is writing, or at least what she looks like. So here goes: I am five feet, three inches short with brown hair, blue-gray eyes and fair complexion. My age is between thirteen and twenty years, and I weigh 116 pounds.

Cousin Arthur Arnold, I wish that Uncle Lisha and all the cousins could surprise you some night and walk into your home. Then maybe you could forget the one you love who is far away. I have been wondering if you were any relation to my brother's wife. She used to be an Arnold.

Oh, dear, dear! I must close this long letter. Lots of love to all, and some, if not all. Please write to

Your niece and cousin, ILA M. HAGEMAN.

Ila, if I owned three apple orchards all at once I would think myself richer than John D. Rockefeller. No more would I have to pour hard-earned wealth into the bottomless pockets of that stony-hearted and piratical corner grocer who smiles and smiles and sells me worm-eaten seconds for twice the price of first quality York State apples. Why, if I owned even one apple orchard, Ila, I could be so happy! I would have it contain some of every variety of the most glorious of fruits, and I would just spend golden October days wandering about under the trees and munching first a Spy, then a McIntosh; here

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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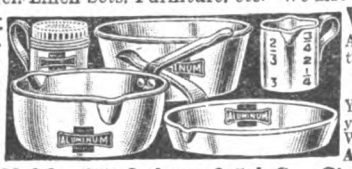
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Thirteen--Twice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

What had possessed him to annihilate his and her future happiness? Could he have been attempting robbery to secure money to finance their honeymoon?

Hours and hours they had played together when they were children. Many were the mud pies they had made, and multiplied to the nth degree was the number of Gertrude's dreams that some day she would bake real pies, which he and she alone would have the joy of eating. Never had the one appeared at a picnic or any unusual gathering without the other. Often, in recent months, they had visited a lovely little spot on a sun-kissed hill overlooking Snowflake; a spot where some day they hoped to erect a little bungalow for two. Now that Gertrude was at the point of actually realizing her dreams, misfortune looms up. But crime and crimes would never sever her soul from his. Yet to marry such a man, one whose established reputation for bravery and uprightness was now crumbled, would be a crime itself.

Being a newcomer to the town she knew nothing to do but take a taxi to Central Hotel where Calvin had pre-engaged an apartment for her. He was to call there for her after work hours at the Cox Mercantile Company.

When in her cozy little room over High Street, she sprawled upon the neat bed, buried her face in a pillow and locked her arms nervously around it. Tears and sobs, sobs and tears! Had she only been near her Calvin, whether he were locked in a gloomy cell or struggling in a dirty street from the deadliness of a deserved wound, she would kiss his once-honored brow then seek seclusion where she would die by her own hand. Within her heart she felt that the Creator had destined them for each other.

Abruptly she rose to a sitting posture. Her cheeks were drenched; her hair disheveled. She seized her hat and drew therefrom a keen pin. She was ready to do something, something terrible! She shivered from her own thoughts! Her heart went mad! Her fingers twitched! Her breast heaved violently! On her jugular vein she pressed a trembling finger. The keen pin was coming toward the vein. The profound silence of the room seemed to gasp and say, "Don't, girl! Don't!" But to her, death would be sweet.

"Rap, rap," resounded the door. The sudden noise rasped her wrought-up nerves. She sprang to her feet and involuntarily flung the pin to the floor.

"Come—come in," shrieked she excitedly, not thinking to open the door herself.

A boy stepped in.

"A letter for Miss Cecil, room 13. That you?"

She answered not a word, but frantically seized the letter; scrutinized the envelope, and particularly the handwriting. It was Calvin's. No doubt of it. She started to tear the envelope but stopped. How could she read it? What could it contain but something heartrending? She dropped it to the center-table and set to pacing the floor, scarcely conscious of her actions. But the note had to be read. Mustering all the determination possible, she extracted it from the envelope. It was this:

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE:

"Owing to a misfortune which happened yesterday I cannot come to the hotel for you. Will you please come to my room? I will tell you the rest then. If ever I shall need you it is now. Do come.

CALVIN."

Unconsciously she dropped the letter to the floor, crossed her hands over her breast and gazed upward as if seeking counsel from on high. That moment she resolved to comply with the request of the note. She would visit the criminal, though surreptitiously.

Being in a strange town she was not likely to encounter any acquaintance on the way, nevertheless she dropped a veil over her face. Down through the winding stairway to the street she tripped. Noiselessly she scurried along High toward Graham. The sun had already passed beyond the horizon and the street lights were on. Once on Graham Street she found Number 121 without difficulty. After mounting the flight of steps she rang the doorbell. A charming girl, clad in a brown silk frock answered.

"I'm Miss Cecil," quickly announced the veiled girl.

"Oh, yes. You've come to see Mr. Crist. Go up the stairs there and knock on the first door at the top. His mother will let you in."

"Say, Miss——"

"Roderfield," finished the brown-clad girl.

"Miss Roderfield," went on Miss Cecil, "I want to trust you with a secret."

"Sure," agreed Miss Roderfield.

"It is this: I am a stranger here and I want my coming to see Mr. Crist kept strictly hidden from the public."

"Why kept strictly hidden from the public? What would that matter?" Miss Roderfield reluctantly asked. Then added: "He sent for you, did he not? I am sure he meant nothing that would be misleading.

"During his delirium last night he mumbled your name over and over. To be sure I will do as you wish—if you will tell me——"

"Please do not torture me with such questions," interrupted the troubled girl, ascending the steps.

The building, as she immediately perceived, was a small, cheap-looking hotel. When in front of the designated door she stepped back, mystified, and shuddered fearfully. Upon that door also was a 13; the number her superstitious mind had always detested.

"I'll bet he's dead. I almost know he is," she soliloquized, inaudible to her own ears.

Putting her right ear to the keyhole she listened breathlessly. Not the faintest sound could be heard. She raised a quivering hand; hesitated; then knocked.

The door squeaked and a woman's haggard face was thrust through the opening.

"That you, Miss Cecil?"

"Yes."

"Come right in."

Now there were three in the room; two standing; one lying. The latter was stretched out on a bed over near the window. His head was woefully disfigured with bands of gauze. The door squeaked again and the oldish woman was gone.

"I knew you would come," spoke the wounded man, in an undertone, slightly turning his head toward Gertrude.

Her soft hands fell upon his giant-like ones. Tears gathered in her eyes. She could not force them back. Her head dropped upon his robust breast. An arm gently encircled her shoulders.

"Calvin, Calvin, how could you do such a thing?" she sobbed aloud.

"I couldn't keep from it, dear. But please don't cry. I shall get well. I can't die while there is such a girl as you for me to live for."

"B-b-b-but——Calvin——I——I——can't marry you——after all this."

"Why, dear? I thought you wouldn't care to——marry me while I am so feeble. I have already sent for Parson Brown. He'll be here sometime before nine o'clock."

"If you hadn't——I would be so happy."

"Hadn't what?"

"Tried to—to—to get that money."

"I didn't try. I got it, thank goodness."

A muffled sob.

"I hit him such a blow—with the scale weight that he didn't even reach the street."

"But you—— You got hit with the weight, didn't you, Calvin?"

"No, no, I threw it and was shot by that sneaking, fiendish burglar while recovering the money from him. Calvin Redman, he told the public was his name. He had been loafing around town for two or three weeks and no one even suspicioned him to be the sought-for, mysterious burglar until yesterday. Some say he was keeping company regularly with one of the soda-fountain girls of Long's Drug Store."

"My hero, my hero, in spite of two thirteens," she cried with ecstasy.

"Two odds make an even every time, my girl," he smiled. "Listen! Someone is knocking. It's Parson Brown—, I know."

But parson had to wait outside—till they put the climax on.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

expose them. For the sake of my children I agreed I would say nothing. My husband is as good to me as can be but I find that my love for him is more like a mother's for an erring child. There are times when I can hardly endure his presence. I believe that if I can hold out to help him, he will still make good but sometimes it seems an impossible task. The girl's mother has noticed the coolness between us and, motherlike, feels that I am in the wrong. I do not blame her but it is an insult to me and I do not feel that I did anything but right. I wanted to conceal the disgrace so have not discussed it with anyone. I would like the sisters' ideas as to whether I did the right thing or not. My husband says that I am the best woman in the world and that he loves only me, but that is small comfort now. We all live near each other and meet many times a day. Husband wanted to move but I said, no, if he couldn't treat me right here he wouldn't anywhere else.

MARY JANE.

Mary Jane requests me not to forward letters to her so don't write to her, personally, only through COMFORT.—Ed.

ST. LOUIS, 8630 CHURCH ROAD, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Please let me enter your happy circle. I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and think it the best magazine published and have learned many things from it.

Let me tell you how I made my old wornout linoleum look and wear like new. First I gave it two coats of white paint, then I took a sponge and sponged it with blue, after this I varnished it with oilcloth varnish. It looks like a new granite linoleum and does not show the dirt.

To cover heavy scratches on your furniture, take varnish of the same color as your furniture and rub it on the scratches with a cloth, then rub dry immediately. It will cover the scratches and will not ruin the other varnish.

I am five feet, two inches tall, have brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, weigh about 104 pounds, and twenty-six years old. Have been married five and one-half years, have a good husband and two little boys. I think married life is what people make it.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

MRS. ERNEST ROSENKOETTER.

Mrs. R.—You don't mind if I call you that, do you? I wanted to keep your letter until the March issue—the household number, but if used now it may be the means of recalling to the minds of the sisters something they did last spring that made housecleaning easier and saved money, and if they write very soon their letters will have a better chance of appearing in that issue.—Ed.

KAMPSVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I believe I promised Mrs. W. that I wouldn't bother her any more but after reading Mrs. A. M. Urness's letter, I couldn't resist the temptation of writing.

When I read her letter my blood just boiled. Instead of saying, "if every girl that has a child without a name to give it, was made to serve a sentence in the 'pen'" she should have said, "every man who does not give his child a name by marrying the mother and supporting her and the child should be shot," there would be less illegitimate children in this world.

The fact that the woman has the law on her side doesn't alter things a bit. We don't have any law unless you want to call money "law." The one who has the most money rules. The law can make a man marry a girl but it can't make him marry her and treat her right. I know of one case where a sixteen-year-old girl made a man marry her, who had promised to. They were married five months when the first baby came. The girl was not allowed to be seen with her husband, though he went everywhere. He was cruel to her, killed her by inches, whipped her and aggravated the life out of her. His own folks upheld and kept things quiet for him. They were unkind to her, too. She was a motherless child. She had been dead only a short time when he had to marry another girl and treated her the same way. Men like this should be sent to the "pen" instead of sending the girl there.

MRS. IDA BECKER.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: OHIO.

I have often wanted to write but never could get started but after reading Mrs. Urness's letter I couldn't help but write.

Dear lady, you little realize how unjust you are to those girls or how much they need sympathy. Are their children any different from other children? Do you enjoy the bitter pangs you are causing those girls, by condemning them so harshly? Do you know that a girl pays with her heart's blood for that very sin? I know, Mrs. Urness, for I paid. I was barely seventeen when my baby was born. The humiliation and mental suffering a girl goes through is enough to turn her mind. I never meant to be bad but how many girls there are who are not strong enough to fight herself and the man she loves. Only once I stepped from the straight and narrow path but that told. He never cared for me after that though before he did not want me out of his sight and called me endearing names and often spoke of the time when I would be his wife. After he won he became cooler toward me and finally drifted away. When I discovered my condition he pretended to be sorry and told me not to worry for he would marry me the next day. I did not ask him to live with me or even support me, only give me his name and protection for baby. His mother cried and pleaded with him not to leave her and his sister was shocked over the idea of her brother being married only a few months when his baby was born. They won for he came back and told me he did not love me and would not marry me and that he did not think it was his child anyway. Only experience knows what a girl suffers when the person she loves best talks like that. I had a good reputation and was from a good family so they had nothing against me previous to that. Yes, the law is on a girl's side to a certain extent. If the man won't marry you and you don't want his money, you are done. What do you want the man she loves and her child's father in Jail, even for three months? She does not revenge, only justice. We both live in the same town and never notice each other. That happened two years ago. If he ever sees my child now he cannot help but know paternity for the boy is the image of him. Only those in my position knows the bitter suffering of a deserted wedded mother. When I would see my sister and husband fondling their children, how my heart ached, and when my own child asked why he had no father, I felt the most deserted creature on earth. Sometimes I feel forsaken by God and would cease praying but always went back and He surely helped me in my hour of sorrow. Our little Ohio town is not so critical as some town, Mrs. Urness, for I've never had any insults cast at me. Men seem to respect me and could have married well before I did. People here do not seem to think a girl all bad because she does wrong once. I am married now to a man of good people and good positions and they do not look down beneath them and I have my child with me. My husband is good to us and we have another boy who is his father's idol. I do not feel at ease when I am out in public. Because I have a good husband does not mean that I am through for I must go on regretting as long as I live. I am writing this to incite sympathy but to show that she is too severe on those who have gone and to let other girls know they have friends.

Worried Mother, do you ever think of the future of the little mother-to-be? Write and tell her boy married her and saved her from eternal God will surely bless him if he does for He cares for innocent little children to suffer and the must for the sins of their parents.

OTTA [illegible]

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years never had courage to write. I have always any letter I might write would not be there are so many more interesting ones would be.

I would like to know what Mrs. A. M. Urness do with the man who caused the baby to be out a name, while the poor girl who went the suffering and disgrace was in the "pen." to me the girls are condemned forever and treated as though they had done nothing long as men are treated this way there will women. Remember, dear sisters, if there men there would be no bad women.

If the parents would talk to their girls about life and its mysteries there would be fortunates along this line. I have three baby girl and my boys, twelve, nine and everything about their bodies that I can tell have taught them to treat other girls as they want their sister treated. Now when other them things they come to see me and we always ver and if they have the wrong information the truth. I believe when children ask should be answered truthfully. You can make of life so interesting and beautiful that be glad to hear it and it will also help you child's confidence. Make a companion of girl. Play with them, help them amuse I have learned from experience that this

I am twenty-nine years of age and have thirteen years. Was born in the state of I've experienced cyclones) and lived even years old. Then we moved to Utah, in the Union, and lived there until six the exception of a couple of winters and Idaho. Now we live in this on the banks of the Mississippi river.

Sisters, if we all would have family omes, night and morning, it would my own child asked why he had no den and take away the sting of know, "Prayer is the key to the at night."

The letter from Sister Daisy of Ohio because I feel we can never repay they have done for us. If you husband understand that if it mother he never could have go there with you so you could til she goes to her last home.

I want to say to you, Mrs. Matus you are a wonderful woman to and for the good you are doing

I enjoy the Sisters' Corner in COMFORT, which is well named; comfort and cheer to all.

MRS. I. I.

CHERRYVILLE, [illegible]

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for enjoy the sisters' letters. They personal letters to me.

I want to ask the sisters if anyone to cure children from telling stories. seven and nine years old, and they drawing on their imagination. me to whip them but I do not think and I do not believe in using a argument. It grieves me greatly and I have talked with them but would be glad if some of the sisters their experiences in similar cases a cure.

I am 29 years old, five feet seven light brown curly hair and grey pounds.

To make spending money I raise garden. I am crippled on one side.

A COMFORT reader, MRS. ORA

Mrs. Lawson.—This subject has been before in COMFORT, but there may since then with different ideas.—Ed.

HANCOCKVILLE, [illegible]

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to say a few words in justification remarks which so many of the sisters One of them asked me to write again admit me once more I'll try not to the precious space than is possible. a very disagreeable subject and the upon, the better.

I hope all the sisters that wrote it will have to serve as an answer to most

If you remember, I *said* that cases and it was only the circumstances cases that most of you sisters wrote about. give circumstances in cases that I them practically the same as yours and not so complimentary to the gentle sex. not my purpose in writing this.

I wish to ask this question. Are laws scription made for the purpose of punishing nals or are they made with the intention people from being such? Now I take the and I'm sure you can all see now why I did in my first attempt to write for as to my saying anything about the ished; can't you see, my dear sisters, that that power lies in the girl's hands that possible for anyone else to do so? Of speaking of the states in which the girl her side and I hope the day is near will be so in every state and now that ballot let them see that it comes to pass. hope that the time will come when every need of such a law will see fit to use it need be no poor unfortunates and every the proof of its parentage, which her child. If the girl has any compunctions ing with a man that had no respect for the courts would annul the marriage in lived together.

I would like to know if Mrs. Alex was a manual training teacher. I name.

Hoping the sisters will at least see my debate even if they don't care to will close,

Respectfully yours, MRS. A. M. URNESS.

LOST LAKE, ALTA., CAN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I have received so many letters in answer other letters in COMFORT that I cannot personally, so I'll do the best I can if will print this.

There is plenty of land to be homesteaded costs a small sum to file. The land has of some bush and timber. There's plenty for stock and people, plenty of feed, a all kinds of produce. The railroad is from Lost Lake but there's land to be closer. All kinds of grain can be grown, corn which has not been tried near here. wheat yield heavily. We have plenty of toes are a sure crop. Frost comes early have a crop failure. Winters are quite but no one minds that here. Horses and the same as in the States, all prices grade wanted. There is work of all mills and work can be gotten on the being built west. There are plenty of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Turn Your Spare Hours into Dollars - at Home!

IF YOU have spare hours, don't waste them—turn them into money. Let them help you get the little luxuries you need, pretty things to wear, or contribute to the funds you need for other purposes.

You can do this—right at home in your spare time—whether much or little—with the assurance that your work will repay you in proportion to the time and effort devoted to it.

This pleasant home occupation is called Auto Knitting—making Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks on the Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter Company gives a Five year contract to every Auto Knitter purchaser binding them to accept and pay for every pair of socks made in accordance with the simple standard described in the instruction book. Many Auto Knitter workers send their entire output to the company and receive payment as provided in their work agreement besides having the yarn used in the hosiery sent to the company replaced pound for pound.

You are at perfect liberty, however, to dispose of your output locally or to private trade—or you may send a portion of your work to us if you choose. There is no limit either large or small to the number of pairs of standard socks which you may send to us during the life of the work contract to be paid for at the fixed price provided in the work agreement.



In This Practical Home Occupation—



—home workers make socks on the Auto Knitter

Auto Knitter Workers Sending over 1,000,000 Pairs of Socks to Us This Year

This year Auto Knitter owners are sending us over 1,000,000 pairs of wool socks for which we pay them in wages alone over $100,000. Would not you like to have a part of this money? Why not take up this pleasant spare-time occupation? Whether the time devoted to the work be large or small, the Auto Knitter will reward you for the time and effort you put in. You are your own boss, working long hours or short hours as you prefer. The machine is always ready for work—ready to reward your industry with welcome dollars that will contribute to your ease and happiness.



—send the socks to us in Buffalo—

You need have no previous experience in order to learn to successfully operate the Auto Knitter. Its operation is fully explained by the instruction book which comes with every machine, and if you are willing to apply yourself to the work—and to follow the instructions given, then there is no reason why you should not be successful with Auto Knitting as a spare-time money-making occupation.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from new workers, who are just beginning their work and from old friends of long standing. Here are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking—

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-around efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker, that the rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

Your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote to the work and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

How You Can Make Money at Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into a five year agreement to pay for all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. Checks will be sent you promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter.

How Much Extra Money Do You Want?

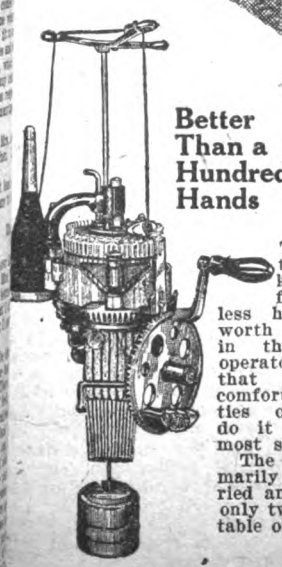
Decide what it is you want the Auto Knitter to do for you. Earn enough each month for extra clothes! Or enough to help furnish the home! Or to take a vacation! How much do you want to earn?—what is the sum! In any case you will find the Auto Knitter the most flexible money-maker, ready to help you earn $1 a week if that is all you want, or much more if you will give it the time and effort.

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc., Dept. 101, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.



—and get their wage checks back promptly



Better Than a Hundred Hands

The Auto Knitter is a hand knitting machine for making seamless hosiery. The great worth of the machine lies in the fact that on it operators can turn out socks that have all the strength, comfort, warmth and wearing qualities of hand-knitted socks, and do it many times faster than the most skilled hand knitter.

The Auto Knitter is designed primarily for home use, and can be carried and set up anywhere, because it weighs only twenty pounds and clamps upon any ledge, table or bench.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 101 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Comfort 1-23

Knitted Articles and Two Quil

Child's Coat and Cap

Three to Four Years Size

MATERIALS: Scotch heather mixture in blue or brown, three hanks for coat, one for cap, one pair knitting needles, No. 6, and one pair No. 3. Six medium-size pearl buttons.

This little coat is made in one piece, in plain garter stitch.

The cuffs are knitted on to the ends of the sleeves and turned back, the collar is made in a straight piece and sewed in place.

Do not slip the first stitch in rows.

Directions for the Coat

Begin at lower edge of back by casting on 106 stitches.

Knit back and forth for 50 rows.

51st row—Decrease at beginning of row by knitting 2 sts together. Knit to within 2 sts at end of rows. Knit these two together. Upon these 104 sts knit 12 more rows.



KNITTED COAT AND CAP.

65th row—Same Same as 51st row. Knit 13 more rows on 102 sts.

79th row—Same as 51st row. Knit 13 more rows on 100 sts.

93rd row—* Same as 51st row. Knit 11 more rows on 98 sts. *.

Now repeat from * to * four times more; this will reduce the stitches from 90 and make 152 rows from beginning.

The work at this point should measure about 14 to 15 inches. Now cast on for sleeves as follows: Cast on 40 stitches at end of last row, turn, knit across and cast on 40 stitches for the second sleeve.

154th row—There should now be 170 sts of needle—90 on body and 80 for the sleeves. Knit 48 rows, or until sleeves measure four and one-half inches in width.

203rd row—Knit 70 sts, run these on an extra needle; cast or bind off 30 sts for back of neck knit along remaining sts to end of row.

The back portion is now finished.

Continue work for left half of front on 70 stitches, shaping the neck as follows:

1st row of Front—K 70 sts, cast on 2 sts.
2nd row—K 72 sts.
3rd row—K 72 sts, cast on 2 sts, turn.
4th row—K 74 sts.
5th row—K 74 sts, cast on 2 sts, turn.
6th row—K 76 sts.
7th row—K 76 sts, cast on 4 sts, turn.
8th row—K 80 sts.
9th row—K 80 sts, cast on 5 sts, turn.
10th row—K 85 sts.

Knit upon these 85 sts for 38 rows.

48th row—At the sleeve end cast off 40 sts, knit along remaining 45 sts to end of the row.

Knit 11 rows on 45 sts without increasing. Then on under arm or sleeve edge increase as follows:

61st row—K 2 into first stitch by knitting both front and back of stitch, thus increasing one stitch. K to end of row (46 sts). K upon these 46 sts for 11 rows without increasing.

73rd row—K 2 into first stitch as before, k to end of row (47 sts), k 11 rows without increasing.

85th row—K 2 into first stitch, k to end of row (48 sts), k 11 rows without increasing.

97th row—Increase 1 st as before, k to end of row (49 sts), k 11 rows without increasing.

109th row—Increase (50 sts), k 13 rows without increasing.

123rd row—Increase (51 sts), k 13 rows without increasing.

137th row—Increase (52 sts), k 13 rows without increasing.

151st row—Increase (53 sts), k upon these 53 sts for 51 more rows, making 201 rows from commencement of front. Bind off easily so as not to draw in the bottom of the coat.

Right Front

Now join the wool in at the neck end and work on the 70 stitches left for this front. Knit across.

2nd row—Knit back to neck, cast on 2 sts. Increase on neck end of work as directed for first side, until one has 85 stitches on the needles. Knit upon these 85 stitches for 38 rows, finishing at sleeve end.

48th row—Cast off first 40 sts for sleeve. Knit along remaining stitches to end of the row (45 sts). Knit upon these 45 sts for 11 rows without increasing.

61st row—K 2 into first stitch in same manner as described for left front. K to end of row. K 11 rows without increasing.

73rd row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 11 rows without increasing.

85th row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 11 rows without increasing.

97th row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 11 rows without increasing.

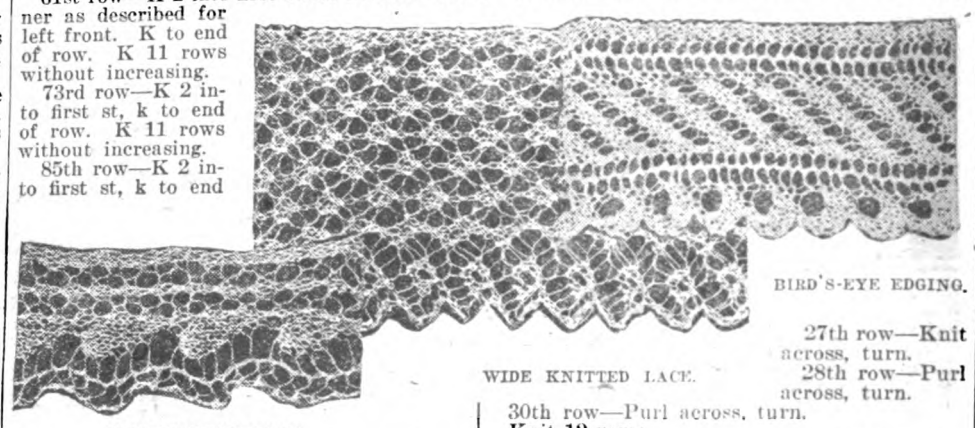
109th row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 13 rows without increasing.

123rd row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 13 rows without increasing.

137th row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row. K 13 rows without increasing.

151st row—K 2 into first st, k to end of row.

Knit upon the 53 stitches now on the needle for 51 rows without increasing, thus completing the right front and making 201 rows in all. Bind off easily.



BIRD'S-EYE EDGING.

FINE KNITTED LACE.

WIDE KNITTED LACE.

Cuffs

On a No. 3 needle or one two sizes smaller. Pick up 48 stitches (1st for each ridge) on end of sleeve, knit first two stitches together, knit across, knit last two stitches together, reducing number to 46 stitches.

Knit upon these stitches until cuff measures about four and one-half inches. Bind off. Make cuff on opposite sleeve to match.

Collar

Cast on 50 stitches and knit back and forth until work measures about four and one-half or five inches in width. Bind off and sew in place, making seam on neck on the right side which will be hidden when the collar rolls back.

Join up side seams of garment and sleeves to the cuffs on the wrong side.

Join cuffs on the opposite side so that seam will be covered when rolled back.

Press seams lightly under a damp cloth with a fairly hot iron.

Fold right front into four equal parts, mark the edge with pins. Join wool into edge below bottom pin, make an inch and a half chain. Join an inch and a half above with one slip stitch into the edge, turn, cover the chain with single crochet, leaving end of wool long enough to be threaded so it can be finished off with a needle.

Make three more loops for buttons.

Sew buttons on the opposite side about an inch and a half in from the edge, and sewing through a small button or a piece of tape on the wrong side placed under each button to strengthen and prevent their pulling out.

Belt

Cast on 8 sts, k 8 rows, turn, k 4 sts, turn. K 8 rows on 4 sts. Slip stitches on a safety-pin. K 8 rows on the other 4 sts, slip all stitches on one needle and knit until belt is the right length, make a second buttonhole, k 8 rows and bind off. Sew two buttons in place the same distance from each end. Catch the belt in place invisible by using the same wool at the side seams.

Cap

This is of plain knitting worked on the No. 6 needles. Cast on 80 to 85 sts, as work should measure 14 to 16 inches, according to the size of the child's head.

The width without the turn up should be 10 to 11 inches with a three-inch band to turn up. The cap is joined up, top gathered and finished with a thick tassel.

Knit 13 ribs (26 rows) without decreasing.

27th row—Knit across, turn.

28th row—Purl across, turn.

30th row—Purl across, turn.

Knit 12 rows.

43rd row—K 6, k 2 together, k to within eight of the opposite end, k 2 together, k 6.

Knit eight rows without decreasing.

51st row—Same as 43rd row.

Knit four rows.

56th row—Knit first, last and two center stitches together.

Knit four rows.

61st row—Knit first and last two stitches together.

Knit four rows.

Now count the stitches and continue to knit as follows until work measures 10 or more inches from purling:

Always knit first two and center two stitches together in every other row, knitting row between without decrease.

When length of cap is completed, break off wool, leaving an end about one yard long. Thread this into a large needle and run through the stitch remaining on knitting needle. Draw out knitting needle, draw up stitches closely and sew together. Join sides of cap together to within an inch of the purling.

Run needle through, reverse the cap and finish the balance of the seam up on the right side. Roll the band back at the purling. Make a short, thick tassel thus: Wind the wool thickly about your four fingers, slip off and tie the strands securely, cut opposite side of strands. Draw all together firmly through the hand, holding the tying between the thumb and forefinger, and tie around firmly about one-half inch down from the middle. Trim the ends off, shake out and sew in place to the top of the cap.



GIRL'S SWEATER AND SKIRT.

Girl's Sweater and Ribbed Wool Skirt

Size 10 to 12 Years

Materials: Ten-ounce grey Scotch or four-ply Germantown, and four ounces of the same wool in scarlet; one pair No. 6 amber needles.

The skirt is worked up and down of the two colors, alternating. The number of stitches necessary varies with the length of the skirt one desires.

To get the approximate number, cast on 15 stitches, knit back and forth for eight or 10 ribs, then measure the number of stitches one has to the inch. If five or six, multiply this by the number of inches the finished skirt is to be; for example, a 15-inch skirt length, made with needles giving five stitches to the inch gives one a total of 75 stitches.

It is well, however, to discount at least five stitches to allow for the natural stretching of a knitted garment.

Having secured the proper number of stitches, cast on, using the scarlet wool.

1st row—Knit across, turn.
2nd row—Purl across, turn.

Repeat these two rows six times more.

15th row—Join in grey wool, knit across, turn.

16th row—Knit across, turn.

* Knit 15 ridges (26 rows).

Join in scarlet wool.

Knit one row, purl one row, repeat, ending with 14th row of scarlet purled. Join in grey wool, knit across, turn. Now repeat from * until the skirt is the right width.

Finish with a grey strip, and join with needle and thread to the first strip of scarlet.

To finish Top of Skirt.—Fold two grey stripes over scarlet to meet in a box plait, with grey wool pick up one stitch for each rib, working through all thicknesses. Knit a ribbed band an inch and a half wide of k 3 sts, p 3 sts, repeat.

Slip-on Sweater

By following suggestions given, a garment of the proper size can easily be made.

The work is begun as usual at the bottom of the back of the sweater. To find just the number of stitches needed, measure across the back from armpit to armpit, multiply number of stitches to the inch by number of inches indicated; say 15 inches by five stitches to the inch, totaling 75, less five stitches for stretching, makes about 70 stitches to cast on for a 10-year size.

Starting with scarlet wool knit [illegible] (18 rows). Join in grey wool and [illegible] and forth, always slipping first [illegible] work measures 12 to 14 inches, [illegible] length of garment desired.

Cast on for sleeves. The accurate [illegible] of stitches needed for these can easily [illegible] tained by holding the edge of the [illegible] back of the sweater to the armpit, and [illegible] uring down the back of the arm to the [illegible]

Count and cast on the number of [illegible] indicated.

Knit across to opposite side and cast [illegible] same number of stitches for the second [illegible]

Knit 25 ribs (or about five and [illegible] inches). Count stitches, and mark [illegible] placing pins either side of the 50 stitches [illegible] the center of the back. From the wrong [illegible] sleeve, turn, and knit to the first pin. Slip these stitches onto an extra needle. Bind off stitches for the neck, knit to end of row, turn.

Knit 25 ribs, increasing at the neck end by casting on one stitch every other ridge until 15 stitches have been added.

When 25 ridges are completed bind off same number of stitches cast on for sleeves.

Now increase by adding one stitch to every other ridge on under-arm end of work until five stitches have been added. Slip stitches on extra needle. Complete other sleeve and side to this point in the same way.

Slip all stitches onto one needle, and see that each of the last rows have been worked in the same direction.

Knit until grey work equals length of the back of the garment, then join in scarlet, knit nine edges and [illegible] easily.

WOOL DAISY DRESS

Cuffs

Pick up one stitch for each ridge [illegible] nine ridges in grey, five in scarlet [illegible] easily.

The neck is finished with a band [illegible] which is made separately. For this [illegible] 11 stitches, knit back and forth, always [illegible] ping the first stitch until bind is long [illegible] to finish edge of neck.

This should be pinned in place [illegible] garment is on the wearer if possible [illegible] avoid any drawing. Fold the band [illegible] and slip over edge of back of the neck [illegible] ning at the left-hand side, carry around [illegible] the front and up to this point again, [illegible] can be neatly joined.

Stitch band in place with needle [illegible] with the same wool. Tie at the neck [illegible] scarlet cord and small tassels.

Wool Daisy Dress

Five Year Size

To make this charming little [illegible] one will need five balls light blue [illegible] floss, one ball old blue, one skein each of [illegible] and yellow rope embroidery silk, one [illegible] No. 5 amber needles, one dull-pointed [illegible] needle and a No. 2 steel crochet hook.

The work is begun at lower edge of [illegible] of the skirt.

Knit a sample, and if one has five [illegible] to the inch with the wool and needles [illegible] cast on 120 stitches. For smaller [illegible] omit 10 stitches for each year less, for [illegible] ones add 10 stitches for each year.

Cast on with the old or darker [illegible] knit plain for three inches. Break [illegible] in light blue. Knit until work measures [illegible] es or length needed for skirt from [illegible]

For waist-line knit 2 sts together [illegible] row, thus reducing the sts just one-half.

Knit three inches (for other sizes [illegible] amount), then cast on 5 sts at the end [illegible] row until 25 sts have been added to each [illegible] (Add more or less as needed for other [illegible]

Knit plain for three inches. Knit [illegible] from end of sleeve toward center. [illegible] stitches off onto an extra needle. [illegible] next 10 sts for neck. Knit remaining [illegible] turn, k 50 sts, turn, bind off 1 st, k [illegible] turn, k 49 sts for 3 rows, then bind [illegible] Knit on 48 sts for four rows, bind [illegible] Now knit for one inch. Then cast on [illegible] end of every other row until 3 sts [illegible] cast on at neck end. At end of next [illegible] cast on 5 sts. Knit plain until [illegible] shoulder measures six and one-half [illegible] inches (varying one-half inch more or [illegible] other sizes), then bind off 25 sts for [illegible]

Work on remaining sts until length [illegible] as front between arm size and waist [illegible]

Skirt

Knit from and back of each st[illegible] doubling the number of stitches. Knit [illegible] three and one-half inches. Slip stitches [illegible] extra needle. Pick up stitches for other [illegible] and complete to this point according [illegible] rections given.

Then slip all stitches onto one needle [illegible] work until back is as long as front from [illegible] line to the border. Join in old blue [illegible] border, binding off loosely.

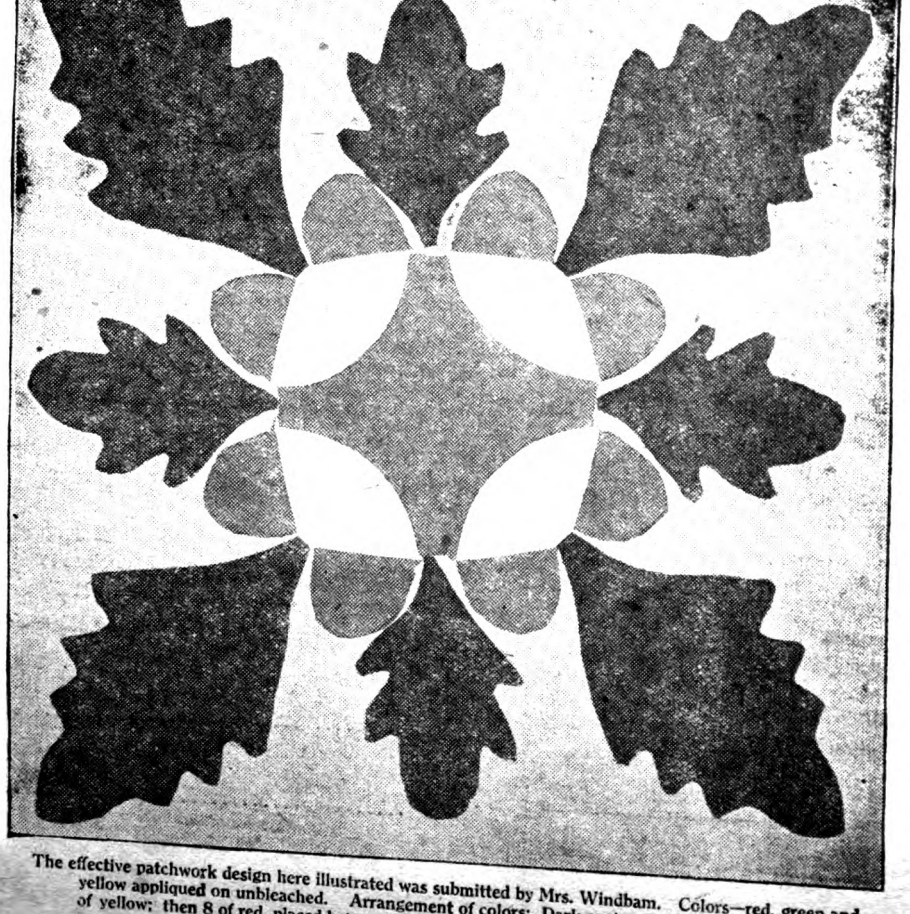
Embroider daisies with the white silk [illegible] the neck, using one-half inch lazy-daisy [illegible] for the petals and filling the center [illegible] with the yellow silk in French knots.

Make four or more wool crocheted [illegible] for closing the back. With crochet hook [illegible] light blue wool ch 3, join, fill with sts [illegible] chet. Work round and round, under both [illegible] of each stitch, increasing as is necessary [illegible] working 2 s c in a st.

When size of a cent, slip over a small [illegible] ton, thread end of wool into blunt-point [illegible] needle and sew over and over, before sewing [illegible] in place on right side of back of the work.

On the opposite edge mark spaces with [illegible] join wool into edge at second pin from end, [illegible] ch 4 or 5, join at first pin, turn, s c over [illegible] s c into edge to next second pin, ch, turn, [illegible] s c over ch and repeat for number of loops [illegible] needed.

The neck and edge of the sleeves may be [illegible] finished with one row of crocheting of either [illegible] wool or white silk if desired.



The effective patchwork design here illustrated was submitted by Mrs. Windbam. Colors—red, green and yellow appliqued on unbleached. Arrangement of colors: Dark center red surrounded by 4 pieces of yellow; then 8 of red, placed between the 8 leaves of green.

signs You Will Like to Make

Fancy Knitted Vest

ITTED vests, at present, are very opular, especially with young men. These are so easily and much ore quickly made by hand than weaters, that knitters need have no undertaking to make one.
in of 38-40 chest, about three and nks of Scotch yarn in plain or ture, one pair bone needles, No. 1, ir steel needles, No. 12, will be re-

For the Back

stitches on No. 1 needle. Knit in , p 1 for 10 inches, then decrease each end of each needle until five e been decreased on each end.
s of k 1, p 1 until back measures , then slip 35 sts on an extra needle ulder, bind off 40 sts for the neck other 35 sts knit one front after g pattern:

Left Front of Vest

—* P 3, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, * to end of row, ending with p 3.
—* K 1, p 1, repeat from * ending 1.
—Same as 1st row.
—Same as 2nd row.
—Same as 1st row.
—Same as 2nd row, increasing 1 st nt.

working in this way, increasing ry other row until 32 sts have been ront or center edge, making 67 sts e needles.
row k 2 sts on front edge, bind off uttonhole, work as usual to end of back and cast on 4 sts opposite d off. K 2 sts.
s directed, making buttonholes two rt hereafter.
ork measures seven and one-half m where pattern started on the ncrease one stitch on the arm-hole ery other row until four stitches added, then cast on 14 stitches for Knit as before, following the pat- rows.

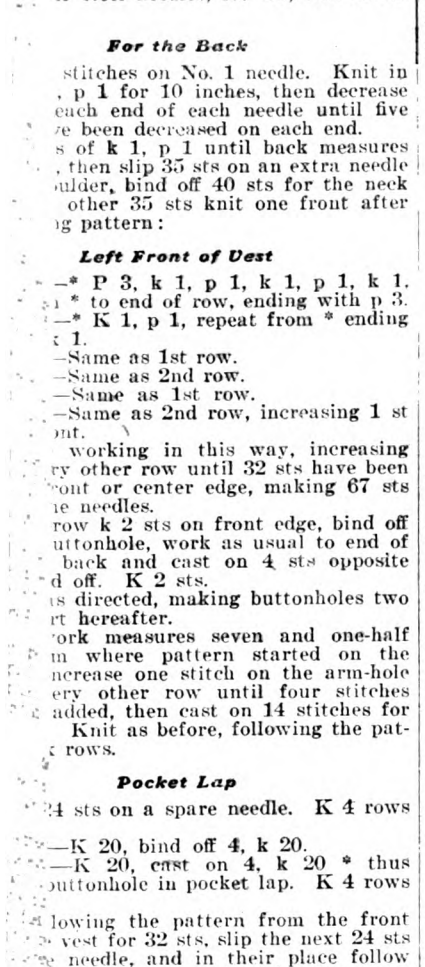
Pocket Lap

24 sts on a spare needle. K 4 rows

—K 20, bind off 4, k 20.
—K 20, cast on 4, k 20 * thus uttonhole in pocket lap. K 4 rows

llowing the pattern from the front vest for 32 sts, slip the next 24 sts e needle, and in their place follow n on the 24 sts of pocket lap; then o end of the row on remaining sts. r six inches from this point.
a second pocket lap as directed for rom * to * but on 30 sts instead

pattern on 32 sts from front as be- next 30 sts on a spare needle, and ern on 30 sts of second pocket lap. end of row.



MAN'S KNITTED VEST.

llowing pattern until under-arm seam length as side seam on the back.

Bottom of Vest

w—Starting from front, follow pat- the first 5 sts, then k 2 together, attern on remaining sts but leave last n under-arm needle.
ow—Follow pattern, knitting back to t.
t these two rows, leaving five more every other row on the under-arm nd decreasing one stitch on front every w until there 18 stitches left on front then with steel needles purl the first it the second row, purl the 3rd and 4th rows. Bind off on left side and n. Sew up side seams. Make oppo- at in the same way.
up 154 stitches around fronts and neck

ow—Purl.
ow—Knit.
at these rows once more.
off loosely on left side and sew down, low pattern for pockets on the stitches pare needles, knitting for three or four then bind off and sew on wrong side

at for all pockets, then sew pocket laps t side of vest. Face both edges of the vith ribbon or silk, work the button- nd sew on buttons.

hite or Colored Wash-Cloths

member of the family may now have ndividual wash-cloths, with no possi- of mixups even if all are of white cotton, if each cloth is of a distinctive pattern.

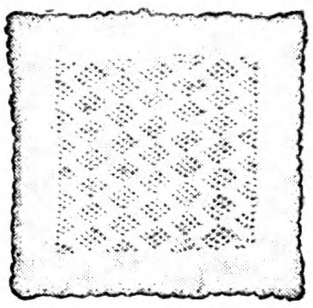
The peek-a-boo and zigzag patterns are particularly dainty, while the striped one is severe enough in pattern not to offend the masculine members of the household.

Directions for Wash-Cloths

Zigzag Pattern

Using No. 16 white knitting cotton, or cotton pearl in pink, blue or lavender, cast 84 stitches on No. 12 steel needle. Knit across plain 2nd row. Purl.

Repeat these two rows until border is two inches.



ZIGZAG PATTERN.

1st row of pattern—K 14 (n, o), 28 times, k 14.
2nd row—Purl.
3rd row—K 13 (n, o), twice, k 2 (n, o, n, o, k 2), 6 times (n, o), twice, k plain.
4th row—Purl.
5th row—K 12 (n, o, k 4, n, o), 6 times, n, o, k 4, n, o, k plain.
6th row—Purl.
7th row—K 12, n, o, (k 6, n, o) 6 times, n, o, k plain.
8th row—Purl.
9th row—K 16, n, o, (k 6, n, o) 6 times, k plain.
10th row—Purl.
11th row—K 15, n, o, (n, o, k 4, n, o) 6 times, n, o, k plain.
12th row—Purl.
13th row—K 14, (n, o, n, o, n, o, k 2) 6 times, (n, o) 3 times, k plain.

Purl back and repeat from first row to complete diamond.

Peek-a-Boo Pattern

Cast on 80 stitches. Knit across plain. Purl and knit alternating rows for border.

1st row of pattern—K 12 (n, o, k 1, o, n, k 5), 5 times, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 12.
2nd row—Purl.
3rd row—K 11 (n, o, k 3, o, n, k 3), 5 times, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 11.
4th row—Purl.
5th row—Same as 1st row.
6th row—Purl.
7th row—K 17 (n, o, k 1, o, n, k 5), 4 times, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 17.
8th row—Purl.
9th row—K 16 (n, o, k 3, o, n, k 3), 4 times, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 16.
10th row—Purl.
11th row—Same as 7th row.
12th row—Purl.

Repeat from 1st row. Repeat the pattern until there are six open-work designs in length, then knit and purl border.

Open work Strip

Cast on 81 stitches, knit across plain, make two-inch border as in other cloths.

Pattern. 1st row—K 11, (n, o, k 2) 9 times (n, o) twice, k 12.
2nd row—Purl.
3rd row—K 12 (n, o, k 4) 9 times, n, o, k 12.
4th row—Purl.

Repeat until openwork measures about eight inches then knit and purl border.

Each cloth when finished with a simple crocheted scallop to keep the edges from curling, measures 12 inches square.

Fine Knitted Lace

For illustration see opposite page.

This is a very pretty pattern for edging handkerchiefs if knitted of No. 100 thread on No. 18 needle.

Of coarse thread, it is suitable for lingerie, dainty white aprons and little tots' cotton dresses.

Cast on 14 stitches. Knit across.
1st row—K 2, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, o 2, n, o, n, purl 1 in same st before slipping it off the needle.
2nd row—Narrow, o, n, k 1, p 1, k 10.
3rd row—K 4, o, slip 1, n, pass slip st over, o, k 4, o 2, n, o, n, p 1 in same st.
4th row—N, o, n, k 1, p 1, k 11.
5th row—K 2, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 3, o 2, n, o, n, p 1.
6th row—N, o, n, k 1, p 1, k 12.
7th row—K 4, o, slip 1, n, pass, slip st o, o, k 6, o 2, n, o, n, p 1.
8th row—N, o, n, k 1, p 1, k 13.
9th row—K 2, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 5, o 2, n, o, n, p 1.
10th row—N, o, n, k 1, p 1, k 14.
11th row—K 4, o, slip 1, n, pass slip st over, o, k 8, o 2, n, o, n, p 1.
12th row—N, o, n, k 1, p 1, n, pass purled st over, n, pass last st over, n, pass st o, k 9.

Wide Knitted Lace

Of 70 to 80 thread cast 26 sts on No. 14 or 16 needle.

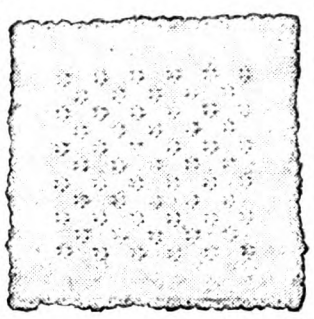
1st row—K 4, o, slip 1, n, bind, o, k 3, o, slip 1, n, bind, o, k 3, o, slip 1, n, bind, o, k 4, o, k 1, o, k 2.
2nd row—K 2, o, k 3, o, n, k 21.
3rd row—K 3, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, k 2, n, o, k 5, o, k 2.
4th row—K 2, o, k 3, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 20.
5th row—K 2, n, o, k 3, o, slip 1, n, bind, o, k 3, o, slip 1, n, bind, o, k 3, o, k 3, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1.
6th row—K 1, n, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 2, n, k 20.
7th row—K 3, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, n, k 2, o, k 3 together, o, n, k 1.
8th row—Bind off 2, k 25. Repeat from first row.

Bird's-Eye Edging

The following directions give good results worked in knitting cottons for Turkish towels, or of fine white wool for infants' pinners or flannel skirts.

Cast on 20 stitches, using suitable size needle. Knit across plain.

1st row—K 3, o twice, p 2 together, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 3, o twice, p 2 together, k 1, o 3 times, k 2.
2nd row—K 2, then knit 1 loop, p 1 and k 1, k next st, o twice, p 2 together, k 10, o twice, p 2 together, k 3.
3rd row—K 3, o twice, p 2 together (k 2, o, n) twice, k 2, o twice, p 2 together, k 6.
4th row—K 6, o twice, p 2 together, k 10, o twice, p 2 together, k 3.
5th row—K 3, o twice, p 2 together, k 3, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 1, o twice, p 2 together, k 6.
6th row—Same as 4th row.
7th row—K 3, o twice, p 2 together, k 4, o, n, k 2, o, n, o twice, p 2 together, k 6.
8th row—Slip and bind 3, k 2, o twice, p 2 together, k 10, o twice, p 2 together, k 3.



PEEK-A-BOO.

Insertion to match can be made by simply omitting the edge or making both sides alike.

Man's Motor Gloves

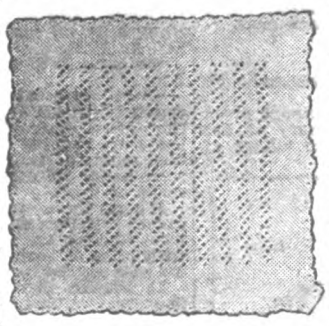
One skein each of two shades of grey Scotch and two pairs of No. 12 steel needles will be required.

With darker shade cast 20 stitches on each of three needles, knit in ribs of 2 and 2 for 45 rounds.

At end of last round increase 1, for now both shades will be used and an uneven number of stitches required.

1st round of hand—K 2 sts of each shade, alternating, until 5 sts remain. These begin thumb. Work them with dark grey and purl 1, k 1, p 1.
2nd round—Same as last.
3rd round—The same, but alternate the shades, bringing light over dark and vice versa, checker-board style, thumb stitches same shade as before.
4th round—Same as 3rd rd.

The block pattern is continued in this way throughout the hand, the colors reversed after every second round, though no mention will be made of it hereafter. The color not in use always hangs inside the work to be taken up as needed, and the only care necessary is to see that the threads are not pulled up too tightly as one changes from one shade to another.



OPENWORK STRIP.

The thumb is increased as follows:

5th round—K 2 in first thumb st, k 3, k 2 in last thumb stitch.

Increase in this way in every 5th rd, until there are 13 sst between the increasing, or 71 sts in all on the needles.

K 10 rounds without increasing. Run 15 thumb sts onto a thread.

Care should be taken when carrying the contrasting color back of he thumb to leave it very loose, so that there will be sufficient room to fasten off these threads securely.

Upon the 56 sts now remaining on the needles work 1 rd and at the end of it cast on 8 sts right next to the thumb.

Work 14 rds. plain, still using block pattern.

Then knit 1 rd of the dark grey and on this rd on the outside, opposite the thumb, narrow twice. There should now be 62 sts on needles. For the first finger k 9, run all the stitches of the hand, excepting the last seven, onto a thread, cast 4 sts on a needle next to the 9 sts just omitted, k 7 sts. Work for 28 rds, then decrease as follows:

1st round—K 2, k 2 together, repeat all around.
Knit 3 rds without decreasing.
5th round—K 2, k 2 together, repeat all around.
6th round—Same as 5th rd.
7th round—Knit without decreasing.
8th round—K 1, k 2 together, repeat around.

Draw remaining stitches together and fasten off on wrong side.

For the second finger, take next 7 sts from inside of the hand, cast 3 sts onto another needle, take the last 8 sts from the thread and pick up the 4 sts that were cast on for the first finger, 22 sts in all.

1st round—Knit plain to the 4 sts that were picked up, on them narrow twice, giving 20 sts in all on needles.

K 33 rds. Decrease now as directed for the first finger.

For the third finger take 7 sts from the inside of the hand, cast on 2 sts, take the next 8 sts from the thread, pick up 5 sts on the second finger, and knit 1 round plain, narrowing on the picked-up sts as in last finger. On 20 sts now on needles knit 30 rds and decrease as before.

For the fourth finger, take the remaining 16 sts and pick up 4 sts on the third finger. Knit 1st rd, narrow twice on the 4 sts, leaving 18 sts on the needles.

Knit 21 rds, then decrease.

For the thumb, take up the 15 sts from the thread, pick up 10 sts on those cast on for the hand, and knit 3 rds, narrowing at the beginning and end of the 10 sts that were picked up until there remain 20 sts on needles.

Knit 18 rds and decrease as for the fingers, except that four plain rounds are knitted after the first, decreasing, instead of three as in the fingers.

In making the second glove care must be taken to have the thumb at the opposite side of the hand. This is done by taking the first five thumb stitches at the beginning instead of at the end of the round.

Any combination of colors to suit individual taste may be used, but quite dark shades are preferable, such as greys, browns, or grey and blue or brown.

Alencon Lace

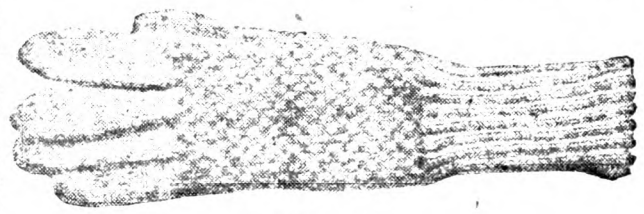
(Knitted.)

This is a narrow open-work edging Cast on 10 stitches.

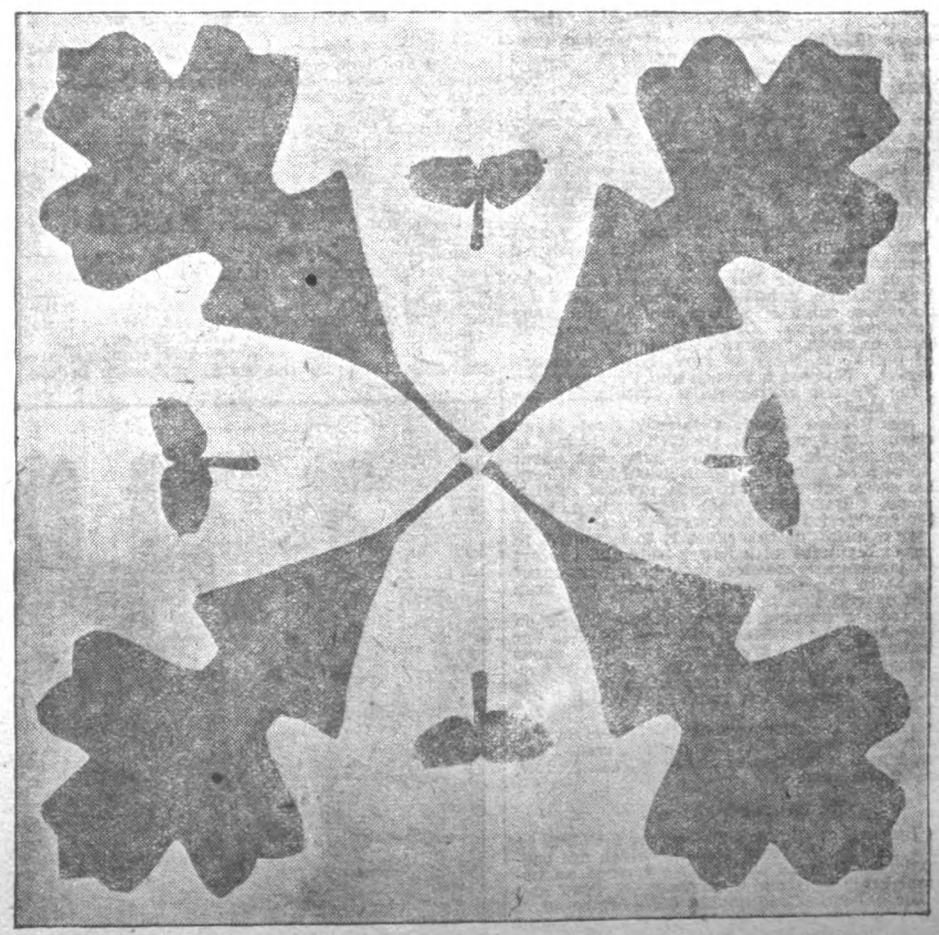
1st row—K 3, o, n, o twice, n, o twice, n, k 1.
2nd row—Throw the thread in front of the needle to make a stitch, then k 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, o, n, k 1.
3rd row—K 3, o, n, k 8.
4th row—Bind off 3 sts, k 6, o, n, k 1, repeat from the 1st row.

For Safety Pins

One large ivory ring, five smaller ones size of a cent, one yard baby ribbon. Tie this to large ring, thread through large one, through small one, back through large one, through second small one and so on. After all are threaded tie end to large ring. Hang up by large ring, now pull center small ring down lower than others, those on either side of it a ring size shorter, and the first and fifth the same distance shorter. Tie ribbons just above the small rings and below the large one with a silk thread so they will remain in this position.



MOTOR GLOVES.



Another arrangement combining oak leaves and acorns. This clever design which we understand is original, was submitted by Mrs. Brent. Background unbleached, leaves dark green; acorns tan, caps covered closely with brown French knots. The stems are of brown in solid satin stitch.

Comfort's Publisher Tours Europ

By W. H. Gannett

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Cause of French Bitterness toward Germany Seen in War-Ruined Region

REGRETFULLY bidding adieu to the hospitable Swiss and their wonderful land of awe-inspiring beauty I departed on my return journey by airplane. I stopped off at Paris and during my stay at the French capital made an excursion to the battlefields of France where I spent two busy days in visiting the principal places of interest and observing the evidences of the merciless destruction wrought by the Germans.

The tourist companies have so systematized this trip that one can cover a vast amount of the battlefield area in two days. Great motor coaches start out from Paris, each accompanied by a guide, and in two days' time, and at an expense of less than $25, including all hotel and other accommodations, one sees the more important towns and cities that were the scene of the awful carnage.

This battlefield service is being used by thousands of tourists. Visitors from England and America are getting a more intimate knowledge of the localities through which their armies fought. Perhaps most every visitor has one or more relatives or friends sleeping his last sleep somewhere in this devastated area.

It is not a trip of pleasure, for the realities of war are brought home too vividly. But it is a trip that gives one a better understanding of what our boys passed through. It also gives one a better understanding of some of the points of view of the French nation at the present time. With the memory of the hundreds of thousands who lost their lives at the hands of the German army, and with the hundreds of square miles of devastated country, there is great cause for the bitterness that still exists in the hearts of the French people.

The French Viewpoint

The French government has gone ahead and expended huge sums in reconstruction work in the devastated area, having borrowed the money therefor in expectation of being reimbursed from the war indemnity that Germany was to pay in accordance with the terms of the peace treaty following the World War. For the short war of 1870-71, although it was fought on French soil, the victorious Germans exacted from France a heavy money indemnity besides taking two of her richest provinces, and France paid promptly and in full. Now, however, Germany is not paying the installments due and overdue to France and claims she cannot raise the requisite cash. But the French assert that Germany's default is due to disinclination rather than inability to pay.

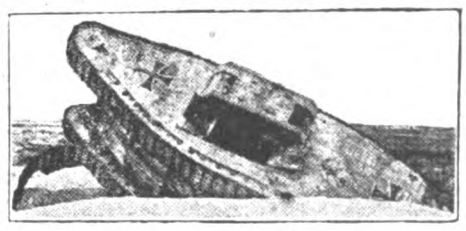
For a description of the scenes and objects that most impressed me on this tour of the battlefields I give the following extracts from my diary written as we went along which give an idea of how comprehensive the trip was, although I could note down but a small portion of what I saw.



AMERICAN CEMETERY IN BELLEAU WOODS, CHATEAU THIERRY.

As we continue our journey after lunch, a few miles away over on a side-hill are the gas-killed woods. The sight of all the dead and broken-limbed trees gives one a very vivid idea of how very deadly the fumes of the gas used by the Germans were, for when the woods were simply shelled they came to life and leaves came out again, but the gassed trees are dead and gone forever.

We pass a large Italian cemetery where 4,000 were killed on one hill and buried on the spot.



GERMAN TANK CAPTURED IN BATTLE IN FRANCE.

A stone wall encloses and a large Italian flag is flying, as they did not let the Germans pass.

The Roosevelt Grave

The Roosevelt grave is something over an hour's bus ride from Chateau Thierry.

A beautiful large cement watering trough given by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt in memory of her son Quentin has been erected in the village of Chamery near where he fell. It is a ten minutes' walk out to the field where he was shot down. There is a marker on the spot, and his cement-covered grave, enclosed with a white fence covered with wreaths of artificial flowers, is about 25 feet away.

Quite a lot of barbed wire is strewn around here and the farmers are peacefully harvesting their grain.

We changed tires during our stop and the geese gaggled and hens cackled instead of German shells whistling over our heads or dropping through the roofs of red-tiled houses.

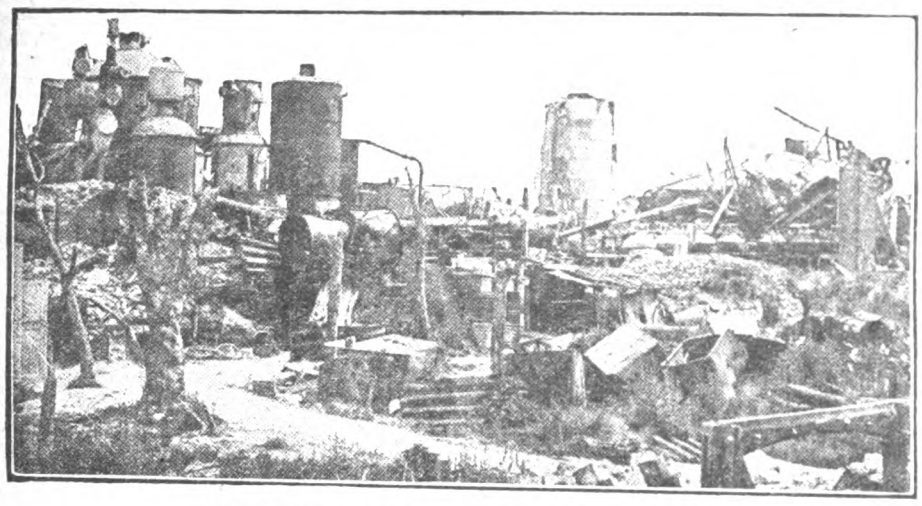
As we approach Rheims we see a lot of old barbed wire piled up along the road, but the vineyards are all looking green and thrifty as we ride through this beautiful Champagne valley. In the distance stand majestically the twin towers of the Rheims Cathedral that withstood so nobly the thousands and thousands of German shells that were daily rained upon them during the four years of the war.

The vineyards of the Champagne valley have been pretty much restored, so wine is very cheap. In fact, I was obliged to pay two and one-half francs for a bottle of water while others of the party got good wine for two francs. Water is an expensive luxury in this part of the country.

The walls of the buildings left standing are gradually assuming the shape of houses in the work of restoration that goes slowly but thoroughly on. The beautiful old city hall is nearly ruined but they are trying in some way to hold the elegant front of the building together and the Cathedral itself is being first strengthened from the inside, and eventually will be put in shape to hold services.

A statue of one of the French kings stands near by unharmed as does the Joan of Arc statue. There are hundreds of large stone buildings that are mostly destroyed that are being cleared and slowly undergoing reconstruction. They seem to try and rebuild as near the old form as possible.

The wooden shed-like buildings erected in the parks are still being used for families who cannot get better quarters to live in.



RUINS OF SUGAR REFINERY AT BERRY-AU-BAC.

Tour of the Great Battlefields As Noted in My Diary

August 18, 1922.—There were fourteen passengers of us on Cook's auto bus as we passed Joffre's Headquarters in the first drive on Paris of 1914, fifteen miles out from Paris. On the Marne, in the town of Meaux, 26 miles out, we visited a large cathedral where an anniversary service is held on Sept. 10 each year for the Victory of the Marne. The big Generals—Joffre, Foch, etc., all come here to commemorate the victory. The battle was fought a few miles away from this cathedral. We passed over bridges that were blown up in the late war (some of them three times during the past 100 years) and now rebuilt, and another bridge destroyed by Germans in their retreat in 1914.

Lucy le Boege, our first stop, shows ruins near Chateau Thierry, a boulder erected in 1918 for 2nd Division, ruins of a large church and many roofless stone houses. Others have been restored.

Sign here reads, "American Cemetery Belleau." Found bullets in the road here, lying in among the gravel. We pass a French and German cemetery, the French having white crosses, and the Germans black.

At the Belleau Woods Cemetery there is an American flag flying and about 2,900 bodies of American soldiers were buried here, but about half have been removed. Each grave has a large wooden cross painted white with name of soldier, if known. But bodies are being taken from smaller cemeteries in other sections and brought here for reburial, as this place is to be walled in and made beautiful with flower beds and the art of the landscape gardener, making a permanent resting-place for the dead that have not been claimed by relatives in America.

The trees remaining in the Belleau Woods on the hill above the cemetery still look limbless but are leafing out quite green, and the fields about here are filled with golden grain just being harvested. We are nearly seventy miles from Paris now at 12.30, having left Paris at 9 o'clock. We lunch at 1 o'clock.

There is a register here at the Cemetery for all visitors to sign. Miss Longfellow, from Cambridge, Mass., a relative of Henry W. Longfellow, is among the number.

At Chateau Thierry

We lunched at Chateau Thierry at 1 o'clock at a little old inn, the front steps of which are badly broken by German shells. We crossed an improvised bridge getting here, made of wood and iron, the old stone one having been destroyed.

The buildings here are partly destroyed and partly repaired and rebuilt, new red-tiled roofs being put on to many of those partly destroyed. All houses are built of small stone, cement covered.

August 19th

First place after Rheims, twelve miles away, is Berry-au-Bac, where there was a large sugar factory and quite a town, now nothing but shell holes and dugouts in a soft chalky sort of soil. A canal runs through the place. The French were in these dugouts until 1917 when the Germans trenched in and placed big mines, blowing up the hill and destroying an entire French battalion, and leaving great craters that now look like an erupted Vesuvius. The trees and green that were once here are now just irregular chalk white hills, all shell holes. Mary Pickford visited here in 1921.

We went into the dugouts here at Berry-au-Bac.

There are great piles of barbed wire and corrugated iron all around. The locks in the canal that were destroyed have been rebuilt so the boats are running as of old and the bridges have been replaced. Only one or two stone houses have been built, all other buildings—one story—just sheds of wood.

Where there were great level battlefields of barbed wire entanglements coming to this town from Rheims, are now fine cultivated grain fields with piles of barbed wire all along the front as we pass on the road.

In Rheims there are a few wooden houses of fine architectural style erected with modern improvements but the natives prefer the old style plain stone house without improvements, so will not accept them.

Monument to the Tanks

There is a monument to the Tank Division near Berry-au-Bac, for it was near here that the tanks first got in their most deadly work against the Germans and made a great name for themselves. Along the Hindenburg line the barbed wire is still much in evidence and the cement gun emplacements still remain with their automatic closing concrete doors 16 inches thick. The land all through this district has not been reclaimed.

Chemin des Dames is now just a barren waste. Here is where the heavy fighting took place all through the war. Germans captured the hill in 1918, only holding it for three days.

This was formerly a beautiful village on a high hill where Louis XV had his special lady favorites so the road leading to the Palace where they resided thus named—Dames.

British, French and German cemeteries all along this road.

The old Roman road has just been rebuilt. It was nearly destroyed by Germans and runs straight from Laon to Rheims.

We passed along one waterless canal. Our guide pointed it out as the canal the Germans dried up. It has not been re-locked and re-watered yet.

Soissons a Dirty Town

Soissons is a dirty old town of narrow streets that had about 15,000 inhabitants, and shows the ravages of war more than any other town visited or other cathedral. Other buildings are in such a state of partial destruction and everything seems so unclean and unkempt.

About five miles out of the city we passed a large sugar refinery where beet sugar was formerly made. Here there were two hundred large tractor ploughs drawn up in a row, sent over by the Americans for the first plowing of the great acreage of fine land for early crop raising. There is quite a field of beets now growing, but most of the land was laid down to grain which is now being harvested.

A small village within three miles of the town was the line of battle and nearly destroyed. There is a quarry of soft white stone hard by, also a large brick kiln, so their place is being speedily rebuilt in a very attractive manner by combining the red brick with white stone is quarried in large blocks about five feet in size and sawed into proper with ordinary crosscut saws, after being to the building. The stone makes a trim, and hardens after a few years in the air. Soissons was occupied by the in 1914, and again in 1918, when the finally captured it.

AMID THE RUINS OF RHEIMS STANDS THE FAMOUS OLD CATHEDRAL.

Barbed Wire Still Stands

In coming here we passed through towns that had been destroyed and running through battlefields for miles where the barbed wire entanglements standing, shell holes in all directions thing is now grown up to weeds, but wicked sight to see the destruction of magnificent trees, some of the stumps by the roadside and in the fields, the shells still being in them. It was convincing of the ruthlessness of the the ruins of one of the towns where been housed and fed so long by the men, while they occupied it so long as quarters.

I did not have much idea of conditions region when I left home, but am very that I made the trip, for one can hardly stand when they look at these great left standing but riddled with shot just what danger and hardship one through to come over here and end the completely destroy all the buildings, everything beautiful.

Villers Cotterets, where the big drive driving the Germans to Soissons and country, we find piles and piles of mets and other war stuff as well as planes and barbed wire.

This is a very productive soil around the grain crops are very large as the all been cleared. This appears to be over France for it seems as if nature herself in giving these people a great of crops to make up for the years that was given a rest during the war period.

Many of the level grain fields stretch and miles and remind one of our Western ritory.

St. Chambrey, a monument to the Battle Marne, 1914, is the last shown as we



THE CELEBRATED STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL CONTAINS THE APOSTOLIC CLOCK.

Paris. It is square, not very high, built stone and is at the junction of roads thousands of taxis came out from Paris the night and landed five thousand to surprise the Germans in the morning turned them back on their retreat.

I Resume My Journey by Air

Paris to Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine

Paris, Sunday, August 20.—After three of ground hogging, I am again taking at six o'clock in the morning, this time five-seater—or six with the pilot—and I only passenger, going from Paris to Stras which is about three hundred miles, and is to be made in three hours.

The pilot motions for me to sit up beside in the rear of the car and out in the have no helmet but turn my thin cap, back and hop to it, my regular glasses ing for goggles. I supposed I would sit enclosed body of the plane and did not prepared for an open-air ride. The has no side wings, but I seem to get right by myself, low in the seat and hand on the top of my cap to keep it on

I was obliged to get up at 4.30 o'clock is a ten-mile ride out here to the aerodrome they came for me in the auto at 5 o'clock to be on hand to start at 6, thus I had fast on the way out in the auto.

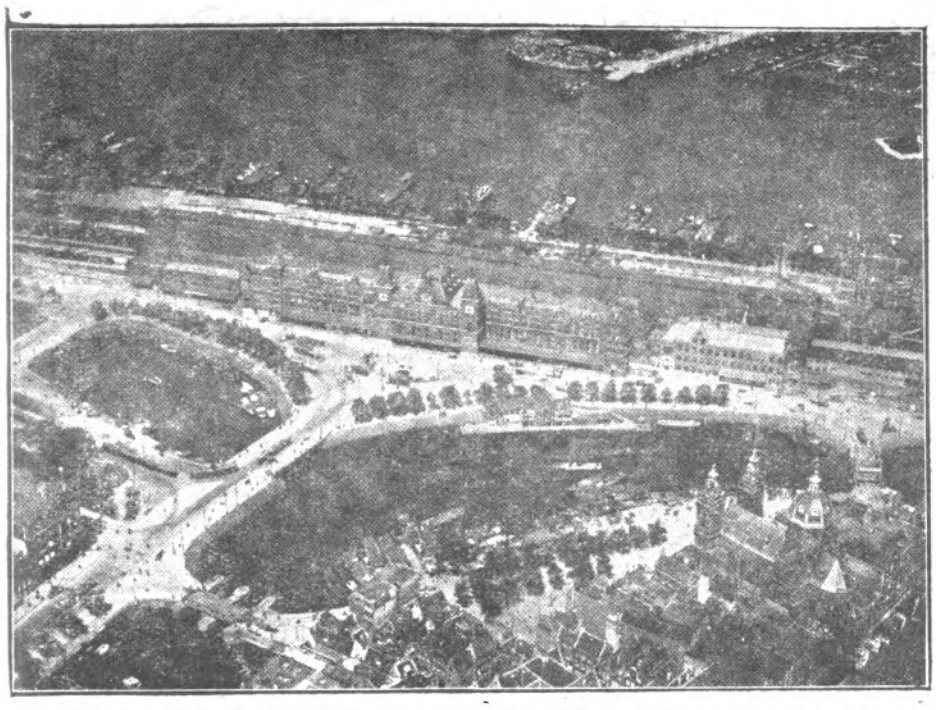
There is no air stirring on the ground none up above, only what we stir up as we swiftly along. The sun is just rising as directly for it, for we seem to be going east, but soon veer a little to the south I am sitting close to the compass and can its every movement.

As we plane along I notice that grain to be the principal crop in this as in other tions of France, and as it is just being it makes a very pleasing sight to look the golden stacks. As we get more into level country, we see more woods and less vation, but very little water. Where water a thin fog hangs down over it and we cross the River Marne we do not see water, just white clouds hanging low to ground. This is the case in the low land particularly noticeable when we cross the River, for only by the pilot making sign did I know there was any river there. I am near enough to the revolving map to read the names of only some of the larger towns distinctly notice Nancy and the pilot points to it as we pass over. This is the largest we have gone over, it having 135,000 inhabitants it is about one hundred miles from Strasbourg I well remember the name of this place as it was where my son Guy was located at one when he was over here on Red Cross work 1918. So I took a good look at it, many sand feet below, but guess I went in and the city a lot quicker than Guy did in his

Black Forest Looms Up

We pass over quite a lot of woody land this and soon come in view of the Vosges

by Airplane Covers Six Countries in Flight of Two Thousand Five Hundred Miles



RAILROAD STATION AND DOCKS AT AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, AS SEEN FROM AIRPLANE.

ains. This Black Forest looms up pretty big ut we cross this great divide at the narrow nd and are then in Alsace, 25 miles from Strasbourg, where everything looks more like vegetables than grain crops. We first cross over the battle-fields of Luneville and Olvricourt, which is as near as we got to the fighting territory on this trip, although we go near Commercy, Ligney au Bois, Barly Duc, St. Dizen, St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry and Meaux.

Strasbourg is a wonderful old city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, was founded in the year 15 and has many fine old buildings, the great Cathedral with its marvelous automatic clock sixty feet tall being the most famous, as it shows the history of Christ and His Apostles and many other incidents in the world's progress. It has not been repaired for eighty years and still runs, although nearly 900 years old. Great crowds go to see it at 12 o'clock noon as when it strikes at that hour all the figures work and they have a choir sing and organ play, just after the cock crows three times during the outcoming of the twelve disciples.

There is a good large aerodrome here in Strasbourg and it is certainly a beautiful and well-kept city. The spire to the cathedral is one of the tallest (nearly 500 feet high) and most beautiful Gothic work in all of Europe.

There is a wonderful old museum here that is filled with very ancient and historic mementoes. Some of the buildings are of the most beautiful architecture I have ever seen. I had seven hours to remain in town and enjoyed every moment of my stay. It is a clean, quiet city, and now that the French are in control everybody seems to be happy and satisfied.

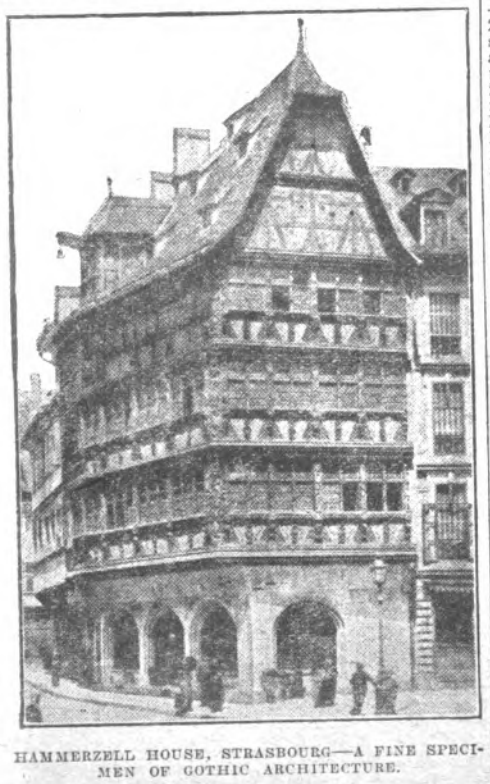
The post office building, which has statues of three German Emperors, looks quite imposing, only during the night of November 11th, 1918, when the Armistice was signed, they were beheaded by the Alsacians and now stand, three headless mementoes of the long German reign in this country.

The nearest I came to going to Germany was when I went out to take a look at Kehl bridge which spans the Rhine and separates Germany from France. It looked prosperous enough over there but I could not help contrasting the difference between this German territory and that in France, like Rheims and Soissons, all in ruins, that I visited only yesterday.

Had a fine return trip. One passenger we brought along came all the way from Vienna as this is a through line to Budapest, daily. We made the entire run of six hundred miles in six hours and got to Paris in season for dinner.

Paris to Brussels, Belgium

Paris, August 24.—We have a good day for our start for Brussels at 11.39. We are off in the same kind of plane as I went to Geneva in, but only five passengers and quite a lot of express packages. A man and his wife sit beside me who are natives of Australia but who now live in New York and have taken several air



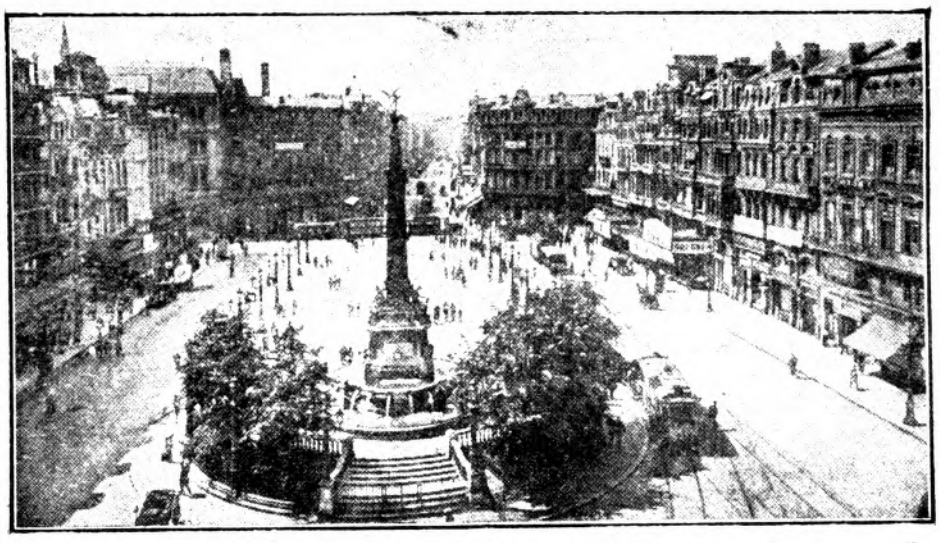
HAMMERZELL HOUSE, STRASBOURG—A FINE SPECIMEN OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

trips and think that's the way to travel. At 12 o'clock we pass over great stretches of forest and quite a large city on our left and river alongside. Going out of Paris we pass over the cities and towns of Compiegne, St. Quentin, Noyon, Mauberge, Mons, Braine le Comte. Did not go near the Argonne Forest so could not get a look at the place where the Armistice was signed.

We thought we were going to get a thrill as when flying about an hour, the pilot circled around a bit and prepared to drop. We thought it was to be an enforced landing, so we were looking all around for a good place to select for the stop—but nothing seemed to happen and I motioned the pilot to indicate if we were going lower and he said "no," so suppose we came to this lower level to get below the clouds that were coming in around us pretty thickly, and it enabled us to get a better view of the country also.

We land safely at the Aerodrome in Brussels in less than two hours from the time of starting. Brussels is a very large city as viewed from the sky and certainly seems big after we land. In the afternoon I get a guide and take a trip in an automobile seventeen miles out to see the ruins and reconstruction of this the nearest town that the Germans burned just to terrorize the people at the beginning of the war and to get back at them for preventing their quick march across Belgium into France.

We pass the ruins of a large chateau, a few



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LA PLACE DE BROUCHERE, BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

miles from Brussels, that was burned because the owner was an officer in the Belgian army. The great Cathedral (St. Paul's) at Louvain was partly destroyed but is now being restored, while the very ancient and beautiful City Hall, near by, built in 1342, with its many elegantly carved statues standing all over the outside, was left untouched. There were 27,000 inhabitants here —over two thousand houses and stores burned, 219 men and women were killed at one time, shot by machine guns while they were standing against walls near railway station in 1914, and then buried in a little park near by. The buildings are built of brick and have mostly been rebuilt by the Government issuing bonds—three loans having been made—nearly all taken up by local people. There are 42 convents here and it is a college town as well. The white monks are also here—only the rich man can join this order.

The main roads in Belgium are all paved with granite blocks which have been relaid since the war. The road leading from Brussels that I autoed over is just straight for the 17 miles to Louvain as it possibly can be and runs on for hundreds of miles way into Germany. That is why they used it to march their millions of men over it—hard, level and smooth all the way through. Saw where Edith Cavell was shot in the shooting gallery in Brussels.

Gay Life in Evening

I was surprised to find so much gay life, especially in the evening. It is far ahead of Paris. Everybody seemed to be sitting out on the sidewalks in front of the cafes, eating, drinking and smoking—mostly drinking and smoking—for, as in London, all the women seem to delight in smoking cigarettes in public view. Having been through the long siege of war, they have now relaxed and they are trying to make up for the fun they lost in those trying times. They seem to have adapted themselves to the conditions. One notices the greater strides they have made in rebuilding the devastated towns than has been made in France. The people seem to have had money to take up the bond issues to help in the restoration. They have gone ahead without waiting for Germany to pay. They keep their standing army in good shape for they want to be able to help France to enforce payment of the reparations by Germany or to be ready for a fight in case of a showdown.

I noticed one thing in Brussels that I had not observed in any other city or country. This was the great artistically constructed iron telephone towers. They are fully 60 feet high and used instead of poles to sustain and carry the wires about the city. They being located so far apart I could not understand what prevented them from breaking. They don't have much snow or frost.

There are many dance halls about the town, which can be visited at the low price of one franc admission. They have continuous music from two orchestras and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves fox trotting. As a franc now only means about eight cents in American money, one can see that a lot of entertainment can be gotten here for a small amount of cash, although the visitors are expected to buy light refreshment.

Brussels to Amsterdam, Holland

Brussels, August 25.—It has been a bit showery all night and through the day but we leave here at 2.15 and the sun is shining so guess we will reach Amsterdam all right. We have an entirely different type of car to go in—the Fokker—a five-seater, but it's a monoplane instead of a biplane such as I have been touring in and there are three seats abreast in the body of the car and two just in front of them with space for luggage alongside. It is much wider and more roomy than the closed automobiles—don't have to have any springs to the seats.

These planes are run from Holland and come across from Amsterdam and Rotterdam, meeting the other line from Paris. They are supposed to make close connections but sometimes there is a delay, of course, as is the case today, for I am sitting in the monoplane waiting for Paris plane to show up—it is now five minutes overdue.

This plane is fitted with life-preservers and first-aid outfit, also has a door up through the roof so the passengers can escape that way by pulling a cord and releasing the fastening in case of trouble on sea or land. This being a single engine, the propeller does not make quite so much noise but don't know that it rides quite as steady as a big biplane.

We pass several large cities in Belgium—Malins, Anvers, Esschen, and then come to a large fort situated on a small island near the frontier, and a lot of water shows up away off, and here we are in Holland.

The country changes very much in appearance —more white, chalky, sandy-looking soil and lots of woods—not many of the pretty looking towns with red-tiled-roof houses, but a more sparsely settled country.

We are flying pretty low so can get a good view of everything—can now see more large towns, and it is surely a flat looking country, but as we get further along it begins to look very picturesque with its dykes and the windmills showing up so clearly. There is a big fort on the shores of a wide body of water we just pass over, as I guess the "Dutch have really taken Holland," as the saying is, and are going to keep it. Some different flying over this country, surely, than it was in Switzerland.

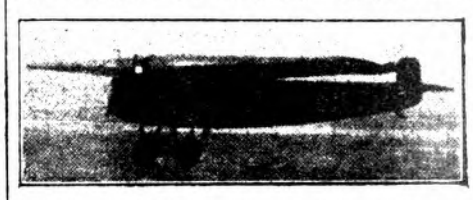
We are landing at Rotterdam just an hour's run from Brussels—a little less than a hundred miles. Surely there are plenty of nice level green fields around here for landing—plenty of cows and sheep feeding.

An Eight Minutes' Stop

We land here for an eight minutes' stop. It is a big aerodrome and at Schiphol the building looks Dutchy. Just outside we get a good look at it quite near to as we take the air again, after setting my foot for the first time on the Dutch soil and having my passport attended to. We make a very quick get-away and I think to myself, MY! but this is a snappy-going little Bird, and I kind of like the way she speeds up so quickly in rising from the ground when a very snappy sound and a great noise suddenly develops in the engine and it keeps it up at a great rate for a few moments.

My two male companions don't think it amounts to anything but I thought my ear for engine-trouble was a little better trained than that, and I detected a skipping—more snapping—a terrible jumping—and awfully loud threshing—so very soon I noticed the pilot was putting us back to the aerodrome where we made a safe landing—just in time, for the thing stopped dead in an instant. We soon had a new spark-plug replacing the broken one, for that was the cause of the snapping sound, and as I saw the North Sea looming up so clearly at hand I thought I was glad we were not passing over that body of water when the trouble occurred—for it happened at just the right place.

We are again in the air and are now having a little sport so as to forget our near trouble, for a smaller monoplane than ours—a two-seater with a man and a woman in it are giving us a good race, and I can tell that the pilot is surely giving her the gas and "stepping on her" in good shape for we are gaily speeding along at a fine rate of speed and they don't pass us. But the fog is setting in and we will soon be in Amsterdam, anyway, so the race will be over very quickly, yet it is kind of exciting just the same for this is my first experience in fast airplaning, and for joy riding this way is great fun. My! but they have just gone by, so they won. Now the other machine is playing with us—first going up—then down. My companions are clapping their hands at them as they come very close in, then seesawing along same as going over undulating waves. It seemed very teetery to watch the other aeroplane as they manoeuvered their machine in following alongside of ours. They would drop way below and then rise—making long graceful curves the same as one would get in riding on the deep following waves or bounding billows of the great ocean, or riding on the roller coasters at Old Orchard—and the wind being with us made very fast going—lots over a hundred miles an hour. I was glad to have this little experience of what airplane racing is like.



MONOPLANE, CALLED A FOKKER, CARRIED MR. GANNETT FROM BRUSSELS TO AMSTERDAM AND LONDON.

I wave my handkerchief and the fair Dutch lady in the machine answers back very gracefully as they speed along—first behind and then in front of us—and now we are landing at Amsterdam at 4.15, two hours from Brussels, including two stops. The aeroplane racing us was a military plane with an officer and his wife. They landed when we did at Rotterdam and then followed us here and landed.

Well, I am at last in real Holland—the land of water, windmills and wooden shoes, and it is certainly picturesque, surely, when one sees a pretty Dutch girl riding along on her bicycle with her wooden shoes on, and so many of these little drawbridges for the people to ride over and the canal boats to pass by. There are more than a million bicycles going and coming, I should say, when the people are all returning from work. I would like to fly over Holland in tulip time, for it would surely be a lovely picture to look down on—so many blossoms as they grow here in the season.

Amsterdam to London

Saturday, August 26.—A bright morning greets me after the rather unsettled day of Friday, and I look out of my window at the Hotel Amestelon to many quick-moving steam canal boats passing back and forth. I get my fill of good, mild, soft Dutch cheese for breakfast and get ready to start for Schiphol Aerodrome for my flight to London via Rotterdam, staying over one plane at Rotterdam for a short look about the town before leaving in the afternoon for England.

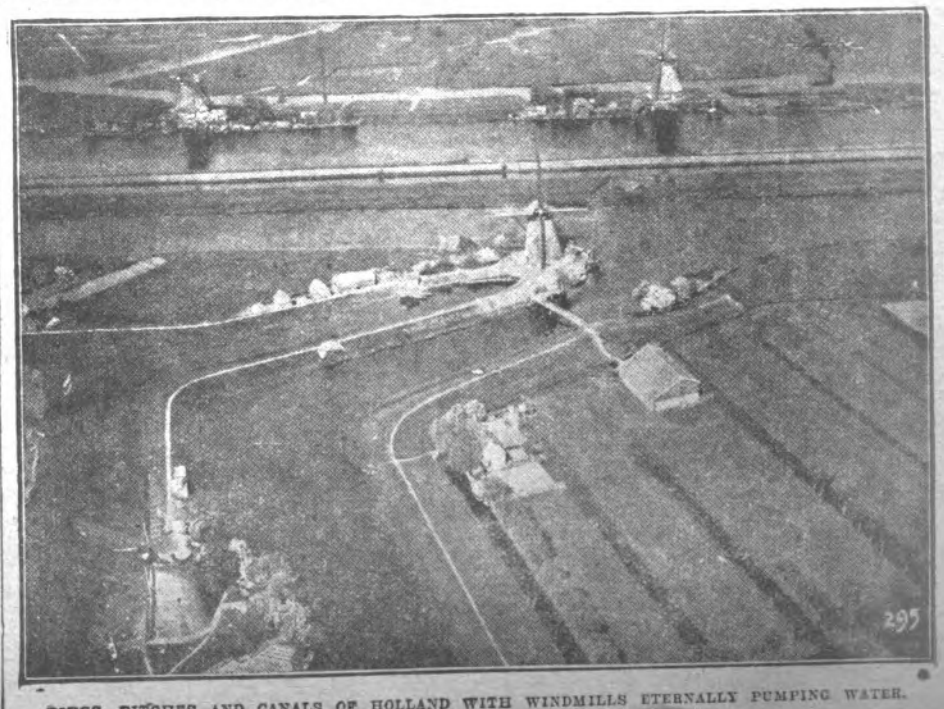
We were about half an hour late starting from Amsterdam. They had to wait for the mail which they carry, but we have got the brightest day for traveling we have had for some time. It looks kind of odd to see so many little narrow canals separating the cow pastures. They build fences with water here instead of wire. I wonder how many canal and other boats there are here, but I learn that every third person owns a bicycle, so there must be a quarer of a million of them (yesterday I thought sure there were a million (as there are 750,000 people living here. Naturally, there are quite a few accidents but the automobiles are not so very plentiful. I took a very fast ride in a nice speedy Packard coming from the Aerodrome to the city last night, so guess the speed laws are not very strict, but I felt nervous, although the roads were smooth, with brick pavements.

For companions I have Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from Cleveland, Ohio, who with daughter and son are going through to London this forenoon. It being their first experience in flying, they enjoy it very much, though, as we start out together. They seem to be a nice little family—all good sports, but the 18-years-old daughter seems to have led the way. She is now sitting beside me reading a continued story in the Saturday Evening Post of August 19th, and after having a good look at the country below, is thus serenely consuming home literature.

Short Stay in Rotterdam

We reach Rotterdam after half an hour's flying and as Mr. Smith is a bit nervous, this being his first experience in air travel, he prevails on me to go right along with them to London. In fact, as he afterwards acknowledged, he was scared blue and would have given up the trip if I had not been along with them. But as they are very agreeable traveling companions, I think I will enjoy the trip with them more than looking about Rotterdam for a few hours. This place

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



DIKES, DITCHES AND CANALS OF HOLLAND WITH WINDMILLS ETERNALLY PUMPING WATER.



Comfort's Publisher Tours Europe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

looks even more "canally" and shipping-like than Amsterdam and almost as large. We have a half hour's extra stop here anyway as a slight oil leak developed and was repaired while we got some hot chocolate and light refreshments.

The pilot eventually decided to take a different plane as they don't stop the leak to suit him, and we finally start for London at 11.40, and I am pleased to have people to talk with, who thoroughly understand the English language. They seem to like to have me go along to keep their courage up, and we don't get a great way before Mrs. Smith gets air-sick as the ride gets to be quite bumpy. We pass The Hague at 12.15 and then cross quite a wide sheet of water and follow along the beach bordering on the North Sea for a long way, that has hundreds of breakwaters and dykes built out to hold the sands from being washed away.

We pass Heyst and Blankenberg, and soon come in sight of Zeebrugge, the base from which many of the German submarines worked.

Evidences of War

Evidences of the naval war are seen in the wrecks of several ships which were beached along the shores, some of them being quite large and half submerged. The sands show the ravages of battle in the form of huge shell craters. Then Ostend, with its many beach chairs and bathers in the surf. We are keeping right over the water all the way—quite a lot of sunken ships are seen along the shore. Then comes Nieuport and then more torn-up sand heaps, and then Dunkirk—another important war base, and finally Calais—quite a large city.

We have been going only about 1,200 feet high but now rise to nearly 3,000 feet as we cross the English Channel. The water looks very calm, so it is a good day to cross either by air or water, but it's more bumpy over land today than over the water, for both of the ladies in our party have been ill and I guess they feel they started on too long a trip for their first one in the air, and it being a monoplane, is not nearly as steady going as the larger biplanes that cross from other directions. It is a good test for air equilibrium to have others so air-sick sitting near me and to come through all right. They are not sick on sea while I am, so I can't quite understand the difference in the motion between an airship and a water-ship that affects different people in different ways.

We are just 17 minutes crossing the 26½ miles of water which requires about an hour and a half by steamer, and the chalk cliffs of Dover look pretty nice to us as we get back once more into Merrie England. We notice a difference in the motion of the machine as soon as we get over the land for the bumps again take us, but we have not far to go now, so the ladies are happy to think the trip is most over, but there seems to be a lot more rocking about than I have ever felt before. Mr. Smith inquires quite often if we are not most there and he has all he can do to keep from being ill himself, while his 14-years-old son and I are having a great time and enjoying the motion.

We finally land safely at Croydon at 2.30, being two hours and fifty minutes coming the last two hundred and forty miles, but the women are about the sorriest looking people you ever saw—they had been so very, very sick, and say, "Never again," but I am invited to the Savoy Hotel to dinner the next night after they have had a motor trip to Oxford and fully recovered from their air ailings, and they seem quite pleased to think they have had that experience in air travel. I am quite struck with the Sunday night dancing they have here in London. At the Savoy, especially, it is a very jazzy affair for staid old London which formerly was very quiet Sundays. Why, in Amsterdam, public dancing is not allowed in any form on any night and I always thought that city was a very open town. They seem to go in strong for big movie shows in Amsterdam, as they have very large and beautiful theaters given entirely over to the cinema—as they call it over here. In Paris the movie places are very small and not well patronized, but London has some large ones, only they are two years behind America in showing the big films. The "Four Horsemen" has just arrived.

Flew 2,500 Miles in 27 Hours

During the last five weeks I have had the delightful experience of having flown over 2,500 miles. This has occupied about 27 hours in the air and has been in eight different aeroplanes, and has been carried out in and over England, France, Alsace Lorraine, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland.

So well and so fast has this method of transport progressed that my various trips have been taken without any greater danger than would be encountered in covering the same number of miles by train and steamship. It has given me a far more comprehensive idea of the countries through which I have passed than I could ever have obtained in any other manner. And the travel has been accomplished so easily that I have absolutely no fatigue. To cover a stretch of 300 miles in a modern areoplane leaves the traveler actually refreshed, rather than worn from the experience—unless he happens to get nervous and air-sick. That will in time be realized by more business men and travelers, until it becomes the general mode of getting about for all but few bad air sailors.

I did not have time to go to Germany, but have met large numbers of Americans who have been there. Great numbers of them went to Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play.

They were nearly all well treated by the German people, though the prices were, without doubt up in every instance when an American hove in sight.

Some had had a little difficulty in bringing out articles they had purchased, but on the whole they complained very little.



Construction of a Regenerative Set

PART III.

Laying Out and Drilling Panel

THE panel, which may be a piece of hard wood, asbestos board, hard rubber Bakelite or similar substance of known insulating qualities, is the next step in the assembly of the set. The dimensions of the panel will probably vary with the individual tastes of the various readers who attempt the construction of this outfit, but should at least be the same length as the baseboard (16 inches). If hard wood is used for a panel it is suggested that oak be avoided as it contains acid which would somewhat affect its insulating value. Birch, maple or gumwood would do admirably for this purpose, and if a coat or two of varnish, well rubbed, be applied and allowed to dry well before the holes are drilled, a very neat looking instrument should result. If possible, however, procure a piece of Bakelite or hard rubber as better insulation will be assured. The amount of energy actually coming in on your antenna has been approximately at about a hundredth part of a fly-power; so it is quite apparent that there is no benefit to be derived from a leaky panel. As will be noted from the diagram (Fig. 5), the panel is 16 by 6 inches by ¼ inch thick and must be drilled exactly as shown. The holes for screws which hold the variable condenser in place are not shown as there are so many different makes of condensers which can be used that it would be impossible to supply this detail. Suffice it to say that any standard make of variable condenser having a capacity of .001 Microfarad (43 plate) will be well suited for the purpose, and it will be found a very simple matter to locate

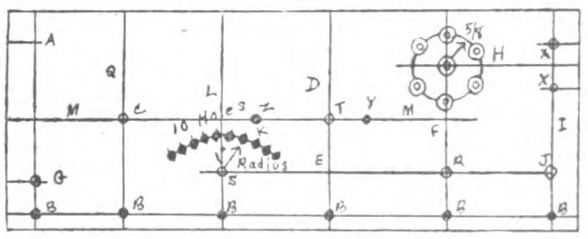


Fig. 5

the holes for the screws once the condenser is obtained. The same problem is encountered in the case of the rheostat, there being dozens of good makes from which to choose. The diagram shows the locations of the shaft holes for the condenser and tickler coil, the audion bulb sight holes and centers for rheostat, switch and binding posts. The row of holes along the bottom edge is for 8 inch brass wood screws and may be countersunk so that the screw heads will come flush with the surface of the panel.

In the diagram (Fig. 5) all dimensions are figured from the left hand and lower edges. A and G are the holes for the antenna and ground binding posts respectively and are located on a line ⅝ inch in from the edge of panel. A is ⅝ inch from the upper edge and G is 1¼ inch from the lower edge. Holes BBBBBB are 3-16 inch holes located on a line 5-16 inch from lower edge of panel and are for convenience's sake placed on the same center lines with those for the condenser, switch, tickler, etc. They are to take 8 inch beveled head brass wood screws and should be countersunk, as before stated, in order that screw heads will not project above surface of panel. The center line, M, is drawn 3 5-16 inches above the lower edge and the lines Q, L and D are measured off on this line from the left-hand edge as follows: 3 by 3¼ by 3¼ inches, while the line F is measured 3¼ inches from line D. At the intersections of lines Q, M and D a deep mark should be made with a prick-punch to center the drill, also at the intersections on the line at BBBBBB. Hole S is located on line L at a distance of 2 inches from the lower edge of the panel and this same line also serves to locate the shaft holes for the rheostat and the bushing for the telephone jack. Line I is measured ⅝ inch in from the *right*-hand edge and locates holes XX, J and B. Holes XX are located ⅝ inch and 1 inch from the top of panel respectively while J is at the intersection of lines E and I. The holes for the switch points and stops are laid out as follows: Using the point S as a center, describe the arc of a one inch circle along which the eight switch points are located. The next step is to take a small pair of dividers and set them at about 5-16 inch, which should allow enough clearance at the rear of the panel for the nuts on the switchpoints. There being eight points, which is an even number, the dividers must be placed so as to exactly span the line L and a prickpunch mark is made at each point. Using these as points to work from, the other holes may be laid out, one at a time, and each should be prickpunched as soon as found with the dividers so as to provide a center for the next measurement with the dividers. When the whole operation is done there should be 10 holes—five on each side of the center line. The extra hole on each end is for the switch stops which are to prevent the switch arm from slipping off the last point at each end. The audion sight holes are laid off in a similar manner, using the intersection of lines F and H for a center. This point should first be prickpunched and the dividers are then set at a radius of ⅝ inch and a circle described at the point indicated. Then, using the same radius, step off six points on the circle which will just divide the circumference evenly into six parts, and make a punch mark at each point. Holes Y and Z are located on line M and are measured on this line as follows: Y is 1⅛ inch from line D to the right, while Z is 2⅞ inches to the left of line D. These holes are for the mounting screws for the coil and will receive further reference.

We are now ready to drill the panel and will perform all operations exactly as indicated below. Note that we show size of hole and directly after it the particular operation to be performed on it.

Holes A and G are 3-16 inch, drilled only. Holes BBBBBB, 3-16 inch, are drilled and countersunk. Audion sight holes all ¼ inch, drilled and deeply countersunk for appearance. Holes C, T and R are ¼ inch, drilled only. Holes Y and Z are 3-16 inch, drilled and countersunk for 8-32nd flat head screw head. Hole J is about 7-16 inch, drilled to fit jack. Holes XX are 3-16 inch, drilled only. Hole S will vary according to type of switch arm used. Holes for switch points and stops are all ⅛ inch and should be drilled and slightly countersunk so that points will seat firmly to panel. Switch stops may well be two pieces of ⅛ inch brass rod ½ inch long driven into the proper holes.

The Capacity Screen

The capacity screen consists of a thin sheet of tin or copper foil which is stuck to the rear of the panel with shellac or other adhesive and serves to prevent capacity effects from the body of the operator while tuning the set. The method of applying the screen is as follows: First lay the foil on a perfectly flat surface and with a smooth roller press out all possible wrinkles and air bubbles. Then give the rear of the panel a good coat of shellac and quickly touch a match to it. The alcohol and water in the shellac will burn off, leaving the surface very sticky. The foil is now carefully laid on the shellacked surface, and carefully rolled down smooth and should be allowed to dry thoroughly. Before mounting the various instruments, lay the panel face down and rub the foil hard with one finger until every hole in the panel shows up in sharp relief through the foil. Then with a sharp knife or a safety razor blade cut the foil away from the holes and leave at least ¼ inch margin to prevent any possible short circuit to any of the instruments or wiring except the ground lead or ground binding post, which is the correct place to connect the screen. Care should be taken that the capacity screen does not come in contact in any way with either side of the variable condenser circuit as this will render the set inoperative, it being advisable to cut away foil in the immediate area surrounding the metal parts of the condenser. The coil is mounted as follows: In the holes marked Y and Z beveled head 8-32 brass machine screws two inches long are set and are held firmly in place by means of a red fiber washer and a 3-16 inch brass washer and an 8-32 nut behind the panel. This leaves the two screws protruding straight back to the rear of panel and serves to support the antenna inductance. On each screw is placed another nut at a distance of about 1¼ inch from the first one, a brass washer, the inside tickler bearing, another washer, a nut, another washer, the antenna coil (through holes marked A and C, Fig. 2), another washer and another nut. Of course when this is done the tickler shaft will of necessity have to be inserted in the bearing and when coil is finally in place the tickler shaft will protrude through hole T (Fig. 5). The next step is to put in the switch points and switch arm the rheostat, variable condenser, jack and binding posts. The panel is then fastened to the baseboard by means of six brass flathead wood screws. When this is done, measure off and drill two 3-16 inch holes in the baseboard to correspond with the lower holes in the antenna tube and run up through these holes two 8-32 screws and fasten in place in a similar manner to the previous operation when mounting to panel. This makes the mounting of the coil more rigid and prevents any chance of accidentally bending coil out of position. The tube socket is mounted about three inches directly back of the rheostat and should be in such a position that the terminal marked G (Grid) is nearest the start of the antenna winding. This tends to eliminate long leads which are very detrimental to any set. The set is now ready for wiring.

Wiring and Operation

The connecting wires should all be run in straight lines and wherever necessary to make a bend in order to clear some obstruction a neat

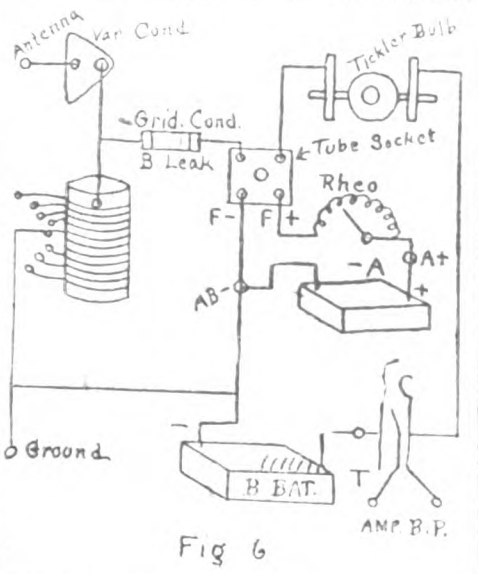


Fig 6

right angle should be effected by means of a pair of small-nosed pliers. All wiring, except in the case of the leads to the switch, should be made with No. 14 tinned bare copper wire. The various connections are clearly indicated in picture form (see Fig. 6), and we cannot see any possibility of an error if directions are faithfully followed. The two binding posts at the right end of the panel are to be used in case the operator does not wish to use a phone plug, or an amplifier may be connected at this point. In Fig 6 note that the small circle near the rheostat represents the positive A or filament current binding post, the circle AB—, the common post for the negative A and B batteries and the circle B-|- near the jack, the positive B post.

The grid condenser and leak is made up in one piece and must be bought from a radio dealer. The value of this condenser .00025 microfarads.

When connecting the antenna coil taps to the switch points, No. 1 tap goes to the first point at the left, and continues in rotation until all are soldered on. A small piece of fine rubber tubing or "spaghetti" insulating tubing should be slipped over each lead before soldering to the point. This tends to prevent any of the leads from getting short-circuited.

The dials should now be placed in their proper position on the condenser and tickler shafts and the batteries connected to the proper binding posts. If the polarities are correct a hissing sound should at once become apparent when the phones are connected into the plate circuit by means of either the jack or binding posts XX. The switch is now set on any point and the condenser dial slowly rotated until a signal is heard. Find the point at which signal is loudest and then adjust the tickler coil which will give a greatly increased volume. The adjustment of the rheostat is very important and care should be taken not to turn on too much current as the bulb may be burned out. This set should receive all signals included within the range of 150 to 1,000 meters.

The A battery is a six-volt storage battery, either an automobile battery or a radio battery. The B Battery is a special 22½-volt battery and must be bought from a radio dealer.

In making this set, if any reader experiences difficulty we shall be glad to hear from him and will give any details he may require.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What distance can music be heard on an Aeriola Senior set?

A.—We have heard approximately 1,200 miles under the best of conditions on this type of set.

Q.—Can I use the dry battery receiving tubes in my set which was made to use Raditrons?

A.—Yes. The dry battery tubes can be used, but adapters will be necessary to put these tubes in your sockets.

Q.—What is the difference between radio frequency and audio frequency amplification?

A.—Radio frequency amplification is that which takes place before the incoming wave is rectified, and audio is that which takes place after the wave is rectified.

Q.—Who is Station P W X?

A.—P W X is the broadcasting station at Havana, Cuba.

Q.—Sometimes while listening to a broadcasting station, I hear a continuous whistling and cannot get rid of it. If I change to some other station I do not get this whistle so I don't think it is my set. Can you tell me the cause of it?

A.—As near as we can tell by your description, the whistle is caused by two sending stations being on the same wave length.

Q.—In the set you are describing in COMFORT what is the wave length and about what is the cost of building?

A.—The wave length of this set will be about 360 meters and the approximate cost will be $35.

Q.—Is it true that the direction of the antenna has a great effect on the reception?

A.—Yes, the direction of the antenna has an effect upon the reception, and to get the best results the aerial should point towards the station you desire to receive, taking the lead off the opposite end.

Q.—What is the cost of the tubes which work on dry cells?

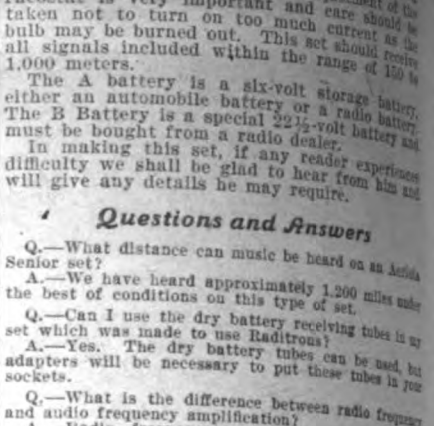
A.—These tubes cost $6.50 and can be bought at any radio dealer's.

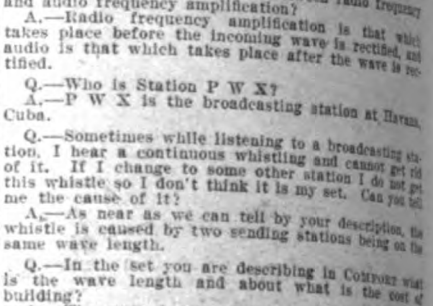
Q.—The amateurs are supposed to send on 200 meters and the music on 360 meters. Why do I hear the amateurs and the music at the same time?

A.—This is because the amateur station is so near you that you cannot tune them out, or else the amateur station is not properly tuned.

Q.—Who is Station K S D?

A.—K S D is the broadcasting station at St. Louis, Mo.











WIRELESS telephone receiving sets are comparatively easy to make. The man or boy with any mechanical ability whatever should be able to construct his own receiving apparatus by following the instructions in this book. The different parts that go to make up Radio receivers may now be purchased in almost any hardware or general store. Many of the parts can be made at home. This book shows you how to assemble them so as to make a receiving set which if purchased outright would cost many times what you pay for the component parts. It tells how to make not only one, but several different styles of receivers. It illustrates and describes every step of the process and the instructions are easy to understand because technical terms are avoided wherever possible.

Written by twenty Radio experts, this book is, for its size, one of the most authoritative yet published. It is 7½x5½ inches in size, contains one hundred pages and ninety illustrations and diagrams. Also in the back of the book is the official application blank of the Radio League of America and full instructions as to you becoming a member and receiving a membership certificate and button. We will send you a copy of this book if you will accept the following special offer.

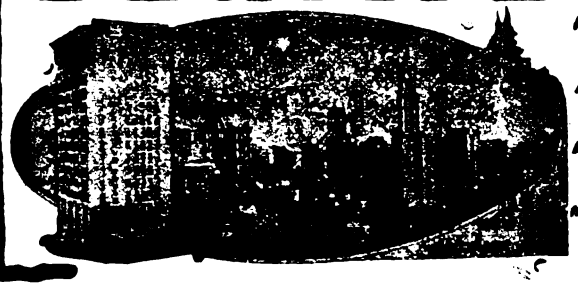
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Causes of Tail Rubbing

IT is not generally understood that a foul condition of the sheath may cause a horse to rub persistently at every opportunity until the hair at the root of the tail is worn off and the skin made sore. Lack of exercise, inadequate grooming, over-feeding and standing in an insanitary stable are contributing causes. In all cases the gelding's sheath should be thoroughly cleansed when tail-rubbing becomes a habit. A "bean" of dried sebulous matter may also be found in a little sac near the opening of the urethra or urinary passage and should be removed. It interferes with urination and not only induces tail-rubbing but may cause the horse to walk and trot stiffly or have a straddling gait. Mares sometimes rub the tail for the reason that there is a foul condition between the teats of the udder and on each side of that organ. These parts should be cleansed, dried and well dusted with Fuller's earth.

Parasitic mites often are present in the worst forms of tail-rubbing and itching mane. They invade the part when it is not kept clean. Scurf or dandruff forms quickly and thickly on the skin of the parts mentioned and offers a suitable condition for parasitic mites. Similar mites sometimes cause inchiness of the hairy legs of heavy draft horses. Lack of cleanliness and not drying off the skin after washing also favor that condition. Cleanse the affected parts, pour on and rub in a mixture of one part of kerosene and three parts of machine oil or cottonseed oil and then at intervals of three days apply freely a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one-half ounce of coal tar dip and one pint of sweet oil or cottonseed oil. Make the horse take exercise every day he does not work. Groom him well daily. Lessen the grain feed when itchiness of the skin is present. Put a plank shelfwise around in the inside of the box-stall, in which the horse should be stabled, so that the root of the tail cannot be got in contact with the stall wall when the horse tries to rub. These measures of treatment should soon prove remedial.

Questions and Answers

ROPY MILK.—I have a full-blooded Jersey heifer which freshened just before she was two years old. She seems healthy, but her milk, after standing two days, is stringy and slippery. She is due to freshen in March. What would you advise me to do? Is her milk all right to use? F. E. H.

A.—Bacteria (germs) in the milk utensils cause the condition. The water used for cooling the milk or cleansing or drinking purposes is the usual source of the infection. More scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun dry the milk vessels. Use a good washing powder or some hypochlorite of soda in the washing water. Handle and set the milk and cream in a new clean place. Scrub the water trough or tank and disinfect it with chloride of lime; also the cooling tank. Keep cow away from surface water. Cleanse udder and teats before milking.

GARGET.—What is garget and how can one tell whether a cow has garget or not? My cow had her right front quarter hurt about two months ago and since then has given bloody milk and out of that quarter. D. C.

A.—Inflammation of the mammary glands (udder), technically termed mammitis, is popularly called "garget." It is characterized by swelling, heat, pain and redness of the udder and the milk becomes clotted and eventually may contain pus or appear like whey and have a bad odor. Bleeding shows that there is an injury to the blood-vessels of the udder in the case mentioned or there may be growths in the teat which bleed from irritation at milking time. The affected milk is unfit for use. That from the sound quarters may be used. Strip the affected quarter three times daily, massage the part well each time and night and morning rub in a mixture of one part each of fluid extracts of poke-root and belladonna leaves and six parts of compound soap liniment.

GARGET.—I have a Jersey cow four years old. I keep her in a pen and have milked her myself all the time and know she has never been hurt. One quarter of the udder has nearly dried up. She is giving 22 pounds of milk each day. Until the calf was four months old she gave 40 pounds. MRS. W. J. M.

A.—Garget has affected one quarter, ruined it for milk production and so affected the rest of the udder that milk secretion has diminished. It would be well to have the cow tested with tuberculin as tuberculosis sometimes causes such a condition of the udder and the milk in that event is dangerous for use by man or animals. Meanwhile milk the sound quarters three times daily and dry off the remaining secretion in the diseased quarter. Such a cow should be isolated and milked by one who does not handle the other cows as infection from a diseased udder may readily be carried by the milkers' hands to other cows.

SPLINTS.—I have a good work and saddle horse. Two small knots have formed just below his knee on the inside of one of his front legs and one on the hind leg just below his hock on the inside, and they seem to be hard. Please tell me what will remove them without injuring the horse. J. J. T.

A.—We suspect that small bony growths called splints have formed and as they do not cause lameness it would be best to leave them alone. If you prefer to treat the condition try the effect of tincture or iodin applied twice a week after clipping off the hair.

SORES ON CANARY.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my bird and how to cure him? He is six months old, has sores on head which have been there since he was eight weeks old, his head has never feathered out good, he kicks at sores continually, dark blood comes from one next to bill, pus from another by bill and has one on back of head which has never broke that is soft. I have looked for mites and lice but found none. He sings well and seems healthy other ways. MRS. G. W.

A.—Cleanse the head perfectly with hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Afterwards dust the sores with boric acid and repeat the treatment once or twice a week as found necessary.

DISEASED COW.—I have a Jersey cow which freshened last September. She is poor. She eats heartily, but has a cough. I feed her bran and cottonseed meal. Before this she gave three gallons of milk a day and now gives about three quarts and the milk doesn't have much cream on it. MRS. A. C. J.

A.—This cow is probably badly affected with tuberculosis which is contagious and incurable and makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. We should advise destroying her at once. If you do not care to do that, have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian and if the cow reacts dispose of her as the veterinarian advises as he may be able to get some reimbursement money from the state. Meanwhile isolate the cow, reject her milk and cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable she has occupied.

AILING MARE.—I have a mare, six years old, that had a colt last May. Soon after the colt was born she began losing flesh. She has a good appetite and eats anything I feed her, but appears to be easily choked, stops eating and bits of food come through her nostrils. Please advise me what to do. G. N. P.

A.—Have the mare's teeth put in order by a veterinarian as it is quite likely that a split or diseased molar tooth or sharp points and irregularities of the teeth cause all of the symptoms described. Do not give drugs of any kind. Feed well on oats, bran, ear corn, carrots and good mixed clover and timothy hay, or upland prairie hay if such is available in your district. Wet all feed with lime-water. If the cough continues give her one-half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning for two weeks, then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking 10 days to the process. If partial paralysis of the throat is not present she should improve quickly.

RICKETS.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my hogs? They seem well and do fine until seven months old, then they lose control of their hind legs, cannot stand on them at all. At first they seem to walk on their toes, and then it isn't long before they cannot walk at all. They appear to have a good appetite but fall away to skin and bones. I have had five litters and all acted the same way. They have a good pen, but it is rather damp. I would like to know what to do for them. H. C. K.

A.—The pigs are afflicted with rickets which is similar to bowed legs in a child. The cause is lack of exercise, insanitary quarters and inadequate or incomplete feeding. In future have pigs graze green clover, alfalfa, rape, peas and oats, soy beans, etc., throughout the growing season and also feed skim milk and mixed meals. At all times allow access to air slaked lime, salt and wood ashes and bone meal. The pigs may recover if you give each of them one-half to one ounce of cod-liver oil daily in addition to milk, mixed meals, including tankage and fine-cut alfalfa or clover hay. Also let them run out for exercise.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the address of Robert G. Dodge of Jacksonville, Fla., last heard of in Denver, Colo., please write to I. M. Brook, Kaycee, care of Tisdale Ranch, Wyoming.

Anyone knowing the address of Mrs. Mary Ewart and her three daughters, Avis, Katherine and Rea, last heard of at Hillyard, Wash., please write to Mr. E. V. Raymon, Camp Crook, S. Dak. It is important that I hear from Mrs. Ewart or her daughters.

Will anyone knowing the address or any information of Charles Edgar Ward kindly write to Alex E. McDonald, Chatham, Hill St., N. B., Canada.

Will any of the COMFORT readers knowing the whereabouts of my half-brother, W. S. Bell, last heard of in the boy's bend on the Rio Grande, please write to me. Mrs. Nannie Cahill (nee Bell), Morse, Okla.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Hila Collard kindly write Steward Collard, Skaneateles, R. R. 3, N. Y. Any information will be greatly appreciated.



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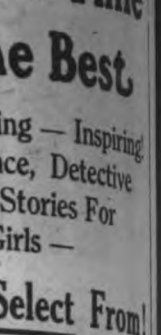
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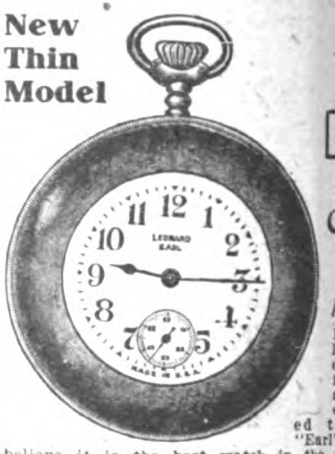


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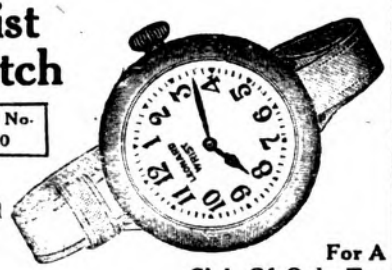
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For A Club Of Only Ten

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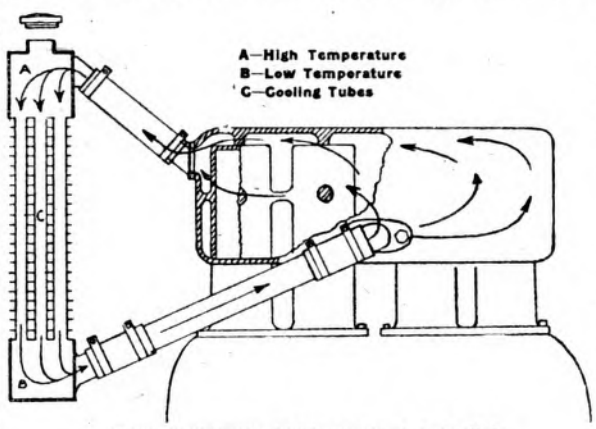
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Cooling System

MOST everyone is aware that when the engine is in operation intense heat is generated in the cylinders and that some means must be provided for carrying away at least a portion of this heat so to prevent damage to the cylinder walls, pistons, etc. This is accomplished by air on some engines but the more common practice is by water. Surrounding the cylinders are metal jackets through which water is kept in circulation and in this manner a sufficient portion of the heat is carried away. Since the water as it passes through the jackets is considerably raised in temperature, it is necessary to provide means for lowering the temperature of the water as otherwise it would soon raise to the same temperature as the cylinder wall and there would be no cooling effect. The cooling of the water is accomplished by passing it through the radiator. The common construction of the radiator is two tanks, one upper and one lower, which are connected by small tubes which in turn are surrounded by numerous fins or strips of metal. After the water enters the upper tank of the radiator it flows through the small tubes into the lower tank. As water passes through these tubes most of the heat is communicated to the surrounding fins. The fan draws a current of air around these fins and carries off most of the heat. It will be realized that in the manner just described there is considerable lowering in temperature of water after leaving the upper tank and entering the lower tank. The water, being of much lower temperature than the cylinder walls, continues to carry off the heat and in this way proper cooling is obtained. When the thermo-syphon system of cooling is used a larger radiator in comparison to the size of the engine must be used than would be the case if the pump circulation was employed. Larger tubes between the upper and lower tanks are also needed because the water simply gravitates through the tubes. When pump circulation is used smaller tubes are possible as the water is driven instead of just flowing. The action of the tubular radiator has just been described but there is another type known as the cellular. As the name would imply, cells are used instead of tubes and no fins are needed. The fan draws air between these cells and reduces the temperature of the water by carrying away the heat from the walls of the cells.



COOLING SYSTEM WITH TUBULAR RADIATOR.

Up-to-Date Fools

I heard a very learned man remark recently at a dinner that he had that day driven by car from his own city about 40 miles distant and almost had heart failure several times on the trip due to careless driving on the part of other operators. He ended by saying, "At one time fools blew out the gas, now they step on it."

Six-Stroke Cycle Engine

Several times I have received inquiries relative to more efficiency being obtained from the present internal combustion motor if some means were provided for better cleaning the cylinders of the exhaust gases. One or two of these inquiries contained a hint of some idea which the writer was considering bringing out. There is no doubt about more efficiency being gained if all the exhaust gases were swept out of the cylinders, and while I do not know what plans were entertained by the writers, I wish to make clear that engines having a six-stroke cycle have been tried out in an experimental way but have never proven sufficiently satisfactory to warrant their manufacture. This type of engine required six strokes of the piston to complete the work of delivering one power impulse to the crank-shaft. The piston completed the same work as the piston in the four-stroke cycle motor, i. e., suction, compression, explosion and exhaust. In addition, the piston completed two more strokes, one for admitting a charge of fresh air into the cylinder and the other stroke for expelling the air. While it will be readily recognized that this method thoroughly cleaned the cylinders, it must also be taken into consideration that instead of three idle strokes as is now the condition, the six-stroke cycle had five idle strokes. To compensate for such a condition it was necessary to build a large engine, etc. The writer is not aware of all the problems which confronted the engineers in their endeavor to develop this type of engine, but for the benefit of those who were considering the introduction of more strokes to thoroughly clean the cylinders, I submit the above information.

Helpful Pointers

Hard Starting

One of the common causes for hard starting on cars having the roller type timer and vibrating coils is the congealing of the oil on the timer during cold weather. On one popular make of car using this type of timer, lubricant is recommended and in fact is essential to its proper operation. Under certain conditions (cold weather for example) the oil may form a coating between the roller and the contracts. The remedy is to remove the timer cover and wipe the housing and roller with a cloth wrung out of gasolene, the purpose being to cut away the hardened oil film and give good contact.

Frozen Water Pump

If the car is equipped with the pump system of water circulation never turn the motor over if there is any doubt as to whether or not the water is frozen. Should the water be frozen, turning over the engine would probably cause shearing off the key on the pump impeller or gear. Usually a drain cock is placed under the pump and when there is doubt as to the state of the water it is well to open the cock and note whether water runs from same. If the drain cock is clear and no water runs from it when open then the indications are that the pump is frozen and it should be thawed out by pouring hot water over it. When certain that the pump is thawed out it is safe to turn over the engine.

Specific Gravity

The specific gravity of the electrolyte affords one of the best indications of the exact condition of the storage battery. The specific gravity of a liquid is a weight comparison with distilled water. At 60 degreee Fahrenheit distilled water is considered to be 1 and comparisons of liquids are made with distilled water as 1. Any liquid which is heavier than distilled water is said to have a greater specific gravity, while lighter liquids have a lesser specific gravity. The electrolyte in the storage battery is heavier than distilled water and this accounts for the reading of 1.275 of a fully charged cell.

Cold Weather Effect on Battery

Care should be taken during the cold weather to keep the storage battery properly charged. Neglect to heed this suggestion will probably prove expensive to the owner as the electrolyte in the battery will freeze under certain conditions. Should the electrolyte drop to specific gravity 1.120 it will freeze at about 20 degrees above zero. It has been determined that a specific gravity reading of 1.210 causes the electrolyte to freeze at 20 degrees below zero, etc. Unless the garage is heated the battery should be kept well charged. If the battery is stored for the winter it should receive an occasional freshening charge as outlined in a preceding issue.

What Is Electrolyte

Most everyone knows either from experience or advice that electrolyte from the storage battery should not be allowed to come in contact with clothing, due to its eating action on the fabric. Electrolyte is the term given to a mixture of distilled water and pure sulphuric acid. The distilled water is first poured into a glass or porcelain container and the sulphuric acid added in very small quantities. When the acid and water combine a great deal of heat is generated. This is the reason that water is not added to the sulphuric acid as this procedure would cause a dangerous spattering of the acid. The acid should always be added to the water and never the water to the acid.

Cable Sizes

When necessary to replace cables in the electrical circuit be sure to obtain ones of the same size. The size and length of cables must be considered as otherwise they may afford resistance which will affect the efficiency of the system. For example, the starting motor consumes a great deal of current and for this reason large cables are usually sent directly to it from the storage battery. It will also be noted that the cables are usually short ones. It is always best to assume that the manufacturer has determined the proper sizes and lengths to use and, when replacement time comes, endeavor to duplicate the sizes originally installed.

Low Test in One Cell

Should a specific gravity reading be taken of the storage battery and one cell is found to be lower than the others the condition may be due to a cracked jar which has allowed the electrolyte to leak out, an improperly sealed jar which has permitted slopping of the fluid, or worn out insulators causing a short circuit.

Answers to Correspondents

GEARS GRIND IN SECOND.—Please tell me what makes my Overland 4 (1920 model) grind in second gear. Otherwise the car has good power.
MRS. F. P., Livingston, N. Y.

A.—Removal of the transmission cover and examination of the gears should quickly solve your difficulty. If the grinding is only noticeable on second gear then the indications are that the gears do not mesh properly or that the gears are worn and one or both gears need replacing.

GOES JERKY RUNNING SLOWLY IN HIGH.—My 1918 model Ford jumps in running slowly in high gear. It seems as if the magneto turns nearly over before it catches. If the magneto is loose how am I to get at it to tighten it? A. L. B.

A.—I do not understand the condition referred to when you state that the magneto turns nearly over before it catches the engine or wheels. It is my belief that you endeavor to idle down and the engine misses and the action is jerky. It may be possible that the magnets are too far away from the fields for strong, constant current at slow speeds. If you are after absolute smooth operation at slow speeds, you will have to tune up the coils, magnets, valves, carburetor, etc. I do not believe that the magnets are loose but should you desire to get at them will state that the motor must come out of the car and the lower half of the crank-case dropped.

THRUST WASHERS WEAR BADLY.—Please tell me what kind of solder to use for soldering brass and copper especially the Ford radiator. (2) I cannot run my 1919 model Ford more than about two months until I have to put new thrust washers on the rear axle. Please let me know the cause of this trouble. (3) How much horse-power is there in one thousand pounds of air pressure? H. C. M., Pendleton, N. C.

A.—The average solder which you purchase from the store is 50 per cent. tin and 50 per cent. lead. This solder will serve very well for the purpose you outline.

Regarding the wearing out of the thrust washers on the sides of the differential, wish to state that although these parts do wear out, they should last considerably longer than two months. Providing you are not installing inferior parts, I can only assume that something is out of alignment to cause such rapid wear. The axle shaft may be sprung, which would cause sort of a chewing action on these thrust washers. I am certain that the difficulty is not due to material, providing you are using genuine parts and have properly installed them.

Regarding the horse-power question, I will endeavor to explain in an early issue just what horse-power is, and in this way I believe you will gain a better understanding.

PISTON RING CLEARANCE.—What is the proper clearance for piston rings in 1921 model Maxwell car? (2) Would Maxwell rings or any other make of rings be best for my car? W. H. M., Elmira, N. Y.

A.—I do not know what clearance the Maxwell people recommend for the pistons, but as regards the rings you will probably agree that little if any clearance is permissible as they must hold compression. I believe firmly in purchasing genuine parts made by the makers of the car as you thus know that the parts have come up to the manufacturer's requirements.



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32 x 3½	9.25	14.95	34 x 4½	13.95	22.35
31 x 4	10.45	16.75	35 x 4½	14.45	23.95
32 x 4	11.85	17.85	35 x 5	15.45	25.95
33 x 4	12.35	18.75	37 x 5	15.95	26.50

State whether straight side or clincher

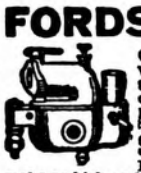
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New Year's Resolutions

THROUGHOUT this bounteous land of ours, in city and country alike, the New Year opens to the accompanying rustle of the "turning over of new leaves." New Year's resolutions are being made in all seriousness and with the very best of intentions, alike by the sinned against and the sinning. For our readers of Modern Farmer, scattered widely as they are throughout the entire country, no set of resolutions we may offer will fit all cases. With the idea that "if the coat fits, put it on," we humbly present, the following assortment, trusting that they will be received in the spirit offered and that some at least will find a welcome which will tend toward the betterment of both the individual and the farm garden—that little quarter-acre patch of land so seldom given the fullness of appreciation it so richly deserves.

Primarily, we are anxious that every farm shall have its supply of vegetables in season, fruits of all kinds that may easily be grown to provide preserves on the shelves for winter use, bins of stored vegetables in the cellar against the time when the snow lies deep and the cold winter winds whistle dolefully under the icicled eaves.

We know full well that often the "head of the house" (or should we call him the boss of the *outdoor* work, and thereby avoid argument?) is so harrassed with the farm work that he dislikes to spend even a day in preparation of the kitchen garden. He honestly believes that he can't spare the time. It seems to him as if he would rather spend many dollars for the purchase of fruits and vegetables, from neighbors or from the city market, than bother with the "puttering" work of garden making. Right there lies the danger, for the sad fact remains that these promised fruits and vegetables are *not bought*. Too often the household goes without the crisp vegetables and luscious fruits to its own digestive detriment, and to the impairment of the winter's larder in the shape of well-stocked preserve shelves and root cellars.

To our way of thinking this is all wrong; these fruits and vegetables can be produced right at home, and no one is better entitled to them than the owner and operator of the farm. It *does* take time and skill to garden successfully, and the farmer who is so taken up with the operation of the farm that he "can't be bothered with so insignificant a matter as the kitchen garden" should wipe prejudice from his eyes and look again. Why, the garden returns the biggest income over time, labor and expense of any land on the farm—if it is given a square deal! Figured at the market cost, not selling price, of the things the little quarter-acre patch will produce if well handled, it is safe to put the return somewhere between $100 and $150, using census figures obtained by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as our authority. Do such figures make it seem more worth while? Think the matter over.

Now for the resolutions: Let each farmer raise his right hand and say: "I hereby resolve to do all in my power to improve the kitchen garden on my farm, realizing that it is worth while in dollars and cents; that I will never again consider the garden and its care as belonging entirely to the women folks, but will lend a hand with the heavy work of fertilizing, plowing and crop cultivating and harvesting; that I will see that all tools are repaired, replaced or purchased so that work may progress without interruption; that the surrounding fence will be rebuilt if necessary so that the hens will not become a nuisance and a source of damage; and that I will take an active interest in the selection of garden seeds at an *early date* from a *reputable* seed house, such as those which advertise in COMFORT, thus assuring high germination, trueness to type and variety, purity, vitality and desirability, thus assuring successful gardening.

Preventing Apple Scald

People who sleep in unventilated rooms often wonder why they catch cold "when there wasn't a least bit of draft." The truth is that they are poisoning themselves in the gases exhaled in their own breath, their vitality is lessened and their resistance to germ diseases of all kinds is undermined. Fresh air is the secret of health, nor can the human body perform up to its full efficiency if it is denied a free circulation of air during the night as well as the day.

But it had not occurred to fruit raisers that the same underlying cause was to blame for the spoiling of apples in storage until scientists of the Department of Agriculture investigated and found that losses due to apple scald could be greatly reduced or entirely prevented by ventilating storage cellars and cold-storage rooms. In fact, this disease, which becomes apparent in stored apples when the skin turns brown, is caused by gases which are "breathed" out by the apples themselves.

Experiments proved that when apples were wrapped in paper impregnated with certain fats or oils that absorb the gases, the loss was either prevented or greatly reduced. Ordinary paraffin wrappers had little or no preventive value, however. It was also found that mature fruit scalds less than immature, but that fruit just changing from green to yellow scalded even worse than the fully ripe or the very green. Well-colored red fruit was found to be practically immune, but apples from irrigated regions scalded worse than those from unirrigated orchards. Ventilated barrels showed much less scald than unventilated barrels or boxes, provided the room was ventilated, the difference ranging from 20 to 30 per cent. in favor of ventilated barrels. Apples near aisles and doors spoiled less than those placed close to walls and in corners where fresh air could not easily reach. Perhaps the most important discovery, however, was that agitation of air in the storage room was even more effective than renewing air by opening windows or bringing in outside air in other ways. When fans were so arranged as to keep the same air constantly in motion at all times, losses of stored apples were negligible.

Boys' and Girls' Clubs

Of all the worthy movements started within recent years, perhaps none has made such remarkable growth and to such fine purpose as farm boys' and girls' clubs. From a small beginning some ten years ago under the fostering guidance of the Department of Agriculture, club work has far exceeded the fondest hopes of its most ardent supporters. The underlying idea when clubs were first formed was that the enlightenment of young life on the farms might materially affect farm practices and create a growing and valuable interest in farm life. Today we find farm boys' and girls' clubs in almost every state and district of the United States with a total membership of some 500,000, and evidence is ever at hand to show that the movement has been productive of results measurable in dollars and cents, improved farm practices, increased interest in farming on the part of the growing generation, and no doubt a greater inclination to remain on the farm.

A generation or two ago the secrets underlying crop culture, field management, feedlot methods —the many details of diversified farming—were hardly realized and hazily understood. The growing youth had little or no idea of just what the farm offered in the form of a future life work. But now, through club work, boy and girl members acquire information and display initiative which is a never-ending source of joy and surprise to their elders.

Boy and girl club workers of today are business men and women in the making. Clubs elect their own officers and at the regular meetings all matters of importance are discussed and handled in a strictly businesslike manner. To hear such topics as the proper rations for hogs, sheep and cattle, methods of canning fruits and vegetables, care of baby chicks, crop rotation and farm accounting, and any number of other worthy subjects all discussed and debated by "youngsters" hardly well started in their 'teens, is something to gladden the hearts of fond parents anywhere.

In a census taken at the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago, it was found that the combined wealth of the 253 club members who attended was $300,000, the entire sum of which had been earned through club work of some sort. That boys and girls who grow to early manhood and womanhood as club members are interested in acquiring a good education is proved by the fact that in one year 1,800 of them entered colleges or universities to take courses in agriculture or home economics—courses designed to better equip them for work in the country.

Are we over-optimistic in feeling that the future rural life will be brightened and bettered by their activity? We think not. Equipped with facts about the farm and the farm home and problems that it has not been the privilege of their parents to study and solve, club members of today are destined to be a great force for good in community life and upbuilding of the future. Lessons learned first in the clubs, later in schools and colleges, are a safe foundation upon which to build men and women of intelligence and strong character—future leaders in agriculture, the world's greatest industry.

Why Use Purebred Sires?

When purebred sires are used to improve farm livestock the offspring is more salable than that of scrub, grade or crossbred sires and brings nearly 50 per cent. greater returns. This percentage was brought out by the answers received to a questionnaire sent out by the Department of Agriculture to several hundred farmers living in all parts of the country. It also showed conclusively that purebred livestock in general has about 40 per cent. greater earning power than scrub stock, apart from its breeding or sale value. The improvement is most readily noticeable in dairy cattle and poultry, probably because it is easier to measure their production than the production of other kinds of farm animals.

But have you ever considered this side of the matter? The use of the purbred sire has a desirable psychological effect. Boys may well leave a poorly equipped farm populated with scrub stock, but they will be anxious to remain on a farm where purebred, attractive animals are kept at a profit—to be handed down to posterity as a nucleus around which future success may be built. The environment grows to be in good keeping with the good quality of the livestock found upon the farm. The farmer himself becomes a better citizen and a better business man. Because of his success and foresight he is respected and looked to as a leader in his community. His enlightenment is reflected in the modern conveniences about the home and farm, better social and family life, and better education for his children. Purebred stock has paid his mortgage, put money in the bank, and returned to him his self-respect, and he is willing to give it credit for having done so.

If purebreds did nothing more than help keep farm boys and girls on the farm it would pay its own way, but it does far more than that. It returns profits where scrub stock is a loss producing liability.

Milk Facts

Gradually we are awakening to the true value of milk as a food, but "better late than never." We have long known that milk is a perfect food for the very young; now we are coming to realize that it is a valuable supplement to the ordinary diet of adults, also. It is not a beverage like tea or coffee; it carries important food constituents. The energy contained in a quart of milk is about equal to a pound of lean steak or to eight eggs. Whether it is used in the form of whole milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk or cheese, milk furnishes a protein which seems to be just what the body needs.

Milk makes good the mineral deficiencies in the ordinary diet. Grains and potatoes are notoriously poor in their content of chlorine, calcium and sodium; milk makes up for this shortage. It also is rich in vitamines, those newly discovered health-producing and growth-promoting substances indispensable to life. These things fully understood, milk should therefore be used more liberally both as a drink and in cookery.

Here is an illustration of the hold milk drinking is gaining in the cities, not for undernourished school children where it has long been employed with fine results, but for adults. At the Chicago headquarters of Montgomery, Ward & Co., milk is purchased by the company and served at the rate of one glassful twice a day to each of the 7,000 employees. Is it not likely that a business concern of this size knows that it is getting value received for the money thus spent?

The English Broad Bean

A highly welcome new addition, known as the English broad or Windsor bean, has recently been made to the list of garden beans available for planting in the cooler northern portion of this country. It is particularly well suited to regions where the season is usually late, cool and rainy during the planting season, with hot and dry weather following about the time the young plants get a good start. Such conditions prevail in the states bordering on the Great Lakes and the upper Atlantic seaboard, and here the broad bean has been

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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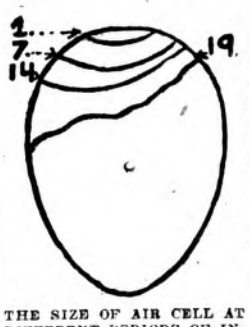


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Care of Eggs for Hatching

OF course there is no longer any question about the advisability of using an incubator to do the hatching, if one desires to achieve success with poultry. Hens cannot be relied upon to set early in the season, and it is the early hatched chick which develops into the early laying pullet and the early broiler or fryer. Every one knows that eggs in the early winter bring the highest price, and that the price of young table birds is higher in May and June than at any other season. There really is not as much time or trouble in running an incubator as there is in looking after ten hens who are setting, and at the very best, could only hatch out one hundred and thirty chicks, while an incubator holding three hundred eggs, at the very least estimate, would give one hundred and fifty chicks, and an ordinary hatch would produce two hundred and twenty-five; and that just when they are most valuable, instead of having to wait for old hens to get broody. Many of our readers write to me each year about poor hatches that they have had in incubators. Even at the cost of being considered unkind, I must say that in most cases they are to blame, not the incubators. The modern incubator is a wonderfully simple machine, and works almost automatically, but it has its limitations. First of all, it is inanimate, and can't cackle or make a noise when left without oil or sufficient ventilation, as any old biddy can, and does if she is not supplied with feed and water at regular intervals. Then another point in which the incubator is even more often badly treated, is the quality and age of the eggs intrusted to it to hatch. On a farm, there are seldom more than two or three hens wanting to hatch at the same time, therefore the eggs given to them are only from five to twenty-four hours old, whereas in the case of an incubator, they are often as many days old, because few farm flocks are laying very heavily in February and March, so eggs have to be saved and held over until enough can be collected to fill a machine, and even the smallest incubators take about sixty eggs. Now, keeping eggs for two or even three weeks does not matter at all if they are kept in the right way, and carefully selected. But, as a matter of fact, not half the eggs put into a machine on a farm are in a condition to hatch. Professional poultry keepers know the importance of mating, feeding, and care of the egg before it is put into a machine or under a hen; the amateur, as a rule, ignores all these points, and then blames the incubator for a poor hatch.

Mating and feeding of breeding stock we have gone into pretty fully in the fall numbers of COMFORT, so we will now take up the matter of keeping and selecting eggs. First of all, as many diseases are transmitted through the medium of the egg, it is important that the breeding stock should be in good health. Second, there must be a sufficient number of male birds running with the hens for ten days before the eggs are to be saved for hatching. Nests must be cleaned, and the nesting material fresh. Old musty hay or other such material is sure to be infested with spores which cling to the shell of eggs and inoculate the chicks with disease germs even before they are hatched.



THE SIZE OF AIR CELL AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF INCUBATION. 1. THE FRESH EGG SEVEN DAYS AFTER INCUBATION STARTS, 14 DAYS LATER, THE 19TH DAY.

Fourth, eggs must be collected several times a day in cold weather to prevent them being chilled. Fifth, eggs must be kept in an even temperature of about 65 degrees, and placed in wire trays or shallow boxes filled with bran. They should be placed small end down, and turned over every day if kept more than forty-eight hours. And last, before filling the incubator, the eggs should be carefully sorted and tested.

While testing of incubation eggs generally refers to tests made on the seventh and 14th days, it is well also to make a pre-incubation test. The candling is done in a small, dark room, or in the cellar, where eggs are quickly placed before a shaded light and the inferior ones removed. In the pre-incubation test there should be removed (1) any eggs with weak or defective shells, such as those containing blind chicks, (2) any eggs with bloody yolks, or albumen, or interiors abnormal in appearance, indicating bacterial infection, (3) or any eggs with abnormally darkened yolks or enlarged air cells indicating too much age or improper care since being laid. Many poor hatches would be prevented if the eggs going into the incubator were more critically scrutinized and the poor ones eliminated. If eggs found to be in the above classes are incubated they should be plainly marked or recorded and their condition noted at the final judgment day (twenty-first day).

What is known as the first test during incubation is usually performed on the fifth or sixth day for white eggs, and on the seventh or eighth day for brown eggs. The reasons for testing the eggs at the end of the first week are as follows: (1) to know the degree of the fertility of the breeders at the earliest date possible, especially in the early part of the incubation season. Perhaps changes in males will be necessary, and a week or two is invaluable at this season; (2) to remove the infertile eggs, which, if carefully tested, have a relatively low market value when sold for household or bakery cooking; (3) to remove blood rings and other forms of dead germs, that the contents of the egg may not deteriorate and cause bad odors to be given off in the incubator; (4) if infertiles and dead germs are removed early it not only makes the turning of the eggs more easy, but prevents an unrepresentative temperature being indicated by a contact thermometer which would be influenced by the cooler eggs.

With a little practice one can easily recognize the infertile eggs since the interior appears perfectly clear when placed before the candle. The dead germs appear as a lifeless mass sometimes floating and sometimes stuck to the shell membranes. Other dead germs appear as blood rings, in some the dead mass appearing in the center of the ring and in others showing only the blood ring, as the germs died very early. The live germs appear as large spiders with blood red bodies. The body part is the developing germ and multiplicity of legs in the circulation system, gathering food and oxygen for the embryo chick.

The second test is made about the fourteenth day. At this time any germs that have died since the seventh day test should be removed. These may be recognized by the absence of visible blood vessels and interlining pink membranes, by the smallness of the germ, and by the general sick appearance of the contents in contrast with the healthy appearance of a live germ. A well-developed germ will also cause the larger portion of the egg to appear more opaque.

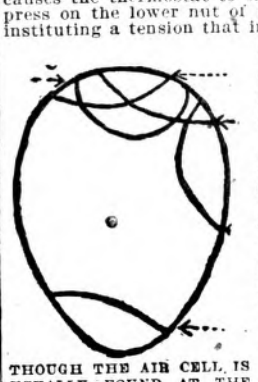
our special needs, it is well to send for it as quickly as possible, as there is always a great rush for machines early in the spring, and unless your order is in early, you may have to wait some time. The next point is to decide where you are going to locate the machine when it arrives. The cellar is the best place, because the temperature varies there less than in any other part of the house; but if for any reason the cellar is not available, a room on the north side of the house is the next best place.

Most of the modern wooden machines are sent out in a half knockdown condition, to lessen the freight expense, and also because they can be packed more securely. The firms send printed instructions for setting up and running, also the necessary screws for attaching the fixtures, but they don't emphasize all the important points quite strongly enough for amateurs. For instance, most people can't drive a screw home accurately, and fail to realize that if the head is slightly to the right or left, it throws the fixture which is being attached to the machine out of plumb, and when lamps and regulating apparatus are concerned, that is disastrous, if not fatal. I suffered rather heavily through neglect of this point, and for that reason warn others. It is so easy to get some handy man or boy to help you, and it may save a lot of trouble and disappointment. Next, the machine must stand perfectly level, or the heat will not be distributed evenly throughout the egg chamber; so it is well to borrow a carpenter's spirit level, instead of trusting to appearances.

But it is not until it comes to adjusting the thermometer that goes inside of the machine to the regulating arm that fits into the pivot at the top of the machine that extreme accuracy is necessary. There is a wire connecting rod which runs through and connects, and on whose nicety of responsiveness to pressure depends the self-regulating possibilities of the modern incubator. Unless its passage through the several attachments is uniformly even and free from friction, the value of the thermometer is lost. This will be obvious when the method of controlling heat is understood.

The thermostat is composed of a combination of such metals as aluminum and steel. Being extremely sensitive to heat, it expands and contracts to every fluctuation of heat within the incubator. The regulator arm has a counterbalance ball at one end and a metal disk at the other, and when it rests on the pivot which is fixed at the top of the machine, the disk should be suspended directly over the lamp chimney. The connecting rod has two nuts at the top, and one at the lower end; the latter is removed entirely, and the former loosened to the extremity of the rod before it is run through the regulator arm and pivot on the exterior, and through the hot air space and thermostat in the interior of the machine, at which point the lower nut is replaced and screwed up to hold the thermostat closely against the burlap ceiling to the chamber.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to 102½ degrees, the top or regulating nut on the connecting rod, immediately above the regulator arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one-fourth of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers and expert operators as being the most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat.



THOUGH THE AIR CELL IS USUALLY FOUND AT THE LARGE END OF THE EGG IT MAY OCCASIONALLY BE FOUND IN ANY ONE OF THE POSITIONS SHOWN ABOVE.

Reverse the conditions to a dying lamp or a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator arm to resume a normal balance, which permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before starting depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

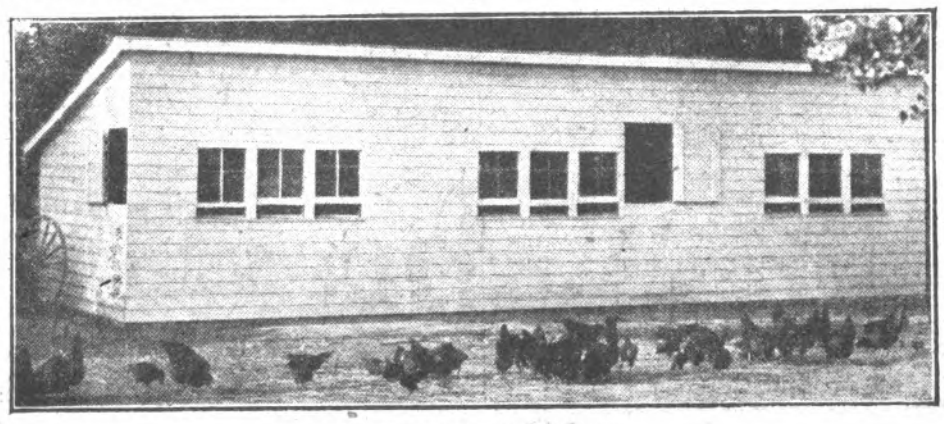
The incubator being properly located, fill the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of 102½ degrees, with a disk one-fourth of an inch above the lamp chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

The main points to remember in running an incubator are: First, temperature. The best temperature is known to be from 102 to 103 degrees on the fertile egg. A great variation from this, either high or low, not only reduces the number of chicks hatched, but reduces the vigor and fertility of those which get out of the shell. A high temperature running continuously throughout the hatch results in an early hatch, and is apt to be accompanied by weak youngsters, while a low temperature results in a prolonged hatch and poor results. An ideal hatch is one which, due to uniform temperature, starts on or about the twentieth or twenty-first day, and is completely over within from twelve to twenty-four hours.

A second factor, of equal importance in the management of the incubation, should be the supplying of fresh air. The growing embryo needs a full supply of oxygen, without which the embryo cannot grow normally. This oxygen can best be supplied to the egg by causing fresh, pure air to flow into the machine and into the air chamber. This ventilation, as it is called, must take place continuously, but without any rapid movement would cause a too rapid evaporation of the egg content.

Another consideration of equal or greater importance is the necessity of maintaining the moisture at such a point that excessive evaporation will be prevented. If, due to dry atmospheric conditions, evaporation takes place rapidly, much of the contents of the egg, which otherwise would go into the chick, is given off into the air, and the result is undersized chickens at hatching time. The big, heavy, fluffy youngsters can only be produced where a fairly high humidity is contained

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)



A WELL-PLANNED CHICKEN-HOUSE.

A third test on the eighteenth day is advisable if one intends to pedigree hatch, as this will save, especially in the early season, extra labor on chicks that will only remain in the shells. With brown eggs it is more difficult to distinguish the dead germs, especially if the previous tests have been properly done. Usually, however, there will be, especially with weak, or late dead germs, an area of membranes near the air cell which is not covered with the shadow of the embryo. If such an area is seen, one can readily tell whether or not life exists, by the presence of blood vessels in the area. Generally the darker in appearance on the eighteenth day and the more completely the egg is filled to the air cell, resulting in opaque appearance, the stronger and better the embryo. In case of doubt the egg should always be retained.

After selecting the egg, of course, comes the incubator which is to do the hatching. Having decided on the size of the machine best adapted to



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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

grown on a small scale for some years, but only during the past season or two has it come into prominence due to several reasons which recommend it highly as a garden crop. In southeastern Canada it has been largely grown for many years, succeeding well in the gardens of English and Scotch farmers whose ancestors no doubt brought over from the "old country" both the beans and the taste for the crop, for the British housewife makes good use of the broad beans in soups and many other ways.

The broad bean resembles the Lima in size, shape and general appearance; it may also be cooked in the same way, served as a side dish with melted butter, or included in vegetable soup where it gives both flavor and body. This bean is the hardiest member of the bean family, growing where Limas do not flourish either due to short or cool weather. The plants grow as bushes about three feet in height, seem to do well on either sandy or clay soil, survive late springs with excess rainfall, but also resist considerable summer drought.

Value of Green Manuring

Green manuring is an old farm practice that is coming to be more fully appreciated and understood. By green manuring we mean the turning under of any crop, either while still green or shortly after ripening, for the purpose of soil improvement. With the single exception of dry farming in semi-arid regions, where moisture is too scarce to quickly rot the turned-under crop, green manuring can be employed to advantage throughout the country. Particularly is this true in irrigated sections where both orchards and truck gardens show increased production after green crops have been turned under.

When a green manure crop is plowed under, the various fertilizing elements that have contributed to its growth are returned to the soil, and a quantity of organic matter not formerly present in the soil is added. The physical condition or tilth of the soil is also improved. One of the most important functions of organic matter in the soil is to keep up the nitrogen supply; this is brought about by the action of nodule bacteria upon the roots of legume crops, and also by other soil bacteria and molds which feed upon plant waste in the soil itself.

Legumes are the most satisfactory crop for green manuring under most conditions, with alfalfa, vetches, field and garden peas, soy and velvet beans, and the various clovers—red, white, crimson, alsike, sweet and bur—from which to choose.

The question often arises whether a crop should be turned under for green manure, fed on the farm, or sold for hay. When a forage crop can be grazed to advantage and the manure returned to the land, this will be found most profitable. Where insufficient livestock is kept, or where the soil is poor and in need of organic matter, a green crop may often be worth more if turned under. It is an established fact that the turning under of a green crop increases the yields of subsequent crops for at least two and sometimes three years.

High Yielding Cows Most Profitable

Cows that produce milk and butterfat in large quantities consume large amounts of feed, and sometimes we wonder if they are producing in proportion to the amounts they eat. A study of the records of 96 cow testing associations located in various parts of the country show that they do, and that those with the keen appetites and the roomy paunches bring in higher incomes over feed cost than do the scanty producers, regardless of breed, age, weight, date of freshening and the region in which they are kept.

According to figures based on 18,014 yearly individual cow records, as butterfat production increased from 100 to 400 there was a regular increase of about $16 in income over feed cost per cow for every 50 pounds of increase in average production of butterfat. As the yield of butterfat increased from 109 to 396 pounds, the returns above the dollar expended for feed increased from 35 cents to $1.52.

The cows having an average milk production of 3,250 pounds showed an average income of $42.25 over cost of feed, while those producing 13,250 showed an average income of $218.19 over feed cost. The cows in the latter group produced about four times as much as those in the other group, and their average income over cost of feed was *nearly seven times as great.* The increase in income above feed cost grew regularly with the increase in production. These records show that it pays well to put feed into the big producers, even though they are big eaters, for they certainly turn the excess of feed to good use—and into dairy dollars.

Silos Have Great Value

Dairymen, and cattle feeders everywhere for that matter, have learned that the silo combines more good things and brings greater profits than any other building on the farm. Even in regions where corn cannot be matured, and where other crops such as sunflowers, peas and oats mixed, or even legumes must be utilized, the silo is making strong friends. Still we find some farmers who refuse to "see the light" and build a silo, believing that silage "sours the cows' stomachs," but it is surprising how many of these men are changing their views. Dollars talk, and they see their neighbors making more money with their silos; finally they, too, fall in line.

Here are some of the reasons why silos have come to stay: They provide a cheap and convenient place in which to store the corn crop; help utilize cheap roughage; make it possible to keep more stock on the farm, which means more manure for the land, better crops and bigger profits; insure a supply of succulent feed throughout the winter and during dry spells when pastures fail; provide a balanced ration when fed with alfalfa, clover, bran, cottonseed meal and other protein feeds. Furthermore, the silo provides a means of saving corn that has been frosted. It also takes care of the crop and clears the land for early fall plowing, prevents waste in feeding, keeps stock in good condition, and makes cheaper milk or beef.

Always Dry Your Milk Cans

Because bacteria increase in numbers at such a rapid rate when conditions are favorable, it is necessary not only to kill as many of them as possible by sterilizing in order to keep dairy utensils clean and insure a good product, but utensils must be dried and kept dry so that the organisms which escape death after sterilization will not multiply rapidly. In addition to the proper temperature it is necessary that moisture be present for these germs to grow, but only a very thin film of water is needed to make growth possible. For this reason it is particularly important that all cans be thoroughly dried then kept dry when not in use. In addition, they must be protected from contamination with dust, dirt and flies.

To secure rapid drying the cans must be sterilized with steam or boiling water. If a sterilizer is used the cans may be left in it until time for them to be used again, but there must be some means of ventilation to carry off the moisture. Cans may be set on a rack to dry, but they should be protected from flies and dust, preferably by a well screened milk house.

Experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture show that in milk cans which were covered before being dried the number of bacteria increased 700 times in 24 hours! Milk put into cans in which the bacteria have been permitted to multiply to such an extent will spoil many hours sooner than milk put into cans that were thoroughly dry before being covered. Where the work of drying, a small item in itself, brings such marked improvement in the keeping quality of milk or cream, it is well worth while to pay a little more attention to this matter on all farms where dairy products are handled.

Choosing the Herd Boar

"Select a boar that is at least nine months old" is the best bit of advice we can give. The common practice of buying a weanling pig, with the hope that he will develop into the right sort of breeding animal, is at best a "gamble." Such a pig, no matter how well bred, may develop serious faults or defects before maturity. A boar of nine months is serviceable for light breeding, but should not be much used before he is from twelve to eighteen months old. From then on he is in his prime, and it is foolish to retire a boar that has proved conclusively his prepotency and his ability to get pigs of the desired type just because he is getting old.

In selecting a boar look for strong proofs of masculinity. This is indicated by a strong head; thick, well-crested neck; well-developed, muscular shoulders; stiff bristles and hair that is inclined to be coarser than is found in sows of the same breed. The visible reproductive organs should be well developed, and the young boar with an undescended testicle avoided, as the chances are that he may prove to be either sterile or an uncertain breeder. He should be strongly possessed of meat making qualities, and must have the constitution, vigor and vitality coupled with the activity necessary to get strong, healthy pigs. Quality should not be considered unless combined with size and scale, for the small and over-refined boar is often deficient in masculinity and certainly lacks the ability to transmit good size to his progeny. Strong bone in the feet and legs is important, as the small-boned, weak-tendoned boar will be almost certain to "go over in the pasterns" or "break down" as he increases in weight and age. Select a young boar that "stands well up on his toes" and that has strong, straight legs.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

YELLOW OR WHITE CORN, WHICH?—For years we have raised mostly white corn down here and fed it to our hogs and other stock. Now I hear that yellow corn is a better feed than the white. Is this true, and if so what is the reason? Miss J. T., Mississippi.

ANS.—Scientists have recently proved that yellow corn is a far better feed, especially for pigs under 100 pounds, than is white corn. But when hogs are given free access to green pastures and to legume hay the difference is only slight. The reason for this is that yellow corn is rich in a substance called "vitamine" which produces thrift, normal growth and good health, but white corn is deficient in this same food substance. We know of a case where 60-pound pigs, fed a ration of white corn and skim-milk, developed rickets or what hog men call paralysis or rheumatism. Some of them died. Others quickly recovered when yellow corn was substituted for the white in the ration. When pigs are permitted to graze on succulent green feed, however, the shortage of vitamine seems to be overcome. Therefore, when it is possible to do so, it is best to feed yellow corn to pigs, and for good measure give them access to growing crops as well.

SIPHONING WATER FROM WELL.—I have a spring-fed well situated some 200 feet up a rather steep hillside from my house. Long ago water was carried from this well to the house in pails, but this was a lot of work, so a well was dug in the yard. The newer arrangement is more convenient, but the water is not nearly so good, and the flow is much less. I have often wondered if some kind of a siphon could not be rigged up to pipe the good water from the old well. Water stands in this well about 25 feet from the ground surface, and there is a fall of at least 50 feet to the house. Could such a siphon be arranged to work; if so, how could it be started? E. M. McC., New York.

A.—There is no reason why a siphon could not be installed to bring water down hill from the old well and made to work satisfactorily, as you have a sufficient fall and the lift is not too great if the well water remains no further than 25 feet from the surface when being used. If the level is likely to drop, perhaps it might be best to dig a ditch four or five feet deep up at the well, thus reducing the lift. In fitting the pipe sections together, be sure they make airtight joints to keep out air. Even then air will gradually accumulate in the apex or high point of the curve of the pipe and cut off the water flow. To start water flowing, and to get rid of air and start it over again when that is necessary, an ordinary cistern pump must be connected near the outlet. This will exert sufficient suction to start the flow, when it will run out of a faucet freely.

TO MAKE HOUSE PLANTS BLOOM.—Please tell me if there is anything that will keep house plants green, thrifty, and blooming during the winter months. I have a house plant that buds, but just as the buds are about to open they fall off.

MRS. A. A., Clinton, Maine.

A.—Very likely your house plants bud but fail to bloom because they are potted in the fall and brought into the warm indoor temperature suddenly. The sudden change stimulates leafy growth, but greatly interferes with proper and profuse blooming. If house plants such as geraniums for instance, are to be kept in the house over winter, follow this plan: In early fall cut the plants back to two or three strong healthy shoots, transplant into *small* pots giving only sufficient room for the roots without any great amount of soil, then set the pot back into the ground. Leave plants thus until danger of frost is threatening. Take plants into some comparatively cool place, such as the cellar, and set them where they will get some light, but not direct warm sunlight. Leave them here until about Thanksgiving then bring them up-stairs, setting them first in a cool place such as a north window, then moving them along toward Christmas into a warm place in the sunlight. Here they will soon make buds and bloom profusely throughout the remainder of the winter.

SUBSTITUTE FOR PUMPKIN.—At present I am feeding my cows, as a regular ration, corn stover, hay, a complete dairy feed and an amount of home-ground chops of oats and rye mixed. In addition to this each cow gets one bushel of pumpkins. Since feeding the pumpkins the milk and butter fat have increased wonderfully, but as my supply of pumpkins is about out I would like to have you suggest something to take their place. J. R., Fairview, Pa.

A.—To suggest something to take the place of pumpkins in your ration is easy for us, but no doubt would be difficult for you to follow at this season of the year. That dairy cows need succulence is fully proved by the increase in production resulting from feeding pumpkins. Silage is the best and cheapest succulent feed; root crops are second. It is too late to grow either this year, but not too late to plan on next year's feeding needs. If silage or roots cannot be bought at a reasonable figure in your locality, about your only alternative is to supply either clover or alfalfa hay in quantity. Also feed wheat bran mash including oil meal and a little molasses. Give cows free access to salt at all times, and all the fresh drinking water they will drink. And next year build a silo by all means.

PREVENTING TREE BORERS.—Please tell how to rid trees of boreworms also what to do to prevent the worms from boring into other trees. They are boring into my Norway maples and cork-bark elm. After the borers get to work in a tree it rots away.

F. W. D., Nampa, Idaho.

A.—In general we are almost helpless against boring larvæ once they get into the trunks of trees. About all that can be done is to cut out and burn the worst trees or branches, then strive to prevent further spread to sound trees. Thorough whitewashing offers a large measure of protection if thoroughly and frequently performed during the early spring months, as the adult insects will not voluntarily eat through a coat of it to deposit their eggs and the newly-hatched larvæ cannot penetrate through it into the tree when they are first hatched. Whitewash, preferably containing some glue or salt to make it stick better, may be applied with any power spraying outfit to the trunk and all larger branches. For safety renew it every two weeks until the middle of July. A strong fish oil soap spray, made with one pound of soap to the gallon of water, is also widely and successfully used instead of the whitewash which we have advised. The addition of crude carbolic acid at the rate of one ounce to the gallon of suds makes an even more effective repellent mixture, but it should never be sprayed upon the leaves or small tender twigs. Orchard trees may be protected by having wire netting or tarred paper wrapped around the trunks, but for larger trees such as maples or elm this method would hardly serve. As the sprays we have outlined are really preventive or repellent rather than destructive to either the larvæ or adult borers, success will be measured in proportion to the thoroughness and persistence with which the work is performed. From our own experience we know that the one way to get the upper hand over borers is to "keep everlastingly at 'em."

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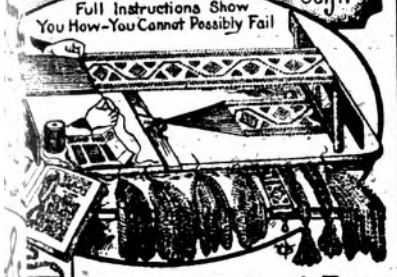
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

HAPPY New Year, girls! It doesn't seem possible that twelve months have passed since I said it last time, does it? but that's because we have been busy, and more and more every day I realize the blessedness of work. It's the best little panacea for trouble and temptation that I know of,—not that I'm troubled much with either. Bear in mind that somebody, Ben Franklin, I think it was, said, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." I know another one, sort of an amendment to that: "The successful worker is one who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it or not." I don't believe I am a successful worker.

MRS. P., Pennsylvania.—A gossiping woman does more harm in a community than a settlement of fat, healthy typhoid germs. You can fight against the germs and inoculate people against typhoid but no one has yet discovered an inoculation against gossip. George Eliot said, "As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it," but, unfortunately, not all of us can feel that way. I feel rather as she did, even though I haven't the courage she displayed. In your case, a snappy letter from your lawyer to the gossiping woman might put the fear of the law, at least, into her heart and stop further gossip about your family. Do not write a threatening letter yourself, under any circumstances. If I weren't such a law-abiding citizen myself I'd be in favor of a nice sticky coat of tar, decorated with feathers (very fashionable this year, the feathers, I mean) for malicious gossips, but that isn't right and, besides, there probably wouldn't be feathers enough to go around if all gossips were treated that way. That's how I like 'em.

C. G., Texas.—There seems no reason why you shouldn't wave to a friend when he is too far away to speak to you. Texas has always impressed me as being a friendly state. If you felt sure he wanted to talk with you it was perfectly permissible to wait for him.

MRS. C., Indiana.—It is unfortunate that your husband wasn't more choice of his women associates when he first came to town but don't let that fact or them worry you now. Doubtless he could have married any one of these girls if he had wanted to, but he wanted you instead. Believe in him and trust him and don't be afraid to let him know it. As for their speaking to him, they'll gradually cease when they find it doesn't bother you. Of course you could move away from the town where you are living so that he wouldn't meet these girls, but if there is a doubt in your mind you won't be able to move away from that. If your husband is so weak that he can't withstand temptation he will be tempted just as quickly in a new town, more quickly perhaps for there would be new temptations and if there is anything a man likes better than himself it is a new temptation.

O. W., North Carolina.—It is impossible for me to say whether he loves you or not. I don't believe he knows himself. However, if I were in your place I'd reason thusly: "If I am not necessary to his happiness then he isn't necessary to mine," and act accordingly. Don't give up any good times because he isn't there. It is rather difficult for me to advise you as to work. You see, I don't know whether H——— has one store or twenty. I do advise you, though, to go on with your studies if at all possible. You aren't too old to go to school but if that is out of the question study at home with someone capable of teaching you.

LONESOME GIRLIE, Kentucky.—You may be so "proud and independent" that you frighten away the boys who would like to be more friendly with you, or it may be that your parents have more money and can give you more than they could and they don't feel right about it. Perhaps if you went to the city to work and got away from your home background the men wouldn't be afraid of you,—but it would be well to be a little afraid of the men there. They'll look upon you as a girl who is alone and not as a girl who has a good home and parents and husky brothers to protect her. It makes a difference.

CURLY HAIR AND BLUE EYES, North Carolina.—If you go to church with boys, just as good little girls and boys, then it is all right. If you are regarding the boys as "fellows" then it is all wrong. You are too young for that sort of thing. Wear your hair in a braid or curls down your back and don't try to be so grownup. It is silly.

BROKEN-HEARTED SHORTY, Tennessee.—If I didn't know that at seventeen hearts have a miraculous way of mending themselves I'd feel sorry for you but you'll be all right. Next time don't "fuss" at a man. Men don't like it, particularly if they are to blame. If you were in the wrong tell him so but if he doesn't love you it is better to let the matter drop. Rehashed and warmed over love is never satisfactory.

BELL, Texerkana.—If the "spat" over the length of your skirts was with your mother then she wins. Wear them as she thinks best.

JANIE, Virginia.—I don't know how to make a bashful boy talk unless you have him equipped with strings so that he will say "Papa" and "Mamma" when you pull them.

SUNSHINE, N. J.—There really is no reply to make to your letter only to tell you that I consider you a clever girl to thus carry on your school and housework, and to congratulate you on your choice of a Dad. Read this to him. It ought to be good for a new dress.

FORSAKEN GIRLIE, N. C.—If he really loved and respected you he would have believed in you and not thought it necessary to "try you out." Now that he has found that you aren't as "easy" as he thought you'll probably go on loving him, though it would be a fitting time to drop him. However, suit yourself. (2) Eight years' difference in ages isn't too much, provided you wait until you are 20 and he is 28, but not 16 and 24. (3) Your childish wrong doing shouldn't be held against you now that you are older and know how to behave. Keep on respecting yourself and gradually others will respect you.

CURLY-HEADED RUBYE, Kentucky.—Don't ask me to set a date for your wedding without teling me more about your fiance other than that he is nineteen and as good and true as an angel. I don't know how true angels are, they always looked rather frivolous to me, flying around all the time and playing on a harp. If he has a home of his own to take you to and doesn't expect you to live with his family, and conditions are unpleasant at home, such a youthful marriage might work out all right, but as a rule I'm very "sot" against the idea.

TRY-TO-BE-CHEERFUL, Missouri.—It is very likely that you hurt him by going with another fellow as much as he hurt you by taking another girl out, and you started it. From the friendly coolness of your letters he may think that you no longer care for him. You needn't necessarily ask him to come to see you and your letters needn't be affectionate, but I'm sure you are clever enough to make him suggest coming to see you. If you really feel that your life's happiness is at stake you can afford to humble your pride a little. It is better to do that even if you learn that he doesn't care for you, than to discover in after years that he cared and that only your pride kept you apart. You know, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been."

CAROLINE AND LUCY, Wyoming.—No, it isn't right for girls of sixteen to go to dances and on car rides with strange men, and never with strange men at any age. No, you are not old enough for beaux. I can understand why the other girls called you man haters. That's just the way you impressed me. Can't find your first letter. Maybe I will sometime.

BRUNETTE, Tennessee.—Don't give your studies up now for work or men, and don't marry either of the boys you describe. The first one is too young and the other doesn't sound lucky to me. You'll have heaps better chances to marry later on and be better able to judge men. There's nothing like a business career if you want to study men.

BLONDE, Tennessee.—If you can't be true to each other while you are away during the summer you'd better not marry. Absence is a good test. Every engaged couple should be compelled to stay away from each other three months, at least, before their marriage, and not even correspond. If they did that there would be fewer divorces. (2) Tell your chum if she doesn't care for the fellow and her mother doesn't like him, it would be unkind to encourage him.

MISS M. S., Ohio.—If he said he would write as soon as he got a job and settled down we can only infer that he hasn't got a job or else he hasn't settled down, the latter more likely. His stepmother knows him better than you do so don't take him seriously until he proves that he is serious. This way you'll save yourself much unhappiness.

MISS C., St. Charles, Mich.—To think that I should be dictating styles to St. Charles, Michigan. Makes me feel like a radio. Brown seems to be worn very much this winter, but wear the color that is most becoming to you regardless of whether it is fashionable or not. Anything that looks good is fashionable to my way of thinking. (2) Knickers look better on slim people than on fat ones, if they aren't too slim. (3) A girl should consider well before giving her picture to any man.

Gotta trot along now and buy my valentines.

COUSIN MARION.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

The tones of the instrument inspired her in a moment, and she soon lost all thought of self and her listener in her intense enjoyment of the sounds which her soul so loved to hear.

"Sing something, Meta," whispered Mattie, who had stood by in wondering surprise at her friend's accomplishments, and had only waited for a pause to make her request.

Without a demur, she moderated her touch into an accompaniment, and sang that beautiful little song, "Your Mission," the words of which had been running in her head ever since she had first entered that disagreeable factory.

She sang the first verses beautifully, but the third was too much for her, and ere the second line was finished she broke down utterly, and bowing her head upon the piano, she had to let the bitter tears have their way.

It was a song which Miss Mehetabel had dearly loved, and many times during the past year, when they had been sitting in the twilight together, she had sung it to her.

In a moment she remembered that she was in the presence of a stranger, and almost as suddenly as she had broken down she recovered herself and rising from the piano-stool she signified to Mattie her desire to return home.

Upon the first outbreak of her grief, the old gentleman had retired to the farther side of the room, that his presence need not embarrass her.

He now came forward, and she saw that his own eyes were shining with tears.

He held out his hand to her, and there was a note of tenderness in his voice as he said:

"My young friend, forgive me for taxing your patience and good nature to such an extent, and allow me to say that you have given me more pleasure during this half hour than I have experienced this many a day."

Brownie gave him her hand, and while holding it he asked:

"And now will you allow me just one more question?"

She bowed, wondering what was coming next.

"I do not know what your circumstances may be," he said with a little embarrassment, "but could you be persuaded to teach?"

"Yes, sir, if I could feel satisfied that I was competent to fill the position offered me," Brownie replied frankly.

It had been her desire to teach from the first, but no opportunity had offered and she had resolved to secure the first situation of whatever nature, if honorable, that she could obtain.

"I am happy to hear it," returned the old man. "You ought to be a teacher of languages and music. Now, if you will kindly give me your name and address, I will endeavor to call upon you at an early date and talk with you further regarding the matter."

Brownie did as requested, and did not fail to notice his start of surprise when she mentioned her connection with the firm of Ware & Coolidge, nor the contraction of his finely-shaped brows which followed it.

He then presented his card to her, after which he lifted his hat, and bowed to the girls as if they had been the most aristocratic ladies in the land, and then left them.

Brownie looked at the card.

It bore the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D.

Wondering what object Wm. H. Alcott, M. D., could have in view regarding her, she carefully put the little bit of pasteboard in her pocketbook, and then the two young girls hastened home, arriving there just as their landlady was about locking the doors for the night.

"You're late," she said grimly and with a suspicious look into Brownie's beautiful face, she added: "I don't believe in girls o' your age walking the streets at this time o' night. I only advertise to take respectable boarders."

Brownie's proud spirit boiled at these insulting words, but she did not deign to notice them further than by lifting her proud head a trifle more haughtily as she swept up the stairs to her own room, followed by the more subdued and trembling Mattie.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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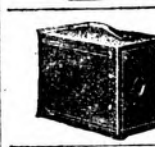
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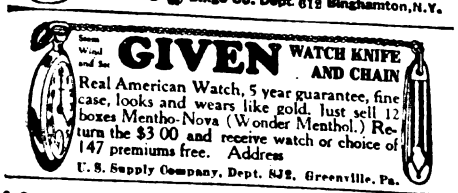
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A. R., Washington.—For your eighth grade Washington's Birthday party, send your invitations out in the form of hatchets about six inches in length, which you have cut from stiff red paper or cardboard. Write on each some little verse such as the following:

"In honor of George Washington, the Father of Our nation,
A party I have planned to give, so here's *your* invitation!"

Follow this with place, date and hour, and sign your name. There are many appropriate games which you might play. One of the most amusing is to distribute stiff paper and pencils and ask each guest to draw some famous event in American history. Allow ten minutes for this, and then have each participant label his sketch, turn down the name he has given it so it cannot be seen, and pass the picture on to his neighbor at the right—who guesses what the drawing means, writes down his guess, turns down the paper again and passes it on to the next. No matter how imperfect or ludicrous the drawing may be, the fun is all the greater. When all the sketches have been passed around, they may be collected, exhibited, and the guesses read aloud, together with a true name given each historical picture by its artist. A game called "Historical Questions" is also interesting. Distribute slips on which ten questions have been written, such as: "Name four signers of the Declaration of Independence. What were the Thirteen Original States? Give three battles of the Revolutionary War." For this game a prize of some book dealing with Washington's life and times might be given to the one making the best record in filling in the answers. Also crayon sketches of ten well-known national flags may be made and exhibited, and a prize of a small silk American flag, or a small bust of Washington given to the young guest, either boy or girl, who most quickly can write the names of all the ten correctly. For your table decorations have a small branch in the center to represent a cherry tree. To this fasten candied cherries and lead from the tree to each place a narrow red ribbon at the end of which is a small red crepe-paper basket containing candied cherries or other sweets. For refreshments, serve cold chicken, hot tea biscuits, potato salad, currant jelly, coffee and cocoa, ice cream and small fancy cakes.

Bobby Dimples, Olympia, Wash.—As your parents have no objections, we see nothing wrong in your going to dances with your married sister as your chaperon. We are taking it for granted that both your sisters and your parents would not allow a girl of sixteen to attend any public dance unchaperoned. (2) Surely no girl needs any rule or course of instruction on how to let a boy know she "cares just lots" for him. This should be easiest thing in the world to let him find out unless he be deaf, dumb and blind. Your mistake is in thinking that because you care "lots," he may have more than friendly feelings in mind. If you have known him all your life he should have had time to let you know his real feelings and you to let him see how much you care. Really it might be the wisest course to let him think you cared *little* instead of "lots." Boys are queer creatures and need as much management as young colts. And this doesn't mean they should be fed too many lumps of sugar!

Uncertain, North Carolina.—It would be the pleasant and proper course to give a kiss as a greeting to those aunts and other feminine kindred whom you have not seen for several years. You need not wait for them to take the first step. Let them know you are fond of them and glad to see them again. Any hesitation in greeting or affection might prove embarrassing to both of you.

N. A., Edgewood, Ga.—Pullman seats are numbered on the side of the car, the figures usually being painted on the panelled woodwork just in front of each seat. A porter should show you to your seat, and if he does not and you are in doubt of being correctly seated, call him and ask for your proper location. (2) Your other inquiry is being answered by mail.

Black Eyes, Liberal, Kansas.—We think it is you who are the one who should be able to tell whether these puzzling remarks made by this boy are only carelessness and ignorance or are deliberately meant to be improper and offensive. We have never heard what he says or how he says it and you have. The repetition of the offense or the circumstances under which it is made should help you to know if it is more than a "bad break." But if you suspect the boy is not all "the soul of kindness and truth that you describe, we think you should promptly take some steps to find this out. Ask others what they know or think about him, for instance, or, better yet, ask him deliberately what some of his remarks mean which you do not like. If able to tell from his answers whether his offenses are "bad breaks" or if you should have a "bad break" with him at once. A little plain speaking never harms.

A. L. C., Williamstown, S. C.—These are the days of feminine independence, and a man and woman walk side by side and not arm in arm—whether they be married or not has no effect on this ruling. A man's arm is not taken by a woman unless in some difficult crowded or dangerous situation when assistance or protection is needed.

B. W. and F. W., Garnett, Kans.—We do not think it would be bad manners for a girl to take a boy aside from a crowd and speak to him alone. Of course the way in which this was done would have much to do with its correctness or impropriety. (2) The remarks you quote are silly and vulgar slang. They should not be used by any girl or boy. If one has nothing better than this in the way of conversation, silence would be decidedly preferable.

A Subscriber, Tennessee.—We think your husband or the girl with whom he is teaching should be able to give you a reasonable explanation as to why he handles the girl's mail and has it come in his care. But you should ask pleasantly and carelessly about this and if an explanation is given we do not think you should consider the practice strange or having a flavor of impropriety. Possibly it is more convenient and safer for her to have her mail come in this manner than to the family with whom she boards. Be careful of making a mountain of suspicion out of what may be a most simple little mole-hill. (2) You should not think it improper of your husband to borrow books of this girl or that she should send to town by him to get books for her. There is no sign of wrong in this. Necessarily by teaching together they have developed some mental interests in common. We do not think you could interfere with such interests or would wisely wish to do it. Of course your letter shows you to be plainly uneasy regarding your husband's daily association with this girl in his work. But if you cannot trust him, your uneasiness will do you little good in the matter. Certainly on the face of your letter you have no cause for taking him to task. Probably he rightly "gets mad" at objections or remarks you may have made in a suspicious or unloving way. Remember you cannot hold a man's love by distrust or demands. If affection is really wandering, which we do not believe, you cannot draw your husband back by voicing suspicion and recrimination. If your husband should care anything for this girl, your only course is to make him care *more* for you. Show him you are better worth caring for. Anger and distrust will never do this and will only push forward what you wish to have cease. But we think your worry is unneeded.

Sunshine, Kentucky.—There would be no harm in your sending a post card of greeting to this young man and then waiting to see if he writes. (2) If you go with this young man to a church social and he is a stranger in your community, necessarily you would introduce him to others of the guests and to your friends. We do not think that you should then "leave him to his fate," as your letter has it. It would be taken for granted that you would be returning together and so you would naturally be more or less his companion through the evening's entertainment. This does not mean, of course, that you might not leave his side, but you would not be either kind or courteous if you dropped him to drown in the strange social sea to which you had taken him. And if there is any young man there for whom you care more, we think he will understand the situation and your responsibility to your household's guest.

P. H., Edgewood, Ga.—Punch is drunk from a cup and is not eaten with a spoon. (2) Say to your hostess at this "linen shower": "Thanks for the delightful time you have given us."

M. E. V., Great Falls, S. C.—If you think you now love this "sailor boy" it should not yet be too late to answer the letter he once sent you. Do this now and see if he responds. We fear he may have found a girl in another port, though, who is a prompter correspondent.

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

"Please, Sir Charles, take my mistress away! I am sure this place is dangerous."

Sir Charles privately agreed with her, but he was not used to dictation from a lady's maid.

"As Miss Hamilton likes," he said stiffly.

Gillian, her eyebrows raised in unspoken question, stared at her maid, who nodded sharply.

"Go back, quick! Get out of the way," she muttered authoritatively, "or you'll ruin us."

"It's not there!" Gillian shook with excitement. "You won't try that?" with a glance at that water that lipped the foot of the wall.

"No, Miss Hamilton!" she bent forward and whispered sharply. "Go away, both of you. Let me alone."

For once she forgot to keep her eyes down. As she drew back Vivian noticed them, darkly blue, imperious. She put her hand out, almost touching him, as if she were an equal.

"If you please, sir, take my mistress away! None of this ground is safe." The words were humble, the tone made them an order. Gillian stepped back.

"She's right," she said. "Come, Sir Charles! Jacky, be careful—please be careful," and not till they were yards away on the muddy path did the amazed Vivian remember that all the time they had talked in whispers.

Round the first turn of the path was a bench. Gillian sat down, and Sir Charles leaned moodily against the embankment. He heard a curious rustling in the branches over by the pool and looked at Gillian.

On an impulse that was to stand her in good stead one day, she put her hand on his arm.

"Sir Charles"—she hesitated—"you think my maid's manner is—you think I can't be quite sensible?"

"I think, if you ask me, honestly, that there is something strange about you both."

Gillian's face was raised, her eyes grown suddenly dark and beseeching, as she looked up at him they filled with tears.

"Can I trust you with a great secret?" she said. "You've seen so much, if I tell you more can you be silent?"

"Forever," stoutly, "if it's your secret!"

"It's this." She looked at his honest eyes and hurried on lest caution might stop her. "I would not tell you, only I know you guess something. My maid is my sister! Mr. Marchmont wouldn't let her come here; wouldn't let me go to her; we had never been parted. So Jacky managed—this! No one, not even Marchmont, has ever suspected her till you did today. You'll think me deceitful, dreadful; but I was so lonely. I couldn't——" Vivian cut her short.

"I think you ought not stay with the man one day longer," he said viciously, longing to take her then and there to his heart and comfort the poor, lonely child whose great secret was so innocent. "From what I've seen of him I think you would be perfectly justified."

He sat down beside her, forgetting even to wonder where the sister had gone, as Gillian in a pitiful whisper, poured out the story of Jacky, her face bleach, her comforting presence in that lonely house.

Not a word of anything else escaped her. Yet something seemed to have holden her trust Vivian, for her own sake and Jacky's, with as much of this secret as she dared tell.

They never thought of Jacky herself, crouched down under the wall, holden utterly by the hanging ivy, waiting breathlessly for something.

For, just at the side of the pool, at the height of a tall man's head in the solid masonry of the embankment, were two long slits that might have been for drainage of the wood above.

Might have been, but assuredly were not, for through them Jacky Hamilton saw in the deep shadow where she stood the quick flash of a light that vanished immediately.

She had found the "other way."—And someone was inside!

TO BE CONTINUED.



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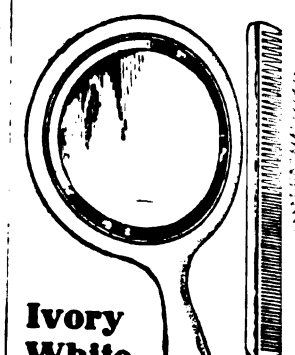
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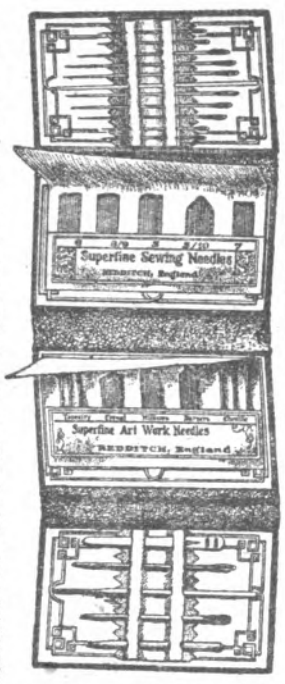
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M. D. A., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we think you assumed the burden of conveying good title to your property when you signed the contract for the sale or exchange of the same, and that if you are now unable to procure all the signatures to the deed to convey good title to the property you are liable to the purchaser for such damage as he has suffered, and to the real estate agent for his commission for making the sale.

MRS. B. F. T., Tennessee.—Upon the death of your husband, without a will, we are of the opinion that in addition to your homestead rights in case your husband leaves a homestead, you will be entitled to dower, unless relinquishd, of a one-third interest for life in the real estate belonging to your husband in both Virginia and Tennessee, and, after payment of debts and expenses from the personal estate, a child's share of such personal estate, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to your husband's children by both marriages.

MRS. C. H. K., Minnesota.—Unless you have been legally adopted by the judgment or decree of some court of competent jurisdiction, we do not think you have any inheritance rights in your foster parents' estates, unless some provision is made for you by will.

MRS. D. P., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive one-half of both the real and personal estate, and in addition thereto certain small allowances from the personal property; we think any vested interest the decedent might have in the estate of an ancestor would be divided as a part of his estate, but we do not think his widow would be an heir or next of kin to his parents, nor have any inheritance rights in their estates, unless he survived them and became vested with an interest in their estates, in which event his widow would receive her share of his interest as well as her share of whatever other property he left.

J. W. McK., Kansas.—If your debtor refuses or neglects to pay his indebtedness to you it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to enforce the payment of the debt; if, however, he has no property you will be unable to collect.

P. W., Oregon.—We do not think your parents have any legal right to compel you to marry the man of their selection, but we think their consent is necessary for you to marry the man of your own selection if you are under 18 years of age.

MRS. J. B. H., Missouri.—We think your mother's will should have been probated at once after her death, and if your brother has held same from the records for 18 months after her death, you should bring a proceeding against him to compel him to file same.

MISS R. S., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an application should be made to your local courts for the appointment of a committee or guardian to attend to the business affairs of the man who has become mentally incompetent; we do not think his wife has any legal right to sign his name to check or drafts for the drawing of his bank accounts without such an appointment.

V. W., Texas.—We think you should have an examination made of the records of the county in the state where the property you mention is situated in order to determine the name of the present title holder.

MISS E. S., South Carolina.—If your cousin refuses or neglects to repay the money he borrowed from you, we think it will be necessary for you to sue him to enforce the payment of the same.

MRS. A. E. H., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against a verbal contract express or implied written four years, but that a new promise, a payment on account or any other evidence of indebtedness after the debt is barred revives it, and that the statute ceases to operate while the plaintiff labors under a legal disability or while defendant absents or conceals himself; under the laws of Wyoming, we think the statute of limitations against an action on a contract not in writing runs within eight years, but on foreign claims, judgments, or contracts, express or implied, contracted or incurred before the debtor becomes a resident of the state, actions must be commenced within five years after the debtor shall have established a residence in the state, with the provisions as to revival disabilities and absentees as above set forth. We think in both states the time limit specifies different periods for other causes of action.

M. J., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the estate of an intestate (person dying without a will) descends to the surviving wife or husband where no child nor descendants of a child are left by such intestate.

J. N., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions for injury wrongfully done to the person where the injury does not result in death must be brought within two years.

MRS. W. S., Iowa.—Under the laws of California, we are of the opinion that all property, both real and personal, of either husband or wife, owned before marriage, and all acquired afterwards by gift, bequest, devise or descent, with the rents, issues and profits thereof, is separate property, and may be sold, conveyed, mortgaged, encumbered or assigned without the consent of the other spouse; but all other property acquired after marriage by either husband or wife, or both, including real property situated in this state, and personal property wherever situated, acquired while domiciled elsewhere, which would not have been the separate property of either if acquired while domiciled in this state, is community property, and the husband has the management and control of such community personal property with power of disposition, other than testamentary, as of his separate estate, except that he cannot dispose of same without valuable consideration, or sell or encumber household furniture or wearing apparel of the family without written consent of the wife; and the husband has the control of the community real property, but the wife must join in any instrument conveying or encumbering any interest greater than a lease for one year. (2) We think your creditor is entitled to the cash payment of your debt to him, unless he is willing to accept the property you mention in payment of such debt.

MISS I. G., Texas.—We think a marriage between an uncle and niece is prohibited by the laws of every state in the United States.

I. G., New Mexico.—We do not think there is any law prohibiting your living alone with your small son upon your property if you desire to do so; we think it may be unwise for a woman and small child to do so in case your house is in a poorly settled locality, and that you should consider both yourself and child before making such a decision.

MRS. H. M., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that property in your state, real and personal, of residents or non-residents, dying without a will, descends and is distributed, when there is no child nor descendant of a child and no widow or surviving husband, to the parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants equally, allowing each of the parents, if living, a child's part, or the survivor a double portion; and if there is no parent living, then to the brothers and sisters and their descendants.

MRS. O. B. P., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that the parents are liable for the payment of a bill for medical services rendered their adult children unless such parents have obligated themselves for the payment of the same or unless such adult child has always been a physical or mental incompetent.

G. O. B., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived your father in order to have acquired a vested interest in his property, and upon her death during his lifetime you acquired no interest therein except that you still are entitled to a child's share of his estate, unless cut off by will, in case you survive him.

M. W., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age by the laws of Missouri, Illinois, Ohio or Arkansas.

D. R., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband has no interest in your property during your lifetime except that you cannot sell or mortgage your real estate without his consent, and that in case he survives you he is entitled to his inheritance rights in your estate.

MRS. J. T. S., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if you survive your husband and he leaves no will, you and such of the children as may be infants will receive an exemption of $750 from the personal property, and in addition thereto you will receive one-half of the surplus of the personal estate after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance going to his children by both marriages in equal shares. Your separate property will not be distributed as his estate.

MRS. A. F., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, and in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, we do not think your husband can substantiate a charge against you for the support of your child by a former marriage. (2) We think you should have made an agreement in writing as to the conditions of the transfer of your real estate to your husband.

MRS. M. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that life insurance, upon the death of the insured, becomes payable to the beneficiary named in the policy, so that a policy payable to the insured or to his estate upon his death becomes an asset of his estate, and the proceeds thereof could be applied to the payment of his debts, but if the insured had named his wife or mother as the beneficiary such beneficiary would upon his death become entitled to the proceeds of the policy and the same would not be a part of the insured's estate. Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary for the release of her inchoate right of dower in the conveyance of real estate by the husband.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

and for sale. This is a new country and people come and go. There's plenty of work in camps, and as housekeepers for women. The climate is healthy, lots of game. Wages are good and if a man isn't afraid of work and wants a start it is a good place. There is a school at Lost Lake and a store. There's lots of land with wild hay and part can be cleared and planted to grain. Write to the Land Office at Peace River, Alta., for maps and information. Please don't write to me for any more information; otherwise I would love to hear from you but I can't promise to answer personally. Anyone wishing to come up here could write to The Immigrant Agent, Portal, Can., Alta., for settlers' rates and half-fare ticket information. When in Portal and Edmonton or Lethbridge, inquire for the Immigrant Hall, where one can stay until your train goes. The best time to come is in the spring, not later than March as the roads get too soft. The winter is the best time to get out logs for buildings. Automobiles can come as far as Edmunton, but will have to be shipped 300 miles to Peace River, which is a small town. The trees here are birch, spruce, alders, tamaracks and poplars. Some lakes have fish. A homestead consists of 160 acres. A widow with dependent children can file. Take from three to five years to prove up. Land improved sells for $1,000 to $8,000, unimproved from $800 to $1,100 per 160 acres.

MRS. A. M. ALLEN.

ALPENA, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I never will be able to express how happy I was to find my letter in the Sisters' Corner in the October number of our dear COMFORT. I was almost discouraged and thought my letter went into the waste-basket for I sent it quite a while ago. Thank you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, for your kind answer to my letter. I am so glad to be welcome among the sisters and how I would love to know our "mother" for isn't Mrs. Wilkinson like a mother to us?

I have received hundreds of letters from the the sisters but cannot answer all of them. I want to tell them through COMFORT that I did enjoy reading the letters and am sorry I cannot answer every one of them. I answered quite a number and made some good pen friends all over the United States.

We left the farm and are now living in a little town of about 15,000 inhabitants, named Alpena. My husband did not like farming very well and thought we would do better in town. Alpena is situated on the Lake Huron shore and is a neat little town. There is a big cement factory that employs about 3,000 men.

With best love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

FRENCHIE.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for over a year and like very much to read the sisters' letters. Some of the writers seem to have such good educations and I have so little that it makes my heart ache. I am married and the mother of two little daughters, the oldest nine and the youngest six and both are in school. The older one is in the fourth grade and would you believe it, I am so poorly educated that I cannot help her with her lessons and it causes me many a heartache. My husband has a common school education and has to help the children with their lessons, especially arithmetic, as I know nothing about it. I can change money very well and add a little and that's about all. Often at night when my husband is busy he will tell the little girls to get their mother to help them with their lessons and the oldest one wil say, "Now daddy, you know mother doesn't know anything about this," and it hurts me to have her say it, and it does make her feel big that she is wiser than mother.

If parents would only realize the need of it they would make every effort to educate their children. My father is a well-educated man but my mother died when I was four years old and father married a young girl and she had children very fast and that kept my sister and me at home to care for the babies. I went to school only part of three winters and I was married when I was fifteen. I have been married ten years and never before realized how much I needed an education until the last two years. Since I have been married my father has gone in business for himself and that has brought all of us up in the social circle of this little town and I am always in fear that I will be called upon to do something I can't, so you see my life isn't as happy as it would be if I had more education. I can talk well and have good manners and some of my best friends would not believe this letter if they should read it.

I would like to hear from someone who could tell me some way I might educate myself.

UNEDUCATED MOTHER.

WEBBER'S FALLS, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. W. AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in for a few minutes? I am a wheel-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. JD-46, Greenville, Pa.

The Years Between

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

her dead body he called God's bitterest curse down on me. Then he took you and disappeared and we hunted everywhere we thought we had a clue; but at last I hold you in my arms, they are old and weak now but loving, oh! so loving; and we do not even know your name." She patted his smooth, dark face with her thin, shaking hands and tried to cuddle his head against her as if in reality it were that long lost baby she was holding.

"I was christened Elmo Clary Egle. I did not know what the Clary stood for until just before Elspeth died. Then she told me that my mother named me before I was born, so sure was she of the sex of her baby, and if it had not been for Elspeth I would never have known but that grandfather was my father. I looked like him and was always so large for my age that no one ever doubted my parentage. But Elspeth thought I should know the truth so she told me everything. She said my mother had a most loving and forgiving nature and she knew it would be her wish that I come and see you and my own father, and I promised her I would. Then when she died my grandfather had her brought back here, but he absolutely refused to let me come. So he hired a boat to bring her, then the same year he sent me away to a boy's school in New York. I went from there to college and was never home until they wired me he was sick. He came to see me every few weeks and took all the interest in my work any father possible could and when I took up journalism and made good he was perfectly satisfied. I never liked the sea and it was only the last year he told me that mother had always hated it; but the sea was his dearest friend, for when he was dying he asked that I bring him back, and at sunset last night we laid him down to his last long sleep, within sound of waters he loved in life." He paused, looking at Tina with grief-stricken eyes. She came and leaned against his shoulder, caressing him silently.

"Didn't he ever consent to your coming to see us?" the old lady's quivering voice was beseeching.

"Yes, Granny, he told me to come and these are his own words: 'I might have been hard on her, I did not think I was but Elspeth did. She said that blood was thicker than water, and that you would love me too; and they cannot change the man I have trained.' Those last are his words, Granny dear, not mine; and he had much to forgive, too. Now," he went on in a lighter tone, "we will talk about you awhile. And what do you call this little sister of mine, Granny?"

The old lady regarded her granddaughter with fond eyes. "Her name is Tina but I always call her baby, she seems like a baby to me yet."

"Yes," Tina retorted, "they seem to think you were a baby, but you are a trifle overgrown, if I am any judge."

He smiled happily. "It is so nice to have a family. I always wanted 'folks'; the boys at school were always talking about their 'folks,' and I soon learned it was mother, sisters and sometimes 'some other fellow's sisters' that made home so attractive. But dad, as I always called him, and I boarded around for years, for he broke up the home at Elspeth's death." He broke off abruptly. "How old are you, Tina?" he asked in the next breath. "You must look like your mother." He was looking at her intently.

"I am past eighteen," she answered readily. Then she turned to Granny. "Do you think I look like mamma? I never thought much about it." Granny had never thought much about it, either. "Just in a general way, I guess, baby dear."

The nurse came forward. "It is just dinner time, Miss Tina, and I think your grandmother should rest awhile."

Both young folks jumped up contritely. "We did stay too long, Granny dear," Tina exclaimed as she stooped and kissed the wrinkled face. "But I knew you wanted to hear all about our Elmo, so we will go have dinner and then come in and say good night."

They went out together, hand in hand like a pair of children, and as the door closed behind them he stopped and, throwing an arm around her, drew her back against him. "Tina girl, do I really seem like a brother?" he asked wistfully, "and what do you suppose your mother will say?"

"For one thing, she will not approve of your affection for me," Tina's thoughts raced ahead. "Nobody pays any attention to mamma," she replied evasively, "and she will never find any fault with you when I am by."

"You dear little champion," the young man murmured, his lips against her bright hair. "But I do not want you to fight any of my battles if she should get aggressive, send her to me." They went into the dining-room where Tina presented him to Seward and two of the maids.

"I knew who it was, Miss Tina, as soon as I looked at him," the old butler said proudly. "Didn't he look at me with his mother's beautiful eyes, and wasn't it her own mischievous smile on his face as he greeted me?" He paused, turning his head in a listening attitude, then clear and distinct came Cleo's shrill peevish voice and Guy's harsh and abusive.

Tina turned to Seward. "Mercy, me, they are fighting again worse than Kilkenny cats. Go out and tell them to get the fur out of their claws and come and shake hands with their son." Seward obeyed with alacrity.

Elmo's face showed shocked surprise but Tina made light of the fighting for it was an everyday occurrence if they were both at home. The door opened and Guy came running in, his eyes big and staring, his face gray. Elmo met him half way, hand extended, but Guy threw his arms over the broad shoulders of his son and sobbed like a woman.

He cried over and over, "My son, my son, I had given up ever seeing you, and those eyes, oh! my boy, you would never need a birth certificate to prove your parentage."

"No, father, I might not but I have one, anyway; that was one of the few things that grandfather guarded so jealously." He released himself from Guy's clinging hands and turned to his stepmother who was staring at him in terror. But only for a moment, then she offered her hand and bade him welcome in what an outsider might have thought a friendly manner, but Elmo, whose work took him among all kinds of people, caught the undercurrent of fear in her voice.

They took their places at the table and were served by a most important Seward, for hadn't he been slapped on the back in a friendly way until he was sure the prints of those same fingers were still there. He looked at the young man fondly, murmuring an inaudible prayer.

Cleo returned to the subject of the birth certificate. "Are you sure it is authentic? Who signed it?"

"Dr. Woodward, I think is the man. Daddy said he was in attendance when my mother was born, and any of the older people of the hamlet would know his signature."

"Of conrse they would," Cleo admitted, and in some cases they are a necessity, but we haven't Tina's yet."

"You will have to get it then," Guy interrupted rudely, "for I never knew what doctor or nurse attended you." Cleo's face flushed a brick red then whitened until Elmo thought she would collapse, but no one paid any attention.

Presently they went to the cool, pleasant drawing-room, where Elmo must repeat everything in his life that touched upon his own welfare. Tina was always close by, much to the chagrin of her mother. For would not the estate have to be divided? And it would be like Guy, in these first maudlin days, to deed Elmo the biggest half. But she was mistaken, for when Guy broached the subject and asked him to take his place in the world as his son, Elmo refused pointblank.

"Not that I am holding any grudge, you must not think that, but I like my work and I feel that I owe grandfather that much to go ahead in the way he wanted me to. I am going to have the old cottage repaired and furnished and hire some one to take care of it. Tina will see it is kept up for me so I can come down to a home any time." He laughed in Cleo's telltale face, and pulled Tina over against him. It was such a relief to Cleo to find he did not intend to become a member of the family.

Tina got to her feet still holding to his hand. "Come, baby brother, we had better go bid Granny good night or she will not sleep a wink." But the nurse met them at the door and whispered that she had been sleeping like a baby for an hour and must not be disturbed.

Tina took him across the hall to the door of the guest-room, lifting her face for his kiss in the most natural way in the world. "I am so glad you came, dear boy, I understand why papa loves your mother's picture better than he ever did mamma," she stopped for lack of breath.

He swept her up in his powerful arms and held her tighter than he knew. "You are the most lovable child in this wide world," he cried, his tawny eyes shining with a light foreign to them. "As long as you love me I do not care for the opinion of any one." He kissed her passionately and stood her on her feet. "There dear, trot along to your beauty sleep. It is midnight and time all little girls were in bed." She turned away and he stood watching her until her door closed behind her.

Then he went in but he hardly noticed the beautiful rugs or the expensive furniture that filled the room. His thoughts were all on Tina. "You fool," he railed at himself, "you are half in love with your sister." He never made a move to prepare for bed, but sat down by the window, staring out into the night. "No, by heaven," he vowed to himself, "nature does not make those mistakes, and that is why there is no birth certificate. I can find out easily." In a few minutes he was sleeping, in the same room his young mother had gone from to her last resting place.

A week later he had met and visited with all of the old friends of his mother and grandfather, and because he was an Egle in appearance they talked freely with him about his father's and stepmother's affair. Their opinion was much the same as his. They did not think the girl Tina belonged to them at all for one time the missus had wanted to adopt a little motherless boy in the hamlet, and Guy had rudely reminded her he had a boy of his own, somewhere, and he did not intend no fisherman's brat to cheat him out of his birthright. In less than a year she had brought this little girl home as her own.

A little judicious questioning of Granny brought the information that Cleo had spent about three months in Boston and a week or so in the little town of Yant, about two hundred miles inland, the year Tina was born. From this interview he went straight to Cleo's room and rapped at her door. She opened it at once and stood staring at him, her eyes wide with fear, and all the pretty color draining from her face.

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, Cleo," he informed her coolly. She stepped back and he went in, closing the door and stood leaning against it, watching the embarrassed woman try to collect her scattered wits. "Of course, Cleo, you know enough of men in general to know the minute we met I was not the sort to swallow bait, hook, line, sinker and all, and I knew before the end of that first evening that Tina was not yours."

"Do not tell Guy," she wailed, "he will never forgive me, and I wanted a baby but he would not let me adopt one."

"Yes, but what was the object? You are too selfish to saddle yourself with the care of a child, unless you had an ax to grind."

Then she turned on him in a fury. "I did it to hold all of the estate I could, you scum of a fisher tribe. I knew some day you would show up and bleed your weak, silly old father until there would not be a decent living left for me." She paused for breath, her eyes glaring at him in hatred. "No, thank fortune, she is none of mine. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"Marry her," he retorted promptly. "Now I do not care who her parents are, so you are safe on that count so far as I am concerned. Now who is going to tell them?" He waited for her to consider.

"Tell them yourself," was the sullen answer. "Guy will probably refuse to live with me, and that is what you are after. But I have a few thousand tucked away where you cannot touch it."

"That is all right, Cleo, tuck all the money away you can get your fingers on, I do not want it. I have enough for my modest wants, also I have a pair of good hands and a pretty good head. If you will go to father and Tina and tell them the whole miserable story I will use my influence to reinstate you in every way."

"I will do nothing of the kind," she screamed. Running to him, she tried to push him from the door. And when she found she could not even shake him she turned and fled to an inner room and slammed the door.

Elmo went down and found Guy in the garden tying up some rose bushes. He looked up at his son's approach with adoring eyes, and Elmo came straight to the point.

"Say, father, did it ever occur to you that Tina might not be your child?" Guy stood staring at him blankly, then, "Not my child; then who the hell's is she?" He caught his son's arm in a tight grasp and shook him slightly.

"I cannot say for Cleo did not tell me, but she did tell me she was no child of hers."

"Took her from a home probably. I'll go talk to that she wolf, that black-hearted daughter of satan. I'll choke the truth out of her if I have to, and I'll kick her out of the home she ruined." He cursed himself savagely for a fool to put up with her as long as he had.

Then Elmo stopped him. "Do just as you please, of course, but go in and tell Granny's nurse that I said Cleo is not to be admitted to those rooms. Granny has been punished enough. I will *not* stand for any more hectoring, do not forget that." His father turned to the house, and he went in search of Tina.

Cleo left the same day, turned out by her husband. She passed Elmo on the porch on her way out and glared at him murderously, but his tawny eyes held only contempt, while a smile flickered across his handsome mouth.

Three months later there was a quiet wedding in the little church where Tina Laveine, eldest daughter of a French emigrant, and Elmo Clary went forth as man and wife. And as they walked the age-old path, now thickly strewn with autumn leaves, Guy felt as though the shadowy figure of Hortence walked beside them in silent approval of the day's ceremony.

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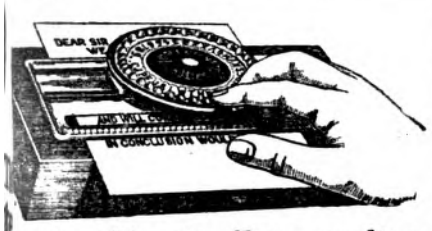
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. A. E. J., E. Akron, O.—The nicknames that have been given the various states are as follows: Alabama, "Cotton" or "Lizard"; Arkansas, "Bear" or "Bowie"; Arizona, "Sunset" or "Apache"; California, "Golden" or "El Dorado"; Colorado, "Silver" or "Centennial"; Connecticut, "Nutmeg" or "Freestone"; Delaware, "Diamond" or "Blue Hen"; Florida, "Peninsula" or "Everglade"; Georgia, "Cracker" or "Buzzard"; Idaho, "Gem"; Illinois, "Sucker" or "Prairie"; Indiana, "Hoosier"; Iowa, "Hawkeye"; Kansas, "Sunflower" or "Jayhawk"; Kentucky, "Blue Grass" or "Corn Cracker"; Louisiana, "Pelican" or "Creole"; Maine, "Pine Tree" or "Old Dirigo"; Maryland, "Old Line" or "Cockade"; Massachusetts, "Bay" or "Old Colony"; Michigan, "Wolverine" or "Auto"; Minnesota, "Gopher" or "North Star"; Mississippi, "Bayou" or "Eagle"; Missouri, "Ozark" or "Iron Mountain"; Montana, "Stub Toe" or "Bonanza"; Nebraska, "Antelope" or "Black Water"; Nevada, "Silver" or "Sage Brush"; New Hampshire, "Granite"; New Jersey, "Jersey Blue" or "Garden" or "New Spain"; New Mexico, "Sunshine" or "Spanish"; New York, "Empire" or "Excelsior"; North Carolina, "Old North" or "Turpentine" or "Tar Heel"; Ohio, "Buckeye"; Oklahoma, "Boomer"; Oregon, "Beaver" or "Web-Foot"; Pennsylvania, "Keystone" or "Steel" or "Coal"; Rhode Island, "Little Rhody" or "Plantation"; South Carolina, "Palmetto"; South Dakota, "Sunshine" or "Swiagecat"; Tennessee, "Big Bend" or "Volunteer" or "Hog and Hominy"; Texas, "Lone Star" or "Beef"; Utah, "Desert" or "Mormon"; Vermont, "Green Mountain"; Virginia, "Old Dominion" or "Mother"; Washington, "Evergreen" or "Chinook"; West Virginia, "Panhandle"; Wisconsin, "Badger" or "Copper"; and Wyoming, "Equality".

B. B., Talladega Springs, Ala.—No license need be obtained if you wish to write poetry or prose, although we have heard of ferocious editors who have themselves obtained hunting licenses to enable them to pursue persistent poets. You can obtain application for copyright and other information concerning the copyright law, by addressing the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

C. H., Montezuma, Ga.—Although script need not be considered incorrect on a visiting card, what engravers call "Old English" is the form now most in vogue, we think. Plain block lettering is also much used and is rather more suitable, perhaps, for a man's card than any more elaborate style. In no case would you use "plain printing." Visiting cards and all forms of social stationery are engraved and not printed. Any stationer will show you samples and forms of visiting cards from which you can select that style most to your liking.

MRS. E. V., Clinton, Ind.—To what publisher you would best send your book when completed, would depend entirely upon what you are writing about—which you do not tell us. Prices paid for an author's work are affected largely by the reputation of the writer—which reputation need not be always a literary one. Lloyd George or the ex-Kaiser of Germany, as instances, can market their reminiscences for several dollars a word, while practically unknown scribblers about the Great War might be glad to receive a cent a word or less. The ordinary financial arrangement made for the publication of an accepted book is upon an ascending royalty basis. This is usually ten per cent. upon the first 2,500 copies and fifteen per cent. upon all sales beyond this number. Any manuscript submitted to editorial offices should be typed, double-spaced, upon typewriter paper of the usual size—eight and one-half by 11 inches. Broad margins should be left for notes and corrections. All pages should be carefully numbered at the top, and the author's name and address should appear in the upper righthand corner of the first page. Manuscripts should be mailed flat, not rolled, and sufficient stamps enclosd to pay for return postage. We believe you will have to acquire more experience than you now have before you can expect to compete with the many who are now engaged in the writing game. But one can always begin to learn.

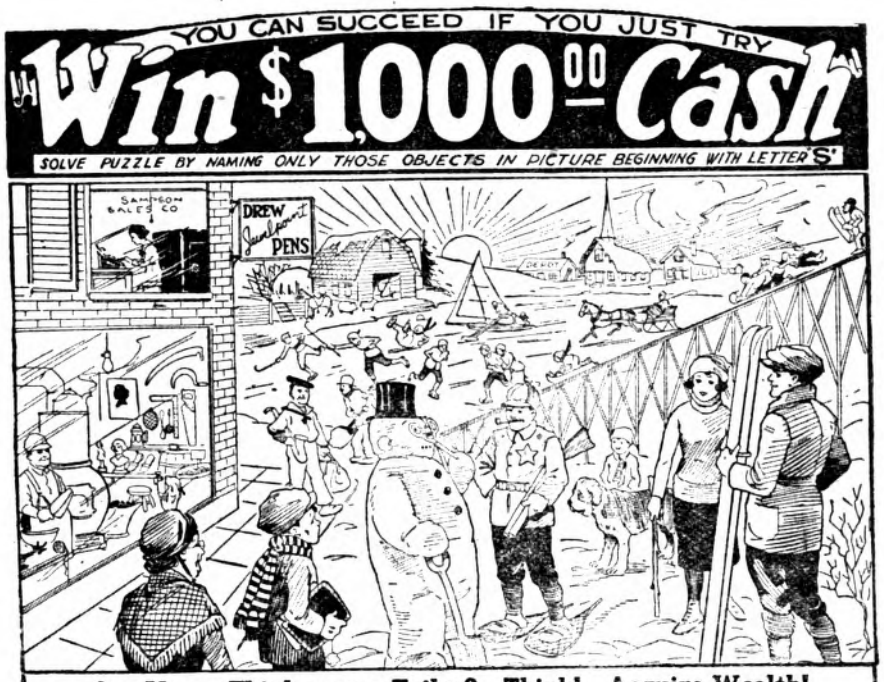
MRS. H. L. H., Columbia, S. C.—In ancient days the phrase "dog days" became given to what was the time of greatest heat in the summer—and this, in Mediterranean latitudes happened to be the period when the dog star rose at the same time as the sun. The traditions of those days gave an evil influence to this planetary combination. Nowadays the modern almanac compilers reckon the "dog days" as being from July 24 to August 24th, although custom has seemed to place them as in the first two weeks in August.

READER, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—When you read that your grand jury has returned so many "true bills," this means that they have found that a certain number of accusations of commissions of crime are justified on the face of the evidence submitted and that the alleged offenders are to be arrested and held for trial. A "true bill" is another name for indictment. An indictment is a presentment to the court whereby the grand jury accuses one or more persons of having committed a specified crime and sets forth the facts to be proved against the accused at the trial. An indictment is called a "true bill" because each indictment concludes with the attestation clause, "A true bill," followed by the signature of the foreman of the grand jury—a mere certification that it is a genuine indictment.

MRS. B. T., Ellis, Kans.—There are 784,571 acres of vacant public land in the State of Washington. The western part of the state is a fine country for timber, and also has fertile valley lands. Of late years fruit growing has become particularly successful. Eastern Washington, not so well timbered, produces large crops of grain and dairying and general farming give good returns. The eastern and central portions of the state have waterless sections—a great part of which have been irrigated by private enterprises and by reclamation projects of which several large ones are the work of the Federal Government. Some enthusiasts claim the climate of Washington as perfection, and the claims seem justified. The mean average temperature for the year is 53 degrees and there are few extremes of heat or cold. Owing to the light snowfall cattle do not necessarily have to be fed through the winters, and there is an abundance of natural grass. There are U. S. Land Offices at North Yakima and at Seattle in the state. Write to these for further particulars. (2) Oregon has much more vacant land than Washington, and over 13,000,000 acres are open for entry. The Rogue River and Willamette valleys are the best agricultural sections of the state—the former being particularly adapted for fruit raising, especially grapes. Four years ago the state produced over 3,500,000 bushels of apples. The climate is mild and is most favorable for grain growing—one Oregon farmer getting 120 bushels of oats per acre from a 22-acre field. The eastern part of Oregon does better as a stock-raising section—there being more arid land in this vicinity, although irrigation is aiding. Near the coast the rainfall is heavy. Oregon ranks fourth as a lumber producing state. There are U. S. Land Offices at Burns, La Grande, Lakeview, Portland, Roseburg, The Dalles and Vale. You can obtain further particulars from the Register who may be in charge of each of these offices.

MRS. Y. J. MCKNIGHT, Walker, Iowa.—This COMFORT subscriber is in search of verses entitled, "The Starless Crown," one line of which is: "I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone." Perhaps some kind reader will aid and can send the words of this poem to Mrs. McKnight direct.

A weird assortment of beads, elephant tusks and spearheads are used as coins in some parts of Africa.



Are You a Thinker or a Toiler? Think! Acquire Wealth!

ANSWER this PUZZLE PICTURE $4,000.00 IN 50 CASH PRIZES

WANT TO WIN $1,000? Take part in this puzzle game of profit. Make up a list of names of the objects in the picture above beginning with "S"—like skates, sled, sweater, etc., and send it in. Yours may be one of the three best answers and win $1,000. Correct list by which judging will be done will be made up only of the correct words in the lists received. Thus you are insured honest and impartial treatment. YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL FROM THE DREW PEN CO.

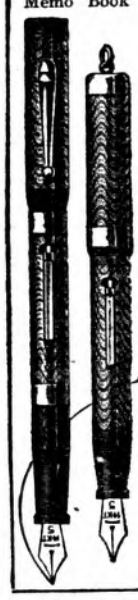
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GIFTS	CLASS "A"	CLASS "B"
1st prize	$1,000.00	$25.00
2nd prize	1,000.00	25.00
3rd prize	1,000.00	25.00
4th prize	500.00	7.00
5th prize	100.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	4.00
11th to 15th	15.00	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	1.00

Class "A" if you buy $5 pen
Class "B" if no pen is bought

FREE! FREE! Memo Book With 1923 Calendar

Everyone sending in a puzzle answer that merits the consideration of the Judges will receive absolutely free our souvenir Memo Book with 1923 calendar. Has 20 pages, 80 sections, ruled with blue and red lines. So send in a good list at once and get one of these Memo Books free.



How to Win $1,000

Three $1,000 cash prizes are offered for first, second and third best puzzle answers under Class "A." So if your list of words is awarded first, second or third prize and you have "qualified" for Class "A" by ordering one Drew Jewelpoint Fountain Pen, at the special introductory price of $5, you will win $1,000. But if you have not ordered a pen you would win only $25.

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We're introducing the beautiful Drew Jewelpoint Fountain Pens. That's why we're offering the biggest cash prizes to those who order pens. Gent's style 6¾ inches long; lady's style (with ring) 5½ inches long. Beautifully engraved barrel of black Para rubber. Clip, bands, crown and ring, and self-filling lock-lever, all 14-K gold filled. Pen is hand-tempered 14-K gold, tipped with genuine iridium. Three points—fine, medium, stub.

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Drew "Square-Deal" Rules

1. Anyone living outside of St. Paul may take part in this puzzle game except employees of this company or their relatives.
2. Name only those objects visible in picture beginning with letter "S." Whichever list receives the most points will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 prizes. One point will be given for each correct word and one deducted for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word. In case of tie, prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. The correct list by which judging will be done will be made up from lists received and not from any so-called "master list." List winning first prize and names and addresses of all prize winners will be published at close of contest and mailed to all who have "qualified" for Class "A."
3. Use only English words. An object may be named only once, but parts of objects may also be named. Either the singular or plural of a word may be used, but not both. Words of the same spelling but different meaning or synonymous words will count only once. Compound, hyphenated and obsolete words are not permissible. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority.
4. Write "S"-words on one side of paper only, numbering each word 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., and be sure to write your full name and address at top of each sheet. All answers must be mailed and postmarked not later than February 3, 1923. Contestants may "qualify" for Class "A" up to midnight, February 17, 1923.
5. Three prominent St. Paul people have consented to act as Judges: M. W. Thompson, newspaperman; W. M. Johnson, Pres., Superior Printing Co., and P. M. Reagan, Pres., Wabash National Bank. All who take part in the contest agree to accept their decisions as final and conclusive.
6. ENLARGED PICTURE FREE ON REQUEST.

Olive Oil for Health

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OLIVE oil is more than a salad dressing ingredient—it is a valuable, nourishing food and a medicine.

A tablespoonful of olive oil, three times daily with meals or half an hour after eating, also will have a gentle, persuasive action upon the liver which will accomplish more satisfactory and permanent results than a drastic course of cathartics.

As a cure for the condition that produces acid dyspepsia—either fermentative or from a too free secretion of hydro-chloric acid—olive oil, in tablespoonful doses after meals, is wonderfully effective. Cases of many years' standing, that have resisted all the usual methods, almost invariably leave the premises in deep dejection when sluiced with this oleaginous fluid.

Owing to the ease with which it is saponified (prepared for assimilation in the small intestine), olive oil is more readily absorbed than any other animal or vegetable fat. Therefore, in order to ain weight, it should be eaten or drunk religiously—either "whole," upon salads or in soups. The Italians use it freely in their cooking.

As an inunction for thin, under-nourished babies or young children, olive oil has largely supplanted cod-liver oil in the practice of many medical men.

And for that stiffness in the joints and spine—particularly in the aged—there is nothing much better than a good, vigorous massage with olive oil. The massage, however, should be sufficiently vigorous to rub the oil in and the pain and stiffness out.

For dryness of the scalp, and for falling hair and dandruff due to excessive dryness, a small quantity of olive oil, rubbed into the scalp with the finger-tips, is most excellent. It is claimed also that it contributes, by its absorption, to the nutrition of the oil-starved hair follicles. In any event, it is one of the few facts that may be safely used on the scalp, as it does not become rancid so readily as do most other animal and vegetable products.

The Italians and other southern European races use oil almost exclusively in frying meats and fish. Those who have eaten their deliciously prepared and readily digested cookery will never, of their free will and accord, go back to the greasy foods of our American cookery. Indeed, the objection to fried foods lies not so much in the frying as in the stuff we employ to fry them in. Stomach distress and fatty eructations rarely result from eating chops, steaks or fish that have been prepared with this delicate food product.



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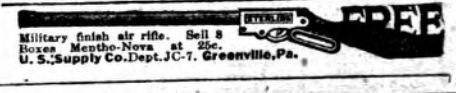
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Volume 33 Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny laces, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, doily, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 34 Fourteen handsome crochet yokes, camisoles and corset-covers in medallion pointed wheel, Irish rose, shell, poinsettia, cupid, wheel, Grecian, spider, small shell and novelty braid. 32 pages.

Volume 35 Fifty-three different crochet edges for every purpose—children's clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, doilies, scarfs, etc., etc. 32 pages.

Volume 36 How to crochet beautiful Cluny laces—thirty-two different designs for library scarfs, curtains, yokes, sofa pillow centerpieces, collar and cuff set, combination, doily, boudoir caps, corset-covers, combing jacket, novelty braid and towel edge and ends. 32 pages.

Volume 37 Thirty-six new, original designs in tatting. Edges, insertions and motifs for yokes, handkerchiefs, towels, luncheon sets, piano scarfs, curtains, cushions, medallions, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 38 Twenty-eight lovely designs in crocheted centerpieces, lemonade sets, doilies, luncheon sets, lunch cloths, etc., etc. One of the very latest books to be published. 32 pages.

Volume 39 Twelve beautiful designs in crocheted yokes for slip-overs, corset-covers and nightgowns. Large, magnificent, full-page illustrations showing every stitch with complete directions for making and kind and quantity of material required is fully explained. 16 pages.

Volume 40 A continuation of Volume 39, showing twelve more exquisite yokes for corset-covers and nightgowns. Full-page illustrations. Full directions. 16 pages.

Volume 41 Crocheted bags are now all the style and this book shows twenty-nine beautiful designs for hand bags, party bags, afternoon bags, work bags, laundry bags, opera, evening and vanity bags and coin purses. 16 pages.

Volume 42 Tam sport hats and tab collars in crochet, knitting and tatting—twenty-nine designs and every one a beauty. Illustrations show large-size finished work as well as being worn by living models. 32 pages.

Volume 43 Twenty-nine lovely silk sweaters and sport hats in crochet and knitting, including the Delmar, Pershing, Rosedale, Kingsbury, Waterman, Westminster, MacPherson, Hamilton and many others. Every design is shown on a living model. 32 pages.

Volume 44 Art needle work for baby and the children. Forty-four beautiful designs in crochet and tatting for sweaters, yokes, bonnets, hats, caps, booties, filet jackets, buggy covers and pillows, bibs, dresses and leggings. 32 pages.

Volume 45 Crocheted nightgown yokes—thirteen handsome designs in clover medallion, Cluny scallop, pansy medallion, filet and spray, butterfly spray, daisy spray, iris in cross-mesh filet, poinsettia and wild rose spray. 32 pages.

Volume 46 Twenty-one designs in miscellaneous crochet including many novelties not found in other books, pillow cases, portieres, Cluny door panels, tray-cloths, crochet ball holder, tumbler doilies, and edges and medallions for scarfs, tea or luncheon cloths, napkins and pillow cases. 12 pages.

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Offer No. 9103. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the **complete library** just as described above—**fifteen volumes in all** handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing more than **four hundred beautiful photographic illustrations** of all that is new and pretty in crochet, knitting and tatting with **complete directions** for working. When ordering please be sure to mention **number** of each book wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mercenary Creatures

That Gorham girl says a girl never thinks so much of the fellow who passes the evening with her as the one who spends it with her. —*Portland Express.*



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS F. K., Sauk Rapids, Minn.—"Blushing" is a normal condition and there is no remedy that will prevent it. Keep your bowels free, avoid excitement and lead a normal life. In time you may overcome this tendency and, at least, forget that your face flushes up so constantly. Local applications are of no avail.

MRS. B. D., Ringgold, Ga.—Have your teeth extracted, or treated, at once. You are troubled with absorption of pus in some form, which causes your rheumatic condition. May be, also, your tonsils are enlarged and should be removed. You might take, in the meantime, five-grain tablets of salyicylate of sodium after meals. Also drink plenty of water and avoid sweets of all kinds. In this way you will get rid of your excessive flesh.

MRS. J. F. T., Sarepta, Miss.—All your symptoms are due, in the main, to indigestion. Take, after meals, compound bicarbonate of soda tablets. Also at night take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada to keep your bowels free. Avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries. You have no symptoms of tapeworm, as you surmise. Just follow the directions given, and you will be cured or relieved of your many and annoying discomforts.

MRS. J. J., Greensburg, Pa.—You have prolapse of the vagina and bladder walls as well. This condition causes the bladder irritation from retention of urine. You should have a vaginal support. There are many on the market, and your family doctor can get one for you and fit it so you will be relieved of your annoying symptoms. For the frequent urination take, after meals, five-grain tablets of urotropin. Drink also plenty of good spring water.

MRS. M. McC., Muscatine, Iowa.—Asafœtida pills are simply a condiment, are not "habit forming" in any sense. A good tonic and cough mixture for you to take is the following: Iodide of ammonium thirty grains, tincture of nux vomica thirty drops, tincture of belladonna fifteen drops, syrup of tolut one ounce, and water to make two ounces. Take one teaspoonful after meals.

MRS. L. M. D., Rossville, Ill.—Apply to scalp, at night the following solution: Two per cent. resorcin solution. Make the solution as follows: Forty grains of resorcin to two ounces of equal parts of rose water and grain alcohol. This should relieve the itching of your scalp and stop the falling out of your hair.

MRS. J. A. M., Glen Flora, Texas.—For the "chills and fever," of malarial origin, no remedy is as efficient as Warburg's tincture. Take, after meals, a tablespoonful of the tincture well diluted. Also keep your bowels free at all times.

MRS. W. B., Freewater, Oregon.—You should have the lacerated cervix operated on. Only in this way will you be well again and the discharge cured. Select some good general surgeon and have the parts restored to normal.

MRS. A. M., Eolia, Ky.—Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals. After you have taken this tonic for two or three weeks, take, morning and night, two-grain capsules of ovarian substance. The latter tablets will no doubt restore your periods to normal as to amount and regularity.

MISS C. W., Panama, Okla.—For the scalp condition mentioned, apply to the scalp at night raw linseed oil to remove or soften the scales. The following morning wash the scalp with some good tar soap. After you have the scales removed in this way, apply a two per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose water.

MRS. M. M., Jackman, Maine.—You should have the hemorrhoids operated on at once. This is the only way to get rid of them permanently. Your "dizzy turns" are promably due to anemia and not to high blood pressure. Better take some good tonic after meals—such as Basham's mixture—in tablespoonful doses, well diluted.

MRS. J. E. D., Portland, Oregon.—The "ringing in the ears" is due to a catarrhal condition of the nose and throat, and is the forerunner of serious deafness if the condition is not remedied at once. Consult some good aurist and have proper treatment at once.

MRS. J. F. P., Lindsay, Okla.—Bronchial trouble combined with an asthmatic condition has no relation to tuberculosis, in the main. Have your daughter take, after meals, one-half teaspoonful of pertussin. At night, also, apply a mustard plaster to the chest for a few minutes, or long enough to produce a decided redness in the skin.

MRS. E. E., Grandin, Mo.—Apply a mustard plaster to the throat at night and take some good tonic. You are tired out and this condition is reflected in the throat. Rest all you can. Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixure, well diluted, after meals. Your husband, for his rheumatic condition, will be benefited by taking five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium after meals, and drinking plenty of good spring water.

MRS. L. K., Strathmore, Calif.—Not contagious; but a chronic inflammation of the uterus and adnexa. Douche the vagina twice a day with normal saline solution—about a teaspoonful of table salt to the pint of very hot water. You might also, if this does not help you, have the uterus curetted.

MRS. J. H., Phillips, Wisconsin.—Pain in the left side is, as a rule, not due to appendicitis. You may have some form of ovarian irritation. Apply at night, over the ovarian region, tincture of lodin. Do not apply the tincture too often—once or twice a week will do.

MRS. F. W. L., Ferndale, Wash.—The cause of the itch is the "itch mite." You should scrub the parts that itch, especially the furrows where the mite burrows, with the tooth-brush, and apply at night sulphur ointment. Repeat this for three nights. Burn all the clothes you have been wearing that come in contact with the skin. Wear clean underclothes daily, as the mite also gets in the underclothes and re-attacks the body.

MRS. J. S. D., Tucker Hill, Ala.—Your father probably, besides the high blood pressure, has an acute indigestion with formation of gas. High blood pressure comes from a variety of causes. Excessive use of intoxicants, eating too rich foods, taking too little exercise, are among some of the contributing causes of so-called high blood pressure. A ten-drop dose of saturated solution of iodide of potassium, is one of the best remedies for this condition. Have your father take this remedy, in the dose indicated, three times a day, after meals, well diluted. Also have him take a half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda well diluted, between meals, for the stomachic acidity.

MISS N. C., Mulberry, Ark.—Have the warts removed by the actual cautery. This is the only way of removing them with any degree of certainty, and also with the certainty of there remaining no scar.

MRS. M. M. W., S. C.—Indigestion due to nervousness causes both the night-terrors and the heart to skip one or more beats. Take, after meals, a compound bicarbonate of soda tablet, and avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries.

MRS. H. P., Sno, Wyoming.—Have your husband stop using cigarettes and take 1-60 gr. tablets of strychnia sulph., after meals. The night sweats are due to his impaired physical condition due to the excessive use of cigarettes.

MR. D. S., Harrisville, Mich.—For the high blood pressure take ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals. Of course avoid sweets or pastries of all kinds.

MRS. E. L., Cuyahoga, Ohio.—Have your sputum examined and find out whether or not you have tuberculosis.

MRS. P. W., West Hawley, Mass.—If you have the lung condition, you should rest most of the time and avoid exercise of any kind. Better find out if you really have tuberculosis by having the sputum examined at once.

MRS. F. Q., Poplar, Mont.—An aural abscess is always dangerous. You should have the ear treated at once by some good ear surgeon and have the discharge stopped and the condition relieved.

MISS M. L., Torrington, Ct.—The only sure symptom of tapeworm is the passing of a portion in the stool. The remedy for this condition is oleoresin of aspidium taken according to directions given in the September number of COMFORT.

LITTLE SNAPS MADE BIG!

Send COMFORT Your Developed Films. We Will Have Them Enlarged For You Free!

HAVE you a photograph that you prize most highly—a small one, perhaps, of Father, Mother, Grandma, or the baby; a dear relative or friend; some of Dad's prize livestock; the children at play; a picnic party, school or church gathering; the old home place, or maybe a snapshot taken while visiting some interesting or historic spot? And wouldn't you like to have it enlarged to a fine big picture that can be framed and hung on the wall?

If you will send us the developed film (negative in accordance with one of the offers printed below, we will have a beautiful **silver-tone enlargement** of it made for you free of all cost. You can have as many enlargements as you wish, all of one, or of different pictures. The work will be done by an expert photographer who uses the latest improved methods. You will be delighted with the elegant quality and exquisite finish of the large picture we send you. You can have any standard size enlargement desired up to 11x14 inches.

If your film measures 1⅝x2½, or 2¼x3¼, or 3¼x4½, or 4x5 inches, you may have it enlarged to any one of the sizes mentioned below. **Opposite each size we have named the number of subscriptions you are to send us.** Be sure to send your subscriptions and remittance in the same envelope with your film.

Enlarged To 4¼x6½ inches—One enlargement free for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents. **Reward No. 8831.**

Enlarged To 8x10 inches—One enlargement free for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Reward. No. 1472.**

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Enlarged To 8x14 inches—One enlargement free for three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 9123.**

Please note that you are to send us the **negative**, or in other words, the film after it **has been developed.** Enlargements cannot be made from prints (the finished picture), neither would we advise you to send dry plates on account of the danger of breakage.

Your film must be quite sharp and clear, in other words, what is called a **good picture**, otherwise we cannot secure a satisfactory enlargement of it. We shall of course return your original film when we send you the enlargement, both carefully wrapped, by parcel post prepaid.

When sending your film or films state plainly **what size enlargements** you desire, inclosing films in the same envelope with your letter and remittance. **Address, Picture Dept., COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

chair shut-in and have been for nearly six years and know what it means to be confined to the house and also what a joy a wheel chair brings to people who cannot walk. All who help secure even one wheel chair, through COMFORT or in any other way, cannot realize how much joy you bring to the poor shut-in who receives the chair. God alone knows how many heartfelt thanks are given to each one who helped secure it. If you want to get an idea of the value a shut-in places upon a wheel chair, just think deep and earnestly what you would take for the use of your feet and legs. A wheel chair is worth more than a thousand times what it costs to the one who has to spend his life in it. So, sisters, do all you can to secure wheel chairs for shut-ins, through COMFORT. No one will know how much comfort and joy dear old COMFORT has brought to the shut-ins alone besides being such a help and comfort to its many readers.

My friends gave me the money to buy my chair and I can never thank them enough. It has been a great pleasure to me. I hope God will bless them a thousandfold for each cent spent for the chair.

I read, tat, crochet, embroider and sew. I can run my sewing machine as I have use enough of my feet and ankles, although I have to be lifted to and from my chair. I am slow but I cut and make my own clothes and most of my mother's and my father's shirts.

I will tell you what I like best to read. The Bible then books of travel for I want to see our great world even though it be through books. I also like poetry. I used to like novels and stories but I do not care for them any more but I have learned many good lessons from stories and loved the stories in COMFORT best of all. I still love COMFORT.

If anyone cares to write to me or send a postcard (scenery preferred), I would certainly appreciate it and will try to answer all who enclose stamped envelopes.

Love to all. MISS MABEL MCCOMB.

LOS ANGELES, 330 EAST 63RD ST., CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORTLESS SISTERS:

COMFORT is my only safety valve, because it's the only means of answering the many sick brothers and sisters who wrote me after my letter appeared in July COMFORT. I had no idea so many read the Sisters' Corner! COMFORT truly is a wonderful paper and fills every need of the household.

I have answered hundreds but it is a physical impossibility to answer all, even with the aid of my trusty typewriter.

Here are answers to some of your questions.

Arizona has one of the best climates for tuberculars, provding they can live on air, which is dry and healthy, but there is little work. Summers are hot. Winters delightful. The Hot Springs I mentioned in Arizona are only for rheumatism and neuritis, not for stomach trouble, old sores, pyorrhea, etc. For these there is a mineral mined near Phoenix, however, and is used just as it comes from the earth. Many people go there for the benefit of this mineral and many marvelous cures have been made.

I've known many to be cured of tuberculosis there. I was cured myself. Rest is essential as well as dry air and proper food. The climate will not do all.

California is a beautiful state. Flowers galore. Summers splendid. Winters foggy and wet. Some work in fruit and manufacturies.

How can the shut-ins pass the time? Cut clippings to send to some one who is ill. Choose some shut-in and make a correspondent of her or him, be a real help. Keep a diary, write a little in it each day. A common note book will do. Your friends and children will enjoy it in later years. Keep a note book handy and when you read something that especially impresses you, jot it down with the author's name beneath, it will be interesting to read over at intervals and to tell others. Read humorous books. Leave the weeps for the well folks. Jean Stratton Porter's books are like a ramble through the woods. I saw her in person recently. She is as sweet and motherly as one would expect her to be.

When I was convalescing I commenced a study course which I enjoyed immensely and am still profiting by it. Don't do this till you feel able, however.

Don't feel sorry for yourself. Every time you do you drive a spike in your coffin. Be cheery. Build aircastles and when you get well build foundations under them as I am doing. Think long thoughts while you are shut in with the world shut out. Remember, it's often at low tide that one picks up the things worth while. No one sympathizes with the sick more than I. May God bless you every one.

How shall I rear my children? I haven't space to tell you. Most of you know better than I, no doubt. Every child has its peculiarities. It also has its particular need. Learn the need of each age and meet it. Ages are divided into infant, beginners, primary, junior, intermediate and young people. Each is a distinctly different age from the other. Every child is a problem but remember, every problem has a solution and it usually takes *study* to solve problems. Study the child. Answer each question truthfully. It will save many a heartache. Tell them of God's plan for mankind very young. So young that it will cause no shock. There is much to be said but I have little space.

Girls ask, how can I have a room of my own when our house is small? There's the attic room, the den, the treetop nest, the nook in the woods. I haven't time to go into detail. Some time I may tell you how four of us girls solved the problem and each had a different kind of room for our very own although there "was no room in the inn."

Some have mentioned their COMFORT albums. Later I'll tell you of my snapshot books. My friends say they have never seen any like them and many of them are copying my idea. It's interesting work for the convalescent. Nature books, travelogues, etc., I have among my collection, made by my own hand.

I'm 36, and have one of the best husbands in "captivity."

We live within 115 miles of the ocean and from shells I have made portieres which my friends admire. Like Daniel Webster, I have been quite "wordy." Please don't write unless I can be of real help to you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "Oh" and "Ah" over these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of **sweet grass?** Their delightful fragrance is practically everlasting is like that of the violet, they are handsome in appearance and very durable and serviceable, being hand-woven by the Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter, three inches deep—and with its close-fitting cover this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home to keep your work, along with scissors, buttons, thimble and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.50 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by ordering in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated to subscribed for a very small club of subscribers as you will note by reading the following liberal offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the months to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421,** February, Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquois.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold and will which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The stones themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are imitations and perfect imitations of the real precious stones. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate or more acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Easy Now to Double Winter Egg Yield

Proven Remedy Gives Remarkable Results — Turns "Boarder" Hens Into Profitable Layers—

Winter egg yields, double and treble those of former years, are now being made by many poultrymen through the use of a compound that science has finally perfected.



This wonderful medicine, which is called "Hick's Egg-Lay," contains rare and expensive ingredients mixed so as to quickly increase the egg yield. The medicine acts on the reproductive organs and causes double and treble the usual number of ova (the germ cell of the egg) to be produced. Thus you get many more eggs and get them during the time they bring the highest prices.

Hick's Egg-Lay is prepared for convenience in tablet form. Simply dissolve one tablet in a quart of water. This is the surest, easiest and quickest way ever discovered to get more eggs.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Egg-Lay Tablets will double and treble your egg yield that he is making a special guaranteed offer of one regular double strength $1.00 package of Egg-Lay Tablets and a full size $1.00 package of Hick's famous Lice-Go all for $1.00.

Lice-Go is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite quickly leaves the body. Keeps the birds always free without the poultry raiser doing any work. If you would rather have two $1.00 packages of Egg-Lay Tablets or two $1.00 packages of Lice-Go instead of one of each, say so on your order. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 903, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois. If you prefer, send no money. Just your name and address and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after thirty days' trial, you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded. This offer is absolutely guaranteed, so don't hesitate to make the test.



55 EGGS FROM 57 HENS were received by Mr. C. E. Graham after feeding ARROW EGG TABLETS. They will double your egg supply and prevent cholera.

Don't send a cent: Cut out this adv. and mail to us, giving your name and address, and we will send you two $1.00 boxes ARROW EGG TABLETS. When they arrive, pay the postman $1.00 for one box, the other is yours free of charge

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Why not spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth $1 to $7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price list. Get posted now. Send 10c (*not stamps*) for my Illustrated Prospectus. **MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 27, Ocean Park, Calif.**





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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

in the egg chamber. This high humidity also results in a better percentage of hatch, due to its effect upon the egg shell in making it thinner and more easily broken at hatching time. It is a good plan to insure this high humidity by sprinkling the eggs on the eighteenth or nineteenth day with warm water before closing the machine.

At hatching time the chamber should be darkened, thus keeping the chicks from trampling each other in an effort to get to the light. The quieter they can be kept the better. The chicks should be allowed to remain in the machine until they are thoroughly dry, which is from twenty-four to thirty hours after the hatch is completed. These few points in regard to the proper care of the eggs in the incubators are essential.

The greatest danger from overheating comes during the first few days of incubating. It is well to hold the temperature at the level of the tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102.

During the third week the animal heat exerts some influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg.

While the chicks are hatching from the eggs, 104 may be registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where incubators are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperature may be run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes, where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

Ventilation Is Vital

During the early stages of embryo development in the egg, very little air is needed, because there is very little blood to be oxidized. During the second week there is increased blood circulation, and therefore need of some ventilation, so that the fresh air shall supply enough oxygen. All through the third week there must be abundant air supply, because at this period there is a very great circulation of the red blood, which must be continually using oxygen from the air. The pure air passes through the shell of the egg to the blood vessels that ramify all over the thinner lining of the egg. Carbon dioxide and moisture pass out through the shell.

If an egg chamber is poorly ventilated, the eggs should be aired once daily for a few minutes at a time, from the fourth to the twelfth day, and twice daily during the last week of incubation.

During the last few years, the agricultural colleges and experiment stations have been giving more and more study to the subject of moisture in incubation, until now it is generally conceded that it is quite as important as heat, and that a lack of sufficient moisture during the early days of incubation is frequently the cause of weakly, slow growing chickens. When one understands the process of development from the germ to the embryo chick and subsequent growth till it reaches the point where it breaks through the shell, there can be little doubt that we should give full attention to this point.

The white of a newly laid egg is largely composed of water, which keeps it in a liquid state. The shell of the egg being porous, allows this water to evaporate, and the white to become thick and sticky; if the egg is kept for any considerable time in dry air, it will all evaporate.

When the germ of the egg is quickened into life by the heat of the incubator, or under the hen, tiny veins run out into the white and absorb the water and certain nutriment, which is converted into the blood of the embryo and nourishes it during the building of its structure and the formation of its organs.

When an egg is put into an incubator situated in a dry room, and heated up to 102 or 103 degrees, the air in the machine must necessarily be dry, and the watery contingent of the white evaporates so rapidly that the embryo lacks blood and nutriment; with the result that when hatched it has weak internal organs, and can never become a really vigorous, profitable bird—like an egg producer or breeder. For this reason, the amount of moisture in the egg chamber is most important. Too much is as detrimental as too little.

Now we come to the question as to what is the correct amount, and how to gauge it. When a good hygrometer is used in the incubator, the attendant has only to read what it registers, just as he reads the thermometer to know the amount of heat which is present.

During the first week, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer 102 to 102½. Second week, hygrometer, 70; thermometer, 102½ to 103.

During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week have vastly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating, and the chick's body is growing fast. Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to development, and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood in circulation is comparatively small.

Then come the ten days of growth or increase in the size of the body and its parts, when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg, with consequent rapid development of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation I would remove the wet sand or water pans from the egg chamber, and let the humidity decrease even to 50 degrees, or possibly 40 in some cases. Simply removing the extra supply of water usually answers the purpose.

The moisture supply must be renewed on the nineteenth day for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the shell.

It is quite an exertion for the chicks to pick their way out of the shell, consequently they should remain in the incubator at least thirty-six hours and be given time to rest and recover strength. If bacillary white diarrhea, which is transmitted to the chick by the mother hen, be present in any of the chicks, it will be voided in the droppings from the very first. To prevent the spread of this disease from chick to chick by the picking up of infected droppings, the incubator should be darkened as soon as the first chick is out, and be kept darkened until the chicks are removed to the brooder. There is very little danger of disease spreading by this means after the chicks are removed to the brooder and have a chance to take food into the system.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. M. D.—This seems a hopeless case, if, as you say, two of the turkeys died soon after you got them, and then, as you informed me, the one that was marked as the tom never developed properly, and you seem convinced that the bird has laid several eggs, all of which goes to show that there must have been something wrong about the stock. As for the tom, there seems to be nothing to do but kill the bird, for no matter what the sex may be, the fact that the bird has fits, renders it useless as a breeder. If you do kill the bird, please give me a clear description of the condition of the heart, liver, lungs and intestines. I would also like to know if you raised any young ones this past season, and how many eggs the other two turkeys laid, if any.

F. M.—The guineas may have met with some accident, for as a rule, guineas are the hardiest birds in the poultry family, after they are once feathered out. Perhaps a roost has broken down with them, or some night prowler, like a coon or possum, may have grabbed them off the roost and wrenchd the hock joints. I am quite convinced that the birds' condition is the result of accident, not disease.

J. T. T.—Too much corn has upset the digestive organs and brought on liver trouble. You may be able to save some of the birds, by giving them free range, or if that is not possible, cover the floor of the henhouse or scratching shed with clean litter. Dry leaves or rye straw is the best. Scatter scratch feed, or a mixture of oats and wheat, broadcast, on the litter, so that they will have to scratch for every grain, and add a tablespoonful of Epsom salts to every quart of drinking water for two weeks. At noontime feed green vegetables of some sort. Cabbages, hung up by the roots about fifteen inches above the ground, would be the best, for then the birds would have to jump up each time they picked at them, and that would give them additional exercise, which is what they specially want until some of the internal fat is removed.

A. C.—From your description, I fear that the birds are suffering from roup, which is very contagious, and passes rapidly from bird to bird. As soon as any bird shows a sign of the disease, separate it from the flock, and keep it in a coop as far away from the rest of the poultry as possible. Unless the disease was introduced by some strange bird, the outbreak has developed from a neglected cold. Without knowing more about the situation and condition of your chicken house, I can't say what caused the trouble. The house may be damp. Is the land well drained? Or there may not be sufficient entilation to carry off the moisture caused by the birds' breath and the heat of their bodies during the night. Or it may be a window or door does not shut tightly, and a draft may strike the birds when they are on the roost. Look the house over and try to decide the cause for yourself. Remember, plenty of fresh, cold air never hurts birds, but a draft through a crack or knothole almost always causes trouble. Dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in half a pint of water, agitate until thoroughly mixed, and for use dilute two tablespoonfuls of the mixture with two tablespoonfuls of water. Fill a small syringe and spray the bird's throat, nostrils and eyes twice a day. If you have no syringe, you can do the work fairly well by dipping the end of a soft wing feather into the solution.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

and don't forget a stamp for reply. I cannot correspond with any one for pleasure. I have 30 shut-ins on my regular list. May God bless and heal the sick and give peace to the sorrowing. Long live COMFORT and its entire staff.

Sincerely, MRS. H. E. GROOM.

AMBOY, R. R. 1, BOX 62, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if any of you ever make corn husk mats? They are handy to put on the porch in front of the door.

Gather fresh, clean corn husks from ripened corn, a sackful or two, as it takes a good many. Take three or four pieces of husks in left hand for each strand. Tie tightly with cord, divide strand, take three or four more pieces of husks with stiff ends up, and lay on strand so stiff ends stick up about one and one-half inches, bring a strand over it to hold it in place. Take more husks and lay on strand just brought over, now bring the next strand over that. Keep doing this until you have a bristly rope several yards in length. As you add your pieces of husks each time it makes your strands a little longer, so you can keep braiding. The bristles will all come on top, the under side will be smooth. Take your braided husks and sew them as you would a braided rug, being careful to keep the bristles up. You can make your mat round or oblong and any size you wish. They are not so hard to make as they sound and will last a long time.

Flour sacks are popular and I have found a use for them that I think is new. I take a set-in screen from window, baste flour sack onto it and put it back into the window. This way one can have their windows up all winter with fresh air and light but no draft.

Maxine Phyllis is a happy looking little girl. Babies in our corner are an added comfort.

I would be pleased to hear from some of the sisters.

MRS. RALPH HOWARD.

DOWNEY, R. R. 1, BOX 82, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Having read Troubled's letter in September COMFORT I decided to send her some advice which may help her to get along with her disagreeable sister-in-law.

The next time your sister-in-law comes over, don't give her a chance to complain, but start in complaining over everything she does and has, even go to her house and find fault; tell her that her new hat isn't becoming and ask if she couldn't have gotten some other color. Be sure to find fault with her little girl's clothes as well as her own. Complain over everything she cooks. Compare her cooking with some other person's (not your own) by telling her how much lighter their bread and cakes are. Make an example of everything she does. Complain about the arrangement of her furniture, and that her floor coverings do not match the walls and if her walls are painted, tell her that paper looks nicer. When you make comparisons always use for your examples people with plenty of money.

Unless this is a very stubborn case, a dose of your sister-in-law's own medicine ought to prove a most effective cure.

Will be glad to hear from any who care to write.

Best wishes to all. MISS STELLA PRATT.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank each and every one who sent the song, "Charles Geteau." I was glad to receive it and have been able to pass it on to others. I enjoyed the letters, too, that came from every part of the country. Thank you again. MRS. W. C. BENTLEY.

OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have read with interest the letters on children. As I am the mother of two I surely appreciate all hints and helps along that line. My mother had COMFORT in the home when I was a small child.

Mothers who are troubled with your baby being constipated, try this. Give a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia in each bottle until relieved and then gradually diminish the amount. I had lots of trouble with this when I had to wean my baby and put him on the bottle. The cow's milk made him constipated and nothing seemed to do any good until I used milk of magnesia and it was a long time taking effect in his case but I've never had any trouble since.

One mother asked why the stools of her baby turned the diapers pink? The opinion of one doctor is that the baby does not get enough water. Be sure and give baby plenty of fresh water.

One thing I think one should be careful of in weaning a baby is this: Many times I think the mother tries to wean baby in too big a hurry and does not get the baby in the habit of drinking milk from a cup and so breaks him of the milk drinking habit. I know of several cases where this has happened.

Young mothers, don't make the mistake of trying to do too much, working beyond your strength, to save expenses, when you have a nursing baby. Of course one in moderate circumstances has much to think of and plenty of expenses at that time. I know, for I've been through it but rather let some of your housework go if you can't afford help and have too much to do for yourself. If you don't, you will always have a tired, cross, fretful baby. Save your strength for your baby.

MOTHER OF TWO.

SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND THE COMFORT SISTERS:

First I must say that I think COMFORT a wonderful magazine. I remember seeing it in my grandmother's house, and mother took it and I hope to for I enjoy it far more and get more help and real comfort from it than I do from other magazines costing much more.

This is my first attempt at writing a letter and I won't feel badly if it isn't in print, because Mrs. Wilkinson just has to pick out the best of all she receives.

I thought I would write and tell what a crowd of us girls used to do before I was married. There were twenty or more living near each other so we could meet one evening each week for a sewing circle. Some girls attended high school, others worked, so we voted and decided on the night most convenient for the largest number. We met quite early so as to have a long evening and still be home and in bed before it was late. If one girl lived a long distance away, three or four would go out of their way to go home with her, particularly if she lived in a section that was not thickly settled. We served refreshments, just two things being allowed, and we took turns in meeting at the different homes. Sometimes an elderly woman who enjoyed the company of young folks would invite us. In our crowd was one girl who did not like to sew, but she liked to read aloud so we enjoyed many good books while we sewed. Sometimes we helped others instead of doing our own sewing. If there is an orphans' home near you they probably would appreciate some help, as we did quite a bit of sewing for one. And perhaps a busy mother needs some help. And at Christmas time you surely know of some unfortunate child or children you can make happier. Just a few ideas as to what you can do to help others and still have a pleasant night a week. This was some time ago but I often look back

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

117 Eggs Instead of 3!



One of our readers says, "'More Eggs' increased my supply from 3 to 117 eggs." You, too, can reap bigger profits than ever, by making sure of a big egg yield this winter. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "MORE EGGS". Give your hens a few cents' worth of "MORE EGGS" and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

More Eggs Tonic keeps hens in the best possible laying condition. It is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It contains every element that helps make eggs.

Start using More Eggs Tonic right now. Keep your hens laying right through the coldest weather when eggs are highest. You can get big profits from your hens this winter, just as hundreds of other More Eggs users are doing.

1500 Eggs in 21 Days

"Dear Mr. Reefer: I have fed two boxes of More Eggs to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white Leghorn hens and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs."—H. M. PATTON.

Hens Lay All Winter

Results tell the story. Here are just a few letters from poultry raisers who are getting more eggs and more profits through the use of Reefer's MORE EGGS Tonic.

Gets 132 Eggs on December 1

"Dear Mr. Reefer: Sometime ago I got some of your More Eggs and it meant MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old, and the first 10 days in December they layed 11 dozen eggs."—H. F. POHLAND, President Citizen's Bank, Ashland, Ore.

Moulting Hens Lay 200 Eggs

"Dear Mr. Reefer: From the 21st of November to the 7th of December, my 36 hens have moulted and laid 200 eggs. Your More Eggs Tonic is fine and I never will be without it in my home."—F SHAW.

48 Dozen in One Week

"Dear Mr. Reefer: I can't express in words how much I was benefited by answering your ad. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 1½ dozen left."—MRS. LENA McBROOM.

$2.00 Free

Packages

Do not send a penny. Just send the coupon below and I will send you three $1.00 packages of my latest improved More-Eggs Tonic. When the postman delivers them to your home, pay him only $1.00 plus postage. The other two $1.00 packages are free. Remember this scientific egg tonic has been tried and tested, but to prove its value to you I am going to send it to you on 30 days free trial. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied, I will send you the money you have paid. Act now! Mail the coupon.

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert*

Dept. 3041, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert*,
Dept. 3041, 9th & Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me three packages of More Eggs Tonic for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00, plus postage, when the package arrives. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied at the end of 30 days, you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

If you prefer, enclose $1.00 cash or money order with this coupon. This brings your order sooner. C. O. D. packages sometimes take longer in the post office.



Let Us Give You This Fruit And Flower Garden!

WE have made a new arrangement this season with a well-known nursery company, whereby we can now offer our readers a complete fruit orchard and flower garden consisting of some of the finest apples, pears, berries, grapes and ornamental shrubs grown. The stock will be sent to you direct from the nursery in Michigan by parcel post prepaid. We guarantee that it will reach you in perfect condition and grow to your entire satisfaction if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If for any reason any of the trees, bushes, vines or shrubs should fail to meet with your expectations we will replace them for you free of all charge.

ALL of the grape vines, raspberries and dewberries in these Collections are healthy, well-rooted year-old plants. They should bear fruit the second year. The apple and pear tree grafts are made from heavy one-year-old roots and scions of this year's growth. They should grow from four to six feet the first year. The shrubs are one year old and should bloom the first year from planting. With each Collection you will also receive full instructions on planting, pruning, and the care of fruit and shrubs, what fertilizer to use and the kind of soil best adapted to the production of heavy yields. Just read what these big Collections contain.

6 Year-Old Grape Vines

Collection No. 8761 These are not "calloused cuttings" but heavily rooted year-old vines, guaranteed to live and bear fruit the second year. They will grow anywhere in the United States. With these six vines in your yard or garden you will soon have all the table grapes you can use and many more besides, to sell or to give away to your friends. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Moore's Diamond A well-known variety that produces immense clusters of grapes, yellowish white in color and similar to the Concord in shape of bunch and flavor. It is very hardy and a thrifty grower, making an unusually good vine for arbor or trellis. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Concord This famous variety is the finest purple grape ever grown. They are large, luscious and juicy and so sweet that little or no sugar is required in making grape juice and jelly. Each one of these vines should produce a bushel of choice grapes in a single season. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Worden Always a favorite, this variety yields large, well-shouldered clusters of deliciously sweet, highly-flavored fruit. Grape juice and jelly made from this grape is of a peculiarly spicy flavor that is relished by all. It is also one of the finest table grapes and a good shipper. It ripens two weeks earlier than the Concord. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8781 There is nothing that will improve the appearance of your home more than these beautiful ornamental shrubs and vines. From earliest spring until late fall there is not a day but one or more of these shrubs are in bloom. They are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. This Collection contains the following varieties:

One White Flowering Dogwood—one of the earliest spring bloomers, Two Roses of Sharon—bearing a profusion of large double blossoms from August until late fall, Two Golden Bell—bears tiny bell-shaped yellow flowers, One Hall's Japan Honeysuckle—an ornamental climber with fragrant blossoms, and One Spirea Van Houttei—an early bloomer famed for its handsome foliage and clusters of pretty white flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.

8 Apple And Pear Grafts

Collection No. 8751 Think of the value of an orchard of these eight thrifty, healthy trees. Think how soon they will be yielding bushels of the finest apples and pears grown. With the heavy root system on these grafts they should grow from four to six feet the first year. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Delicious The finest winter apple grown, a heavy yielder, and ripens early. The fruit is medium large, delicious in flavor and colored a beautiful red. This variety always sells for the highest market prices as it keeps well and retains its crisp, firm white flesh to the end. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Wealthy A hardy Russian fall apple with deep red and bronze streaked skin. The flesh is firm and crisp, the flavor sweet yet tart. For both eating and cooking it has few equals and is one of the most profitable apples grown. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Jonathan This apple ripens in October and because of its juicy, winy flavor is considered one of the best eating apples on the market. It is red in color with a smooth, waxy skin. You will enjoy gathering the huge crops that this variety invariably yields. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Bartlett Pear One of the best-known varieties, more largely grown than any other. You are probably familiar with its yellow skin with its pronounced red blush, and its sweet, juicy flesh of a delightfully spicy flavor. This variety makes the best table pear, being very mellow when ripe and always yields a heavy crop. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Our Free Offer!

FOR only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any one of these Collections free by parcel post prepaid. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you any two Collections—for three one-year subscriptions any three Collections—and so on. When ordering please be sure to mention the **number** of each Collection wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

8 Luscious New Fruits

Collection No. 8771 Your garden is not complete without berries and in this Collection you will receive three of the finest varieties grown. For the table, for the most delicious jams, jellies and preserves, they are unexcelled. Each plant is one year old with strong, healthy roots. The Collection contains the following varieties:

Four Lucretia Dewberry A vigorous grower that attains such size that the support of a trellis is really needed. The vines are literally covered with immense clusters of delicious wine-flavored berries, averaging one and one-half inches in length, very sugary, remarkably juicy and having but a few fine seeds. You get four of these year-old vines in this Collection.

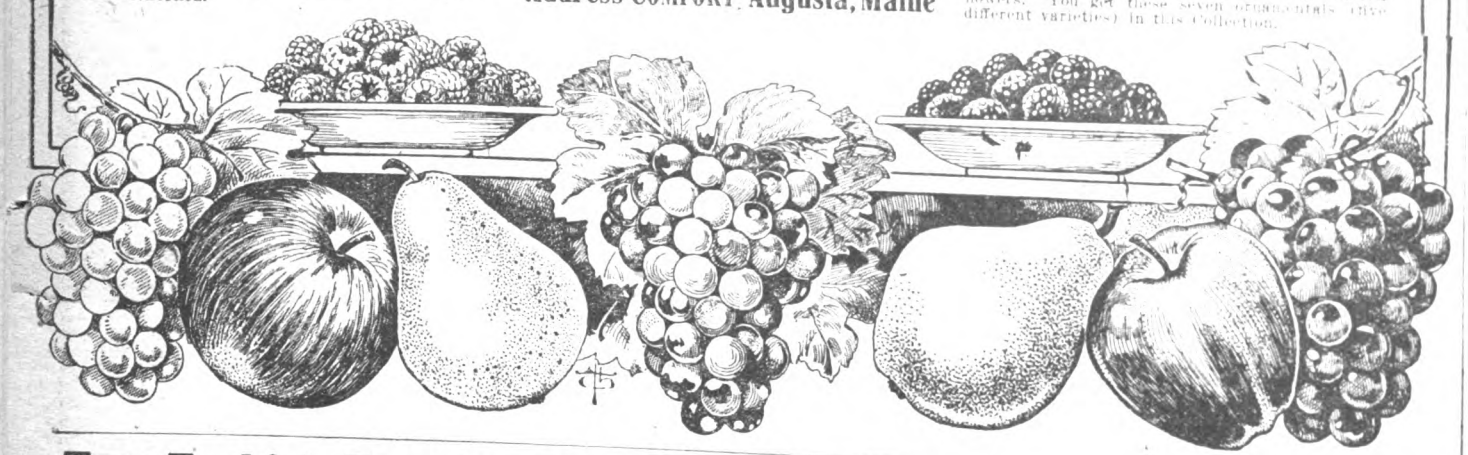
Two Red Raspberry This variety (St. Regis) is the finest everbearing red raspberry. The bush is a rapid grower, bearing fruit ten days earlier than most other varieties and continuing to bear throughout the summer and fall. The fruit is large, of delightful flavor, sweet and very juicy, and ripens in large clusters. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

Two Black Raspberry This variety (Black Diamond) is named from its habit of fruiting in large clusters. The berries are of good size, remarkably sweet and juicy, but firm in texture. The canes grow rapidly and are very tall and upright. Its distinguishing feature, however, is its immense yield which together with its fine quality make this the most desirable garden and market berry. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

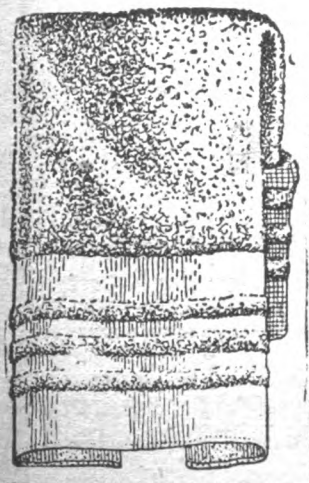
7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8791 With one exception this Collection is different from Collection No. 8781, although comprising shrubs which bloom from spring until late fall. All of them are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. In this Collection you will receive the following varieties:

Two Roses of Sharon, One Snow Ball Hydrangea—a midsummer bloomer bearing immense quantities of snowy-white blossoms, One Purple Lilac—its fragrant purple flowers need no description, Two Thunberg Barberry—fine for a hedge, bearing pretty red berries which stay on all winter, and One Trumpet Vine, a hardy climber for porch or arbor, bearing throughout summer and fall large clusters of orange-colored flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.



Two Turkish Towels



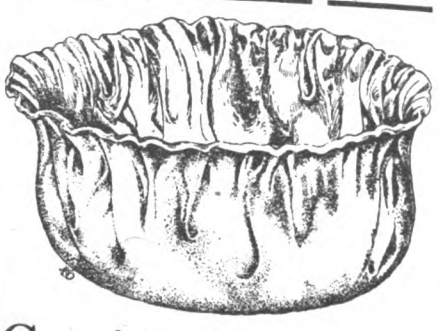
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine **for baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest **value** we have offered and we **guarantee** every **set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 6½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9191**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz
Amethyst
Emerald
Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Home-made Remedy Stops Coughs Quickly

The best cough medicine you ever used. A family supply easily and quickly made. Saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make a full pint—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for healing the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Do you want "Mary Ann?"

She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants a play mother to walk with her, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

13 Inches Tall

WALKING DOLL

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

Send No Money

AMERICAN FARMING DOLL MAN, Dept. R 537 S. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.



Ivory Boudoir Clock

Reward No. 7638

For A Club Of Eight

FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 3½ inches high, with a 3¾-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being showin in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7638.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

on those two years with many pleasant memories. We always remembered the brides-to-be and helped them with their things and gave them a shower too. Married sisters, you can do the same, only meet once or twice a month, and spend the day with one another. Each bring something toward the lunch or each prepare the entire meal, as you choose. Your husband won't mind if you are away once in a while, if you leave a good lunch for him and get home in time to have a hot supper at night.

Our Sunday School class used to meet twice a month. One meeting would be held at a member's home where she served the supper and the next at the church where each one brought her share. I remember one time when one of the dearest mothers there is, sent lovely hot rolls by little brother, who, of course, was glad to do it. There was no dressing up allowed, as the majority came from work. Supper was served at six so to give plenty of time and the girls who didn't work came early and had things all ready.

How many of you that have good kind husbands appreciate them enough? When you are condemning him for some fault do you stop and think of yours? Maybe you have some as bad, or worse. If you have a good, kind husband, show him that you do. When he comes home, tired, how his eyes will brighten by a kind word, or perhaps his favorite pie for supper. It takes more than four walls to make a home.

With best wishes to each of you, I try to be

A HUSBAND'S PAL.

QUINCY, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I was old enough for mother to read it to me.

I am quite small, weighing 110 pounds and am five feet, four inches. I have "cat's eyes," medium brown hair, sharp nose and a quick temper but am very affectionate. Am 21 years of age and married to the best of husbands. He is Supt. of the City Light Plant here. We have been married four years. I have a dear little stepdaughter, Catharine Ruth, aged six years. Ruth is perfectly devoted to me and I am to her. We get along just fine. She doesn't know but that I am her own mother and I try to treat her as I would my own child. Stepmothers, all of you, always think how you would like to have your child treated if it were left with a stepmother. I have no children living but I have a true mother's heart, and I had a stepmother. She was good to me and I love her but I can look back and see how I often treated her wrongly. I was fourteen when Papa married again. Others influenced me. Never encourage a stepchild to disrespect its stepmother for the stepmother has her ups and downs as well as the child.

My favorite flower is the narcissus. Nile green is my favorite color and as for my hobby—I love anything little, sweet and cute. My chickens get the most of my attention. I have a good many little chicks and white turkeys and they are beauties. I have a cow and we have al the milk and butter we need. Did you ever try buttermilk for little chicks? It is fine, and I use grits or hominy, as some call it, with a little milk, black pepper and chopped onion blades to feed them on also. I want pigeons, guinea pigs and rabbits. These I have already ordered. Next, a pair of Maltese kittens, a pair of peafowl, a pair of white guineas, a pair of bantam chickens, a pair of ducks, one canary, a pair of gold fish, a Newfoundland pup, a white lamb and a parrot.

I would like to hear from Miss Marguerite Grey and Miss Ora Lee Hicks if they happen to see this.

Love to all the sisters.

MRS. G. O. COX (NICKNAME GO C.)

Mrs. Cox.—Shall you name your home "The Ark" after you get all these many pairs of birds and animals?—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Pour boiling water on oranges and let them stand for five minutes. This separates the white lining from the skin and they will be easier to prepare for a pudding. —ALVINA POTTS, Loveland, Colo.

Add a little butter when making starch and it will not stick.—MRS. LAURA TRAVIS, Bluffton, Ind.

When darning large holes in stockings, first sew a piece of net over the hole and darn in the holes of the net.

When sewing, keep two spools of thread, one for the machine and one to put on to fill the bobbin. This saves much time in threading the machine.

On rainy days give the children the button box and needle and thread and let them string the buttons. This will keep them interested for a while. Then give them blunt-pointed scissors and old magazines and let them cut out the pictures.—MRS. S. B. THORNTON, Mt. Washington, Mo.

When sweeping a carpet, sweep the way the nap lies and keep your broom against the floor, that is, do not lift it up high at the end of each stroke, but keep it down and the dust will be driven before the broom and remain on the floor and not fill the entire room.

To keep the carpet looking like new go over it each week, after sweeping, with a cloth or large sponge dipped in water to which has been added one tablespoon each of salt and ammonia. Put salt in pail and add hot water to dissolve, then fill with cold and add ammonia. Wring cloth or sponge nearly dry.

To wash windows, put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a pail of water and wash with a sponge, then polish with a chamois before quite dry.—MRS. ALLIE CROWLEY, Eureka, Calif.

The quickest way to pluck a goose or duck is to hold the bird in a pail of water, at boiling point. Then quickly roll it in a blanket and hang it up for ten minutes. The feathers will then come out very easily.

When seeding raisins or fruit, it helps to keep a pan of water near so as to dip the fingers in it as they become sticky.

A level teaspoonful of cayenne pepper or dry mustard mixed with the chicken mash once or twice a week is not only a tonic but aids in egg production in cold weather.

Canned cherries make delicious shortcakes as well as pies.—BERNICE HILL, North Conway, N. H.

It will prove a great saving if tubing is bought for pillow cases, then as the cases show signs of wear, rip or cut off the seams at the ends and fold again half way between the old folds. Sew up again and the cases will last almost twice as long.—MRS. J. Z. HANNA, Hemingway, S. C.

Use coal oil to remove chewing gum from most kinds of cloth and wood.

Use a baby carriage on wash day for carrying clothes to and from line. If baby cries, take him with you. —MRS. JOHN WARD, Harwood, Texas.

Use a paint brush for sweeping the stairs and the work will be more quickly and thoroughly done.

A little salt sprinkled in the frying-pan before frying fish will prevent fish sticking.—BLANCHE FOUNTAIN, Des Moines, 933, 63rd St., Iowa.

Don't discard faded rugs, dye with your favorite dye and they will look like new. Dissolve dye in a basin of boiling water and apply while hot with a paint or clothes brush. Two or more colors can be combined.

Save your little boy's worn-out caps and rip up and use for pattern and make his caps from your husband's worn-out trousers, putting cardboard in the visor. —TEXAS BLUE BONNET, Georgetown, Texas.

Requests

Poem: "Over the Hill to the Poor House."—MISS EDNA MAY, Grafton, R. R. 2, W. Va.

Songs: "Jesus Is Mine," "Wandering Home," and "Sunny Southern Smiles."—MISS ESTELLE HORTON, Searcy, Ark.

Poem: "To light the Christ Childd on His Way." —GERTRUDE MILLER, Cameron, Wis.

Song: "Nobody's Child" containing the words, "Out in the midst of the desolate street, with my torn old dress and my bare, cold feet," either with or without music.—T. H. ALEXANDER, White Springs, Box 91, Fla. White Springs, Box 91, Fla.

How to make cement for cracks in stove.

How to sugar-cure pork.—LAURA CARTER, Dayton, R. R. 2, Wash.

Poem: "The Wonderful Sack."—MISS DAISY UNDERDOWN, Harrison, Star Route, Ark.

How to clean a brass bed.

Poem: "The Barber and the Owl."—MRS. J. S. ROMAINE, Miami, R. R. A, 366, Fla.

How to use olive oil treatment for infantile paralysis.—MRS. J. K. SEWALL, Glenfaun, Texas.

Information concerning country schools in So. Dakota.—MISS EDNA LEVENE, Pocahontas, Iowa.

$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

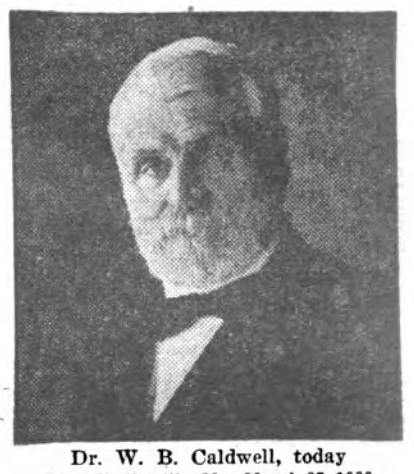
I will give away this amount of money in my own medicine —There is a free trial bottle waiting for every family that has a sufferer from constipation —Send today for your bottle

TO commemorate my 84th birthday I have set aside $10,000 in cash to be expended entirely on free trial bottles of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which as people know has been successfully used for over 30 years and is today the largest selling family laxative in the world. In spite of that fact there must be literally thousands of families who have never tried it, and these are the ones I hope to reach with my $10,000 offer.

I want to prove to them that my Syrup Pepsin is a better-acting, safer, finer laxative than any other they can obtain. But I don't want them to be at any expense in trying it, and hence I offer a test bottle free. Later on, when thoroughly convinced of its unusual merits they can buy a bottle of their druggist. Over 10 million bottles of Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year in drug stores, yet my company will not profit one cent when you buy your first bottle. It costs us more to sell the first one than we get for it. Our profit comes only when a family keeps it regularly in the house, as I expect yours will when you are once convinced.

Many unthinking parents are giving children strong catharties; old people are taking salt waters and powders that make them dry and thirsty and which have to be repeated every day; women are using artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form that cause skin eruptions. Don't do it! See that only a plain vegetable laxative is used, not a druggy physic. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. Just that! The formula is on the package.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin in your home. I want you to share in my $10,000 offer. Yet



Dr. W. B. Caldwell, today
Born Shelbyville, Mo., March 27, 1839

I know if you delay answering you will be disappointed. Ask me now for the free trial bottle if anyone in your family has constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas on the stomach, sour colicky stomach, headache, loss of appetite and sleep, indigestion, intestinal poisoning, dyspepsia. Syrup Pepsin is intended for just such conditions. Watch it break up a fever or a cold!

Let me send you a trial bottle to prove these facts. My saying so won't prove it half as well as your trying it. Be one of the thousands who will use Syrup Pepsin free because of my 84th birthday. Send the coupon, or your address in any way most convenient to you. But do it quickly.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

In commemoration of your 84th birthday, and as my family has never used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, send me a free trial bottle to the address below:

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town & State .....

ONLY ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Songs: "The Letter that Never Came," and, "When the Chickens Come Home to Roost."MAGGIE BULLOCK, Homer, La.

Song: "Waxford Town"—MRS. W. E. STANCLIFF, Jonesville, R. R. 6, Box 3, Va.

Would like to correspond with rural school teachers from all the states, between ages of 25 and 40.—MISS C. E. HUBBARD, Short, Miss.

Poems: "The Two Mysteries" and "Alas! How Easily Things Go Wrong."—MRS. C. T. E., Winchester, Mass.

The following wish copies of COMFORT. Write before sending paper, as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. I. C. Haney, Ganesville, R. R. 3, Box 31, Tex., July and August, 1922.

Mrs. J. H. Nicholson, Seneca, Nebr., July, August and September, 1921.

Mrs. Ethel Lawson, Hollywood, Mo., April, May, June, July, August and September, 1922.

Mrs. E. H. Collins, Dover, Fla., October and November, 1921.

Bertha Yother, Boaz, R. R. 2, Ala., November, 1921.

Mrs. Lucy Golden, Kingsland, R. R. 1, Ark., November, 1921.

Mrs. H. M. Albertson, Walton, R. R. 2, Ind., September, 1921.

Mrs. H. Griswold, Oakville, Wash., January and February, 1922.

Mrs. Fred Boucher, Eaton Rapids, R. R. 1, Mich., March, 1922.

Mrs. Effie Tinney, Memphis, Box 404, Texas.

Esther Moss, Holdenville, R. R. 5, Okla., September, 1921.

Remedies

CONSTIPATION.—Take one-half pound black figs, one-half pound prunes and one-half carton of senna leaves. Wash figs and prunes and put all through food chopper twice so they will be thoroughly blended. Make into small balls, about the size of a walnut. Wrap in waxed paper and keep in jar with tight cover. Eat one at night. Give one-quarter of one-half to children.—MOTHER GOOSE, Curlew, Wash.

PNEUMONIA.—Take six large onions, chop fine, put in pan over fire, add same quantity of corn meal and vinegar enough to make paste; stir thoroughly and let simmer for about ten minutes, then put in two cotton bags and apply to chest as hot as can be borne. As soon as one cools, apply the other which has been kept hot in steamer. Keep changing, making fresh poultices from time to time. This cured my husband of pneumonia.—KENTUCKY MOTHER, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

ASTHMA.—Make a strong solution of saltpeter, saturate pieces of blotting paper in this and dry. When an attack is felt, light a piece of paper and inhale the smoke.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the way of the strong.

Sisters' Circle Pin



Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted.

Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!



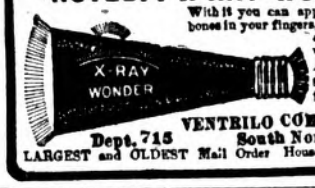
THROW YOUR VOICE Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of Fun fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friends.



THE VENTRILO, a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. **Also a 32 PAGE BOOK** which gives full instructions on Ventriloquism. Formula for Secret Writing (Invisible Ink), 19 Money Making Secrets and a

NOVELTY X-RAY WONDER

With it you can apparently see the bones in your fingers, lead in pencil, etc. Lots of fun with this outfit.



All the above sent by mail for only 15c.

Dept. 715 VENTRILO COMPANY South Norwalk, Conn.
LARGEST and OLDEST Mail Order House in Connecticut

A Trip to Washington

FIFTEEN cents won't take you to Washington, but it will bring Washington to you! It will bring you 13 issues of *The Pathfinder*, the great independent national illustrated news and story paper, published at the Nation's Capital. World news, congress, science, serial and short stories, question box, home and women, jokes—lots of fun for young and old. Send 15 cents (coin or stamps) today for this big $1 paper 13 weeks. Money back if you're not delighted. The PATHFINDER, 614 Langdon Sta., Washington, D.C.

15¢

The Pathfinder

FREE



All this jewelry is yours for selling only 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. JE-7, Greenville, Pa.



All Given This stylish Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years or this Big Real Eastman Camera given for selling two lots of 20 beautiful colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This Gem Set Ring with firey brilliancy of costly Diamond also given as special extra prize for promptness.



MAY ART CO., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.



WATCH FREE This fine American made Watch, new style, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED to keep time; Given for selling only 8 boxes of ROSEBUD at 25c each and returning the $2.00. EASY TO SELL. We TRUST YOU. Order today.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 142, Woodsboro, Md.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. $3.00 per 1000. History and valuable illustrated book free. You will learn. Address. Myers Plant Nursery, Merrill, Mich.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something **as good as a movie show** for the children the **year round**—the wonderful new Film-O-**Scope** with a powerful magnifying **lens**—and with it we give you **free** a big collection of 125 Views from real **moving picture films.** These views, when looked at through the Scope, are **magnified** many times and stand out as **real and life-like** as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading **movie "stars"** and scenes from their **best pictures** are included in the collection and there are **no two alike.** As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one experiences about the **same** pleasure as that derived from a regular movie **show** and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired, they furnish a **never-ending, joyful entertainment** for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT'S boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them **absolutely free** by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8741.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in **size. The pen** offered you here is 6½ **inches long,** made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sterling Silver Ring!

Set With Your Own Birthstone. Your Choice For A Club Of Only Two!



THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The imt. gems are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different gems and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Sardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send it to you free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Solid Silver Birthstone Rings, free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautify Your Home With These Magnificent Ever-Blooming Roses!

THERE'S no place like home—and no home as beautiful in summer as when surrounded with fragrant, luxuriously blooming roses. Why not plant some around **your** home this spring? Even if you now have a garden, you can find room for the five splendid bushes offered here—and they will cost you nothing. We buy these roses from the largest rose growers in the world. They are the finest that can be obtained. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each is absolutely the **prize** of its class, producing **every month in the season** an amazing profusion of large, magnificent blossoms, delightful in fragrance and of the most radiant colors. The bushes are **one year old,** strong, healthy, with well-formed roots. No matter where you live you will receive them at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five varieties given you on this offer. And please remember that with the bushes we are also going to send you complete directions for their planting and culture.

You Get One Each Of These Five Prize Beauties!

Mrs. Charles Bell One of the most beautiful and fragrant **shell-pink** roses ever introduced. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double, and the abundance of bloom produced in one season is simply astounding.

Etoile De Lyon This magnificent bright **sulphur-yellow** rose is a fine forcer and an ideal variety both for cutting and garden purposes, being an exceptionally vigorous grower and prolific bloomer, bearing its flowers on strong, erect stems well covered with dark, glossy foliage.

W. C. Gaunt A rose of unusual individuality. Its color is a brilliant, velvety **vermillion** tipped with scarlet. The buds are medium long and pointed, the stems rigid, habit branching, with large, oval beech-green foliage. The fragrance of this rose is like tea and it is a rapid, vigorous grower.

Climbing Helen Gould There is probably no red rose so popular as the beautiful Helen Gould. It is now introduced for the first time in climbing form. Everybody is familiar with the warm **watermelon-red** color of its charming flowers. This is a grand climber, having none of the defects of the older varieties.

Snowflake A crowning masterpiece, with hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in almost any soil or situation. It has the most magnificent foliage and is a continuous bloomer of medium-size flowers, the beauty of which is nothing short of superb. Its color is **pure white.**

Our Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described five rose bushes (one each of the five varieties) free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.** They will be mailed to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own?

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home.



She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS! Have Fun And Make Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



For A Club Of Only Two!

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is all smiles because he has printed some name cards for a neighbor for which he is to receive 50 cents. You can do the same. With this practical Printing Outfit you can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, letter heads, bill heads, etc., and do the work well. There is always a demand for this kind of printing and if you are a "live wire" you can doubtless get a lot of jobs to do for your friends and neighbors and thereby earn considerable pocket money. And you will be learning something, too—typesetting, composition, correct use of capitals, punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best quality. It contains **one complete font** of rubber type, or in other words, from eight to fourteen of each of the letters in the alphabet—both capitals and small letters; all the numerals from 1 to 10—two to three of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, hyphens, quotation, percentage and parenthesis marks, exclamation and question points, slugs, pointing hands and words and pharases most commonly used in business, such as "For Sale By," "Return To," "No.", "Co." etc. Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of metal pinchers (to pick up the type with), and an everlasting ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable instruction, and a chance to earn money of their own. Girls like this Outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

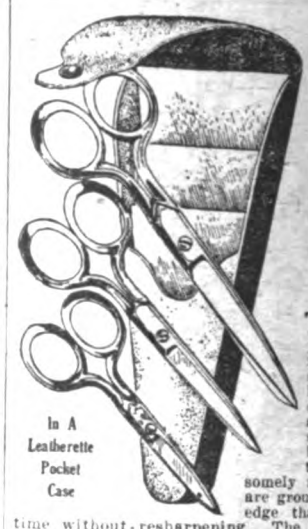
We will give you this complete Printing Outfit free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1222.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Scissor Set

Reward No. 9093



In A Leatherette Pocket Case

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9093.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by **every** schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hawk-Eye Camera

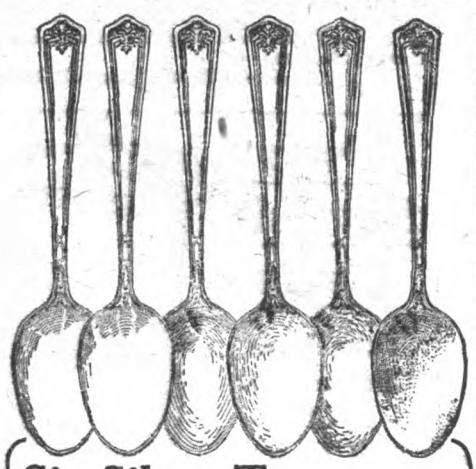


For A Club Of Six

THE "Hawk-Eye" is made by the Eastman Kodak Co., so it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is **a high-grade** camera—one that you can **depend** upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The "Hawk-Eye" takes a picture 2¼x3¼ inches, is fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snapshots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. It uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out **in broad daylight,** thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real **good** camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give away thousands of these "Hawk-Eyes" as club rewards. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself **but also one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book** telling you all about picture taking from A to Z.

Given To You! For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine "Hawk-Eye" Camera with one Film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7866.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously *small* club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive *premium* offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Sweet Grass Sewing Set

THIS attractive Sewing Set is the handiwork of the St. Regis Indians. They gather the fragrant sweet grass that grows so luxuriantly in the St. Lawrence Valley and from it weave the most beautiful baskets, jardinieres, fern dishes, centerpieces, table mats, vases, sewing sets, etc., doing the work entirely *by* hand, the only tool used being an ordinary knife.

Not only are these baskets and other articles very useful and ornamental but there is an indescribable charm in the **delightful fragrance** of the sweet grass from which they are made—a fragrance that is practically **everlasting.**

In this handsome sweet grass Sewing Set are a Scissors case, Thimble case and needle and pincushion. These are all tastily arranged and fastened together with pink silk baby ribbon as shown in the illustration. The ends of the ribbons are tied in a dainty bow, into which is sewed a white ivory ring, so that the complete Set can be hung on the wall or suspended from the sewing table, mantelpiece or chandelier.

We will make you a present of this useful and beautiful sweet grass Sewing Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this sweet grass Sewing Set, exactly as above described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1252.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Rosary

BY ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

The hours I spent with thee dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross!

Sent in by admirer of COMFORT.

The Mother Job

BY JANE BURR.

It really isn't hard to be a mother,
There really isn't very much to do,
The days are just exactly like each other—
You simply shut your eyes and wander through!

For six o'clock is time enough for rising,
And getting all the children washed and dressed,
And breakfast cooked—it really is surprising,
But mothers never seem to need a rest.

The lunches must be packed and jackets rounded,
And everybody soothed and sent to school,
To say that mother rushes is unfounded—
She's nothing more to manage, as a rule.

Unless it is to finish piles of sewing,
And cook and wash and iron and scrub and sweep,
To order food and keep the furnace going—
And then, perhaps, to hide herself and weep!

And when at last she's tucked them under covers,
And seen to doors that Dads forgot to lock,
Triumphantly, at midnight, she discovers
She's nothing more to do till six o'clock.

Sent in by a "Contented Mother."

Discontent

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grew so trig and tall!
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

Sent in by B. P. M.

For A' That And A' That

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Who struts, and stares, and a' that-
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Sent in by L. C. D.

A Mite Song

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They are all I have to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

—*Anna Cleaver.*

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SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for



Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

a Snow or Wealthy and there a Fall Pippin or Vandeveer. And I would be sure to have at least ten trees of the Black Spitzenberg—an apple that seems never to be grown nowadays and whose yellow flesh and dark red skin has many times nestled against my teeth in the most delightful way. There may be some two-legged cider mill in the world who loves apples better than I do, Ila, but I never met that juicy somebody yet. This has been a great year for apples and so it has been a great year for your apple-loving Uncle. I *think* I have eaten about seven barrels to date, Ila. Included in these were some of the wild apples that grow ripe and flavorful when the frosts come to the upland pastures. These lonely trees have a thorny and difficult life of it, only comraded by rabbits, woodchucks, partridges and appreciative cows. A cow is one of the best judge of apples in the world, and can smell a ripe specimen of the fruit almost as far as I can. Ila, it seems to me you must have more orchards than you need; how would you like to trade one of the smaller ones for a lame typewriter, a too-talented Goat and a stack of receipted grocer bills? I'll even give some boot if there happens to be a Black Spitzenberg *among* the rows.

BETHEL, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I'll tell you something about how I look first, maybe this will make it easier to get acquainted: Just picture me a common country lassie in a gingham dress. I have blue eyes and brown hair that is slightly curly. Although there's no dimple in my chin, there's one in each rosy cheek. They're the real stuff, Uncle, and didn't come from the drug store. Now don't take me for a fright, or for a beauty either. I'm neither one. I'm twelve *years* old, weigh 130 pounds, and am five feet and a half tall. Rather large for my age, am I not?

I started school this September as a freshman in high school at Bethel, a little town six miles away. I have a brother and sister who graduated in the class of '21. My sister will teach this winter near home. My brother is now at Newport, R. I., a tree surgeon. My two other brothers and I will drive to school in a Ford. One will graduate this year, the other is just starting in with me. There, that's enough about myself—too much, I'm *afraid*. Now for some other things.

The only fault I can find with COMFORT is that it doesn't come often enough, but mother says if it came oftener she would not get much work out of me for I love to read it so well.

I live on a farm of 200 *acres*, most of which is tended by my father and brothers. We can raise almost every crop here except those which need a warmer climate. Most of the hilly land is pastured by all domestic animals except goats (don't tell Billy!).

There, I must quit before my letter gets tiresome. Send my love to the cousins and keep a big share for yourself.

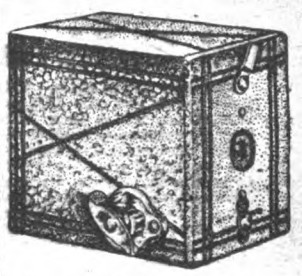
A Country Cousin, MARY LIMING.

Mary, I was glad to hear you did not purchase your dimples at a drug store. These boughten dimples are not at all dependable either as to shade or depth. I knew a girl here in Brooklyn who bought a bottle of Dr. David Doodad's Indelible Dimples. Because she wanted good deep dimples she foolishly rubbed on a *double* dose. The result was she awoke in the morning with a neat little round hole in each plump cheek—which holes she now has to keep plugged up with pink plaster of Paris *so there'll* be no draught on her back teeth. No, indeed, Mary; it is well for every girl to avoid getting her dimples in a bottle. If dimpleless damsels feel that these dainty dents must be artificially procured, it is much better to *manufacture* 'em by using a quarter-inch bit or a hammer and nail-set.

I'll say you're rather large for your age, Mary. With 130 pounds to your credit at twelve years of age, you should be quite substantial by the time you are twenty-four—provided you can maintain the same rate of growth. You ought to be fairly tall by that time, too.

Here's congratulations on your domestic dimple crop, Mary. If you think you really ought to have one of the cunning cavities in your chin, let that tree surgeon brother of yours have a try at the job of excavating. Anybody who can amputate the leg of a red elm with one hand ought to be able to put a dimple in a pink chin without half trying or even taking the edge off of any of his kit of tools.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

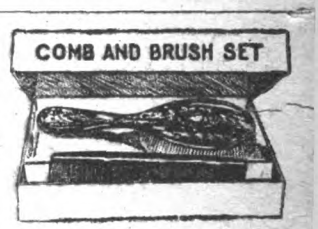
Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by **Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stop Pyorrhea



Save Your Teeth Before It Is Too Late

Amosol—The New Scientific Discovery kills Pyorrhea germs and heals gums quickly. Guaranteed. Sore or bleeding gums and loose teeth, sure signs of dangerous Pyorrhea, lead to loss of teeth, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc. Send for

Free Trial Treatment

Write Today. Thousands are sending. Stop Pyorrhea Now. Delays are dangerous. Simply send name and address and say:—"I want to Try Amosol."

STRONG'S LABORATORIES,
111 N. Market Street, Room 437, Chicago, Ill.

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as agent. Size 3¼ inches.



EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly All or Spare Time

DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address; the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, and Railroad orders, etc. Blades finest steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. Permanent employment and exclusive territory to those willing to give most of their time. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine Birthday and Holiday PRESENTS.

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Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 20 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

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Club Feet

Two brothers, Alton and William Livingston, both born with Club Feet, were treated at McLain Sanitarium with the splendid results set forth by their mother in this letter:



"I had two sons, born with Club Feet. Alton was treated at the McLain Sanitarium when three years old. The results were so entirely satisfactory that when William was born with Club Feet in January, 1921, ten years later, we took him to McLain's at 11 weeks old. In less than 8 weeks we had him back home with a pair of perfect feet. We are always glad to answer letters."

Mrs Clarence Livingston,
205 Washington Street, Salisbury, Maryland.

Pictures show William at 11 weeks, and his present condition.

Crippled Children



You may know some. Tell their parents of the McLain Sanitarium, which is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Diseases of the Joints, Wry Neck, etc., especially as these conditions are found in children and young adults.

Write for their book, "Deformities and Paralysis," and Book of References, mailed free.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157S State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

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Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Willa Barber, Lamar, Mo. Unable to work and in constant pain for the past four years, this suffering woman worries greatly that she is unable to support herself as she has always done. Help her now when she is no longer able to help herself. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, O. Bedridden for 20 years, the case of this unfortunate is a particularly sad one. Cash will bring her some comforts and cheer. Ray Mills, Slocomb, R. R. 1, Box 38, Ark. This is an invalid boy of fourteen who asks for a postcard and letter shower. This boost should be easy to give. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Dependent upon a sick wife for support, this man makes an urgent appeal for aid. He has been a shut-in, as helpless as a baby, for 20 years. Fred Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Almost a lifelong sufferer from an incurable case of painful rheumatism. Well recommended and a worthy case. Miss M. Brackin, Bee Log, N. C. A woman of 52, struggling for own support. A needy and well-recommended case. Claude Shifflet, Richmond, R. R. 3, Ky. A helpless shut-in dependent upon a widowed mother for care and support. Dimes and greenbacks will help them both to carry on. A. B. Elrod, Fairmount, Ga. A man of 47, a lifelong invalid only able to walk with crutches. His efforts to aid himself make him particularly worthy of the help of others. Boost him along the happiness road. Lancelot G. Reeves, Toney Creek, R. R. 1, S. C. A poor crippled lad of fifteen who asks dimes and cheer. Give him his wish. Mrs. Alice Stacy, Varnells Station, R. R. 1, Ga. A widow with an invalid son. She faces a difficult winter without warm clothes or money to buy fuel. Well recommended. Susan Gilliam, Klondike, R. R. 1, Box 55, Tenn. This 74-year-old woman asks aid for her husband and herself. With four children dead, this poor couple are left to fight unaided. Winter clothing will aid—but greenbacks will give double warmth to age and suffering. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 33, Va., sends grateful words of thanks to COMFORT readers who have sent him various forms of aid. Mr. Lowe is badly in want of winter underclothing.

Many of those listed this month hoped to have their names in the December issue of COMFORT, but I was sorry to have their appeals come in too late for such appearance. Yet if their Christmas was made the more sad because of this disappointment, let their New Year be the brighter! Give them a genuine start on 1923 that will carry them along a happier path of weeks and months for a while at least. Their road must be a hard and painful one at best. Let one of our New Year resolutions be to smooth it for them all we can!

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Six Wheel Chairs in December

663 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am pleased to close the Wheel-Chair account for 1922 with the announcement of six wheel chairs awarded and shipped in December, which brings the number of those sent out during the past year up to 41, and swells the grand total to 663 of these indispensable conveniences furnished to crippled shut-ins by COMFORT since the establishment of our Wheel-Chair department.

The recipients of the six December chairs are; Mrs. Mag Snodgrass, Powderly, Ky., 150; Miss Lucile Chapman, R. 1, Piedmont, S. C., 95; Auther T. Edmundson, Kenton, Tenn., 90; Mrs.



RUSSELL COCHRAN ENJOYING THE COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Mayme E. Carter, R. 1, Troy, Ala., 87; Cleo Leverne Copple, 652 Virginia St., Hillsboro St., Hillsboro, Ill., 83; Raymond D. Ludvigson, Gunnison, Utah, 77. The figures following their respective addresses indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them.

Mrs. Mag Snodgrass, age 50, is afflicted with severe swelling of knee which is very painful. It is nearly two years since she became so crippled as not to be able to walk. Her trouble appears to be chronic. Her wheel chair will make her more comfortable and will be a help to her two children, on whom she is dependent, in caring for her.

Miss Lucile Chapman, age 20, for the past four years has been confined to her bed with rheumatism which has drawn her legs up so that they have to be supported by pillows as she lies on her back, the only tolerable position for her. Needless to say that she is a great sufferer.

Auther T. Edmundson, age 54, for the past twelve years has suffered from rheumatism which is growing worse. It is two years since he has walked and he is now nearly helpless as he has no use of his legs and little use of his arms. He lives with, and is dependent on, his married sister.

Mrs. Mayme E. Carter, age 41, is so crippled that she can not walk, and has been in this deplorable condition the past three years as the result of a severe burn. She has been to the Infirmary three times for treatment, the cost of which with other medical treatment has been a heavy burden on her husband and son. She hopes that her wheel chair will afford her some measure of relief.

Cleo Leverne Copple, age 12, has spinal weakness which affects her hips so that she can not walk, but she gets about to some extent by crawling like an infant. "So you see," as her mother writes, "the little girl needs a wheel chair."

Raymond D. Ludvigson, age 11, is paralyzed from his hips down, caused by nerve disorder, and, of course, has no use of his lower limbs.

The following letters of thanks and large Roll of Honor tell their own interesting stories.

I appeal to all you who are blessed with whole bodies and good health to help our Wheel-Chair Club to start the new year as beneficently for the shut-ins as it has closed the old year.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Enjoys Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Delta, Colorado, R. 2.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose a picture of Lillian Atchley which I hope you will publish so that COMFORT readers may see how she enjoys her wheel chair, for which she and her family are very grateful.



LILLIAN ATCHLEY ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Lillian wishes to thank the good people who have writtn her for their kind letters, and to explain that the reason why she has not answered them is that she can not write because of rheumatism, and her mother is sick, but wishes to thank you and others who have taken an interest in Lillian.

Sincerely yours
(Mrs.) Mary Atchley.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help to Crippled Boy and to His Mother in Caring for Him

Roundup, Mont., Box 881.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a picture taken of Russell in his wheel chair, which we would be pleased to see in COMFORT. His chair is surely a great help to him and to us in caring for him. We feel now that we could not do without it, and we thank you and all who helped to get it for him.

Sincerely your friend,
(Mrs.) Earle Cochran.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. L. S. Copple, Ill., for Cleo Leverne Copple, 17 subs; Miss Bernice Ludvigson, Utah, for Raymond Ludvigson, 61; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mrs. Mayme Carter, 51; Mrs. M. C. Peacher, for Mrs. Zonie Peacher, 23; Mrs. Wm. F. Market, Md., for General, 6 subs and $1.00; Miss Eda Paul, Ill., for General, 5 subs; Shelby Lowe, for Raymond Shelby, 16; Miss Ruby Rayner, Miss., for Mrs. Frank Russell, 12; Mrs. Lena Butler, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 7 subs and $3.00; Mrs. Kirbie S. Webb, for D. P. Ferrell, 17 subs; Jeanette Deskins, W. Va., for Jeanette Deskins, 30; Mrs. Len Kinser, Texas, for Mr. Ellsworth Shaw, 19; Mrs. Baxter Duffer, Tenn., for Auther T. Edmundson, 8; Fannie Bradbury, Tenn., for Auther T. Edmundson, 32; Mrs. Georgia Couch, Tenn., for Auther T. Edmundson, 9; Mrs. M. Temple, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 20; Miss Cora Westbrook, La., for Ellen Westbrook, 6 subs and $1.00; Mr. Ira B. Norton, Okla., for Ira Norton, 12 subs; Rachel McNeil, Ky., for Mrs. Mag Snodgrass, 150; Mrs. I. S. Smalley, for John O. Smalley, 7; Etta Edmundson, Tenn., for Auther T. Edmundson, 10; Mrs. Frank Sillery, Ala., for Oscar Payne, 10; Mrs. Minerva Derbery, Okla., for Miss Neoma Derbery, 2 subs and $1.00; Harriet A. Bates, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 9 subs; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mrs. Mayme E. Carter, 20; Mrs. Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary Miller, 22; Mrs. Wm. Paddock, Minn., for Ruth Williams, 5; Miss Lucile Chapman, for own chair, 30; Mrs. Frank Sillery, Ala., for Oscar Payne, 5; Miss Armor Sirman, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 7; Mrs. Katie Croferd, Ill., for Cleo Leverne Copple, 21; L. W. Yockey, Calif., for General, $1.00; Miss Clare Parker, N. Y., for General, $1.00; Miss Irene Kochel, Mo., for General, $2.00; A COMFORT Reader, N. C., for General, $2.00; Carl Rhode, Mich., for General, $1.00; Mrs. Lizzie Draper, Ill., for General, $2.00; Mrs. Rachel McNeil, Ky., for Mrs. Mag Snodgrass, 150 subs.

Jenkins was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death. He rang up friend Smith at once. "Halloa, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



FREE! COMFORT'S New Applique And Patchwork Book

WE have recently published a book of 32 pages showing nearly one hundred beautiful designs in applique and patchwork sent in by women readers of COMFORT.

These designs, which are handsomely illustrated and accompanied with full directions for making into bedspreads, shams, breakfast cloths, luncheon sets, scarfs, curtains, pillows, quilts, etc., etc., also blocks and sections for borders and conventional designs which can be used as appliques for various purposes among which are birds, tulips, daffodils, roses, baskets, morning glories, fleur de lis, peach, sunflower, star and crescent and others too numerous to mention. You will marvel at the beautiful work you can do with this book as your guide. The designs are attractive yet simple and easy to make, and as they were submitted by our own readers they are entirely different from any others you may have seen.

You can have a copy of this book free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this Applique and Patchwork Book free by mail postpaid.

Reward No. 8731

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Stylish Bags

Take Your Choice For A Club Of Four



HAND-BAGS are more popular than ever this season so we take pleasure in offering our lady girl readers either of the two handsome styles described herewith.

The Bag illustrated above (Reward No. 8581) is the newest "Kodak" shape, 6½x4¼ inches in size, made of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beautiful shade of brown. It has two large extension side pockets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror and a middle coin pocket with metal frame and mirror, and a small pocket which betweens together for the protection of small and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.



The Bag illustrated at the left (Reward No. 8582) is 6¼x4¼ inches in size, made of pebble leather, morocco finish, color black. This bag also, has two large extension side pockets, mirror pocket with mirror, and a small pocket which betweens together for the protection of small and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.

You can have your choice of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you either Bag free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention reward number of Bag wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 9½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pure and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermillion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Any one who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—$6 to $12 a day easy. 250 Lightweight, fast selling, popular priced necessities, food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc. Agent's outfit free. Write today—quick—now. American Products Co. 7857 American Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $50 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents: $60 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replace free. All styles and colors, including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages $60 a month working spare time. George Noble made $25 in one day. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 519, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Clean up $100 weekly with "Nifty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales-dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-conxers. All daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Lux Products Co., Dept. 505 Chicago.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus. $1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-G, Chicago.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. Your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished all colors and grades including silks, wool and heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 2061, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3000% Profit. Quick seller. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells 25c, you make 18c. Samples free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1941-E, Irving Park, Chicago

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of over 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Make big money the year 'round selling latest New York fashions, so smart looking and low priced no woman can resist buying. Strump & Co., Dept. 8, 29 West 34th Street, New York City.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Tailoring Agents—Wonderful Sellers—Virgin wool tailored to order suits retail $29.50, any fabric, any style, none higher. Also fine assortment of hot weather fabrics, red hot sellers, $17.50. Imported mohairs, $18.25; genuine tropical worsteds, $19.50. Amazing values. Fit, style and workmanship unexcelled. Quick service. $50 to $100.00 a week. Can use some spare time workers. Write, mention terr., J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 414, 831 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Case Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

Agents. Sell Wolverine Laundry Soap. A wonderful repeater and good profitmaker. Free automobile to hustlers. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. A-4, Grand Rapids, Mich.

$20.00 daily easy. Big wonder line of New York 31 fast sellers used by everybody. Samples free. Textile Products Company, 693 Broadway, New York.

Automobile Free: 300% Profit. Sell White K Laundry Tablets. Other money makers. No capital. Premiums. Free samples. L. A Knight Co., 119 Market, St. Louis, Mo.

Housewives buy Harper's Invention on sight. New business. No competition. Ten-Use Set is combination of ten indispensable household necessities. $7.50 to $30.00 a day easily. Write for Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, 103 A Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents: Housewives everywhere delighted with new article which removes stains from clothing, table linen, etc. Write quick; territory and sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, 74 Union, Newark, N. Y.

We pay $200 monthly salary, furnish rig and expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Pick a winner! Sell Vegetable Marvel the new wonder soap. Sale in every home. Free cake to anyone interested. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9625 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 61, Fairfield, Iowa

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

We Pay $36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.50. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

"Authentic Life of Henry Ford"—Amazing, Thrilling, Fastest selling book. Be first. $100 weekly easy. Free outfit. Hertel Co., 9 So. Clinton, Chicago.

Our Persian Prayer Rugs 28x46, French tapestry pillow-tops, runners sell fast. Sample rug, sales plan $3.00, tapestry $2.00 Prepaid. Novelty Exchange, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

Agents—$2.00 an hour—Hackett did it first half day. A snappy new line—sells on sight. Experience unnecessary. Make 100% on biggest sellers. Workers get free case and transportation. Write today. Dept. 55, E. C. Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—C. T. A. prices reduced again. Suits $18.00, made to order, any size or style. Orders easy to get. Big profits. Sample outfit free. Write Chicago Tailors Ass'n, World's largest tailors, Dept. 185, Station C, Chicago.

Agents: If larger profits on smaller investments, and easy sales counts, write for free particulars, **Amey Mail Order Company, Box 485, Firestone Park Station, Akron, Ohio.**

Write and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. Silvering mirrors, refinishing auto headlights, tableware, plating. Outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. D-6, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

$60—$200 a week Gold Letters for Store Windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. General agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 J, North Clark, Chicago.

FARM LANDS

Own Your Own Orange Grove in Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland park is best. We can prove it. Write for a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 298 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

SALESMEN

Salesmen with Ford cars to work City and county in which they live. Live wires only. F. J. P. Distributing Co., Jackson, Mich.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Start a cleaning, pressing, dyeing shop—Splendid field, big profits. Plans free. International System, Dept. 29, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of this month's issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Farms Wanted: Give full description and cash price. Quick sales. Leaderbrand Sales Agency, B-140, Cimarron, Kansas.

HELP WANTED

U. S. Government Wants Help. Railway Mail Clerks—Clerks at Washington. Men—women over 17. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

Stop Daily Grind. Free Easy Plans, Silver mirrors, headlights, tableware, etc. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

$5—$10 per day decorating Art Novelties at home. Fascinating. No experience. We teach you and furnish everything. Write Fireside Industries, Dept. 79, LaGrange, Indiana.

Clerks—Men, Women, Girls 18 over, wanting good paying permanent Government positions. Departmental, postoffice, railway mail. Other positions. Experience unnecessary. Examination soon. Full particulars free. Write Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyesight. 10c silver brings them. L. P. Miller, Box 1260, City Hall Station, New York.

Of interest to women. Send for catalog, How to get free Bath Brush. The Superior Brush Co., Hartford, Conn., Dept. C.

MUSICAL

Join our Sheet Music Club and receive latest popular music of all publishers. $1.00 Year Plan. Write today for details. Sheet Music Club, Suite 709, 1545 Broadway, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

U. S. Government wants women. Office positions. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-9, Rochester, N. Y.

We want representatives everywhere to introduce Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Hosiery, Dry Goods, etc. for liberal pay. Easy, pleasant, profitable. We teach you. Wonderful chance for earnest, refined women to build a dignified, money-making business. Samples furnished. Opportunity for advancement to experienced men and women. Write for full information today. Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 503 Fitzcharles Building, Trenton, N. J.

Ladies—$25 to $50 weekly selling Sanitary Specialty needed and welcomed by women and not sold in stores. Whole or part time. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 601, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women—Girls. Learn Millinery Designing—making at own home. $125 month. Big Spring (Easter) demand. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-800, Rochester, N. Y.

We pay big money for painting pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Dress-Designing—making at home. $35 week Spring (Easter) demand. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-501, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured—Trade Marks Registered. A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-E, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet. G-6 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored), $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 823 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly. Which positions. Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Boys—Men: Become automobile experts, $45 week. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. M-419, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

POULTRY

Plans for Poultry Houses! All styles 150 Illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 75, Indianapolis, Ind.

Baby Chicks: 50,000 each week. 14 Pure Breeds. Best service. Lowest prices. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted:—Mail us your Discarded Jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges, Watches, Diamonds, Silver, Platinum, and Old False Teeth. Money sent by return mail. Packages returned at our expense if offer is refused. U. S. Smelting Works, The Old Reliable, Dept. 6, Chicago.

BOOKS

Think is a book that teaches you to Think. Postpaid, $1.00. Earn money selling Think. John James, Box 912, Nashville, Tenn.

Ecstatic Stigmasee Emmerich; and her visions, Nativity, Egypt, Cana; 4 books for 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 a week. Evening—I made it mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Farm Lands! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts, near thriving city in lower Mich. $10 to $50 down; bal. long time. Write today for free illustrated booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

JEWELRY

Free—Beautiful "Horseshoe-Nail—Ring," Sterling Silver, solid gold horseshoe top, genuine garnet stone. Write today, Cognito, Elizabeth, N. J.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy America's leading writer's magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

PHOTO FINISHING

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 2c each. Overnight service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new service. Entirely different, never seen before. Rolls 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., Malden, O.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c, Prints 2c each. Moore & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Special. 8x10 inch Enlargements from tintypes, fully hand colored, 35c. Send your negatives. Scharfoto Co., Box 74 Station D, New York City.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine. $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2500 and more. Exams everywhere. Write Today for information. Patterson Civil Service Bureau, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a Business College Course at Home. Prepare to earn $100 to $200 month. Successful Graduates everywhere. Graduates placed in good positions. Details free. Brown's Home Study School, 22A, Peoria, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1516 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vanderveort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Home Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Many kinds, per 100. Send 25c for sample and list. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 50 acres at Bargain in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual payments extending over 36½ years with five per cent interest. **Money advanced for improvements and dairy stock.** You can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, etc. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

Farm Homes in 33 States. All descriptions $10—$200 acre, fully equipped suburban property—Florida orange groves, winter homes. 160-page Catalog Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150-BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted. Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain U. S. Cents, and high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. You may have Very valuable coins. Send 10c for 111 Coin Value Book, 4x6. Get Posted. We pay Cash. Clark Coin Co., Ave. 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

Billions of Untaxed Securities

American genius early discovered George Washington as an uncommon child because he "could not tell a lie;" but Diogenes is still out with his lamp looking for the rare bird who wants to pay the last penny due the tax collector. A generation ago no boy was looked upon as having completed his education unless he had helped "coon" watermelons. Up until a remarkably recent date most ocean travelers thought themselves lacking in some element of cleverness possessed by their fellow humans until they had "smuggled." Human nature must still have a few flaws because when it comes to taxdodging we have an almost universal malady that is likely never to be cured. President Harding has several times directed attention to the biggest case in point, and it is announced that one of the policies of his Administration will be to insist on another constitutional amendment that will prohibit further tax-exempt securities from being issued. No one seems to know just how this mania for "tax-exempt" securities started, but it is suspected that when enterprising American cities offered new factories "free taxes" that they sowed the wind that led to the ultimate whirlwind represented by the issuance of twenty billion dollars worth of tax-free securities.

Lazy money has grabbed at tax-exempt securities with the result that the public revenue has not only suffered, but the whole industrial situation of the nation has been affected because new capital for development has been curtailed.

Law-making cannot reach the new national evil and it can be cured only by the major operation of a constitutional amendment. But Dr Harding has given orders to prepare the instruments, the anesthetics and the restoratives for a severe case of surgery; and the country will doubtless wish him every success when he starts carving the artful Tax Exempt dodger.

Don'ts in Using Electric Equipment

Don't leave the electric flatiron connected to the circuit and go to use the telephone, visit with the neighbors, or to call at the grocery. It costs $100 for the fire department to make a "run" even for a smoking ironing board.

Don't use paper shades or other inflammable materials or decorations about electric lamps.

Don't use lamp cord wiring in your homes. It is unsightly and unsafe.

Don't permit "the handy man" nor the incompetent workman to do your wiring.

Don't forget that there are 365 days in every year in which to see that your electric wiring is in first-class shape.

Don't forget that good, competent workmanship and first-class materials used in the installation of electric wiring make the best job.

A Dangerous Move

John Jones, who has been mining on Ringsbury Gulch during the Winter, moved his wife up East Fork, where his partner is.—*Twinsky, Cal., Journal.*

Unassisted

A man tells of visiting a certain country district. Speaking to a native of the community's lack of material comforts, he said:

"You don't mean to tell me that you are twenty miles from the nearest doctor? What do you do in serious cases?"

"Well, suh," was the response, "we just dies a natural death."—*Country Gentleman.*

Ornithology or Somethin'

Teacher (to class in Natural History)—What kind of birds are most frequently kept in captivity?

"Jail-birds," volunteered Tommy.—*Judge.*

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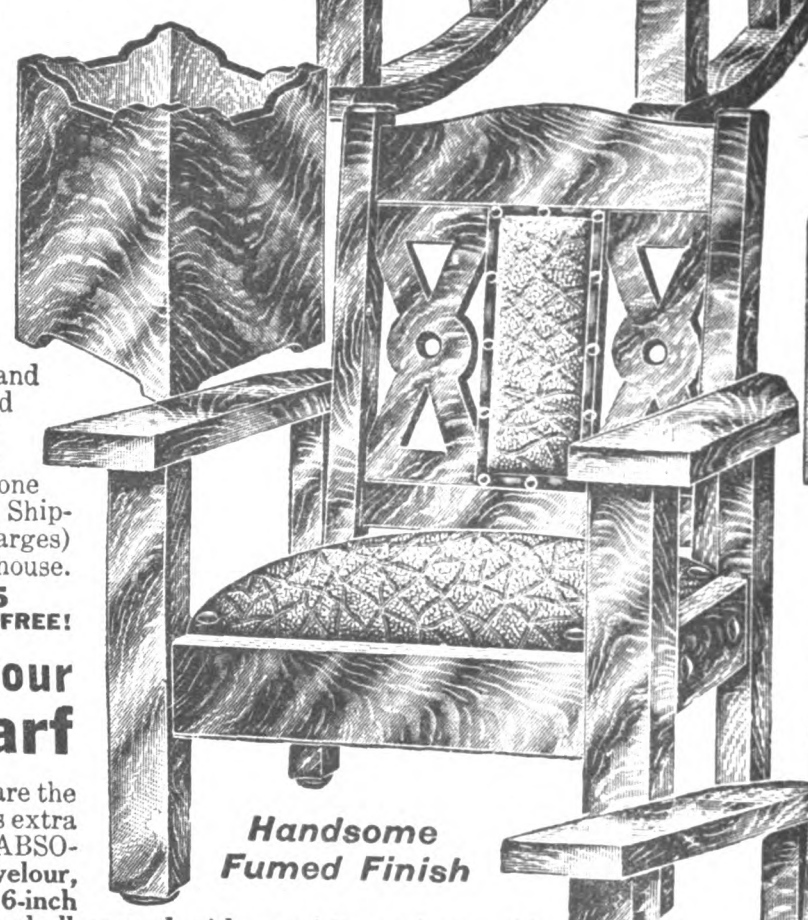
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VOL. XXXV
NO. 4

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

FEBRUARY
1923



Most of Our Presidents Have Been Devout Christians

See "Church Affiliations of Our Presidents," on page 18

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

A Sixth Part of the Total Annual Earnings of the American People Goes to Pay Taxes

THE high and continually rising cost of government reflected in ever increasing tax burdens is a greater and more vicious factor in keeping up the high cost of living than is generally understood. Government expenditures and taxes statistically expressed in millions and billions of dollars are incomprehensible except to financial experts, but when it is explained that a simple analysis of statistics shows that it takes one-sixth of the American people's total annual earnings from labor and capital combined to pay their National, State, county, municipal and other local taxes for the year, the citizen of ordinary intelligence begins to get an idea of the relatively high cost of government in this country. But unless he also does a little careful thinking he will not grasp the broad significance of the explanation so as to derive an approximate conception of the extent to which this oppressive burden affects him personally.

If taxes absorb one-sixth of the total production of the nation it is obvious that the average individual tax burden must amount to one-sixth of the average individual income. At first thought it might seem that this average tax ratio has little if any application to a large part of the community because many of our tax laws are avowedly designed to bear heavily on corporations and wealthy individuals while distinctly favoring or entirely exempting persons of small means or moderate incomes. But such an objection is, in the main, falacious because of the inevitable tendency of all taxes, on whatsoever or whomsoever laid and assessed, to distribute themselves on the entire population. Of course taxes bear more heavily on some than on others, and it is said that everybody is by nature a tax-dodger, but none can by any possibility avoid carrying a considerable portion of the cost of government. Let nobody in blissful but benighted ignorance lay to his selfish soul the flattering unction that he escapes taxation even if his income is within the legal exemption and he owns no taxable property; though not assessed a visible tax he pays an invisible one at every turn, and does not know it.

Like freight rates and rent, taxes are no small element in the cost of production and distribution of raw materials and finished products, and, of course, have to be covered by the selling price of the article. Thus, as a rule, the taxes paid by the producer, the railroad, the wholesaler and the retailer are passed on to the ultimate consumers; thus distributed these are among the many invisible taxes that we pay in our daily transactions.

It is regretable that the precise amounts and various kinds of invisible taxes aggregated and included in the selling price of every article can not be brought distinctly to the purchaser's attention so that by a very simple process of figuring every voter might know the exact total of his or her forced contribution, direct and indirect, to the support of the National, State, county, municipal or other form of local government. I venture the opinion that, if such were the case, a very large number of citizens who now labor under the delusion that, because they pay little or no direct tax they are tax-exempt, and therefore are indifferent to or recklessly favor large, extravagant appropriations and expenditures of public funds on the theory that the increased burden of taxation will fall on the corporations and wealthy individuals, would be shocked into a rude awakening from their complacency and see that it is to their interest to demand rational economy in all the various governmental functions.

Visible taxes levied on the people are unpopular because everybody knows when he pays and just how much. The people raised a tremendous howl against the war taxes on retail sales of ice cream cones, soda fountain drinks, proprietary remedies, toilet articles and certain so-called luxuries in the clothing line, and consequently these visible, direct taxes were the first of the war taxes to be abolished. "Tax the corporations," they say. But where do the corporations get the money to pay their taxes? Railroad, street railroad, telephone, electric light, gas and all other public service companies must necessarily get the money for their taxes from their patrons, most of whom do not stop to think that this invisible item has to be included in the rate bill. It has already been explained that manufacturing and commercial enterprises have to make prices to cover taxes. A large part of the taxes must necessarily be passed on to the ultimate consumer and, of course, everybody tries to pass on as much of his taxes as possible. If all taxes in this country were passed on and distributed to the entire population it would mean that every person expending his entire income would pay out one-sixth of it for invisible taxes.

Although just what portion of the total taxes is passed on and distributed has not been, and probably can not be, definitely determined, it is known to be large, so large as to constitute an important factor in keeping prices up because it keeps costs up. It behooves every voter, regardless of whether he or she is taxed directly, to take a resolute stand against lavish or unnecessary appropriations of public money and to demand of Senators, Congressmen, members of State legislatures and municipal councils strict governmental economy with an aim to lower taxes

President Harding's Success in Reducing the Cost of Government

With our entrance into the World War the Federal Government indulged in an orgy of reckless extravagance and wastefulness which outlasted the war and continued, though at a slower pace, until halted by President Harding through his clean-up and reorganization of the administrative departments and his application of the executive brake to keep appropriations by Congress within the reasonable needs of the country and the available resources of the treasury. During the war appropriations were made regardless of revenue and the enormous deficits were met by the billions of dollars obtained by the sale of Liberty Bonds, Treasury Certificates and War Savings Stamps, and as a result our national debt has grown to twenty-three billions and it takes about a billion a year to pay the interest. It was difficult to wean the departments and Congress from their war-time habit of running the country in debt by spending in excess of the revenues, and, although the departments have been curbed, Congress still manifests a disposition to persist in its bad habit which has been checked in some instances only by President Harding's exercise of the veto power. However, with the able assistance of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon, the present administration has reduced the "budget" (proposed expenditures of the Federal Government) for the coming year to about three billion dollars, a sum which, large as it is, can be fully met by the present revenues, so that there will be no increase in Federal taxes or national debt unless Congress should upset the program by increasing the proposed appropriations or adding others, which certain Senators and Congressmen apparently purpose to attempt. If they succeed it will result in raising taxes, already burdensome, or piling up additional debt and a bigger interest account.

After the interest item, previously mentioned, the next largest in the "budget" is four hundred and forty millions for the Veterans' Bureau (care of disabled soldiers and their dependents). Some of the other large items are: three hundred forty-five millions for reduction of debt; three hundred twenty-six millions for War Department, including Panama Canal; three hundred sixteen millions for Department of Interior, including the Pension Bureau and certain public works; two hundred ninety-six millions for Navy Department. About two-thirds of the three billions required to pay the government's bills the coming year is expense entailed by the World War. The total expenditures of the Government for 1916, the year before the war, amounted to seven hundred and sixty millions. Compare this with the [illegible] dollars interest bill and the four hundred and [illegible] millions for the Veterans' Bureau.

Tax-Exempt Securities Have Grown to Troublesome Proportions

Indulging in a like riot of prodigality the States, counties, cities and other political subdivisions have added enormously to their debts and interest charges and have largely increased our taxes. The discouraging feature is that efforts to check this vicious tendency have not received much popular support and therefore have been attended with little or no success. Most of the numerous proposed schemes involving increased expenditures of public money receive the approval and support of those who, in their ignorance of the working of the economic law which distributes public burdens through the invisible taxes, calculate that they will share the expected benefits without contributing to defray the cost. Also any official who dares to advocate economy and retrenchment makes himself unpopular while the demagogue who favors extravagance gets the votes. Also in the general tendency of high taxes to discourage enterprise, depress business and retard prosperity is a flare-back that affects all and is given too little attention by many members of the community

The enormous growth of State and municipal debts has resulted in the issue of billions of dollars of tax-exempt State, county, city, town and district bonds. Each State has the power to exempt all such bonds issued for public purposes by its authority, not only from State and local taxation within its borders, but also from taxation by the Federal Government wherever owned or held, so that these securities are nowhere subject to the U. S. income tax. The States make full use of the tax-exempting power because it enables them or their political subdivisions to borrow money at very low rate of interest, in some instances even lower than the interest rate of Liberty Bonds. large holdings of the latter (except those of the first issue) are subject to surtaxes. These tax-proof bonds are eagerly sought (as they are designed to be) by cautious investors who regard perfect security with absolute exemption from taxes as preferable to larger interest yield subject to taxation and attended with an uncertain degree of business risk. From the standpoint of the conservative investor as well as from that of the States there are legitimate arguments in justification of the issuance of reasonable amounts of the favored class of securities. But serious trouble has resulted from the thing having been largely overdone.

The following are some of the evil consequences that are being felt. Throughout the country it is retarding industrial and commercial development by absorbing billions of dollars of idle capital needed for, and which otherwise would be forced to seek investment in, business enterprises; and the vast amount of capital thus absorbed, being tax-exempt, increases the tax burden borne by capital actively employed in business and industry, which acts as a further discouragement to investment in enterprises exposed not only to business risks but also to high and rising taxes.

In order to check this abuse of the tax-exempting power by the States, on recommendation of President Harding and Secretary Mellon a resolution has been introduced in Congress proposing a Constitutional amendment to prohibit the further issuance of tax-exempt securities. Mr. Mellon expresses the opinion that such a restraint is necessary not only for the national welfare but also to protect the States from being loaded with excessive debts by the reckless action of their legislatures.

COMFORT'S EDITOR

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Mr. Coolidge leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.



She did not feel particularly drawn toward either Mrs. Coolidge or her eldest daughter.



She would have fallen had she not been quickly caught and upheld by a strong arm.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, is joined by her friend, Aspasia Huntington, a wealthy Baltimore belle, who meets with a slight accident in her dress, attracting the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt, who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond, stepping upon something, picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants, and the word "Brownie" in finest letters upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her life, her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lussan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth, and when she is gone she requests her to take the chain and key from her neck and wear it as long as she lives. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property, admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing Mr. Conrad's offer to relieve her from anxiety and have her home with him or go with Miss Huntington as her companion, she secures employment in New York, wiring hats. The work hard, she is helped by Mattie Burnham who wins her love and together in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who kindly asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language. Learning she is musical would she be persuaded to teach. If the opportunity presented itself she would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card, given to her, bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

THE next day but one, while Brownie was trying her utmost to do her allotted task and get out of the factory an hour earlier, that she might slip down to the reading-room and finish that little French romance in which she had been so deeply interested, Miss Walton came to her and told her, in her grim, curt way, that she was wanted in the office.

Somewhat disturbed by this unexpected summons, she laid aside her work, removed her dainty white apron, then, with heightened color, but a dignified mien, she bent her steps toward the room where she had been received upon her arrival, and which she had not entered since.

Upon opening the door, she was surprised to find sitting, in confidential communication with Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Alcott, the gentleman whose acquaintance she had made in the reading-room two evenings previous.

She bowed slightly to him, and then turned to Mr. Coolidge, who had arisen as she entered, and now greeted her in courteous tones.

"My father-in-law, Mr. Alcott, Miss Douglas," he said, by way of introduction, and Brownie now understood his start of surprise when she gave him her address.

"Be seated, Miss Douglas, if you please," her employer continued, placing a chair for her.

She sat down and folded her little hands in her lap. Both gentlemen noteed her ladylike and self-possessed demeanor, and inwardly commented upon it.

"Miss Douglas, Mr. Alcott has done nothing but rehearse your accomplishments since his meeting with you night before last," said Mr. Coolidge, with an affable smile.

"If what he says is true," the gentleman continued, "and I have no doubt it is, since he is amply qualified to judge, this factory is no place for you."

Was she to be turned away on account of her little knowledge?

"One can not always control one's circumstances, sir," she said quietly.

"True; I understand you, Miss Douglas. But it may be in the power of others to control them for you in a measure. Now, I have a proposal to make to you. If I understood Mr. Alcott correctly, you would like to teach?"

"Indeed, I should like it very much, sir."

"Very well. My family contemplate going abroad in about one week; the steamer sails the tenth, I believe. We have been trying for several weeks to find some person competent to superintend the education of my two younger daughters, and act as a sort of companion and interpreter for them during their travels. Now, will you accept this position and accompany us to Europe?"

"How long do you contemplate remaining abroad?" Brownie asked, after a few moments spent in thought, and greatly surprised at this offer.

"A year, at least; probably longer, if the girls and their mother enjoy it."

"How old are your daughters, Mr. Coolidge?"

"Viola is sixteen, Alma is fourteen. I have another who is twenty, but I believe she considers her education completed, although I think she said something about studying the languages a little more while she is abroad."

"Have the young ladies completed any course as yet?" Brownie asked, wishing to know something of their attainments before deciding.

"No; I regret to say, they have not. Their mother was unwilling they should attend any public institution, so they have had private teachers, and I am afraid they have not improved their advantages as they should have done."

"Indeed, they have not!" exclaimed Mr. Alcott excitedly. "They have behaved shamefully about it, and are a couple of ignoramuses."

Brownie laughed as he said this, then asked: "And do you think, sir, that I am capable of instructing them, if older and wiser teachers have failed?"

"Young lady, when you were reading French to me the other evening, I was not impressed wholly by your pronunciation. No; there was a ring of decision in your tones, there was a look of character and firmness in your face, that told me you would not fail to make a first-class teacher," said the old gentleman with emphasis.

"Your very youthfulness may help you to win where the others have failed. And, as I told you, it is not altogether an instructress that we want, but a refined and genial companion, and an interpreter also, for none of the family are able to converse fluently in foreign languages," said Mr. Coolidge.

Sixteen and fourteen!

They were trying ages—just the time when girls loved fun and frolic better than anything else in the world.

Was she competent to take charge of them and direct their studies?

She longed to accept the position, she longed to go abroad and visit those old countries so fraught with interest, poetry and romance, and where her aunt had lived and suffered so much. But the responsibility! Would it be right for her to assume it? Would she be able to influence these young girls aright?

"Mr. Coolidge," she said, when she had thought of all these things, "I will tell you frankly that I would like this position which you are so kind to offer me, more than I can express, but I am only eighteen years of age myself, and I do not really feel whether I am competent to direct the education of your daughters or not. The other duties, I think, I could fulfill satisfactorily."

"Have you ever completed a regular course of study?" asked Mr. Alcott.

"Yes, sir; a thorough course. I graduated from the high school before I was sixteen, and I have since taken a two years' classical course," replied Brownie.

"You'll do, then," said the old man, with a contented nod of his head.

He was very much interested in the beautiful girl.

"My principal reason for hesitating is that I have never had any experience in teaching, and could only follow the example of my own teachers, so far as I can remember it."

"You are very truthful and frank, at all events," remarked Mr. Coolidge smilingly.

"I should not presume to accept this position, sir, by placing myself in a false position," replied Brownie gravely.

"I think, with my father-in-law, that you will do, and I feel confident that you will prove faithful to your trust. Shall we consider the bargain closed?" asked her employer, giving her a glance of admiration.

"Mr. Coolidge—I—really——" stammered the young girl.

She was astonished that he should desire to close the bargain, without making any inquiries regarding her character or antecedents, and yet she did not know how to broach the subject.

"Ah, I beg your pardon, Miss Douglas," and the man of business looked utterly confused for a moment, "it was an oversight entirely that I did not mention what salary you would receive. Would four hundred a year and expenses meet your acceptance?"

"Make it five, William," interrupted Mr. Alcott, adding: "With those harum-scarum girls it will be none too much; there will be plenty of little knickknacks that she will want to bring away from the old country, and an extra hundred will be none too much."

"Well, call it five hundred and expenses, then," said Mr. Coolidge.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I had not thought of the salary which I should receive. I was upon the point of saying that—you know nothing about me personally—whether I am, morally, one whom you would wish to receive into your family. I expected you would require references," Brownie said with dignity.

Mr. Coolidge leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily, while Mr. Alcott beamed satisfaction at her over his gold-bowed spectacles. He recognized the true coin there.

"Really, Miss Douglas," said the former, "you have shown yourself wiser than I in this matter. That is a question which ought, according to the etiquette of the nineteenth century, to have been settled in the first place."

"The very fact of her speaking of the matter herself is reference enough for me," said Mr. Alcott, *sotto voce*.

"However," continued her employer, "I suppose Mrs. Coolidge would be better pleased to have that matter satisfactorily settled. What reference can you give us, Miss Douglas?"

"That is where I feared there might arise an objection," replied Brownie, with a sad smile, then added: "I have only one friend in the world to whom I feel at liberty just now to refer you; he is in Philadelphia—Mr. Arthur Conrad."

"What! Arthur Conrad, Esq., the noted lawyer of that city?" exclaimed Mr. Alcott, with great interest.

"Yes, sir. He has known me all my life, and I think I may trust him to speak a good word for me to you."

"That will be sufficient, Miss Douglas," said the old man, with a smile. "Arthur Conrad was a classmate of mine years and years ago; he was a splendid fellow, too. I know all about him, and if he knows all about you, we shall not quarrel over further references."

"I will write to him this afternoon," said Mr. Coolidge, "and we will probably hear in a day or two from him. Then, as this is a mere matter of form, we shall consider that you are engaged to us, and for the salary I named?"

"Yes, sir; and I thank you for your courtesy, and for the confidence which you have shown to me, an utter stranger. I assure you, I will do my utmost to prove myself worthy of the trust you have placed in my hands."

Brownie arose as she spoke, and he saw that tears stood in her grave, beautiful eyes.

Then, bowing to both gentlemen, she returned to her work.

Two, three, four, five days slipped rapidly by, and Brownie heard nothing more from Mr. Coolidge.

On the sixth day, as she was removing her apron and putting her table in order, she saw Miss Walton hastening toward her, a smile of satisfaction gleaming upon her face.

"Miss Douglas," she said, loud enough for several of the other girls to hear, "Mr. Coolidge wishes you to come to the office again; he wishes to settle with you."

Now it was considered quite a disgrace for any one to be called upon to "settle" before the season was over, and Brownie became at once the censure of all eyes in her neighborhood.

Brownie saw that several of the girls were regarding her suspiciously, and listening eagerly to the conversation.

"Yes, Miss Walton," she said, in her clear, sweet tones, "I have been expecting some such message as this for several days. I sail for Europe with Mr. Coolidge and his family on Monday."

CHAPTER X.

BROWNIE AT THE COOLIDGE MANSION.

Mr. Coolidge glanced up with a smile of welcome as Brownie, more beautiful than ever with the excitement of her little encounter with Miss Walton, entered the office.

"Miss Walton said you wished to see me, sir," she said simply.

"Yes, Miss Douglas, as we sail on Monday, I thought best to close your account with the firm tonight."

"You have heard from Mr. Conrad, then, I suppose," she said, taking it for granted, while her face became radiant with hope.

"No, Miss Douglas; I have not. I wrote immediately, but, receiving no reply, after waiting three days, I telegraphed, and his clerk returned word today that he had left town for a week."

Brownie's countenance fell, and she grew very pale.

All her bright hopes crumbled to dust, and nothing remained for her but to plod wearily along day by day.

"I am very sorry," she said, regretfully. "Of course, it is settled that I am not to go with you."

"Why not?" he asked, quickly adding: "You jump at conclusions, do you not? I told you, I believe, that, as we sailed on Monday, I wished to close your account tonight. That does not look much like not going, does it?"

She had forgotten his words, and her face lighted a trifle at this; but she asked:

"But would you be justified, sir, in taking me without a recommendation?"

"I think so, and I think you are over-sensitive upon that point. I never met a governess before without a recommendation who did not try to pass the circumstance over as lightly as possible," returned the gentleman, with an amused smile.

"I only desire that you and Mrs. Coolidge should be entirely satisfied," she said, with proud dignity.

"Miss Douglas," he said, fixing a keen look upon her face, "I told you, when we first talked this matter over, that I considered it a mere form. I have been fully satisfied from the first that you are a lady, and amply qualified for the position I offer you. Now, if you will assure me that there has been nothing in your life, morally speaking, which would debar you from entering my family, I can rest satisfied, and there will be time enough in the future to write to Mr. Conrad."

Anything in her life, morally speaking!

A little smile of scorn curled her red lips, and the color leaped again to her very brow; but she lifted her clear, truthful eyes to his, and he was answered, even before she said, with conscious pride:

"There is nothng, there has been nothing in my life which any one could question."

"I knew it," he answered; "and now I have a request to make, and that is, that you allow me to send my carriage for you this evening. There remains only about a day and a half before we sail, and my family would like to become somewhat acquainted with you beforehand."

Brownie shrank from this ordeal, but she knew it must come sooner or later, and the quicker it was over with the better for all parties.

"Very well, sir," she answered.

"At what time shall I send for you?"

"An hour will give me ample time to make all needful preparations for the change."

"It is five o'clock now. Then at six precisely the carriage shall call for you. We dine at half-past, when you will meet my family. Now, about this account; it is not a very large one, Miss Douglas," he said, smiling, and turning to the books.

After a moment, he continued, with some hesitation:

"Allow me to give you a check on account. You may wish to make some purchases before leaving

Brownie drew herself up like a little pr

"If you will please pay me what I ha
sir, it will be all I require, thank you."

He ran his eye quickly over the figu
then paid her just sixteen dollars and a h
amount of her earnings for three weeks
days.

"Thank you; that is correct," she sai
counting it; then, with a bow, she with
strange feeling of pride and independen
heart that for three weeks she had supp
self by the labor of her own hands.

True, it would take about fourteen of t
for her board and washing, leaving her
dollars and fifty cents surplus.

She was to receive a salary of five hund
lars a year, and she smiled to think ho
the sum looked to her now, and beside
were her expenses and the opportunity o
of travel in charming Europe.

Brownie arrived at the Coolidge mans
season to be introduced to the family bef
ner was served.

She did not feel particularly drawn
either Mrs. Coolidge or her eldest daughte

They were evidently worldlings, and
her with an air of superiority and patron
was intensely galling to our proud-spirit
Douglas.

The younger girls, Viola and Alma, we
simple and affectionate, and, although so
hoidenish, yet she felt assured that they
hearts, and promised herself some pleas
them.

After dinner the whole family repaired
drawing-room, and the girls being anxious
what the new governess could do, desired
her play and sing.

She gratified them, playing and singin
hour, then tempting them from the pia
made herself so sweet and engaging th
were charmed with her, while even Mrs. C
and Miss Isabel relaxed their haughtine
what, though they both considered her to
and polished for the latter's interest. She
no rival in the way at present.

"If only Wilbur will not lose his senses
in love with her at first sight," Isabel
her mother, when they had withdrawn to
Coolidge's boudoir to discuss Brownie's m

"Never fear, dear; Wilbur knows w
never tolerate a wife for him unless she
equal in society," replied the matron, se
cently.

"But you know that sometimes young m
in love with a pretty face, and become enga
before they know it."

Miss Isabel was evidently very jealo
Brownie's beauty and accomplishments.

She had not been at all pleased that he
should engage a governess without consulti
own and her mother's pleasure.

This feeling was shared by Mrs. Coolid
she had learned wisdom from long experien
did not openly oppose her liege lord's wi
upon any matter.

"I think you are worrying about nothing
said, in reply to her daughter. "I'm sure I c
anything so very beautiful about Miss Dou
and she cast a proud look at her own fashio
darling.

"Where are your eyes, mamma?" was th
patient reply. "Her features are perfect; sh
the loveliest complexion and color I have
seen in any face; her hands and feet are al
two sizes smaller than either mine or Viola's
her form just dainty enough to suit a fastidi
young man like Wilbur."

"Really, Isabel, you must have spent consi
able time inspecting the new governess to m
up such a catalogue of her charms," remar
Mrs. Coolidge, contemptuously, adding: "Per
you are afraid she may attract others, and in
fere with your own prospects."

"She may; who knows?" replied the ador
girl.

"Well, if you really think there is danger, I'
try and persuade your father to get rid of h
even now. But I am of the opinion that yo
have exaggerated her good looks; I see nothi
so very noticeable about her, and I'm sure s
dresses plainly enough to suit anybody. She
not wear a single ornament—nothing but
soft ruches at her neck and wrists."

"Her dress is all right, but hers is a style
beauty that does not need dress to set it off. S
would look lovely in anything. But it would
never do to think of sending her away now. Pa
is bewitched with her, and I do believe if pa
pa was a young man he would fall in love w
her himself; he has done nothing but sound h
praises ever since he met her in the readi
room."

"Pshaw! Isabel, how extremely foolish yo
are; do try and get such nonsense out of yo
head. But I promise I will take care that Wilb
does not see much of her, or any other you
gentleman whom we may meet abroad," said Mr
Coolidge, resolutely.

"If you can only put that resolution in fo
she may prove very useful to us, after all. He
accent is every bit as pure as Monsieur Bonnet's
and I must confess that her music is perfect
bewildering. She will save all need of musi
ters or teachers in the languages, which will b
quite an item; it has cost me more than

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



rtment is conducted solely for the use of FORT sisters, whereby they may give ex-sion to their ideas relative to the home home surroundings, and to all matters per-ing to themselves and families; as well as ing a way for personal correspondence be-en each other.

is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT scribers; to become coworkers with all who friendship, encouragement, sympathy or stance through the interchange of ideas.

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us to publish letters requesting money con-utions or donations of any sort. Much as sympathize with the suffering and unfortu-e, it is impossible to do this as we would flooded with similar requests.

te only on one side of the paper, and recipes a separate sheet.

ve your correct and full name and address, plainly written; otherwise your letter will ive no attention.

IRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, GUSTA, MAINE.

ERY often someone writes to the Sis-ters' Corner and wants to know how to give a Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day or Hallowe'en party, or church fair, and often they want some simple form of entertainment when ree neighbors "drop in" for the evening, eighbors should do. It isn't always pos-answer these letters personally and be-this I hope the letters following, the ac-on of several months, will meet the re-ts of the sisters who entertain, and most to some extent.—Ed.

COLLINSVILLE, ILL.

FORT SISTERS:

received lots of good advice and help, and y a pleasant hour, reading the sisters' letters rn I will tell you how we earned money for

ned a trip around the world. In the church was a place fixed up to represent a station, kets were sold. The Boy Scouts were there ader would blow a whistle to summon a scout l conduct a party of fifteen on the trip. He first to an old plantation home, a corner of ent made to represent an old plantation home, mbers of the church, dressed as negroes, with faces, sold baked beans, bacon, corn bread and hen they had finished at this cabin, the scout whistle and conducted his party to the next lland, where the fat girls served cakes, cof-offee cake. The girls looked very attractive lue dresses and white caps, aprons and wooden he next country was Japan and was the most l had to sit on the floor and eat. The girls ssed in Japanese costumes. Rice was served p cakes and tea. The next stop was the U. S. A. rything was red, white and blue. A woman ed as Liberty and a man as Uncle Sam. They d sang. Ice cream and cake was sold here. n fix your prices to suit yourself, but we cleared m for our church. GREY EYES.

ROCKY FACE, R. R. 1, BOX 62, GA.

S. WILKINSON:

eading Mrs. R. M. Down's letter, I recall a chool social we had.

oman and girl member made twelve socks each. ber composed a little rhyme, a copy of which in each sock, sending to every person within hey were made from silk and ribbon remnants enough for any other use, were from two to es long and from one to one and a half inches e receivers were asked to multiply their size hen add enough for the other sock extra. If a number ten you owe thirty, see? So place y pennies in the sock, bring it and attend our sock party) at the place and date on back of We had a musical program, an address and able speakers present from our, and other com-

nclosing the following rhyme:

is little sock we give to you,
is not for you to wear;
ease multiply your size by two,
nd place therein with care
nickels or in cents,
st twice the number that you wear;
We hope it is immense).

, if you wear a number 10,
u owe us thirty, see?
hich, dropped within this little sock,
ill fill our hearts with glee.
is all we ask, it isn't much,
nd hardly any trouble;
ut if you only have one foot,
e'll surely charge you double.

ut if the distance seems too great
ur social to attend,
r care or sickness should prevent,
ust send by some good friend,
r our good "Uncle Sam" will bring
he dimes our Sunday School needs.
nd many thanks we'll vote you,
ho are a friend indeed.

ow, if you have a friend quite dear
ou'd like to bring with you,
r, if you know someone who'd come.
e'll gladly send you two.
o don't forget the place and date—
e'll answer when you knock,
nd welcome you with open arms—
ut Don't Forget Your Sock.

been a reader of COMFORT ten years, and I say it is the best paper printed of its kind.
Sincerely, (MISS) CHLOE KINSEY.

SALEM, OREGON.

FOLKS:

the weather in your neighborhood? It couldn't r than this because this is the kind of a day I ist at present it is cloudy, an hour ago the sun ning and two hours ago it was raining. What nce! But it is to be expected at this time of in dear old Oregon. That is one reason why y home state so well, but only one out of many. pose I had better follow the usual method and myself. I am seventeen years old, nearly . I believe the best way to do that is to tell t one of my many nicknames is Shrimp. I am two inches tall and weigh 109 pounds. I have air with red mixed in it. Some say I am red while others say it is brown but it surely is red get my Irish up. Then my eyes, which are usu-en, turn yellow with rage. And the most promi-ing about my face is one big freckle which ex-om ear to ear and from the roots of my hair to of my dress. I suppose it is useless for me to as Irish as the pigs o' Dublin.

nother and I are living on an 85-acre fruit ranch. at least eight hours a day and for a while I got ours, worked from 6.30 A. M. until 10.30 P. M. sier to say what I wasn't doing. I was drying most of the time. Since we came out here I rked at everything to be done on a farm. Started aying bricks and when I quit work at 2 P. M. had just finished mending the manger for His Highness Bill. We have two Bills here, Iron d just plain Bill. Iron Bill is a tractor and Bill rse that doesn't make as much noise as Iron Bill hile at work.

st tell you a terrible experience I had the other was feeding the pigs dried prunes when some-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

MISS Hilma Hanson of Marshalltown, Iowa, wins the COMFORT'S Sisters' Pin this month for having sent the best recipe. By "best" is meant the recipe that is easiest for an inexperienced cook to follow. The recipe for Valentine Cake will be especially welcome to those who entertain, and various ideas on entertaining will be found among the letters from the sisters. —Ed.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—One egg plant, one egg, one teaspoon butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper and three or four crackers. Peel and slice egg plant and boil in salt water until tender, drain, mash well, add egg and cracker crumbs, enough milk or cream to moisten, season with salt and pepper and bake in greased dish half an hour.—MISS HILMA HANSON, Marshalltown, Iowa.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—Soak one pint of black beans over night, in the morning drain and add two quarts of cold water. Slice one small onion in frying-pan and fry with one tablespoon of butter and one-half cup celery, add to beans and let cook until beans are soft, probably three hours, adding more hot water as necessary. When beans are cooked, rub through a sieve and season with salt, pepper, mustard and a little cayenne. Reheat and thicken with two tablespoons of flour cooked with three tablespoons of butter. Serve hot with slices of hard-boiled eggs and lemon.—MRS. H., New Hampshire.

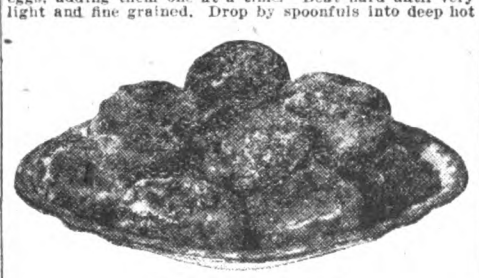
DEVILED OYSTERS.—Clean, drain and cut in pieces, ne pint of oysters. Make a sauce of one heaping tablespoon butter, one heaping tablespoon flour and one-half cup of milk; cook, add yolk of one egg, a little salt and pepper, and oysters. Put in buttered baking dish and cover with buttered bread-crumbs and bake fifteen minutes.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup hot water, one-half cup butter, boil together and while boiling stir in one cup sifted flour dry. Take from stove and stir to a smooth paste and when cool stir in three eggs. Stir five minutes, drop on buttered tin and bake in quick oven.

FOR CREAM.—One cup milk, one-half cup sugar, one egg, three teaspoons flour, flavor with lemon. When both this and the puffs are cold, open puffs with knife and fill with cream.

HERMITS.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon, one cup of chopped raisins. Roll thin.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—Sift together two cups of flour, one level teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of nutmeg, and two thirds cup of sugar. Mix with one cup of milk and two unbeaten eggs, adding them one at a time. Beat hard until very light and fine grained. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot



BREAKFAST PUFFS.

fat and fry to a golden brown. Small puffs will cook better than larger ones. Have a plate of sugar at hand in which to roll the puffs when taken from fat. If the puffs do not rise quickly or are not light, it is because the dough is not quite stiff enough, and a little more flour should be added.

DARK PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup molasses, one and one-half cup raisins (chopped), two-thirds of a cup of suet, one cup milk, one teaspoon of soda and a little salt, one teaspoon of cloves, one of cassia, one of allspice; steam from four to five hours.

SAUCE.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, rub to a cream, add three or four tablespoons of boiling water just before sending to the table; if wanted extra nice, add the white of an egg; flavor to taste.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup suet, chopped fine; one cup chopped raisins, one cup molasses, one cup boiling water, large teaspoon soda, flour to make stiff. Beat in one egg and teaspoon cassia. Serve with sauce to suit taste. Steam three hours.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, one egg, one cup sweet milk, one-half teaspoon of soda. Mix with flour stiff enough to knead. Raise over night. Handle carefully in the morning without kneading. Twist and fry.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.—One cup molasses, one cup new milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda, five teaspoons melted butter, one egg, cinnamon and nutmeg; flour enough to roll.

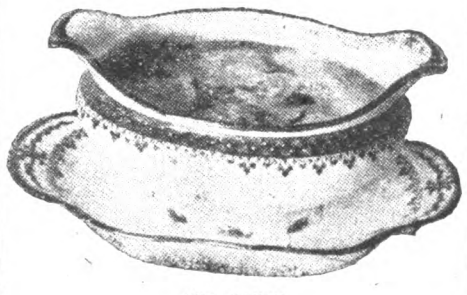
SOUR MILK DOUGHNUTS.—One cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup sour milk, piece butter size of a nutmeg, one teaspoon soda, a little salt; knead soft and spice to taste.

APPLE PUFF.—One egg, one tablespoon butter, one cup sweet milk, and one teaspoon baking powder. Mix together and add enough flour (sift baking powder with flour) so that the batter will drop easily from spoon. Peel and slice cooking apples and put into earthen baking dish and cover with the batter. Bake in hot oven and serve with cream sauce or whipped cream.—MRS. METTIE ALGOOD, Stony Fork, N. C.

CREAM CANDY.—Dissolve two cups of brown sugar in one-half cup of water and boil until it spins a thread, add three tablespoons of melted butter, one-quarter teaspoon salt and let boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Remove from fire and add one teaspoon orange extract, stir until it begins to grain, pour into greased tin and when partly cooled cut into squares. —GRACIE, Idaho.

COFFEE JELLY WITH BANANA.—Soak two even tablespoons of fine gelatin in half a cup of cold water twenty minutes. Bring to a boil one and a half cup of strong coffee, one-half cup of sugar, and a small pinch of salt. Add to softened gelatin and pour into mould. To serve, turn onto plate, surround with sliced banana, and on top arrange a circle of the banana and top with whipped cream.

EGG SAUCE.—Put one-fourth cup of butter into a saucepan where it will quickly melt but not brown, and when it bubbles add two rounding tablespoons of dry flour and mix until smooth. Gradually add two cups of hot water, stirring rapidly. Cook two minutes, then add one-fourth cup of butter and beat until perfectly



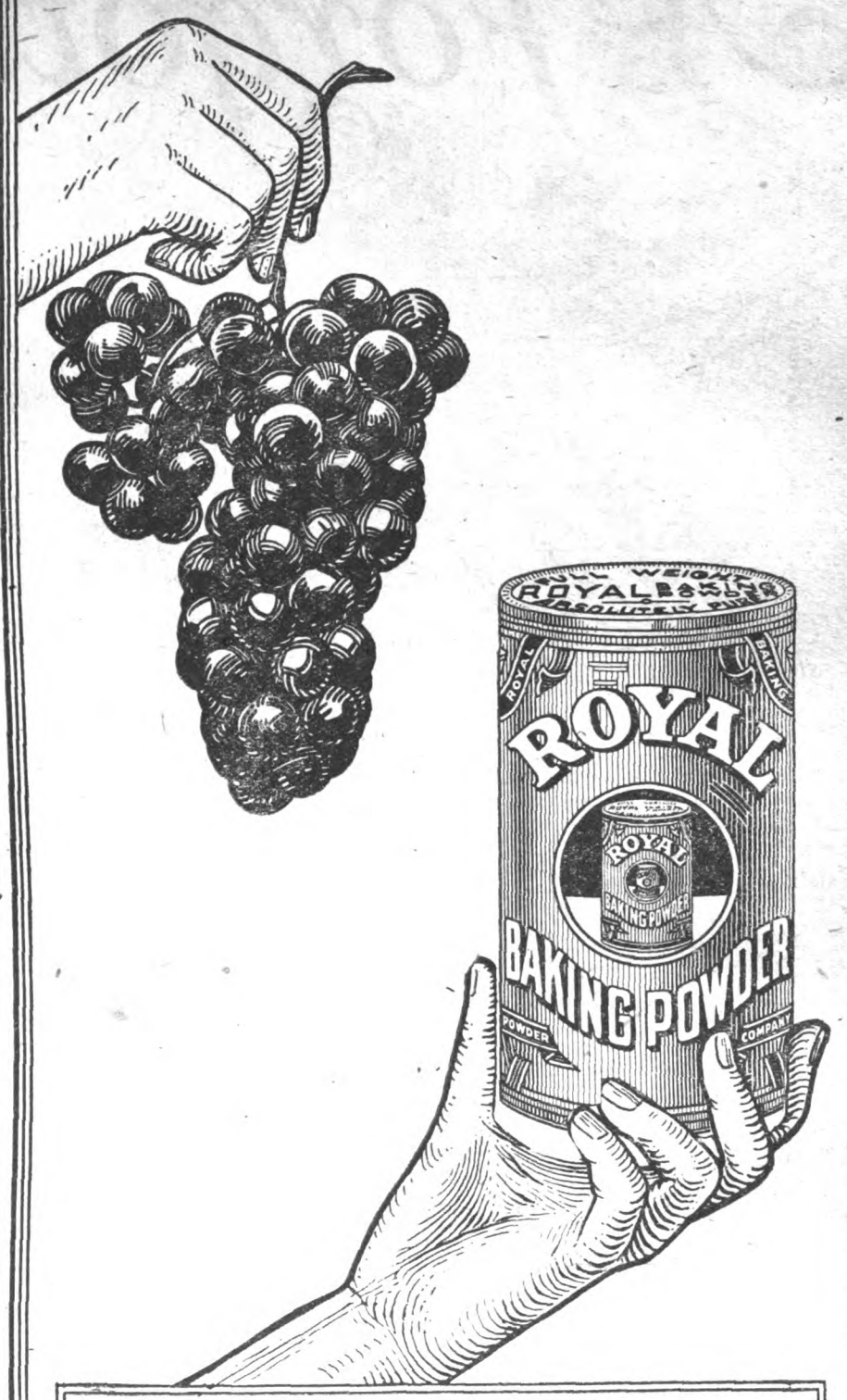
EGG SAUCE.

smooth with the addition of one-third teaspoon of salt, unless the butter is salt, and a little pepper. Add two hard-boiled eggs, cut into thin slices and serve.

A delicious sauce to serve with boiled fowl is made by adding the chicken livers boiled and mashed fine and the juice of one lemon to the above sauce in place of the eggs.

VALENTINE CAKE.—One cup of sugar creamed with one-third of a cup of butter until smooth and light yellow. Beat, until very light, three eggs, and then beat these into the butter and sugar. Stir in one-half cup of milk and then beat in two cups of flour to which one even teaspoon of baking powder has been added. Beat hard until light and smooth. Bake in a round pan in a moderate oven. When cold, spread thickly.

FROSTING.—Stir together the whites of two eggs and two teaspoons of lemon juice, and very gradually stir in two scant cups of powdered sugar. Beat with the egg beater five minutes, and spread on cake. Around the sides press candy hearts into the soft frosting, and on the top of cake spread finely chopped walnut meats.



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A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



Careless almost if he saw her or not, she looked out, for see she must.



She unclasped her pearls as she spoke and threw them down on the table



Jacky's face, white with ... plexion bleach, stood out ... a cameo against the black...

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress sewn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals down the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels, her grace's too, are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Requesting to see her maid and how she forgot the jewels, Gillian admits she was sick in bed and knew nothing about her not wearing them. The robbery breaks up the party, and Jacky, packing up, asks Gill what they are to do. It's done. If Gill tells all she knows she may find out Lesard is married before, and Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky requests her not to ring, she is to sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and late in the evening she slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Gill meets her, hurrying her to safety and Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. Someone is within. She has found the other way.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

ABSOLUTELY quiet, Jacky stood against the cold stone of the wall and waited. From the terrace above thick ivy trails came down to meet the hedge-like stems of the creepers that were rooted in the damp grass at her feet, growing at a distance of a foot or more from the wall; by tight squeezing she could get behind them.

In the green gloom of their ever-green leaves she looked toward the pool through the tiny passage of which the embankment made one side, the ivy trails and stems the other. There was the sickening swirl of the waters about three yards from her, close to the foot of the wall which apparently sprang out of it. But did it?

Slowly she edged herself forward inch by inch. Utterly careless of slugs and snails, she took off her hat and laid it on the ground, so that it should not catch in the ivy and rustle the leaves. About a yard from the pool she stopped, mindful of that someone who was in the tunnel. To get out would he have to dive into that awful water that was sucking underground with the speed of a mill race?

Common sense told her even Lesard would not dare that! She was leaning forward eagerly when she was conscious of a sound that was not the swirl of the water. A human sound, that made her pull a thick hanging branch of ivy toward her till it made an impervious screen between her and the pool. Step by-step she backed away.

Whoever was in that place was coming out!

What she had heard was the spring and landing of a heavy man or something that creaked and gave under his weight.

If it were Lesard—if he came out and found her—could she get the better of him? Or would that dark water make a quick ending of Jacky Hamilton by an ordinary accident that would need no explanation? In the chill fear of death that came over her, she bit into her arm to keep herself from screaming for help to Sir Charles and Gillian. This new Lesard would stick at nothing to get her out of the way.

"I'll scream a thousand times before he does it!" her courage came back to her savagely. "I won't be murdered with help within fifty yards of me!"

But there was no other sound, no stirring of the black water. She began to think she had been dreaming when a curious brushing noise as if someone were crawling on the ground close by her, made her prick up her ears. Whatever it was, it was the other side of the ivy bush she had pulled in to the wall. Once more she crept up to it, and nearly recoiled and set all the creepers shaking.

On the ground at the foot of the wall, quite close to her where the ivy had apparently hidden impervious stone, was the back of a man's head and shoulders!

It was Lesard! With a sick heart, a dizzy head, she looked down on that short cut hair that had been so dear to her, those shoulders that she had loved for their iron muscles.

Once she would have flown to him, clung to him, told him all her troubles, secure in his love of her. Now she only shrank from his neighborhood in loathing and in deadly fear.

Close against the wall, breathless, fascinated, she watched him worm his way through what she knew now was an opening where no opening seemed possible. He rose, and stood panting as if he had had hard work, even for him. If he had turned his head he must have seen her, but he had eyes only for the pool. What was he going to do? She clung to the ivy from very weakness as he began to edge toward the water, waiting for the splash which should tell the undermined earth had given under him. Afterwards she knew that it was solid rock where he stood, yet now the very temptation of hell gripped her.

One step forward, one quick shout, and there would be no more Lesard! Gillian would be free forever, and Jacky—with a dreadful revulsion Jacky Hamilton knew that to look on Lesard's dead face would be never to forget it—to live on in a vain agony of longing to have him live again. She hated him, but not like that. Dear saints, not like that! "Vengeance is mine. I will repay." The words seemed to rise from the throbbing waters to her ears; and the awe of them made a cold sweat creep out on her face.

The hand she had so nearly thrust forth to kill dropped nerveless at her side.

At the faint sound Lesard looked round him sharply, like a hunted animal. But he was dazzled by the daylight after the darkness of the tunnel and saw nothing. He was only waiting for his eyes to clear in the light, and as the girl watched him he seemed to gather himself together till the strong muscles were like whipcord in his body. And then with a quick sideways jerk he leaped clear out into the air like a panther does.

Out over the pool—surely he could never clear it! Jacky stared wildly through the screen of branches, and could not see. Yet he must have cleared it, for there was no splash.

Something jerked violently, rustled, jerked again in the air over her head. Careless almost if he saw her or not, she looked out, for she must see. And even in her hatred of him she was proud of what he had done. None but a brave man would have tried it, no one who had not strength of steel could have accomplished it.

Lesard had made a standing leap from his narrow foothold to where, at a distance that seemed impossible to clear, a stout branch hung downward from the top of the high wall where it grew. The man had sprung straight for it, caught it, hung there now; a slip, a falling short, would have meant that black pool there was no getting out of, and to go round the water was impossible on the rotten ground. Besides, there would be the park to cross, people to meet, and this was secure.

For as she gazed he went hand over hand up the branch, swinging perilously; caught his foot over it, and—as she drew back just in time—stood on the embankment, smiling in breathless triumph. Truly it was a feat, even for him. And smiling still he vanished, swallowed up in the thick growing trees above. When the last sound of his steps had died away Jacky crept out and looked around her. There was no mark or footprint anywhere to tell a tale; she saw why he had not climbed up by the ivy where she had been. There would have been broken stems, hanging trails to wither and show where he had passed, and now there was nothing.

Yet his cleverness was all wasted—made useless by the luck of a slip of a girl! He had shown her what for herself she never would have discovered, the secret way into Hamilton Place. Down on her knees, Jacky parted the ivy and saw the narrow, dark hole he had come out of, heard inside it the sullen gurgle of water drawn very quickly underground; saw, too, that the spot she knelt on was the only solid place on the margin of the pool. The rest was undermined, crumbling. Where she had stood at first when she surprised Vivian was gone; black water was there instead. Truly the butler had done wisely to shirk "the other way!" It would need a stronger head than his to dare it.

But it was now or never for the jewels, unless Lesard had gone off with them already.

Had he been there ever since last night?

She thrust her head into the hole and drew it back appalled at the utter darkness before her. It had been a very different matter for Lesard, coming out, with daylight in front of him.

She pulled matches and a candle end out of her pocket and lit a pale, wavering flame. Then she tried the hole again, holding the light at arm's length before her.

It was just a square passage like a manhole in a sewer. Dark and noisome, it was so narrow even for her that she was nervous lest she should stick fast in it. Inch by inch she dragged herself in, and suddenly saw she was through it. She stood up with infinite caution, and found she was on that shelf of old boards that had creaked as Lesard landed on it.

For a moment she could see round her nothing but black water, above her a vaulted roof. Then as her eyes grew used to the gloom she knew where she was. There was the round cave she had seen dimly lighted the night before—only now she was at the other side of it—the very heap of stones still undisturbed under which Marchmont had bidden the jewels. But she was as far off from them as she had been outside. Between her and the solid rock floor of the cave was water where the stream curved before it sank bodily into the ground. The roaring of it made her dizzy, the mere look of it appalled her.

Between her and the cave it was four feet wide, at her right hand it stretched broad and boiling to where the rocky roof met in the darkness; at her left—candle in hand—she stared.

There had been no need to jump to the plank where she stood! Lesard had done it for mere wantonness. A ledge of rock, narrow, interrupted, wide enough only for one foot to follow the other, showed here and there above the stream. A steady head could cross it, but could she? As she leaned and looked a faint sound made her start. The candle fell from her hand into the oily concave of the water as it sank into the ground. She was alone in the dark, and it unnerved her to panic.

Frantic with horror of the place she swung round on her heel, and lying down saw the blessed daylight before her through the way she had come. Quivering from head to foot, the girl who had begun so well, crawled out like a rat through a drain, with only one thought—the dear daylight, the sweet air!

Outside she drew breath after breath like one stifled, standing pale and damp where Lesard had stood. And to her ears came the sound that had made her drop the candle.

Gillian, very near her, was calling at the top of her lungs:

"James! James!"

Jacky flew through the ivy to the path where she stood.

"What is it? What's the matter?" she cried, looking like a dirty ghost of herself, and slimy and damp.

"Marchmont's back. Quick, come out of this!" She looked appalled at Jacky, hatless and dirty.

"Where have you been? Did you find anything?"

"Yes!" Jacky made a dive for her discarded hat, threw Gillian's waterproof over her dirty gown. "Now!" she cried, "where's Sir Charles?" Gillian blushed.

"Waiting round the corner. Jacky, he's very good and kind!"

"I know that," but she spoke fiercely, with a lump in her throat.

Lesard was neither; yet after him she could not see how Gillian had eyes for any other man!

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE TRAGEDY BEGAN.

Mr. Marchmont had indeed returned, after an absence of barely two hours, but it was no thought of his ward and Sir Charles that had brought him back. Things far more important had driven them completely out of his head.

Sir Simon Wellford had been at home. He had, as Marchmont surmised, been consulting with the London detective during the morning, had also been adjured to hold his tongue, a direction which he, of course, did not follow as regards his neighbors of Hamilton Place, who had also lost jewels in the robbery.

There was no sign of the detective. Mr. Marchmont would have been better pleased to have found him there. When he at last extracted the cause of his absence from the too talkative Sir Simon, he had an unpleasant shock. Only for an instant; a glow of exultation followed it and made him put his hand to his mouth to cover a smile of triumph.

Let them wonder if those two strange men who had taken Ashcroft Farm—and were certainly not farmers—had had any hand in the robbery! Let them watch—and suspect! They were a day after the fair. No one would either suspect the secret hiding place in his own house, or be able to watch it if they did. Truly the jewels had left Ashcroft Farm just in time.

One thought did dash his smug satisfaction.

Suppose the detective saw Lesard leave the farm after dark and calmly repair to the side door of Hamilton Place—what then?

Mr. Marchmont provided against the dangerous contingency on the spot.

"That seems rather hopeless, I fear, Sir Simon," he said, with a deprecating smile. "Of course I know nothing about the man at Ashcroft except that he took the farm from me, but it would be curious if he turned out a burglar. I should feel rather an idiot," with his slight laugh.

"Why?" Sir Simon started.

"Only that the man has asked me to take him on as land steward, and I was seriously considering the matter. In fact, I told him to come over and get his answer some evening this week. He showed me some letters as to his fitness—to tell the truth, I thought him a broken-down gentleman."

Sir Simon's hopes were dashed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed blankly. "Well, you may be right! But, my dear Mr. Marchmont, I should consider well before I engaged him."

"I shall, of course. But frankly I am afraid our London friend has embarked on a wild-goose chase in that direction."

"Richardson is a clever man!"

Mr. Marchmont did not doubt it. The detective was far too clever for his taste. But he merely insinuated to Sir Simon that the tenant at Ashcroft had got himself disliked by ... up a right of way and made enemies of ... bors. After which he drove home, ... in his mind, pondering whether he ... over and warn Lesard. Small wonder ... to send for Gillian's maid and ask ... the afternoon, or that he barely noticed ... Charles Vivian stayed to tea.

For once he did not attend that ... the butler bring it in; he and his ... shut up together, talking hard, and the ... talked the less they like ... unless Lesard did something ... was quite safe. No one had seen ... Hollis's, but Lady Hollis, whose ... have fitted an East End ruffian; ... House not one soul had laid eyes on ... or his confederate, and there was ... a ring left behind at Ashcroft Farm.

And yet—Mr. Marchmont drank ... and soda while he reassured himself ... good, he had needed it. By dinner ... himself once more contemptuous of ... and all his works. Things were ... and a month's inaction would effect ... of all uncomfortable ideas about Lesard.

Not so Mr. Brookes, who performed ... duties in a most perfunctory manner ... out after dinner without leave or ... a clever man, broken out of a ... for embezzling mess funds, but ... was a very timid man, and his ... his to defend himself by distrust. ... some time he had had his own ... Lesard.

"I believe he'd blow on the whole ... were worth his while," reflected the ... ly, as he took an unfrequented ... darkness. It had begun to rain ... sented it. His poverty had at one ... follow the career of a waiter, which ... him admirably for his post in ... sorted household, but it had also ... disinclined to outdoor exercise, and ... feet.

He was a long time on his self-imposed ... In his absence things were apparently ... than usual at Hamilton Place. The ... in their own quarters, Mrs. Gibbs, ... her purple velvet and recovered from ... ache, had descended to Mr. Marchmont's ... room and was playing cards with that ... and partaking of champagne the while.

Gillian, who had been excited and ... the evening, had gone to her own ... there behind locked doors the awful ... the night began. For the first time ... Jacky was angry with Gillian.

"You told Sir Charles I was your ... cried, after listening appalled to the ... ventures.

"I had to. He looked at you as ... it was so queer! And, Jacky—he says ... not to stay here; that we should go ... Mr. Marchmont is so unreasonable ... I told him we had no money, and he ... would lend it to me; that it would be ... work for my living than to stay here ... was so unhappy. I—I told him I hated ... mont! I couldn't help it." It slipped ...

Jacky, standing very straight in ... girl, had begun to whistle softly as Gillian ... When she finished she merely began ... again.

"You're cross! You think I was silly?" ... cried.

The whistle broke off tunelessly.

"I think you'll get found out," said the ... succinctly. "That's what I think! ... people will talk." She put both hands ... head with a gesture of helpless anguish. ... Mr. Marchmont hears it—well! God knows ... he'll do to you. And Lesard—does Lesard ... you're here?" sharply. "But of course ... I told him myself." And with a sting of ... sore pride she remembered how he had ... surprise when he must have known far more ... she.

"You told him!" Gillian exclaimed. "You ...

"I knew him," with white lips. But her ... manner changed to gentleness. If she could ... such a slip, why be so hard on Gillian for ... discretion of this afternoon.

"Forgive me, Gill! I don't mean to be ... she said quickly. "I don't suppose it matters ... I think we had better take Sir Charles's ... if not his money, and get out of this as ... I'll do what must be done tonight, if you'll ... me. And before they find it out we can ... we can manage to get to London we shall be ... to live. Tomorrow will be the first of ... There will be a quarterly check waiting ... at my old rooms. We can cash it, and ... London. It ought to be big enough."

"I—have money," Gillian hung down her ... a little. "Sir Charles lent me ten pounds ... afternoon. I let out that Mr. Marchmont ... the housekeeper and the butler played cards ... night, and that I was frightened of him, and ... no money to leave him——"

"You told that?" Jacky was frantic again ... good earnest. "Well, after that, nothing matters ... But we aren't safe here a day. You ... know," cruelly, brutally, "what such men as ... are like when they turn on you! And just ... a little beginning like that Sir Charles ... out the whole business—that's another ... Where will you turn if he finds out that Lesard ... is a burglar? And you—are his wife!" ... passionate, tragic, in her wild reproach she ... away. If all that came out, it would come ... too, that Lesard had been her lover, and ... with a dreadful little shiver at her heart she ... dered if Gillian would forget she was her ... and only remember she was the woman who ... stolen her husband's heart!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

VARIOUS CUTS FROM A HIND QUARTER OF BEEF

HOW TO COOK AND SERVE THEM

—o—

By Violet Marsh



SCOTCH STEAK.

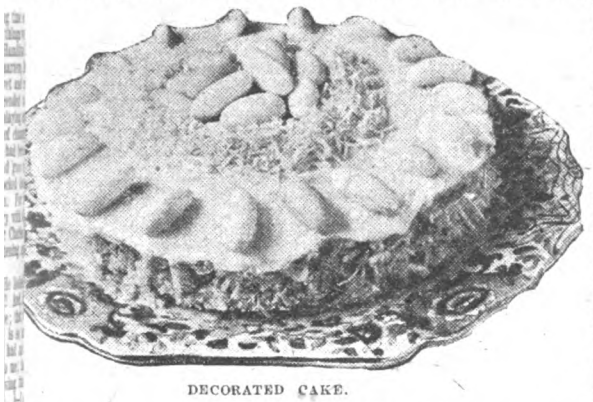
buying beef, our most commonly used at, it is especially important to know different cuts, and their adaptation to rticular ways of cooking. Of equal imtance to every housewife is an underanding of the nutritive value of different their relative cost. The finer grained, equently more tender cuts come from that the animal where muscles are but little he choicest of these cuts is under the in the hind quarter, beginning with the t of sirloin which has the most tender- are cut into extra fine steaks and roasts quire less time for cooking. The tender- n below the tip to the face of the rump cle very little used, and while very tenlittle juice. In city markets this is sold ng fillet, and that part of the tenderloin ler the rump is known as the short fillet. d they require the addition of beef fat, nay be covered with strips of pork fat.

of the cheapest cuts nutritious but require cooking to render them nough to digest propert containing the most Such cuts are often rse fibers due to the t working muscles de- greater supply of Suhc cuts are often nd require long, slow The flesh of young s contains less nourishan that of mature beef, construction is a matgreat importance to ho would get the most any cut of beef. On tion it will be found e fibers of all muscle d together in bundles groups of bundles in membrane which is as connective tissue. mbrane, if heated in water or steam is d into gelatin. The process goes quickly eat is tender; more slowly if tough. A a of the changes which take place while being cooked may be obtained by examinece of meat which has been cooked too ime. In this the muscular fibers may be pletely separated one from another, show- the connective tissue has been destroyed. o evident that the fibers themselves are nt texture from those in the raw meat.

paring meat for the table it is usual to rt of the point of separation, but while process of cooking is going on the contissue is gradually softening and the fibers ually changing in texture. The former is g to be especially desired, but the latter For this reason it is necessary to keep perature below the boiling point and as is consistent with thorough cooking, for em agreed, and the result of experience hat slow gentle cooking results in better than is the case when meat is boiled rapthis is the philosophy that lies back of the ing process.



COFFEE AND FRUIT PUDDING.



DECORATED CAKE.

Division of a Hind Quarter of Beef and Ways of Cooking

loin is found under the backbone, and from s are cut extra fine roasts, from the middle sirloin and porterhouse steaks, while roasts eaks are also made from the first cut.

rated from the loin is the rump which the r divides into "back," middle" and "face". d next to the loin is very tender and the back is used for cross-cut steaks and choice g pieces. The middle also makes a fairly oast, while the face provides excellent meat ws.

veen the back and middle cut of the rump e round lies the aitchbone. This cut of makes a rich stew, or it can be successfully d.

ertain section of the hind r is called "the vein," om that part of it which the rump good steaks e cut.

y juicy cuts are taken the top of the round is the inside of the st part of the leg. Any round is excellent for ea, but only that part lies inside the ridge of ts into good steaks. The nder of the top and the round makes a good quali- f hamburg steak and ered dishes.

shin is used for stews and braizing. The marrow is found in ne running through the round to the shin.

Some Beef Recipes

ROAST.—Five pounds of beef cut from the , middle or face of rump, or the "vein." Put e beef fat in a hot frying-pan and sear the surface of the roast. In a deep dish or that covers closely put half a cup of water the meat, and bake in a very slow oven sevhours, adding a very little water from time e if necessary. At no time should the waoil. One hour before taking meat from oven y be surrounded with pared potatoes. This is delicious cold.

SIRLOIN ROAST.—The flank may be cut off and used in stews, or it may be drawn underneath and held in place by skewer or string. Have the oven very hot. Rub with salt, then dredge both meat and pan with flour. Put pieces of fat meat, or a few spoonfuls of beef fat into the bottom of pan which should be only a little larger than the roast, so that the fat will be ample for basting without the addition of water. The meat should sear quickly to prevent the escape of juices. Lay on rack with cut surface upward, turning until entirely seared. Reduce heat a little, baste and dredge several times. During the last half hour the fat side of roast is turned on top so that it will cook crisp and brown. A six-pound roast should cook an hour and a quarter unless it is liked very rare.

SCOTCH STEAK.—Pound flour into both sides of any of the cheaper cuts of steak, using as much as it will take up. Fry in beef drippings, turning as it browns. Add boiling water to cover and set closely covered where it will just simmer for two hours. When done the gravy is already thickened and the flavor is delicious. Add a sprinkling of salt half an hour before serving. Use only fat enough to sear with.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH.—Cut two pounds of good steak into two-inch pieces and roll in flour. Slowly fry a thin slice of salt pork until light brown, add the beef and cook slowly for half an hour, stirring occasionally. Cover with boiling water and simmer two hours. Season with salt and pepper. Make a sauce as follows: Two cups of stewed tomato, one stalk of celery cut fine, one sliced onion, two bay leaves, six whole cloves, six peppercorns, and one blade of mace put into a saucepan, covered with water and cooked until soft. Mash and press through a sieve. Drain the stock from the cooked meat into the prepared vegetables and thicken with equal parts of flour and butter rubbed together. Season with salt and paprika. Serve the meat on a platter with the sauce poured over. Cubes of boiled potatoes, carrots and green peppers cooked together may be sprinkled over this dish when served in true Hungarian style.

AITCHBONE STEW.—Use about four pounds of meat and bone which should be sawed in several pieces. Cut the meat from bone and into small pieces, then sprinkle with salt, a very little pepper and roll in flour. Try out some of the fat and sear the meat, stirring constantly. Put meat into stew kettle, and in the same fat slightly fry two sliced onions, two sliced carrots and one small turnip and add to meat. Add the bone and cover with boiling water and simmer two or three hours, or until the meat is tender. One hour before the stew is done lay several potatoes cut into fourths on top of the stew. They are prepared and soaked in cold water one hour previously. Add salt. The dumplings are added twelve minutes before taking the stew from fire and the cover must not be lifted after putting them in. To make dumplings, sift two cups of flour with three teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Rub in a little butter and mix soft with sweet milk. Drop by spoonfuls into the stew.

MOCK DUCK.—Cut a half-inch slice from the top of the round and quickly sear both sides in beef fat. Spread with a dressing made from buttered soft bread-crumbs and seasoned with sage, onion juice, salt and pepper. A little chopped celery may also be added. Roll and tie and dredge generously with flour. Place in a covered pan in a moderate oven and bake three hours. Add a little water after the first hour and baste and dredge frequently.

Soup Recipes

BROWN SOUP STOCK.—The simplest process preserves all the nutriment and flavor but does not provide a clear stock which can only be prepared by sacrificing certain elements of the meat. Use about two-thirds lean meat and one-third marrow-bone and fat. Cut off the lean and put through meat chopper. Clean the marrow from bone and in it fry about one-third of the lean meat, stirring continually until thoroughly seared and colored. Put one quart of cold water into the frying-pan and simmer until all the marrow has been taken up by cooking. Put raw meat, bone, fat and contents of frying-pan into the soup kettle and cover with cold water. Let stand one hour, stirring occasionally to draw out the meat juices. Very gradually bring to a boil and simmer six hours. A safe rule for amount of water is to use one pint to a pound of soup material. The scum which rises should not be removed if all the meat extracts are desired as it contains the coagulated albuminous juices. If a flavored soup stock is desired, about one and a half hour before the stock is done, add salt, a mixture of chopped vegetables and prepared sweet herbs. Strain through a fine wire sieve.



WHOLE WHEAT MUFFINS.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Scrape clean and wash one calf's head and soak one hour covered with cold water. Cut the head into several pieces and put into the soup kettle with three quarts of cold water and one tablespoon of salt. Bring slowly to a boil and simmer until the meat slips from the bones. Strain. Press the face meat into a dish to cool and later cut it into small cubes. Return head-stock to kettle with one large carrot, one small turnip, two small onions, and one-half cup of celery all sliced or cut fine, five whole peppers, six cloves, six allspice, one-eighth teaspoon of cinnamon and one cup of cooked tomato and cook until the stock is reduced to three pints. Strain and cool. Lightly brown two tablespoons of butter and add two tablespoons of dry flour and gradually add two cups of hot brown soup stock. Add head-stock, juice of half a lemon, cubes of meat from head and more salt if necessary, cook a few minutes and just before serving add three hard-boiled eggs cut in thin slices and half a sliced lemon.

FRENCH ONION SOUP.—Two and one-half cups of thinly-sliced onion slowly fried in one-third cup of butter until they are slightly browned and about half done. Add one pint of boiling water, cover closely and finish cooking where they will scarcely simmer. Slow cooking of the onion is the secret of this soup. Add one quart of hot milk or soup stock, cook two minutes while stirring and season. Toast thinly-sliced biscuits in the oven and spread with rich cheese, cream cheese preferable. In each soup plate lay pieces of the prepared toast and then pour over the soup.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.—Melt four tablespoons of butter and smooth in four tablespoons of dry flour with one-half teaspoon of salt and a little white pepper. When it bubbles, slowly add three cups of hot milk and simmer ten minutes. In another saucepan put two cups of stewed tomato, one tablespoon of thinly-sliced onion, one-fourth of a bay leaf, two tablespoons of sugar and cook fifteen minutes, then rub through a sieve. Return to stove and when the boiling point is reached add one-fourth teaspoon of soda and at once combine with the hot milk sauce. Beat hard and serve with toasted cubes of bread or crackers. In place of bay leaf and pepper, one scant half teaspoon of curry powder may be used.

General Recipes

WHOLE-WHEAT MUFFINS.—One and one-half cup of whole wheat or graham, one-half cup of white flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar sifted together. Beat one egg, add one cup of milk and beat into drys. A little more milk may be necessary. Beat in three tablespoons of melted butter and bake in gem tins in a moderately hot oven.

DECORATED CAKE.—Cream one-half cup of butter and gradually add one cup of sugar. Sift together one cup of flour, one-half cup of cornstarch and two teaspoons of baking soda. Add one-half teaspoon of vanilla to one-half cup of milk. Add milk and flour mixture alternately to the butter mixture, beat until smooth and lastly fold in two egg whites beaten stiff and dry. Bake in a deep round tin. When cold cover with a chocolate frosting made by melting two squares of chocolate and gradually stirring in one-fourth cup of hot cream, one-half teaspoon of butter, a pinch of salt, and one-fourth teaspoon of vanilla. Add one beaten egg yolk and powdered sugar until it will spread without running. Dust with shredded cocoanut around the sides. Spread a wide band of white frosting around the top made from the unbeaten white of an egg, three teaspoons of lemon juice and powdered sugar. Build a nest of the cocoanut and fill with candies which are also placed around the edge of cake.

COFFEE AND FRUIT PUDDING.—Soak two tablespoons of granulated gelatin in one-half cup of cold water ten minutes and dissolve with three cups of strong hot coffee. Add one-half cup of sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Set in a cool place, and when partly jellied stir in one cup of clean chopped dates. Turn into a wet mould and set away to stiffen. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Sour cream well sweetened and flavored with nutmeg is also good with this pudding.

COFFEE SOUFFLE.—Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatin in one-eighth cup of cold water. Bring one and one-half cup of strong coffee, one-fourth cup of sugar and one-half cup of rich milk to a scald in a double boiler and stir in the gelatin. Beat the yolks of two eggs with one-fourth cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt and pour over them the hot coffee mixture, stirring continually. Return to boiler, stir and cook until the mixture thickens. Remove from fire, beat in the two egg whites beaten to a stiff froth and one teaspoon of vanilla. Turn into serving dish to stiffen. Just before serving top with sweetened whipped cream.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Bring three and one-half cups of rich milk to a scald and gradually add one-third cup of corn meal mixed with one-half cup of cold milk. Cook twenty minutes then add one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of mixed ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake three hours in a very slow oven. Serve with a sauce made as follows: White of one egg, one-half cup of thick cream, one-third cup of milk, one cup of powdered sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla, all beaten together with the egg-beater until thick and creamy.

DRIED APPLE SAUCE.—Cover one and one-half cup of dried apple with cold water and soak ten minutes, then rub between the hands and rinse through several waters. Cover with fresh cold water and soak over night. Cook until tender in the same water, adding more water if necessary. Unless the apple has cooked up fine, put it through a wire sieve. Add one cup of sugar, and if the apples lack flavor add a little lemon juice and about one-third teaspoon of cinnamon. Do not cook after adding sugar and seasoning.

DRIED APPLE PIE.—Prepare apples as above, cooking in as little water as possible until half or two-thirds done. Line deep pie plate with a good crust and lay in the apple. Dot with butter and cover with one cup of sugar mixed with a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Many like less sugar and two tablespoons of good molasses. Bake a full hour in a moderate oven.

SCALLOPED FRUIT.—Wash one cup of dried apricots, cover with cold water and let stand until the skins will rub off. Just cover with cold water and let stand over night. Cut two apples into very thin slices after peeling and coring. Break soft bread into fine crumbs, using two cupfuls. Make layer of apricot, apple and bread-crumbs in a baking dish, dot with butter and sprinkle with a little cinnamon, nutmeg and sugar. Repeat until all are used. Use about one cup of sugar. Bake in a fairly hot oven until the apple is soft. Just before taking from the oven top the scallop with a few marshmallows sprinkled with dry cake-crumbs and remove dish from oven as soon as they have melted. Serve hot or cold.

STUFFED DATES.—Remove skins, cut a long slit in one side of each date and remove stones. Allow half a teaspoon of peanut butter to each date and stir in a little sugar and lemon juice. Fill dates and roll in powdered sugar.

DATE SOUFFLE.—Remove skins, stone, and cut half a pound of dates into small pieces. Add one-half cup of boiling water and cook until soft, stirring frequently to prevent sticking. Put through a sieve. The mixture should not be watery. Beat the whites of five eggs until very dry and stiff and gradually beat in one-fourth cup of powdered sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Fold the two mixtures together without beating and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven until well puffed which will take nearly a half-hour.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, three tablespoons cold water, one and one-half tablespoon corn-starch, nearly one cup of flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, whites of four eggs. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon-colored, add sugar gradually and beat two minutes, then add water. Put corn-starch in cup and then fill with flour. Mix and sift corn-starch with baking powder and salt and add to first mixture. When thoroughly mixed add whites of eggs beaten until stiff and one teaspoon lemon extract. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

HERMITS.—One-half cup of butter, two-thirds cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoons milk, one and three-quarters cup of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-third cup of raisins, stoned and chopped in fine pieces, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon clove, mace and nutmeg. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then raisins, egg well beaten and milk. Roll thin.

SPICE COOKIES.—One-half cup molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one and one-half tablespoons butter, one and one-half tablespoons lard, one tablespoon milk, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon clove, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg. Heat molasses to a boiling point. Add sugar, shortening and milk. Let stand in a cold place to thoroughly chill.



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Cubby Bear and the Mumps

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"DEAR, dear! No sooner is one trouble ended than another comes in its place." So fretted Bunny Rabbit. "My beautiful house was burned in the forest fire started by the farmhouse children, when they came here to roast corn and potatoes——"

"Yes, but your friends all helped you to build another," answered Dr. Squilly Porcupine, his mouth stretching in a big yawn. For Bunny had come to Squilly's house in the gray light of an early morning, and made his doleful plaint. "Did you come and wake me just to complain that you are not happy? Your new house is better than your old one was, and it is set in a pleasanter place. We all helped make chairs and tables, and cribs for your Baby Bunnies. What more do you want?"

"No one thought to make a bed for *me*," complained Bunny, "and I had to do it myself!"

"And why not, I should like to know?" asked Squilly. "Would *I* have had a bed to sleep on if I had not made one for myself?"

Bunny Rabbit stood wringing his paws helplessly.

"Oh, how you bother me!" he cried unreasonably. "Why do you stand and scold at me instead of coming home with me and seeing if you can help my poor, sick Bunny Babies?"

Dr. Squilly Porcupine reached for his mdicine case, slammed his door behind him, and started in the direction of Bunny's new house, all in less time than it takes to tell about it.

"Why," demanded Squilly rather crossly, "*why* did you not tell me at first, that your Baby Bunnies were sick, instead of standing there complaining?"

"I did!" answered Bunny, mopping away his tears.

"You did *not!*" declared Dr. Squilly. "But perhaps you meant to, and then thought you had. What ails them?"

"I do not know. They won't eat, though I cooked their oat porridge just the best I knew how. I even put a bit of pepper in it, to please them, and *then* they didn't like it!"

"Pepper, indeed!" exclaimed Squilly in disgust. "No wonder they wouldn't eat!"

"Their little eyes are red, and drip tears!" went on Bunny. "And when I tried to wash them, they all squealed and said I hurt them. And then I noticed that their cheeks were fat—oh, very fat indeed—they had grown fat just over night."

"They were swollen, silly!" said Squilly Porcupine. "It is my opinion that your Baby Bunnies have the mumps."

At that, Bunny Rabbit tumbled over, all in a quivering heap.

"Mumps, mumps!" he quavered. "What a frightening, scareful sound the word has!"

"Get up, and come with me!" ordered Squilly. "Have you no common sense at all? Mumps are not dangerous if you take good care of them."

They soon reached Bunny's house, and found the sick Baby Bunnies all in their little cribs.

Dr. Squilly looked them over, felt their pulse, looked at their tongues, and gently patted the little cheeks, which had grown wondrously fat over night.

"Mumps," he said. "Double mumps—every single one of them has mumps on both sides. Keep a good fire," he told Bunny, "and see that their little toes are warm. I have never doctored the mumps, but I will leave you some very good checkerberry pills for them."

Just then came a loud pounding at the door, and Betty Badger burst in, quite out of breath.

"Come with me, Dr. Squilly Porcupine," she cried. "Do not lose a minute. My five children are sick! Their eyes drip tears, they cannot eat, and their cheeks have swollen big and fat over night."

"What, what?" cried Dr. Squilly. "*More* mumps?"

They hurried off together, and had not gone far before they met Mr. Wise Owl. Wise Owl was staggering toward them, trying to shield his face from the cold autumn wind, with his wing.

His eyes, when he looked at them, were red, and every feather on his face was standing on end.

"How funny you look!" said Betty Badger.

"Funny—*funny*, is it?" cried Wise Owl, hopping up and down in a fury. "Let me tell you it is not so funny for me! I cannot eat—to talk gives me pain. See how my face is swollen! I was hunting for you, Dr. Squilly Porcupine, to tell me what is the matter?"

"Mumps!" said Dr. Squilly solemnly.

"*I*——with the *mumps!*" cried Wise Owl. "*I will not have them! Will* not, I tell you! Mumps are for babies!"

"What *are* mumps, anyway?" asked Betty Badger.

"What the Bunny Babies, and your own children, and Wise Owl are sick with," answered Squilly.

"Mumps," answered Wise Owl (you see he was very wise indeed), "are—or is—an un-sup-pu-ra-tive in-flam-ma-tion of the sal-i-va-ry glands."

"Oh, oh, how terrible!" burst from Betty Badger's pale lips. "My poor children! I am sure they will never get well."

"Oh, I am happy, happy!
A happy little bear,
For little Kiddie Goat has said
He'll come—tra-la-la-lare!"

So sang Cubby Bear at the top of his voice that same day, the while he swept the kitchen with the broom Mamma Bruin had made of hemlock boughs tied to a stick.

"What's that you're singing, Cubby?" asked Grandma Bear.



NOW HERE, NOW THERE, DR. SQUILLY PORCUPINE AND HIS FAITHFUL HELPER, CUBBY BEAR, WERE CALLED.

"Why, little Kiddie Goat has promised me a visit before winter comes, when he shut up in the barn. He may come any He is a dear little goat, and we shall beautiful time. Perhaps he may stay week with me!"

Cubby began sweeping big pile of the door, instead of taking it up should have done.

"Ah—hoo!" spluttered Wollie Woodp was just about to come in. "You have into my eyes—and down my throat! a polite way to greet a caller!" sneezed and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, please excuse *me!*" said Cubby brush you—I am sorry! Come in!"

"I cannot stop to come in," answered "Dr. Squilly Porcupine sent me here if you would help him. Had you heard sickness in our Pleasant Forest, Cubby

"No. Who is sick—tell me!"

"All the Bunny Babies, and Betty children, and Wise Owl, and no one will be the next. Squilly Porcupine doctor, you know, and he is so busy he a helper."

"What is the trouble?" asked Cubby

"Mumps," answered Wollie. "Squilly to help with the sick ones, but did catch mumps? I told him I was sure want to help."

"But what *are* mumps?" was Cubby question.

"Mumps," answered Wollie, "so Wise are—or is—an un-un-sup-a-tive in-flam the sallie-salliesomething ants."

Cubby looked horrified.

"Oh, is it as bad as that?" he asked tones. "Oh, yes! I will help care for ones. I will go to the Bunny Babies right

"Dear, dear!" he murmured, as he along. "I do hope everyone will be well before little Kiddie Goat comes to visit

Then, at a sudden thought, Cubby stopped and half turned back.

"If *I* should get mumps, Kiddie Goat visit me, for he might catch them! But on, just the same! I will not be a welcome

The mumps seemed to have come to stay ant Forest to stay.

Almost every day a new case appeared. Busy Beaver was so sick that Brother Beaver sat up with him night and day, and once took off his hat.

Now here, now there, Dr. Squilly Porcupine his faithful helper, Cubby Bear, were til both were so tired they knew not what

Then, one cold afternoon, when the wind and the rain came from the east, Cubby shiver, and felt queer pains in his jaws and

"I—I am afraid I am sick, Dr. Squilly tered. "And I feel sort of dizzy!"

"What, you too?" groaned Squilly. "Come you, and to bed! Mamma Bruin will have to do with you. My checkerberry pills were days ago, and Racky Coon is running low Sometimes I think they do no good, and a doctor must do something."

Cubby plodded along through the rain and when he reached home, the water little streams over Mamma Bruin's floor.

Warm and dry in his little bed at last Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear hovered ready to do anything they could for him shed bitter tears.

"Is the pain so bad?" asked Mamma Bruin

"No, no!" answered Cubby, "but the little I was expecting, dear little Kiddie Goat not come to see me now!" And he was comforted.

Dr. Squilly came in next day.

"The weather is better today," he said am glad. The clouds are breaking, and sunbeams glinting through. My only new today is Shinyblack Crow, and he has mump—one side of his face, only, is out seen the Baby Bunnies and Betty Badger dren today, and they are feeling well again, all playing around indoors. When the weather is fine, they may go out."

Two days later, there was a knock at and when Mamma Bruin opened it, Cubby a polite little voice asking:

"Is Cubby Bear at home? I have come my promised visit."

Kiddie Goat.

Cubby began to cry.

"Tell him he must not come in, Mamma Cubby called. "I do not want him to get mumps."

But in another moment there was a little hoofs over the floor, and there stood Goat at Cubby Bear's bedside.

"I *can* come in, and I can stay!" cried joyfully. "I will take care of you, and you, and tell you stories. And I shall sick—*for I have had the mumps*, and cannot them again!"

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"Taking Comfort" Too many homes are needlessly lacking the comforts that contribute so largely to the health, happiness and general well-being of the family. Tells how to make the home comfortable and attractive at small expense.

"Short Cuts in Housekeeping" Describes very many easier and better ways of doing things.

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February, 1923.

Crumbs of Comfort

Do and be.
Act gently.
Live gently.
Silence heals.
Grow ambition.
Learn to praise.
Catch the sunshine.
A promise is a debt.
Optimism parts clouds.
Intolerance is injustice.
Time is the greatest artist.
Nothing lifts life like love.
A glance is love's first word.
Experience means education.
Morning never fails to come.
Put your creed into your deed.
We are never old till we doubt.
Closed books can teach nothing.
A light heart brings a merry day.
A free man binds himself to duty.
The will of God is the will of good.
We get back exactly what we give.
Divide happiness and you multiply it.
Do the most worthwhile thing you know.
The man who fears to-morrow fears life.
Nothing is denied us if we pay the price.
If you have played fair you are a success.
A kind act goes journeying down the ages.
Feed your faith in your own land and its people.
Every hour out of the twenty four can be a success.
Make yourself beautiful in the thoughts of others.
Those that have the most wisdom have the most love.
Enough happiness is wasted to supply the whole world.

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COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

FEBRUARY is full of snow and holidays. It is the best month of the winter—if you like winter, as I do and as Billy doesn't. It's a month of tribulation and lamentation to Bill, and no Valentine shower, or any other sort of shower but April one, could be expected to grow a smile ler his whiskers.

Whining can become an unpleasant habit. With rather continuous complaints, Bill reminds me the way Europe is constantly sending us dis- l appeals for aid—to which are added prophe- s of evil to us and the world if the required p is not forthcoming. After having made, as ir various interests dictated, a careful chaos of idealistic plans Wilson took to Paris, the Eu- ean governments, as they had been accustomed doing after less serious wars, hastily pursued eager competition to push their special inter- s and powers. Foreign offices had eyes on oil l coal—and not on peace. Not to aid each er in a salvaging of torn countries and an up- lding of new and fairer relationships became ir objects—it was the same old game of give little as possible and grab all you could. Of rse the result was certain. After a few years this, with constant increase of internal disin- ration, they are ready to turn again to us, cry- that we only (who have grabbed nothing) can e civilization and a "dying Europe."

Of course the truth is that governments, like n, can only be saved by themselves. If their s and ends remain evil, no "saving" of them make them good. They are only saved for re evil. To my notion Europe has never heard ugh of blunt facts from our State Department. ne of this plain speaking would be a medicine hard words and the dose should be given in ge spoonfuls. But plain talk of that sort uld be a breach of courtesy in diplomatic ex- nges between nations, and so our government, e others, seems doubtful of the expediency of peaking its mind" freely lest it give offense. We are not going to "save Europe." Suppose did not exist, with our great free country and vast wealth, what would Europe do then? venture to say she would have to cease trying align us on one side or another of her "saving" d her squabbles—and simply go to work in- nd of so insistently playing alternate bully and gar. There is no country in "dying Europe" ich has not today its labor and its land. Let m use these and forget concessions, alliances d bogies of future wars. On thrones and in eign offices the sword has jingled too long; it not for nothing that movements such as the rising of the Fascisti in Italy have taken place. e people themselves, who are the labor of the rious countries, know instinctively what is eded for their saving. And they look within, t without, by making a housecleaning in high aces where wrong policies have been obstacles real remedies. In no country since the finish the great war has salvation come from gold- ced diplomacy bound and dedicated to old hemes and desir s.

If ever there was a time when we should main- in our traditional policy of keeping out of Eu- pean entangl ments, it is now. And of course shall keep out. But we should speak out at e same time. Europe is and has been a nasty- mpered, greedy child, to whom we are now ked to give sweets and play nursemaid. But ncle Sam has other work to do—and children tter worth caring for. Plain speaking and plain anking are what the crying European baby eds.

And now for the letters:

HATFIELD, R. R. 1, BOX 59, ARKANSAS.

EAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I come again! Please don't turn your backs to e, but listen: Since March I've received letters upon tters and have written many letters and used many blets and stamps. There are so many! Please, ncle, let me answer them through dear old COMFORT. or some who wrote were invalids and shut-ins and I pe they will be able to see this in COMFORT.

Some wanted to know about this country. I wish to y this is a fine country. It is healthful, with good ring water all the year round. Strawberries do fine- here as well as corn and cotton. The summer has en awful hot and we have had b g rains—but with damage done. Our summers are always pleasant and ie winters are a model. We had no big snows last inter, but it began to get hot in March. We raise ything here—corn, cotton, wheat, oats, hay, cane, gs, cattle, etc. Arkansas is sure a fine country. We ave the best of neighborhoods around here, with good iendly people. There is plenty of land for sale or to ent and we have lots of fruit and berries. We live bout 24 miles from a mounta n that has a big hotel on . People go up there in the summer and also camp here for their health. We can see the hotel, which ooks like a large rock. At evening, before the sun ets, you can see the sun glisten ng on the windows. t looks like fire.

Some wanted to know about myself and history: I as born and raised in Scott County, Arkansas, and ave lived all my life in Arkansas with my parents—ho were also born and raised in the same county in rkansas. Every member of my family was born and aised in Scott County. I have a mother, father, three rothers and four sisters. One sister is married and two rothers. These are scattered apart. I've a dear rother killed in this bloody war, but his body lies leeping in the dear home state where he loved so well o roam.

I am twenty years old. I am five feet, four inches all and weigh about 133 pounds. I have very dark air, grey eyes, fair complexion and small pearly white eeth. I became deaf when I was seven years old from n attack of the mumps; but no one has to write or nake signs for me to understand. I can read lips ome, as I have said before. Some one was kind enough o send me a treatment, but I know that nothing on earth can heal me from my deafness. Others wanted to know if I were a Christian. Yes, I am a Christian and trying to serve the true living God instead of the God of the world. I know there is one true God and I trust Him more.

I have read many letters from the girls and boys about powder puffs and paint. I agree with Gus Trick and Jack Wilcox, but I say if a girl wants to do as she pleases, why not let her alone? We all have to stand before the coming of a Judge some day. Of course girls should be careful of their ways. I am a girl who cares for the good life and the things that are good and pure. I do not dress in the fashion of the world or like the girls of large cities, for I don't believe in such styles. I have lived in cities for eight years, but I love God's beautiful country and sunshine the best. If girls who are not "all right" think they are, just let them alone. It's their own business. I love all girls, both rich and poor. I think many mothers are to blame as well as girls. I fear by the time this is printed I may be re- ceiving many letters like Jack Wilcox did, but if I do I won't blame them one bit. I don't want to disap- point anybody, but I get disappo nted often myself be- cause I try to do what is right. So, dearest Uncle, I hope you will pardon me and not let Billy get this. I give my hearty thanks to all who wrote to me and if you cousins write to me again, I would like to have you send postage for answers—for there are so many! I will close. Good luck and God bless you, from

Your Loving niece, DELLA TOLLESON.

Della, of course you shall have your chance to tell the Family that you can't keep your outgo- ing mail equal to your incoming—even with the best of wills and fountain pens. They'll forgive you, I'm sure.

You are certainly an Arkansan clear through, Della. We have a lot of Arkansaw cousins in the Big Bunch I have found out, and they all praise their state just as highly as you do. It must be a pretty good place to live—particularly when strawberries are ripe and the cream pitcher handy.

I was not surprised to hear that the big hotel near you looked "like a large rock," Della. There are plenty of summer hotels that are rather rocky spots and about as barren as any rock when it comes to getting three decent meals a day. Very often, too, the beds are hard as a brick, and the proprietor has a heart like a stone—so that the likeness is widened. But I hope your hotel is a soft rock—or perhaps a pudding stone.

Della, there is a pile of instinctive wisdom in what you say on the girl question. And surely if you "love them all, rich and poor," any criti- cism you will make will have the more of kind- ness and justice. We have heard, you know, that the Father you tell us you worship, makes sun- shine for the evil and the good and sends rain on the just and the unjust. When our love is as per- fect and impartial as His, our judgments will be more perfect—and there will be few to make. You must not be "disappointed," Della, at results you get, or fail to get, when you "try to do what is right." If you are true to yourself, if you do not disappoint yourself or God, you should still be able to keep a heart singing in the hills of Scott County. Della, a singing, hearing heart is worth more than the keenest ears in the world. I am sure you have found this out and so have made your deafness but a little burden, if any.

EDANVILLE, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have just been reading the League of Cousins de- partment and have decided to write to you for the first time. Uncle, I sure wish you would publish Billy's picture; I'm sure I would like him.

I guess now you wish to know what I look like: I am five feet high, light complexion and blue eyes. I am thirteen years old and have a few freckles on my face. Uncle, have you or any of the cousins got any freckles? And do you know what makes them? Some people say it is by going bareheaded, but I wear a hat all the time. Oh, no; of *course* I don't mean all the time—I only mean when when I am out of the house.

I live on a farm where we raise all kinds of vege- tables and animals. I had some lettuce for dinner. Do any of the cousins or Uncle Lisha eat lettuce? I sure like it and wish you were here to help me eat.

Uncle, I think you are as nice as your picture. I will close now and I would like to hear from all the cousins.

Your niece and cousin, ETTA HILDEBRAND.

Etta, what makes freckles I think must be as mysterious as what makes red hair. But I think freckles are nice and I really wish I had some. They give a sort of variegated effect to the coun- tenance. I like the little freckles best—those about the size of an old-fashioned three-cent piece. There is a great deal in having your freckles well arranged and I hope you have thought of this with your assortment, Etta. There should be a kind of order without having it look as if the freckles were too stiffly placed. The effect should be what a French cousin would call *degage*. You should try changing your freckles about un- til you gain just the design you like best. One right on the tip of the nose is always effective. Those freckles which are too large can be trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors and some like a scal- loped style. I don't think going bareheaded has a bit to do with freckles, Etta. For who ever saw a bald-headed man with freckles all over his wide and polished dome? Surely a bald-headed man would be bareheaded enough to get freckles if that had anything to do with the charming sun- spots. No, I think freckles are things which come by grace and they must be worn as gracefully as possible. Of course if you really don't like them, Etta, you can paste a piece of pink court-plaster over each one.

TILLER, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my first attempt at writing to the League of Cousins, so please don't let Billy get my letter. I live on a mountain ranch twelve miles from the post office. We have three hundred and twelve and one-half acres of land which is covered with underbrush and pine, fir, cedar and some sugar-pine timber. We have about one hundred and ninety Angora goats, nine milch goats, three horses, four cats, two dogs and a few chickens.

There is much beautiful scenery in this part of the country and hunters come from all over the state and from other states to hunt. There are lots of deer, grouse, quail, pheasants and some bear, cougars, wolves, and many coyotes. There are not many young folks around here, the nearest being at Tiller, twelve miles away.

In the summer time we can get within two miles of our place with a car, but most people go on horseback and bring their things in on a pack horse, as the roads are too muddy for a car in the winter. We are think- ing of getting a car next spring, as the roads are being improved all the time.

I suppose you are wondering what I look like. Well, I am just a country girl, five feet, five and one-half inches tall. I have blue eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion when it is not too tanned and freckled. Who can guess my age? It is between fifteen and twenty- one.

I would like to hear from any of the cousins that care to write, and I will answer all I can.

As ever, your niece and cousin, DELLA WOOSTER.

Della, you certainly must have the scenery out on your Oregon ranch, and with just enough bears and cougars scattered through the underbrush to make the landscape attractive and the going in- teresting. I was not at all surprised to hear that young folks were scarce out your way and only to be found in the safe streets of Tiller. It ought to be easy for a nice tender boy or girl to stroll off among the sugar pines and not be heard from again—unless an extra thoughtful bear or cougar was kind enough to send a letter or a lock of hair back to the anxious parents. I understand why you keep so many goats, Della. Any foolishly bold cougar who tried to lunch off an Angora would, if he survived, be certain to stick to Tiller boys and girls after such an experience. I hope you will keep close to the ranch or not go out without a goat for a guard, Della. I certainly would not want the number of young folks to be reduced to zero—or to hamburger steak.

You say you can get within two miles of your place in the summer, Della. Well, it must seem nice and homelike to get as close as this, anyway. Probably in the winter you have to live even fur- ther off from your wood stoves and victrola. It must be inconvenient, but I suppose you are used to camping out in the underbrush by now. You can throw stones at your house, at least, or see it by climbing an extra tall sugar pine. Maybe some day you will really be able to get back home again, if you can get an agile Ford to do the climbing.

Della, with all the deer, birds, goats and coyotes you have to eat, you must be fat as well as freckled. I would rather guess at your weight than your age, but I'm pretty sure you are under seventeen years and three months.

SOMEWHERE IN MINNESOTA.

DEAR EVERYBODY:

Well, here I am again—and I hope you aren't *all* peeved about it. Did I hear one of the cousins say, "That person is the *worst* mud-slinger I ever saw"? Won't *somebody* give me a smile or two?—that's fine, Augustus, only a little wider, please. What an ador- able Irish grin Ted has—but Jack won't even look at me (my handkerchief, Annette!). And I'm wearing my prettiest pink dress! It is to weep.

Perhaps you'd like to know just what made me write this third letter? It was a tiny note from Uncle Lisha which he tucked in with a letter from one of the cousins. It was just a little, little personal message from our Uncle, but it made his Uncleship so much more real to me. Uncle Lisha, I'll always keep that wee, short note. Your own handwriting!

But I want to talk to some of the cousins, too. Au- gustus, you surely take the cast iron powder puff! You certainly stick to your point, and I admire you for it. I'm glad you conceded an inch; maybe you do like "us wimmen" just the merest trifle—even if we are vain silly gnats. I like *you*, anyway. So there! Where did I get the idea you are prejudiced against girls? Here are your own words—I saved your first letter: "I claim that I can have just as g od a time among boys as I can by having a girl hang ng on my arm. This is per- haps due to the fact that I am very bashful in the pres- ence of girls. But if anyone can g ve me a good reason for desiring the company of g rls, maybe I can over- come my bashfulness." Rega d ng that first sentence, I should say it would depend la g y upon the girl who hangs on your arm. And regarding the last sentence, I should love to teach you how to enjoy g rls' company, Augustus, I too think it is unfeminine for g rls to smoke. But I do not think it worse from a moral stand- point for a girl to indulge than for a boy. It is the physical harm which I consider. As for powder, or anything else, there are always some who go to ex- tremes. Aside from the question of whether or not it improve one's looks, powder is a protection from sun and wind. Many men, not "sissies" either, have found this out. I believe there is not one woman in ten thou- sand whose appearance would not be improved by a touch of the right powder. Everyone has a slight face shine which is not always attractive. Please do not think I approve of girls going around looking as if their faces had been whitewashed, with their mouths mere streaks of carmine. I do not. Augustus, powder never hurt a girl who cleansed her face properly before retir- ing. Gus, I have another horrible confession to make; I was afraid to tell it before. Sh!—keep it dark—I have bobbed hair! And oh! the blessed freedom of it. When I think of the years of wasted fussing with my hair, I could weep. All one has to do now is to run one's fingers through it and it is combed. Now, Gus, tell me all the unmoral factors of short hair. I'm all set. And oh! do please let me be the vice president of the Augustus Anti-Cosmetic League which Uncle Lisha suggested it would be a good "trick" for you to found. Please!

Now a few passes at Jack—and he'll be down for the count. I know you don't think much of us, dear boy, in spite of your second letter. You're probably right, though, in your stand. I am very bad-natured, I ad- mit; very contrary, headstrong and willful. But, Jackie, if I could get you alone for five minutes in a dark and more or less secluded nook, I'll wager a lamb's wool powder puff that I could make you tell me I'm sweet (even if I'm not). Conceit? Well, perhaps. Jack, nothing that you said in your letter made *me* angry. I merely thought: "That poor misguided young man! Surely some hard-hearted girl has trifled with his young affections." But I do not agree with you on the sub- ject of flirting. That many affairs are instigated by women I admit—but nine out of ten—non! All down through the ages man has been saying: "The woman she tempted me." Poor weak creatures! To fall so easily for the female of the species! Is it not to smile? In spite of all this, Jack, I think you aren't half bad. Just a bit "sot" aren't you? I wish you'd like "us" just a little. We made Cousin Augustus retract a bit and hint that "maybe" (but he didn't say it outright) he likes us a tiny bit. You're next! Girls, we like Jack a little—and as much more as he'll let us—don't we? I'm going to tell you COMFORT boy cousins a se- cret—but don't breathe it to a soul that I told you—we girls like a man who comes out boldly and tells us exactly what he thinks of us. It gives us a wonderful chance to argue, and we *love* to argue.

Well, I'll be good for a long time now, honestly.

Love to all the cousins and Billy, but most of all to Uncle Lisha.

COUSIN RUTH.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



Watch the Man

See the changes one week brings

Millions of women know this new way of teeth cleaning. And the pretty teeth seen everywhere now show what it means to them.

If the man doesn't use it, get this 10-Day Tube for him. Then watch the results. See what changes will come in a week.

That dingy film

Most people who brush teeth in old ways have film-coated teeth. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. That film becomes discolored, particularly with men who smoke. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

No old-type tooth paste can effectively fight film. So all these troubles were constantly increasing, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than today.

New discoveries

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight that film. One acts to curdle it, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Many careful tests proved these methods efficient. Then authorities endorsed them, and dentists everywhere began to advise their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Then these two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

Not film alone

But Pepsodent brings other great results which research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to constantly neutralize the acids which cause decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold power.

Some fifty nations use it now

The use of Pepsodent has spread the world over, largely by dental advice. Careful people of some fifty nations now employ it daily. Thus it is bringing a new dental era. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how widely it is used.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will gain a new idea of what clean teeth mean. And all in your home will always want those whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1060

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 655, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

Checks Like This For YOU!



Turn Your Spare Time at Home Into Real Cash!

Gearhart Home Knitting is Your Opportunity

Can you conceive of any easier way to turn your spare time at home into money than to turn a crank handle and watch 100 swift needles knit beautiful Allwear Hosiery and be handsomely paid for the work?

To women everywhere and to men also we say this:—Take up Gearhart Home Knitting, let a delightful occupation engage your spare moments and supply you with the wherewithal to realize cherished dreams. Every day has its moments of gold for you, winter evenings their restful hours which can be made doubly enjoyable by the simple operation of our wonderful home knitting machine.

Gearhart Home Work is not for only a chosen few. It is for all, for you, because you may do it as well as any one of our thousands of Gearhart Home Workers.

The occupation will be just as easy, just as delightful for you as for them and the pay checks you receive can be just as large, perhaps larger, and surely just as much appreciated.

The Gearhart Allwear pay checks of varying amounts have been written daily for years. We do not and never have put the least restraint on the amount of Allwear Hosiery a man or woman might send in. We have paid every cent our long-time contracts called for and have even paid larger amounts when market prices for hosiery made it possible. It is our policy today when we are sending thousands of checks to our coworkers.

What stands between you and your needs? What is to prevent you from earning the tidy sum of money like other Gearhart Workers are receiving? You need only be industrious, ambitious and ordinarily capable to share in the good fortune which Gearhart Checks bring.

Business Ready Made for You

Our records tell a remarkable story of achievement. According to their own letters, invalids and folks physically disabled have found in Gearhart Home Knitting the way to earn good money. What then can you earn who are in possession of your full faculties?

The Gearhart Home Knitter is the original home knitter, the one that made our great home knitting industry possible, the machine perfected as a result of years of experience, the handy machine which can be set anywhere and carried anywhere.

Just how many wonderful things have been accomplished by Gearhart Home Knitting may never be fully known but to us who know what the machine can do, the reports seem not at all extraordinary that tell how home knitting has paid off mortgages, purchased pianos, autos, etc., started bank accounts and made other life desirabilities possible for men and women who had the gumption, courage and determination to take advantage of the opportunity Gearhart points out.

We want to place a Gearhart Home Knitter in your hands so that you can help keep us supplied with Allwear Hosiery. The work comes from you—the money from us.

Dreams Can Come True

Make your dreams come true. It is only a question of how quickly you can do it and that only depends on how much time you can spare and how skillful an operator you can become. Earn all you can or as little as you like, either by sending your work to Gearhart or selling it at handsome prices to friends, neighbors or local stores.

"I learned to knit in one hour,"
Said MRS. LEAKE

Some amounts we paid for home knitting, week of Nov. 13th 1922:

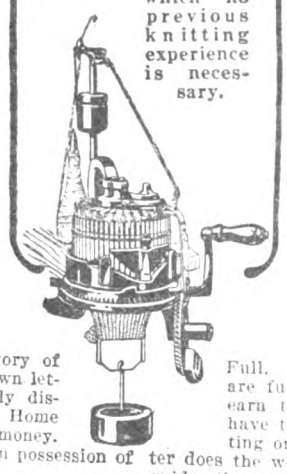
Mrs. Albert .	$10.50
Mr. Tabaska .	6.48
Mrs. Bradney	17.00
Mrs. Brandt .	7.25
Mrs. Gauther .	10.38
Mr. Corner .	15.84
Mr. Dean . .	9.00
Mrs. Patterson	16.94

Thousands of other checks sent to Gearhart Home Workers

The Gearhart Knitting Machine Co. is the birthplace of the ORIGINAL home knitter.

It has been made and improved by us since 1888.

It is the machine on which no previous knitting experience is necessary.



Long-Time Work Contract

The Gearhart Company will sign a contract binding them to accept and pay for all the Allwear Hosiery you can knit or care to send, whether it be a dozen pairs a day or a hundred pairs a week. And nobody pays as high as the Gearhart Company for this particular work in unlimited quantities.

The contract guarantees and protects you. It covers a period of years during which the company is obligated to pay you hundreds of dollars, only provided you send in enough work to cover that amount of pay. Very substantial amounts are paid our workers considering the limited amount of spare time which most of them have. The possibilities, when more time is devoted to the work or where help is secured, are amazing and without limit.

Work as You Please

You are not bound in any way. Your time is always your own to do with as you please. But the Gearhart Company must pay you all you can earn and we are a reputable, long-established firm with a record of many years of honorable dealing. We are involved in no litigation with our home workers for publishing their names, addresses and work records or on account of subjecting them to the annoyance of correspondence with strangers. Our dealings with all are confidential and respected. The Gearhart offer stands on its own merits and has stood the test of time.

Free Yarn

You don't have to run to a store and purchase yarn to start your work. A generous quantity is given free under the terms of our offer and as fast as you send it to us in shape of completed Allwear Hosiery it is **replaced free** pound for pound.

Full, complete, simplified instructions are furnished so that you can start to earn the minute you learn. You don't have to know the first thing about knitting or machinery. The Gearhart Knitter does the work, you only act as operator and guide, the one who does the simple things the machine cannot do, such as pressing, packing and shipping and receiving your pay check.

Fascinating Home Occupation

You can't work in store, office or factory to earn that extra money and take care of your household duties too. But you can devote your **spare time** to Gearhart Home Knitting without stepping outside your own door.

Between daylight's dawn and the dusk of twilight are many moments you can find for this pleasing, restful occupation.

"Husband", you might say some evening, if you are a married woman, "knit a little for me while you're resting and I am doing the dishes." And he can do it. "Mary", you say to your little girl, "just turn the crank for mother," and she can do it.

That is how Gearhart Knitting is done after you have started. All want to try it, all want to help you.

You know that you can do as thousands of others have done and nobody should discourage you. Send the coupon at once for full particulars. It may be the turn of the tide of your fortunes. Address:

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY
Dept. C.F. **Clearfield, Pa.**

This Coupon to End Home Money Problems

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co.
Dept. C.F, Clearfield, Pa. Date.....

Send me, without obligation, particulars about Gearhart Home Knitting, description of machine, samples of work it does and your Home Earning Guide Book.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

salary every year for my music and French," said Isabel.

"True, dear, and she will also be very valuable as an interpreter in our shopping and sightseeing expeditions abroad. But to turn to more agreeable things. I want you, Isabel, to do your utmost to make a brilliant match while we are in Europe. With your father's purse, your face, figure and appearance I think you ought to win somebody worth having."

"I hope I may, mamma; I should really enjoy being 'lady' somebody," and the vain girl got up and sailed over to the full-length mirror to survey herself.

"Is it not time for Wilbur to come, mamma?" she asked presently.

Yes; he ought to have been here an hour ago," answered Mrs. Coolidge, glancing at her watch.

Scarce were the words uttered when the doorbell gave forth a clamorous peal; another moment, and there was a manly step on the stair, a deep, rich voice called "Mother! Isabel!" then the door swung open, and the only son and heir was received with open arms and joyous exclamations of greeting.

Wilbur Coolidge was an exceedingly handsome young man of twenty-two years, with a face that challenged all criticism—bright, careless, defiant, full of humor and possessing a gleam of poetry—a face that girls judge instantly and always admire. He had a frank, clear eye of deepest blue, brown hair tinged with gold, a smiling mouth, from which, when he spoke, there gleamed two rows of white, handsome teeth. Yet it was a mouth one could not quite trust—there was something wanting which made one feel that he lacked depth, that there was no great chivalry in his nature, no grand treasure of manly truth, no touch of heroism in his soul. There were few women who would have read him thus critically, yet Brownie did at a glance, when, descending the stairs arm in arm with his sister Isabel, they met face to face, and she was obliged to present him to her.

"My brother, Miss Douglas," she said briefly and coldly, and with a haughty lifting of her head.

Miss Douglas greeted him with quiet politeness, and passed on; but not before she had caught his stare of surprise and look of admiration as his eyes for a moment rested on her face, then swept her dainty form from head to foot.

"And who is Miss Douglas?" he asked, after they had passed beyond her hearing.

"Oh, she is a young person whom grandpa came across in one of the public libraries, and persuaded papa to secure as governess to the girls," Miss Isabel answered, with a yawn.

"Governess! Young person, indeed! Why, if I ever saw the mark of the true and cultured lady in any one, I do in her," he replied with enthusiasm.

"Nonsense, Wilbur! I hope you do not allow your head to be turned by every pretty face you chance to meet."

"Not I," and the young man tossed his head, with a gay laugh. "But this Miss Douglas is something more than pretty. Hers is a face which, if a man learned to love, he would gladly serve twice seven years for the sake of making its owner his wife."

This was said partly to tease his sister, for he well knew her weak points; yet, it must be confessed, he had been startled by Brownie's wondrous beauty.

"Pshaw! Wilbur, I shall get entirely out of patience with you if you run on like that; and let me warn you beforehand, if mamma discovers you are 'sweet' on the governess, it will prove most disastrous to the poor girl's prospects, for she will post her off without any ceremony."

"Don't be disturbed, sister mine. We men, I dmit, have an eye for the beautiful, be it in princess or maid. I suppose I may admire Miss Douglas from a distance, as one would admire a picture, with no thought of possessing it. By the way, to change the subject, what is father going to do with the horses while we are away?"

"Send them up to the farm, I think?"

"When do they go?"

"Monday morning, I think."

"Let us go out to the stable, then, and take a farewell look at them," proposed Wilbur cunningly.

"Not I, thank you! I've no notion of being perfumed with the scent of the stable if any one should call. You can go if you choose, and I will wait for you in the drawing-room."

The young man gladly availed himself of the permission, laughing meanwhile in his sleeve that his artifice had succeeded so well. He did not particularly enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with the frivolous girl.

He knew well enough that his fastidious sister would not accompany him to the stable, and he longed to be by himself, that he might feast upon the remembrance of that lovely face, which had flashed like a gleam from Paradise upon him.

"She is the loveliest girl I have ever met, and I will see more of her, Isabel and the maternal to the contrary notwithstanding," was his mental resolve, as he paced absently back and forth in the stable, wholly unconscious of his stated object in visiting the place.

CHAPTER XI.

ADRIAN DREDMOND.

The day of sailing came at last.

A good deal of confusion prevailed in getting the family, with their endless supply of luggage, from the Coolidge mansion to the steamer; and in the midst of it all, Wilbur managed several times to escape the Argus eyes of his watchful mother and jealous sister, and get a word with Brownie.

Every hour in her presence only served to enthrall him more hopelessly. He never wearied of looking upon her bright face, nor of listening to the sweet tones of her voice. She wove a spell about him.

Miss Douglas, however, responded very quietly, and with some dignity, whenever he addressed her.

She was observing enough to perceive that his attentions to her were anything but acceptable to the Coolidge family; so, without appearing to do so, she avoided him, and devoted herself to her young charges, Viola and Alma.

But a little incident occurred, just as they were going aboard the steamer, which was to influence the young girl's whole after life.

Brownie was the last to step aboard, excepting Wilbur, and not paying strict heed to her steps, she caught her foot in a coil of rope, stumbled and would have fallen had she not been quickly caught and upheld by a strong arm. The shock was so severe that, overcome with dizziness, she lay almost unconscious for a moment in the stranger's clasp.

"Has she fainted?" asked Wilbur Coolidge, in anxious tones, as he sprang forward, too late to render service.

"I think not. It was only the shock; she will rally in a moment," were the words which Brownie, on coming to herself, heard in such deep, rich tones, that she was conscious of a sudden thrill running through her whole frame.

She opened her eyes, and found herself looking up into a face that was strange, yet familiar.

For one instant her eye met his, and their souls met through that glance. Then, with a vivid blush of shame staining her fair cheek, as she she realized she was being held in the arms of a stranger, Brownie gently disengaged herself and tried to stand alone.

"Brownie Douglas!" the stranger murmured, in wondering surprise, and as if the words were forced from him by some previous memory.

As she caught them, the color again flew to her face, and he, seeing her embarrassment, hastened to say:

"I beg your pardon, but my surprise made me forget myself. Will you take my arm and allow me to conduct you below? I fear you are not quite strong yet."

"Thank you," Brownie began, when Mr. Coolidge suddenly interfered.

"I will attend to the lady, sir, thanking you kindly for the service you have already rendered her," he said somewhat haughtily and offered Miss Douglas his own arm.

She took it, and with a grateful look at the strange gentleman, and one more rapid glance into his fine eyes, she allowed Mr. Coolidge to lead her away.

"Who was that gentleman, Miss Douglas?" Mr. Coolidge demanded, with a grave look, after they had left him, and he was carefully assisting her down the companionway.

"I do not know; I have never met him before, and yet——" was Brownie's hesitating reply, while her face wore a puzzled look.

"And yet what?" asked the young man, willing to speak carelessly, yet with the vexed frown.

"It seems to me as if I have seen his face before some time, but where, I do not remember." But the perplexed look still remained upon her countenance.

"He seemed to know you. He called you 'Brownie Douglas.' Is that your name?"

The color flamed again into her cheeks at the question. She had noticed the stranger's momentary utterance of her pet name, and had been strangely moved by it.

"It used to be when I had dear friends."

She grew sad and pale again at the memories which came thronging upon her at the mention of the dear old name.

"I cannot understand, though, how he did come to know it," she added, after a moment.

"Brownie—Brownie—it just suits you, Miss Douglas," said Mr. Coolidge, taking in at a admiring glance the shining coils of brown hair, the liquid chestnut eyes, and the long, dark lashes which just now half concealed them.

"My name is Mehetabel Douglas, Mr. Coolidge," Brownie said coldly and with dignity, not appreciating his familiarity, nor the tender caress in his voice had assumed.

He laughed aloud.

"Pardon me," he said, "but such a name for you is an abomination. Don't you ever shorten it?"

"I do not think it is very euphonious either, Mr. Coolidge, and therefore when I was a child I shorten it into Meta," she explained, smiling at his indignation, and disarmed by his frankness.

"That is quite respectable. But what is the matter? I fear you have not recovered from your fall yet. Are you sure you are not injured?" he asked anxiously, seeing she had grown very white again.

"No; but it gave me quite a shock, and I think the motion of the boat prolongs the dizziness. But I shall do very well if I can only sit——"

"If this gentle swaying affects you so, I don't know what you will do when we come to sail," he replied, as he hastened toward the saloon with her.

Here they found the rest of the family, anxious at their non-appearance; and Mr. Coolidge and Isabel were not in the best frame of mind for the world when they saw the governess coming leaning upon the arm of Wilbur.

"Miss Douglas has had a fall, mother, and is faint; please let her have your vinaigrette," he explained as he carefully seated her upon a couch.

"Thanks, but I have one," Brownie said, and straightway produced one from her little work-bag, which caused Miss Isabel's pale eyes to expand with wonder.

It was a costly little trifle of solid gold, and the stopple was curiously formed and set with pearls.

She prized it and loved to use it because it had been one of the things which had been presented by Miss Mehetabel.

"Do look, mamma! Wherever did she get it?" whispered Isabel.

"I'm sure I don't know, child; evidently she longed to a different sphere in life before she came to us. I only wish your grandfather had been at the poles that night she went to the library to beguile him with her pretty face," turned the maternal Coolidge impatiently.

"Oh, you begin to think she is pretty, do you?" sneered her dutiful daughter.

"Wilbur evidently thinks so, if I do not," the moody reply.

Brownie's quick ears had caught every word, and she very coldly refused the glass of wine which the young man in question at that moment brought her.

She then settled herself upon the couch, closed her eyes, thus intimating her desire to be left alone.

Upon the deck above them there paced a young man, with bent head and thoughtful brow.

He was tall and exceedingly well formed, broad, full chest and square shoulders giving the impression of great strength and power of endurance.

He looked the Englishman every inch, and a very noble one withal.

He was not handsome, like Wilbur Coolidge, but he possessed a face of decision and truth.

He had deep, thoughtful gray eyes, a firm mouth with kindly lines about it, and an expression of great firmness and character withal. He was a true, good face—a face to be trusted in any circumstances.

"How does she happen to be here, I wonder?" he muttered, with a far-away look out over the waters. "I know she left Philadelphia soon after her aunt's death," he continued, "and though I tried hard to find where she had gone, I could not. She faded out of the fashionable world in which she used to move as completely and suddenly as a fallen star drops out of existence. I'm glad now I did not leave the matter with him, as he wished me to do; no, I'll keep her to her with my own hands, or I will keep her never!"

He walked absently to the side of the steamer and stood looking into the turbid waters below, and not long after two ladies drew near, and he overheard the following conversation:

"Mamma, I tell you we shall have trouble with that governess as sure as the world."

"I hope not," replied the elder lady, with a troubled look.

"Wilbur is over head and ears in love with her already, and it will be just like her to lead him on for the sake of gaining a good position in the world," and the young lady's tone was exceedingly disagreeable.

"Well, it cannot be helped now; you must make yourself so interesting and agreeable that he will prefer your society to that of any one's else; he must monopolize him during the voyage, and when we are once settled, I will see that she does not have any spare time to flirt."

"Talk about her having a fall," continued Isabel Coolidge indignantly. "Alma saw the whole proceeding, and says it was nothing but a scramble. She said a gentleman caught her, and saved her from going to the floor, and she lay back in his arms as helplessly and gracefully as any heroine in a novel."

"I have not much doubt that she is artful, and would not scruple to take advantage of Wilbur's weakness for pretty faces, notwithstanding she appears so meek and demure."

"Meek and demure, mamma! Why, she is anything but that. She has the manners and bearing of a little queen!" interrupted Miss Coolidge.

"Well, but she is very quiet, and does not appear to be seeking his attentions; but, as I said before, we cannot help it now; all we can do is to watch them closely."

"Never fear but that we can do that with our sharp eyes; and with you and I both on the look out, I reckon we can manage them," laughed the young lady.

"Yes; and if we find any indications of anything serious upon Wilbur's part, I will find some excuse for shipping her off our hands as soon as we land. I will not have my son's prospects ruined by a poverty-stricken governess," replied the haughty woman sternly.

They moved away from the place where Brownie had been standing, and the young Englishman

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



erful 32-Piece Aluminum Set

plendid pure Aluminum Cooking Outfit consists of ate pieces, as follows: **2 Big Bread Pans; 1 Dough-ter**—detachable inside cutter; **2 Loose Bottom ke Pans**—top diam. 8¾ in., 4 pieces; **1 Combina-kettle and Rice Boiler** with lid—3 pieces; **1 Sauce**—2 qts., 1½ qts., 1 qt.—3 pieces; **1 Sauce Pan Lid; r; 1 Colander; 1 Measuring Cup**—pint size; **1 Per-**2 pieces; **2 Pie Pans**—top diameter 9¾ inches; **Set**, consisting of Stand, Salt and Pepper Shak-Toothpick Holder—4 pieces; **1 Tea or Coffee**; **1 Fry Pan**, heavily tinned steel handle,. very etal of uniform thickness.

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On St. Valentine's Day in the Evenin

By Joseph F. Novak

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EMMETT Sheridan stood at the office window looking across the expanse of snow-laden roofs where the roaring blizzard played like white wildfire around the black chimneys. It was only four o'clock, but the driving storm had cast a pall over the city and already numerous lights twinkled through the precipitation.

There was nothing in the prospect to indicate that it was St. Valentine's Day, the "day of belles and beaux," yet it was, in fact, February 14th, and it was the very fact that it was St. Valentine's Day that Emmett Sheridan now stood as he did, for there was about him an attitude of indecision that indicated a mental struggle, and that mental struggle was with reference to a St. Valentine's dance that he was supposed to attend that evening.

Some weeks before he had received an invitation to attend Esther Parkside's valentine cotillion, and he had eagerly accepted and immediately sought the privilege of escorting Marian Drew, and he was in a seventh heaven (whatever that is) when she had accepted his escort.

But a thorn had suddenly developed on the rose, a thorn he had not bargained for, and that was the presence of Vandeventer Schuyler of New York.

Schuyler was a visitor at the Drew home and, as a guest, Marian had given much of her time to entertaining him. There seemed to be some gigantic business proposition on the hands of Mr. Drew in which Schuyler was deeply interested, in fact so much so that he made his home with the Drews instead of putting up at a hotel as any normal man would.

There was really no reason why Esther Parkside should have invited Schuyler to the affair, nor why he (Schuyler) should have "rung in" on his (Sheridan's) escort.

"Wonder if he sent her a valentine?" Sheridan mused savagely as he glared out at the snowy prospect. "Great guns, whoever started the legend that birds selected their mates on this day? Imagine Robin Redbreast going to call on Jennie Wren to propose on a day like this!"

His mind turned to an old verse that had been running through his mind all day:

"Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The two-penny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on St. Valentine's Day."

He had come across the verse while looking for an appropriate one to send with his love offertory, three dozen gorgeous American Beauties, and now it persisted in his mind, probably because it was so direct a contrast to the storming elements outside.

He wondered how Marian had received his valentine and wondered if she would think him a romantic cub, since he had finally selected a bit of doggerel to accompany his gift:

"This Valentine comes
From a heart that is true,
Faithful and loving
Forever—to you."

Of course, it was done in a spirit of mischief, and of course Marian would take it in similar spirit!

All of which shows that Sheridan, in spite of all the common sense a hard-headed young business man is supposed to possess, and must if he has made the strides in the business world that Sheridan had, was hopelessly enmeshed.

Should he cancel the engagement? Confound it, he didn't want to be a second fiddle. He would be the obvious escort, but Schuyler, darn him (he didn't say *darn him*, though!) would, no doubt, receive practically all of Marian's attention.

He grabbed up the telephone but ere he had the receiver off the hook he put the instrument down again. What! Give up the field? Not he! He'd go and lose fighting rather than lose by running away. And with a grin, a toss of his head, a shrug of his shoulders and a hopeless lift of his eyebrows, the decision was formed, and his attitude indicated that he was taking comfort in the fact that men in love were supposed to act foolishly.

The decision proved to him conclusively how hopelessly in love he was and that he wanted Marian Drew more than he ever wanted anybody in his life.

He was in love! He had, at one time, wondered how it felt to be in love and when he thought of his experience with little Billy Van Allen the night the youngster had been refused, he realized the little fellow's feelings and sympathized now with him in his wish to do something desperate. Then, though, he had not let the youngster see that he felt a somewhat contemptuous pity for him, but had, instead, bolstered up his courage, soothed him as a mother might, until Billy had fallen asleep. The next day Billy tried his luck again in accordance with Sheridan's advice, the young lady reconsidered her decision and accepted Billy, who accordingly flew to a seventh heaven (again we ask whatever that is). Thus Sheridan had a glimpse of the two extremes of love and was beginnfng to realize that there was something very tantalizing in this all overpowering emotion.

Darkness had now fallen, so he dressed for the street and plunged into the storm without. He hailed a taxi and soon was at home, where, after dinner, he proceeded to array himself in his dress clothes. A thrill of pride pervaded him as he surveyed himself, and perhaps he can be forgiven since he possessed a splendid physique, and his well-groomed person looked godly, if indeed the gods ever went about in dress clothes.

Then he started for the Drew home.

Jerry, the butler, let him in and told him to please step to the library, Miss Marian wasn't down-stairs yet, but would he please join Mr. Schuyler?

Accordingly, Sheridan went to the library, where he found Vandeventer Schuyler. Schuyler was of slighter build than Sheridan, but there was a determination in his general attitude which indicated that he could be a hard proposition to bump up against. Still, at the present time, he seemed all affability, and there was a curious little twinkle in his eye which denoted the tease. He was probably a half-dozen years older than Sheridan (who was twenty-seven), which seemed to make Sheridan's clean-cut virility the more pronounced.

Schuyler arose as Sheridan entered, graciously held out his hand and, after greeting each other, they chatted of inconsequential things until Marian came down.

Sheridan was aware of the fact that he involuntarily caught his breath as he beheld her. The fashion that had decreed long skirts had been followed by its devotees and Marian was among the first to adopt it. Consequently she appeared in a gown of white and silver, draped to the ankles, which gave her a statuesque beauty. But she was all unconscious of her charm. In her easiness of carriage and quiet self-possession she was a true exponent of American aristocracy.

She held out her hand to Sheridan.

"Thanks so much for the flowers, Emmett," she said simply, "it was sweet of you to remember the day. Aren't they lovely?" and she nodded toward the flowers in a vase on the floor.

"I thought you might think me silly," he returned, feeling embarrassed as he thought of the doggerel scribbled on the card.

"No, I rather liked it. It brought back my little-girl days and the gaudy valentines I always received. But isn't it nearly time to go?" and she picked up her elaborate wrap.

Sheridan sprang to assist her, and in a few moments they were ensconced in his limousine.

"To whom shall you give your first dance, Miss Drew?" Schuyler queried mischievously. "You have two escorts who are both pining for the privilege. Do you recall that opera, 'The Bartered Bride'? There is a dance in it known as the *Furiant* in which one man dances with two girls. I suggest that it be revised so that one girl may dance with two men. But until that time, we'll have to settle the matter as men do—by tossing a coin. What say, Sheridan?"

"I'm game," Sheridan replied, producing a coin and making a selection, he flipped it. The decision was in Schuyler's favor.

"Miss Drew, with your permission, the dance is mine," Schuyler said.

"Very well, we'll let the Fates' decision stand," she laughed.

They soon reached the Parkside house, the windows of which looked like burnished gold through the falling snow. They drew up before the striped awning over the walk, descended and went into the house.

There was a great crowd already assembled, and group after group left the dressing-rooms for the great ballrooms of the Parkside home.

Sheridan and Schuyler soon divested themselves of their wraps and then waited in the hall for Marian and when she appeared they went to the ballroom with her.

Here Esther had allowed her decorators to run riot in carrying out the valentine idea. In the four corners of the room were elaborate pedestals upon which groups of Cupids were variously posed, holding in their hands the ends of white silk streamers which were carried toward the ceiling by flocks of white doves, wings outspread. Darted hearts were everywhere in evidence, and the entrances and exits of the ballroom were so cleverly decorated that one had the impression of stepping into the heart of a valentine.



One by one the immense hearts were pierced.

And now the dancing commenced. With a commiserating look, Schuyler took Miss Drew in his arms and they one-stepped away, so Sheridan comforted himself with little Miss Parkside, who, though she was not "out," slipped in in spite of admonitions to the contrary.

Esther will scold me dreadfully, Mr. Sheridan, for committing such a *faux pas*, but I don't care. Flappers must flap," she giggled.

There happened to be many "stags" (men who had not escorted a lady), so that Sheridan found himself left over every now and then. Not that he cared particularly, for, had it not been for the looks of the thing, he would not have danced with anyone but Marian.

So it was during one of these interludes that he strolled into one of the other rooms and sat down on a divan for a smoke, knowing permission was being mutely given, since there was a smoking-stand and cigarettes near by.

He had just taken one and had it poised half way to his lips and was about to strike a match, when Miss Estelle Franklin approached.

In a spangled robe that threw off radiant flashes, she was as glorious as any Christmas tree. She was an undeniably beautiful girl, but there was a hardness about her beauty and a certain forwardness of manner which, while within the bounds of propriety, had an unpleasant effect upon whom it was practiced. This manner of hers was notorious and all eligible bachelors ran when she approached. Sheridan knew he was in for it, but he wasn't afraid of any woman (provided he wasn't in love with her) and so he felt equal to Miss Estelle.

"Moping here all alone, Mr. Sheridan?" she began.

"Not necessarily moping—no," he replied coolly. "Marian has a double escort tonight and that gives me a little time that I otherwise might not have."

"Doesn't she look too perfectly beautiful tonight?" Estelle questioned, seating herself on the divan with him. "You may smoke if you like," she interpolated.

"Will you join me?" he queried, fighting her familiarity with her own weapon.

"You naughty boy," she scolded pleasantly, "you know I never indulge. Do you know what sort of novelties Esther will have for the cotillion?"

"No, but I dare say they will have to do with St. Valentine's Day."

"If you'll not breathe a word, I'll tell you. For the *piece de resistance* she has immense red hearts as tall as you men. You hide behind these and march into the ballroom. The girls are given bows and quivers of arrows and we are to aim at these red hearts. Whichever heart we pierce, that heart we have won—for the evening—and its owner must take us to supper. What do you think of it?"

"Clever, except that I know of several engaged couples who will feel quite dreadfully put out if they cannot have supper together. They probably will not care for substitute valentines since they have already made their selections."

"That's true. Dear me, how I wish I could get the thrill out of valentine gifts that I got out of the trashy little lace valentines that the boys sent me when I was at school. Bouquets and candy do not carry the same sentiment, do they?"

"No, I suppose a girl doesn't get the thrill that those old-time valentines, made up of hearts and lace and colored celluloid and done up in a pasteboard box as big as an automobile top, gave. How eagerly they must have looked for the postman."

"I suppose you sent a valentine today?" she queried archly.

"Why, naturally," he responded again, as coolly as before. "Did you receive it?"

She laughed outright. "Of course I didn't," and there was a little bitterness in her tone, nevertheless, "valentines have come in less and less numbers each year until the postman quite overlooked me today."

"It is your own fault then," Sheridan replied gallantly, but there was a double meaning to his words. Estelle was too eager, too anxious to give herself away.

But she took it in the complimentary sense.

"How nice of you to say that," she responded, "but I must go for I believe I am due to have this dance with Mr. Schuyler."

She rose, then leaned toward him confidentially. "Do tell me, Emmett, is he engaged to Marian Drew? The rumor has persisted for the last week."

Sheridan felt a coldness grip his heart. But always in command of himself, he answered quietly:

"I've heard nothing of it. Have you asked Marian?"

"Why, she's probably the last person who will hear of it. Don't you know that you are always the last person to hear rumors about yourself?" and with a coquettish flirt of her hand, indicating that he need not see her to the ballroom, she moved away, her gown emitting flashes as brilliant as lightning.

Sheridan sat for a quarter of an hour or more wondering if, indeed, there was any truth to the rumor. He had no claim upon Marian, and possibly he had only imagined that she had been encouraging, men were prone to regard little attentions as marks of favor.

So he mulled for a while until a man servant approached and asked him to step to the ballroom as the cotillion was about to commence.

He joined in it gaily, favored lavishly and was in turn favored, until the novelty of the evening was reached.

This was even as Estelle had described it. Each man was given a huge red heart, as tall as himself, and concealing himself behind it so that only his dancing pumps and perchance a few inches of dress trousers showed, he marched into the ballroom, and crossed the floor while a volley of arrows was aimed at him by the inexperienced archers.

Amid much shrieking, the feathery little arrows sped across the ballroom and one by one the immense hearts were pierced.

But fate seemed to be against Sheridan for somehow no one seemed to be able to dart his heart and he was one of the leftovers. Schuyler had been hit by Gloria Treavor and Marian had secured little Billy Van Allen. As Gloria had been the cause of Billy's wild despair and subsequent happiness, it was easy for him to change partners so Schuyler was the one to take Marian to supper.

Sheridan stood in the hall, along with several other "stags" and nonchalantly lit a cigarette and smoked as the couples filed by him.

"Hard luck, old chap," was addressed to him commiseratingly several times, but he only smiled complacently. He knew how to take everything with *sang froid*.

When the supper file had disappeared into the dining-room, he sat down upon a divan to finish his smoke. The other unattached men wandered away and left him alone. Somewhere in the house a bell rang, but he paid no attention to it. His eyes wandered about the hall where, ranged against the walls, the immense hearts were parked in various stages of dilapidation. His alone stood, untouched.

He looked at it for a moment and self-pity touched him.

"Untouched, unwanted. Evidently I am not much of a catch—bah, you simpleton, you ing is worthy of a calf!"

Just then he was aware of footsteps ing, and looking up he saw Marian

"Feeling neglected and alone?" she

"Yes," he said. It was pleasant to sympathy of her voice.

"Then perhaps you would like to with me?"

"Well, I don't know if I have the darts couldn't reach my heart——"

He had begun in a teasing manner denly he was aware of a tenseness ation and looking up at her saw face that shamed him.

"My words are worthy of a cad he said. "Pray forgive them. I cause I thought that they had place at the table beside you Schuyler to take care of."

"You heard the bell? That summoning him to New York is very ill."

"His wife?" exclaimed Sheridan.

"Why—why, Emmett! Didn't he was a married man?"

"You never told me!" Sheridan we presume a man is single married! Why, only tonight asked me if it were true to Schuyler."

"How absurd! But just wait Schuyler again! I always little peculiarity in his manner marked during the evening derstand you! 'Surely me, he knows I'm married!' is what he said. The tease! I only feared with him so often because I didn't think people angling for him. True, was married but a mere to it would have settled a very important deal entirely upon Mr. would go through or wanted to be as why should it make stopped, confused.

"Why, Marian, why?" if she must know why.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," possession gone for ence. "You said that your heart——"

"I didn't make my meaning he said in a low voice. couldn't reach my heart these darts," and he which she had fastened silken cord attached

It was. The cord had

"I don't cal demonstration power to Marian, since wanted hit I on my sentiment:

"'From Faithful Forever

He love-light eyes as "What Marian?'

For a adorable Then the little and she little eyes stepped tucked aside over the He had been exquisite "Marian, claimed, "You whispered.

"'And With To

"There! fied?

There of demonstrating at being dearest

but Sheridan knew only one, and that her to one's breast. Sheridan, knowing one way, followed it.

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When you wash your child's hair be careful what you use. Many soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much free alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.



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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required. Simply moisten the hair with water, and rub the Mulsified in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff. You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store, and a few ounces will last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.



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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To Dye or Not to Dye

WHEN the first gray hair begins to put in its appearance, it is something of a shock, on glancing into one's mirror, to recognize the marks of what we all wish we could escape—increasing age. But, there is the hair; it is gray; and what are we going to do about it?

There are many ways of answering this question, and one of the ways is through the process of dyeing; but my principal object this month is to preach against just this thing..

There is a temptation, I suppose, to conceal the first gray hair or two, though for myself I do not mind them; but granting that all people do not feel as I do, the thing to be considered is whether the purpose of concealing the results of the years is really accomplished through the process of dyeing.

In most cases, the effect is quite the opposite. One's skin, one's eyes, one's hair, have all been



WELL, OLD AGE, I'VE FOUND MY FIRST GREY HAIR.

chosen by Nature to make a harmonious whole, and any attempt to alter the "color scheme" is disastrous. With henna—ed hair, the eyes and skin which went with black or blonde hair are sadly out of the picture. Of course, if one dyes one's hair its own original shade, there is not the same objection to the result, but here again, one must consider whether dyeing, in any case, is successful. I must say, frankly, that ordinarily it is not. An amateur can ruin hair permanently, for remember that dye alters for all time the color of your hair; you can never get back your hair as it was, unless you wait until you have an entire new stock of hair grown from nothing into something. A professional beauty expert can dye your hair so that it is all one color, but here again, you have to consider many things. First, your hair will grow, and as a result the new portion of your hair, from the scalp outward, will be of a different color from the rest of your hair. This necessitates constant "touching up." Next, if you do not like the effect, it cannot be changed. Third, the chemicals used in dyeing sometimes leave the hair in such condition that an ordinary shampoo will change its color. This happened to an acquaintance of mine whose hair was dyed by one of the most expert people in this country, but who upon being given a shampoo in another beauty shop some months later, found her hair turned a bright purple—because of some chemicals used in the shampoo, and also in the dyeing.

I knew another woman who had lovely white hair. She was comparatively young and did not like the white hair, thinking it made her look old. (There she was mistaken, for it made her skin look fresh and her eyes bright.) She yielded to the persuasion of a beauty shop and allowed a little henna to be put in the water to rinse her hair after a shampoo "just to put a little color into it". As a result, her hair was ruined; its lovely soft whiteness was gone forever, and all that was left was a dirty yellow, dry and harsh. She can never get back the lovely hair she had, and all that is left to her now is to dye it; this will make her face at once look years older, for it will be out of harmony with the brightness of dyed hair.

Give the hair every possible attention; shampoo it, brush it, massage the scalp, look after the health of the body, dress the hair becomingly, and see that it is always soft and lustrous; then cease from worrying about its color; it is without doubt the right color for your skin and eyes, and if it is kept lustrous, spotlessly clean, well dressed, it is more becoming to you than any result of the art of the dyer.

Answers to Questions

MICHIGAN.—How shall you care for your hair? Well, my dear, first you want to keep the scalp clean, which means that you should shampoo it once in two weeks, or three weeks at the most, using warm water in which shaved white soap has been thoroughly dissolved. First, wet your hair and scalp thoroughly, after combing out any snarls, then pour on it some of this liquid, and rub thoroughly with the fingers, making a thick lather. Rinse out this lather, then use more liquid, more rubbing, more rinsing, then once more a supply of the liquid, much more rubbing, seeing that every inch of the scalp has been thoroughly rubbed and cleansed, then rinsing many, many times. The chief thing in shampoos is to rinse the hair thoroughly, as if any of the soap remains it clogs the little pores in the scalp. Having planned to have regular shampoos, and to dry your hair in the sunlight when possible—never, never putting it up until it is dry and warm—the next thing is to take care of it daily. Before you go to bed, let it down and comb it gently, then brush with equal gentleness until the hair is smooth and shiny. Braid loosely and go to bed. Brush gently again in the morning when doing up your hair. Since you are only fourteen, I should do my hair very simply. Really, hair braided down the back is a very good way to wear it. You can part your hair in the middle, then across the head from ear to ear, and take each half of the front hair, rolling it a little as you draw it away from the forehead, then braiding the ends in with the back hair. Or you can part it a little on one side, if you like. Many young girls have their hair bobbed, part it on one side, and comb toward the other side, using a barrette or bow of ribbon to hold the longer hair in place as it is combed over to the opposite side in this manner. The hair must be specially cut for this way of wearing it, however, because some of the hair needs to be long and some short, as you can see. I should, I think, keep my hair the length it is, snip off any broken ends where they are split, shampoo it often, brush it gently every day, and wear it down my back in a braid with the ends left loose, and a big bow tied next the head. If your skin is tanned, let it be so. A young girl of your age looks better with a skin that suggests she has plenty of healthy outdoor life. Keep the skin thoroughly bathed —bathe yourself all over every day; if you haven't a bathtub in the house, you can scrub your body with a wash-cloth and with nothing more than a washbowl to help out. Stand on a folded bath towel. Keeping the entire body skin perfectly clean and sweet in this way is the best thing in the world for both the complexion and the health. Rinse the body thoroughly, especially the face. If you will keep scalp and body clean in this way, and your face as fresh and sweet as possible, your skin, even though tanned, will look so clear as to be lovely. Do not rub soap on the face. You may use some in the water, but do not put it on the cloth or face.

TORRINGTON.—The shampoo you are using is perfectly all right. Be careful about rinsing the hair thoroughly, however. You say your health is good, but also speak of some stomach trouble. Get after that, first of all, for neither hair nor any other feature of the body will be just as good as it should be if your stomach is not operating properly. Try lying down for a time after meals, if you can possibly. I know this is many times impossible, but if you know that rest and relaxing is what you need, perhaps you will manage to work it in sometime during the day. Eat simple foods, so that your stomach is not asked to do more than it is able to do. I should judge that you were below par in health and in weight. Try eating very slowly and chewing your food until it is liquid. For breakfast eat only a couple of soft-boiled eggs or soft poached eggs, and some bread that has been dried and browned in the oven, then lightly buttered. This kind of "toast" is really very appetizing and it is easily digested, whereas white bread or toast the center of which is fresh is difficult of digestion for a delicate stomach. You could eat with this some grapefruit, or a baked apple, or a dish of stewed prunes, but if either of the latter eat them very slowly indeed and chew each mouthful over and over. Cut out coffee and tea, and drink water half an hour before your breakfast, letting it be hot. For lunch again eat simple things—a baked potato, some spinach, some tomato toast—if tomato does not disagree with you—a bowl of oyster stew, beef broth—any of these. You could, for instance, take a bowl of beef broth or oyster stew, then a baked potato and a dish of baked custard. For supper, you could eat a broiled chop or some roast meat, with some vegetable well cooked, and a simple dessert. The main thing you have to remember is to avoid white bread, chew your food, eat not many things at a meal, cut out coffee, tea, sweets—do not eat pork or veal—and eat slowly, and rest after a meal if you can. Now for your hair—though all this advice is given you to help your hair as well as your general health—shampoo it once in three weeks, and massage the scalp night and morning. To do this, let the hair down, brush it gently, then slip the fingers of the right hand under the hair on the right side of the head, and the fingers of the left hand under the hair on the left side of the head. Press firmly against the scalp, and move it back and forth on the skull, without lifting the fingers. Move the fingers from place to place on the scalp, repeating this massage each time, until the entire scalp has been gone over. If the skin is tight on the skull, the blood cannot circulate properly, so it must be kept loose, and the circulation of blood to the scalp stimulated by the friction of massage. I am inclined to think, however, that your main trouble is with your general health and that your hair will improve when you have overcome the stomach condition and built yourself up to proper weight and strength.

STELLA.—Any cream can cause blackheads, if the pores are not thoroughly cleansed daily, because if the pores are filled with cream which is not removed, dust settles on the cream and the cream hardens and there you have blackheads. I suggest that you bathe your face in very warm water, laying cloths over it to soften the contents of the pores, then that with a soft towel about the forefinger of each hand, you press out the contents of the pores. Keep at it until they are emptied then touch them with alcohol or peroxide or even witch-hazel. Every time you wash your face, be sure that there is nothing left in the pores. A gentle massage night and morning, your fingers very lightly dipped in cold cream, will tend to stimulate the pores to action. After bathing the face in warm water, always rinse it in cool water for the last rinsing, so that the pores may be coaxed to close.

SPRINGFIELD.—Do you use a very strong soap for shampoo? It would perhaps make your scalp dry and cause dandruff. Use a mild soap, shaving it into hot water and dissolving for shampoo mixture. Do you drink plenty of water so that your body has sufficient liquid? Plan to drink not less than eight or ten glasses of water daily, but not at meals. Sip the water, not take it rapidly. Massage of your scalp, as I have directed "Torrington," will be an aid. Dip your fingers into oil before massaging. It would be a good idea for you to take an oil shampoo, by which I mean to anoint the scalp with olive oil the night before shampooing. You can use a medicine dropper and parting the hair in many places run the dropper back and forth along the parts. This puts oil on the scalp but not on the hair itself. Then tie up your head in a towel before going to bed. In the morning, shampoo. The oil will soften the dandruff and make it easier to cleanse the scalp. Massaging each night with a tiny bit of oil on the fingers will also help conditions, but if you use much oil your hair will be greasy; also if you brush the hair much after massaging you will spread the oil



GREY HAIR MAKES A YOUNG FACE YOUNGER.

over the hair surface. If you were very courageous you would anoint hair and scalp, and keep your head tied in a towel for an entire afternoon; go to bed with the oil still on and shampoo the next morning. Be careful of your foods. Eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables, not too much of what we call "concentrated foods" like meat.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—I would not try to reduce while baby is nursing, but after she is no longer dependent upon you for food, you should get to work in earnest and lose about forty pounds! You are probably eating too many of the fat-building foods. And what probably makes you short of breath when climbing stairs. When you do not need to provide milk with milk, then cut out sweets altogether for a time, also cut out potatoes, rice, macaroni, fat meats and vegetables. There is plenty left to eat: for breakfast eat boiled eggs, fruit of some kind such as grapefruit, oranges, a baked apple, or prunes soaked all night and cooked for an hour or more slowly. Do not eat bananas. And there is fish, and lean roast beef, and lamb and mutton, and chicken, but no pork or veal; and there are all kinds of vegetables such as string beans, asparagus, and onions, and celery, and corn, and lima beans and peas, and carrots. Some of these have more building properties, but not to any great extent. Use little or no butter, milk, cream, and no sugar, no white bread. And, of course, you should exercise. As given and give constantly many exercises in Comfort practice them.

A READER.—I imagine your circulation is not good. You do not tell me how old you are. When one gets between forty and fifty, almost every woman has the experience of which you are now complaining, and there is nothing to do except to bear it and wait until it "outgrows itself." Some physicians prescribe thyroid extract at that time, but it must be prescribed by a competent physician or harm is done. If you are a young woman, then there is no such reason for your difficulty. And what you must do is to try to improve your circulation." First and foremost, you must be sure that no portion of your clothing is tight about sleeves, collars, corsets, belts. Perhaps you do not wear a corset, so many women these days have discarded them, their slender figures making this possible. It would be a good idea for you, if you do not need to, But, if you must wear them, be careful that you do not draw the strings tight. Wear a low-busted corset that comes only a couple of inches above the waist line, leaves only the chest and bust free and unrestricted. Next see that the bowels move freely at least once a day, and better twice. Drink plenty of water and eat fresh fruits to facilitate a free and healthy action of the bowels. Do not eat heavy meals; eat light meals, well masticated and well chosen. Exercise night and morning for ten or fifteen minutes, to keep your circulation in good order. You speak as if the burning in your face only took place when you were in a warm room; this may be because you are full-blooded. You do not tell me what you weigh, but if you are a person of good weight, I should say there is where your trouble lies. Perhaps you need to reduce. Think it over. I am advising you in the dark, because I do not know your age, weight or your general health, and therefore I can only advise you generally.

FERN C.—See what I have said to "Springfield." Practice scalp massage every night before going to bed. Look after your food and your general health, for all the health of the hair must come from the body. I should say your body needed to be built up; that you were not quite as strong and well as you should be. How about it? If you will eat proper foods, so that you are well nourished, take exercise so that your circulation is kept in good order, massage the scalp to bring the blood there, and be careful not to use soap on the hair, the conditions of which you complain should be overcome.

CAMBRIDGE.—Do you use soap on your face and your little daughter's face? I would not do so, in view of the trouble you are having. Get some good cold cream and morning and night rub it over the face, then wipe it off with a bit of soft cloth. This will cleanse the pores of dirt, and soften it; be sure, however, that all of the cream is removed. Once in a few days you can steam the face with water, but no soap. Use rolled oats which half fill a little bag about four inches long and three wide. Close the bag with stitches, and use it as a wash-cloth, dipping it into water, then rubbing the face with it. It will cleanse, but leave the skin soft. I gave directions for making these bags in the last number.

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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

oked voice she scarcely recognized made
n.
n, white as ashes in her dinner dress, the
ollar she had not dared to refuse to wear
er throat, had jumped to her feet, terror-
tt last by her indiscretion.
y, I was a fool! I was mad!"she panted,
e had been running. "We must go. Now,
before I do anything more. You tell me
do, and I'll do it. I'm not fit to think
elf. Do you mean to take the jewels, or
just go?"
an to take everything we can carry, and
em all to Scotland Yard," the girl re-
slowly, a curious revengeful gleam in her
eyes. "Then they will have had all their
for nothing. That will be the first thing,"
it off on her fingers. "Then I mean to
Lesard and Marchmont, warning them
they will leave for England without look-
us or trying to molest us in any way we
our tongues. If not, we will tell all we

marriage? Oh, no!" in a frightened whisper.
laughed, throwing back her head with
sture learned unconsciously from Lesard.
l say we'll tell. I don't know that we
it!" she returned almost contemptuous-
ut I think we can bluff them, if we say
the first sign of trouble the police shall
verything. And we will find out about
arriage—for all you know he may have
rried before——"
Gillian seized her by the arm.
't say it—don't dare!" she cried, with a
ss that startled Jacky. "Think—think
would mean to me. Do anything you
y anything, but never talk to me of that
Her voice, that had begun so hard and
railed into anguish as she finished.
's eyes filled with tears.
oor Gill! Who wavered this way and
tifully weak, pitifully strong, and so dear.
right, Gill," she said gently. "But if
oing tonight there's no time to waste. It's
n now. Do you think you can pack my
dbag with the few things we must have
ve room for the jewels? Then dress your-
l look out the way for us to go in that
o the country there," nodding to a green-
book on a shelf. "We daren't go by
ou know, from here. We must catch it
ere up the line."
I can." She unclasped her pearls as she
nd threw them down on a table. "Oh,
you can't think what it will be to get out
house. To leave all he ever gave me be-
e."
stly things," assented Jacky bluntly. She
pping on a pair of rubbers over her stock-
noiseless things that would not slip on
ke leather.
t are you doing that for?" Gillian, hur-
nto a serge dress, stopped to stare. "You
alk anywhere in those things!"
going to get the jewels," composedly, "and
want to get—my feet wet."
feet wet! If she slipped once on those
g-stones, enough even to damp the sole of
ober, there would be no more to say of
Hamilton. But she had no idea of telling
how dangerous the way was.
not without me?"
couldn't help me there, Gill. You must
rything ready here so that when I come
ere will be nothing to keep us but chang-
clothes. If I'm very long——" She
, not knowing how to go on. If she were
ng it would mean that death had come
up behind her and laid a hand on her
r. And then what could Gillian do alone!
a moment she was almost tempted to leave
els, for Gill's sake. And then the thought
Mrs. Fareham's honor came over her, the
t of her own honor, too, which would not
se things done.
ll, I won't be long," she concluded roughly,
ribbled something on a piece of paper and
on the old writing-case that had been
ather's.
k the papers out of that the last thing,"
joined. "We mustn't forget them. They'll
ood packing for the jewels. Give me two
s, Gill, and that box of matches, and I'll go."
ish you'd take me, it's not right for you to
e. You do all the hard parts."
might be locked out if you came—they
ck the side door behind me! You'll have
down by and by and see that it's all right.
Gill, you can do more up here than with
't would be no use your waiting in the wet
ole in the wall. And you must meet me
side door to let me know if they are all
the way. Mind you pack up in the cup-
so that if anyone came they wouldn't see
g."
n't let anyone see your feet if they meet
It was odd to see how each one's anxiety
r the other. "And do be quick. I shall be
ned to death till you're back."
right!" But suddenly she kissed Gillian.
least pray it's all right," she whispered,
as gone.
met no one in the house or without as she
d along in her demure satin gown, with her
noiseless feet, and her heart grew steadily
er as she took a short cut to the pool and
ild wall, heedless of the soft rain. After
ere was not so much before her. A level
and good courage would make nothing of
ng by those stepping-stones, and all she had
was to remember not to look at the water.
fingers were quite steady as she struck a
to find the hidden opening, and when she
nside she lit her candle almost gaily. Step
p, she moved from one stone to the other,
ised to find how easy it was, though her
shook a little when she stood at last on the
side. The jewels were hers!
ky knelt down and rolled away the stones
hid them with strong, deft fingers.

CHAPTER XV.

"PRAY THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

. Lesard, returning that afternoon from his
stay in what he called "Marchmont's dog-
had an unpleasant shock.
s companion had been sent to London on busi-
two days previously, and he entered his
y house with a queer feeling of loneliness.
in the kitchen, which was also his sitting-
, he forgot such weaknesses. Some one had
there during his absence!
kept no servants, and had found the house
d just as when he left it, and yet his trained
told him of an intruder, and that not long
With a curious lifting of his eyebrows he
ed and picked a morsel of clay from the rug
is own chair. It was moist and fresh.
t might have been Marchmont or Brookes,"
nused thoughtfully. "But somehow I don't
k so," and he took an amiable stroll through
ouse as a man does when he comes home and
s about to see how things have gone in his ab-
e. If there had been keen eyes anywhere his
nscious, dilatory progress would have seemed
t natural and innocent; but he soon satisfied
self that there were none; his visitor, whoever
ight be, had gone.
e was stiff and hungry from his long stay in
secret passage, the reason for which had es-
d even Jacky Hamilton. Some unknown cause
made the underground stream rise so swiftly
not until midday, when the rain had ceased,
it possible to cross it in any way, for the
y plank staging at the inside mouth of the
was completely covered by water; not even
ard dared to jump to it on the chance of be-
whirled off his footing.
e had no light but one candle, which he prompt-
out as he lay down to sleep till the water should fall. Hungry and cross, he had passed the hours somehow, till, to his joy, the stream fell. It was chance only which had made him put out his light as Jacky watched. He had heard no sounds over the roaring of the stream, and dreamed of nothing as he set off homeward, but his dinner.

Yet now, as he cooked it, he was not easy in his mind. Some one had been prying, and it made his thoughts work. He walked round his house once more and found the road by which his visitor had entered.

"The cellar hatch! The devil! Why didn't I think of it?" but yet it reassured him. No one but Marchmont would try that way—unless the detective fool from London! Yet the last thought made him laugh. It was such wasted trouble sending police after him! He was nodding before his fire in a very luxury of warmth when something like an electric thrill ran through him.

Wide-awake in an instant, he put out his lamp with a carefully sleepy action and moved languidly into the dark hall. There his whole look changed.

Swift, noiseless, he was at his bedroom window, in the dark, listening. He was certain that the sound of a cautious footstep stealing by the house had roused him from his reverie.

He seemed to fling his senses of hearing and seeing out into the rainy dark like outposts. An ordinary man would not have discovered anything. Lesard, when he drew back from the window, knew that his house had been watched by a man, who had just taken himself off, satisfied that the tenant of Ashcroft Farm was sitting quietly at home.

"That was our friend, the detective, I'll bet," thought he curiously. "Well, my man, I think I'll give you something to cry for! Also this is no place for me. I don't want any arrests on suspicion. I wonder——" An ugly thought came over him, and he laughed, but without noise, till his eyes gleamed in the dark.

"By the Lord, I'll take my share and get out!" he observed to himself. "I'm sick of waiting on a pompous ass like Marchmont; he may fuss for a year before selling a stone—and I want money—and I won't cool my heels here if I'm watched. Not much!"

His fatigue quite gone, Mr. Lesard put some indispensable things in his pocket and started on a noiseless dog-trot for Hamilton Place.

He leaped lightly down from the embankment by his short cut, and knelt down by the entrance hole, some twenty minutes after Jacky had crept in there.

Gillian, on her knees up-stairs, might well "pray that it was all right."

Jacky Hamilton, working like a beaver, displaced the pile of stones by the light of her candle, stuck on the ground. After ten minutes' work she gave a stifled cry of joy. She was in time, they were all there! The thieves should be robbed and restitution made, and Marchmont and the others should tremble at the nod of a slip of a girl.

She took one glance at the contents of the belt. Each pocket in it was stuffed with glorious, shining things. But there was no time to look at them. She could only pray that Mrs. Fareham's diamonds were there. Gill would know; she had seen them every night but the night of the ball, when their unlucky possessor had not liked them with her peasant's dress.

For a moment Jacky was staggered by the size and weight of the belt; it would not go under her bodice as it had under Lesard's coat. She buckled it round her waist, letting it slip to her hips, and fastened her skirt over it. It was not a good place, but it must do, and luckily the belt was too tight to slide bodily to the ground. The bulk of it worried her as she looked back at the entrance, but if she could not go through with it on it would be easy to take it off again. There were more things in the hole among the stones; things in leather cases carefully bestowed; things stuck carelessly in canvas wrappings, damp and mildewed. She bent down over them, a queer figure in her black satin gown to be in that place.

The candle flame shed a feeble light on the high, vaulted roof, the slimy walls festering with growths of darkness. It gleamed faintly on the smooth swirls and eddies of the black water that was oily for all its swiftness.

The mouth of the tunnel that led upward to the wine-cellar showed like a blotch of ink. Jacky's face, white with complexion bleach, stood out like a cameo against the whirling blackness of the water behind her.

Absorbed, she leaned over the pockets. Should she take them, too? They looked like the spoils of years. The wrappings slipped off one under her fingers, and for a long minute she stared. Inside lay a necklace made of stones she had never seen.

They were clear and black, and they shone with a dreadful, many-colored fire. Somehow they were awful in that strange place at dead of night; she feared them like a living thing that was accursed. She dared not—literally dared not—have such jewels in her possession, even for a night. With noiseless haste she wrapped them up and put them back, piling the big stones over them as they had been piled before she displaced them. Time was going and she had none to spare. But she was not very quick. These strange jewels had shaken her nerve as they gleamed up into her face, evil, full of temptation. The girl felt certain they had been stolen from some wicked woman; the secret of every imaginable crime seemed to lurk in their fiery depths. She tried not to think of them as she placed the top stones carefully in their old order—and the very candle flame reflected in the black water seemed a pale image of them. By instinct she knew they were fabulously valuable, but she had no mind to meddle with such uncanny things.

"Besides," she reflected practically, "they may be Marchmont's own, and I should look well if I found they were. The other things I know about, and I'd better get off with them."

But at the very edge of the water, with one foot on the first stepping-stone, she paused with a curious feeling that some one was near her. She looked around and saw nothing; yet the terror was on her.

Suppose Marchmont were coming down to inspect his hoard; was there anywhere to hide? Or must she be caught red-handed with the belt round her waist?

Something drew her eyes to the side of the cave nearest the cellar tunnel. There was a rough natural ridge of rock sticking up close to the wall, nearly as high as a man. Suppose there was one of the gang behind it who had watched her every movement.

"I'll know if there is before I go!" she thought, with a kind of grim courage born of fear.

Candle in hand she marched over to the ridge and peered behind it, standing on her tiptoes. There was no one there.

Almost faint with relief she turned to go out by the stepping-stones again, and felt the blood leave her heart.

There was some one coming!

With a quick jerk she flung her candle from her into the depths of the stream. In the blackness she scrambled wildly over the ridge of rock and flattened herself behind it till the beating of her heart seemed to echo back from the stone.

She looked up at the roof. There was no light reflected there, not a sound but the running water, and yet she knew she had stayed too long.

She slipped her hand to the matchbox in her pocket. It was safe. If the worst came to the worst she would not die in the dark.

The irony of that thought came suddenly home to her. A glimmer of light was showing over the ridge, very faintly, but surely. If she were caught it would not be in darkness, but the light would not be of her own providing.

She clenched her hands where she lay motionless, sure it was useless to remain hidden when the light was coming from outside, and from there her own candle must have been plainly visible through those air slits in the wall that she had forgotten like an overconfident fool.

Without one hope of escape Jacky Hamilton lay watching the growing gleam.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



"IT'S SO SIMPLE"

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

THE EASY JELL-O WAY

THE making of a Jell-O dessert requires almost no explanation but a few suggestions which may aid one in obtaining even quicker, more delectable results may be of service.

Never use more water or liquid than one pint to each package of Jell-O for most successful results, and if it is desired to cool the dessert very quickly, use only half a pint of boiling liquid, stirring well until the Jell-O is dissolved, then add half a pint of iced water or iced liquid. Results may be hastened by standing the mould of Jell-O in cracked ice to chill.

If whipped cream or stiffly beaten egg white is to be added to Jell-O, chill the Jell-O until it begins to thicken, then fold in the whipped cream or egg, and place on ice.

Canned pineapple produces better results than fresh in Jell-O desserts; if the latter is used, cook it in a thin syrup until it is clear, before adding it to the Jell-O.

When ready to serve Jell-O desserts, dip the mould for a second or two in warm water, taking care that the water reaches to the top of the mould, then arrange a plate over it so that the mould is exactly in the center, and turn plate and mould together. A gentle shake will suffice to unmould the jelly.

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

Wash one box of raspberries and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve a package of Raspberry Jell-O in three-fourths pint of boiling water and when cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Then fold in the raspberries and juice. Set in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with fresh berries. Use canned berries when fresh are out of season.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Pour into mould and set in a cold place to harden. Turn from mould and garnish with sliced pineapple, cherries or grapes.

CUSTARD FOR WHIPPED JELL-O

Scald one cup milk in double boiler. Beat yolks of two eggs, add three tablespoonfuls sugar, and pour on the scalded milk. Pour back into double boiler and stir until creamy. Take from the hot water, cool and flavor with one half teaspoonful vanilla.

BEAUTY SALAD

Dissolve a package of Raspberry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and fill individual moulds or cups one-fourth full. Let harden. Coarsely chop three bananas, sprinkle with lemon juice, and add half a cup of English walnut meats coarsely chopped. Put the mixture in the moulds and pour on rest of Jell-O when it is a cold liquid. At serving time arrange on lettuce with slices of banana sprinkled with nutmeats around the turned-out Jell-O. Serve with salad dressing. This makes nine individual servings.

The American Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company are at Le Roy, New York, in the famous Genesee Valley Country.



The Offices and Factory of The Genesee Pure Food Company of Canada, Ltd., are at Bridgeburg, Ontario, on the Niagara River.



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Winter Colds of Babies

THERE are very few babies, if any, that go through the winter without having a cold. A simple cold, while not in itself serious, if not treated may extend downward and set up a general bronchitis, or even laryngitis.

Another danger, which is a serious handicap to a child, is that a continued cold in the head leads to a catarrhal inflammation of the nose and throat that is disagreeable to bear. There are some children who are always "catching cold"; this means that they begin to sniffle and gradually a copious glairy mucous discharge makes its way from the nose. This condition lasts several days, the upper lip becoming red and sore from the discharge and the frequent wipings combined.

During all this time the baby is usually fretful, often feverish, thirsty and without much appetite. This is especially noticeable in a nursing baby for it depends on its nostrils to breathe through, while nursing, and if clogged up, nursing becomes a hard task and in some cases impossible.

Stand over the cot of a baby with a cold, you will hear it sniffling away with quickened breathing, then suddenly waking up and crying and tossing itself down on a pillow again, out of temper, it feels so uncomfortable.

These cases run their course in about three days, that is, as far as the nose is concerned, but are frequently followed by a cough, due no doubt to the extension of the cold along the mucous membrane of posterior nares and tonsils.

The causes of colds are not easy to determine; they may be caused by atmospheric borne germs, may be caused by chills, and sometimes appear to come with teething.

One important practical thing to remember is that most colds are contagious; that is, they can be given from one to another. Cold in the head, especially with eyes red and inflamed, may be ushering in measles.

In unhealthy babies, particularly scrofulous babies, any nasal catarrah may become chronic, the swollen mucous membrane become irritated or even deeply ulcerated and the secretion become pus and blood; this crusts on the surface of the mucous membrane and becomes decomposed and causes an odor.

The sense of smell is often destroyed, which is a happy thing for the afflicted child.

TREATMENT FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—Baby must be kept in an even temperature, in one room and in bed if feverish or fretful. Give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, often enough to thoroughly flush bowels. A few drops of hen's oil or pinoline dropped into the nostrils is good treatment.

If baby is feverish, give, every hour, a tablet containing Tincture Aconite one-tenth minim, Tincture Belladonna three-twentieths of a minim, Tincture Bryonia, one-tenth minim. If nasal catarrh becomes chronic the following is useful: Iodoform one-half dram, Eucalyptus oil one-half ounce, vaseline three ounces, mix thoroughly and apply a little in each nostril.

Irrigating the nostrils is excellent treatment, for nasal catarrh but impracticable in very young babies. The best method is to put one-half teaspoonful each of soda and Boric Acid powder in pint of water, connect small rubber tube from bottle or jug containing lotion, insert one end up into nostril and hold up high enough to get slight pressure. It takes three people to do this, one to catch the water that flows from nose, one to hold child and one to manage the douche.

Any child with catarrh should have good food, milk, cream, good air, and internally should take two drops of Tincture Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day.

After a child or baby has had a cold in the head for three or four days untreated or not treated successfully you will notice that he begins to cough; this may go on and become a bronchitis. Bronchitis is an acute catarrhal inflammation of the bronchial mucous membrane and is characterized by fever, feeling of suffocation or oppression in breathing, a dry harsh cough.

A baby that takes cold while teething is very susceptible to bronchitis, as in teething all the mucous membranes are congested, especially the bronchi.

Inhalation of dust, smoke or air too hot or too cold are irritants to the bronchi and may cause bronchitis. The treatments of bronchitis in babies are many and varied but the object in most treatments is to loosen up the mucous in the bronchi and restore as soon as possible the breathing space that is more or less filled up. The baby's strength must be kept up and if it is not possible to do this with food a few drops of brandy or whisky should be given diluted.

Local applications are useful and camphorated oil is about the best and easiest to apply. Heat up the camphorated oil in a saucer, then saturate a thin gauze in it and cover with flannel. To apply flannel properly take piece, about twice as long as it is wide, fold once each way, cut off corner, open up, cut out one side to the hole and put around neck, pinning opening with small safety-pin.

For medical treatment I put one grain of tartar emetic, and ten drops of Tincture of Ipecac in one-half glass of water and have baby take one teaspoonful every half hour. If this makes baby vomit, lessen dose and frequency.

It is always best to have bowels acting freely, and this can be done with calomel, one-fourth grain, followed by teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia.

If baby is fussy and crying, or it seems to cause pain when coughing, small doses of Dovers Powders are indicated, but must never be given except at the suggestion and under direction of a physician who is in personal touch with the case.

The subject for our talk next month will be, *Dentition, or Teething.*

Questions and Answers

DIPHTHERIA.—Six months ago, my one-year-old baby girl had diphtheria, and was given antitoxin, and while she has a good appetite, grows well, never feels badly, she is short of breath, wheezes and coughs a great deal. What causes this, and what will cure it?

MRS. O. P. A., Wilkinson, Miss.

A.—I think your baby has a chronic bronchitis as a result of the throat infection. Would suggest that you give her twenty-drop doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid (Gardner's), in water three times a day, also two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup three times a day. Diphtheria is a serious disease and in a baby so young, great danger of complications. Get her out in the open air all you can, sleeping out of doors as much as possible.

SLEEPLESS BABY.—My two-months-old baby does not sleep well, day or night, is fussy and cries a great deal. He is big and fat, but bowels move too often and nothing seems to quiet him but paregoric.

MRS. A. S., Vontress, Texas.

A.—The most common cause of a baby crying and not sleeping is indigestion and as you mention the fact that the bowels are too active this would bear out this idea in your baby's case.

You do not say whether this is a bottle-fed baby or whether you are nursing it. If you are nursing it, get your own digestion in a normal condition and the baby's will be the same. Eat your food regularly, avoiding acid fruits and highly seasoned food that will cause gas and indigestion as the baby nurses this indigestion.

Paregoric is not good treatment, as it does not remove the cause, and I do not think I should use it.

DECAYED TEETH.—What can I do for my thirteen-months-old baby, who has eight teeth, but they seem to be breaking off, and are badly discolored? Both parents are well and have good teeth. Should I wean him?

MRS. W. E. B., Edson, Kansas.

A.—Should wean baby at once and put him on cow's milk, with lime-water, tablespoonful to each four ounces. Should give him two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, three times a day.

Use as mouth wash, Glycothymoline teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water.

UNDER WEIGHT.—I am writing to you for help in regard to my eleven-months-old, nursing baby, who is under weight, nervous, fretful, pale and constipated.

MRS. G. G., Louisburg, Ky.

A.—Wean baby at once, put her on cow's milk, two-thirds of a glass every three hours, put teaspoonful of milk of magnesia in feeding often enough to keep bowels regular. Give her oatmeal gruel that has been cooked a long time, custards, coddled eggs, molasses cookies, graham crackers. Get baby out in the open air all you can, and three times a day give her two-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron in syrup.

ANEMIA—I have a boy, seven years old, who is very pale and thin, has poor appetite and is constipated. He is very active, plays out of doors most of the time, sleeps well, but there is a jerking in his arms and legs as he sleeps.

MRS. M. B., Balaton, Minn.

A.—Should try and relieve constipation by diet, orange juice, prunes, figs and bran muffins; get him to eat oatmeal cooked a long time, stale wheat bread toasted, bacon cooked crisp, coddled eggs, and get him to drink a quart of milk a day. Regulate his play hours, so he will not get too tired, and a nap in the daytime would be good treatment. Get a bottle of Neoferrum, and give him two teaspoonfuls, three times a day.

SEBORRHEA.—I have a month-old baby who has a crust on his head that is very bad. Should I try to comb it off? MRS. H. S., Fort Slocum, Boston, Mass.

A.—This is an affection of the sebaceous glands of the scalp and this crust is an accumulation of the natural secretion.

Apply a little sweet oil at night, then gently comb off the next morning. Wash head frequently with castile soap and warm water, then apply a little weak carbolized vaseline.

ANEMIA—NIGHT SWEATS.—I have anemia and indigestion, weigh but ninety pounds. My baby is five months old and her skin seems to be cold all the time. I had night sweats before the baby came and for a few weeks afterward. What would cause them, and what ought I to do? MRS. R. M., Walhonding, Ohio.

A—The fact of your being anemic and run down would account for the night sweats, also poor circulation of baby. Take Neoferrum, dessertspoonful doses, three times a day, also Maltine with Cod-Liver Oil, in tablespoonful doses, three times a day.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.—I have a child seven years old and have not been well since it was born, am weak, nervous, have headache, backache, and pain in both sides of abdomen. Am worse at monthly periods, have palpitation of heart, short breath, dark circles under my eyes. Tell me what to do. "MARY," Tenn.

A—I think you have a prolapsed uterus with more or less injury to cervix. Go to some competent surgeon and have an examination, and repair work done if needed. Should take, after meals and at bedtime, dessertspoonful doses of Vitolecithin (The National Drug Co., Philadelphia). Every three hours should take a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc. Get out in the open air, and build up your general health with nourishing food, milk and eggs.

TWITCHING OF MUSCLES.—Could teething cause a twitching and jerking of the muscles in a twenty-months-old child who seems well and healthy in every way but this? MRS. R. T. A., E. Clarksburg, Va.

A.—Yes, and if these symptoms were continued any length of time, I should have gums lanced to relieve the congestion.

Cold cloths applied to the head is good treatment, especially if head is hot.

INDIGESTION.—What can I do for my three-months-old baby, who nurses, but vomits up its food? It is badly constipated, and is not gaining as it should. I am bothered with gas and often my stomach gets bad.

MRS. A. D. H., Cardin, Okla.

A.—Your baby has indigestion and without much doubt gets it from you. Treat the baby by getting your own digestion in a normal condition. Take teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to keep bowels regular. Avoid acid fruits, highly seasoned foods, eat slowly and with regularity. After each meal take two-teaspoonful doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin.

STAMMERING.—Will the child born of a stammering father or mother be likely to stammer? MRS. J. C. A.

No, I think not, for in most cases, stammering is the result of some local condition like adenoids, or growth in the nose, or unduly short franum linguae. I can imagine, where both parents stammered, a child might do so from bad example, but the worst case I ever saw, neither parents or children of stammerer were affected.

NURSING BABY.—My nine-months-old baby girl wants to nurse four or five times every night, and will not go back to sleep until I nurse her. She is plump and fat, weighs eighteen pounds. What would you advise me to do? MRS. R. S. B., Newport News, Va.

A.—You have got your baby into a bad habit as she ought not to nurse during the night at all, and it will take patience and persistence to break her of the habit. It may be that your milk does not satisfy her, and you should wean her at eleven months anyway.

Her diet should consist mostly of milk, given every three hours, during day, no night feedings.

You can also give her stale wheat bread toasted, custards, coddled eggs, oatmeal gruel, molasses cookies and graham crackers.

NO ADDRESS.—If the lady who wrote from Calloway or Galloway, Nebraska, and signed herself "Norma E." will write this department again and give her full name and address she will receive an answer to her questions by mail, as the answer is of such a nature that we do not care to print it. Others, also, please take notice of the requirements stated at the heading of this department, and always give full name and address.

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THE WALTER F. WARE CO., Dept. A
Philadelphia, Pa.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

thing bumped into me and I sat down,—on the biggest pig we have, and rode about fifteen feet before I could stop her. She weighs about 250 pounds. I was thankful no one saw me. MISS DORIS MCCLAND.

DURHAM, 210 ALSTON AVE., N. C.

DEAR GIRLS:

I have just finished reading COMFORT and am so pleased with the letters that I decided to write one myself.

"Silver Sands," I too have a scrap-book and am sending a "sample" from it.

Sighs and Smiles

"If I could gather every sigh
That freights the breezes going by,
I'd lock them in a cell so tight
And lose the key from mortal sight.

"If in one cave all smiles were kept,
I'd like to go while their guard slept
And open the door and set them free
Till all the world would smiling be."

—*Epworth Era.*

Will some of the sisters express their ideas about dancing, whether they think it is right or wrong. I would like to hear it discussed.

I will tell you about some parties I have attended. A very interesting way to choose partners for a game, a contest, or to go to the dining-room for refreshments is: Write as many different names of flowers (on separate slips of paper) as there are invited couples, cut the slips of paper in two pieces and put the first halves in one box and the remaining halves in another box. Pass the first box to the boys and let them take a piece of paper, and the second box to the girls. The boys then find the girl who has the other part of the name on his slip. For instance, one boy may have r-o and he finds the girl who has s-e. Another boy may have v-i-o and he has to find the girl who has l-e-t.

I'll tell you a little about myself. I am just out of my teens, weigh about 125 and am five feet, five inches tall. Have brown eyes and hair and a fair complexion.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters who have the Primary Department of their church Sunday School. That's what I do. It is fine too. I have thirteen girls in my class.

Will someone suggest something to do at a social party for little folks about seven and eight years old.

I'd like to receive letters and cards. LINA BECK.

Lina.—Don't you think it would be rather nice if all the sisters would send in their most comforting verse or thought? I do. Perhaps they will if we ask them.—Ed.

GARRISON, MD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have read and enjoyed COMFORT for a long time but never had the courage to enter. After reading the requests of Mrs. Shinn of Pittsfield and of Mrs. Down of Columbus, I felt that I ought to come to their rescue.

I have a large ledger in which I keep clippings of games, contests, riddles and everything that I think I could use for social affairs. I wish I could pass the book around so you could select what is best suited to you. A mirth provoking game that I have played is this. Write the names of different popular and old songs on as many cards as you have guests and pin a card on the back of each person, then they can't see their own card. At a given signal, all pass around and hum a little of the tune on their friend's back. The one first guessing the name of the song on his back, wins. A record makes a suitable prize and a tiny horn a good booby prize.

Mrs. Down, a bazaar illustrative of "The Seven Ages of Woman" meets with success. There are seven tables or booths, first, the Baby Table, with everything for the wee one, second the Childhood Table with dolls, aprons; third, the Sweetheart Table, with candy and engagement souvenirs; fourth, the Bride's Table (in white) with linens and household articles; fifth comes the Mothers' Table with cakes and pies; sixth is the Spinsters' Table, with an array of bags and a family of cats might find sale, and the last is the Grandmothers' Table, with shawls, slippers and comforts.

I would like to hear from young mothers between 25 and 30 years of age, as I desire some COMFORT friends.

With best wishes to all. MRS. WM. EARL BEAM.

Mrs. Beam.—Your bazaar idea is very clever only I think a Bachelor Girl table would be more popular than a Spinster's table—or even a Flapper table for the younger set. It offers possibilities. Another letter from you, along this line, would be welcomed by the sisters, I feel sure.—Ed.

HARBOR SPRINGS, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT since I was twelve years old. We live on a fruit farm here in northern Michigan and last year we had an abundant



MARLENE MAY MORRISON.

crop of cherries and plums but the market wasn't good.

I am sending a picture of my little girl, Marlene May Morrison. She is seven months old. We have a boy five years old, whose name is Wilbur Thomas. I would like to see baby's picture in COMFORT. Both of her grandmothers take COMFORT and they haven't seen her, only a picture.

I will tell you of a Christmas present I made last year. I enameled a one-pound tin coffee can in black and painted a yellow tulip on the cover, lined it with waxed paper and filled it with home-made candy.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters a prosperous and happy year,

Yours for dear old COMFORT,
MRS. GEORGE MORRISON.

CHICAGO, 1120 N. MANSFIELD AVE., AUSTIN STA., ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoyed the letter written by MRS. LONG and would like to tell you about my club if I may. We meet Thursday afternoons and each member tries to make it as partylike as possible.

When it is my turn to entertain and serve I make up a new party from my own ideas. Once we had a Lemon party. We played Bunco and I gave six real lemons for first prize and two cakes of lemon soap for booby prize. The soap was in the shape of a lemon and smelled like one, in fact, it was when I saw this soap that the idea came to me. I served meat, potatoes, gravy, bread and butter, lemonade, lemon cake, lemon jello and lemon drops candy. For a small party lemonade and lemon cake would be sufficient. Then we had a joke, who was the lemon of the party? This is the way we found out. On one set of papers I wrote the names of those present. On another set of papers I wrote "No" on every piece with the exception of one on which I wrote "Yes." Each paper was folded and refolded many times. The names were put in one box and the No's and the one Yes in another box. Two girls drew the papers, one from each box. One read the names and the other the "no" slips until she came

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WHEN the child seems ... in the evening apply ... over throat and chest. It ... averts a night attack. If croup ... on without warning, use of ... often brings relief in 15 ... eases rough breathing, subdues ... brassy cough. Vicks is ideal ... children's cold troubles—it ... so much dosing. Just as ... grown-ups' colds, and for ... bruises, stings and skin ...

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to the one marked "yes." This person was ... lemon of the party but she received a prize.

A chocolate party could be managed, serve ... chocolate cake and give a box of chocolates ... prize and a piece of chocolate cake tied with ... colored ribbon for the booby prize.

Another party was a French Maid Lolly ... I made white crepe paper aprons and had ... requested each girl to come dressed in ... You should have seen how sweet we all looked ... I drew a lollypop doll, from one which ... COMFORT, for booby prize.

A parcel post party is as follows: Each brings ... ful ten-cent article. The package is ... dropped into a bag, called the parcel-post bag, ... when all are present a member mixes the ... the bag and gives one to each person.

Let us hear from others. How do you enjoy ... I will exchange postal views with anyone ... ferent states.

Your COMFORT sister, MRS. J. H. ...

TARENT, ...

DEAR MRS. W. AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my last ... COMFORT for the hundredth time (so it seems) ... never grows old to me. Before I go on with ... I will tell you how I look. I have dark ... blue eyes, fair complexion and am over five ... height.

Mrs. R. V. Long, I am not a married woman ... I belong to any club because the girls around ... it seems, afraid to organize one, but we ... together (only girls) and have quite a ... Maybe I cannot give you any new ideas but ...

Did you ever have a Cracker Contest? ... can play, the trick is to see who can eat ... in the shortest time and whistle or sing ... or any other melody. A small prize is given ...

A Peanut Race is great fun. Empty the ... on the floor and at a given signal the players ... how many peanuts they can acquire. The ... awarded a prize.

We also have story contests, the one that ... best story, comic preferred, wins a prize.

We also take interest in spelling and ... matches, the best speller and mathematician ... prize. We also have miscellaneous matches, ... testant is given paper and pencil and required ... the names of as many birds, or flowers, ... great men, etc., as they can think of. A ... is also interesting. A word or group of words ... and the person who finds the most words ... the word or group of words wins. We found ... hundred names in the name of George ...

Vee Vernon, I believe in buying good ... don't buy my own clothes yet, mother helps ... vizes that, always getting good material ... it longer. It pays in the long run. To illustrate ... had an organdy dress last summer, costing ... the material. My sister had an organdy dress ... same time, paying $6.00 for the material. We ... the dresses ourselves, and her dress still looks ... ness and looks like new while mine looks ... sack and hardly fit to wear.

Let me ask one question. Sisters, can you ... any information on either stenography or ... want to learn one or the other and I can't ... Please help me.

Your sister, MISS PEARL ...

Miss Pearl.—One's life work shouldn't be ... in such an eeny-meeny fashion as you propose ... it would be impossible for a stranger to ... such an important question without knowing ... about you. Hospitals are usually painstaking ... did in their opinion as to the fitness of candidates ... but the average business school isn't so critical. ... We hope you decide wisely and meet with success ... in your work.—Ed.

CATLIN, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Sooner or later all good things come to us if we ... our best and one of them came to me when I received ... for COMFORT. I enjoy reading the chatty letters ... this department and turn to this corner first.

There are several things I'd like to write ... answer to different letters in this department but ... monopolize the entire corner so I'll confine myself to ... one topic.

I've noticed several members have requested suggestions for club entertainments, especially those that ... raise money. I will tell you about one our club ... on May Day. It took the form of a May-Day ... or at least we called it that, although it occurred ... the evening.

We arranged one side of the hall to represent a ... try store. This was divided into sections according ... what was to be sold. One department sold "hot ... cake and coffee, another ice cream and candy, ... other general merchandise, another carnival ... Then there was a remnant counter besides. All ... were donated, also the refreshments. All the ... taken in was clear profit. Everything save the ... cream and other refreshments, was wrapped and ... bered and no article cost more than twenty-five ... The prices ranged ten, fifteen and twenty-five ... were designated by tags of various colors; a ... marked with a red tag meant it cost twenty-five ... In each department was a cashier who had a ... taining duplicate numbered tags. The purchaser ... a number, say, "six," on a blue card, from the ... Blue meant the cost of his package was fifteen ... and six was the number of the package. He ... his tag to a clerk who gave him parcel six. It ... great fun to open the mysterious packages ... course, all contained articles whose value was ... the price. One person got half-a-dozen fresh ... other a pound of butter, another six dahlia bulbs, ... other a fancy apron, etc., even to home-made ... washing fluid. Among the novelties were paper ... rubber balls, whistles, balloons and every noise ... obtainable. It was no time until bedlam reigned.

We chose two popular young ladies for candidates ... May Queen. Every five-cent purchase entitled the ... to one vote. One of our members kept tally of ... votes cast on a bulletin board in plain view ... contesting was hot and furious.

Each woman when she entered the hall was given a ... large, conspicuous number of a certain color ... When a gentleman purchaser drew from the ... box a tag marked "Remnant table, for men only," ... he went to the clerk of that department and ... sented his tag, was blindfolded and allowed to ... a number from the "Remnant table." This number ... responded to one worn by some woman in the hall ... sought her and was compelled to buy her an ice ... cone. One popular young lady declared she ate ... cones that night.

In each department there were special prize ... ages whose contents were displayed; for instance, ... the candy section was a large box of the best candy. ... The one who drew the lucky number got this box ... free.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

A Dollar will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heartaches, and even bitterness, because it seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true. But I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all-wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the *fashion* figure, you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.



Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I will send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring and Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay the balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Postal Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent postage prepaid on approval. I always allow a full half year to pay. This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postal card is enough.

Here are a few departments:

Aprons	Wraps	Gloves	Shoes
Baby Needs	Coats	Hosiery	Skirts
Bathrobes	Corsets	Kimonas	Suits
Bloomers	Dresses	Lingerie	Sweaters
Children's and Boys' Wear	Furs	Millinery	Underwear
	Hair Goods	Raincoats	Waists
		Petticoats	



All Wool Poiret Twill Dress Sent for Only $1.00

I show you directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill, exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut steel buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners. **Color: Navy blue only.** Sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 years and Womens 34 to 44 bust measure.

No. E5C10 $1.00 with Coupon $2.00 Monthly **Price $13.85**



MARTHA LANE ADAMS CO.
3934 Mosprat Street, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose **$1.** Send me on approval postage prepaid **All Wool Poiret Twill Dress No. E5C10.** Size..... ....

If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my **$1** back. Otherwise I will pay **easy terms, $2.00** monthly until total price, **$13.85** is paid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book

MARTHA LANE ADAMS CO.

3934 Mosprat St., Chicago, Ill.

Church Affiliations of Our Presidents

By Carl Shurz Lowden

See front cover illustration.

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CONSIDER the Presidents. Most, not all, were church members; and of the denominations one leads all the rest as a contributor of Presidents.

But the contest of the sects is not as close as that of the states. For the proud title, "Mother of Presidents," Virginia and Ohio vie with each other; but Virginia has sent eight sons to the White House, and Ohio only seven. Now change the latter number to six, and you will have the score between the two leading denominations among those wishing to be "Church Mother of Presidents."

In the early days the Episcopalians had the Unitarians as a formidable rival; now their chief competitor is the Presbyterians. The truly imposing Episcopalian list consists of Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison (William Henry), Tyler, Taylor, Pierce, and Arthur. Since the administration of Arthur the Episcopalians have failed to add any names to their roll.



JOHN ADAMS.

Those adherents which may be considered as up and coming strong, are the Presbyterians. They started a bit late with Andrew Jackson; then came, in order, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, Harrison (Benjamin), and Mr. Wilson. The Unitarians now occupy fourth position with four of their representatives, namely, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore, and Mr. Taft.

Five of our Presidents, Polk, Johnson, Grant, Hayes and McKinley, allied themselves with the Methodist faith. Out of the long list just two, Van Buren and Roosevelt, were members of the Reformed Dutch church; and Garfield, was the only Disciple that obtained a lease on the White House.

When the curtain dropped upon the inaugural of the fourth of March, 1921, something happened that has never happened hitherto. The Baptists have long been hoping that one of their number would ascend to the nation's highest office; and that hope was translated into reality when Chief Justice White administered the oath to the kindly gray-haired man from Marion, Ohio.

What type of a Baptist is President Warren G. Harding? Well, he reads that good old textbook, the Bible. Though strong in the faith, he does not claim for himself such spirituality as was his mother's. He has carried through life the lasting impress of her religious teaching.



ABIGAIL ADAMS, WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.

"My mother," he has said, "brought us children up to know and revere the word of God. To me the Bible has ever been the Book of Books. Nowhere in the English language can such beauty be as is found in the Psalms."

As a Baptist President he is distinctly a newcomer, and the exception. As a Christian President he is the twenty-eighth of the memorable roll, and the rule.

I say twenty-eighth advisedly; for Jefferson is usually considered a free-thinker or liberal, and his religious convictions are sometimes doubted. Jefferson did not mince words when he spoke. He did not always guard himself against being misunderstood. He contended for the separation of church and government, and for the opportunity of the individual to worship as he should wish. There is, I am sure, no crime in either of these activities.

"I proposed," he wrote in 1800 in retrospect at the age of fifty-seven, "the demolition of the church establishment and the freedom of religion. It could only be done by degrees. The act of 1776, chapter 2, exempted dissenters from contributions to the church, and left the church clergy to be supported by voluntary contributions of their own sect; it was continued from year to year and made perpetual in 1779, chapter 36. I prepared the act for religious freedom in 1777 as part of the revisal which was not reported to the Assembly till 1779; that particular law was not passed till 1785, and then by the efforts of Mr. James Madison." He was describing his activities in behalf of the movement for the separation of Church and State in Virginia.

Now compare the foregoing with Jefferson's wise counsel to one of his grandsons. The octogenarian with little more than a year and four months between him and the grave, wrote a three-part letter to be read after his death. The first section, a long paragraph of prose, was followed by "The Portrait of a Good Man by the most Sublime of Poets," and "A Decalogue of Canons for Observation in Practical Life." I can quote only the latter half of the prose.

"Adore God," the venerable author of the Declaration of Independence urged upon the youth. "Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will surely be under my regard. Farewell."

Plainly these are not the words of an unbeliever, for irreligious persons do not write in that style upon such occasions. Jefferson today bears the label of "Liberal" merely because he never indicated, at any time in his life, his denominational preference.

If from the presidential roll any one name might be selected as that of a man who did not live in accordance with Christian rules of conduct, it is that of Andrew Jackson. He could do a more realistic bit of swearing than any of his soldiers, and none possessed a hotter temper. He was both unlettered and uncultured, rough and rude. Furthermore, he was obstinate as a mule.

Yet almost over night "Old Hickory" changed his ways. Devotedly he loved his wife; and when she died he emerged from the ordeal of the great loss minus his profanity and his coarseness. From that time until his own final breath he used a portion of each evening to thumb through her prayer-book and to read the passages she had marked.

Back at his old home, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee, the aged man embraced the opportunity to hear the stirring sermons of an evangelist or revivalist. He was deeply impressed, so deeply that on a certain morning he solemnly informed his family and friends that he desired to become a Presbyterian. He was admitted and soon made an elder; but he doubted his own ability and therefore did not serve in that capacity. From that date, however, "The Hermitage" was a place of daily worship for the white-haired old warrior and his kindred.

If there was ever a President whose religious convictions could not be denied, that man was Abraham Lincoln. He educated himself by reading the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, and those of Euclid; yet at the age of twenty-five he wrote a long essay in which he flouted Christianity. It would have been published if a friend had not intervened and thrown the manuscript into a stove. The friend perceived that Lincoln was still in a formative stage and had not found himself; he also foresaw that the production, if circulated, would snuff out the budding political career. This act alone saved to the world one of its greatest men.

The religious feeling of "Honest Abe" grew and flowered under stress and in trouble. The history of the Civil War reveals him constantly as a benign, kindly man with a firm faith in God. His remarks to his cabinet, his letters and his speeches are replete with many references to Providence.

"Let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy triumph," runs a letter which he penned in the autumn of 1863. "Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result."

In the spring of 1864 he wrote to A. G. Hodges on the subject of emancipation, and of slavery. He closed his missive with this statement: "If God now wills the removal of a great wrong and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and to revere the justice and the goodness of God."

At his second inaugural in March, 1865, he returned to the same vein of thought as that expressed in the foregoing message to A. G. Hodges. With the scourge of war as his theme he asserted in the true style of the master that he undoubtedly was:

"Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

And what did he say to Mrs. Bixby, she who had lost five sons on the field of battle? "I pray," he told her from the depths of his own heart, "that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement."

Lincoln was filled with religious feeling from the time he first thought of issuing the Emancipation Proclamation to the time when he did issue it. When the Confederate army was at Frederick early in September, 1862, he determined his course and decided to act as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland. "I said nothing to any one," he informed his cabinet shortly afterward, "but I made the promise to myself and to my Maker."

On the twenty-second day of this same September the President ushered in a meeting of the cabinet by reading a bit of humor from a book by Artemus Ward. In the entire group of leaders, the face of only one, Stanton, remained immobile. After the smiles and laughter had subsided the "Railsplitter" jumped from the ridiculous to the sublime.

"The rebel army is out of Maryland," he declared in a tone of resolution. "I am going to fulfill the promise I made to myself and God. So I have got you together to hear what I have written down."



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Next day the announcement of the forthcoming edict was sent forth. That evening the President was serenaded and asked to speak. He complied. With a few well-chosen words he averred he had taken the step after a very full deliberation and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility; then he humbly told his unexpected callers, "I can only trust in God I have made no mistake."

That other towering American, George Washington, also relied "confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me." As a youth he wrote out hundreds of maxims of good behavior and studied them in this formative period until they became the groundwork, the foundation stones, of his career. "The Father of his country" feared God, believed in Christ, worshiped in public and private, and acknowledged divine aid in everything that he accomplished.

His successor, John Adams, was fiery, erratic, and opinionated. When he was inaugurated his wife besought God to "Give unto him an understanding heart that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people, that he may discern between good and bad." She provided the larger part of the family's religious life; and he followed her example rather lamely.

When he was a boy his parents educated him for the ministry. The twig, however, would not bend as the old bough wished. It persisted in growing in its own way, away from the ministry and toward the law.

"Where," John asked in a dramatic outburst against dogmatic Christianity, "do we find a precept in the gospel requiring ecclesiastical synods, convocations, councils, decrees, creeds, confessions, oaths, subscriptons, and whole cartloads of other trumpery that we find religion encumbered with in these days?"

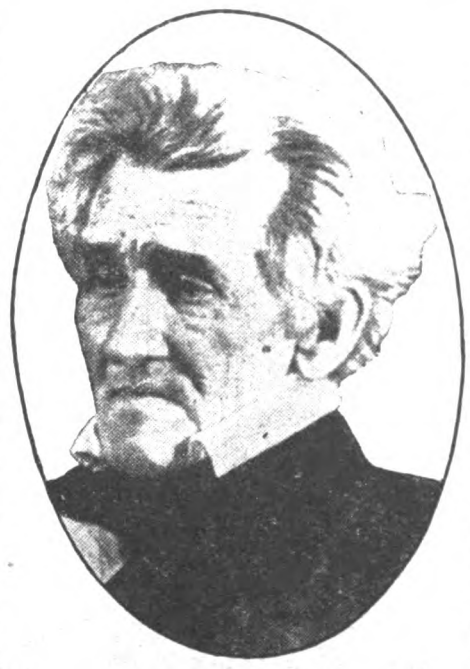
In this conflict, this crisis, between the hope of his parents and his own inclination the son acted a noble part; for he preserved his respect and also his sincerity. He knew that in a pulpit he would be a misfit, a square peg in a round hole, and certainly never himself. He felt too much resentment for the intolerance and dogmatism that too often obscures, or at least makes difficult, the distinction between true and pseudo Christianity.

James Knox Polk was not a Presbyterian though his name has usually been associated with this sect. His wife was a member in good standing, and during his administration he often accompanied her to church. This courtesy gave rise to the common error. Shortly before Polk died he requested the presence of Rev. J. B. McFerrin, a Methodist pastor in Nashville, Tennessee. When the friend arrived the sick man asked to be received into the Methodist ranks, and the ceremony was then performed.

Through the four years at Washington the Vice President with Polk had ample opportunity to observe and learn his character. This man, George M. Dallas, called him "temperate, industrious, accessible, punctual but also patient, moral without austerity, and devotional though not bigoted." Polk's political enemies, it must be said, were somewhat less charitable toward him.

At his home in Concord, New Hampshire, Franklin Pierce attended with marked regularity the South Congregational church though he never held any membership therein. In the city of Washington, however, President Pierce quickly transferred his allegiance to the Episcopal denomination and attended the services of that church, but he was never a communicant.

The old Foundry Methodist church which once occupied a corner of Fourteenth and G streets in Washington, was the favored place of worship for Rutherford B. Hayes and his family. A commentator of that time said that they stood for their religious life hard and fast, and he also described them as "actually living their religion day by day all through the week as well as on Sunday." This conviction or impression was heightened by Mrs. Hayes's action in banishing all alcoholic beverages from the White House; this, in turn, caused an increase in the number of delegations of reformers that solicited attention and aid.



ANDREW JACKSON.

As an orator James A. Garfield held a conspicuous position. James G. Blaine attributed the earnestness of his style to his familiarity with the Bible and its literature of which he was a constant student. As principal of Hiram College he participated in the prayer-meetings and preached almost every Sunday. In the neighboring towns he also delivered literary lectures, and public addresses on special occasions.

Young Garfield had a thrilling time after he begged his mother for permission to go to sea and she had compromised by agreeing to the substitution of a life on the river wave for "a life on the ocean wave"—if I may quote the title and principal phrase of the old song. He became a canal boy, and later a member of the crew. He fell in the river fourteen times, the fourteenth episode occurring when he attempted to uncoil a rope in the process of steadying the boat through a lock. The rope flipped him off the deck, but he managed to grasp and thus to haul himself aboard.

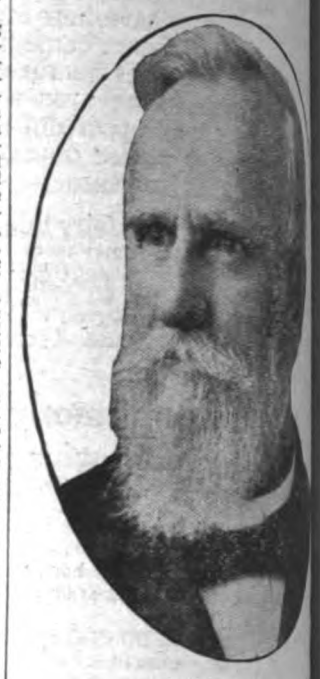
"What saved me that time?" he asked himself as the water trickled from his garments. "God surely does many miraculous things. Was it my mother's prayers? She could never forget me."

The poet Wordsworth said that the child is the father of the man. Garfield's conduct at home, on the battlefield, and throughout his [illegible] reer, certainly demonstrated the truth of the aphorism.

A man without a church Roosevelt [illegible] have been in Oyster Bay, the Long Island [illegible] in which he had established his home. [illegible] that Oyster Bay had no Reformed Dutch [illegible] did not worry "T. R." He merely transferred his religious devotion to another sect, the Presbyterians, to whom he was a tower of strength.

"I wonder," the second of the Roosevelt Presidents once remarked to a friend, "why they call one verse of Micah that I am very fond of, 'to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God'—that to me is the whole religion. To be just with all men, to be merciful to those to whom mercy should be shown, to realize that there are some things which must remain a mystery, and when the time comes for us to enter the great beyond, to go serenely unafraid—that is my religion and my [illegible]."

"The Rough Rider" never could [illegible] policy of keeping one's light hid beneath a bushel; he had an evident tendency toward the [illegible] lar in his religious life. When a newspaper respondent touched upon this point and [illegible] that he himself could worship as reverently [illegible] a cigar and a book under a tree as he [illegible]



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

side a church, Roosevelt agreed [illegible] wisdom of such a course.

"Doubtless you can, my friend," he [illegible] tically commented, "but no one would [illegible] pect you of it."

Both Benjamin and Mrs. Harrison [illegible] terians. In Washington they attended [illegible] of the Covenant in simple style and [illegible] tentation. Colonel William H. Crook, [illegible] to the President, said that the distinguished [illegible] did not show such positive interest [illegible] matters as Rutherford and Mrs. Hayes [illegible] played; yet he considered them "deeply [illegible] in all that good works could accomplish."

Truly typical of life was the statement [illegible] guard. The Harrisons exhibited a milder [illegible] ment than had previous residents of the [illegible] House. Perhaps they did not make [illegible] innermost thoughts. Perhaps they, like [illegible] paper correspondent that interviewed them, [illegible] able "Teddy," were more private than [illegible] their worship.

The truly great and wise in all lands and [illegible] ages have been religious minded, for it is [illegible] warped and narrow minds that deny God. [illegible] is true now as it was in the time of King [illegible] when the great Psalmist wrote: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."



LUCY WEBB HAYES, [illegible] PRESIDENT HES

And so it appears from a careful study of the lives and sayings of our Presidents, as preserved in history or handed down by tradition, that in heart they revered God, even those least demonstrative of religious belief trusting the Supreme Ruler for help and guidance, while most of them have been professed Christians and church members setting an admirable example by their regular attendance at divine worship.

As would be expected of broad-minded men, they have not been bigoted but tolerant and respectful of religious beliefs that differed from theirs, as instanced by the incident heretofore narrated concerning President Roosevelt's attendance at a church other than that of his preference.

Of like liberal tendency was the example set by Washington, who, though a member of the Episcopal church, when detained over Sunday in a town having only a Presbyterian church would attended service at that church but participate in the Communion rites.

Note.—Doubtless all, except the youngest readers, will recognize the front cover portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and Roosevelt as well as the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes coming out of church.—Editor



By Edna Mary Colman

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RICHLY endowed with the goods of this world, as well as in friends and a devoted family, no one doubts that the illustrious Father of his Country, had fully as much attention paid to the observance of his birthdays, in the bosom s family, as the most exacting could desire. t is a noteworthy fact, that it was not by ed soldiers, nor by admiring citizens that lay was first given the distinction of a pub- elebration, but by French officers and men med at Newport, Rhode Island.

all history there is no prettier story than which is found in the record of the little onial and the stately dignity and fautless esy with which it was proffered and received ese two great figures which stand out linked ner in bravery and gallantry through many e stirring hours of the Revolution.

e intrepid fighter, Comte de Rochambeau, the ch Marshal whom America now delights to , was the instigator of this bit of friendly ge to the war-harassed Washington then usly waiting at Windsor for a favorite op- nity to engage the enemy.

ough the French Count had been in America few months, having been sent over by his nment in 1780 with a force of 6,000 men to the colonies in the struggle for liberty, he conceived a warm friendship for General ington of which he gave abundant proof, not then but upon many a later occasion.

the old Calendar system was then in use, ington's birthday fell upon February 11th at time, but from about 1790 (ten years) February 22nd was the day observed.

neral Washington was always most modest rning himself, and therefore the Count's let- nforming him of the attention given to the f his birth must have been quite gratifying. s dated February 12, 1781, and among other s the Count says:

esterday (Sunday) was the anniversary of Excellency's birthday. We have put off cele- ng that holiday until today, by reason of the 's Day, and we will celebrate it with the sole t that your Excellency be not a witness of ffusion and gladness of our hearts."

e reply to this cordial epistle, dated Febru- 27th, was written with the dignity and for- y that characterized all of the great Gener- correspondence and reads:

he flattering distinction paid to the anniver- of my birthday is an honor for which I dare ttempt to express my gratitude. I confide in Excellency's sensibilities to interpret my ngs for this, and for the obliging manner in h you are pleased to announce it."

e following October brought the surrender of town, the decisive victory of the Revolution. , with the advent of peace and the following aceful pursuits, the people had more time to k of celebrations, so that the Fourth of July Washington's Birthday were jointly given the est honors. February 22nd came to take the e, in the hearts of the people, that once had given to the observance of the natal day of English Kings, but which had only been given most perfunctory attention in America for a time prior to the outbreak of the war, except he Tories who adhered to the King with the e reverence that had always been their cus-

hen the royal holiday lapsed into total netude on the conclusion of hostilities and erican victory, the birthday of the great erican leader took its place as a national cele- ion.

ew York at once began to prepare for a popu- demonstration for February 22, 1784, which less than three months after the departure the British army from our shores. While rge part of the city was still in ruins and s as the result of the fire of 1776, the devasta- and misfortunes in the wake of the war were aside and the population of the city threw lf wholeheartedly into a jubilation. Church s were taxed to their utmost limit of effort inging out joyful peals and everywhere flags bunting were flung to the breezes. From the fort on the Battery, salutes were fired at fre- nt intervals. In the evening an entertainment given on board an East Indian ship in the bor and an old paper of that date describes assemblage of guests as "a very brilliant and pectable company." Thirteen cannon were fired all of the exercises of the day were described being held with "that hilarity and manly de- um ever attendant upon the Sons of Freedom." hirteen was far from being considered an ucky number in the days of the country's in- cy. Thirteen guns were always fired as a tional salute in honor of the thirteen states d the same number of toasts were the order all of the banquets and feasts. But the cus- n of drinking a separate and liberal toast to h state was of a necessity abandoned after the tes began to come into the union so rapidly, of simple consideration for the limited ca- city of the diners and drinkers.

Soon the celebrations began to assume a politi- aspect, and great rivalry grew up between tions as to who should outdo the other in dis- y of decoration, brave speeches and show of triotism.

Among the notable early celebrations of this nt was that of Tammany Hall in 1790, when s association, then called the Society of St. mmany, was but a year old in organization. that time Washington was President and was lding in New York, then the nation's capital. ter adopting a resolution that the society should ways observe February 22nd, the Tammanyites cided to fully use this opportunity to do nor and homage to Washington, which they did ost royally in speeches and toasts, songs and a rade.

The same year was marked with observance of e birthday of the Father of His Country by a rge number of towns and cities throughout the nd which wished thus to establish a record for noring the new President, and for weeks after- ard the papers were filled with accounts of the rious celebrations.

In 1792, Washington attended the ball given in s honor by the New Dancing Assembly which ld forth in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. For is Mrs. Washington also donned her best bib d tucker and accompanied him. Other guests distinction who participated in the festivities the evening were Vice President John Adams d the French Minister and other prominent of- cials.

The ladies attending added largely to the en- yment of the event by the unique manner of isplaying various popular public sentiments. hese were wrought in gold letters and arranged their head-dresses. Later a banquet was served which the President and Lady Washington re- ained, but when half the toasts were drunk, he rose and drank a toast to the health of the com- pany and departed with his wife leaving the rest of the company to make merry as long as they liked. This was in accord with his habit of retiring early.

One of the toasts of this evening was as follows:

"The daughters of Columbia, may their virtues insure respect, their charms awaken love and Hymen crown them with domestic bliss."

In 1798 New York observed the 65th birthday with appropriate ceremonies. Beginning at ten o'clock a salute of cannon was fired and in the evening nearly five hundred people, men and women attended a grand ball and supper at the Tontine Assembly Rooms on Broadway. Here Washington's full length portrait was displayed.

Harvard college is on record as having also given to this day a most enthusiastic celebration. One of their toasts which is worthy of note as they evinced a consideration for the comfort of the public at large by cheering in pantomime, reads:

George Washington, a man brave without temerity, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without secrecy. Three cheers in pantomime for fear of disturbing the peace."

In 1799 the last birthday during the lifetime of the beloved general was celebrated with customary joyous festivities, but never in the history of the nation has there been such a day of mourning as marked February 22nd, 1800. This was a day of grief and sorrow all over the land.

The President issued a proclamation in accordance with the resolution of congress, "that it be recommended to the people of the United States to assemble on the twenty-second day of February, next in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to testify to their grief for the death of General George Washington, by suitable eulogies, orations and discourses and that the President be requested to issue proclamation for the purpose of carrying the foregoing resolution into effect.

The New York State Society of Cincinnati marched in a body to the New Dutch Church, and the clergy, mayor and all prominent officials attended. The people were overwhelmed with grief and all were in tears. Reverend Mr. Simms delivered an oration that moved all hearers to tears and the papers of the day in their accounts called it a message from the tomb of Washington.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

When all the packages had been sold and the balloting completed, the May Queen was crowned and the children gave a short May-Day program. The evening wound up with dancing.

Our club gives a number of social events during the year and I am always glad to know new suggestions.

Sincerely, J. E. S.

GAINES, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often wanted to write to this corner but fear of the waste-basket has kept me silent.

Mrs. R. V. Long wrote an interesting letter. Here is an idea for a party that you may like, it is called a Backward Party. Guests come dressed backward, hair combed backward, coats, collars, waists skirts, etc., on backward. Go backward up the back stairs into the back door. Converse back to back, greet your friends with good by and leave them with How do you do? Sing "Good Night, Ladies" the first thing. Serve the dessert first and the heartier part of the supper last. Put lettuce leaves on top of salad, pass napkins after food is served, etc. For anyone who violates the rules here are a few suggestions for forfeits. Sing a lullaby to a sofa cushion, give your opinion of the League of Nations, act what the doctor did the last time he came to see you, show how you look and act when you are trying to flirt.

Here is another game that is interesting for young people. Any number of couples may play. Each man has a partner and they stand in two double lines. Each girl has a plate on which are twenty-five raisins and a toothpick. At a given signal the girls who head the lines begin to feed their partners the raisins, using the toothpicks for spearing the raisins and feeding each one separately. As soon as either couple finishes they must sing one verse and chorus of some popular song and at the end of the song the next couples begin. The line that finishes first wins.

I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, have dark hair and eyes and my nose turns straight up. Married? No, and I'm very happy.

I live in the Panhandle State and like it very much.

A COMFORT Sister, C.

TERRE HAUTE, 929 So. 19TH ST., IND.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I've been a constant reader and lover of COMFORT for a long time and simply devour every word of it, particularly the sisters' letters. I have received many helpful suggestions and hints from the letters but never yet have seen one from a sister who belonged to a "Parent and Teacher Association," or talked of it. In Terre Haute we have thirty-four associations. A Parent and Teacher Association or Club is a club made up of the teachers of a certain school and all of the patrons, organized, to better conditions for the child by their cooperation. It seems to me that no club can create a better feeling of fellowship and a better community spirit than can the P. T. A's.

The meetings should be held in the schoolhouse; there the conditions which daily surround the child may be seen and remedied if necessary. Then too, when parents meet their children's teachers and become acquainted with them and learn to know and like them, the child will take pride and interest in his school. He will do better work.

A P. T. A. will awaken a neighborhood and make everyone interested in the school and community.

Our clubs, in Terre Haute, have done wonders. Many insanitary conditions which daily surrounded the children, were remedied; noonday lunches for under-nourished children were made possible; playground equipment has been installed; medical clinics were held at the schools with surprising results. It would be almost impossible to tell all the good we have done.

All our school associations are organized under one big form, called a Council which meets once a month, as should each individual club. Then we have a round table talk which is for the good of the child. At present I am acting president of the Mont Rose Parent and Teacher Association and vice-president of our Council. There is a great deal of work to it but a greater amount of good is being done.

As to the social side of it, we all have jolly times, with lunches, entertainments and sometimes get acquainted with our next door neighbors. You know, in large cities, it is a rare thing to know your neighbors.

I have one boy, twelve years old. He is interested in the P. T. A. and likes to have me visit his school.

I think it would be a good thing for each sister who does not have a P. T. A. in her school to get busy and organize one. You will be surprised at the help you will get.

Good by for this time.

MRS. LOUISE NEWLAN DENEHIE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR FOLKS.

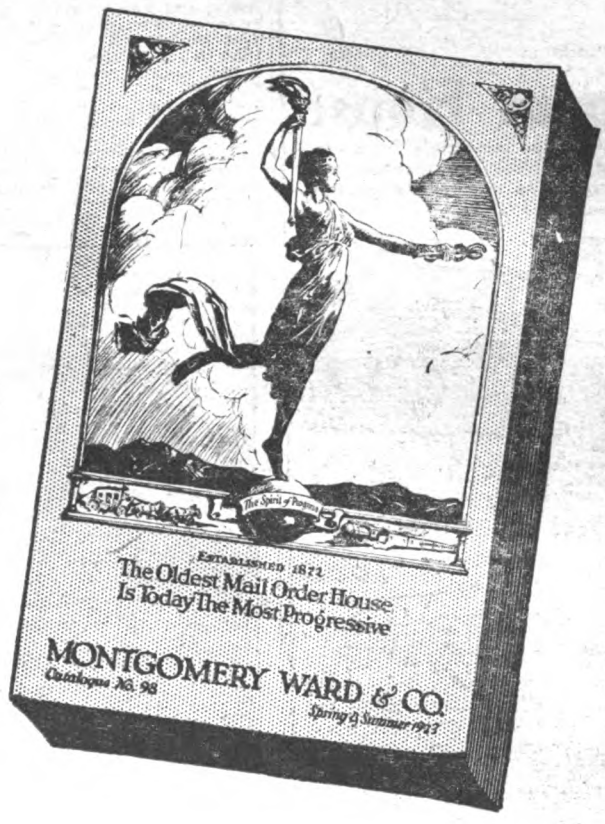
I couldn't help but sound my trumpet when I read the letter from Jeff, Malvern, Iowa. She asks about raising one child alone, and I want to say to her *"Don't"* with a capital D, and don't forget to underscore it. There are many reasons for not doing it. You want your child to be like other people, but if she is raised alone, I am afraid such will not be the case. Think over the people of your acquaintance and see if there isn't an almost indescribable "something" about the ones that were raised by themselves that brand them differently from the ones that were in larger families. In almost every instance they are more selfish, thoughtless and self-willed. This is because they have never had to give up anything and things usually go the way they want them. And then the lonesomeness—the many hours they have to spend alone, for Mother has other things to do besides play. Few people realize just how lonely a child can be. I am an only child and have a good home, but that has never quite made up for my loss of companionship. I have many friends, but still there is a difference. You may give your child every advantage, but it will not quite take the place of companionship.

There have been some wonderful letters written in reply to "Worried Mother," but I think one of the best came from "One of That Sort." She certainly painted the picture true to life. I would not marry "Worried Mother's" son or any other mother's son under those conditions. And if that girl does, I am afraid she will regret it. You know it was all her fault; the boy was perfect gentleman and all that. If he does marry her, it is not at all likely that he will be good to her. Such is quite often the case. If I were that girl, I would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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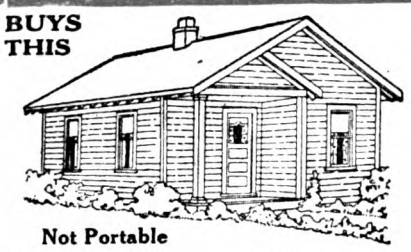
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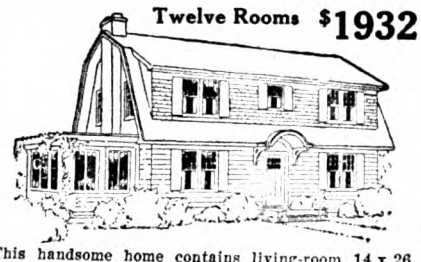


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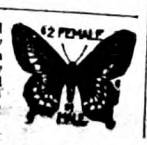
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The "President's Cottage"

By Louise Gunton Royston

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THIS historic little house is the oldest building on the grounds of the U. S. Soldiers' Home in Washington, D. C. It was originally a farmhouse and was sold with the 500 acres of land later comprising the grounds of the U. S. Soldiers' Home, which Gen. Winfield Scott founded in 1851. The house was used as a dormitory by the first soldier inmates of the Home, and was later used as a summer residence by several Presidents of the United States. President Buchannan occupied it in the summers of 1856 to 1860; President Lincoln in 1861 to 1864, a few months previous to his assassination on April 14, 1865; President Hayes in 1877 to 1880, and President Arthur in 1881 to 1884. President Garfield was making all preparations to occupy the house for the summer of 1881, when he was brutally assassinated on July 2, 1881.

President Lincoln was occupying the house in the summer of 1864, during the siege of Washington, when an army of 20,000 men under Gen. Early was sent to capture the city but was routed by Gen. Sheridan. The house is further associated with President Lincoln, for it was here under its roof that he spent many of the soul-trying days of his administration, working with untiring patience for the preservation of the Union. In the upper corner room with the two windows under the big gray gable, at the left end of the building, is where he wrote his famous "Emancipation Proclamation," by which over 10,000,000 negroes in the United States are now free men. A letter written to Horace Greely from here contains many thoughts on this great problem. Among other things he said:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time save slavery, I don't agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time they could destroy slavery, I don't agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union. If I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. If I could free some and leave others alone, and thus save the Union, I would do that. What I do regarding slavery, I do because I believe it will help save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I think it will help save the Union. I will do less whenever I feel what I am doing hurts the cause, I will do more whenever I feel doing more will help the cause."

The house was known as the "President's Cottage" and the "Mansion House" until 1888, when it was given the name of "Anderson Cottage," in honor of Brig. Gen. Robert Anderson of Fort Sumter fame, in appreciation of his interest and efforts in behalf of the soldiers and in the establishment of the U. S. Soldiers' Home, and also on account of his general brilliant record as a soldier. Fort Sumter was associated with both the beginning and the end of the Civil War, and was bravely defended by General (then Major) Anderson against an attack on the national flag by overwhelming Confederate forces under General Beauregard, April 12, 1861, which was the event which marked the beginning of the Civil War. The fort remained in possession of the Confederates until the capture of Charleston compelled its surrender and the United States flag was again raised over Fort Sumter on April 14, 1865, by General Anderson.

The handsome old stove which still does service is built in the wall of the kitchen of the house. The portion of the building at the extreme right end under the small gable is the kitchen. It was undoubtedly used by Mrs. Lincoln and servants, and by the wives and servants of the other Presidents during the years they spent in the house. Indeed, it would not be hard to imagine that President Lincoln himself may have done a little cooking on it at times during those troublous days.

This historic house is now again used as a dormitory for some of the Civil War veterans. It is surrounded by miles and miles of beautiful scenery, and overlooks the city of Washington from a high elevation, the nation's Capitol and Washington's Monument plainly looming up in the distance three miles away.

The garden house, used by President Lincoln and others, is situated a few yards to the right of the "President's Cottage." It was built about 1858 from the trunks of red cedar wood and wild grape-vine branches. The artistic, curling twigs of the grape-vine branches give a beautiful lacy effect. Its shady recesses now afford a favorite retreat for soldiers living in the Home. At the left of this garden house you can catch a glimpse of the clock tower on Scott Building, from which President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln watched the advancing army coming up from the valley to attack Washington during the summer of 1864.

When General Winfield Scott founded the U. S. Soldiers' Home in 1851, he said to the soldiers: "Boys, we are going to have a home on these beautiful grounds, but there can be no home without a chapel." Consequently the little chapel was built in 1851 at the time the Home was founded. President Lincoln and other illustrious residents of the Home have from time to time worshiped here. The little chapel is built of Seneca stone, and is almost entirely surrounded by beautiful, shady trees. Protestant and Catholic services are both held here, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The little monument at the right of the chapel was erected by the enlisted men of the army of the Civil War in memory of Henry Wilson, who did a great deal for the soldiers. There is an inscription on one side of the monument which reads: "The Soldiers' Friend."

Henry Wilson was born Feb. 16, 1812. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1855, serving three terms. He became an abolitionist in 1835, and during his career in the Senate was a fearless opponent of slavery, and was a close friend of Charles Sumner. He was elected Vice President of the United States in 1872, on the ticket with General Grant. He died in Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1875, while still Vice President.



THE "PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE" OCCUPIED AS SUMMER HOME BY LINCOLN AND OTHER PRESIDENTS.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Ruth, you do sling the verbal pepper-cruet, I'll say! Gus, the Talcum Teaser, and Jack, the Girl Groucher, will be sure to sit up and squirm a bit when they read your snappy paragraphs. As for Jack, he will probably avoid Minnesota for the rest of his unmated life—fearing that you might get him in that dark corner for five minutes and force him to recant. And, Gus, if he agrees to take any lessons from you in enjoying girls' company, will be sure to insist, for the sake of "safety first," that the course be given by mail. After having built up this girl-despising reputation, Ruth, you may be sure that Gus and Jack, the Talcum Twins, are not going to have it all destroyed by you and your feminine wiles.

I may be an old-fashioned Uncle, Ruth but I do not like bobbed hair. It is not beautiful. If "blessed freedom" is all that is craved, why not shave your locks entirely off? Even fingers would be unnecessary as combs then! Through the ages a woman's hair has been a glory and crown to her. The uniformity of bobbed hair the lack of framing it to the face, the more or less masculine suggestion—these are all valid objections to the ugly custom, I believe. Let's hear what other bobbed or unbobbed cousins say about it.

But as you think Jack is, Ruth, I am pretty sure you, too, are "sot." If you want to powder your nose and bob your hair, you'll keep right on bobbing and powdering no matter what your old bald-headed, shiny-nosed Uncle thinks about these things. Anyway, I'll wager you've got unclipped brains under that bobbed hair and behind that talcumed little nose piece. Most men are "skeered" of brains in a girl, Ruth. Have you noticed this in the course of your wise Minnesota musings?

ARMSTRONG, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I'm a little girl eleven years old. I have blue eyes and brown hair. I have five brothers; the youngest is five months old. He can laugh and coo. We have a pet cat—his name is Tom. Once we found him catching chickens, so we are going to carry him away. I have some other pets: there are some rabbits and a dog.

Your niece, EMMA JANE.

Emma Jane, of all your five brothers I'm sure I would like the youngest the best. For he can "laugh and coo." There never was a more charming accomplishment nor one of more real importance to the welfare of mankind. We should all be careful to laugh and coo as early as possible in life and keep up the happy process so long as breath will allow. Why just think if the Kaiser, who may be supposed to have cooed once upon a time in his Potsdam cradle, had just kept on with the joyous gurgling through later life, how could he have gone roaring through Belgium? Or just suppose that all Europe today was a-laughing and a-cooing instead of making ugly faces and noises—why what a different world we might have! It would even affect the price of exchange if international bankers took a laughing and cooing course. Yes, Emma Jane, your baby brother has started out in the right way and you must see that he keeps nobly on in the way he has begun. It might be a good thing to have an amendment to the Constitution commanding every citizen to laugh and coo at least two hours every week day and four hours on Sundays. I would like to see such an amendment put to vote. All our Happy Bunch would be for it I know!

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am, a brand-new relative. Uncle, you tell your Billy I am a red-haired giant and a sure shot with a boulder—that I can hit the goat's-eye every time, at any distance up to 250 millimeters. I guess that will hold him for a while, so here's the real dope: I am almost seventeen years old and have finished my junior year. I am five feet, eight inches tall and weigh 165 pounds. I have rather dark brown hair and gray eyes. I have a double-reinforced khaki complexion from eyebrows to wishbone. Now you know me, I guess; but I have known you for some time. I have read a good many of the letters and among those I remember particularly was one from Texas which told about swimming and 110 degrees in the shade. Also one from Illinois which mentioned mud-balling and washing, and one from Georgia which told about white gloves and clear-cut features. I dearly love clear-cut features, probably because mine aren't. I have also seen one of Ruth's letters and also one each from Cousin Jack and Cousin Gus. I like that name Ruth; I think it sounds sweet and old-fashioned, don't you, Uncle? I know a girl named Ruth and she is a top-notcher. However, I guess we can't accuse Cousin Ruth of being old-fashioned—just see what she is trying to do: flirt with Teddy Carmichael by mail! If she should see one of the tall, dark, curly-haired, hand-some cowpunchers of this locality goosestepping around in chaps and spurs, cowboy hat and leather cuffs—poor Ruth would be racked and torn by strong emotion. And if the youth on whom her ardent gaze first rested happened to be "hittin' for the tall timber" and had a six-gun added to his other attractions, and then walked right by without even looking at her, she'd have the "Ugly American Girl Blues" for sure. Don't get mad now, Ruth; we know you're pretty as a picture even if you are only 29 (or is it 9?) years old.

As for Jack and Gus, I'd like to know that pair. They certainly are *real* men and not the type that are responsible for the modern flapper. I think they're wrong about the powder, though. For my part, if I knew a girl I wanted more than anything else in the world, she'd need more than a barrage of powder for defense; she'd have to say "no" very firmly and very distinctly several times before I'd consent to relieve her of my presence—and then I'd give her fair warning so she could change her mind if she wanted to.

Gee whiz! What do you boys want, anyhow?—a perfect girl apiece ought to satisfy you without trying to make 'em all perfect. And if the whole bunch did stop powdering over night, it wouldn't make a bit of difference in their characters, and you couldn't tell the bad

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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A Forgotten Love

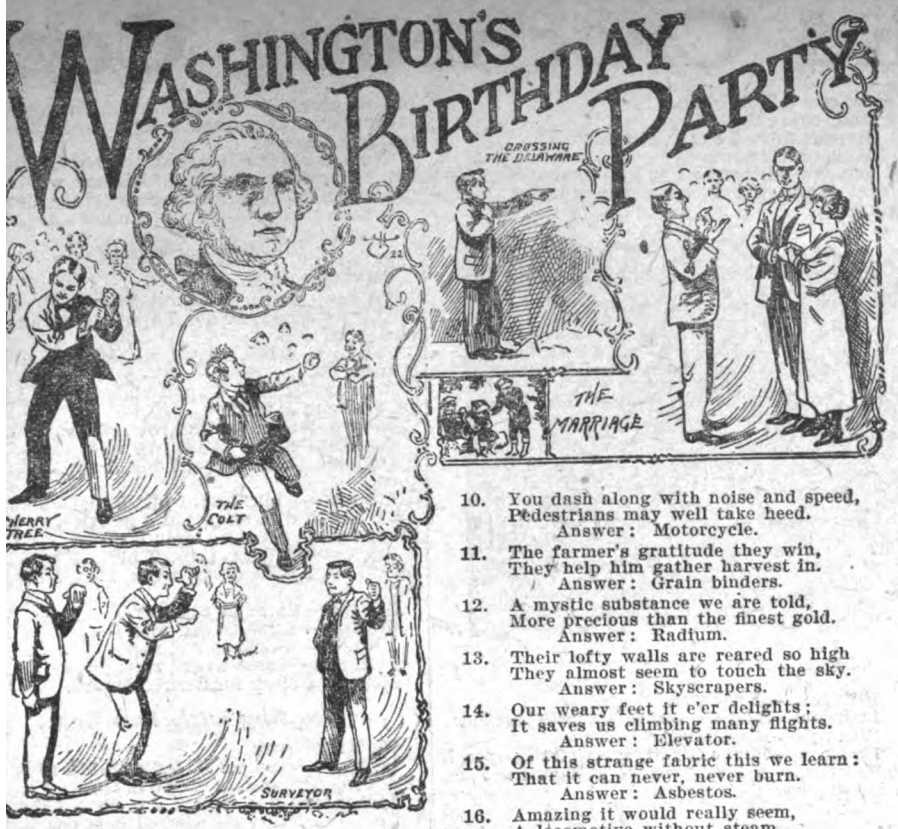
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Suddenly there was the sound of a man landing lightly on his feet after a long jump; at that sound a weakness crept through the girls' body. She could have faced Marchmont—but this was Lesard.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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...y Myrtle Jamison Trachsel

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WE are all anxious to celebrate when a holiday comes, but quite often in our plans for parties and excursions, we forget to honor the one to whom special honor is due on that day. If you are planning a ...ty for the twenty-second of February try to ...e games that will bring to mind incidents of ...erest in the life of our first President.

...or invitations you can buy blank cards with ... picture of George Washington upon them. If ... a plain card could be decorated with the ...le round picture cut from a postage stamp, ... a sprig of cherries done in water-colors. ...th your name and address write this verse on ... card:

"A man so great as Washington
Should be remembered by everyone,
At eight o'clock, his natal day,
We'll celebrate as best we may."

...ut of the old game of "gestures" you can ...ke a game very appropriate for the occasion. ...ve one or more guests act in pantomime the ...lowing incidents in the life of Washington:

1. Chopping the cherry tree.
2. Breaking his mother's fine colt.
3. His life as surveyor.
4. His marriage to Martha Custis.
5. Crossing the Delaware.
6. Cheering his men at Valley Forge.
7. Consulting with Betsy Ross about the first ...g.
8. Taking the oath of office as the first Presi...nt.

...If they fail to guess the first one when the ...aginary tree is chopped down send in another ... act the part of the father discovering the ...ed, and several will probably guess it at once. ... you like you may take the ones who guess first ... act out the next ones, or you may choose dif...rent ones for each number. The third will take ...o men to show the act of carrying the instru...nts and sighting through them. The fourth ...ll take a man and a girl and another man to ...t the part of the clergyman. The fifth needs ...t one and he would seem to encounter a great ...ny obstacles as he crossed the room peering ...xiously into the dark.

...In six, one man would appear to shiver over a ...e while another came to comfort him. In the ...xt a girl, who is seated, would rise to receive ...visitor who shows her the plan of the flag, she ...uld shake her head and cut out for him the ...e-pointed star instead of the six. The last ...uld need two men and perhaps a Bible to make ... realistic.

..."Crossing the Delaware" would be a good game ... keep the guests moving about. They should be ...vided into two groups and a leader chosen for ...ch group. One leader stations his men about ...e room. They are to be "blocks of ice" and ...ust block the entire room as much as possible, ...t must stand a yard and a quarter apart on ...ery side. The members of the other side must ..., one by one, through this maze of "ice blocks," ...ach the other wall and return if possible with...t being touched. Every time they are touched ...eir side loses one point. The "ice blocks" must ...old their hands tight against their sides and ...eir feet close together, but if they are able to ...an far enough out to touch a person going ...rough with their shoulders or head, their side ...ains one point. But if they lean too far and ...re compelled to move their feet, their side loses ... point. When all the members of one side have ...ad a chance, they become the "ice blocks" and ...e others try to get through. A leader may at ...y time enter the maze to draw attention from ...e of his side who may be in a tight place, but ... he be touched it counts against his side just ...e same.

...An interesting contest would be "Things Wash...gton never saw."

...Write the following rhymes on papers and give ... box of candied cherries as a prize for the largest ...st of correct answers. There are a good many ...hymes given but they are so easily guessed that ...hey will not get tiresome.

1. Such music you can play with ease,
   Though unacquainted with the keys.
   Answer: Player piano.
2. They keep things hot and keep things cold—
   How truly wondrous to behold.
   Answer: Vacuum bottles.
3. Such divers wares beneath one roof,
   Could shopping women stand aloof?
   Answer: Department stores.
4. The best for kitchen ware, no doubt,
   Because they say it won't rust out.
   Answer: Aluminum.
5. They give a soft and pleasant light
   And thus will help preserve our sight.
   Answer: Gas mantles.
6. They're heard and seen on every road.
   No horse have they to draw their load.
   Answer: Automobiles.
7. 'Tis better far than any broom
   To take up dust around the room.
   Answer: Electric sweeper.
8. They help us when we want a light;
   Without their box they won't ignite.
   Answer: Safety matches.
9. An inexpensive, pleasant show
   To which we often like to go.
   Answer: Moving pictures.
10. You dash along with noise and speed,
    Pedestrians may well take heed.
    Answer: Motorcycle.
11. The farmer's gratitude they win,
    They help him gather harvest in.
    Answer: Grain binders.
12. A mystic substance we are told,
    More precious than the finest gold.
    Answer: Radium.
13. Their lofty walls are reared so high
    They almost seem to touch the sky.
    Answer: Skyscrapers.
14. Our weary feet it e'er delights;
    It saves us climbing many flights.
    Answer: Elevator.
15. Of this strange fabric this we learn:
    That it can never, never burn.
    Answer: Asbestos.
16. Amazing it would really seem,
    A locomotive without steam.
    Answer: Electric locomotive.
17. From e'en the world's most distant ends
    We like to mail them to our friends.
    Answer: Picture post cards.
18. Just press a button, there's a light
    That's ever steady, clear and bright.
    Answer: Electric light.
19. Oh, mystic ray, so sharp and keen,
    By which such wonders now are seen.
    Answer: X-ray.
20. A help to housewives, this reveals,
    Without a fire to cook the meals.
    Answer: Fireless cooker.
21. It saves us using pen and ink,
    And does much neater work, we think.
    Answer: Typewriter.
22. How very strange it seems to be
    That boats may dive below the sea.
    Answer: Submarines.
23. We sometimes view them in the sky,
    Now dipping low, now mounting high.
    Answer: Aeroplane.
24. Its messages flash to and fro,
    And yet it needs no wires, you know.
    Answer: Wireless telegraphy or telephone.
25. Just wrap your packages with care
    And you can send them anywhere.
    Answer: Parcel post.

If you wish to seat your guests in the dining-room when serving refreshments, you can easily make an imitation cherry tree to decorate your table. A leafy branch (one from a privet hedge would be fine) can be trimmed to look like a tree. You can buy a bunch of artificial cherries at the milliner's, separate them and tie to the tree or you may use cranberries.

Little individual cherry pies are nice to serve with the refreshments. Bake them in gem pans and just before serving cover them with whipped cream and place a maraschino cherry on top of each one. If you would rather serve small cakes, a cherry can be put in the white icing. Cranberry ice with cherries on top would be nice to serve with the cake.

White grapes, bananas, cherries, celery and marshmallow candy chopped fine and mixed with a sweet dressing makes a delicious salad. Serve also sandwiches filled with cream cheese and pimento peppers, and stick a tiny flag into each sandwich.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

from the good any more than you can now. Besides, how could you tell a girl lacked sense and good taste unless you saw her primping in public?

By the way, Uncle Lisha, why don't you print more letters from brunettes? I think either you or Bill must be partial to blondes. I like them tall and dark-haired and of robust build.

Well, I have unburdened my mind pretty freely, so maybe I had better hasten the finis and go out for a hunt. Two days ago my brother saw bear signs over on the north slope of the mountain, five miles away (we live on the south slope), and as soon as I finish this I'll climb on my wiry steed and chase over there to investigate. Don't worry about me while I'm gone, for bears are more wild and wary than deer, even. And don't worry about the bear, for it's a hundred to one I won't even see a track, except those my brother saw and I know right where to look for them.

A word to the cousins, if you please, Uncle Lisha, and I will close: If any of you wish very much to write to me, Uncle Lisha knows my name and address, and perhaps he will be kind enough to help you out. I won't guarantee to answer all the letters, though.

Well, "so long," everybody!

Your affectionate relative, JEFF.

Jeff, I didn't know that I was avoiding brunettes and that the blonde-haired were usurping too much space. Just to oblige you, I'll keep an open eye in the future so that a proper shade of capillary balance may be maintained in the League. Bill swears he has had nothing to do with any such favoritism. In fact he swore a lot about it when I mentioned it.

As to these robust brunettes of yours, Jeff, just how robust must they be? I want to hint, because you seem rather young for the experience, that it is possible for a lady, either blonde or brunette, to be *too* robust. I had a friend who always had to tiptoe up to the back door, when he came home a little late, and listen cautiously before entering. There was always a possibility that his wife was having one of her robust moments and that it was not safe for an unarmed and defenceless male to be in the same neighborhood. Once or twice he entered a trifle too carelessly and his constitution was badly strained and had to be amended in several places. Poor chap! his troubles are over and he is resting quietly now. But these things are warnings.

But with your khaki eyebrows and wishbone you seem to be fairly robust yourself, Jeff, and so you may feel equipped for any of these heavy brunettes. My poor friend was only a bantamweight and stood no chance. However, I wish you would give me statistics as to just what your choice is in weight and height before I start printing these letters from strong-penned brunettes. I have one on hand from a girl in Montana who weighs 273 pounds in her dancing pumps. Would she be too robust, Jeff? She is not so tall—being only four feet, three. I'd like to help anyone along who can write such a good letter as you have sent us.

You are indeed wise, Jeff, not to waste your young life in making *all* girls perfect. One perfectly robust brunette is certainly all you would want—or even Western marriage laws allow.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

COMPLETE STEEL BED OUTFIT
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Complete Bed Outfit consisting of a handsome continuous post steel bed, link fabric spring, 45 lb. reversible mattress, 2 pillow cases, 1 bed sheet, and a pair of fine pillows. Order by No. A455. $1.00 down, $2.50 a month. Total price $29.80.

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Comfort's Knitting and Crocheting Co

Puff Ball Insertion

USING white mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and No. 10 steel crochet hook, begin work with a chain 68 stitches.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 1, 2 d c in same st, ch 2, skip 2. 1 d c in next, making 1 space, repeat, making 20 more sps, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, in the last st, ch 5, slip st in 3rd ch st to form picot, turn.

2nd row—Shell of 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c worked under ch 1 between 4 doubles Ch 2, 1 d c on d c, 5 d c in 2nd sp, turn work, insert hook in top of first of 5 d c and draw loop of 5th d c through, ch 1, 1 d c on d c beyond second sp in the first row. This completes 1 puff ball over a sp, directions for which will not be given again 3 sps, 1 blk (2 d c on d c with 2 d c under ch between), 1 sp, 3 blks (10 d c), 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 puff ball, 1 sp, 1 shell, work under ch 1, ch 5, 1 picot, turn.

3rd row—1 shell, 2 sps, 1 puff ball, pushing the stitches back, so that the puff will come on the same side as in last row, then catch first and fifth doubles together as directed. 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 puff ball, 2 sps, 1 shell, ch 5, 1 picot.

4th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 puff ball, 1 sp, 1 puff ball, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 puff ball, 1 sp, 1 puff ball, 1 sp, 1 shell, ch 5, 1 picot.

5th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 1 puff ball, 1 sp, 1 puff ball, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 puff balls with 1 sp between, 2 sps, 1 shell, ch 5, 1 picot.

6th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp 1 puff, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 puffs with sps between. 1 sp, 1 shell, ch 5, 1 picot.

7th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 3 puffs with sps between, 2 sps, 1 blk on blk, 1 sp, this is center of pattern. Finish row to match first half. Turn with p, ch as before.

8th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 4 puffs with sps between, 2 sps, 1 blk. This is center. As both sides of pattern are alike directions will now be given for each row only to the center.

9th row—Same as 7th row.
10th row—Same as 6th row.
11th row—Same as 5th row.
12th row—Same as 4th row.
13th row—Same as 3rd row.
14th row—Same as 2nd row.

The puff balls forming half diamonds on either side of the pattern are now completed.

15th row—1 shell, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff. This is center of the insertion. Repeat from 1 sp.

16th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, repeat from puff.

17th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 blk in center. Repeat.

18th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp. Repeat from 1 puff

19th row—1 shell, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff. Repeat from 1 puff.

20th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 puff, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp. Repeat from 3 blks.

21st row—1 shell, 2 sps, 1 puff, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, repeat from 1 sp.

22nd row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, repeat from 1 blk.

23rd row—1 shell, 2 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 3 sps 5 blks, repeat from 3 sps.

24th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat from 1 blk.

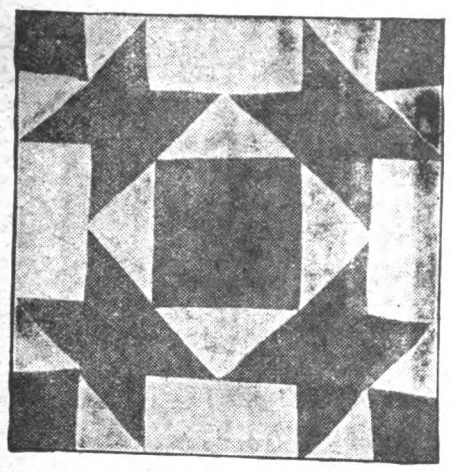
25th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat from 1 blk.

26th row—Same as 8th row.
27th row—Same as 7th row.
28th row—Same as 6th row.
29th row—Same as 5th row.
30th row—Same as 4th row.
31st row—Same as 3rd row.
32nd row—Same as 2nd row.

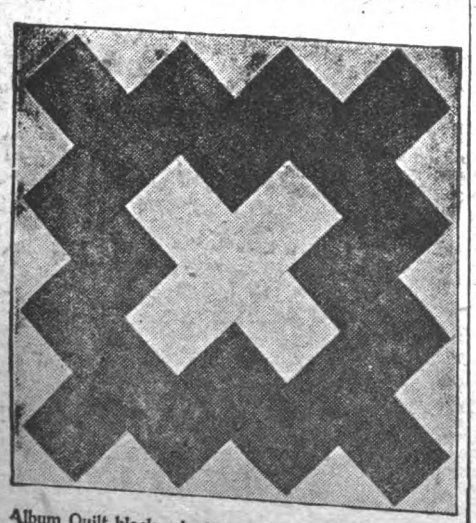
33rd row—1 shell, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, repeat from 1 sp.

34th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, repeat from 1 puff.

35th row—1 shell, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat from 1 sp.



Cup and Saucer block submitted by Louisa Nott. This is an old and effective pattern for combining light and dark pieces.



Album Quilt block submitted by Mrs. Alda Greer. This pattern is of two colors only, squares and half squares, being arranged as pictured.

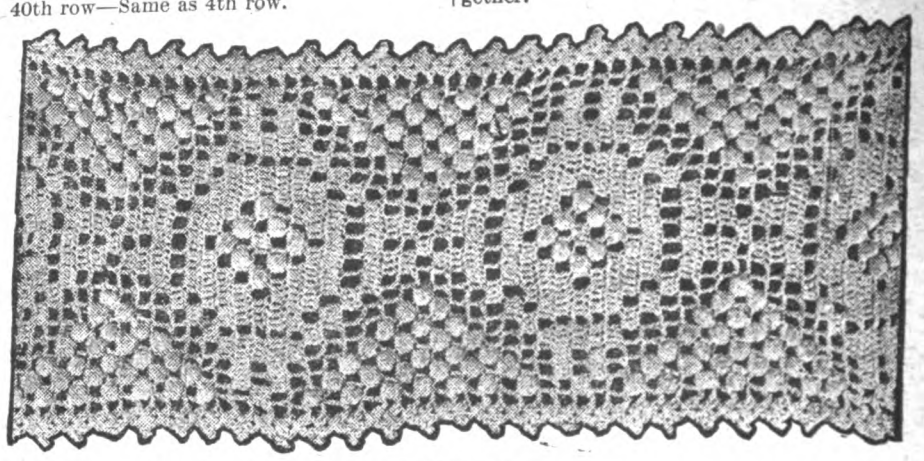
36th row—1 shell, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, repeat from 1 puff.

37th row—1 shell, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 puff, repeat from 1 sp.

38th row—Same as 2nd row.
39th row—Same as 3rd row.
40th row—Same as 4th row.

1st row—Knit plain.
2nd row—Purl.
Repeat these 2 rows twice more.
Knit next 2 rows.

9th row—Increase 1 st by knitting back and front of the first st, k to end, k last 2 sts together.



PUFF BALL INSERTION.

41st row—Same as 5th row.
42nd row—Same as 6th row.
43rd row—Same as 7th row.
44th row—Same as 8th row.

Continue repeating the row in this way until insertion is the desired length.

In working this pattern care should be taken to have the puff balls all stand out on the one side, thus making a right and a wrong side to this pattern.

To do this the 5 doubles which make the puffs are pushed forward in one row and backward in the next row, before one catches the first and last doubles together as explained in the 2nd row.

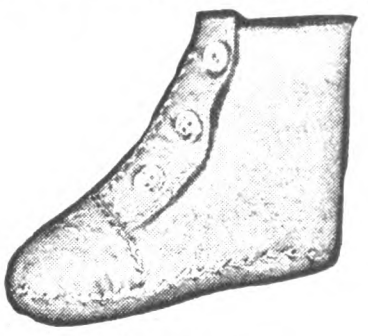
Hot Plate Covers

Pattern No. 1

Of No. 30 white crochet cotton ch 5, turn, 4 s c on ch, ch 5, turn, 4 s c on ch, 4 s c on s c, working through back loop only of each st, ch 5, turn. Now repeat by adding ch 5 to end each row until 34 sts in row. Make three rows without increase on 34 sts, then decrease 5 sts at end each row until 4 sts only, turn, 4 s c, ch 5, slip st to point in completed diamond.

Repeat work, joining to four inside points. Make eight sections in all. In last one join at both sides to complete circle. Make one row singles around center.

To fill in outside border, begin on 1st outside point, ch 7, 1 d c on next point, ch 4, 1 d c, repeat on four points, ch 2, 1 d c on end, ch 2, 1 d c, end next row, ch 2, 1 d c in side same row * ch 4, 1 d c, repeat from * six times. Work around to start, join. Ch 1, turn, 1 s c in each st, 3 s c in corners, join, ch 1, turn. Repeat last round, working through back loop each stitch. Next row, decrease two or more stitches in curve of each point to keep work flat. Join. For spaces, fasten thread in right-hand corner of point, ch 5, 1 d c in same st, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c. Make 4 sps on each point, 2 d c in each corner with ch 3 between, 6 sps on side of point, omit ch, 1 d c in 2nd st on side next point, ch 2, 1 sp on 2nd point, turn, 6 sps over 6 sps, turn, slip st over 1st sp, ch 5, 5 sps on sps, 1 d c into side 2nd point, 1 more sp on



BABY'S WHITE SHOES.

2nd point, turn, 4 sps, turn, slip st, over 1 sp, ch 5. Continue to work in this way until top 2nd point is reached. 2 d c in corner with ch 3 between. Repeat around each point. Last round on outside. 1 sp over each sp on each point, and 1 d c in corner each sp between points, with ch 3 between; 3 rows all spaces, ch 2 between; 1 row sps, ch 1 between. In last sp run narrow tape or cord for tying.

Pattern No. 2

To be made of white and a color. With color ch 5, join, 10 s c in ring, join, ch 1, 2 s c in each st, join, ch 1, 1 s c in 1st st, 2 s c in 2nd st, repeat, join, ch 1, 1 s c in each two first sts, 2 s c in 3rd st. Next row the same. White. 1 s c in 2 sts, 2 s c in 3rd st, make 4 rounds of white, 1 of color, 4 white, 1 color, 4 white, 1 color, 2 white, in each round increase as is necessary to keep work flat.

Border

Of color selected, work 1 s c in each st, join, ch 4, skip 1 st, 1 s c, ch 1, skip 1, 1 s c, repeat, join, 1 slip st in 1st sp, ch 5, 1 slip st in 3rd st, repeat, join * 3 s c under chain, ch 4, form picot, 3 s c, 7 s c in next loop. Repeat from *.

Knitted Cover

No. 12 knitting cotton, worked on No. 16 steel needles makes firm, pretty work.

Cast on 36 sts or enough to make 6 inch strip.

10th row—K each st.
11th row—Increase 1 st, k last 2 sts together.
12th row—K each st.
13th row—Increase 1 st, k 3, k 2 tog over, k 2, k 2 tog, o, k 2, k 2 tog, o, k balance of sts, k last 2 sts tog.
14th row—Purl.
15th row—Knit.
16th row—Purl.

Knit 6 rows, increasing one end and decreasing the other.

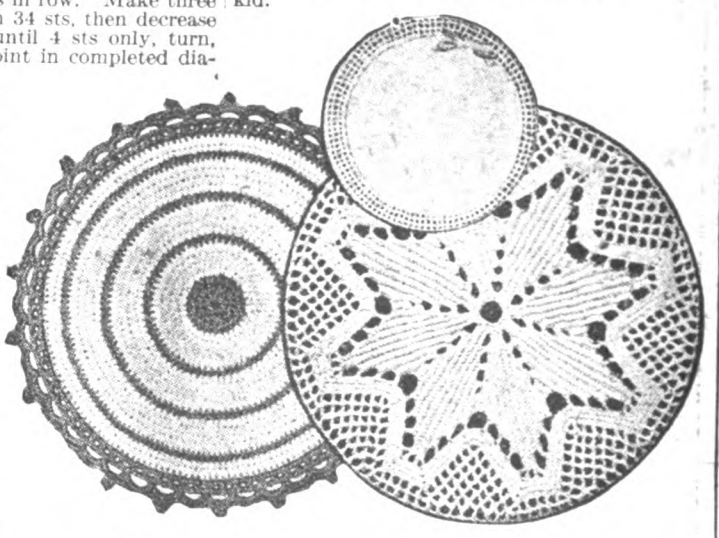
In next purled strip make only 2 holes and in the third strip 1 hole.

Continue work until one has 8 purled and 8 knitted strips, then after working last row in knitted strip pick up 1 stitch for each row along the decreased ends of the work, turn, and purl, repeating work from 2nd row.

Sewed gores or divisions make a mat.

Baby's White Shoes

A warm little home-made shoe can be cut and sewed by hand of either white flannel or kid.



No. 2. HOT PLATE COVERS. No. 1.

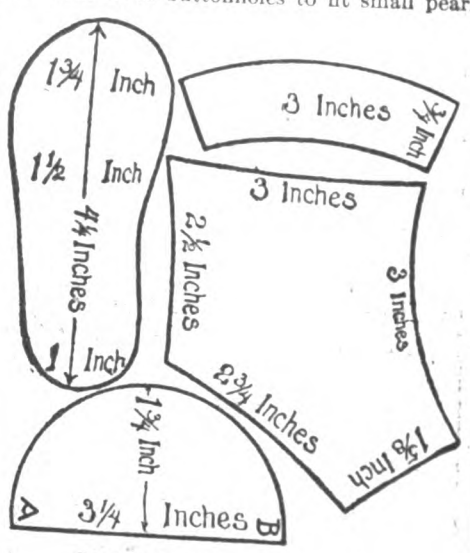
The size and shape of the four pieces necessary is given in diagram for shoe. Cut a pattern for each part of paper first.

The sole should be four and one-half inches long, the width across the toe one and three-quarter inches, across the instep one and one-half inches, and from here sloped into about an inch across the heel. The top of the toe practically one-half of a circle one and three-quarters, by three and one-quarter inches in size. The circular edge being joined to the top of the sole.

Two pieces are cut for the sides, shaped as shown according to the dimensions given.

The little three-inch curved piece sews to the center of the front and is buttoned over with three pearl buttons.

After cutting all the different parts, join the back seam of the two sides, then to center front of one side join the buttonhole flap. In this work three buttonholes to fit small pearl



DIAGRAMS FOR BABY'S SHOE.

button. From the bottom of this flap buttonhole up the outside edge and around the top of both sides. Feather stitch down the front seam. Now join straight edge A to B in diagram to the lower curved edge of the sides, lapping the full width of the buttoned flap over. Fold together by front and seams, pin center of toe and heel of sole to points on the edge opposite the front and back seams.

Overcast edges together, on the inside turn and finish by feather stitching over the seam.

The wrist of white kid gloves can be used in this way to make a pair of shoes or if one has to purchase material even, they are inexpensive, as a quarter of a yard of make three pairs.

Work with blue or pink twisted silk, decorating the top of the toe with of French knots or a lazy-daisy stitch

Louisa A.

Wide Edging

Ch 60 sps, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, next 9 sts, * 1 sp, 10 d c, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3, turn.

3rd row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—Same as 2nd row, ch 10, turn.

5th row—Same as 1st row to *, then blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, turn.

6th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 s c in 4th d c, ch 3, 1 d c in 7th d c, blks over sp, blks and sp in last row, ch

7th row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, turn.

8th row—Same as 6th row.
9th row—Same as 5th row.
10th row—Same as 2nd row.
11th row—Same as 3rd row.

Repeat pattern for desired length.

Beading with Fan Edge

Ch 20 sts, turn.

1st row—3 sps, ch 3, 4 d c in 5th d c, slip st in end stitch of ch, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, all worked between 3rd doubles in 1st row, ch 3, 3 sps, ch 1,

3rd row—3 sps, ch 4, 2 tr c with ch



BEADING WITH FAN EDGE.

tween worked between 2nd and 3rd last row.

Ch 3, 2 tr c with ch 2 between ch 3 work 2 more groups of trebles between trebles, 3 s c under chain plete row with spaces, turn and tern.

Insertion and Scallop Edg

Ch 21 sts.

1st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5,

2nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, end sp of 2nd row, ch 3, slip st to row, turn.

4th row—15 d c under ch 5 at row, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch

5th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch



INSERTION AND SCALLOP EDG

c, ch 3, skip d c, 1 d c on the next, repeating 8 more doubles, ch 2, 1 slip in ch, turn. 3 s c in a sp, ch 5 for picot, second sp, 1 p, repeat around, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5. Repeat pattern.

Little Doll's Woolen Suit

Children love lots of dolls and little are especially fascinating. An indestructible one of about four inches is very dainty dressed in a little crocheted and knitted clothes

These may be made so they can be taken and put on as easily as those of much dolls, and this feature alone will appeal to little girl.

Twofold Saxony is best for the tiny and threefold for the dress and jacket.

The color combinations which can be for these wee garments are many and White with either light blue or pink or versa. Crimson trimmed with white is pretty combination which will not show quickly.

Little dolls of china, bisque or even a made rag doll of four inches are very attractive in these little outfits.

The following directions for making garments will be found accurate for a this size.

Bonnet

Cast on 5 sts. Increase 1 st at the beginning of each needle until you have 9 sts. Knit ribs or 4 rows, then decrease at beginning of each needle until you have only 5 sts. Take up 7 sts at side, knit the 5 sts, take up 7 sts up at side, knit the 5 sts, knitting together the posite side, knit 4 ribs, knitting together the 8th and 9th and the 11th and 12th sts of the rib. Bind off on 5th rib. For the border make a single crochet of contrasting shade of wool.

Jacket

Cast on 13 sts. Knit 8 ribs, add 5 sts at each end, knit 5 ribs, cast off 11th, 12th and 13th sts, knit to end of row, knit back 10 sts, leave other 10 sts on needle or work off on sleeve. Cast on 3 sts, knit 4 ribs, this making 10 ribs. Cast on 3 sts, knit 1 rib,

lub for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Ed.

ng Trimming for Bath Towels

WIND No. 30 white mercerized cotton around the forefinger five times, catch up a loop with crochet hook and cover the strands closely with single cro- Make a second ring. Work 5 s c, loop through stitch on first ring, 1 s c strands of second ring, draw loop gh next stitch on first ring, 1 s c, join re stitch in this manner complete filling vith singles.

ke a third ring, joining three last stitches ond ring, this leaves the first five stitches second ring between the two joining. rk third ring nearly full of singles. Hold and third rings opposite each other as n in the illustration. Count eight stitches joining of first and second rings, join ring to 6th, 7th and 8th stitches of the ring. This will leave five stitches be- this joining and that of the first and d rings.

e fourth ring joins the third in the first stitches.

peat from *, or if one prefers, make groups ree and three rings afterwards joining groups by hand.

is work goes very rapidly and is especially on bath towels with colored borders or made of silkateen to match.

Filet Camisole Top

BY LAURA BIDDLE

aterials. Two balls No. 40 mercerized et cotton, No. 13 steel crochet hook. rn will measure about seven inches in . Begin with ch 132 stitches, turn.

row—1 d c in 3rd, 4th and 5th sts from * ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat from * making re spaces, then ch 5, skip 4, 1 s c, ch 5, 4, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in same st with last d c, turn.

d row—Shell of 5 d c under ch 2, 1 d c on r 5, 1 s c on s c, ch 5, 1 d c on d c, 38 sps, k, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, turn.

d row—1 blk, 39 sps, ch 10, 1 d c on d c e shell, ch 2, 1 d c in same st, ch 2, 1 d c



FILET CAMISOLE TOP.

ast d c of shell, ch 2 1 d c in same st, ch 3, .

th row—1 shell under ch between last bles, 1 shell under ch between next 2 dou- s, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 10, ch 5, 38 sps, 1 blk, , ch 3, turn.

th row—1 blk, sps finish the same as in row.

th row—Begin same as 2nd row, all sps, k, 1 sp, ch 3.

Continue in this way making the bottom of ernate blks and sps, the body all sps for rty rows and the top like the first four rows. hen these rows are completed, beginning om the bottom make 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, lk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 22 sps, top as usual.

Next is the 2nd row of the pattern or the ec.

38th row—21 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 7 , 1 blk, 1 sp.

39th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, p, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps.

40th row—12 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 17 s, 1 blk, 1 sp.

41st row—1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, ps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

42nd row—1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, sp.

43rd row—1 blk, 7 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, blks, 1 sp.

44th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 12 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, sp.

45th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 10 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp.

46th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

47th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps.

48th row—3 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.

49th row—1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps.

50th row—3 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 0 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 p.

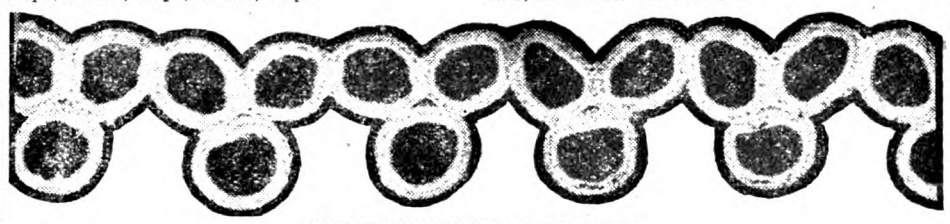
51st row—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps.

52nd row—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 12 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

53rd row—1 blk, 4 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps.

54th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 10 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

55th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps.



RING TRIMMING FOR BATH TOWELS.

56th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

57th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

58th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 22 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

59th row—1 blk, 21 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

60th row—7 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

61st row—1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

62nd row—19 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

63rd row—1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps.

64th row—20 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

65th row—1 blk, 11 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps.

66th row—25 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

67th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 26 sps.

This completes one pattern. It is well now to plan on amount one needs for the front allowing for the spaces which come under the arms. If only a little more than three patterns are needed, make a few rows mostly spaces, with just a block or two to connect the work before beginning to repeat the pattern again.

If one desires, the next rose is pretty worked in reverse order, or with the rose up instead of down.

Plan the back, making plain rows, all of spaces on each side and join to first row.

For Shoulder Straps

Ch 16, 1 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 5, 1 s c under ch, ch 5, 1 d c in 2nd st, ch 2, 1 d c in same st, ch 3, turn. 1 shell, 5 d c under ch 2, ch 5, 1 s c on s c, ch 5, 1 shell, turn. Slip st, over 2 sts, 1 picot, sl st, ch 5, 1 d c on last d c of shell, ch 10, 1 d c on first d c of shell, ch 2, 1 d c in same st, ch 3, 1 shell. Repeat.

Lover's Knot Lace

Made of No. 30 cotton this pattern will result in an edging about four inches in width. Begin with a ch 45 sts.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, * ch 1, skip 1, 1 d c, repeat 13 times, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—2 sps, then 1 d c on each d c and 1 d c on each ch 1 between, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 5 d c, 1 quarter inch knot st, 1 s c in next 5th d c, 2 knot sts, 1 s c, in 9th d c, 1 knot st, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 2 knot sts, slip st on 2nd knot st in previous row, 2 knot sts, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 1 knot st, slip st to k st, 2 knot sts, slip st to first k st in last row, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 2 k sts, slip st to center k st in last row, 2 k sts, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

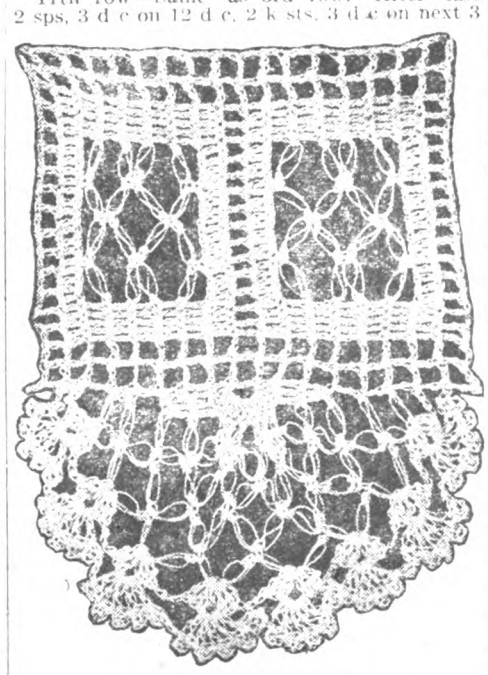
7th row—5 d c, ch 4, 1 s c in k st, ch 9, 1 s c in k st, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row— 2 sps, 5 d c on d c, 20 d c on ch, 5 d c on d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—2 sps, 1 d c, ch 1, as in first row, 2 sps, ch 5, fasten in end of 8th row, slip st to 7th row, turn, 12 d c under ch 5 worked at end of row.

10th row—From here across, same as 2nd row.

11th row—Same as 3rd row. After last 2 sps, 3 d c on 12 d c, 2 k sts, 3 d c on next 3



LOVER'S KNOT LACE.

d c, 2 k sts, 3 d c, 2 k sts, 3 d c. Slip st, from 6th to end of 5th row. Turn work.

12th row—3 d c, keeping last loop of each on hook and working off all three loops together, 2 k sts, sl st to k st in last row, 2 k sts, 3 d c worked as before, on d c, 2 k sts, sl st to k st in last row, 2 k sts, 3 d c on d c, 2 k sts, sl st to k st, 2 k sts, 3 d c, slip st to end of 4th row, turn.

13th row—2 k sts, join to k st, repeat 6 times, finish row same as 5th, ch 5, turn.

14th row—Same as 5th row. Knot sts around scallop, slip st to 3rd row. Turn work.

15th row—Ch 3, shell in k st of 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, ch 3, 1 shell, repeat making 8 shells in all, ch 3, finish same as 6th row.

16th row—Same as 7th row to scallop, then ch 3, 1 tr c under chain in center of shell, 1 p, 1 tr c, 1 p, 1 tr c, 1 p, 1 tr c, 1 p, 1 tr c, 1 p, 1 tr c, ch 3, repeat.

This completes one scallop.

Filet Point Edging

It is not often one finds such a simple and easily made filet edging, which is also lacy in effect. Begin with ch 48 sts.

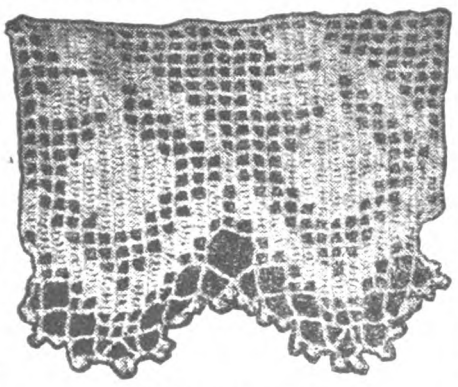
1st row—3 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—7 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 11, turn.

3rd row—1 d c in 8th ch from hook, ch 2, 1 d c on last d c in 2nd row, 2 d c under ch, 4 d c on 4 d c, * 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—5 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 11, turn.

5th row—Work as in 3rd row to * making 2 sps and 2 blks. Then 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.



FILET POINT EDGING

6th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 11, turn.

7th row—Work as in 3rd row to *, follow with 3 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—2 sps, 11 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

This row is the center of the first point, and one works from the straight edge towards the point.

9th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row—1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Repeat pattern from 1st row. After length is completed add picot edge to the points by making 1 treble (thread over hook 3 times) under ch at end of 3rd row, ch 5, 1 p, by slip st in 2nd ch, ch 5, 1 p made in same way, ch 3, 1 tr c in same st with first treble.

1 tr c in end sp of 5th row a 2 p, ch 1, tr c in same st with last treble.

2 tr c in end sp of 7th row with 2 p, ch between, ch 1, 1 tr c under double at end of center row of point. 2 p, ch, 1 tr c in same sp, ch 1, 2 tr c with 2 p ch between, worked in sp at end of next row, in end of 11th and 13th rows.

Repeat by working in same way around second point, in the end sps of the 3rd, 5th, 7th center 9th, 11th and 13th rows.

Knitted Bed Socks

Material; Two skeins blue or pink threefold Saxony, two skeins white threefold Saxony, one pair No. 10 steel and one pair No. 12 steel needles, small bone crochet hook, two yards ribbon.

With coarser needles and colored wool cast on 54 stitches.

First four rows—Knit plain, join in white and knit as follows.

5th row—Knit plain.

6th row—Purl.

7th row—Knit plain.

8th row—Purl, with color and white repeat from 1st to 8th rows until there are 19 ribs of color and 19 ribs of white. Next with color k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k next row, narrowing every 4th st, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k next row, narrowing every 3rd st, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k next row, narrowing every 2nd st, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k next row, narrowing every 2nd st, p 1 row, k 1 row, narrowing every st, then bind off.

With fine steel needles pick up stitches on side and toe with white, picking three stitches in colored ribs and two in white, knit one row narrow in every other row to shape toe, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row.

Next row * k 3 sts in white then 3 with color. Repeat from * to end of row, p back with both colors, k back with both colors to form blocks. Leaving stitches on the needle, pick up the same number of stitches on other side with white and knit in same way and when you begin to make blocks, commence in order to alternate the colors, with white wool bind off the stitches, taking one stitch off each needle.

Finish top with white wool scallop, first crochet row of doubles, one in every other stitch with a chain between each.

2nd row—With colored wool make a shell of 5 d c in every other hole and fasten with a s c.

3rd row—With white wool make picot edge. Draw ribbon through the holes and tie.

Diamond Point Knit Doily

Any size thread may be used and suitable steel needles, but the finer the material and needles the smaller the finished work will be.

Begin by casting on 47 stitches.

1st row—Sl 1, k 39, o 2, p 2 together, k 1, o, 3 times, n, o, k 2, turn.

2nd row—K 5, p 1, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 38, leave 2 sts unknitted, turn.

3rd row—Sl 1, k 25, n, o twice, n k 8, o twice, p 2, tog, k 8, turn.

4th row—K 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 25, leave 4 unknitted, turn.

5th row—Sl 1, k 21, * n, o twice, n, repeat once more from * k 6, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, k 2, turn.

6th row—K 9, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 21, leave 6, turn.

7th row—Sl 1, k 17, * n, o twice, n, repeat from * twice more, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 9, turn.

8th row—Bind off 4, k 4, o twice, k 6, p 1, (k 3, p 1,) twice, k 17, leave 8, turn.

9th row—Sl 1, k 13, n, (o twice, n, n,) repeat 3 times, o twice, n, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o, 3 times, n, o, k 2, turn.

10th row—K 5, p 1, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 4, p 1, (k 3, p 1,) 3 times, k 13, leave 10, turn.

11th row—Sl 1, k 9, n, (o twice, n, n,) 4 times, o twice, n, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8, turn.

12th row—K 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, p 1, (k 3, p 1,) 4 times, k 9, leave 12, turn.

13th row—Sl 1, k 9, n, (o twice, n, n,) 3 times, o twice, n, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, k 2, turn.

14th row—K 9, o twice, p 2 tog, k 4, p 1, (k 3, p 1,) 3 times, k 9, leave 14, turn.

15th row—Sl 1, k 9, n, (o twice, n, n,) twice, o twice, n, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 9.

16th row—Bind off 4, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, p 1, (k 3, p 1,) twice, k 9, leave 16, turn.

17th row—Sl 1, k 9, n, o twice, n, n, o twice, n, k 6, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o 3 times, n, o, k 2.

18th row—K 5, p 1, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 9, leave 18, turn.

19th row—Sl 1, k 9, n, o twice, n, k 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8.

20th row—K 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 9, leave 20, turn.

21st row—Sl 1, k 19, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, k 2.

22nd row—K 9, o twice, p 2 tog, k 18, leave 22, turn.

23rd row—Sl 1, k 17, o twice, p 2 tog, k 9.

24th row—Bind off 4, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, leave 24, turn.

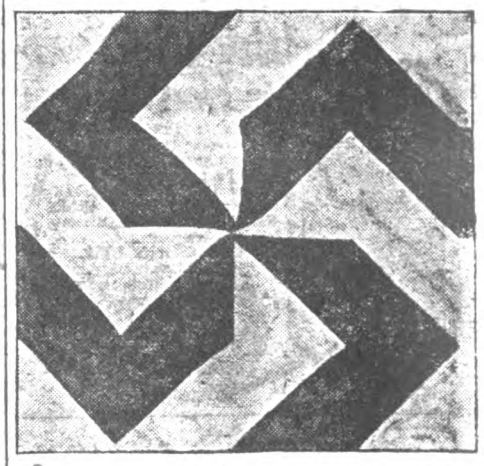
25th row—Sl 1, k 10, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o 3 times, n, o, k 2.

26th row—K 5, p 1, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 3, p 1, k 10, leave 26, turn.

27th row—Sl 1, k 6, n, o twice, n, k 3, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8.

28th row—K 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 5, p 1, k 6, leave 28, turn.

29th row—Sl 1, k 6, n, o twice, n, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, k 2.



Zizzag or Whirligig pattern submitted by Nina Stone. Blocks are joined so as to form a continuous design.

30th row—K 6, o twice, p 2 tog, k 3, p 1, k 6, leave 30, turn.

31st row—Sl 1, k 9, o twice, p 2 tog, k 9.

32nd row—Bind off 4, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8, leave 32, turn

33rd row—Sl 1, k 7, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o, 3 times, n, o, k 2.

34th row—K 5, p 1, k 2, o twice, 2 tog, k 6, leave 34, turn.

35th row—Sl 1, k 5, o twice, p 2 tog, k 8.

36th row—K 8, o twice, p 2 tog, k 4, leave 36, turn.

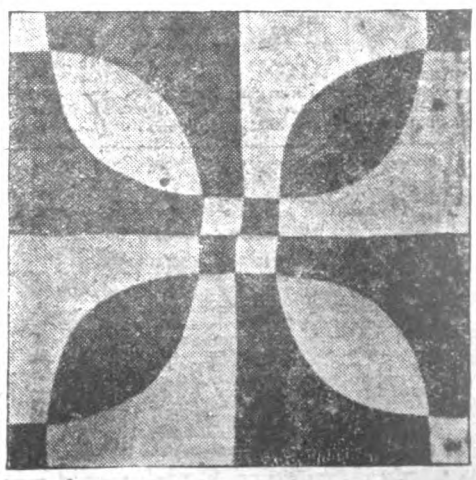
37th row—Sl 1, k 3, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, k 2.

38th row—K 9, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, leave 38, turn.

39th row—Sl 1, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 9.

40th row—Bind off 4, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 40.

This completes one section, knit eleven more the same, join very neatly and draw center of doily together and fasten.



Light and Shade, or True Lover's Knot, submitted by Hela Campbell. This is another pattern of two colors, which forms a continuous design across a quilt.



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The Love Affairs of A. Lincoln



by Carol C. Crain

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EARLY in life Lincoln realized his handicaps as a suitor. Awkward, uncultured, with a seamed and swarthy face, shock headed, a protruding nose, arms so lean and long that they made him a ludicrous figure—these were enough to make Abe shy and doubtful of his ability as an entertainer of the girls of the New Salem neighborhood.

But when love comes into a man's life, nothing stops him. At the age of twenty-six he "took a shine," as the gossips said, to Anne Rutledge, whose father founded the town. She had an admirer, John McNamara, who picturesquely described her as "a blonde in complexion, with golden hair, cherry-red lips, and bonny blue eyes."

His bashfulness melted before this attractive maiden. He even went so far as to call upon her in the daytime which was a violation of the existing social custom that stipulated night hours for sweethearts. He wooed her at quilting bees. For him she sang hymns, particularly one beginning, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The great hour came. Lincoln, with his heart tumbling like Niagara Falls, confessed his hope. When he paused in his appeal, she sorrowfully denied him and avowed she was pledged to McNamara who had gone to New York with a promise to come back and provide a home for her. Though his letters had ceased, she could not conscientiously do otherwise than refuse her lanky friend.

At various times Lincoln renewed his case and used his utmost persuasive power to win her, but Anne remained firm. After some months, with Lincoln pleading her to write McNamara and ask to be released, she finally agreed. Weeks passed without an answer. The nervous strain proved too great, and brain fever caused the death of Abe's sweetheart.

"His grief became frantic," said an old neighbor of the desperate lover. "He lost all self-control, even the consciousness of identity, and everybody in New Salem pronounced him insane."

Haggard and bowed at twenty-six, his friends feared he might never regain his composure. One of his close associates, Bowling Green, hustled him away to a lonely log cabin. There he moaned time and again, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains and storms beat upon her grave."

It is strange but true that the difference between genius and insanity cannot be clearly defined, that one seems to glide into the other, and that the greatest men have had peculiarities and symptoms of derangement. Perhaps some day there may appear a psychist who, by some simple method, will lift the inmates of asylums over the indistinguishable line into the field of genius.

But Abe Lincoln came back a changed man. Melancholy and a wisdom born out of travail were relieved only by humor which he must have consciously developed to offset his sadness. Years afterward at the White House an acquaintance asked him about his courtship of Anne Rutledge. His seamed face paled as he replied:

"I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day, and I loved Anne dearly. She was a handsome girl, would have made a good, loving wife, was natural and quite intellectual though not highly educated. I did honestly and truly love Anne. I think often, often of her even now."

The next year Lincoln revived his interest in politics and became a candidate for the legislature of Illinois. He made a four square declaration of principles of which one was the extension of suffrage to women. His election followed. As one of the "Long Nine" so called because every member of the Sangamon delegation overtopped six feet in stature) he waxed influential and began to feel the need of a helpmate. When the capital was moved to Springfield, he noted "a good deal of flourishing about in carriages here" which resulted in a ripening affection for Mary Owens.

Lincoln, no longer bashful, assiduously courted her. She was witty, pleasure-loving, her curly hair was dark, and her complexion fair. This Kentucky belle apparently expected the legislator to marry her and he had, indeed, in a bantering mood made the promise to Mary's wedded sister who lived in New Salem. Abe felt obligated, but not satisfied.

"I am determined," he told a friend, "to put all my powers of discovery to work in search of perfections in her which might have been fairly set off against her defects."

He assured her that, as his wife, she "would be poor, without the means of concealing her poverty." At a later time he told her, "I am not at all sure that I should make you the sort of husband with whom you would be most happy."

She seemed inclined to hold him to his jesting promise. He doubtless believed that nothing could equal his first love and that marriage would not be a success, for after a time he cautiously wrote:

"If you feel yourself in any way bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any considerable degree add to your happiness."

As Lincoln probably intended it should, this letter evoked an acidulous reply which amounted to a definite refusal. Long afterward she wrote Abe's law partner, W. H. Herndon, her reason for rejecting the powerful leader of Sangamon's famous "Long Nine."

"Mr. Lincoln," she asserted, "was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness—at least it was so in my case. Not that I believed that it proceeded from a lack of goodness of heart; but his training had been different from mine. Hence there was not that congeniality that would have otherwise existed."

An interval of two years followed and then A. Lincoln (invariably his signature in his letters) met another Kentucky girl, Mary Todd, visiting at the home of her sister in Springfield. She spoke French fluently, had a caustic wit, and a high temper. That she possessed high ideals is disclosed in her statement to a friend:

"I would rather marry a good man, a man of mind, with hope and bright prospects ahead for position, fame and power, than to marry all the horses, gold and bones in the world."

Miss Todd numbered among her suitors Stephen A. Douglas and James Shield, both more prominent at that time than Lincoln. Her family opposed the former rail-splitter on the ground that with his humble birth he would have no future, but she seemed bent upon marrying him. She is alleged to have told her relatives:

"His heart is as large as his arms are long. Some day I shall land him in the White House."

The event was scheduled for New Year's, 1841. As the date approached, the face of Lincoln took on a worried look. Perhaps he was wondering if he could care as much for Mary as he had for Anne Rutledge. He disliked Mary's volcanic temper and feared he could not be happy with her. One day in her presence he offended her greatly by mentioning the coming "fateful first of January."

When the day arrived, the bride and the guests assembled. A long wait ensued—where was Abraham? He came not, for he had run away and during many days could not be located. When friends did find him and told him of the mortification of the clergyman, guests and Mary, he bewailed:

"The thought that I made her unhappy kills my soul."

The people considered him "crazy as a loon," as he was indeed. He sank into the depths of melancholy, his friends asserted he would die if he did not brace up, but he told them: "I am not afraid to die and would be more than willing."

Joshua Speed, probably his closest comrade, took him away to the fields of Kentucky to recuperate. The new scenes improved his mind, and displaced his apparent desire to end everything. In a lucid moment he wrote to a former partner, John T. Stuart of Springfield:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, as it appears to me."

Speed himself was engaged to an attractive girl. When he and Lincoln returned to Illinois, the latter seemed much interested in the approaching nuptial event of his chum. Eight months after the ceremony had been performed "Honest Abe" wrote to inquire "if you are, in feeling as well as in judgment, glad that you are married?" Speed forwarded an enthusiastic affirmation.

In the meantime Abe and Mary had renewed their friendship. She had been doing for a local newspaper some brilliant satirical articles directed against James Shields, then Auditor of State. These contributions appeared unsigned with the caption of "Letters from Lost Townships." From the editor Shields demanded the name of the author, and the newspaper man consulted with Lincoln who assumed the responsibility.

The upshot of the whole business was a challenge from the offended Irishman. Lincoln, having the choice of weapons, selected "cavalry broadswords of the largest size." Now Shields was a little man with short arms whereas Abe towered high and had a reach in excess of any other man of the state. Arrived at the duelling ground, Shields perceived Abe's expertness at lopping off tree branches and permitted himself to be persuaded into a reconciliation.

"I did not want to kill Shields," Lincoln subsequently explained. "I felt sure I could disarm him, having had about a month to learn the broadsword exercise. Furthermore, I didn't want the darned fellow to kill me, which I rather think he would have done if we had selected pistols."

This abortive duel brought Abe and Mary still closer together, as she admired his bravery in defending her even to the extent of risking his life. On the fourth day of November, 1842, the two of them faced an Episcopalian minister at Springfield. An observer described the groom as "pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter."

The ceremony proceeded smoothly until Lincoln placed the ring on the bride's finger and repeated "with this ring I thee wed and with all my worldly goods I thee endow." At that moment Thomas C. Browne, judge of the Supreme Court, whispered so loudly that everybody heard:

"Good gracious, Lincoln, the statutes fix all that."

The marriage proved, if not absolutely ideal, to be such as not to interfere with his career. Mary's ambition and optimism offset the melancholy of her husband and cheered him to make good in everything he attempted. Though they were poor, the board for both of them cost only four dollars a week. In the following May his old friend, Speed, received a letter characteristically signed "A. Lincoln" and saying:

"We are not keeping house but boarding at the Globe Tavern which is very well kept now by a widow lady.....I most heartily wish you and your Fanny will not fail to come. We'll all be merry together for a while."

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

4th and 7th ribs increase at beginning of next row under arm seam, being careful to keep front edge of the jacket straight.

On the 9th rib cast off and repeat with the stitches left on needle for the other side.

Join seams and make border of single crochet in contrasting wool.

Dress

Crochet ch 23 sts, join, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 1, repeat making 10 sps.

2nd row—2 s c in each sp.

3rd row—1 s c in each s c. Next 4 rows as the 3rd row.

8th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in first st, 3 d c in next st, 2 d c in 3rd st, skip 1 s c, 3 d c in next, 1 d c in next, repeat.

9th row—Ch 3, 1 d c, 3 d c on center st of group in last row, repeat.

10th row—Same as 8th row. Finish with edge single crochet of contrasting color.

Divided Skirts

Ch 20 sts, join, crochet 7 rows of single crochet, finish with picot edging, joining and ironing in the center to form two openings for the legs.

Crocheted Edging for Various Trimmings

Ch 9 sts, turn.

1st row—2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c in 6th st from hook, 1 d c on last st in first ch, turn.

3 more shells on shells, then after the 4th shell ch 3, 7 d c, under ch between 2nd and 3rd shells, ch 3, fasten with slip st to top of last shell, turn.

5th row—9 d c with ch 2 between each



NARROW SCALLOP EDGE.

between fan of 7 doubles, ch 2, shell made of 1 d c under end ch in 4th row, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Shell on shell, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 2, ch 3, 1 d c between doubles, ch 3, 1 d c between next 2 doubles. Repeat, join to top of first ch. Work around the scallop again working chs 3 with a single and then 4 doubles alternating, finish with a shell on shell.

This completes 1 scallop. Make 4 more before beginning the second scallop.

Boy's Slip-on Sweater

(From Four to Six Years)

Any weight wool and suitable sized needles. Cast on 50, 60 or 70 sts according to size of child.

Knit plain for two inches. Knit across and purl back until work measures 10 inches.

Now always knit the first and last 5 sts of each row, knit or purl between as may be in five inches, now knit 10 rows or 3 ribs across full width, turn. If one is working on 60 sts, knit 21 sts, bind off 18, knit 21 sts, turn, knit back and forth (12 rows) for shoulder. With opposite, knit across, cast on 16 sts for back of neck, knit 5 ribs, 5 first and last 5 sts, knitting and purling between, to match front. Then k and p eight inches, k two inches plain. Sew up side seam.

To Save Darning Stockings

A hint which may be of value to others especially families who possess a grandmother who loves to knit, comes from a Minnesota reader who is the mother of five boys. She says:

"My many household duties did not leave me time enough to keep up with the family darning, so there was always a bag full of stockings until grandmother had a bright idea. To occupy her spare moments she knitted extra heels and toes of black silkateen on fine needles.

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Anna T. Wellman.

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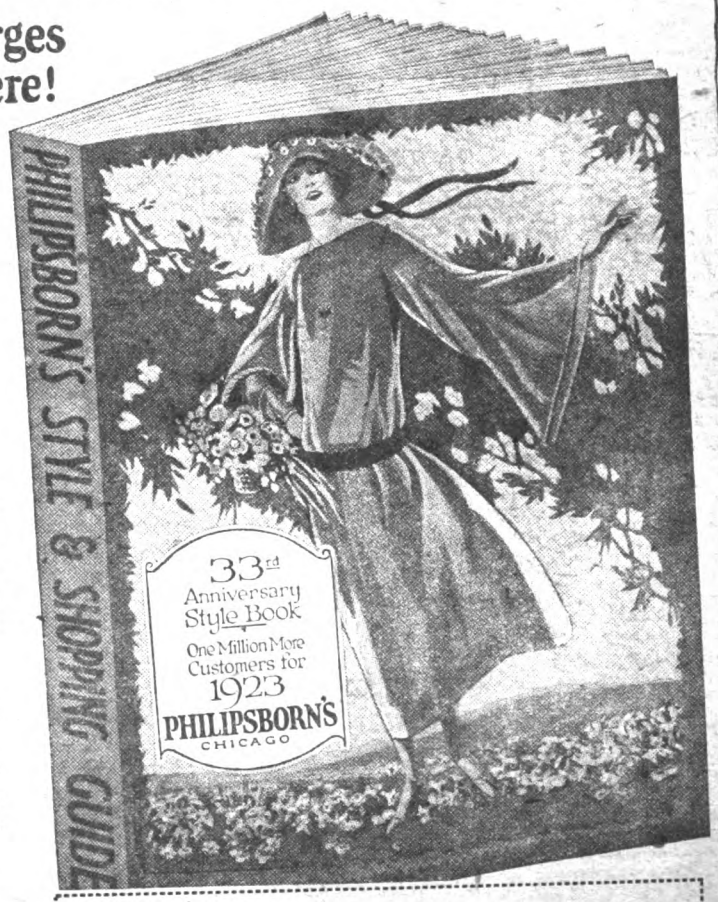
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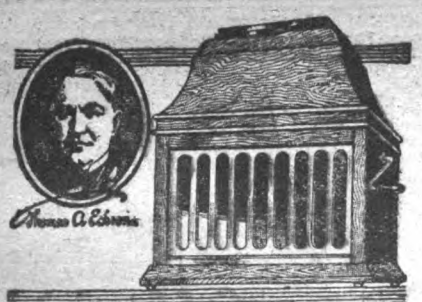
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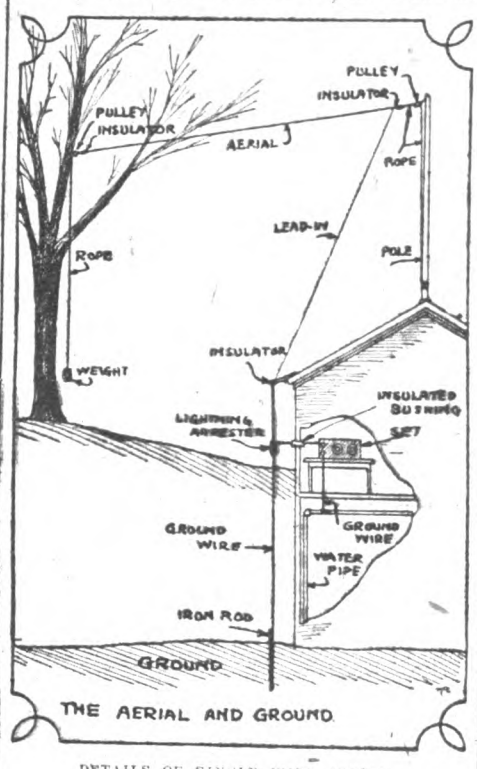
The Single Wire Aerial

THE aerial, generally speaking, is one of the most neglected parts of the radio set, and the beginner usually places some sort of a tangle of wires atop the building, or to a nearby tree and lets it go at that. If one takes the trouble to look about a little he will see all sorts of aerials, from the highly ornamental cage antenna to the simple single wire straight aerial. It is the aerials that come in *between* these that, at present, engages the eyes and mind of the passer-by who is interested in radio. The city is really the place to observe these aerials and a trip on the elevated railroad will prove a revelation as far as the engineering skill of the average American boy goes.

One will see what are known as flat top aerials, both of the "T" and the inverted "L" type. This means that the lead-in from the "T" aerial is from the middle and from the inverted "L" type from one end. The majority of these aerials have two wires in them, but many of them are equipped with four and six wires. If the builders only knew it, they would get exactly the same results from a single wire the same length as the multi-wire aerial, with a saving in wire as well as labor. In other words, the aerial that is composed of, say, four wires, each one being 100 feet long, will give practically the same results as a single wire aerial 100 feet long.

Many beginners cannot seem to understand this, and insist on putting up great heavy contrivances that only cost a great deal more money with the added fact that the results are not a bit better.

The single wire aerial is by far the easiest to erect, and, as stated above, the builder will be able to save money by doing so, and at the same time be able to get the same results. However,



THE AERIAL AND GROUND

DETAILS OF SINGLE WIRE AERIAL.

there are several different types of these single wire aerials. Some of them run in a straight line and others will run off at right angles after perhaps half of their total length has been traversed. Then there is the worst kind of the lot, the kind that zigzags back and forth across a roof, or in and out around trees. The builder must remember that what really counts is the length of the aerial in a straight line. If an aerial has a total of 100 feet of wire in it and the first fifty feet runs in one direction and then the rest of the aerial runs at right angles or back on itself in the form of a "V," the first fifty feet will be the part that actually gives the signal strength, and the rest of the aerial will be useless.

The best aerial for the reception of broadcasting and other forms of radio messages is the single wire aerial from 100 to 200 feet long, run all in one direction with the lead-in from one end and never from the middle. If the lead-in is taken from the middle, the tendency is to really get the same results that would be secured with an aerial only one-half as long. In other words, one end of the aerial is absolutely wasted. Never put any bends in the wire if the best results are wanted.

There are many different kinds of so-called patented and indoor aerials on the market, but the best by far is the one described above, if properly installed. Use No. 14 bare copper wire for the aerial and the lead-in wire, but just before the wire comes into the house, make a soldered joint and have the rest of the wire of the same size, but rubber insulated. It is best to run this wire through a porcelain tube where it actually enters the house as a safeguard against having the minute currents leak off to the ground during wet weather. CAUTION:—When wiring your set, take care that the lead-in wire and inside ground wire are kept away from all 110-volt telephone or electric light wiring.

Procure two or three small porcelain cleat insulators and install them at the end of the aerial that is farthest away and also at the end that is above where the lead-in is fastened. Do not let the wire touch anything outside of these insulators while it is outdoors and be sure to use insulated wire wherever it is run inside of the house. If one end of the aerial is attached to a tree, use a rope and pulley with a weight on the end to keep the aerial taut when the tree sways. (See illustration.) The ground wire should be of the same size wire and there must be some sort of a protection against atmospheric electricity. This is misnamed a lightning arrester and should be mounted outdoors for the best results, and an independent ground used in connection with it. The best ground connections for the actual set is the cold water pipe. Scrape this clean and lead the ground wire to it, taking about a dozen tight turns about the pipe, finishing them off with a pair of pliers so that the connection cannot be moved at all by hand. Then as a further assurance of a good connection, clean the wire and the pipe thoroughly and solder the whole joint. This part of the set is just as important as the aerial and must be carefully made.

The ground for the lightning arrester may be made by driving an iron pipe into the ground and soldering a heavy piece of wire to it. Another and better scheme is to bury all of the old metal that can be found, first soldering a wire so that contact is made to each separate piece. If a bag of charcoal is thrown in on top of this before the hole is filled in, and then several buckets of water are thrown over this, it will be found that after the dirt has been replaced that the earth will stay damp for a very long time and a good connection is assured. The lightning arrester above serves to drain off the atmospheric electricity gradually instead of letting the aerial save it all up and then discharge it with a rush through the receiving set. In other words, the lightning arrester acts as a safety valve to allow the surplus energy to gradually escape harmlessly to the earth.

Fear of lightning seems to be one of the inborn characteristics of the human being, and justly so, as there has been a great deal of damage done to lives and property through this cause.

No doubt more people would own radio sets if it were not for this fear, for many people still believe that steel knives and scissors, needles, wire netting, etc., "attract" lightning and they naturally feel that a radio set would be even a greater danger to their premises. This is not so, as a properly installed aerial acts as a splendid lightning-rod and actually safeguards the premises on which it is erected.

It is not practicable to use your set during a thunder storm, due to the "static" electricity in the air, and the confusion of the wireless waves.

Doubtless most of the readers of COMFORT are what we term "handy men" and no instruction relative to soldering is necessary, but a few words on this subject might not be amiss for those who perchance have not had the experience in this work.

Soldering

In any radio set, whether home-made or otherwise, there are countless little joints and connections that should be soldered, the neglect of which will cause innumerable noises in the headphones.

It is no great trick to solder, the process being a simple one, but it is necessary to acquire the "knack" of doing it first. So before attempting to actually solder any joints or connections on your set take a few pieces of wire and odd bits of metal and practice soldering. You will soon get into the swing of it, and can make a neat job of it when you tackle your set. The United States Navy specifications on radio sets clearly states that "all connections be soldered," and the novice cannot underestimate the necessity of following out this specification himself when building his own set.

As previously stated, loose connections and bad contacts will cause no end of trouble and discomfiture to the radio fan. It only takes a very small amount of energy (measured in millionths of an ampere) to operate the telephone receivers, and if the incoming signals are to be as loud as possible, we must carefully "baby along" every ounce of energy possible in the telephone circuit. Loose connections and bad joints offer a very high resistance to the easy flow of radio current, and much energy that is lost could well be used to give loud signals in the receivers.

Badly soldered connections, however, are worse than loose ones, so take particular pains and pride in your work and the results obtained will be justified by the fine performance of your radio set. A soldered circuit not only *looks* better but *works* better.

For the soldering job you will need a small copper soldering iron, some soldering flux, such as rosin or a soldering paste, a file, emery cloth, a bunsen burner or alcohol lamp and some *soft* wire solder. (Be sure to get *soft* solder. There are other grades of solder that are not at all suited to the fine work necessary on radio instruments.)

The first thing to remember is that it is always very necessary to have the surfaces to be soldered *perfectly clean*. They might look clean, and you might think that they were, but do not be satisfied until you use a file or a piece of emery cloth on them. You must be absolutely *sure*, as solder will not flow freely on unclean surfaces.

The next point to remember is to heat and tin the end of the soldering iron. Clean the iron thoroughly with a file or emery cloth and hold in the flame of the bunsen burner or alcohol lamp until the flame begins to turn a bluish-green. The iron is now at the proper temperature. Apply a little soldering flux (rosin or a soldering paste) to the end of the iron with a matchstick, and then place the end of the solder against the hot point of the iron. The solder will melt immediately and stick to the surface of the iron, forming a bright layer of solder on the end of the tool. It is now ready for use.

Next, see that surfaces cleaned are properly tinned. To do this, apply some soldering flux, and run the hot tinned iron over the surface. A small amount of solder will flow freely, and the surface is ready to be soldered. (CAUTION—Do not use too much flux—a very little will do—for if any drops down into your cabinet it will collect dust, and in time form an excellent conductor, on the principle of the grid leak.)

When you think you have practiced sufficiently to be able to tackle your set, clean and tin the iron and parts to be soldered as before, place the parts together and apply the hot iron. The solder will run freely. When you remove the iron the solder on the joint or connection will quickly set. It is well not to use too much solder as it will form into a big lump and make an unsightly joint. Practice will enable you to tell just how much to use.

In the next issue we will take up the actual construction of a simple crystal detector set.

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made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and splendid new styles? Could you use $5.00 an hour for a little spare time? Every tailoring agent, send at once, I have a wonderful new proposition for you.

Just write a letter or postal and say, "*Send me your new special offer.*" I will send you our big new book of samples and styles to pick from and my new, special offer, all free. Even if you don't care to be agent, send anyway, and learn how to get all your own clothes FREE. Address
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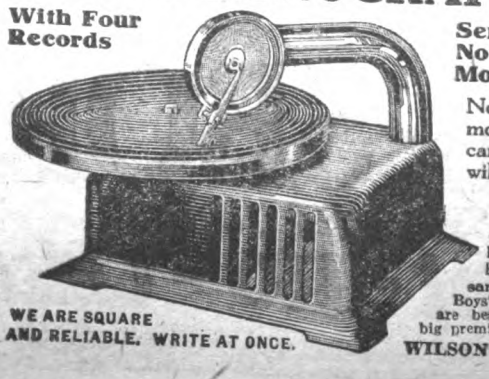
Make Your Own Wireless Telephone

WIRELESS telephone receiving sets are comparatively easy to make. The man or boy with any mechanical ability whatever should be able to construct his own receiving apparatus by following the instructions in this book. The different parts that go to make up Radio receivers may now be purchased in almost any hardware or general store. Many of the parts can be made at home. This book shows you how to assemble them so as to make a receiving set which if purchased outright would cost many times what you pay for the component parts. It tells how to make not only one, but several different styles of receivers. It illustrates and describes every step of the process and the instructions are easy to understand because technical terms are avoided wherever possible.

Written by twenty Radio experts, this book is, for its size, one of the most authoritative yet published. It is 7½x5½ inches in size, contains one hundred pages and ninety illustrations and diagrams. Also in the back of the book is the official application blank of the Radio League of America and full instructions as to you becoming a member and receiving a membership certificate and button. We will send you a copy of this book if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this book telling you how to make your own Wireless Telephone, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8701.**
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WILSON SEED CO., Dept. B 500, TYRONE, PA.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious ...s should be taken to your local doctor. ...ddress, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, ...usta, Maine. Sign your true name and give ...r address. Name will not be published.

...RS. C. M. W., Chio, Calif.—You no doubt have ... nasal polyps. Be examined by some good rhinolo- ... and if there are any growths of the nature indi- ...d, have them removed. In the meantime spray the ... with Dobell's solution and insert in the nostril at ...t a small portion of white precipitate ointment. ... latter will heal the nose and will also help cure ...irritation at the nasal margin.

...RS. F. O., Morristown, South Dakota.—Take, for ...inflammatory rheumatism, five-grain tablets of sal- ...fte of sodium well diluted. Also at night bind up ...painful parts with a saturated solution of Epsom ...s.

...R. J. L. T., Smith Port, Pa.—There is no injection ...a layman to use in case of an enlarged prostate ...d. Probably one of the best remedies you can use ... this condition is a five-grain tablet of urotropin. ...e one after meals.

...ISS M. W., Arcanum.—Flaxseed will do you no ... for the irregular menstruation. Take after meals, ...one or two weeks, two-grain capsules of ovarian ...tance.

...ISS L. C., Pambuska, Okla.—There is no cure for ...ltions following infantile paralysis. One can, how- ..., massage the offending member and in this way ... up the growth of the member and also improve ...ition of same. Sometimes an operation is of benefit.

...RS. P. H., Reading, Minn.—You should keep your ...els free by using fluid extract of cascara sagrada ...wo teaspoonful doses morning and night, well di- ...d. Take also for the indigestion one tablet of com- ...d bicarbonate of soda after meals. Avoid sweets ... pastries of all kinds. Drink plenty of water. For ...leucorrhea, use a vaginal douche of normal saline ...tion.

...ISS E. F. E., Bottireau, North Dak.—For ulcer of ...stomach, the diet should consist of peptonized milk ... You can also take five-grain tablets of bicar- ...ite of soda three times a day.

...RS. A. S., Brachett, Texas.—Your failing memory ... be due to malaria. Take, after meals, Warburg's ...ture in teaspoonful doses.

...RS. B. S., New Salem, Mass.—A simple remedy for ...ousness is a five-grain pill of asafœtida taken after ...ls. You can also take a 1-60 gr. tablet of strychnia ...h., before meals.

...RS. J. H., Crowder, Okla.—Maybe you have a ...nic appendicitis. For your indigestion take, after ...ls, one tablet of compound bicarbonate of soda. Of ...se avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds.

...R. J. M., New Castle, Pa.—You have, no doubt, a ...tional heart trouble due probably to indigestion and ... formation of gas in the intestine and stomach. ...p the bowels free by using two teaspoonfuls of fluid ...act of cascara sagrada morning and night, and take, ...r meals, compound bicarbonate of soda tablets. One ...et after meals will suffice. You must also avoid ...ets and starchy foods of all kinds.

...ISS M. D., Kakira, Ga.—Spray the nose and throat ... Dobell's solution three or four times a day for ca- ...hal condition. For the cough take, after meals, a ...poonful of the following mixture: thirty grains of ...de of ammonium, one ounce of syrup of tolu and ...er enough to make two ounces. You might also at ...t apply over the upper chest a mustard plaster ...e of equal parts of Coleman's mustard and flour. ...ve the mustard on the chest until the chest is well ...ested from the action of the mustard.

...RS. E. J., Mongolia, Ill.—All of your symptoms ...to be due to a rheumatic condition. Take, after ...ls, a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium well ...ted. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds and drink ...ty of good spring water.

...ISS L. T., Cambridge, Ohio.—The condition of your ...th on arising is probably due to adenoids and ton- ... which are diseased. Have them removed at once ... in the meantime use a spray of Dobell's solution.

...RS. M. L., Perry, Okla.—The malaria and dropsy ...wing have nothing, probably, to do with the bed- ...ing mentioned. Have the children take a prolonged ... in the afternoon, eat sparingly at night and take ...o-grain tablet of urotropin after meals. Also have ... take one-fourth teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda ...lved in a wineglass of hot water three times a day.

...ISS A. M., Hartville, Ohio.—Your weight for your ...is about right. For your bladder trouble take five- ...n tablets of urotropin after meals.

...RS. F. S., Home, Ark.—You have been broken down ...ealth by too frequent pregnancies. You should take ... good tonic such as Basham's mixture. Take a ...spoonful, well diluted, after meals. Also take a ...al saline vaginal douche morning and night.

...ISS C. B., Kankakee, Ill.—For your ozœna, or pu- ...catarrh, spray the nose three or more times a day ... Dobell's solution. At night also instill in the nos- ... liquid vaseline or a few drops of kerosene.

...ISS M. S., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—Your age may ... something to do with your irregularity. Maybe ... you have a small uterine fibroid. Better be ex- ...ed by your local doctor and find out if the latter ...e case. If so, an operation is indicated. Your ...ulous abdomen is probably due to excessive inges- ... of starchy foods. Avoid sweets of all kinds, keep ... bowels free, and take, after meals, compound bi- ...onate of soda tablets.

...ISS J. B. No address.—Kindly give full name and ...ess if you desire any advice from this department. ...Carnation of Maryland," also take notice. We must ...re to this rule.

...ISS K. E. Y., Roxboro, N. C.—If there are no ...s in the breasts, just let them alone. The so- ...d hardness will regulate itself in the long run.

...R. C. S., Goldsboro, N. C.—Shampoo the hair thor- ...ly with some good tar soap, and apply, at night, a ... per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal ...s of alcohol and rose-water.

...RS. H. M., Monte Vista, Col.—For your neuralgic ...ition would take, after meals, a tablespoonful of ...burg's tincture well diluted. Apply locally some ... stimulating liniment such as the Army liniment. ... liniment is made up of equal parts of ammonia ...er, turpentine and olive oil.

...RS. M. L., Harrisburg, Ill.—The worms you men- ... are known as pinworms. They are quite common ...he neighborhood mentioned. You should take an ...ma of salt and water—about one teaspoonful of ... salt to a pint of hot water.

...RS. W. R., Ocean View, N. J.—May be due to bad ..., indigestion or diseased tonsils. Try Dobell's so- ...n as a mouth wash and as a gargle three or four ...s a day.

...RS. L. D., Clarks, Nebr.—Better have the jaw ex- ...ed by your local surgeon. Maybe you have a sub- ...tion of the jaw bone. More likely, however, you ... a wisdom tooth that has not erupted. Have an ...y made of the jaw and in this find out if there is ...ffending tooth.

...RS. A. J. B., Cheboygan, Mich.—There is no reme- ...or drunkenness known. The only thing for the suf- ...r is to give up drinking and then he can take some ... tonic as a substitute.

...ISS M. M., Webster, South Dak.—Better discon- ...e the treatments you are receiving from the party ...tioned. If you have a spinal curvature, consult ... good orthopedic surgeon in your vicinity and have ...proper treatment—operative or medical.

...RS. J. V. W., Batesville, Ga.—Your symptoms seem ...oint to a chronic appendicitis. Suppose, from the ...ber of examinations you have had that your doctors ... eliminated this trouble. If not, consult them ...n and find out as to the condition of the appendix. ... can get rid of your excessive weight by leaving off ... your diet all forms of starchy foods and exercis- ...daily in the open. In the meantime you might try ... five-grain tablets of urotropin after meals to clear ...he kidney condition.

...ISS M. S., Burlington, N. C.—You may have a sub- ...ged goiter. Take after meals for two or three weeks ... drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, ... diluted.

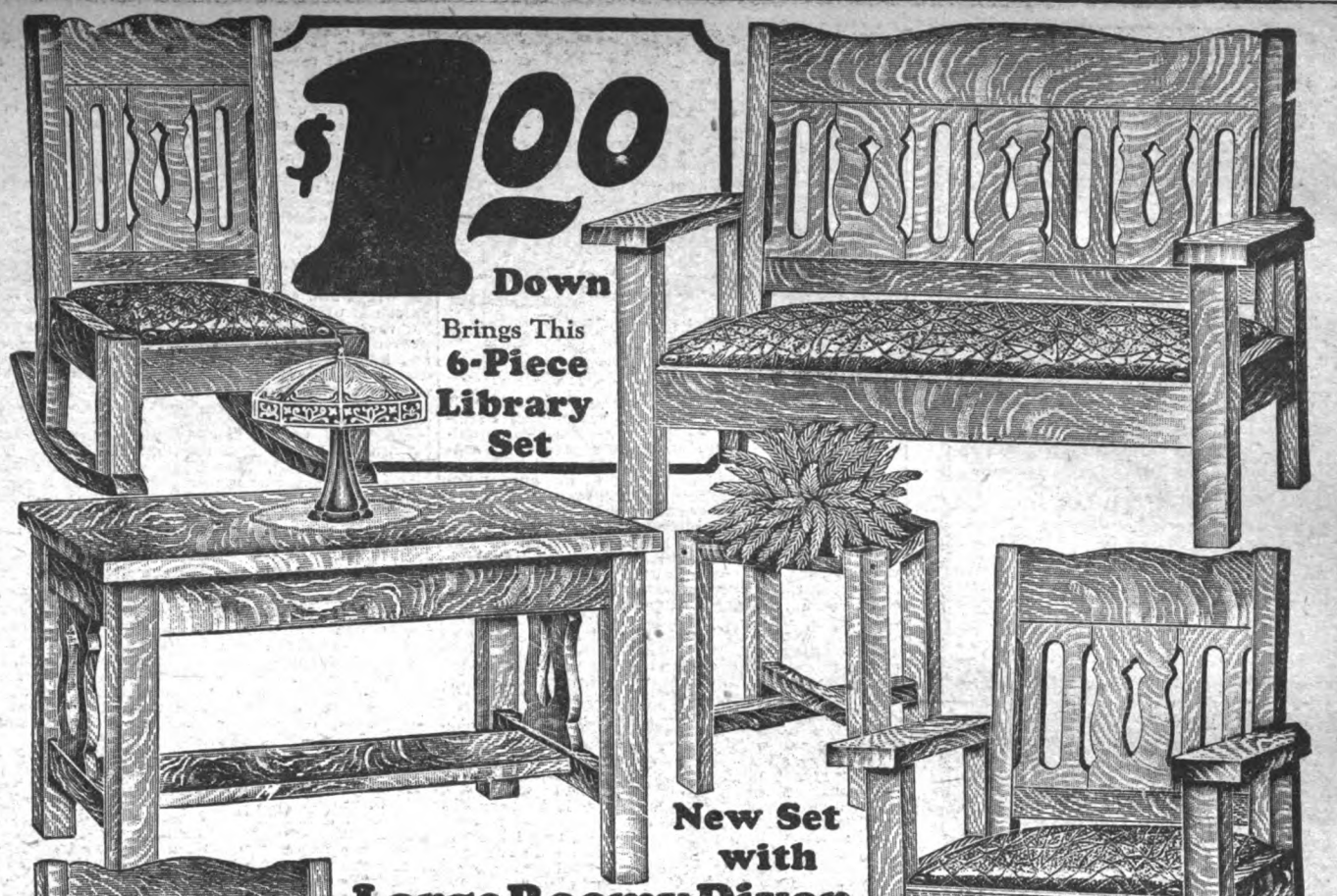
...ISS M. D., Meridian, Miss.—Premature menapause ...es the "hot flashes" complained of. Take two- ...n capsules of ovarian substance morning and night ... two or three weeks at a time.

...RS. G. W., Ironton, Ohio.—Eczema is of rheumatic origin. Take after meals for five days, one-fourth grain tablet of calomel and soda. Avoid sweets of all kinds; drink plenty of good spring water, and apply, locally, Lasar's paste. Of course you must keep your hands out of soapy water at all times.

MRS. C. L. L., Charlotte, N. C.—Enlarged glands of the neck are not necessarily serious. They are enlarged lymphatics. Take after meals five drops of a saturated solution of iodid of potassium, well diluted.

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Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. Straus & Schram's newest offer—a complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan*—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only $29.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $2.70 a month; $40 was the former price for a set like this; a special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. Seize this opportunity on our special approval offer—we take the risk.

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Straus & Schram, Department 3042 Chicago, Ill.

New 6-Piece Set—Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four chairs are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat, 17x17 in., height 35 in.

Library Table—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼x34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in. Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6944A. $1.00 with coupon, $2.70 a month, price $29.85.

Straus & Schram, Department 3042 Chicago, Ill.

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☐ 6-Piece Library Set, No. B6944A. $29.85.

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If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

Probably when you get through with high school and the chasing of dark-haired and robust bears, you will be able to look out from under your khaki eyebrows and make an agreeable and powerful choice. Anyway your bear-hunting will be good training, Bill says.

WAXA, R. R. B., BOX 253, TEXAS,

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I'm a little boy twenty-three years old and my mamma's pet. I live on a farm of 114 acres with my pa. I like to farm fine, except pick cotton and I won't do that at all. I have a car of my own—oh, I mean a Ford.

I guess you will want to know what I look like: I am five feet, ten inches tall and weigh 147 pounds. I have light curly hair and blue eyes. I would like to hear from all the cousins and will answer all I can if I have to sell a bale of cotton to buy stamps. All that can please send photos.

Your nephew, ALVIN ANDERSON.

Alvin, how do you suppose our country's cotton crop is going to get picked if everybody who dislikes to do it refuses the job and goes off to town in a Ford to shoot a game of pool? I think "mamma's pet" ought to be spanked, even if it takes a fence rail to do the trick.

It is "little boys" who can profit from good advice, Alvin, and I want to tell you that for every duty or hard job we evade, somebody has to work all the harder to do our share. This is not playing the game fair and will never win in the end. Go ahead and do your part of the cotton picking, Alvin, as you do in all the rest of the work on pa's farm. Anyway you will have to pick a bale, you know, to buy your postage stamps. You might put a bag on the nose of your Ford and go down between the rows.

Alvin, I hope lots of little girls will write to you and prevent "mamma's pet" from being too lonesome down among the unpicked cottonfields of Waxa.

MINNEAPOLIS, 262 LYNDALE AVE., N., MINN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a very interested cousin from the Gopher State to the family circle? Greetings, everybody! I love every one of you and I hope you will love me, too. Needless to say I enjoy reading the cousins' letters, especially those dealing critically with the girl of today. I admit it is undeniably true that some girls conduct themselves outrageously, and I admire the young men who have brains enough to avoid such girls. Sad but true, the majority of boys haven't will power enough to do this, and so the poor creatures drift on with the idea firmly planted in their brains that they can hold a candle to Theda Bara or somebody like her—all because some brainless idiots allow themselves to be vamped and give them a few tastes of what they think is the wine of life. Whenever I see an especially freakish lunatic, who is whitewashed and rouged to her heart's content, I become the possessor of a very burning desire to box her ears properly and wash her face thoroughly. Of course, at the same time, I wouldn't forget to lengthen her skirt a couple of inches and add some material to her lowest blouse. I am very much in favor of powder, but I do not look ill after I have used it; if I did, my mother would rely on the trustworthy hickory stick and administer that time-honored remedy—an old-fashioned spanking! And I'm quite sure, Uncle Lisha, that you would enjoy assisting mother and would agree with me when I say I would have deserved it.

Some girls, in their drug store complexions, that parade the streets nowadays in search of a good time, remind me of an Indian on the warpath, and I wish to say they are as brainless as they look. Naturally I realize that all girls aren't of this type, and I beg to remark that the right sort of an all round American girl cannot be beat.

However, I admit I'm practically convinced that the majority of the boys of today are mentally unbalanced, or in slang, just "plain bugs." At least their actions would lead one to this conclusion. Now you who are ready to condemn me, collect your scattered brains and do a little thinking. I will give you a few examples. I won't divide my specimens into different classes, for the simple reason that if a person does one base thing, he usually does the others, too. Of course, there are exceptions. What do you say about the fellows found on every street corner, who say coarse and indelicate things about every girl that passes—whether she is decent or indecent? Usually they have an evil-smelling cigarette drooping limply from one corner of their mouths, while cuss words and other vile things issue freely from the other. And when you are past such a specimen, he yells such endearing names as, "Hello, sweetie," and, "Hello, cutie." Oh, yes; I agree with you that some girls do not mind it one bit. When he finally does decide to leave his place at the pool hall and go home, he is often so "stewed" that he isn't responsible for his actions, and the milkman has to help him find the right house. Now what's the verdict? I just knew you'd say that you would call him a cur and not a gentleman. But, my dear friends, do you think that we would call our young painted warriors ladies? Of course there are many other ungentlemanly things the above-mentioned boys do, but they are too numerous to mention, and so I must content myself with the few I have named. I admit that there are boys of the minority who are a pretty decent lot, but I think this is partly due to the fact that most of them are farm-bred boys, or boys who live their lives in the open where their brains haven't a chance of getting warped. Of course, there are a few nice boys in the city, but, mind you, I said *few*—and you require a microscope to find them. The boys love to babble about the degrading things the girls do, but oh, how they hate to hear about their own faults. I'm inclined to think that the boys are worse than the girls. I, for one, am going to declare war on the little mamma's boys running about, who use the adage: "It is the truth that hurts," to hide behind. And on the pretty little boy angels with beautiful gauzy wings who hate to be reminded of the "lounge lizard", and of that part of their sex which, too, employs a drug store complexion to enhance their manly beauty. Can anyone among the cousins tell me why the boys enjoy reminding the decent girls about the indecent part of their sex, but change the subject as soon as someone mentions "lounge lizards," etc.? It certainly is a mystery to me. Perhaps some of the cousins who have been keeping their opinion of the "superior sex" to themselves will lend a helping hand to me. Perhaps we will be able to impress upon the boys that it is a rather dangerous occupation to throw stones when one is living in a glass house.

I have an idea many of you are convinced by this time that I am either an old maid or a confirmed manhater. Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm neither. I'm just sweet(?) sixteen and believe in enjoying life in the best and cleanest way possible.

Will some of the cousins please write to me. I will try to answer every letter I receive.

Sincerest wishes to Uncle Lisha and all the Cousins.

INEZ ROSE.

Inez Rose, you are a rose with good sharp thorns! And you use these vigorously in pricking masculine weaknesses—at the same time giving a prod or two at the foolish younglings of your own sex. You come holding well and bravely aloft the feminine banner of your newly declared war, and rash boy critics are going to have much broken glass tumbling about their ears. I'm sure many like-minded nieces will hear your call and rally to your standard—Cousin Ruth of Minnesota, for instance, will be a neighbor and cousin who I'm certain will take up a position by your side.

Your letter of judgment concerning boys and girls who are too deep in their silly season, Inez, is good criticism and well expressed. It will leave little room for the escape of those whom you verbally biff. But your letter might have been more tolerant if you had not had to draw your lessons and "specimens" from boys and girls of city life and breeding. You hint at this yourself when you except from your awful specimens farm boys and those who have out-of-door occupations to leave them clearer-eyed, clearer-lunged and clearer-minded. Corner standees and poolroom artists are unfortunate debris of youth which cities readily accumulate. For it is in cities, Inez, that corners are many, that pool-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)



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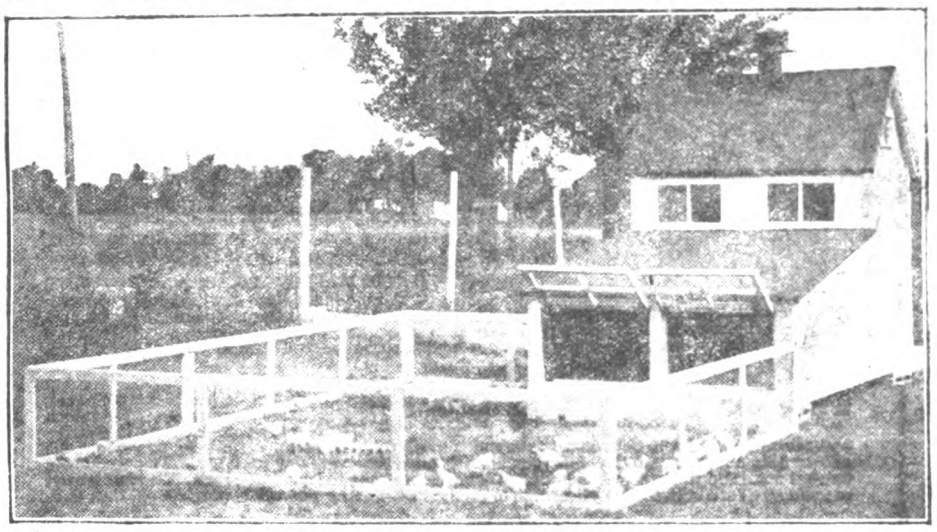


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

New Prosperity for Poultry People

THE price of eggs is high now, and will be higher. The big boost that President Harding gave the American poultry industry when he signed the Fordney tariff bill last September has now commenced to be felt in the open market. In Boston and New York, new laid eggs are bringing $1.10 per dozen, and this is only the beginning. The high tariff placed on foreign poultry and eggs will prevent the repetition of the heavy shipments from China which came in last year to flood our markets and lower prices. The new tariff taxes every pound of eggs in the shell eight cents; preserved eggs, six cents a pound; dried eggs, 18 cents a pound; chickens, six cents a pound. No foreign country will think it worth while sending eggs or chickens with such a tariff, so the signing of the Fordney bill has effectually protected the American poultry industry, and made 1922 the beginning of a golden era for us poultry people, big or little. And even the women with only a few hens or a small back lot will reap the benefit of the high prices, and the farm woman who can go ahead and double or even treble the number of her chickens can be sure of a substantial return far in excess of anything in the past, for you must remember that there is no fear of overproduction in the matter of eggs. Just think, we have a population of one hundred and ten million people in this great country of ours, so at the very lowest figure it requires 770,000,000 eggs a week to provide one a day for each person, and when you consider the immense quantities of eggs which are used in cooking every day, the number required to meet the demand becomes positively appalling. Having won the fight, and shut out foreign supplies by a tariff, it is up to us to produce more and better chickens and eggs, which of course means devoting more time and care to them. If the rural country at large does not do this, we shall be short of eggs next fall to meet the demand, and lose our big chance to make substantial incomes from our poultry.

The foundation of winter eggs is good breeding stock and lots of early chickens, which of course



LITTLE CHICKS' AND BROODER HOUSES.

necessitates the use of incubators and setting all the hens one can, and following up the hatch with intelligent management of brooders and feeding and care of young chicks. During the first two or three days in the brooder the youngsters must be watched closely to make sure that they learn the source of heat. Constant attention is frequently necessary to develop the chicks' bump of location and until this is achieved the best plan is to confine nearer the hover or stove with the aid of a few boards or a piece of fine mesh wire. A circular piece of twelve-inch wire is preferable, since it eliminates all corners in which the chicks can huddle or crowd. Every time the hover is visited the chicks should be pushed gently under the hover or near the stove until they are thoroughly hover-broke. The wire enclosure should gradually be enlarged, allowing more floor space after the first day or so, and removed entirely as soon as the chicks can safely be allowed the freedom of the brooder or colony house.

This particular part of the work will call for patience on the part of the poultryman, for at first the chicks will persist in huddling in every convenient place except under the stove or hover. Usually, however, two or three days of close attention is all that is required to teach the youngsters the source of heat.

As soon as they are put in the brooder the chicks should be supplied with milk or water in shallow fountains and taught to drink. The easiest and quickest way to do this is to dip the bills of a few chicks in the liquid and then release them. Repeat the operation until they have learned how to drink. As soon as two or three have discovered the process the others will become interested, and the trick is accomplished.

At the end of the first week, if the weather is pleasant, the chicks may be allowed the liberty of a small yard. At first they will be slow to avail themselves of this new privilege. Do not attempt to hurry them, but let them come out of their own free will.

Now, unless you want chilled chickens and a peck of trouble, do not make the fatal mistake of assuming that because the chicks found their way out of the brooder it necessarily follows that they know how to get in again when they feel the need of heat. This is exactly what they do not know, and if they are not driven back into the brooder or colony house several times during the first day or so, they are apt to become fatally chilled because of the neglect to teach them this simple lesson.

The runway from the exit door to the ground should be of dirt, so that the chicks can run up from any angle. If a strip of board is used the chicks seem to lose all power of sight, and insist on running around and under it when you are trying to get them back into the brooder.

After several days the yard should be doubled in size so as to give the youngsters more liberty and fresh ground to pasture on. As they get older the yard space must be increased until they can be given free range.

The best brooders and the most scientifically balanced rations cannot produce strong, healthy chickens unless their quarters are kept clean and sanitary and free from vermin. The area under the hover must be cleaned daily and covered with fine litter or clean sand. No set rule can be given for renewing the litter in the nursery or on the floor of the colony house, but it should always be removed before it becomes damp or foul smelling. In most cases, every seven days for the first four weeks will be none too frequent. If a small quantity of coal tar disinfectant is used each time the litter is used, the brooder can be kept sweet and clean with very little trouble.

If any lice or mites are found in the brooder or on the chicks, steps should be taken at once to eradicate them. The chicks should be dusted with lice powder and the interior of the brooder or colony house thoroughly sprayed with some good commercial liquid lice killer. One application will not always suffice to rid the premises of these troublesome enemies.

There are a number of ailments or diseases which cause the loss of untold numbers of chicks every spring. The most common of these include gapes, bowel trouble, c[illegible] leg weakness, drooping wings and general a[illegible]nia. As doctoring little chicks is practically out of the question, the cure for these various maladies is to be found in their prevention by good all-round management. Colds and kindred troubles are usually caused by damp, dirty, poorly ventilated quarters and irregular temperatures. Bowel trouble and digestive disorders are the result of unsuitable feed and improper methods of feeding. Leg weakness can generally be traced to close confinement and the too liberal use of rich food lacking ash or bone building material. Drooping wings and anemia are, for the most part brought about by a combination of poor methods of management and haphazard feeding, but in some instances chilling or overheating are directly responsible for these maladies.

First Class Digestive Organs

During the first few days, while the chicks' digestive organs are just beginning to function, special care in feeding is desirable. After that they can eat and digest any wholesome feed that is suitable for older fowls. When boiled down, the only radical difference between rations for chicks and fowls is the size of the ingredients used. In other words, anything that hens can digest is suitable for chicks if broken up in pieces small enough for them to swallow.

The beginner is prone to overlook this fact, and to give undue consideration to the question of rations and methods of feeding. These are of only relative importance, for success in feeding during the brooding period is not dependent on any particular ration, but is primarily a matter of good management and a practical working knowledge of the chick's requirements under various conditions. The young chick, while tender and easily injured by extremes of heat and cold, is endowed with a first-class set of digestive organs. If it is kept comfortably warm in clean, well ventilated quarters, it will thrive and grow on almost any sensible combination of clean, wholesome feed, intelligently fed.

Some idea of the chick's power to digest and assimilate feed may be gained by comparing its rate of growth during the first few weeks with that of humans and other animals. The average weight of a chick at hatching is an ounce and a half. It doubles this weight in six days, and under good conditions it is not unusual for it to weigh a pound at the end of eight weeks. This is more than ten times its original weight.

Yet, notwithstanding the chick's apparent power to utilize food efficiently, we must not overlook the fact that this situation obtains only when the chicks are in good physical condition. If our methods of feeding and management are not conducive to a high degree of health, we will soon come to grief, no matter what kind or combinations of feeds may be used. Therefore it is highly desirable that we understand the essential requirements that must be observed in connection with whatever ration may be used.

To begin with, baby chicks can consume only a small quantity of feed at a time; and as this is digested rapidly, it is necessary that they be fed frequently, until their capacity in this respect increases. The safe rule for the beginner is to feed little and often. During the first week or two they should be fed at least four or five times a day. After that the number of meals may be reduced gradually to the regular schedule followed for the older fowls.

While it is not absolutely necessary that the feed given for the first two or three days need be different from the regular ration, the general practice is to supply some special, easily digested material at the start. Many successful growers save the infertile eggs from the incubator for use during this period. These are hard-boiled, run through a meat chopper, shells included, and then mixed with five times their bulk in dry bread-crumbs or rolled oats. To this is added a liberal sprinkle of fine chick grit, working the ingredients together by rubbing between the hands. Other feeds commonly include bread-crumbs moistened with milk and then squeezed dry, johnny-cake, pinhead oatmeal, and commercial chick starters.

Shallow trays made of light wood or galvanized iron will be found very convenient for feeding the oatmeal and egg as well as the ground-grain mixtures used later on.

Suitable feeding equipment also invites clean feeding, a matter that is of the utmost importance during the early part of the chick's life. Slightly moist feed quickly sours in the warm brooder temperature, and unless the excess is removed after each feeding, some of it is sure to be consumed by the chicks after it becomes unwholesome. Trouble results in the form of intestinal disorders and diarrhea.

Watch Out for Moldy Feed

As most of the hard grains will be scattered in the litter until the chicks are weaned, it must be renewed frequently to insure clean feeding. When large numbers of chicks are confined to a relatively small area, such as is necessary in artificial brooding, the litter is quickly soiled by the excrement of birds. If allowed to remain after it becomes foul, trouble will follow.

Musty, moldy or partly decomposed food should never be used under any consideration. In home mixed rations special precautions must be taken to see that the beef scraps, corn or corn products—which are the ingredients most likely to be off color—are of the best grade. Moldy corn can easily be detected. It has a decidedly bitter taste.

The increasing difficulty of securing ingredients of suitable size and quality for home mixed rations has led many to depend entirely upon the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

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The MODERN FARMER

February: The Reading Month

TO sit in front of a cheery, sparkling fireplace or beside a warm, crackling stove is a joy and opportunity that reaches its highest point of perfection for farm folks in February. But simply to sit in-doors in comfort, forgetful of the snow and cold outside, is not all that is needed for relaxation and rest. Something more is required to round out the idle hours of the farmer and his wife and children—yes, children, bless their carefree little hearts. Perhaps you have guessed it before we write it down? Reading! How dull the long winter evenings would be without the farm paper, books and bulletins for the grownups and picture books and stories for the little ones. Reading brings the whole world to the farmer's door—current events, broadening information, politics, facts and fiction are his for the taking, gained without contact with the city which is not *always* so entrancing and attractive as it sometimes appears to the eyes and imaginations of country dwellers. Too many have learned to their everlasting sorrow that the healthful life, fresh air and independence of country life is too much to give up in exchange for the environment of squalor, poverty and crime "where the bright lights burn at night."

But to return to our topic—reading. We who read know and appreciate in a measure how much it means to us. But do we ever stop to consider the many farmers who *do not* read? Ponder on that a moment. Perhaps here is a place where each of us may perform a valuable service—a sort of missionary service right in our own neighborhood. Why not try this:

No doubt you "swap work" with your neighbor occasionally? Then why not go a step further and hand him one of your old copies of COMFORT to read? You and your family have gleaned its contents from cover to cover, but the good things it contains have not been removed by your reading, and they will be new to him.

We assume that your neighbor is a stranger to us, but no doubt you know him well. You know his little likes and dislikes, his strong points, weak points and peculiarities. Talk to him about his "hobby," then point out to him an article or item dealing with his pet subject in your paper. He may perhaps be indifferent to knowledge and to his own best interests; he may be a shiftless, unsuccessful farmer with a large family. The two somehow seem to go together, don't they? Still, he is human, and curiosity is one of the pillars of human nature. His curiosity can be aroused, you may be certain. He will read your old paper to satisfy that curiosity, or at any rate he will look at the pictures. Even that is worth something, a step in the right direction. The donated copy may prove to be the entering wedge, the slender string upon which the growing vine of inquisitiveness climbs upward to the light of broadened information.

It is sad but true that the man who most needs the influence of the farm paper is the very one who is too indifferent to his own needs and to his personal success and advancement to subscribe. Little can be done for the indifferent man. The old saying about leading the horse to water applies in his case. Nevertheless, there is always a chance and the chance is worth taking. You may be in a position to arouse a latent interest and inspire in another one of God's creatures a growing desire to reach out and up to the more worthy things of life.

Your old, well-read, dog-eared copy of COMFORT may be the means of creating another "reading farmer" like yourself, and reading farmers are the very mainstay and foundation of our rural life. The reading farmer is the *thinking* farmer, the man who *knows*. He lives comfortably and contentedly in a horizon broadened by his reading, makes more money and spends it more wisely and to better advantage, talks intelligently on current matters, and *votes informedly and regularly on election day*. He has "discovered" the wealth of valuable information contained in his farm papers, his books, and in government and state agricultural bulletins.

Let's do a good turn for our neighbor by helping him help himself. Let's pass our old COMFORT along to someone else after we are through with it. The seed may fall upon fertile ground, like the good seed mentioned in the Bible, there to sprout and take root and grow and multiply an hundredfold.

Dry Cows Need Minerals

Though lime and phosphorous are found in comparatively small quantities in feeds, these minerals have a great deal to do with milk production and also play an important part in building up the body of the unborn calf. If the ration fed to dry cows is deficient in these elements, they are then drawn from the supply stored in the cows' bodies. This also takes place during the height of the milking period, but if permitted to continue for more than a very short time, the animal herself is certain to suffer a loss of flesh and physical condition. Likewise, when a dry cow is fed a short or incomplete ration deficient in lime and phosphorus, she becomes run down in flesh and vitality, often giving birth with difficulty to an undernourished calf. Therefore it is a good practice to feed cows well when they are running down in milk yield and when they are dry, thus permitting them to store up in their bodies these elements as well as many others for use when the great demand is made.

The common view is that dry cows need only enough feed for maintenance, but extensive experiments carried on by the various agricultural experiment stations and by the United States Department of Agriculture show that this is far from the truth. In fact a cow is nothing more or less than a milk-manufacturing plant; like any factory, she must have a reserve supply of materials on hand to draw upon when heavy demands are made. A cow that has been well fed when dry has stored up this reserve. She therefore is able to produce more on full feed than a cow that has received only a maintenance ration during the resting period. Short rationing dairy cows during the dry period is false economy—economy that is certain to "back fire." Why? Simply because the elements withdrawn from the underfed body to supply the needs of the calf must be replaced when the cow is "fresh" and placed upon a heavier ration. Therefore she does not "hit her milking stride" until she is once more back in good physical condition. During this period, whether it be long or short, her owner is paying the price for his "economy" in the reduced yield she is able to produce.

In keeping up the necessary lime and phosphorus supply it is well to remember that some feeds are richer than others in these elements. Legume hays are the best and cheapest source of lime; cowpeas, alfalfa, soy bean and the numerous clovers are included under this head, and are listed in the order of their lime richness. Quality of hay has much to do with the amount of lime found therein, good leafy alfalfa hay containing more lime than coarse, stemmy hay.

Phosphorus is derived mainly from wheat bran, cottonseed meal, standard wheat middlings and linseed meal in the order given. Other feeds rich in phosphorus, but less widely known and used for dairy feed, are sesame oil cake, rice polish, buckwheat middlings, rice bran, sunflower-seed cake, rapeseed cake, buckwheat bran and malt sprouts.

No bran or other concentrate contains anywhere near so much *lime* as the legume hays; no kind of roughage contains so much *phosphorus* as is found in the concentrates mentioned above. Grass hays, corn silage and all other corn products with the possible exception of those made from the corn germ are low in both lime and phosphorus.

Set New-Laid Eggs

Eggs intended for setting should be set as soon as possible after they are laid if best results are to be expected. In the first place new-laid eggs hatch a little earlier than those that have been kept for some time. Eggs that have been stored, moreover, evaporate to an extent that lessens their vitality, thus reducing the percentage of hatch. Also, if eggs are held for any length of time before setting, there is always the danger that unfavorable influences are at work. For example, if eggs are stored at too low a temperature the resulting chilling is likely to injure their hatching power. If stored at too high a temperature, on the other hand, the embryo is likely to start to develop then stop. When this happens the result is a dead embryo, and such eggs will never hatch.

Eggs set the same day that they are laid usually hatch about eighteen hours earlier than those that have been kept for two weeks prior to setting. As a rule, eggs kept more than two weeks will lose hatching power, though this is not always the case. Tests have been made at various agricultural experiment stations which show that if stored under proper conditions eggs can be kept for a month and still hatch well. But under ordinary farm conditions it is impossible to provide the ideal conditions of temperature and moisture which make long storing possible. Therefore it is far better to set eggs promptly after they are laid, thus insuring a maximum and even hatch.

Care of Pregnant Ewes

Lambing time is the most important season of the year for the shepherd, the "shepherd's harvest," for a successful lambing period is a very fine start for a successful year. A little loss of sleep on the part of the shepherd will save many a lamb and here and there a ewe during lambing time and there is no time that the shepherd will be so well repaid for serving a night shift as during the height of the lambing period.

Successful shepherds point every effort toward securing as high a percentage of strong and healthy lambs as possible, beginning far in advance of lambing time by correctly rationing the ewes. If the ewes are to lamb before going on pasture they should receive some grain about one month before they are due to lamb. This insures a good flow of milk. Oats and wheat bran, either half-and-half or two parts of oats and one of bran, which is lower in price, should be fed. One-half pound a day of this mixture for each ewe is the amount fed with best results.

It is also important that succulent feeds, such as corn silage or roots, should be given to pregnant ewes. These keep the bowels in good condition and serve as general tonics and regulators. The weight of the fleece can also be increased by feeding good succulence. Throughout the winter each ewe should receive from two to two and one-half pounds of succulence daily. After lambing this amount can be increased. Frozen roots or moldy or tainted silage should never be fed to sheep, as such feed is dangerous. Keep barrel salt where it is always easily available, and provide plenty of pure, fresh water. Keep quarters well ventilated and lighted, sanitary and dry if ewes are to come through the winter in the best of condition, and compel them to take exercise by scattering feed outdoors in good weather.

Managing the Herd Boar

The manner in which the herd boar is managed has much to do with his ability to sire pigs that will grow rapidly and feed profitably. Proper feeding is essential, for many good boars have had their breeding power seriously impaired by overfeeding a fattening ration that has made them inactive, fat, slow breeders, and uncertain and unprofitable sires. The herd boar should be well fed but not made fat. This is managed by abundantly feeding a relatively narrow ration containing a high percentage of feeds rich in crude protein. The commonest of these are tankage, oilmeal, fish meal and skim-milk. The correct amount of feed is gauged by the hog's condition as the breeding season progresses. Some laxative feed such as wheat bran should be fed to assure good health. Corn, if fed at all, should be allowed sparingly and combined with a protein concentrate such as tankage.

Confine the boar during the breeding season in a roomy paddock apart from the sows, and bring the latter to him for service. By this plan the herdsman can accurately record service and farrowing dates, and when necessary return sows for re-breeding. It also allows the breeding of a larger number of sows in a single season, as they are removed immediately after service. Handled in this way a mature boar should be able to serve 50 or 60 sows. A specially constructed breeding crate should be used when breeding to an old, large and heavy boar.

During the remainder of the year the boar may be fed a little more corn, but should be given the run of a good pasture of at least a quarter of an acre to insure necessary exercise and to provide the required amount of laxative feed. In

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Stable Vices of Horses

"WEAVING" is the name given to the vice or habit some horses have of constantly swinging the head from one side of the stall to the other and, in some cases, rythmically lifting each fore foot in turn. This we consider an evidence of the "call of the wild". The stabled horse is a prisoner longing to get outdoors and see what is going on. Longing for the companionship of his mates or even that of foal or calf. It is the result of prolonged idleness. Some stabled horses learn it by pulling up and down the chain with which they are tied and that passes through a staple or ring and has a weight attached. They like to hear the rattle of the chain. The play becomes a habit. Weaving may also be learned by imitation when a colt is stabled beside a horse that is a confirmed weaver. There is no sure remedy. Stabling the animal in a box-stall may help. Daily work or exercise is most effective. "Cribbing and wind sucking" may also be learned by imitation. It is a vice of idleness. Teething, indigestion, worms, lack of feed and nervousness may also start a horse to cribbing and sucking wind. Some veterinarians do not believe that a horse really sucks wind. Anyhow, the addict animal is always thriftless and shows every symptom of chronic indigestion. Have a colt's teeth attended to periodically by the veterinarian. Keep the animal free from worms. Provide an abundance of nutritious feed. Enforce daily exercise. The vice is incurable when established. It may temporarily cease when the horse is stabled in a box-stall from which everything has been removed on which he could set his teeth or rest his chin to practice the habit. A wide strap should also be buckled fairly tight around the neck just behind the throat-latch. An operation of unnerving is possible, but expensive, not always successful and seldom done. Blanket biting and tearing is best combatted by stabling the horse where covering will be unnecessary. Halter pulling and breaking may be stopped by running a small rope with the halter rope from the ring in the manger, through a ring in the halter, through another in a surcingle and putting a noose at the other end around the root of the tail or around a hind pastern.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I have a cow that sucks herself several times a day if not watched. I have done everything I have been told to do, and have put several kinds of harness on her and it has been impossible to break her of the habit. I salt her milk regularly and give her plenty of water and salt. H. B. M.

A.—Put an old horse collar upside down on her neck, or put on a cradle of sharpened pickets running lengthwise of the neck. Weave them with smooth wire to keep them in place. Another plan is to hang a pole between the forelegs from a chain running to a halter on the head and another short chain connecting with a surcingle around the body. Putting a straight bar bit in the cow's mouth or inserting a bull ring in her nose and from that hanging another and if necessary a third from the second ring will also stop self-sucking.

CHRONIC SORE.—I have a cow that has a sore in the middle of her back as large over as a cup and several more on her back and hips and from her fore shoulder and rear of her back she has small scabs the size of a pea. She eats heartily. There is an offensive odor from the sore. What is the trouble? MRS. B. R.

A.—Screw worms probably invaded the sores and now they contain dead or diseased tissue which has a bad odor. The cow should be cast and each sore thoroughly curetted (scraped) to remove all diseased tissue; then swab freely with tincture of iodin. Afterwards apply a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash two or three times daily and then rinse the sores with a mixture of one part each of oxide of zinc, powdered naphthalin and flowers of sulphur and five parts of boric acid.

COLT FOUNDER.—I have a colt that is lame in all her legs. What can I do for her? MRS. A. V.

A.—This form of founder (lammitis) is caused by absorption of poisonous matter in the womb following foaling and retention of a part of the afterbirth or germ infection of the womb. It is incurable. The mare may be able to work on the land if you have her shod with wide-webbed, flat bar shoes put on after covering the soles of the feet with lanolin, oakum and thick leather pads. The shoes should bear only on the frogs, walls and a small rim of sole. After shoeing clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and blister them, one at a time, at intervals of two weeks. For the purpose use a mixture of one dram each of powdered cantharides and biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it for 15 minutes. Tie mare short while blister is acting. Wash the blister off in 48 hours then apply lard daily. Blister the second foot three or four days after the one first treated.

EYE DISEASE.—I have a neighbor, and his horse has an eye that had a little white spot on it for several years. I do not know whether the spot was there at birth or not. Last summer it grew until it covered his eyeball. It was inflamed and it looked as though he would go blind. After a time the spot grew smaller until it was as small as ever. Another neighbor had a horse with the same eye trouble and after repeated attacks he went blind in the affected eye. L. L.

A.—Amaurosis is palsy of the sight also called "glass eye." In that disease both eyes are affected and the pupils are widely dilated and cannot be contracted. There is paralysis of the retina and optic nerves which causes blindness. The eyes have an abnormally bright and sparkling appearance. No white spots are present. In the condition you describe the white spot may be merely a scar caused by an accident, it should be left alone. In periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) cataract forms and causes permanent blindness. The disease is practically incurable. Cataract is opacity of the crystalline lens of the eye.

EFFECT OF WORMS.—I have a dog, one year old. She gets scared, barks, runs and yelps and acts as though she wanted to hide. The pupils of her eyes enlarge. I am afraid of her when she has a spell and does not seem to know any of us. Some days she will have three or four then she will go three or four days without one. MRS. T. I. C.

A.—Southern dogs seem to be commonly affected with this ailment which is a nervous disorder. We have had many complaints about it of late. In some instances at least it is due to worms and hookworms are most prevalent in the South. Excitement of any kind seems to induce the attacks. To expel or destroy the worms, withhold feed for 24 hours and then give it strong gelatin capsules, one drop of carbon tetrachlorid for each pound of body weight to puppies and two drops per pound to grown dogs. Repeat the treatment in two weeks. Take great care not to break the capsule or let the cap come off. At time of attack give 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water and repeat the dose in 20 minutes, if needed.

WOOL EATING.—Please tell me the cause of my sheep eating their wool and what will prevent it. W. J. McA.

A.—Ticks or lice often cause such irritation that the affected sheep scratch, bite and pull wool which sometimes is swallowed. In some cases wool that has been soiled or wetted with urine and manure is pulled and eaten on account of its salty taste. All sheep should be dipped to kill ticks and lice before entering winter quarters. Lambs should also be dipped after shearing of their dams as ticks migrate to them at that time. Dust itching skin freely with a mixture of pyrethrum powder, tobacco snuff and flowers of sulphur and repeat as often as seen to be necessary. Keep sheep away from straw stacks, especially barley rye or wheat stacks and from timothy hay. Grain beards and timothy seed heads irritate the skin. So do alfilaria or foxtail grass or needle grass beards.

WARTS ON TEATS.—I have a cow five and one-half years old. Her teats are covered with warts. What is a good remedy for them? S. H. L.

A.—Immerse the teats for five minutes twice daily in a cup of warm water in which a lump of washing soda as large as a walnut has been dissolved. This may suffice but if not quickly effective also cover the teats each evening with a thick paste of equal quantities of salt, flowers of sulphur and cold pressed castor oil. Warts that have slim necks may, if preferred, be snipped off with scissors, a few at a time; then apply tincture of iodin.

LAME CATTLE.—What is the matter with my cows? Their feet are very sore at the top of the hoof. They have been sore since last August. They are from two to nine years old. Can you tell me what to do for them? MRS. L. J. E.

A.—Wading in filth, wet, slush, mud, grit or wiry grass often cause "fouls" or "foul in the foot" sometimes called foot-rot in cattle. Foreign bodies such as corn-stalks, corn-cob sticks, straw, etc., often lodge between the toes and cause or aggravate the condition. Perfectly cleanse the feet and remove lodged objects, but do not draw a rope between the toes as is done by some owners. Cut away all loose or rotten horn of walls or sole of feet, then immerse foot for five minutes in hot water containing two ounces of bluestone per pint. Afterward bind upon the sore parts, by means of a narrow bandage crisscrossed between the toes and then tied around the pastern, some oakum or cotton batting saturated with a five per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant. Renew the dressing daily until the parts have about healed, then apply pine tar every three or four days. Keep the animals in the stable while under treatment.

When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are wakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

Rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest, and then go back to bed.

Musterole penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes right to the seat of trouble.

Will not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, Musterole takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

Check the Subjects That Interest You Most and get the Pathfinder 13 WEEKS

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How Many Objects Can You Find Beginning with "C"?

How's Your Eyesight?

Solve Puzzle! WIN $1000!

Can your eyes find very many objects in the above picture beginning with "C", like Cow, Cage, Canoe, etc. You will have all kinds of spare-time fun solving this puzzle picture and besides you may win $1,000 free prize. Have the family or friends help you win if you like, but send in your list of C-words as soon as possible. THREE $1,000 PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN AWAY. You may win $1,000 just as well as not. ACT! Try, that's the way to do anything.

Winning Easy

Try Your "Luck" 50 PRIZES IN ALL

Winning $1,000 will be easier than you may believe possible. If your list of C-words is awarded first, second or even third and you have "Qualified" under "Class A", by sending in a $5 Pencil Order during this advertising campaign, you win $1,000; under Class B, a $3 Pencil order, you would win $300; under Class C, if you had sent in no pencil order, you would win $25. TRY, you never know how "lucky" you are until you try. 50 PRIZES IN ALL. WIN $1,000.

Many Have Won $1000 From Us!

YOU CAN WIN!

If others, even school children as young as 12 and 14 years have won $1,000, you can win. The following persons (a few of the many winners) each won $1,000 in previous advertising campaigns conducted by this company: Thomas Damico, 1154 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Vogel, 720 North I St., Tacoma, Wash.; E. J. Kilkelly, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. B. Bulfin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn.; Mrs. R. O. Steele, Kimball, Neb.; M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho, and others.

Don't Wish! ACT!

No one can make you try, no one will win for you,—you must get busy yourself and WIN. Others won by simply trying. Think how wonderful it will be to win $1,000 to spend for fine clothes, for diamonds, an education, travel, etc. Get right busy and make up your list of C-words, send it in at once and win. IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. You will never be sorry you solved this puzzle when you've won. This is your OPPORTUNITY—ACT at Once.

READ THESE RULES

1. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.
2. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "C," will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 free prizes. One Point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word.
3. In case of ties for any prizes offered the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request
4. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words made up of two complete English words) or foreign words. Webster's International Dictionary will be used as authority.
5. It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
6. All solutions mailed and postmarked March 10, 1923, will be accepted. Contestants may "qualify" under class A or B up to midnight, March 24, 1923.
7. Write words on one side of paper only numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4 etc.
8. Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

ADDRESS YOUR SOLUTION TO **The Henber Co., 401 South 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.**

$4000 IN CASH PRIZES

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	$1,000.00	$300.00	$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	300.00	100.00	10.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order $5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order $3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil

Prize Gifts on Deposit at Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

Advertising Campaign for Henber Pencils

We want every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Henber Silver and Gold Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. You will like the Henber Pencil, it is fully guaranteed. Henber Pencils make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's and Gent's Style

The illustration shows our Lady's Sterling Silver style of pencils (regular $3.50 now $3 or two for $5, Lady's or Gent's). The $5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in Colonial Hexagon shape. The barrel is beautifully chase engraved. The Henber has many distinctive features; repelling lead device; safety clasp; non-clogging mechanism; lightness of pencil, etc.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

sumed his pacings, a smile of ineffable scorn curling his fine lips.

"A poverty-stricken governess, indeed!" he muttered between his teeth; "and I would not have her prospects for future happiness ruined by the son of such a woman! Poor child!" and his face softened into tenderness; "then she has been reduced to that cruel necessity, and she will have a hard time of it if left to the tender mercies of those two. At all events," he continued, "I will manage some way to get acquainted with her before the voyage is ended, and return her cuff button. I shall miss it, too, for it has lain so long in its place that it seems like a precious talisman."

He took from the pocket of his vest as he spoke—that beautiful little trifle of black enamel and gold, with its sparkling initial in the center, inclosed in its brilliant circle.

He turned it over, and read the tiny letters engraved on the back.

"Brownie!" he murmured. "I could not help speaking her name as I held her in my arms; and how beautiful she looked when the lovely color leaped into her face as she heard it. Never mind, when I put this into her own little hands, I will explain it all."

He replaced the button in his pocket, with a deep sigh, and then turned his attention to the steamer, as she cast off her moorngs and began to move out into the mighty deep.

The reader has doubtless recognized in the stranger the person of Adrian Dredmond, one of the young men who stood in the vestibule of the Art Gallery at Philadelphia on the day when Miss Huntington met with such a series of accidents to her elaborate toilet.

He had come from the old country to attend the world's wonderful exposition, and was now returning—but more of him hereafter.

CHAPTER XII.

DRESSING FOR THE OPERA.

The passage proved to be an exceedingly rough one, and Brownie suffered more than any of the party, not being able to leave her stateroom during all the voyage.

Upon their arrival at Liverpool, she was so weak and wan that Mr. Coolidge and Wilbur were obliged to bear her in their arms from the boat to the carriage which was to convey them to their hotel, much to the annoyance and disgust of Isabel and her mother.

Adrian Dredmond had waited in vain for the opportunity he had so desired. He had not once seen Brownie during the voyage. He stood by when they carried her to the carriage, and a feeling of pain smote his heart as he saw her wan face and sunken eyes.

"I cannot give it to her now, but I will seek an opportunity. I will see her again," he breathed to himself.

They lifted her into the carriage, shut the door and drove away.

"Brownie Douglas—the name is as sweet as she looks—good by, my Brownie; we shall meet again," he murmured; and, with a deep tenderness in his heart for her, Adrian Dredmond went his own way.

From Liverpool, the Coolidges, after a few days of rest, went to London, where they proposed establishing their headquarters for three or four months, while they made excursions about the country.

Here they took a house in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, and to Isabel's delight entered at once upon the gayeties of the season.

Brownie's heart is stirred with various emotions as she finds herself thus settled among the very scenes of her aunt's former life.

Here Miss Mehetabel lived when she was a girl; here she was wooed and won; here she had lived that short, bright year, loving and beloved, and which was followed by a lifetime of mourning and sadness.

She wondered if Lord Dunforth were still living, and if it would be her lot while abroad to meet him. She hoped so; and she was confident that she should recognize him, from the picture which was now in her possession, even though so many years had passed, and he was an old man of over sixty.

Of course, she never expected to meet him as an equal, or even speak to him; but she longed for just one look into his face, to see if he had fulfilled the promise of his early manhood, and to assure her that he was the noble, high-minded knight which her little romantic heart had pictured him from Miss Mehetabel's description.

During the first hours of the day Miss Douglas and her pupils dived deep into the mystic lore; and so charming did she make their studies, and so interested did she appear in everything pertaining to their welfare, that, to their credit be it said, they applied themselves with the utmost diligence to their tasks, and soon gave promise of becoming quite proficient.

The afternoons were devoted to sight-seeing and riding, the evenings to receiving company, attending drawing-rooms, the opera or the theater.

One morning Wilbur came home in considerable excitement, and throwing some tickets upon the table, said:

"There, mother, are some tickets for her Majesty's opera, and I want every member of this family to attend, for there are wonderful attractions tonight."

"Then, of course, we must all go, and the girls will be delighted that you remembered them, for they are not often allowed to appear in company, you know," she said, smiling.

"And Miss Douglas, too, mother; I procured a ticket for her," he added.

Mrs. Coolidge demurred at this.

"But Miss Douglas is in deep mourning; it would not be suitable for her to appear with us in her black garments," she said.

Pshaw! she can wear something else for once. It is a shame to debar her from such a luxury; any one can see that she is passionately fond of music, and I should feel mean to take all the others and leave her behind," he returned indignantly.

Mrs. Coolidge thought a moment, and finally assented.

She well knew that too much opposition often whetted passion, and she had no desire to provoke Wilbur into being a champion for the governess, and accordingly gave her consent.

He met Brownie in the hall a few moments afterward, and told her of the arrangement for the evening.

Her face lighted with pleasure.

"Please, if I may be so bold as to make the request, wear something not quite so somber as this," and he just touched the black dress.

Her face grew very sad, and her eyes filled with tears. Miss Douglas had been dead just two months, and the thought of gay attire seemed unsuitable to her.

"Forgive me if I pain you, but I would like to see you for once as bright as the others," the young man added, and then passed on.

She knew her black dress would not be suitable for the opera, and yet she hesitated about changing it for two reasons.

Her own feelings rebelled against it, as if it were doing a wrong to Miss Mehetabel.

"And yet," she said, thinking it over, "I know auntie would not wish me to deprive myself of the pleasure of attending the opera, and I know, also, she would not like me to appear in such a place in black."

The other reason was the fear of displeasing Mrs. Coolidge if she made any change.

But that matter was settled for her by that lady herself. She came to her room during the day, repeating the invitation which Wilbur had given her, and concluded by saying:

"Miss Douglas, have you not something a little more appropriate that you could wear? This black is hardly the thing."

"I have several nice dresses which I used to wear upon such occasions, but I fear they are hardly suitable for my position now," Brownie replied, with heightened color, for the first time alluding to the change in her circumstances.

"Ah!" said the matron, in surprise, and pleased with this evidence of the governess' modesty; then she added, patronizingly: "You have seen better days, I presume?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I leave the matter to your own judgment, only do not wear black, nor white, for Alma will wear that. Indeed," she added, after a moment's thought, "if you have a nice dress, Miss Douglas, wear it, for, as we are all going together, I do not care how nicely our party appears."

An amused smile curled her lips at the expression, "if you have a nice dress," and when the door closed after Mrs. Coolidge, she laughed outright.

Evidently she thought if the governess had seen better days, they could not have been very remarkable ones.

She crossed the room, and opened the trunk in which she had packed the richer portion of her clothing, and took out her evening dresses.

The decision was a difficult matter, and it was more than an hour before she could make up her mind which one of those beautiful garments it would do to wear.

She had no desire to outshine Miss Isabel.

But that young lady, with all her love for show and fashion, had nothing more elegant than Brownie's own wardrobe contained.

She at length fixed upon a delicate maize-colored silk, trimmed with puffings of soft illusion, and ruffles of fine thread lace.

When the hour came for dressing, she arrayed herself with a throbbing heart.

She had nearly completed her toilet, when Viola came sweeping in, lovely in blue silk and white tulle.

In her hands she carried a most exquisite bouquet of flowers.

She stood breathless on the threshold as she caught sight of Brownie.

"Miss Douglas," she at length exclaimed, "how perfectly lovely you are!"

"Thank you, Viola; but you are altogether too enthusiastic in your compliments," Brownie returned with a smile.

Yet as she glanced into the mirror, she grew suddenly conscious, and blushed with a sense of her own beauty.

Her hair was drawn away from her broad, low forehead, and knotted gracefully at the back of her small head.

Her beautiful neck gleamed through the misty fichu, and her rounded arms were only half concealed by the fall of delicate lace from her sleeves.

She wore a finely-wrought chain of gold about her neck, from which was suspended the beautiful coral cross, set with brilliants, which her aunt had given her at the same time she gave her the other contents of the casket.

The butterfly hair ornament to match she had fastened in her glossy hair, and it sparkled and gleamed with her every movement.

She surely was lovely, as Viola said.

"I'm afraid your mamma will think me too fine," she said, half regretfully, and struck by the young girl's words.

"But," she added, "this is the simplest thing I have, unless I wear white, and your mamma said Alma was to dress in white."

"Miss Douglas, who—what are you?" Viola asked, an expression of perplexity on her young face.

"My dear, must I repeat my dreadful name? I am Mehetabel Douglas, and a poor governess," Brownie said gayly.

"I know that, of course; but haven't you been a fine lady at some time in your life?" demanded the young girl impatiently.

"That depends altogether upon what you mean by the term 'fine lady,' Viola.

"Why, one who has everything rich and elegant, and who goes among fashionable people."

Brownie smiled at this definition of the term, but she replied gravely and a little sadly:

"My dear, you have been so kind to me, I will gratify you in this, only please remember that I do not care to have it spoken of again. A year ago—yes, and much less—my prospects in life were as bright as your own are now. But death and misfortune took everything from me, and I was obliged to do something for my own support."

"Did you live in an elegant house, and have servants, horses and carriages?"

"Yes."

"Have you always had these things until now?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then you are every bit as good as we are, and it's a shame that you are not treated as an equal," burst from Viola's lips indignantly as she remembered all Isabel's sneers about "the governess," and her mother's scathing remarks about "that person, Miss Douglas."

"Hush, Viola!" Brownie said quietly, yet again smiling at the child's naive remark. "Shall I tell you what my idea of a fine lady is?"

"Yes, do," Viola said eagerly.

"In the first place, it is to be always kind and courteous to everyone; to respect one's self, so that one would never do a mean or cruel act; and never to triumph over or hold one's self above others who may be less fortunate in life."

"That's it! that's it! I only wish mamma and Isabel could hear you. They think they are fine ladies, but, dear Miss Douglas, I'd rather be one after your standard, and I will!" and the impulsive girl threw her arms around Brownie's neck and kissed her heartily.

Brownie was afraid she had made a mistake in speaking thus.

She thought it wise now to change the subject, and asked:

"Where did you get such lovely flowers, dear?"

"Oh, I nearly forgot! Wilbur sent them to you, with his compliments," Viola said apologetically as she gave them to her.

Miss Douglas colored a vivid crimson.

She did not like to take gifts from him, knowing the feelings of Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel; and, at the same time, she did not like to wound him by refusing them.

"They are very beautiful, dear, and it is very kind of your brother to remember me. But there are so many of them, let me fasten this spray in your hair."

She took the loveliest cluster of white moss rosebuds from the bouquet.

"There, see for yourself. Is it not an improvement?" she asked as her deft fingers wove it among Viola's golden braids.

"Thank you," the young girl said, her face beaming with pleasure. "But you have given me the prettiest you had, Miss Douglas," she added regretfully.

"And why shouldn't I, dear? I have not forgotten who was so kind and faithful to a poor, sick, useless little body when we were crossing the ocean," Brownie playfully replied as she kissed the flushed cheek.

She then selected a few flowers for herself, and telling Viola that she was ready, they both descended to the drawing-room.

A hush of expectation followed their entrance.

Isabel's eagle eye took in at one sweeping glance the simple elegance of the governess' toilet, and her astonishment was plainly visible as she noticed those two almost priceless ornaments which she wore upon her bosom and in her hair.

"Indeed, Miss Douglas, I did not expect to see you quite so radiant," said Mrs. Coolidge in cold tones and wondering where her governess got such elegant jewels.

Brownie blushed deeply, but replied courteously:

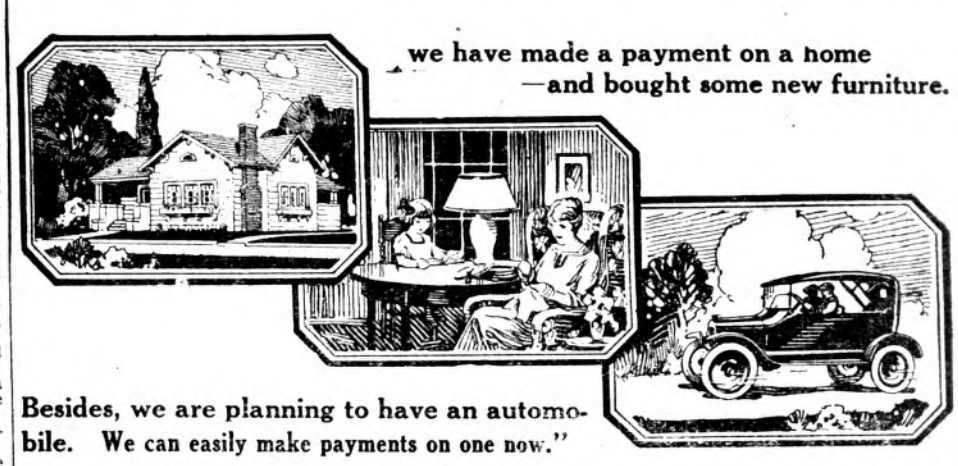
"Do I not meet your approbation, madam? If not, any change you may choose to suggest, I will gladly make."

"They'll spoil all her pleasure, the vixens," was Wilbur's inward comment, as his eyes rested upon her wonderful beauty, and gleamed with a stronger ray of love than he had henceforth dared betray.

Mrs. Coolidge knew she had tied her own tongue by what she had said to Brownie in her own

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

"With This Extra Money —Earned at Home, in Spare Time



we have made a payment on a home —and bought some new furniture.

Besides, we are planning to have an automobile. We can easily make payments on one now."

By Mrs. Henry Bender

EVER since the war I had tried to find some home work to do, but with my house and two children to care for, it seemed hard to find any worth-while occupation that I could work at, just in my spare hours, without leaving home.

At last we heard of the Auto Knitter and it appealed to us, as my husband could use it in spare time during the evenings, while I attended to the children.

After a careful study of the Auto Knitter literature we sent for the machine, but I must confess that I was fearful that we had made a mistake—until the machine actually arrived.

Then my apprehensions vanished, for when the box arrived and was opened, the wonderful Auto Knitter looked so neat and business-like, with work already started in it, that we were both eager to start using it.

We spent a couple of hours studying the instruction book, which makes everything very plain. Then we started knitting. When we had finished our first pair of socks there were a few mistakes, but they were ours, not the machine's. Then I made another pair, which were all right.



Mrs. Henry Bender

The first two dozen pairs of socks I made I sent to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, and received my wage check by return mail. I was so encouraged, for I knew we need not worry over high prices any longer.

After sending several shipments to the company, my friends started buying socks from me. I received $1.00 a pair for men's socks, and during the Winter I sold many dozen pairs, just to friends and their friends.

Next I started to make ladies' fancy wool hose and children's school stockings. I received $1.50 to $2.00 a pair for the women's and 75 cents for the children's. They were bought as fast as I could make them, so I was kept busy all the time I could spare.

With this extra money, earned at home in spare time, we have made a payment on a home of our own, bought some new furniture, and many other things we couldn't have obtained otherwise.

I know we will make more money next year, as we are now used to the work and like it better every day. We are planning to have a small automobile this Summer to enjoy on Sundays. We can easily make monthly payments on one now, for we have a steady income that we are sure of. There is nothing like Auto Knitting. I can't say enough for the Auto Knitter.

Mrs. Henry Bender.

A Practical Way to Make Money at Home

If you have spare hours, and want to turn them into money, you can follow the example of Mrs. Bender and many, many others—right at home—with the assurance that your work at Auto Knitting will pay you in proportion to the time and care you devote to it.

Auto Knitting is a pleasant home occupation—making Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks on the Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter Company gives a Five Year Contract to Every Auto Knitter purchaser, binding the company to accept and pay for every pair of socks made in accordance with the simple standard described in the instruction book.

You are at perfect liberty, however, to dispose of your output locally or to private trade—or you may send a portion of your work to us if you choose, as Mrs. Bender has done.

Auto Knitter Workers Sending Over 1,000,000 Pairs of Socks to Us This Year

This year Auto Knitter owners are sending us over 1,000,000 pairs of wool socks for which we pay them in wages alone over $100,000. Later these socks are sent out to over 9,000 stores, where they are sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks." Wouldn't you like to have a part of this money we pay Auto Knitter Owners for making them? Whether the time devoted to the work be large or small, Auto Knitting will reward you for the time and effort you put in.

A Wonderful Work Record

Less Than 5% Rejections

The Olde Tyme Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from new workers, who are just beginning their work, and from old friends of long standing. There are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking.

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-round efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker that rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do it, too?

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send you are absolutely free. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 102, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 102, 630-638 Genesee St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Comfort 2-23

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Here is the most modern standard typewriter—a triumph of 28 years of manufacturing. It embodies every improvement and every refinement developed in typewriter building. In ease of writing, in saving of muscular and nerve force, in quietness, in speed and efficiency it is unapproached. We offer you this supreme machine at a price that means tremendous savings, on your own terms, with the privilege of testing it FREE for 5 days, without sending as a single penny down.

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Send for this amazing FREE TRIAL OFFER. Note the *lowest price and easiest terms*. Test it in your own office or home. Note how easy it is to operate, how quiet, how speedy. Then if you are delighted pay for it a little each month. If not, return it at our expense. You are under *no obligation* to buy it. Write NOW. Dealers and agents wanted everywhere in unassigned territory.

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Please send me, without obligation, your catalog, FREE TRIAL OFFER and easy payment plan and cash discount on the new Oliver Speedster.

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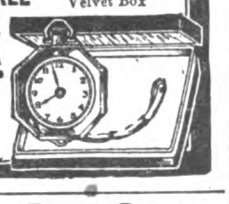
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RUSH your name and address and we will send you our wonderful FREE Bracelet Watch Plan. **Don't delay, write at once.**

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5 Magazines — Good — $1

Woman's World,	(Monthly)	Our Price
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MONITOR SELF HEATING IRON



$10 to $12 a day being made by men and women. Best, lowest priced iron made. Nickel plated looks good---sells fast---guaranteed. Exclusive territory. Work all or spare time. Mrs. Stockman, Kan. sold 10 in a half day. Pearman, Ky., made $150. first wk.

New Selling Plan commissions paid same day you take orders. We deliver and collect. Write for Free Outfit Offer.

The Monitor Sad Iron Co.
529 Fay St., Big Prairie, Ohio

$MAKE MONEY$ AT HOME

We start you in business. Furnish everything. You make 1 to 2 dollars an hour at home in your spare time. No canvassing or soliciting. We guarantee to teach you Show Card lettering by our New Simple Method and pay cash each week no matter where you live.

Write for Illustrated Booklet and Terms Free.

DETROIT SHOW CARD SCHOOL,
245 Dinan Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. W. H. L., North Craolina.—So-called "luminous" or "radium" paint to shine in the dark, is an ordinary commercial product, put out and marketed in various forms. Consult your local paint dealers.

MISS L. H., Bellport, L. I.—A girl beginning training for nursing should have a high school education or its equivalent in general knowledge. Not all hospitals, however, establish educational requirements in their regulations concerning the admittance of "probationers"—as student nurses are called. Write to the Superintendent, Mt. Sinai Hospital, 1 East 100th St., New York City, and ask that a pamphlet regarding the hospital's Training School for Nurses be sent you. You will gain all the information you require from this, and be aided in your procedure should you decide to apply for admittance to the training courses of other hospitals. Your own nearby city of Brooklyn has the big Kings County Hospital to which you might also apply.

R. W., Farrsville, Tex.—The dyeing of furs is not a job which can be successfully accomplished at home by inexperienced hands. We advise that you place your furs in the hands of one of the many firms who do this work.

E. O., Kansas City, Mo.—A diamond is a crystallized form of common carbon. Many efforts have been made to manufacture diamonds artificially, but with little success. Nature's laboratory still holds the record in production. One experimenter after months of labor and the expenditure of some two thousand dollars produced diamond powder worth about one hundred cents. (2) An acetylene cutting torch can be raised to a temperature of 3,500 degrees Fahrenheit and constitutes the most economical method of cutting old metal for scrapping, etc. The highest electric furnace temperature obtainable is about 3,500 degrees Centigrade.

L. B., Simpsons, Va.—Thimbles are thought to have been first used by the Chinese at some very early period unrecorded in history. Thimbles very like those in use today have been found among Roman relics. The introduction of the thimble into Europe is popularly credited to one Nicholas Van Benschoten of Amsterdam, who, in the 17th century, gave to Dutch housewives this aid in the making of their aprons and bonnets.

D. B. H., Maine.—To ask us to tell if you can make money through show card writing or through knitting socks is as if you asked us whether you could make a living, say as a carpenter or a dressmaker. It depends in each instance upon how well you learn to do your work and if you can find a market for your labor after your trade is learned. These are the purely individual questions which count and which you and not we are best in a position to answer. Also how clever you are naturally with your fingers would have some bearing on how well you might succeed at any trade requiring manual dexterity. You know these things and we do not.

H. H., Beloit, Wis.—You live in a good-sized town and you should not have to write across the continent to Maine to find out how you can start in keeping a gasolene station. To us it would seem the most simple thing in the world to ask the head of your local Standard Oil Agency, or even inquire of some dealer in your town who is now in the business of retailing gasolene.

M. M. A., Kannapolis, N. C.—We presume that if you plan to devote your life to home or foreign missions, that this would necessarily be in connection with the church to which you now belong—and which you do not mention. We are therefore left in the dark as to just what branches of work, or of how large scope, may be the missionary efforts of your denomination. We suggest that you talk your ambition and qualifications over with your minister or with some visiting missionary. This would be the first step toward carrying out your hopes.

BROWN- AND BLUE-EYED GIRLS.—You are too young at fifteen and sixteen to begin training for the profession of nursing, but you are not too young to continue your schooling, which your inquiry shows you need, and this additional education will be of value to you if later on you carry out your present wish to become trained nurses.

E. V. F., Detroit, Mich.—You might write us and ask: "Would I make a good ambassador to England and is this a paying job?"—and such an inquiry, foolish though it may sound, would be very much the same as the questions you do send us. We cannot tell if you have the aptitude to learn to letter show cards, or if you have the push and business ability to sell your handiwork after you have learned to accomplish it well. The question of success in life is entirely a personal one. We are sure that Edward Bok or Henry Ford would have made a success of selling show cards or anything else, and that many of the men who fill our relief institutions and prisons would have made failures of this or any other trade. We do not know you nor your ability and cannot properly advise you. The fact that you doubt yourself or your work is not a good sign—or show card.

M. R., Denver, Col.—Probably what was the first experiment in wireless telegraphy was that of Samuel F. B. Morse who, in 1842, sent signals across a Washington, D. C., canal without wires. The distance was but 80 feet in this experiment. In 1882, Prof. Dolbear of Tufts College was awarded a patent for a method of wireless telegraphy operating on the principle of electrostatic induction. However, the real development of what is popularly known as "radio" dates from the discoveries of an Italian, Guglielmo Marconi. In 1896 Mr. Marconi took out a British patent on a system of radiotelegraphy—a definite system based on the sending of signals by means of the radiation of electromagnetic waves. Commencing in 1898, there have been in this country many patents taken out for the improvement and development of the radiotelegraphic discoveries of Marconi. And the end is not yet. Radio offers astounding possibilities.

MRS. A. A. W., Weldona, Col.—You should apply to the Register of your nearest U. S. Land Office concerning your husband's present status as a homesteader. (2) Soak your hardened calf skin in warm water to which a handful of powdered borax has been added. When the skin has become softened and is almost dry again, begin working it carefully by rubbing it over a rounded beam and by going over the flesh side with some blunt instrument. A great deal of persistent hand work is necessary to soften skins. In other words, a liberal application of "elbow grease." (3) Upon the north side. (4) Any person having a lease upon a farm which lease expired January 1st, 1923, could not sow fall wheat in the autumn of 1922 and have the right to harvest this wheat in 1923 after his lease upon the farm had expired.

R. L. A., Eustis, Va.—Although we have to tell you that color bindness usually dates from birth and is regarded as incurable, yet we would not think you need worry too much concerning this minor physical defect. Surely the sky is blue to you and the trees green. Four out of every hundred men are said to have color blindness in a more or less degree. The defect is far less common in women, nature thus allowing them to pick out the colors of their frocks with more assurance. The best that eye specialists can do is to tell us that color blindness is due to some unknown condition of the retina or nerve centers. Color blindness has sometimes been known to develop through disease, or through excessive use of tobacco.

MRS. M. A., Guntersville, Ala.—In the summer of 1609, Samuel de Champlain, the French navigator, discovered Lake Champlain during an expedition in which he accompanied the Algonquin and Huron Indians against their enemies, the Iroquois. The year 1909 was the 300th anniversary of this discovery of Samuel de Champlain, and this is the reason you remember reading so much about Lake Champlain and its discoverer at the time concerning which you write.

C. M. B., Minnesota.—Sir Thomas Button was an English navigator who in the early part of the 17th century became the successor to Hudson in the exploration of the northeastern coast of North America. These discoveries of Button's took place in 1612-13, during which period he was frozen in and wintered on the shores of Hudson Bay. Button, after his return to England, had a series of disputes with the Admiralty which resulted in making his old age unhappy. He died in 1634. Too little is known of the career of this brave man and hardy navigator.

MRS. L. D. C., Las Cruces, N. M.—Pure hydrogen, which is fourteen and one-half times as light as air, is the gas used in modern airships. You could not produce this gas at home nor fill a balloon with it unless you had special apparatus and machinery. The frames of balloons and dirigibles are made from aluminum, but not the gas bags. These last are constructed from several layers of silk cloth interlined with rubber. The whole bag is covered with special varnish to make it more impervious to air.

C. A. J., Star, Ga.—See reply to Mrs. L. D. C., Las Cruces, N. M., in this issue. There is a small but constant leakage of gas in all balloons, and it would be impossible to construct a gas bag that could be once inflated and remain thereafter always with the same lifting capacity. Yes; the famous Zeppelin airships consisted of a cigar-shaped gas bag enclosed in an aluminum framework.

MRS. E. B. McK., Tennessee.—Your Lincoln penny of 1909 is worth no more than its face value. You are mistaken in believing there is any premium offered for coins of this issue.

H. H. R., Alabama.—You can polish this cow horn with ground pumice stone and linseed oil, but if done by hand it will require persistence and hard rubbing.

Z. C., Smithville, Tex.—You should inquire of the officials of your nearest bank concerning the workings of the Federal Farm Loan act.

MRS. F. W. T., Girard, Ala.—Any stories which you hope to sell should be submitted by you to magazines who print fiction of the same type you are producing. Your manuscript should be typewritten and contain your name and address on the upper right-hand corner. Always enclose sufficient postage for return mailing and send your manuscript flat or folded. (2) If you sell a story to a magazine, the purchase of the story gives the magazine the copyright thereto. If for any reason you wish to obtain a copyright on any of your work, you can obtain application blanks and full particulars by applying to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

MISS C., Indianapolis, Ind.—The rhymes embodying the old marriage superstitions you refer to are as follows:

Marry Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no day at all.

As for colors, the rhyme goes:

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirit will sink.

And here is how to choose your marriage month:

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When the February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you marry when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread.
All who wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come but riches tarry.
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast,
If you marry, love will last.



FREE! A 42-Pc. FULL SIZE DINNER SET.

WE TRUST YOU. NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.

SELL ONLY 10 BOXES OF SOAP,

each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and a Package of Needles (as per Plan 2351) and this artistic Blue **Bird Dinner Set is Yours.** Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums such as Wearing Apparel, Linen Sets, Furniture, etc. We also pay large Cash Commission.

Special Free Present

We give a High Grade Granite Set, consisting of 10-qt. Dish Pan, 4-qt. Preserve Kettle, 3-qt. Sauce Pan and 3-qt. Pudding Pan **FREE** of cost in addition to the Dinner Set, if you order promptly. We also give beautiful Presents for appointing agents.



We Pay The Freight

Allowing plenty of time for you to examine, deliver and collect. **BIG PRICE REDUCTIONS ON ALL GOODS.** You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit.** Don't delay.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 764 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1867.

Agents Wanted



PROFITS IN ADVANCE Our new selling plan is the greatest money making idea of the age. You make the sale—collect the deposit—and keep it as *your profit.* No waiting. No delay.

Complete Outfit FREE

If you are an experienced salesman we'll send everything free. Take only 2 orders a day and make $60.00 a week. Work spare or full time. The Great Western Tailoring Co. has been established 30 years. Our new low prices make sales easy. We prepay express and satisfaction is guaranteed. **Send no Money** just send us a letter telling your selling experience. We'll ship our big sample outfit free to you—all charges prepaid. Act quickly.

Est. 30 Years

Great Western Tlg. Co
The Pioneers Dept 66 Chicago Ill

Do you want Mary Ann?



She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants a play mother to walk with her, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

13 Inches Tall

Send No Money

AMERICAN FARMING DOLL MAN, Dept. R
537 S. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

30 DAY TRIAL

FINE STROP FREE

STERLING razors are hand forged from special cutlery steel, hollow ground, tempered and finished by experts. Thousands used by barbers and self shavers. We will send you a STERLING on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.67. If not, costs nothing. Barber's double swing horsehide strop FREE with each razor. Write today.

Sterling Company, Dept. 210, Baltimore, Md.



$1.77

GUARANTEED WATCH

AGENTS WANTED to advertise our business and introduce our bargain price list of Elegant Watches. We will send this elegant guaranteed watch as a sample by parcel post **C. O. D. $1.77 ONLY.** Nickel plated case, open wind and sun set, genuine American lever movement, guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Pay your postman $1.77 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BOSTON JEWELRY CO. 39 W. Adams St. Dept. Chicago

LET US SEND YOU

3 lovely White Muslin Petticoats for only 98c. A smashing offer. The season's greatest sensation. Order today sure. Don't send one penny now.

WE WILL SHIP THEM ON APPROVAL

Every woman should have a set of these splendid Petticoats of finest quality selected Muslin. Made with deep 6-inch flounces—one with fine quality filet lace and edging—other two with exquisite embroidery. Lengths, 31 to 36. Cut extra full.

WHITE MUSLIN
3 PETTICOATS 98c

This low price good only while our supply lasts.

ORDER AT ONCE — SEND NO MONEY

Just your name, address and size is all we want. When goods arrive, you pay only 98c, plus a few cents postage. We guarantee to refund your money immediately upon your asking.

Big Catalogue Mailed Free

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO.
Dept. P532, CHICAGO, ILL.



"Sally"



Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wall-flower at parties. When the boys were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally doesn't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes."

Then, one day, a married sister told her of this. Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally was so prettily dressed and so attractive that she danced every dance and received several invitations.

When asked what she had done, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

Over 13,000 women and girls have, like Sally, learned Dress Designing and Making at home, and are much better dressed at one-third the former cost. Sign and mail the following coupon—at once. This two cent stamp may save you hundreds of Dollars and make you better dressed than ever.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. N-643 Rochester, N. Y.

Send me free sample lessons and full information about your Dress Designing, Dressmaking course.

Name .....

Address .....

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

room, but she inwardly resolved that the same thing should never happen again.

"Your costume is rather rich for your position," she remarked, with well-assumed indifference, "but it is of no consequence for once."

Then, as they left the house, she whispered to her daughter:

"No one need know but that she is a guest."

"It's fine, isn't it, to have your governess outshine your own daughter? I do hope this night's experience will teach you wisdom," grumbled the envious girl.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable Merit.

Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 "Used While You Sleep"



The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by druggists

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt Street, New York

or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

A Genuine Pimple Remover

How Stuart's Calcium Wafers Work Out to the Skin and Clear it of Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Muddiness and Such Blemishes.

The manner in which Stuart's Calcium Wafers influence a beautiful complexion is one of nature's marvels. Their first action is to remove the sour fermentations that are apt to poison the blood and thus disfigure the skin. Then the calcium itself is a natural agency to skin health and is appropriated by the tissues for its own particular use in repair work. These effects are visibly noticeable to those troubled with a pimply skin, or one that is muddy or red or blotchy, scaly and rough and coarse. The Calcium Wafers induce a reaction to healthier tendencies and soon the pinkish complexion begins to assert itself, the blemishes fade away, the dimples seem animated and the entire appearance is one of vivacious beauty instead of unsightliness.

Get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at the nearest drug store and note the wonderful results. You will surely be delighted.



It contains seven different articles in one, and is especially helpful to people with weak eyes — those who have to use glasses on account of age. If your spectacles have become dim and blurry, you can use this powerful double lens magnifyer to bring out the very finest print in your newspaper or magazine. It will also greatly enlarge the size of your sewing machine needle so you can thread it easily on dark days in dim light. It will give you a sharp, clear view of the smallest objects, such as a splinter in the finger, a cinder in the eye; it also has an opera and field glass telescope attachment to enable you to see the smallest words and pictures at the movies or distinguish livestock out in the pasture at a long distance. This clever little imported novelty also contains a compass to tell your location when out hunting or walking, and it also has a magnifying mirror for a lady's vanity case. Special advertising price 45 cents, by mail, all charges prepaid, while the supply lasts; absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full. Send money order or registered letter to **S. J. STULMAN, "Importers Agent," Box F. 1379 E. 55th Street. Chicago, Ill.**



CORNS

To remove any corn or callous apply 2 or 3 drops of

"GETS-IT"

Quick—easy—painless. Sold everywhere. Price 35c.

Here's a Prescription

for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds



THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL SLEEPING DOLL FREE

This big doll is jointed at the Elbows, Shoulders, Knees and Hips. Has Turning Head, Closing Eyes, Beautiful Hair, Pearly Teeth. She is elaborately dressed, wears a swell little bonnet, and a complete outfit of lace trimmed underwear, also shoes and socks that you can take off and put on. We send this big doll to you, also **Doll's Carriage,** both free for selling only 18 packs Standard Bluing at 10 cents. Write today.



STANDARD BLUING CO., DEPT. 306. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Boys and Girls Earn Money or Premiums

Write for 12 articles of Mdse and 12 pictures. Give a picture away with each 25ct sale and send us the $3.00. Select premium from the lists we send with the goods. MASON CHEMICAL CO., HANCOCK, MARYLAND.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BLUE EYES, Norfolk, N. Y.—Say to the boy who makes these pleasant remarks of departure: "It has been a delightful evening, hasn't it? I hope we'll have another one like it some time." And of course you can throw in a smile or two and a word of "good by." (2) Do not attempt to give any "wedding breakfast." It would require more form and effort than your simple home wedding would permit, we think. A good plan for a home ceremony is to serve buffet refreshments. That is refreshments which are carried from one or more main tables to the guests who may be seated as they will. Such a buffet menu might suitably include: tomato bouillon, chicken salad, bread and butter sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, and fancy cakes.

JANE OF WEST VIRGINIA.—You say this boy "thought it best to discontinue keeping company until school was out," but you give no reasons why he made this decision, or why he should still be able to keep company with another girl. On the face of what you write, we think your parents are correct in feeling you should break with this young man after such an action on his part. And surely you do not want to try and hang on to him when he has rather obviously dropped you for another girl. Show him you can do some "dropping" too.

E. P., Cottonwood, Tex.—We think there are many things a young man would rather have as a gift than an embroidered towel. Why not some hand-initialed handkerchiefs, a crocheted tie, or a silk muffler? A towel, to our notion, is too much like giving a cake of soap or a tooth-brush.

T. W., Greensboro, N. C.—A "Merry Christmas!" may be answered by the same greeting as heartily given. The same would apply to the greeting of "Happy New Year!" although in this instance one could say: "I wish you the same—and many of them."

C. H., Athens, Tex.—The trouble with gossip is that people, particularly in small communities, love to repeat it and pass it on, often added to and embroidered. You are unfortunate if this girl's enmity is causing her to spread trouble-making untruths about you. You have no defense except to contradict the stories when they reach your ears. As for those who do not believe you when you contradict the falsehoods, why you can safely ignore them, as they cannot be your friends or really wish you well. If your own conduct in your small community continues to be a correct and proper one, we are sure even the unfair-minded gossip-lovers will finally be won over to knowing they have been listening to tales of spite and not of truth. But look out the next time and do not stir up any woman's tongue to tell evil of you.

E. J. H., Texas.—At sixteen you need not worry too much because you find it embarrassing to get up and read in public. You will find that you will outgrow this difficulty. It will help you to fix your eyes on your book and your mind on what you are reading. Forget those who are listening and do not think they are watching you so eagerly. Explain to your teacher how bashful you are about reading in class, and we are sure she can tell you things to help and encourage you. Why, lots of great actors tell us how their knees knocked together the first time they appeared on the stage. You are young, and a few years will cure much.

CAROLINA BROWN EYES.—Candy or cigarettes would be welcome gifts at any time to a soldier in Uncle Sam's army, also a well-equipped sewing-kit, or a pipe and a supply of tobacco. Has this soldier a fountain pen? (2) If your sisters are not at home, and your mother needs aid in preparing supper, it would be quite correct for you to explain this to your caller and ask him to excuse you for a while that you might help in arranging the meal at which he is to be a guest. He will understand this and appreciate your frankness, we are sure.

H. P., Tunnelton, West Va.—Your traveling costume, together with your hat, would be entirely appropriate for your wearing at this hotel where you will be for two days during your wedding trip. You may appear in this way at either breakfast, luncheon or dinner. Your husband will do the ordering for both—you having indicated to him what you wish to eat. A fruit, a cereal, eggs in some form, and rolls and coffee, make up a conventional and full breakfast from which any one course may be dropped, if preferred. For luncheon, select something from the menu under the "entrees." These are ready-prepared dishes of a simple nature. Add to your entree a salad—green or fruit—if you like, and a dessert of some sort may follow, with coffee. For dinner, soup or oysters are well to begin with, followed by any meat and vegetables you prefer. Some frozen dessert makes the best selection to finish the chief meal of the day. In your first visit to a big hotel, watch others. You can learn much in this way.

BLUE EYES OF VIRGINIA.—In your little informal evening party, you may safely do away with supper and serve your guests simple refreshments in your parlor or living-room. Fruit, nuts and candy, such as you mention, together with home-made cake and hot chocolate, ought to form pleasant and really sumptuous "eats" for your little festivity.

C. M., Enfield, Ill.—According to the strict interpretation of etiquette, a girl would receive no gifts but those of candy, flowers or books from a man to whom she was not engaged. So why not give this girl a box of sweets? One of those nice Christmasy packages, tied with a big red bow and with a box covered with holly. And you need no form of words in presenting it. Just hand it over with a smile and a "Merry Christmas!"

E. A. Y., Underwood, N. D.—A surprise party conducted according to rules would be a poor sort of a surprise. No rule but a good time should be the motto for these happy informal frolics. Sometimes many of the refreshments are brought by the "surprisers"—particularly when the party is a large one and the one surprised is thought to be unprepared. Of course the latter helps out from his or her own cellar and pantry. Apples, nuts, cider, cake, doughnuts and coffee—all make suitable jollity-fillers. Natural leaders crop up in an all-host affair like this, and games are suggested and played; dancing takes place to the music of phonograph or piano—and a good time is "had by all" until the stars begin to get pale a little in the winter sky.

M. C., Springbrook, Wis.—Yes; a box of stationery would make a suitable gift for this boy—as well as an encouragement for him to write to you oftener.

L. C., Butler, Ill.—Even if this boy does not seem so fond, why worry so long as he makes his regular Sunday calls? If there is something on his mind he may come out with it, but you will gain nothing by hints or by letting him see you are growing dissatisfied. Treat him as well, or better than ever, and await events. Perhaps it is only his liver or a gumboil. Boys are queer creatures. We know a case where a girl was desperate and thought a boy had ceased to love her, when the real trouble was her swain had begun a mail-order course in radio. He could not broadcast in two ways at once. Many things can temporarily drive love out of a boy's heart—particularly when he has been going with one girl for a year and two months. You have no reason to break with this boy, nor he with you. We are sure it will all turn out right—if he is the right sort and there is no other girl somewhere in the background. These "other girls" make a lot of trouble.

SALLY, Georgia.—Unless particular assistance must be given, because of darkness or difficulty of way, a girl would not take a boy's arm nor would he hold hers. (2) If you think this boy may not have received your letter, you may write him briefly again, suggesting this.

Boys under six years of age average one-third to one inch taller and about one pound heavier than girls of the same age, according to reports of the Children's Bureau.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

see what the courts would do with that son, and then I would go away and start over again. There is always a second chance for those that really try. "Humph, she is an old maid or a hen-peck." I beg your pardon, but I am neither. I am young and single, and expect to remain so for some time. At least, I hope my mother-in-law to be will not have to ask some one if I will be a disgrace to her son.

I think COMFORT is a wonderful paper. I enjoy every page of it. I like the Sisters' Corner best, followed a close second by the League of Cousins. I have written to several people, but was never fortunate enough to get an answer. Probably they thought I wasn't worth wasting two cents on, and maybe they were right, but I will have the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Wilkinson will read this one.

I am a little over five feet in height, have brown eyes, brown hair, a slightly turned up nose, and am not at all handsome. I am twe—but there, 'm not going to tell you how old I am.

I would be pleased to get letters from any who care to write, young or old, and will do my best to answer.

Love and best wishes to all. BABE.

MINERAL WELLS, BOX 372, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Will you please let a Texas girl into your happy circle? I do remember seeing two letters from Mineral Wells, and I know that my letter will be a poor representative of our fair city; but this town is a fine little place and noted for its healing mineral waters, which people from different parts of the United States come to drink, for all kinds of diseases.

I want to ask each for a picture of yourself. I want to make a COMFORT photo album.

I am enclosing a few lines I have copied from an old magazine. I have found that these statements contain much truth.

Ten Things that Bring No Sorrow

1. Doing good to all.
2. Being patient always.
3. Hearing before judging.
4. Thinking before speaking.
5. Holding an angry tongue.
6. Being kind to the troubled.
7. Speaking evil of none.
8. Asking pardons for wrongs.
9. Stopping the ears to a talebearer.
10. Disbelieving ill reports.

Best wishes to all. MAUD MAGEE.

Maud.—You should receive heaps and heaps of pictures for your album if for no other reason than to repay you for the ten very good commandments you sent. If only we could live up to all of them. Let's try.—Ed.

CHICAGO, 3569 CORTLAND ST., ILL.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS OF COMFORT:

More than ten years ago a letter of mine appeared in COMFORT, and through it I found my best and dearest friend—my husband. We have been married nearly seven years and I owe my life's happiness to COMFORT.

Mothers and Fathers, if your children cannot bring their inmost thoughts to you, and depend on your counsel and advice, you have failed in your duty as a parent. The greatest gift you can bestow is confidence! Encourage your children to be frank and to make you their confidant in all they do. This attitude of trust is most precious, and you should do all you can to foster it. How pathetic it is to see parents and children who are guarded and suspicious of one another! A child who comes to you promptly and confesses having done something wrong may deserve punishment, but if you give it the child will not confess next time. A child's confession that calls forth harsh words and severe punishment from mother or father will not be repeated. Instead you will have a sly, secretive child, sneaking both at home and at school at the least scent of danger or reproof. This attitude continues to maturity—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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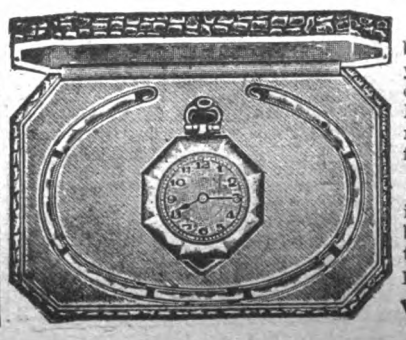
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The Huffaker Brooch

By Ruth W. Wesley

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IT so happened that Bob Langford arrived at Lookout Terrace when virtually all its guests were either abroad, or asleep, so that only a couple of drowsy bellboys and an old lady engaged in solitaire witnessed his coming. And they immediately forgot it.

One would have said at first glance that the new arrival was close upon thirty, but further observation would have curtailed that estimate by at least five years. The serious, searching gray eyes had a way of smiling suddenly, and taking you quite off guard. They did so now as Langford and the clerk lingered in close conversation over the register.

An onlooker might have wondered at the amount of time consumed by these two in discussing a certain placard, which the clerk had at once handed Langford; but bellboys are beyond surprise, and the old lady was assiduously studying her next move. Besides, whichever way one might turn, he was inevitably confronted by a duplicate of this selfsame placard. In bold, heavy type its message would catch and hold his roaming eyes even as his hesitant foot first crossed the threshold.

$500 Reward!

A reward of five hundred dollars will be paid for the return of wallet bearing name of P. D. Huffaker, and containing, besides two hundred dollars in bills, a gold brooch with ten perfectly matched diamonds set in platinum.

For something like thirty minutes the conversation between clerk and guest continued. Then Langford, having registered, was escorted by a strutting bellboy to the room assigned him.

Now, if there was any one outstanding feature upon which Lookout Terrace was prone to plume itself, that feature was service. Accordingly, in less than five minutes after Langford had taken possession of his new quarters, a maid tapped quietly to inquire whether there was anything further he desired.

"Nothing whatever," declared Langford, lighting a cigarette. His quick glance swept her shapely form, clad in trim costume of black and white, then mounted to the rich auburn braid encircling her head, and rested there admiringly. "That is, nothing but this," he amended. "You might tell me your name. See, I expect to be hanging on for awhile. Snappy climate, and everything." He gazed dreamily toward a sunlit window. "And since I'm to be seeing you every day—" His gray eyes, wandering back, met hers with an engaging smile.

"My name's Katie Cobb." The creamy whiteness of her skin was tinged with a sudden color, which receded just as suddenly.

"Katie!" echoed Langford with approval. "Queer, now, but my only sister is named Katie. She's a pure blonde, though, like me. You have lovely brown eyes, Katie."

This time the maid's poise was unshaken. "If you don't wish anything further—"

"That's all, thank you, Katie." The young man's tone was studiously respectful, and even before her hurried exit the girl caught the metallic click of released baggage locks.

In the days that followed, Katie often came upon Langford in his room. At first she would attempt retreat, but always the young man would assure her that her activities in no way disturbed him. Apparently he preferred the sanctuary of his own apartment to the stir and bustle prevailing outside.

"Listen to this, Katie," he would confide over the top of his book, "the villain has grabbed her by the throat. Hot dog! I'm pretending that the heroine is that crochety Miss Penny, and that I'm the 'heavy'."

Katie would laugh at that. Then her big eyes would darken eloquently as she would fall to recounting the latest exactions on the part of the awful Miss Penny.

Thus, in one way or another, they would discuss the different guests, enjoying together their various idiosyncrasies. And on the third day Langford mentioned the name of Huffaker.

"How many sparklers was it, now, Katie?" he abruptly inquired as she was spreading his bed. "The Huffaker pin, you know. My sister always would hold out for exact figures." He did not look up from his letter writing, but through a mirror which faced him he caught the girl's startled look, as she paused with sheet uplifted.

"There were— Didn't it say ten, sir?"

"Search me. But on the level, Katie, was the pin such a peach, after all?" He turned to face her.

"Was it? I only wish you could have seen it!" Her face took on a radiant glow. "It was the most gorgeous—" Suddenly she stopped.

"I get you, Katie."

Langford resumed his writing. After a moment, "What sort of folks are the Huffakers, Katie? Agreeable?"

"Very indeed. The madam never has much to say. She's dippy about playing solitaire. But the gentleman often stops for a word with me."

"About the theft—I mean loss?" Langford had caught the girl's sharp intake of breath.

She appeared to weigh her words carefully before replying. "Yes, about the—loss. He tells me that the wallet was a gift from his son, who died in France. Keeps the boy's picture out on the dresser all the time. mI' awful sorry about the wallet."

"And its contents, Katie?"

"The Huffakers won't miss the stuff," she answered with a click of her sharp little teeth. "You've said it. Some folks have it all, don't they? Close the door as you go out, will you, Katie? Rheumatism and draughts sorter clash, you know."

On the sixth morning, as Katie entered Langford's room, she found him with head bowed upon the table, and writing material pushed to one side.

"It's these rheumatic twinges, Katie," he explained, looking up mournfully. "Guess I'll have to pull out from here. My sister's going to be awfully cut up, though, at not getting her daily news." He indicated the poorly scrawled beginning of a note, then worked the fingers of his right hand stiffly by way of explanation.

"If you could only tell me what to write," exclaimed Katie with instant sympathy. "Not that I write so plain. But maybe she could make it out."

"Katie, I just knew you were a trump. And this time there's not much to dope out." Rising, Langford courteously motioned the girl to his chair. Then, from the depths of an adjacent rocker, slowly, between puffs of his cigarette, he dictated the following message:

"Dear Katie:

"Here six days now. Room for improvement. Sharp pains in right arm. Tea too strong, probably. Meet Green bill for me on first. Important. Bush can wait.

"Bob."

The girl neatly folded the letter, and at his direction addressed the envelope. But when she was about to seal this, Langford arrested her with a gesture.

"There's a—a little souvenir to be inclosed, Katie. Must have mislaid the darned thing. He looked searchingly about for a moment. "So if you'll just leave the note unsealed—"

Katie met his frank smile levelly.

"Certainly," was all she said. But at the door she paused to look back. And it seemed to Langford that the large dark eyes held more than a hint of veiled amusement.

"Now, I wonder—" he began doubtfully, then gave his head an energetic shake. "No, it couldn't be," he assured himself. He strode to the door and turned the key noiselessly in the lock. Resuming his seat at the table he spread Katie's note before him, and upon a fresh sheet of paper painstakingly transcribed certain of its words. His task completed, he ran his eye through the following lines:

"Meet me Green Bush Tea Room six sharp. Important.

"Katie."

It lacked yet some ten minutes of six that afternoon when Langford, followed by the dignified figure of Huffaker emerged from the winding mountain trail that led down to the Green Bush Tea Room. Though the face of each was tense with expectancy, no words passed between them.

It must have been, then, the sound of their footfall that startled a certain young man who stood in the clearing not far away; for he wheeled sharply about, revealing to their astonished gaze the girl who stood facing him.

"The maid!" ejaculated Huffaker.

"Yes. It's she, all right," acquiesced Langford slowly.

His eyes still held the girl's unblinkingly as he and Huffaker drew near. Indeed, it was with an obvious effort that he pulled himself together and turned to her companion.

"Akers," he whipped out, "I believe that's the moniker at present? You recognize Mr. Huffaker, don't you?"

He paused. But the features of the young man confronting him remained immobile.

"What? Don't tell me you've forgotten him. After that handsome tip he gave you? You waiters *are* an ungrateful bunch!"

"He—was generous," sullenly conceded the young man addressed, after a moment's hesitation.

"That's the stuff. So you do recall your services at his table? Let me see. His wife was wearing the diamond brooch that evening; wasn't she?"

This time there was no reply. Only a quick narrowing of the eyes gave proof that the ears were alert.

"Oh, well! At any rate, that brings me to the object of our—er, intrusion." Langford smiled suddenly. His gray eyes, alight with mockery, strayed to Katie's, then darkened as the girl instantly averted her face. Recalling himself, he turned abruptly back to her companion.

"Your little game's gone on the blink at last, Akers. I'm Detective Bob Langford. There! I see you've heard of me. I'm flattered. I just want to add, however, that it was Mr. Huffaker's idea, not mine, to make the arrest in the midst of this—this modern Eden." Again the ready smile.

The young fellow who called himself Akers turned toward Huffaker, a half sneer tugging at the grim line of his lips.

"Such courtesy overwhelms me. I am—" But Huffaker cut him short. "I once had a boy of my own," he said huskily, "so I desired to spare you whatever humiliation I could."

Here Katie, brushing the speaker aside, threw herself before Langford, her face strained with emotion. "Let him off this time," she pleaded glancing toward Akers. For his poor mother's sake, give him one more chance. He stole the gems to buy her food. You know, the kind the doctor says she must have. And his arrest would kill her. Anyhow, it's his first job. That ought to help, oughtn't it?" She turned toward Huffaker, with tears barely suppressed. "You wouldn't have him pinched the very first time, would you? It would ruin his whole life. You're not willing to do that, are you? Think of your own boy."

Before the distressed Huffaker could make reply, the young fellow who called himself Akers had jerked something from his pocket.

"There!" he cried dramatically. "They're all there—money, brooch, everything—just as they were when she handed the wallet to me."

As Huffaker seized the extended wallet, his grateful eyes sought Katie's questioningly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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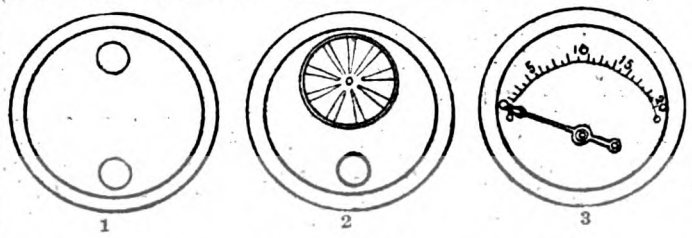
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Oil Gauges

OIL gauges of different designs are becoming standard equipment on many of the present day cars. The gauge referred to is the one fitted on the dash in plain sight of the operator, which enables him to know whether or not the motor lubrication system is functioning properly. If the motor has splash lubrication using a pipe line to carry the oil to basins for the main bearings and connecting rods, a gauge fitted with a revolving wheel or just a chamber for catching the lubricant will in all probability be the type of gauge installed. The gauge is frequently referred to as "sight feed" because it really performs the function of permitting the driver to see the oil circulate. The oil is pumped from the main reservoir in the motor through a pipe line to the gauge or "sight feed" on the dash. At this point it passes through the gauge and spins the wheel or fills the chamber provided. The oil then flows through another pipe line from the gauge to the several basins in the motor. Should the gauge on the dash refuse to operate when the motor is running, first determine that there is oil in the motor. Should the indicator on the crank case or oil reservoir show that there is sufficient lubricant make sure that the indicator is not sticking. If the indicator is of the finger type, the hand is liable to become stuck with dirt or gummed lubricant. If necessary, drain off the oil to determine the amount in the motor. On a cold day the oil is apt to thicken to a point where it will not circulate until the temperature of the lubricant is raised.



1. Visible flow with inlet at top and outlet at bottom.
2. Same as No. 1, except that flow is more visible by reason of small disc which revolves.
3. Pressure system using dial which indicates pounds of oil pressure.

Next look over the pipe line leading to the gauge as the line may be broken, kinked or the connection loose or broken.

A gauge indicating the oil circulation in pounds will probably be used in connection with the force feed system. This type of gauge records the back pressure of the oil. The pipe lines described above are used with the exception that the line leading from the gauge is fastened into the main bearings or into a hollow crankshaft. Instead of gradually working into the bearings as does the oil when the splash system is used, the lubricant is forced by pressure into the bearings. Naturally there is considerable resistance to the oil flow causing the back pressure which is recorded by the gauge on the dash. If the pump is operating properly and the gauge does not show the proper pressure, the inspection should be directed for a loose or broken distribution pipe. If the oil should leak out of this pipe, the resistance to the flow of oil would be cut down and of course the gauge would record a lower pressure.

Useful Pointers

Corroded Terminals

Loose or corroded battery terminals will frequently cause sufficient current to flow for lights and ignition but not enough current for the electric starter. In explanation it is necessary to state that only a few amperes will take care of lights and ignition while a much greater amount of current is needed for the starter. Loose or corroded terminals will frequently not permit of such a large amount of current leaving the battery as the resistance is too great to overcome. The terminals should be clean and securely tightened. There are many advocates of coating the terminals with vaseline or just plain grease to prevent corrosion. This should be done, however, immediately after cleaning the terminals.

Uneven Brakes

When the brakes are unevenly adjusted, the car will swerve to the side, the direction of course depending on which side the brake takes hold first. Such a condition produces skids. An easy method of determining whether the brakes are equally adjusted is to jack both rear wheels free from the floor. Have a friend apply the brake pedal a little at a time. While the friend holds the position of the pedal, you turn one rear wheel and then the other. If one wheel locks before the other, the brakes are not properly adjusted and a new setting should be made so that both wheels lock at the same time.

Proper Use of Horn

In this motorized age, the motorist is apt to lose sight of the fact that the pedestrian has certain rights and that he is entitled to consideration. Numerous drivers use the horn as a means to frighten the pedestrian rather than to warn him. I have seen drivers approach within a few feet of a pedestrian on the road at which point he would sound the horn and expect the walker to jump to one side. Besides being anything but a courteous act, the practice is dangerous. All people are not physically and mentally perfect. The person on the road may be deaf, physically incapacitated so that he is unable to act quickly or his mental powers may not function properly. There is no way of determining just what action, if any, the pedestrian will take, and therefore the horn should be used for a warning signal rather than a means to frighten. The horn should be sounded from 100 to 200 feet away, depending on the speed at which the car is being driven. The person signaled is then in position to select a place of safety rather than be compelled to jump to any convenient spot where in wet weather he may get spattered with mud, or should he move to the left, get struck by a car approaching from the opposite direction. Be considerate.

Tire Chains

Adjust the chains so that they do not grip the tires too tightly. A properly adjusted chain will gradually creep around the tire. A chain that is adjusted snugly will not creep and will cause rapid wear at the points where the cross links come in contact with the tire.

Lamp Rims

Some head and spot lamps are fitted with a type of rim which must be twisted so that the lens may be removed. If the lens has not been removed for a long period it is possible for the rim to become rusted in position so that it resists all attempts to remove it by hand pressure. Remove the belt from your trousers and place it around the rim, passing the end through the buckle in the usual manner. Pull the belt tight around the rim, after which a jerk will usually dislodge the most stubborn rim.

A-B-C Signs

Drivers who do not frequent the larger cities are apt to have their curiosity aroused at the following letters which are painted on the pavement at intersections: A-B-C. They are significant of *"Always Be Careful."*

Combined Braking

The average driver will throw out the clutch when applying the brakes. It is good practice in some cases and necessary if the driver is in the learning stage as otherwise he is apt to stall the motor. However, if the driver has reached the experienced class he can do most of the car braking with the clutch engaged and obtain more efficient braking. For those who have never tried braking the car with the clutch engaged, the driver should first operate his car on high gear with the throttle fully retarded. Take notice of the car speed with the throttle fully retarded. Bear in mind that the car can operate at this idling speed and that the motor will not stall with the brakes applied until the speed of the car is reduced to this point. We will assume that the throttle lever is fully retarded and that the car is being operated at about 25 miles per hour by means of the foot accelerator. You drive into traffic and desire to slow down quickly. Take the foot off the foot accelerator and apply the service brake. The engine immediately acts as a brake and materially assists the service brake in reducing the speed of the car. When the speed of the car is reduced to a point just above the idling speed, determined as suggested above, throw out the clutch as otherwise a still lower reduction in speed would be liable to cause stalling of the engine. As long as the car is not reduced in speed to a point where it will equal or drop below the speed at which the car operates with the throttle lever fully retarded, it is safe to brake with the clutch engaged. When operating on ordinary down grades, it is not necessary to throw out the clutch as a closed throttle and accelerator causes the motor to act as a brake and if not sufficient to check the speed of the car, assistance with the service brake should be all that is needed. After a little practice, the driver will find that his car has more braking power than he ever realized, providing, of course, that he has always done the braking with the clutch thrown out. The advantages of this method are quicker braking action, quicker pick up, less wear on the clutch and gears.

Answers to Correspondents

CUT-OUT, CARBONIZING.—Have had the best cut-out money can buy installed in my 490, 1922 model Chevrolet whch I drive about 27 miles a day on a rural mail route and use the cutout on seven or eight miles of it. How often do you think the carbon ought to be cleaned out of the cylinders? R. E. M., Roanoke, Va.

A.—I cannot but assume that you do not fully understand the purpose of the cut-out. Your letter leads me to believe that you expect the cut-out to reduce the accumulation of carbon in the motor. It will do nothing of the kind as its purpose is foreign to carbon or its cause. When the automobile industry was in its infancy, the mufflers were not so efficient as they are today. Especially was the inability of the muffler to get rid of the exhaust gases noticeable on high speeds. The result was back pressure, which of course impaired the efficiency of the motor. The purpose of the cut-out is to open a gate so that the exhaust ases can pass directly into the atmosphere without going through the muffler. Today, mufflers are much more efficient than was the case years ago and the use of a cut-out is not deemed necessary by the majority of car manufacturers. I know of tests that have proven that the muffler is capable of efficiently handling the exhaust gases for all road work. Many people like to hear the roar of the exhaust and believe that the sound is indicative to greater power but I am certain that if these people could place their cars to actual tests they would fail to find any increase of power.

Regarding the periods at which the carbon should be removed, this matter depends mostly on the grade of oil used. Some oils deposit a greater amount of carbon than others and it is therefore necessary for the operator to keep check on his motor. When you arrive at the time that the motor knocks on grades then you will know that the carbon should be attended to. Knocking on grades is one of the first indications of a large accumulation of carbon.

The backfiring when first starting out is a common complaint for this time of the year. It is due to the carburetor being a trifle lean for a cold motor. If you want to correct the condition, try a trifle richer mixture. However, since you state that the motor runs smoothly after running for a few blocks, I would not recommend touching the carburetor adjustment as you will obtain a much better mileage with the present setting than you would by adjusting richer.

STEERING-WHEEL LOCK, GROUNDING FORD GENERATOR.—I have a new model Ford with starter and generator. (1) Is a steering-wheel lock theft proof? If not, why not? Could not the lock be removed with a wrench or screwdriver in a few minutes? (2) Why does a Ford generator need to be grounded from the terminal when car is used with storage battery out?

C. P. S., Tripp, S. Dak.

A.—Steering wheel locks are considered efficient as their use insures against anyone steering the car. A car that cannot be steered cannot be driven. There are several of these locks on the market and I do not know the particular type in which you are interested. When locked, most of the appliances of this kind cannot be removed by screwdriver or wrench.

The generator must be grounded when the storage battery is removed because it is designed for closed circuit duty. Removing the battery opens the circuit and unless steps are taken to short circuit the generator, or in other words render it inoperative, abnormal voltage would be generated and the windings would burn out.

MOTORCYCLE EQUIPMENT.—(1) Why is not a belt drive as good as a chain drive for a motorcycle? (2) Would you recommend a two- or four-cycle motor where heavy duty is required? (3) Can tire chains be used successfully on a light-weight motorcycle?

N. O. M., Kaycee, Wy.

A.—The belt drive predominated on the earlier types of motorcycles. These were either flat-faced or V-shaped. It is my understanding that the chain drive superceded the belt drive when heavier and more powerful motorcycles were built. The complaint was that the belt drive caused too much slippage. For a light-weight machine, I believe that a V-belt drive would afford satisfaction.

If we are able to judge from the number of machines built, we must arrive at the decision that the four-stroke cycle is by far the most popular.

I do not know of any reason why tire chains cannot be used successfully. I have even seen bicycles fitted with tire chains.

VACUUM FEED UNNECESSARY FOR FORD.—In September COMFORT you explained the vacuum feed system. Please tell me whether or not such an equipment can be used on a 1922 model Ford; also where it can be obtained.

C. P. S., Jane Lew, W. Va.

A.—The vacuum feed for gasolene is standard equipment on the majority of cars. The vacuum system can be purchased from any accessory store. The price is low. Regarding the practicability of installing it on your 1922 Ford, it can be installed on almost any car made. However, the question arises as to the benefit you will derive by installing this system. The tank on your car is under the front seat and is sufficiently elevated to permit the fuel to flow from the tank to the carburetor by gravity. Builders of higher priced cars desired to use the space under the front seat for other purposes such as storage of tools, etc., while others desired to lower the seat to a point where it was impossible to install a tank. The solution of this problem was to suspend the gasolene tank at the rear of the chassis and utilize the vacuum system to insure a flow of fuel to the carburetor. When the tank is suspended at the rear of the chassis, you will understand that the tank is at a lower elevation than the carburetor and that a means of carrying the fuel out of this tank so as to feed the carburetor is essential. Unless you are considering the converting of your car into a racytype, using a low front seat and a tank at the rear of the car, I would not advise your installing the vacuum system, as the results would not warrant the expense.

STORAGE BATTERY IN PLACE OF DRY CELLS.—I have a Case car, model R, made in 1914. It is equipped with low tension Bosh magneto and dry battery of four cells. Can I rearrange this so as to start on a storage battery instead of dry cells? The car is new as it has been in storage since it was made. What kind of carburetor and what make of storage battery would you recommend?

H. T. W., Eckley, Colorado.

A.—I assume that you intend to purchase a storage battery to replace the dry cells for starting. There are a number of storage batteries from which you can make a selection. They all have their good points and it would not be proper on my part to state the name of a particular battery that I might favor. I do not believe that you will experience any difficulty in connecting the storage battery to the same terminals from which you will disconnect the dry cells. If the carburetor that came on the car does not work satisfactorily write the makers for advice as to a change.

HARD STARTING FORD.—We have a 1914 Ford touring car which will not start on magneto at all, and it is next to impossible to start it on battery. We have a six-cell Columbia Hot Shot battery in it but nearly always have to jack up the rear wheels to start it. Have tightened magneto point and put in new wires. All connections are tight and the timer is new and in first-class condition. Car pulls strong on magneto after it is started, and makes 45 miles an hour easily. Engine has been overhauled and as near as mechanic can see is all right. Can you tell us where the trouble lies?

H. B., Crown Point, N. Y.

A.—I am assuming that the hard starting difficulty has been experienced since the coming of cold weather. The installation of the new battery for starting purposes should insure the presence of a hot spark in the cylinders. The jacking of the rear wheel and placing the car in high gear permits the operator to spin the motor over faster. When starting on magneto, this procedure will produce a closer field, providing any play exists. However, a closer field has nothing to do with your case as you use battery for starting. I am of the opinion that you should open up the carburetor for starting and after the motor hits perfectly cut the mixture down.

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

winter, feed alfalfa or clover hay in connection with the grain ration. At all times keep the boar muscular and active, if you want large litters of healthy pigs—the kind that lift the mortgage.

Eradicating Cockroaches

Roaches, once a pest known mainly in city bakeries and restaurants and on shipboard, have now become a serious problem in many farm kitchens. Their habits are well and unfavorably known to all housewives who have had the misfortune to encounter the "pesky critters" in their kitchens and pantries. Cockroaches collect in dark, damp hiding places around sinks, drain pipes and mopboards where they can live undisturbed. This retiring habit, together with the fact that they are nocturnal, and their ability to scurry rapidly and escape through narrow openings when disturbed, makes it possible for them to become numerous before their presence is discovered.

Only four species of roaches are widely distributed pests in the United States, though several less important varieties are known. The most troublesome varieties are: the German roach or "Croton Bug"; the American roach; the Oriental roach, and the Australian roach. Of these the first is perhaps most widely distributed. The American roach, in company with the other three varieties, is an "undesirable immigrant," having been introduced into this country from Central America.

While the life history of the roaches still is not fully understood by entomologists, it is known that some roaches live for a year or more—a rather long lifetime for an insect. Each female lays several batches of eggs during her lifetime; the eggs are carried around by the mother until almost ready to hatch when they are dropped into some warm, damp, dark place where the young may thrive in safety.

How Roaches Spread

Roaches are great travelers. If for any reason they become dissatisfied with their quarters they will promptly migrate to another dwelling. These migrations usually take place through tunnels, conduits or open sewers in cities, but where such passages are not to be found, a migration above ground takes place during the night. In this manner a building formerly free of the pests may become infested over night, and the same habit also explains the sudden disappearance of roaches from infested quarters. In the country, however, they are usually introduced in packing boxes, in the paper or other wrappings of shipments received from city warehouses, or in old bags or burlap used to wrap nursery stock, machinery parts, or even sugar or other bulk edibles. Once introduced, they thrive and rapidly propagate in their new home. A sure proof of their presence in a dwelling, though they may not yet have been seen, is a certain unpleasant odor which pervades the premises and is very difficult to eliminate.

In attempting to eradicate roaches, it is well to remember that all varieties are general feeders. By this we mean that they will eat raw meats, starchy foods, forgotten fermenting messes in the fruit cellar, or garbage that is not disposed of at once. They are especially attracted to greasy surfaces of kitchen sinks or tables, but are repelled by liberal use of soapsuds and washing powders.

Poisons and Repellents

Among the best roach eradicators, especially for use against the large American roach, is made as follows: Cook three cups of linseed meal with water until it is about the consistency of thin mush. Add to the cooled mixture one cup of molasses (not corn syrup) and one yeast-cake softened in a little water, allowing to stand until fermented, then add two tablespoonfuls of arsenate of lead. Spread around in places where roaches abound—but out of reach of children, cats and dogs—using small tin lids or saucers. This bait works best where roaches have little or no water available. The main objection is that the period of fermentation is short and the bait must be renewed every few days to be effective.

The most satisfactory plan of ridding infested premises of roaches is to use sodium fluoride wherever possible. This is a powder which can be purchased at the drug store, but great care must accompany its use as it is *very poisonous*. Sodium fluoride should be scattered in and about places frequented by roaches, or, still better, it should be placed in cracks and crevices with an insect powder "puffer"—an inexpensive little tin device fitted with a bellows side and a long spout to be had at any general store.

Where the above poison cannot be used with safety on account of children or pets, powdered borax may be substituted. The effectiveness of this is increased by the addition of one-fourth the amount of fresh pyrethrum. This mixture, as with the above, exerts its effect upon any and all roaches which run through it; therefore it must be left scattered about for long periods of time to be beneficial. In fact patience and perseverance are necessary if these troublesome pests are to be finally and totally eradicated in the household.

How Cabbage Yellows Spread

Cabbage yellows is a disease that is well and unfavorably known in all regions where cabbage is extensively grown commercially, but until more recently it has caused less damage in the kitchen garden. Now, however, its ravages have reached "the last trench" and every step should be taken to prevent damage from this destructive disease.

For a long time cabbage yellows has been known to remain over from year to year in seriously infected soil. Preventive measures consisted mainly in adopting the new resistant strains of cabbage that have been developed to combat the disease. But each year new things are learned. For instance, it has now been found that if large quantities of diseased cabbage are fed to hogs, and the refuse and manure from the hog lots later hauled and spread on fields that are to be planted to cabbage, the disease is almost certain to make its appearance there with dire results. Once introduced into the soil, the one safe plan of procedure is to set out resistant plants, for the contamination is certain to remain in the soil and attack any non-resistant plants that are planted there.

Therefore the use of refuse and manure from the hog lots should never be spread upon truck land where, either this year or later, cabbage is likely to be planted. For the sake of safety, follow either of the courses outlined below: Burn all diseased plants or bury them so deeply that the disease cannot be dug up and spread by the plow. Or, if the damaged heads must be fed to hogs, spread the manure on land that is never used for truck raising.

Apple Trees Need Sunlight

Apple trees need sunlight and lots of it if they are to produce maximum crops of even-sized and well-colored fruit. Experiments conducted in co-operation with commercial orchardists have proved that trees growing in the bright sunlight will produce almost twice as large a crop as those growing in the shade. It has been found also, that the fruit produced on the sunny side of trees is of better quality and color, and considerably larger in quantity, than that grown on the shady side of the same tree.

This information may prove valuable to the farmer who is planning on setting out new orchard trees in the spring, for a few rows of trees set in shady places will cut the returns almost in half throughout the entire bearing life of the orchard. In doing pruning at any time this same point should be kept in mind, and the crowns opened up when possible to admit sunlight. Nor should all the pruning be done on the fruit trees alone. Often we find that a row of large shade trees is located on the east, south or west side of an orchard. These big trees add beauty to the farmstead, we admit, but in addition to robbing the orchard of fertility and moisture, they cast a dense shade far out over the lower orchard trees. This cannot help but have a negative effect on the size and quality of the fruit crop, even though the effects are confined to the fruit trees immediately adjoining. For that reason it is well to cut away some of the large branches on shade trees, and in some cases it is advisable to remove alternate trees and use them for fuel.

Plant Nut Trees

A few nut trees properly located add to the value of the farm even where the land is too high priced to warrant the growing of large woodlots. Along roadsides they are attractive—but the crop may here prove to be a source of annoyance, attracting city autoists who show but little respect for private property, fences, etc. Along lanes, at the edges of pastures, skirting a ravine or stony ledge where crops will not grow, all these are places where nut trees fit in to advantage. We feel certain that somewhere on the farm may be found a little room for walnut, hickory or other trees valuable for their fruit while growing into mature trees valuable for timber.

Nut trees, according to Ohio Experiment Station authorities who have done considerable investigation along this line, are best propagated from seed planted where the trees are to grow. Nuts are gathered in the autumn and stored in layers of sand or soil where they may be subjected to winter temperatures without danger of being stolen by squirrels, rats or other predatory animals. In the spring following they should be planted early before sprouts are formed, then kept from being choked out by weed growth for a couple of years. For best results, they should be set 40 to 60 feet apart.

Though grafting or budding is practiced to a considerable extent by experts and trained horticulturists, for farm purposes good results may be obtained if choice seed is selected from the best samples of hickory or black walnut trees in the neighborhood. Butternut also is favored to a lesser extent, and in warmer regions English walnut, pecan and others are available. In this respect locality is the deciding factor. For safety, however, choose trees that are known to thrive well, then plant them where conditions are suitable, giving them the small amount of care and attention necessary while still young.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

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Questions and Answers

SANDING CRANBERRY BOGS.—Up here in this region, where cranberries grow wild, we are just waking up to the possibilities of tame cranberries as a crop. Have not started to grow them myself, but some of my neighbors are going into them, and I guess I will do the same if I see it pays. Now, what I want to know is this: Does it pay to sand the bogs? I have read that it is sometimes done to prevent frost. Does it work?

B. C. W., Minnesota.

A.—Sanding cranberry bogs is a practice that is now being followed in Maine and other Eastern States, but particularly in northern Wisconsin, where short growing season and the danger from frosts has greatly hampered the industry. Observations conducted by the United States Weather Bureau and by the Department of Agriculture in the latter region show that sanding has greatly reduced the frost hazard. According to the reports, there is an average of 58 days between the last spring and the first fall frost upon bogs that have not been sanded; sanded bogs, on the other hand, show 118 days between the last spring and the first fall frost. This represents a gain of some 95 per cent. in length of growing season in favor of the sanded as compared to the unsanded bogs. Furthermore, as the need of summer flooding is eliminated, water supplies are conserved; it not only permits but requires deeper and better drainage. Insures against fires in bogs in dry seasons, and permits closer setting of plants, reducing labor and expense of weeding, besides insuring earlier cropping under better conditions on sanded bogs.

FEEDING SWEET POTATOES.—Each year I have a lot of cull sweet potatoes that I cannot sell. What can be done with them? I have been told that they can be fed to cows with good results. Is this the truth? If so, how should they be fed, how much to a feeding, etc.? Is it necessary to cut them up? J. W. P., Alabama.

A.—We have reports of many Southern sweet potato growers who have fed cull potatoes to dairy cows with good results. Culls, however, must not be confused with badly rotted or moldy potatoes, for to feed these may prove harmful to stock. Small potatoes, or those that for any reason do not meet with market requirements, can be utilized for cow feed on farms where there is no silo with good results. Tests show that sweet potatoes contain about one and one-half times the amount of feed value found in corn silage; therefore a smaller amount should be fed, sixteen to twenty pounds per day being sufficient. To prevent choking, cut the potatoes lengthwise. Feed morning and evening in combination with good hay and grain concentrates.

PROPAGATING GRAPES.—I have three old grape-vines that have been bearing for years and years, but they seem to be running out, and I do not feel like spending money for other young vines to take their place. Can I grow new vines from seed from the old ones? Will these vines be good? Or can I make cuttings from the vines and plant these? Please tell me what to do.

MRS. M. J. V., Michigan.

A.—If seed from your old grape-vines is planted it will grow, but the chances are that the fruit will be inferior, and will not be like that of the parent vines. Seedlings, whether of grapes, apples or most any orchard fruit for that matter, will seldom be found worth while except for the new roots to which vines of known variety may be grafted by budding. The simplest way to get new vines from old ones is to follow nature's course. This is done by bending down one or two branches and covering them lightly with earth. In a short time roots will spring from the buried joints and new shoots will appear above ground. When these have become strong it is then time to separate each root by cutting the buried branch, disturbing the new roots and the earth surrounding as little as possible. Set out these new plants where they are to grow, and cut them back from time to time to prevent them from becoming too long and slender. Grape raisers like short, "stocky," strong vines that will make a good growth each year, for it is such vines as this that bear a large and profitable crop. For full details on grape culture write to your Agricultural Experiment Station, East Lansing, Michigan, for free bulletins on grape raising and management.

TIP AND HOPPER BURN CONTROL.—Your article (in November issue) about spraying potatoes interests me. Kindly favor me with definite information as to control of tip burn and hopper burn.

N. C. J., Covington, Ky.

A.—To control tip burn and hopper burn of potatoes, use Bordeaux mixture as follows: Spray the young plants thoroughly when they are about six inches high. Repeat in two weeks in all cases; further spraying two or three times until late July is a safeguard taken by all farmers who spray potatoes on a large scale, particularly in regions where potato bugs (Colorado potato beetles) are a serious pest. The secret of success in spraying potatoes lies in doing the job thoroughly, reaching both the upper and lower sides of the leaves, with a spraying machine that sprays evenly from each nozzle. A fine spray forced into the vines under heavy pressure reaches the leaves and stems; spray mixture *poured* onto vines from a sprinkling can seldom gives satisfactory results.

To make Bordeaux mixture, proceed as follows: Dissolve four pounds of copper sulphate (bluestone) in a *wooden* pail by pouring boiling water over it, stirring constantly until completely dissolved. In another wooden pail dissolve five pounds of quicklime in water, stirring until no lumps remain. Never make the mistake of trying to dissolve the bluestone and the quicklime together at the same time in the same pail. When the lime and bluestone have all dissolved, pour each separately through a fine copper sieve (20 meshes to the inch is the right size into a clean wooden barrel. Add one pound of arsenate of lead powder; if the arsenate of lead paste is used, use two pounds, as the latter is only about half as strong as the powder form. Stir thoroughly, then add water to bring the mixture up to 50 gallons. Make Bordeaux mixture fresh each time it is to be used; it becomes weak and less effective as a spray if allowed to stand for any great length of time. Should you need a smaller amount of spray, simply divide the amounts as given to suit your needs, keeping the proportions correct, however.

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Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, has tree-climbing crabs, rich deposits of fertilizer, and a tree that is said to smell worse than anything in the world. The Greenwich Observatory, London, will send an astronomical party there to test the Einstein theory by observations on an eclipse of the sun.

The Huffaker Brooch

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

"We—we were to be married," she vouchsafed chokingly, "just as soon as his mother—as there's a change."

"Open the wallet!" commanded Langford, as Huffaker stood looking with hypnotized commiseration from one culprit to the other.

Huffaker obeyed dumbly. Sure enough, there were the bills, intact. And the brooch! Smiling, he held it off from him in the fading daylight, then suddenly drew it into closer scrutiny.

"In a better light now, Langford—" he began apologetically.

"There!" ejaculated Katie. "Nothing is touched. You wouldn't send him to jail now, would you? Think of your own boy. Give him a chance to make good!"

Huffaker's tone was kindly, almost fatherly, as he turned from the pleading girl to the detective.

"Suppose we drop the case here, Langford. They're both penitent. You can see that. And I've got all my possessions back safe." Beamingly he restored the wallet to an inner pocket. "What do you say, Langford?"

The detective's answer, though meant for Huffaker, was directed toward the still trembling girl.

"It's quite a knockout to my professional pride." He forced a sigh. "However, if you insist—" Hunching his well-set shoulders, and including both offenders in a sweeping glance, he swung jauntily off toward town.

In a moment more Huffaker, having shaken hands warmly with the avowed lovers and wished them happiness, had overtaken the detective.

"Do you know, Langford," he marveled, "they refused to accept a cent!"

The detective gave his companion a sidewise look. "You're a good sport, Mr. Huffaker. And it doesn't surprise me that you fell for their sob lines. But you mustn't get sore when I tell you that they've played you for a bonehead."

At this, the erect figure of Huffaker became even more erect. The action, however, escaped Langford.

"I'll prove to you I'm right," he supplemented. Whipping a revolver from his pocket and pointing it skyward, he had pulled the trigger ere the astounded Huffaker could so much as blink an eye.

The loud report which ensued was answered simultaneously by two others, near at hand.

Huffaker stood transfixed. Langford, laughing, seized him by a shoulder, wheeling him about. "Look!" he commanded.

Almost on the exact spot where but a moment ago he had been released, the man who called himself Akers now sought desperately to fight off a pair of determined captors. Close by, with eyes wide stretched and a small fist doubled back against tightly compressed lips, cowered the girl Katie.

"My assistants, Mr. Huffaker," was the detective's succinct explanation. Followed a loud chuckle as the two thus designated succeeded in subduing their prisoner and slipping the handcuffs upon his wrists.

"Pretty husky specimens, my men," commented Langford pridefully. "I pick them with care. "Well," he concluded with a sigh, "the excitement's over. We may as well move on." He faced once more toward town.

"But the—the diamonds!" stammered Huffaker. "We got them, you know. They're here—safe—every one of them." With fingers that fumbled slightly he touched the pocket by way of confirmation.

"My dear Mr. Huffaker," affirmed the detective, "the fact is, those stones are not your diamonds!"

"Not my—" Incredulity gave way to speechlessness.

Langford bowed his head in verification. "They're merely—substitutes!"

"You mean—"

But the detective cut short the question. "That you've been tricked, Mr. Huffaker. And by one of the slickest crooks on record. 'Substitute King,' we call him. Been hot on his trail for years. Always lands some sort of a girl for catspaw, mind you, only she doesn't get wise to being that till too late. Oh, he's a speedy juggler with his aliases, all right. And when it comes to the getaway, I'll hand it to him, he's an artist. But there! I was about to forget. Just hold on a minute, will you, Mr. Huffaker? Turning, the detective motioned one of his assistants.

The man hurried forward, dropped something into Langford's outstretched hand, then stepped back to his former position.

"Here, sir," said Langford, "are the real stones."

Almost reverently, in the deepening shadows, Huffaker ran his sensitive fingers over the ten perfectly matched diamonds that lay sparkling in the detective's palm, imprisoning in their gleaming facets the last rays of the setting sun. Yet he made no offer to take them.

Into his aggrieved eyes, which now uplifted and met the detective's squarely, conviction gradually crept. But for only answer he spread wide his arms with a gesture of inadequacy, and without further ado fell into step beside Langford. When at length he did speak, it was in a tone of quiet restraint.

"There remains then, I believe, only the little matter of the five hundred reward."

But Langford made no reply. Possibly he did not hear, for already he appeared wrapped in gloomy reflection. Only once more during the return trip did he break his silence. Then, "I wonder—" he muttered, as though thinking aloud, "if we couldn't fix things—somehow—for Katie!"

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

lost confidence cannot be regained! Parents who set their little one up before social company and have the innocent consciousness pricked and stung about their personal appearance and behavior—well, may they be forgiven, they know not what they do! Before I was six years old, I had lost confidence in my mother which meant so much to me. My mother would tell everyone that I was an incorrigible child, and I felt the humility and disgrace keenly. Without her fidelity and protection I was defenceless. When I went to school, the children shunned me—I had no chummy playmates, no friends. My mother had put a blemish on my reputation that was hard to erase, and realizing this as I grew older, I went away from home to work, made new acquaintances, and won for myself respect and friendship, but not mother's love. There is nothing much arder than having to fight a battle alone. Make a confidant of your child. Encourage your son and daughter to tell you of their daily life. When they are in trouble, there should not be anyone else to whom they would sooner go. If you would be their best friend, you must have their confidence. Take time to share in their work and play. Unconsciously, a comradeship that will give pleasure to both of you will be formed, and all through life you will be their trusted adviser.

I am an orphan and have no sisters nor brothers. I was born and raised on a farm near Edgewood, Maryland. I have lived in cities since my marriage, but my spirit yearns for the solitude and peace of woods and fields. Last summer I had the pleasure of a trip to the beautiful mountain scenery of Central Colorado via Denver and Colorado Springs, and perhaps I will tell you about it later.

I am sending you a snapshot of myself, Mrs. Wilkinson, and I'll let you guess my age!

I want to tell you how one old man earns money. He stands outside of one of the big stores on North Avenue, and mothers check their babies with him while they do their shopping. He fastens a numbered tag to each carriage, and gives a duplicate tag to the mother. Any one can do the same in a crowded shopping district, and the mother is glad to pay a small fee to have someone watch her baby while she makes her purchases.

With heartiest wishes for continued success and prosperity for COMFORT'S personnel,

Lovingly yours,
MRS. R. E. ROCKSTROH (*nee* JOOST).

It isn't a bit fair, Renice (that's the name on the picture), to send me a snapshot of yourself and expect me to tell the sisters how old you are. You look about nineteen but as surely as I say that some mathematical sister will pipe up and say, "That can't be, she's been married seven years," and then I'd have to do a lot of explaining and explanations are tiresome. Snapshots can't be reproduced well, else they could decide for themselves.—Ed.

CHETAK, R. R. 4, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As MRS. R. V. Long has asked a question on a matter that I am much interested in, I will try to tell her something of the experience of twenty club members in our locality.

Two years ago, a young married woman, without children, organized a club here. We started out with twenty members and called it the Birthday Club and met at the different homes as nearly as possible on the birth-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

AGENTS: $60 a Week



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Blue Bird Enamel Ware, a full-size 4-piece Mixing Bowl, Pudding Pan, Kettle, Sauce Pan, Given free for selling only 30 packets Garden Seeds at 10 cents a packet. Send no money—we trust you. Write for Seeds Today.

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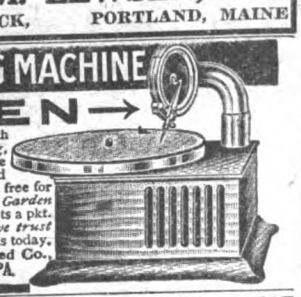
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T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 213 Chicago

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

day of the one that was entertaining. We each took twenty-five cents and that was given to the one who had the club to buy herself a birthday present. In doing this no one was really out anything as each one got her money back. For entertainment, though we had a few good musicians, only one would ever respond, so we brought fancy work and talked and visited. Sometimes we sang. At some of the places we would have a candy pull or at others we would play cards, carom or flinch.

We settled the lunch question by having six of the twenty members each bring a certain kind of food. For instance, we have sandwiches, two kinds of salad, jello, cakes, pickles, cream and coffee.

A year ago December our Birthday Club came to an end so we organized a Community Club with an increase of eight members. Now we have eight serve lunch. We are taking a dime each time as a reserve fund for weenie roasts and ice cream, on the river or at ball games, just to have a good time.

We all think the club has done a wonderful lot of good, as it has brought the neighbors close together and makes a better feeling toward everyone. Before we had this club I felt that I didn't know my nearest neighbors, but now I feel that I have sisters for miles around.

At first when the men brought their wives they would leave them and come after them when it was time to go home, but now we have several men folks who say they want to join.

May I come again? MRS. BEN E. WILLIAMS.

LORAIN, 1307 EIGHTH ST., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have received so many letters in reply to mine, published in COMFORT, that I am answering some of them in this way. I wish to thank each and every one of you for your kindly letters, and in return I'll tell you some of the stunts I have seen tried at parties.

Put as many bottles, small necked, as members, into a tub. Give each person a glass and tell them to fill the bottles with water. The one filling his bottle first wins. Of course a tub filled with bottles must be across the room from place where water is obtained. Prizes awarded could be bottle of perfume for first prize and bottle of ketchup for booby prize.

Fill small bottles with any liquids one happens to have handy. Here are a few we used, vanilla, peppermint, almond, liniments, camphor, perfumes, witch-hazel, etc. Hostess will have to number each bottle and keep track of what is in each one. Give members pencil and paper and let them smell of the bottles and write the name of what it contains. The one guessing the most correctly wins. This may sound easy but after smelling two or three bottles one seems to lose their sense of smell.

Place bowl of peanuts on table, give each person a teaspoon and an empty coffee can. They are to place tin on top of head, not touching it after placing it on head, and take a teaspoonful of peanuts out of bowl, putting them into tin on top of head. The one getting most peanuts in tin within a certain time to win.

Put a base at one end of room, if large enough, and at other end of room line up the players, giving each one a fan (I used pieces of cardboard) and a piece of tissue paper with owner's name written on it. They are to lay the pieces of paper on floor in front of them and at a given signal start to fan papers toward base. On no account must paper be touched with hands. The one reaching the base first wins the race. This is great fun. We laughed so much and bumped heads in our hurry to reach the base first. One lady lost her paper under the dining-room table and she had a hard time getting it out by just fanning it.

Try drawing pigs with eyes blindfolded. The results are amusing.

A COMFORT SISTER. MRS. R. V. LONG.

BONHAM, R. R. 4, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Is there room for another in your corner, from way down in Texas? I enjoy reading the letters the sisters write and have been a silent reader for ten years.

The following is a game I used to enjoy very much. It is a guessing game and the one leading must be informed to carry it out successfully and make more fun too. Stand someone up and pin a slip of paper on his or her back that can be read easily by the others. On this piece of paper write the name of some statesman, poet, traveler or any noted character. The leader answers by Yes or No and the one standing finds out who he is by asking questions, as "Am I a poet?" "Am I a President?" and so on until he can call the name. Then another takes a handkerchief and all stand, one starts and calls out a letter of the alphabet, throwing the handkerchief to one of the players and the player calls out a proper name beginning with that letter. He is supposed to say this name before the one who threw the handkerchief counts three. You can use proper names of any kind. This is instructive as well as a lot of fun.

If any of my old schoolmates remember me as Leona Young I'd be very glad to hear from them.

I am five feet, six inches tall and tip the scales at 120 pounds. Am thirty-one years old and have brown hair and blue eyes and would have a fair complexion if I wore my bonnet. I always like to know how anyone looks.

Best wishes to Mrs. W. and the many COMFORT sisters. MRS. LEONA CHANDLER.

BUSSEY, IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I sit in the COMFORT Corner with you? I've enjoyed your letters for so long a time that I feel like paying back.

I wish you could see my roses. I sent in two subscriptions to COMFORT last spring and got a collection of ten tiny rose bushes, two are ramblers, Lady Gay by name, and as I can't remember the name of the one I like best I call it my COMFORT rose and it is a comfort to me. I put it out in April and the last of June it started to bloom and has bloomed every month since and this is November. It has scarlet blossoms and they are fragrant.

It seems to be the custom so I'll tell something about myself and family. I am forty-two years old, have brown hair and eyes and weigh 136 pounds. I have three girls and four boys. The oldest girl, Garnet, 21, was a teacher; she is married. Daisy, 19, is teaching. Verne, 18, and Archie, 16, help their father on the farm. Then there are James, 14, Curtis, 11, and our baby girl, Flossie Foy, three years old and the pet of the family.

I plan various ways to economize. I make the shirts for my husband and boys and can make two for the price of one readymade. I rip up a good fitting shirt when it is worn so it is no longer fit for wear and get a pattern that way. I make it a bit larger to allow for shrinkage.

Sometimes I make a little extra money by selling home-made candy. MRS. JULIA MUSGROVE.

Mrs. Musgrove.—We are glad that you are so pleased with your COMFORT roses. I like mine quite as well.—Ed.

CANISTER, 2 RUSSELL ST., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am greatly interested in letters from sisters who have children. I have four, three boys and one girl.



FRANCIS DUANE BURDICK.

My youngest is Francis Duane Burdick who is two and one-half years old. I am sending his picture, with his dog. His name is Dimples.

I would like to hear from the sisters and will do my best to answer all letters received.

Good luck to everybody. MRS. L. D. BURDICK.

LOOMIS, WASH.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

I often wonder why so many of you start your letters "Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters," just as though she wasn't a sister. Don't you think that is rather putting her out in the cold, so to speak?

My reason in writing this letter is because I'm beginning to feel that I'm becoming a parasite, absorbing everything and giving nothing. Most things I've learned have come from the hard school of experience for I was married at the age of sixteen and now at the age of twenty-seven I am the mother of six sturdy youngsters, all, usually, well and happy.

While I'm a long ways from knowing it all, still I feel that I have learned something and would like to pass some of the knowledge on.

If children are allowed to eat plenty of raw carrots they will never be troubled with worms. I cured myself of tapeworm by using them. I ate semi-solid foods for three days, taking an ounce of oil every night and an ounce of Epsom salts every morning. On the fourth day I ate nothing but liquids and in the evening ate a big raw carrot. In the morning more salts and there has been no more trouble from tapeworm.

Corn can be popped very successfully by putting it in a large bread or dripping pan and putting it in a medium hot oven. You'd best make a cover for your pan or it will all pop out.

If your little ones get sick and peevish don't be afraid of the castor oil bottle. It relieves them better than anything else, and be sure to give them enough. A tablespoonful isn't too much for a two-year old. You'll have a little trouble for a moment but I'd rather have that than a sick baby.

In case of accidents with lye, use vinegar at once. My boy was accidentally splashed with strong lye water in the face and eyes and we used vinegar and there was no bad effect.

I have held the floor long enough so good by all.
JUDY.

WEST HAVEN, 116 UNION AVE., CONN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Nothing has ever been said about Mrs. Wilkinson having a goat; but I solemnly declare that she must have one. I've tried my best to enter the precincts of your charmed circle three times in as many years, all to no avail. If my middle name were not Persistence I should have been properly subdued long ago, but as my motto has ever been "Hope for the best and continually work for it," you see I'm trying again. Either Nannie or Billie devoured them before they ever reached her, or else some dear little baby's picture replaced them each time. But I don't mind, for I do love those baby pictures. One picture would be of far more consequence than all my letters put together. Besides, I'm no newcomer. I've been a subscriber and reader of dear old COMFORT for over a dozen years, and expect to go on being one until the end of my life.

In March, 1911, Mrs. Wilkinson kindly published a letter of mine, and if she, and every one of you, only knew the joy and happiness that that letter brought into my life! I could kneel and kiss the hem of Mrs. Wilkinson's garments, as they used to do in old Biblical times when they especially wanted to express deep and profound gratitude. I can never thank her enough—words are inadequate. Two of my most cherished and best beloved earthly treasures came to me through its publication, not to mention numerous beautiful friendships gained through the same means. It brought to me, first of all, one of the truest and best friends that a person could ever possibly have, one who is dearer to me than any flesh-and-blood relation I ever had, and who has proven herself entirely worthy of that statement. I never had a sister but she is all that my heart could desire one to be if I did have. Words cannot say more. And many of you COMFORT sisters know her and love her, too. She had a letter printed in July Sisters' Corner. Know who she is now? Well, for nearly three years I enjoyed corresponding with a num-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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ven To You! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to IFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this t grass Sewing Set, exactly as above described, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1252.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

y mixed commercial chick feeds. For the t part, these are of excellent uniform quality, may be depended on to give satisfactory re-s Unless they are unobtainable or excessive-gh priced, the beginner can do no better than se these exclusively, at least during the ding period.

xercise is of vital importance in brooder fed ks. If the weather is pleasant, they should iven access to a small outside yard by the of the first week. Keep the ground covered a very liberal quantity of clean, dry straw. tle scratch feed buried in the straw will keep chicks busy and happy most of the day.

hen the chicks get dumpy and stand round a sure sign that they are being overfed or not getting enough exercise. This is a danger al that cannot be overlooked. To remedy mat-, cut down the feed and increase the depth of litter so that they will have to work harder the small particles of grain.

The Real Cure for Gapes

apes are brought on by the presence of gape-ms in the windpipe of the chick. These para-s, which are small and reddish in color, at-themselves to the wall of the windpipe, thus rfering with normal respiration and causing chick to open its mouth and gasp for breath. y may be removed by snaring with a loop of ehair or fine stiff wire, but if there are many ks the job is almost hopeless.

he real cure lies in ridding the premises of the ction. Where the trouble is widespread, the ks should be removed to fresh, clean ground. old yards should be heavily limed, plowed and ivated, then not used again for at least two ions.

chicks are to be marketed or branded, this uld be done shortly before they are put in the oder.

short spell of warm weather during the early t of the brooding period may cause the chicks eave the hover and sleep in the corners of the oder or in groups about the floor. No harm result from this unless the temperature takes idden drop. In this event, the caretaker must e sure that the youngsters are quickly broken he habit, or they will pile up in an effort to warm and a number will be suffocated.

uch favorite pastimes as picking the toe of e weak chick until it bleeds is a common oc-rence during the first few weeks. This habit generally be stopped by hanging up a piece wo of tough, lean meat for them to work on. earing and eating the felt of the portable er is another habit frequently manifested at age. To overcome it nail a strip of tough loth round the outside of the felt.

A First-Rate Tonic

ne of the best things in the way of a tonic, n the youngsters get off their feed for some cause or another, is a daily feed of sliced onion. Cut the onion in half, and then slice it so that it falls in long, thin strips.

It should be distinctly understood that the onion should be fed as a tonic and not for succulence. Some form of green food should be given daily as a supplement to the grain rations. For this purpose sprouted oats, lettuce leaves, green grass clippings, or shredded vegetables such as cabbage, mangels or beets, is excellent.

Wet sloppy feeds should be avoided. They are in no way suited to the chick's digestive system, and almost always cause trouble when fed freely. In the hands of the expert feeder, moist, crumbly mashes can be used to very good effect in prompting rapid growth. But until one has had considerable experience, the safe plan is to feed by the dry method exclusively.

Such ration accessories as pulverized charcoal, small chick grit and finely ground bone, should be kept in small hoppers where the chicks can help themselves at any time. These materials are cheap, and a small quantity will last a long time. A cigar box divided with two partitions will answer nicely as a hopper while the chicks are small.

The liberal use of milk in some form from the very start is one of the best preventives of bowel trouble and digestive disorders that has ever been discovered. Whether it should be fed sweet or sour is still a matter of dispute among certain authorities.

In practice, unless changed frequently, the milk will be sour most of the time, so the sensible thing is to start with sour skim-milk or buttermilk. It should be supplied in regular stone or galvanized iron drinking fountains that can easily be kept sweet and clean by scalding once a day. When the chicks have had all the milk they want to drink, little or no beef scrap is needed in the ration. After the first week, plenty of fresh water should be provided in addition to the milk.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. M. J.—Bathe the eyes with a boric acid solution, made by diluting one teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water. Feed plenty of sour milk and green vegetables.

I. L. B.—Such a condition as you describe usually comes from an overfat condition of the bird. You know that when you kill a laying hen you always find a cluster of eggs in formation, much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovarium. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pin's head to the full size yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and keeping up the supply of eggs which she lays. The rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage where, by their own volition, weight or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading into a sort of passage called the oviduct—this organ in a hen being from 22 to 26 inches long. During the passage of this egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and sounder membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chalazes, which pass quite near the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germs rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation. It is during the passage of the egg through the lower part of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although laying close around the egg, at the thick end, become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and if such is too stimulating, or given in excessive quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged and other chicken monstrocities. A further result of over stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess of one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell forming material, but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering. To over feeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which, contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new laid eggs, this being a not infrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two days near the mouth of this organ, and if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an addled condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen which lays white or brown eggs, on rare occasions produces one almost black, and in most instances the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated, or otherwise irregular. Then there are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and again, possibly the effect of overfeeding. Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs should at once be killed, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

F. K.—Most decidedly it would be safer to thoroughly clean and disinfect the house before putting your own birds into it. Thoroughly brush walls and ceiling, turn out nests and perches, scrape the floor and burn up any old rubbish that may be lying around. If there is a yard attached, scatter fresh lime around all over it, and after twenty-four hours, plow in. Make a thick limewash, and to every pailful add two ounces of crude carbolic acid and the same quantity of powdered glue, mixed with boiling water and skim-milk, and apply to the walls of the house while still hot.

F. P. D.—Anoint the heads with carbolic vaseline. If confined, give plenty of green vegetable food, and sour milk to drink.

A. A. K.—Write Mr. Gust Toupin, Agricultural Institute, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

I. G.—I fear you have to fight an epidemic of malignant roup, which is a most contagious disease, but as many forms of cold resemble roup so closely as to make it almost impossible to be sure without personal examination, I may be wrong. The one unmistakable symptom of the true malignant roup is the stale, offensive odor which is always present. Open the bird's beak, and if there is no odor on the breath you may be pretty sure it is only a roupy cold they have, which will be comparatively easy to cure if taken in time, but if neglected, the cold is always liable to develop into roup, so it is advisable to treat the birds for that disease without waiting to be sure of the extent of the trouble. Remove the birds that show signs of illness, and confine them in coops in some sheltered outhouse, far removed from the chicken house. Disinfect house, nests, feed and water dishes, as a protection for the rest of the flock. The sick birds should be fed very lightly on nutritious food, and treated as follows: Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with four of water, and spray the bird's throat, mouth, nostrils and eyes twice or three times a day for a week or ten days. If the bird is not considerably better at the end of that time, it would be advisable to kill it and burn the carcass. Don't use any of the birds which have been attacked in your breeding pens, no matter how well they may seem to be by spring, for if you do, the chicks are almost sure to be weak and slow to develop, and in many cases show unmistakable signs of rheumatism and kindred ailments.

G. H.—The birds have tuberculosis, which is a chronic and contagious disease characterized by the development of nodules called tubercles in various organs of the body, but most frequently in the liver, spleen and intestines. Tuberculosis is generally brought into the poultry yard with fowls that are purchased from infected flocks or with the eggs of diseased birds that are obtained for the purpose of hatching. If the disease exists in neighboring flocks, the contagion may be carried by small birds or animals passing from one yard to the other. A peculiarity of the tuberculosis of birds is that the liver and intestines are nearly always very severely affected, and that as a consequence the bacilli are very numerous in the intestinal contents and are scattered with the droppings everywhere that the fowls go. The introduction of a single diseased bird may, therefore, cause the infection of the greater part of the flock in a few weeks. In the same way, when wild birds contract the disease, the bacilli are carried and deposited in all the yards which they visit. The eggs of diseased birds frequently contain the bacilli, as has been proven by the inoculation of and the transference of the disease to rabbits and guinea pigs. The young chicks hatched from such infected eggs are diseased when they leave the shell, and, of course, soon infect the poultry with which they run. Moreover, since the sterile incubated eggs are often fed to chickens, it is clear that even the eggs which do not hatch may introduce the contagion unless they are cooked before feeding. Pigs, cats, rats and mice are specially liable to be infected with fowl tuberculosis from eating the carcasses of birds which have died, and these animals serve to keep up the contagion and may communicate it to other fowls. Even calves and colts are sometimes found suffering from this form of tuberculosis. Symptoms are not generally observed in the internal tuberculosis of fowls until the disease has reached an advanced stage of development. They begin with gradual loss of weight, wasting of the muscles, paleness of the comb, and toward the end, dullness, sleepiness and diarrhea. Very often there is at the same time a tubercular inflammation of the joints and of the sheaths of tendons, which is revealed by lameness, swelling of the joints of the legs, and sometimes by the formation of hard, external tumors of considerable size. Occasionally the skin over the swollen joints breaks, the interior of the joint is ulcerated, and a small quantity of pus, containing large numbers of tubercle bacilli, is discharged. Swellings and bony enlargements of the joints with fowls are invariably suspicious, and their nature should always be investigated by killing the fowl and examining the liver and spleen to discover if they have any whitish or yellowsh spots on their surface which when cut into prove to be tubercular masses. There is no treatment that will cure fowls that have been attacked by tuberculosis. When the disease is discovered, the effort should be to eradicate it at once by killing off the whole flock and thoroughly disinfecting the houses and runs. As the great majority of the birds will probably be more or less affected, the chances are that any that are saved will have diseased livers and intestines, from which the bacilli will escape and keep up the infection of the flock and the runs. The danger of this is so great that no attempt should be made to keep any of the fowls that have been exposed to the contagion, no matter how valuable they may be. The bodies of the birds which have died or been killed, as well as all the accumulated manure, sweepings and scrapings of the poultry houses, should be completely destroyed by fire.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

ber of very interesting COMFORT friends, besides my "sister" as I always call her. Then a great joy came into my life. That "sister" of mine was the cause of it—and what a debt I owe her!—for I succumbed to the inevitable. She introduced me to a friend of hers. What of that. Well, a good deal of it—he was my "Dream Man." Who says there is no such thing as love at first sight? I'm here to refute that theory. Laugh, if you want to. We have been married nine years and he is still as much my ideal as he ever was. I tell him that he's the "only living one in captivity," as it says on circus billboards. He's my best friend and pal, to say nothing about being one of the dearest husbands—a woman was ever fortunate enough to possess. We are chums always, first and last. Among our friends we are held up as a model of domestic felicity. In this day, age and generation it is considered one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." Didn't Ex-President Grover Cleveland say that his married life was "one grand, sweet song"? Ours is like a beautiful symphony, all exquisite harmony and sweet, sympathetic chords. To be successfully married, a couple must, first of all, be the very best of friends. I know of scores who are not. They pick and nag at each other and continually find fault. I said "*find* fault," if you know what I mean. They look for 'em. My husband and I are so blind to each other's faults that we wouldn't recognize them if we met them face to face. They simply fade out of our lives, unnoticed. If we were suddenly shipwrecked on a desert island and found ourselves the only human inhabitants upon it, we would be happy and content. We find the greatest pleasure in each other's company and never seem to tire of it. We laugh and talk and read, to ourselves and to each other. Sometimes we just sit and think but always with that underlying current of perfect comradeship. If ever a couple has passed through the fiery furnace of adversity we have but it hasn't soured our dispositions. Rather it has drawn the bond of love tighter than ever, if possible; and brought out of our characters all that was pure and good. Our motto is "Plain living and high thinking."

God bless the Sisters' Corner. Here we may meet on common ground; air our pet theories and receive an intelligent and sympathetic understanding.

I hate to leave you but I must. Will some sister who has had a real COMFORT romance, like mine, please write to our corner.

Come and see me any time. The latch-string is always out and a warm welcome awaits those who care to enter within.

MRS. VENSE W. MCVEY.

UCROSS, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

How do you do? Perhaps you won't let a Wyomingite in but they really exist and some have good hearts, too. I have been a subscriber many years, and my mother was before me. I always look forward with pleasure to the coming of COMFORT. I say, like one of the sisters a while back, "It's like a warm fire on a cold day," and we have plenty of cold days out here in Wyoming.

How many sisters have children that are ruptured? I have two boys that are and I want to tell you what I did for them. I got a piece of heavy two-inch elastic webbing for a belt around hips and another piece about half an inch wide and four inches long. I sewed a piece of new muslin on both ends of this piece to loop over the hip belt in back and front, having the muslin long enough on front end to not bind when passed under one leg and up to belt in front. I then pin or sew on a small pad made of new muslin. Fill with absorbent cotton to make pad, which should be about two inches long and one and one-half inches wide when finished. This pad I fasten to the belt and leg band after it has been fitted so the pad comes directly over the rupture. This makes an inexpensive truss and a sure one. This is for a small child, make the pad larger for a larger person. My baby was running around and fell onto a rocking chair, causing his rupture, while that of my fourteen-year-old boy was caused by lifting.

I think the sisters who believe in not rocking their babies, cannot enjoy them as much as I enjoy mine. I appreciate my three babies and evenings before I put them to bed we have a romp and a good rock, the three on chair arm, my knees and in my arms. I read clean, wholesome stories to them and sing to them or tell them stories. The older ones, Juanita, four, and Alfred, two, enjoy these stories and even our little girl, Thelma, who is but six months old, looks forward to an evening of play. We have two older boys, Marion L., 17, and J. Potter, 14.

Perhaps you would like to know how I look. Well, I am a dainty little person of 195 pounds, sandy hair, large blue eyes and a pug nose. Yes, that's right, I'm Irish.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

MRS. BLANCHE BLISS.

VANCOUVER, R. R. 2, BOX 70, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish to propose a new discussion. What is your ideal husband? I will tell you mine and see how much of it is your ideal, too.

First of all, a man to be a good husband should be a Christian, no matter what his occupation is. Second, he should be a teetotlar, and have clean personal habits and not use tobacco in any form. Third, he should be a well read man, the man who does not care for good books and magazines does not appeal to me. Fourth, in disposition, he should have humor, a kind, loving and sympathetic nature and not be either too lazy or too ambitious. I mean, there are some men so busy making money that they have no time to help rear their children or to give their wives social attentions. A man should enjoy taking his wife out in public, to church, lectures, to anything that is a diversion to him. A neat man in person and he must be intelligent and wide awake, in short, a live wire. He must not be a fop, nor a cruel-hearted man. A man who will mistreat even a dog is a man I could not love.

I should like my husband to like all the things I like, as much as possible. I believe it is our mutual likes that draw us together. I don't believe in the old saying that opposites attract, unless perhaps in a physical sense. My ideal husband, too, is not too domineering. He is willing to compromise if it is not a matter of principle. He must love children and respect womanhood so much that it is impossible for him to call them "old hens" or say "old lady" of his wife.

Lovers should talk over all affairs of life to see how much they have in common, the more interests in common the less chance for discord. And they should see each other in every-day clothes and be honest in their courtship, concealing nothing that might influence each other's regard. There should not be too much difference in their ages. I think those near the same age are more companionable and a woman wants a man who will never bore her. That is one test of love and love of course is the great essential.

Ever sincerely, RUBY C. NELSON.

Now is your chance, sisters, to tell us about your Ideal Husband. Maybe the one you have isn't your ideal, but tell us just the same. It promises to be interesting and I'm looking forward to the letters.—Ed.

GRESHAM, R. R. A, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

The day has been cold, crimson and gold has faded into soft purple and dull grey, and I want to spend the evening with you one and all. I do so enjoy reading your letters that I've joined the Sisters' Corner. I hope you will take me in and that you will all like me and let me help you if I can in any way, for you know, "We pass this way but once," and in passing touch in some way every life in our path. Every morning my prayer is "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."

I have three children, an adopted daughter who is fifteen golden summers old, two little boys of our own, one thirteen and the other five, and a dearly loved husband. So you see I am blessed. Personally I am not very big. Have light hair, hazel eyes and fair complexion. I am starting down the trail that leads to the other side of life's big mountain. I am forty-three years old. If you will let me come in I can tuck myself in a very small corner and won't be in the way hardly at all.

There is one thing I want to ask. I wonder how many of you mothers and fathers, men and women unmarried, who have ever given the institution child more than a passing thought. How many really know just what a herding place an institution really is. We have all sorts of "weeks" these days, Baby Weeks, Health Weeks, Club Weeks and goodness knows what not weeks. If one woman out of every five could spend one week trying to find a home for some homeless child, what a glory it would be.

Not very long ago I visited an institution. It was the noon hour and the older children were at dinner while all the little children too young to go to school were having their nap in the then empty schoolroom, their dear little heads lying on the hard desks. At one o'clock they were awakened by the loud clang of a bell and I saw them marching stupidly out of that room, dazed with sleep, but the beds up-stairs were nicely made. That one scene has burned itself into my mind.

Wyoming, the sun-kissed state, is the only one of which I know, personally, as acting like a big loving mother to all her homeless children. Wyoming has no institutions of any kind for her children. The people of that grand big state give homes to the homeless children. Almost every community in the state has children to care for. They do it out of kindness of their hearts They have a home where a dear woman keeps the children a few days until they are taken to the many homes waiting for them. Wyoming does not profit one cent from her homeless children but rather gives of her best. Let every woman, every mother, rise up and say that they will provide a home for one homeless child.

I have three precious children to put to bed, three prayers to hear, so I must say good night.

If in any way I can help any of you I shall be glad. Even at forty-three, I still have the soul of youth, and I would be especially glad to hear from a mother. My own died a number of years ago.

Love to all the sisters.

MRS. ALICE CUTTING PHELPS.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a wife and mother with three boys, age six, four and two years. I taught school six terms before I was married and during the seven years of my married life had not taught until this year. Times became so awfully hard and crops poor and prices way down until I had to help out on the finances. Some of the sisters seem to think it a disgrace to help earn the living but I don't. When your wheat crop is mortgaged and you get not a cent out of it, but the banker gets it all, what would you live on in the winter? That is our condition right now. My husband is not a trained man in any trade but he is willing to help with the housework and care for the children so do you think it wrong for me to earn $100 a month? We live only a short distance from the schoolhouse and the walk night and morning is good for me.

Now as to the age to send children to school. I prefer a child of seven rather than younger, although I have a little girl at my school this term who is only five but mentally she is a year older. So, parents, ask yourself the question, "Is my child really old enough to understand school work?" I know some children who have been pushed in their studies until they have gotten into water too deep for their age. Maybe you don't know what I mean, but a child might do well to begin with say for two years and be in the third grade by the time he is seven but he cannot grasp the third grade work for it is beyond him. Some won't agree with me but I've had enough experience to know where of I speak.

Some mother asked about teaching the alphabet to a child before starting to school. I think it rests with the child. For my part, I teach them the words and sentences and spell the words to them until they learn the alphabet gradually as they read. My oldest boy has not started to school yet and I have let him learn his letters. I expect some teachers and ex-teachers will say, "She must be a great teacher," but I can say that the children who have started to school to me who knew their alphabet, learned more rapidly than those who did not.

I am five feet six inches tall, have dark brown hair, brown eyes and a rosy complexion. I will not give my weight in pounds but will say that I am a heavyweight.

SCHOOLMA'AM.

NORTHPORT, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Good morning. I have just finished listening to your pleasant and helpful chat. I haven't much to tell you but I can talk to the sister who wanted ideas on fixing up a boy's room.

I have two boys and two girls and not a very large house. The boys, fourteen and eight years of age, had long wanted a room but we could not give them one to themselves as we had only two bedrooms. But we had a porch running the full length of the house so father and big son boarded up about ten feet off one end of this porch and that gave them a room, eight by ten feet. I helped big son furnish it and little son helped too. First we collected all the paperboard boxes we could find, such as shoe and suit boxes, and tacked them over the wall boards. Then we took the wrapping paper that had been saved from packages and covered the pasteboard. This we papered with dark paper, using light for the ceiling. Big son made a window seat eight feet long and put two shelves under it. This is where they keep their books and games, also their shoes. He also made a table with a cover and in this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)



Give "California Fig Syrup" Child's Harmless Laxative

Mother! This gentle laxative cleanses the child's system thoroughly. It never gripes or overacts like harsh cathartics, calomel, or castor oil. Children love it.

Avoid imitations! Ask druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Say "California"

Sisters' Circle Pin



Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold-finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 8671.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS! Have Fun And Make Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



For A Club Of Only

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is [illegible] cause he has printed some name cards for his neighbor for which he is to receive 50 cents. [illegible] the same. With this practical Printing Outfit he can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, letter heads, bill heads, etc., and do the work well. There is always a demand for this kind of printing and if you are a "live wire" you can doubtless get a number of jobs to do for your friends and neighbors and thereby earn considerable pocket money. And he will be learning something, too—typesetting, spelling, correct use of capitals, punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best quality. It contains **one complete font** of rubber type—that is, in other words, from eight to fourteen of each of the letters in the alphabet—both capitals and small letters; all the numerals from 1 to 10—two or three of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, apostrophes, quotation, percentage and parenthesis marks, exclamation and question points, slugs, pointing hands and a number of words and pharases most commonly used in business such as "For Sale By," "Return To," "No.", "Dr.", "Cr." Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of tweezers or pinchers (to pick up the type with), and an inking ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable practice and a chance to earn money of their own. Business men will find this Outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

We will give you this complete Printing Outfit if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1222.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set is [illegible] in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Brush is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty. The Comb is both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 2½ inches wide, with real inches long and 2½ inches wide, with real length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy [illegible] less, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement [illegible] the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as desired and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory Toilet Set in a fitted box. Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

7 JEWEL WATCH AND BRACELET $6.65



SEND NO MONEY
Sensational Watch Offer

This beautiful high grade ladies' small size, 20 year guaranteed, seven jewel octagon watch and bracelet ($15 value) now only $6.65. Can be worn either with link or ribbon bracelet. Stem wind and set—beautiful case, attractive gold dial, splendid movement, accurate timekeeper. Sent in velvet and silk lined gift case. Splendid value.

EXCELLENT GIFT SEND NO MONEY Write Us Now!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery $6.65 — our low advertising price. Satisfaction guaranteed. WRITE TODAY.

Gold Seal Watch Company
Roosevelt & Peoria, Dept. 107, Chicago

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

Sterling Silver Ring!



Set With Your Own Birthstone. Your Choice For A Club Of Only Two!

Jan. 1272
Feb. 1282
Mar. 1292
April 1302
May 1312
June 1322
July 1332
Aug. 1342
Sept. 1352
Oct. 1362
Nov. 1372
Dec. 1382

THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The imt. gems are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different gems and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Sardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send it to you free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Solid Silver Birthstone Rings, free parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Reward No. 7833

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WOULD you like to spend a day with me, girls? a make-believe day, I mean. We'll pass over an agonizing hour and a half in the dentist's chair and the washing of the dinner dishes, on to the time when I got comfortably settled in my rocking chair, one foot tucked under me and my writing pad on my knee. Somehow or other my typewriter doesn't seem sociable and friendly enough for our talks together, though I considerately copy my remarks before handing them to the powers that be. But it was an off day; ideas wouldn't come and, really, giving advice is a serious thing. I expect I'm blamed for a lot but I do the best I can, so be merciful. After nibbling my pencil and deciding it didn't taste any better than the rubber dam the dentist used (horrid things!), I said, "I guess I'll go to the movies," which I did, paying thirty-five cents of my own money for a balcony seat. If someone had taken me I'd have sat in the orchestra. But it was worth it. I learned lots of interesting things, such as the psychology of monkeys, how a certain tribe in East Africa lives (I always wondered about them), saw a funny picture about policemen, and Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart." I don't suppose the winsome Laurette ever reads COMFORT but if she does this will tell her how much I enjoyed her picture. Better see it. There, you know me better, don't you, and like me better, too, I hope, now that you know I'm a regular person and shed tears over the sad or beautifully happy parts and laugh over the funny things in real life as well as in reel life. Almost made a joke then, didn't I? But whether you like me better or not you've got to have your little pills of advice. Get ready for the first pill and if it is bitter remember that the bitterest medicine often does the most good. Open your little bits of mouths!

BILL AND JACK, Wyoming.—I specialize in affairs of the heart, and head, but don't know a thing about astrology, only that the moon makes people do crazy things. Sorry I can't tell you your lucky days, etc. (2) You can send cards after leaving your home town but don't correspond with boys unless you can make yourselves write sensible letters. (Bill and Jack are girls.) Can you do that?

LAWRENCE, North Carolina.—When I read your letter the first time I said, "What's the matter with him anyhow?" and the second time I read it I said, "The boy's got brains, after all." I gather from your letter that while you love this girl of sixteen (or think you do) you feel that it would be better to "quit" her for a while. Good reasoning for a boy of seventeen; most of them want to get married right away and go home to father to live. Of course you don't want to hurt her feelings but I'd advise having a good talk with her and explaining that you are both too young to be engaged, even a teeny bit engaged, but that you want to be good friends until you are older and in a position to care for her. Either or both of you are likely to change your minds and it would simplify matters if there were no engagement.

LOVELORN, West Virginia.—Isn't "thank you" enough for gifts of candy, books and flowers? Do you expect her to let you "cuddle" her in return for the money you've spent on her? Generous, aren't you? I'm glad she didn't let you. Some fellows think that because they give a girl a box of candy they own her. Get that idea out of your head, Lawrence. If there is any bargaining done nowadays the girls set their own valuation and no cheap skate with a box of forty-nine cent chocolates is going to have the right to cuddle them whenever he wants to. A diamond engagement ring is usually the price, or else a wedding ring. Wise girls. A man doesn't appreciate anything he gets too easily. You aren't a man yet, but you are exhibiting the characteristics of the animal, and you might as well get the idea into your head right now that gifts don't make the man.

BILLY BLUE EYES, W. Va.—Do as your parents say, of course. Don't think of marrying a boy of eighteen. He's a mere child yet. You'd probably have to tell him to wash the back of his neck and behind his ears. Do you want a husband like that? Hee-hee! Phony giggle.

PAULINE, Missouri.—There is hope for you if you know you are inclined to be headstrong and have a fiery temper. That's a bad combination unless handled rightly. Learn to control your temper and when tempted to do some headstrong thing say to yourself, 'Pauline, be careful, don't bite off more than you can chew." That isn't an elegant expression by any means but it is forceful, and don't let your willfulness run away with your better judgment—or the better judgment of your praents. Go back to school, but first have your eyes fitted to glasses. We'll talk about running away from home and getting married after you graduate from high school. That will be only three or four years but I'm thinking you'll have better sense then.

BUTTERFLY, Kentucky.—You have tried to make up with him with no results. Forget him and you'll be much happier.

Z. S., West Virginia.—When I see how some of the young girls dress I could wish there were more fathers like yours, though he does go to extremes in his modesty. I'll bet father was a wild 'un when he was young. I don't go in for long trains or woolen stockings myself, but the styles today make me shiver. Knees, no matter how dimpled, should be covered in cold weather, anyway. Don't think to escape supervision of your clothes by getting married. Husbands are sometimes worse in that respect than fathers. I know a man who selects his wife's dresses and hats, choosing just the opposite of what he admires on other women. If you have the opportunity to finish school and fit yourself for teaching, it is worth more to you than being free to choose your clothes, so try and endure father's fashions for a while longer. You have all your life before you in which to dress becomingly, and you may not always have an opportunity for an education.

LONESOME, Oxford, Iowa.—If your brother won't take you to socials and movies with him, let his worst enemy take you, the boy he dislikes the most, provided he isn't a cheap, disreputable sort. When brother objects tell him you'll trade this fellow's company for his.

MARGARET, Missouri.—Next time he says he can't marry you, after having planned to, tell him he certainly can't and that the engagement is broken until he is sure of himself and has a steady job and some money saved. That ought to bring him to a realizing sense of things and, if it doesn't you are better off without him.

T. F., Tennessee.—He may be one of the nicest and best boys in your town but how large is "your town"? There are other boys in other towns doubtless much nicer than he is. I don't believe you care so very much for him, either. There's something about camping parties that make young people think they are in love with each other—I know—when they are not. Just because you can't have him you think you want him when you'd tire of him in no time if he came to see you often. The advice given by your friend is good, for even if it doesn't make him jealous it opens your eyes to the fact that he isn't the only desirable fellow in the world.

LONESOME LOUISIANIAN.—Marriage in itself is all right, it's the participants that make a fizzle of it. Because so many are unhappily married is no sign you would be, but wait until you are older before taking the fatal step. Wait until you are older, and then, if you still feel the same toward each other, you've every chance to be happy. It's up to you to make your own happiness.

BLUE-EYED MARY, Missouri.—"Is it all right to be fast when with a fast boy and slow when with a boy of ambition and principle, because there are so many fast boys and so few nice boys?" Your reasoning is all wrong, Mary. In the first place, if you are fast with the fast boys the nice boys won't want you, and furthermore, if girls refused to have anything at all to do with the fast boys there would be fewer of them. If a boy sees that the slow but nice fellow gets the girls then he is going to slow up a bit himself. If girls would only set a higher standard there would be more decent fellows.

OKLAHOMA TWINS, Okla.—You know you are doing wrong. Stop before it is too late.

V. L., Washington.—Instead of being unhappy and wanting your errant sweetheart back again you should be happy because you learned in time of just what stuff he and your girl chum were made of. Neither of them are worth feeling badly over.

CORA, La.—If you've devoted three years of your life to a man and he hasn't mentioned marriage to you or even told you that he loved you then you must be easy. He should have apologized and explained why he was unable to keep the engagements with you. I don't see how he can think you are "too independent." Look in the mirror and see if you haven't "Welcome" or "Wipe your feet" written all over your back.

A GIRL OF THE WEST, So. Dak.—If you are satisfied with him then there is nothing more to be said. You've got to live with him, but it seems to me that if I'd responsibilities and cares ever since I was a mere child 'd want to get something more out of life than marrying a widower twice my age, with one child. However, thrills do not always mean happiness.

BROWN EYES, Kansas.—Most certainly you should invite the girl who is visiting you into the room when you are entertaining your fiance. You may be taking a chance in so doing, but she is your guest and as such is entitled to every courtesy. If she is at all tactful she will murmur something about having letters to write and leave you to yourselves a while. (2) The only way I know of declining an invitation is to say you are sorry but because of this or that you are unable to accept.

See you later—next month. Be good children.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

table is kept their writing and drawing materials. And then comes the chiffonier. If you have boys be sure and have a chiffonier for them. We got ours at a second-hand store for three dollars, and each boy has two large drawers for clothing and a small drawer for stockings and handkerchiefs. I had a set of good springs but no bed so we made a couchlike frame for the spring. I took a heavy piece of unbleached cotton and outlined on it, around the edge, pictures of animals, and in the center a picture of a boy on horseback. I made several cushions out of flour sacks and two out of silk scraps. The window seat is covered with cretonne with a ruffle reaching to the floor. The table and chiffonier have scarves of unbleached muslin trimmed with cretonne. They have a framed picture and a postcard rack on the wall, a lamp and two small rocking chairs. The building and furnishing of the room cost us next to nothing but it gives the boys untold pleasure. We will have to fix up some kind of a stove for this winter as big son spends part of his evenings there drawing or cutting out things for his scrap-books.

With best wishes to all, ANNIE LAURIE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When traveling in a sleeper, a clothes hanger can be made by tightly rolling a newspaper, and tying string in the center, leaving a loop by which to hang it. Pin this to the curtain and you have a very good hanger. With a supply of safety-pins, the curtain can be brought into good service and made to hold most of your clothes.—GRACE WEATHERFORD, Viola, Ark.

Use odd pieces of wall paper for ceiling by turning the wrong side out. Most wall papers are cream color on the back and several different patterns could be used in this way.

Gilt frames can be restored by rubbing them with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

TO CLEAN A CORSET.—Make ready a hot solution containing a tablespoonful each of ammonia, borax and washing soda, to two gallons of water. Soap a small, stiff brush well and dip in coarse oatmeal. Scrub the corset thoroughly until all the stains are removed, rinse well in hot and then cold water and hang in sun to dry. —MURIEL GARRISON, Wayne City, Ill.

When putting summer clothes away for the winter wash and blue them thoroughly, especially the white goods, and they will not be yellow in the spring. Use no starch as that rots the goods.

When putting vegetables such as carrots and beets away for winter use, pack in sand and they will keep better.—MAMIE LILLIE, Brownsdale, Minn.

An easy and effective way of removing the letters from flour sacks is to wet the sack and soap the letters thoroughly, then sprinkle with baking soda and roll tightly and let remain for two or three hours. The letters will then wash out easily. This must be done before the sacks have ever been washed.—MRS. J. D. LAEL, Barry, Wash.

If your wire milk strainer gets clogged rub it briskly, when dry, with dry salt and it will be as good as new.

Take a large baking powder can, punch holes in cover with nail. Fill can with flour, salt and pepper, in desired proportions, and you will have a flour dredge always ready at hand.

Scratches on fumed oak furniture can be hidden by an application of iodin.

To make sterilized home-made bandages, tear a clean old sheet into strips one inch wide, or as wide as desired, roll these strips and put them into a fruit jar and screw the lid on, suspend the jar in water and allow to boil one hour. This way you have sterilized bandages just as good as any you could buy at much less cost. Always remove bandages with sterilized forceps or tweezers, never with your fingers unless they are surgically clean.—LAURA CARTER, Dayton, Wash.

To clean a clock, take a piece of cotton the size of a hen's egg and soak in kerosene, then place on bottom of clock. After three or four days look inside and you will find the cotton black with dust. The fumes of the oil will loosen the particles of dust and thus clean the clock.

To remove oil paint or varnish, apply a mixture of about five parts of water-glass, one part of soda lye and one part ammonia. When dry the paint or varnish may be rubbed off.

To clean furs, warm a quantity of new bran in a pan.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

Stop Pyorrhea



Save Your Teeth Before It Is Too Late

"AMOSOL"—The New Scientific Discovery kills Pyorrhea germs and heals gums quickly. Sold under a guarantee. Sore or bleeding gums and loose teeth are sure signs of dangerous Pyorrhea and lead to *loss of teeth,* Rheumatism, Kidney trouble and Neuritis. ***Don't let it go until it is too late.*** Take it in hand at once before the poisonous pus has had a chance to carry some perilous disease into your system.

Read What Users Say About Amosol

Better Than Dentist's Treatment

"I am very much pleased with the results of my first bottle of **Amosol** and I am sending this order for two more bottles. I had my gums treated by my dentist last year for a month. He treated them twice a week at a dollar a treatment and didn't do them as much good as half a bottle of **Amosol.** I am telling my friends about **Amosol** and what it will do.
MRS. L. M. LEWIS"

Amosol a God-Send

"My first bottle of **Amosol** is all gone and I am sure it has helped me very much. My gums are better and teeth tighter. I think it is a God-send to Pyorrhea Sufferers, and I'll recommend it to all.
MRS. EDMOND COX, Tupelo, Miss."

Dentist Glad to Get Amosol

"I had just been to the dentist before **Amosol** arrived. The dentist said I had pus pockets under my teeth. I have used **Amosol** only six days and there is a great difference. My dentist is delighted to get such a good and easy treatment for the teeth.
GRACE PIELRASEH, Turner Falls, Mass."

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

It costs you absolutely nothing. You are under no obligation whatever. We want you to be convinced that Amosol will quickly rid you of dangerous Pyorrhea and save your teeth before it is too late.

Delays are Dangerous

Write today for Free Trial Treatment. Thousands are sending. Simply write your name and address in coupon, tear out and mail today for **Free Trial Treatment.**

STRONG'S LABORATORIES
111 N. Market, Dept. 343, Chicago, Ill.

Rush this Coupon

Strong's Laboratories
111 N. Market, Dept. 343, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Without obligation to buy, please send me your **Free Trial Treatment for Pyorrhea —"Amosol."**

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... *State*.....



4 ELEGANT Lace Curtains GIVEN TO LADIES

Send name and address. Merely Give Away 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 boxes of our Famous White CLOVERINE Salve at 25c each, returning us $3 and 20c extra for postage and packing. Write today for pictures and salve. Millions use Cloverine for sores, cuts, burns, etc. Orders filled same day as received. Our plan easiest and squarest. Our 28th year.

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. T. I., Tyrone, Pa.



RAINCOAT $2.95

Brand-new Army Officer's Raincoat. Rubber lined. Absolutely waterproof. Goodyear made. Stylish and durable. Fit and quality guaranteed. Order your coat now. **Send No Money** Pay postman *only* $2.95 (plus postage) on delivery. State size, 32 to 50. Money back if not satisfied. Catalog sent FREE.

New Army and Navy Stores, Dept 541, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



GIVEN WATCH AND KNIFE AND CHAIN

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova (Wonder Menthol.) Return the $3 00 and receive watch or choice of 147 premiums free. Address

U. S. Supply Company, Dept. SF2, Greenville, Pa.



BOTH GIVEN

Stylish ladies or gents size thin model Watch, guaranteed 5 years, given for selling only 20 beautifully colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order today. Costly firey brilliant Gem Set Ring given as extra present for promptness. RAY ART CO., Dept. 21, CHICAGO.

LUCKY DIAMOND Either Sex—Money back if not satisfied



Lucky Egyptian Karat Diamond ring. Sterling Platinum finish—Mystic symbol of good luck, love, business. Believed to ward off evil spirits, sickness, misfortune thousands say. Secrets sent. Brought success, cannot tell from genuine diamond. Cash with order $1.88, C.O.D. $1.98 while 5,000 last, send size. Oriental Jewel Co., 608 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 9 Chicago.



Cameo Ring FREE!

Ring has a gold filled Shank with rolled gold plate setting. Set with pink Cameo. To make friends and introduce our Magazine, and Ring Bargains send 15c for a 9-months' subscription and this Ring, your size, will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. Murphy, Secy, 615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 6-BD, New York.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. U. S. Supply Co. Dept. FC-7, Greenville, Pa.

LADIES EARN $6-$18 doz. painting pillow tops a home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TAPESTRY PAINT CO., D104, LAGRANGE, IND

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. PLAYS Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 8 CHICAGO

A REAL 22 RIFLE

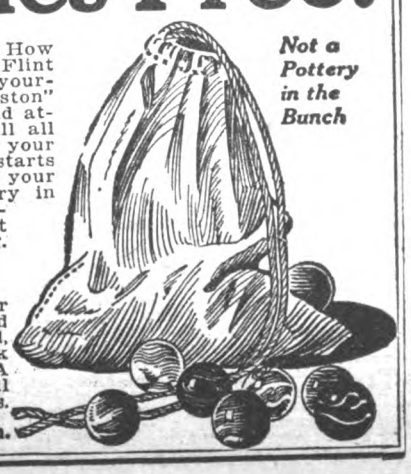


HAMILTON

This Fine 22-Cal. Rifle Shoots Short and Long Cartridges sure and True. Given FREE, POSTPAID, For Selling Only 50 Pkts. Sachet At 10c Each. Order Sachet. We Trust You. You Can't Fail. Everybody Buys.
CHICAGO SACHET WKS., 1920 Sunnyside, Desk 101, Chicago

25 Marbles Free!

The Marble season will soon be here. How would you like to have a sack of 25 Flint Agates, all different colors? Imagine yourself kneeling down to a game of "Boston" with a hand full of Marbles that would attract the eye of every boy. They will all be wanting the chance to win some of your Marbles, and the minute the game starts they will be anxious to get a shot at your Marbles first. There is not a pottery in the bunch. Each Marble is a variation of several different colors. Just the right size for accurate shooting.



SEND NO MONEY

I want every boy reader of this paper to have a sack of Marbles. Just send your name and address on a post card, and I will tell you how to get a sack of Marbles without a cent of cost. A few minutes on our liberal offer will bring you a sack of 25 Flint Agates.

M. Berry, Marble Dept. 67, Topeka, Kan.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

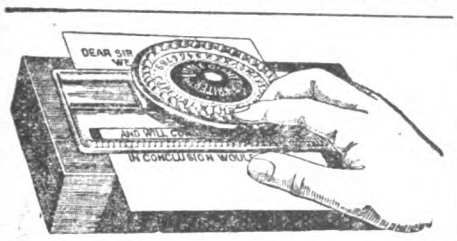


Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautify Your Home With These Magnificent Ever-Blooming Roses!

THERE'S no place like home—and no home as beautiful in summer as when surrounded with fragrant, luxuriously blooming roses. Why not plant some around **your** home this spring? Even if you now have a garden, you can find room for the five splendid bushes offered here—and they will cost you nothing. We buy these roses from the largest rose growers in the world. They are the finest that can be obtained. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each is absolutely the **prize** of its class, producing **every month in the season** an amazing profusion of large, magnificent blossoms, delightful in fragrance and of the most radiant colors. The bushes are **one year old,** strong, healthy, with well-formed roots. No matter where you live you will receive them at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five varieties given you on this offer. And please remember that with the bushes we are also going to send you complete directions for their planting and culture.

You Get One Each Of These Five Prize Beauties!

Mrs. Charles Bell One of the most beautiful and fragrant **shell-pink** roses ever introduced. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double, and the abundance of bloom produced in one season is simply astounding.

Etoile De Lyon This magnificent bright **sulphur-yellow** rose is a fine forcer and an ideal variety both for cutting and garden purposes, being an exceptionally vigorous grower and prolific bloomer, bearing its flowers on strong, erect stems well covered with dark, glossy foliage.

W. C. Gaunt A rose of unusual individuality. Its color is a brilliant, velvety **vermillion** tipped with scarlet. The buds are medium long and pointed, the stems rigid, habit branching, with large, oval beech-green foliage. The fragrance of this rose is like tea and it is a rapid, vigorous grower.

Climbing Helen Gould There is probably no red rose so popular as the beautiful Helen Gould. It is now introduced for the first time in climbing form. Everybody is familiar with the warm **watermelon-red** color of its charming flowers. This is a grand climber, having none of the defects of the older varieties.

Snowflake A crowning masterpiece, with hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in almost any soil or situation. It has the most magnificent foliage and is a continuous bloomer of medium-size flowers, the beauty of which is nothing short of superb. Its color is **pure white.**

Our Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described five rose bushes (one each of the five varieties) free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.** They will be mailed to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz
Amethyst
Emerald
Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

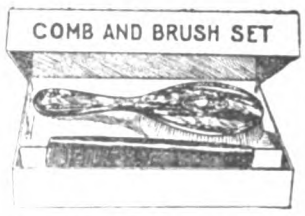
RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for a small club. And please don't think that because **we are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 **Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons,** Sugar Shell **and Butter Knife.** Each piece is full regular **size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest **value** we have offered and we **guarantee** every **set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She Is Looking For A Mother



"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York, but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives as long as it is in some cozy little nook or on a nice big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says the life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Do You Want Her?

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gassy Stomach

Bloating, Belching, Sour Risings, Heartburn, Pressure—Be Sure To Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Chew one or two after meals or any time and note how the stomach settles down, feels fine, stops gas, acidity, sour risings, belching and such troubles due to indigestion. They neutralize the sour acids, give the stomach an alkaline effect and you need have no fear to eat whatever you like. Get a 60 cent box today of any druggist. No more drowsiness or heavy feeling after a hearty meal. And you get the benefit of your food in more solid flesh. Most people have a tendency to acid, gassy stomach just after eating or drinking coffee, etc. If a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet is chewed at this time it neutralizes the acids, your stomach is sweetened, the gas is prevented and you feel good all over. Try it. Remember you can get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets anywhere in U. S. and Canada.

Watch, Chain and 2 Rings GIVEN

Handsome Guaranteed Watch, latest style, given you for selling only 12 boxes of our Famous **White CLOVERINE** at 25c per box, returning $3.00. Large, beautiful picture free with each box. Thousands have earned Lace Curtains, Cameras, Silver Sets, Boys' Rifles, Aluminum Sets, Talking Machines, Dinner Sets, etc. Our Plan easiest and squarest. 28th year. We are reliable. Write today.

Send No Money



WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A101, Tyrone, Pa.

FREE

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. FE-7, Greenville, Pa.

FREE 4 LACE CURTAINS

SELL ONLY 10 BOXES OF ROSEBUD at 25 cents a box and we will send you 4 beautiful lace curtains absolutely FREE. ROSEBUD is a quick seller. Used for 28 years. Big Catalogue of many fine premiums sent with goods. Our values are best. Order at once. WE TRUST YOU.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 215, Woodsboro, Md.

LARGE CAMERA FREE



Takes Picture 2¼x3¼. Genuine Kodak Film Pack, Eastman Camera. Hawk-eye lens. Makes large, clear pictures. Snap shots or time. Easy to operate. Free for selling 32 pkgs. Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Sell on sight. Send no money. Extra present if you order now. Big Premium Book Free.

Bingo Co. Dept 714, Binghamton, N.Y.

GIVEN TO YOU FREE



This guaranteed Watch and many other valuable premiums. Given to you FREE for selling only 25 easy selling articles at 10c each. Order today. We trust you.

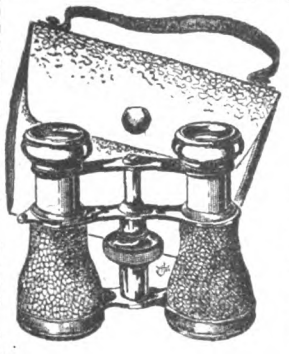
KEYSTONE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 102
1840 N. Keystone Ave. CHICAGO, ILL

Fine full-sized VIOLIN and bow given



according to plan in our catalog. Send for 30 packs FLOWER seeds, 10c large pack. Earn Big Money or Premiums. Send no money. We Trust You.

AMERICAN SEED CO., Box Z-32 Lancaster, Pa.



Opera or Field Glasses

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory Boudoir Clock

Reward No. 7638

For A Club Of Eight

FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 3½ inches high, with a 3¾-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being showin in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7638.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

A. S., Ohio.—If the wife of the man who holds title to the property you mention is of unsound mind, we think it will be necessary for the court to appoint some one to represent her interest in transferring the title of the property.

MR. C. T., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if, as you state, your husband was injured ten years ago, it would now be too late to bring a negligence action for damages for such injury.

MRS. J. F. C., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every marriage superinduces a right of partnership, or community of acquests and gains, if there be no stipulation to the contrary; the community consisting of the profits of all the effects administered by the husband, of the produce of the reciprocal industry and labor of both husband and wife, of property acquired during marriage by donations made to them jointly or by purchase in the name of either, and upon the death of either where the predeceased spouse leaves issue of the marriage, and does not dispose by will of his or her share in the community, the survivor takes in usufruct the share of the deceased in the community property inherited by such issue, but that this usufruct ceases if the survivor enters into a second marriage. We think that if the property of the married couple you mention was community property that upon the death of the wife and the subsequent remarriage of the husband his right to the usufruct of her share of the community property terminated, and the same became the property of the deceased wife's children, uhless otherwise disposed of by the will of the deceased wife; but that the husband can dispose of his share of the community property in such manner as he may see fit, subject only to the rights of his present wife, in case she survives him, and the rights of any minor child or children to their liens and privileges from his estate.

R. Z., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, her separate estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go one-half to the surviving husband, and one-half to her parents, brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left; if no issue, father, mother, brother or sister, the whole estate would go to the surviving husband.

MRS. J. R. L., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman has no interest in her husband's property during his lifetime except that he must support her, unless she abandons him without good cause, and that in case she survives him he cannot, by will, bar her from inheriting a one-third interest in his estate in addition to her homestead rights, if any, and certain other small allowances.

MRS. J. W. H., Colorado.—We do not think either men or women are entitled to vote until they become 21 years of age.

MRS. D. M., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, the widow would be entitled to receive all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage and also one-half of the real and personal estate of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes the proper written election to take such property subject to the payment of her husband's debts; if decedent leaves no child, parent, brother, sister nor descendant of any of these, the surviving widow would take the whole estate.

MRS. L. W., Wisconsin.—If your fence encroached upon the highway, and the highway was properly laid out, we think your local authorities had a legal right to remove the fence, but we do not think they had any legal right to do so if your fence was upon your own property.

MRS. E. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that if the present owners of the land you mention have been in possession of the same for over thirty years, you could not now eject them therefrom even though their title was defective in the first instance.

L. S., Indiana.—If the note you mention was protested at the date of maturity, we think the endorser can be held for the payment thereof at any time thereafter in case the maker fails to pay same, but that he would in turn be entitled to collect from the maker of the note, and that, of course, he would be relieved from payment in case the statute of limitations was allowed to run against the note.

MRS. F. C. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, no parent, no brother nor sister, the whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to the surviving widow, but that her share in case he left any of the above specified heirs at law or next of kin would depend upon who is left, in no event being less than one-third.

F. E. H., Massachusetts.—We think the laws of your state require three witnesses to a will, all of which should be competent and disinterested persons but need not be lawyers or notaries; we think a lawyer should be employed in preparing a will as the law relating thereto is technical and too much depends upon the proper drawing and execution of a will to consider the small saving made by the testator's drawing his own will.

W. C., Ohio.—In addressing a letter to a judge you should use the title of Honorable.

MRS. E. A. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property, real and personal, owned by either the husband or wife before marriage, and all acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent and also the increase of all such, is the separate property of such husband or wife, and is subject to his or her management except that transfer by the wife must be joined in by the husband; all property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, except in the manner heretofore enumerated, is considered common or community property, and during the marriage may be disposed of by the husband without the consent of the wife, and it is liable for the debts of the husband and for the debts of the wife contracted by her during coverture, for necessaries; upon the death of either party, one-half of the common property goes to the survivor, and the remainder, in the absence of testamentary disposition, to the child or children of the deceased. We think the husband can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has separate property sufficient to provide for her support.

MRS. J. C., New Jersey.—Under the laws of Maryland, we are of the opinion that marriage licenses are required, we do not think that it is necessary to have marriage witnesses from your own state.

J. H. H., Washington.—If you simply sold the timber from your property and the same has been cut and removed, we do not think it will be necessary for you to procure a quit claim deed from the purchaser of the timber.

T. B. B., Missouri.—We are unable to form an opinion as to whether the reference in the deed to you of the property you mention as to the note you mention would make a defect of your title to the property without an examination of the records and of the deed; we think you should have such an examination made by some local attorney.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

When well warmed rub through the fur with the hands. Repeat several times and then shake and brush furs thoroughly.

To remove iron rust from muslin or linen, wet with lemon juice and salt and expose to sun.

$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

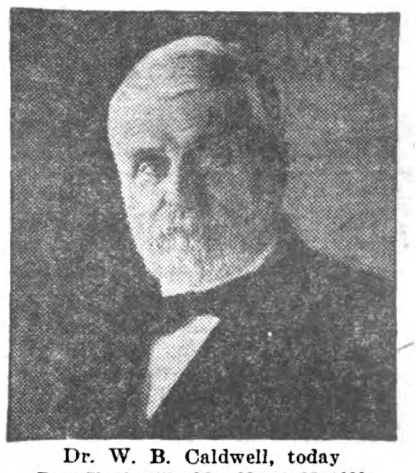
I will give away this amount of money in my own medicine —There is a free trial bottle waiting for every family that has a sufferer from constipation —Send today for your bottle

TO commemorate my 84th birthday I have set aside $10,000 in cash to be expended entirely on free trial bottles of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which as people know has been successfully used for over 30 years and is today the largest selling family laxative in the world. In spite of that fact there must be literally thousands of families who have never tried it, and these are the ones I hope to reach with my $10,000 offer.

I want to prove to them that my Syrup Pepsin is a better-acting, safer, finer laxative than any other they can obtain. But I don't want them to be at any expense in trying it, and hence I offer a test bottle free. Later on, when thoroughly convinced of its unusual merits they can buy a bottle of their druggist. Over 10 million bottles of Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year in drug stores, yet my company will not profit one cent when you buy your first bottle. It costs us more to sell the first one than we get for it. Our profit comes only when a family keeps it regularly in the house, as I expect yours will when you are once convinced.

Many unthinking parents are giving children strong cathartics; old people are taking salt waters and powders, that make them dry and thirsty and which have to be repeated every day; women are using artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form that cause skin eruptions. Don't do it! See that only a plain vegetable laxative is used, not a druggy physic. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. Just that! The formula is on the package.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin in your home. I want you to share in my $10,000 offer. Yet



Dr. W. B. Caldwell, today
Born Shelbyville, Mo., March 27, 1839

I know if you delay answering you will be disappointed. Ask me now for the free trial bottle if anyone in your family has constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas on the stomach, sour colicky stomach, headache, loss of appetite and sleep, indigestion, intestinal poisoning, dyspepsia. Syrup Pepsin is intended for just such conditions. Watch it break up a fever or a cold!

Let me send you a trial bottle to prove these facts. My saying so won't prove it half as well as your trying it. Be one of the thousands who will use Syrup Pepsin free because of my 84th birthday. Send the coupon, or your address in any way most convenient to you. But do it quickly.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

In commemoration of your 84th birthday, and as my family has never used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, send me a free trial bottle to the address below:

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town & State .....

ONLY ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Requests

Song: "Pearl Bryan."—FRANCES GOUTERMAN, Olive, Kentucky.

Would like to have letters from the sisters.—MRS. ORA LAWSON, Cheneyville, Ill.

Song: "Go to Sleep, My Dark Diana."—MRS. J. F. GOLDHAMMER, Lincoln, R. R. 2, Ill.

I would like to correspond with sisters living in the West, and especially interested in hearing from anyone in Casper, Wyoming, or thereabouts.—MRS. ROBERT P. TALIAFERRO, Hampton Bays, Long Island, R. R. 1, Box 179, N. Y.

Song: "The Dying Nun."—MISS VERA WALKER, Vilas, Colo.

How to remove spot from khaki wool overcoat. When pressing I scorched it a trifle and apparently I have bleached it with peroxide in trying to remove scorch. —MRS. BESSIE MICHALEC, Chicago, 2438 So. Hamlin Ave., Ill.

Song: "You'll Never Know."—MRS. LILLA RICHARDS, West Ripley, Maine.

Book: "Lilith."—MISS EULA LOOP, Mexico, R. R. 1, N. Y.

Mrs. Grace McCreary, Shellburg, Pa., wishes letters from the sisters.

Will someone send me pattern of quilt called "Star of Bethlehem."—MRS. CHARLES B. BURKHOLDER, Covington, Va.

How to remove rust spots from steel top range.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Please write before sending copy as only one is desired.

Mrs. Mary L. Wehling, Edwardsville Ill., Aug., 1922.

Mrs. G. G. Sater, New Meadows, Idaho, July, 1922.

Miss Elizabeth Bonschkovsky, McTavish, Manitoba, Canada, June and July, 1922.

Mrs. Minnie Hancock, Haigler, Care Bar U Ranch, Nebr., March, April, May, June and December, 1921.

Mrs. Clara Tillinghast, Camden, N. Y., July, 1922.

Mrs. Jessie Powell, Bainbridge, Ga., April and July, 1922.

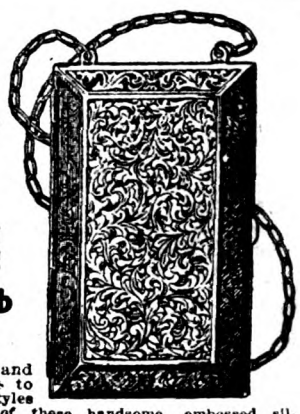
Mrs. John Gusenti, Denver, 946 West 7th Ave., Colo., April, June, July and August, 1922.

Mrs. Anna Daigle, Pelby, Sask., Canada, Sept., 1921.

Remedies

CHILBLAINS.—(Requested.) When feet have been chilled or gotten very cold, bathe with cold water and keep away from fire until normal heat has been restored. Bathe frequently with cold water or with a strong decoction of white oak bark. Another remedy is a mixture of 75 grains of camphor, three drams alcohol and five drams of glycerin, mixed and applied several times daily.—O. G. L., Millinocket, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2¾ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Filled BIRTHSTONE RING FREE This gold filled ring is warranted 5 years. To make friends and introduce our Magazine, and Ring Bargains, send 15c for a 9 months' subscription and this Ring, your size with correct birthstone will be sent FREE, postpaid. Give month born.

M. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 2-BD, New York.

Anidrosis Dr. Conant's Vapor Baths. For information address Mrs. Maude L. Jewett, Skowhegan, Me.



SIX-ROOM HOUSE FREE

I Will Buy the Lot

This means just what it says. I don't want your money. This is a true offer and I positively mean what I say. I give the house FREE, and if you don't own a lot, I will arrange for the lot for you. This is your chance to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. Rush me your name and address quick for a big picture and full description and plans of the home. You risk nothing. **PAY ME NOTHING NOW OR ANY TIME.** Remember, I do not want any of your money. The house is FREE. Address **C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 111, Batavia, Ill.**

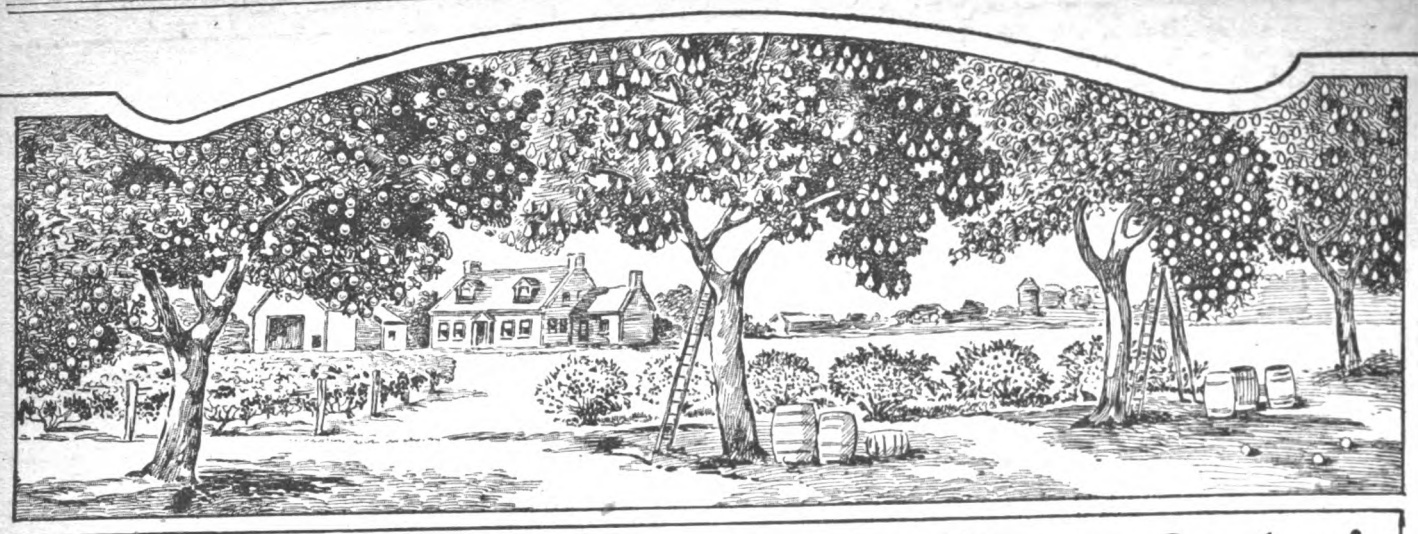
30 pc. Kitchen Set Complete outfit from cake cutters to frying pan and saucepan.

Given for selling only 40 packs fine vegetable or flower seeds (state which), at 10c large pack, according to plan in our catalog. Earn big money or premiums. Send no money. We trust you.

AMERICAN SEED CO., Box O-32, Lancaster, Pa.

ALL FREE





Let Us Give You This Fruit And Flower Garden!

WE have made a new arrangement this season with a well-known nursery company, whereby we can now offer our readers a complete fruit orchard and flower garden consisting of some of the finest apples, pears, berries, grapes and ornamental shrubs grown. The stock will be sent to you direct from the nursery in Michigan, by parcel post prepaid. We guarantee that it will reach you in perfect condition and grow to your entire satisfaction if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If for any reason any of the trees, bushes, vines or shrubs should fail to meet with your expectations we will replace them for you free of all charge.

ALL of the grape vines, raspberries and dewberries in these Collections are healthy, well-rooted year-old plants. They should bear fruit the second year. The apple and pear tree grafts are made from heavy one-year-old roots and scions of this year's growth. They should grow from four to six feet the first year. The shrubs are one year old and should bloom the first year from planting. With each Collection you will also receive full instructions on planting, pruning, and the care of fruit and shrubs, what fertilizer to use and the kind of soil best adapted to the production of heavy yields. Just read what these big Collections contain.

6 Year-Old Grape Vines

Collection No. 8761 These are not "calloused cuttings" but heavily rooted year-old vines, guaranteed to live and bear fruit the second year. They will grow anywhere in the United States. With these six vines in your yard or garden you will soon have all the table grapes you can use and many more besides, to sell or to give away to your friends. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Moore's Diamond A well-known variety that produces immense clusters of grapes, yellowish white in color and similar to the Concord in shape of bunch and flavor. It is very hardy and a thrifty grower, making an unusually good vine for arbor or trellis. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Concord This famous variety is the finest purple grape ever grown. They are large, luscious and juicy and so sweet that little or no sugar is required in making grape juice and jelly. Each one of these vines should produce a bushel of choice grapes in a single season. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Worden Always a favorite, this variety yields large, well-shouldered clusters of deliciously sweet, highly-flavored fruit. Grape juice and jelly made from this grape is of a peculiarly spicy flavor that is relished by all. It is also one of the finest table grapes and a good shipper. It ripens two weeks earlier than the Concord. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8781 There is nothing that will improve the appearance of your home more than these beautiful ornamental shrubs and vines. From earliest spring until late fall there is not a day but one or more of these shrubs are in bloom. They are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. This Collection contains the following varieties:

One White Flowering Dogwood—one of the earliest spring bloomers, Two Roses of Sharon—bearing a profusion of large double blossoms from August until late fall, Two Golden Bell—bears tiny bell-shaped yellow flowers, One Hall's Japan Honeysuckle—an ornamental climber with fragrant blossoms, and One Spirea Van Houttei—an early bloomer famed for its handsome foliage and clusters of pretty white flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.

8 Apple And Pear Grafts

Collection No. 8751 Think of the value of an orchard of these eight thrifty, healthy trees. Think how soon they will be yielding bushels of the finest apples and pears grown. With the heavy root system on these grafts they should grow from four to six feet the first year. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Delicious The finest winter apple grown, a heavy yielder, and ripens early. The fruit is medium large, delicious in flavor and colored a beautiful red. This variety always sells for the highest market prices as it keeps well and retains its crisp, firm white flesh to the end. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Wealthy A hardy Russian fall apple with deep red and bronze streaked skin. The flesh is firm and crisp, the flavor sweet yet tart. For both eating and cooking it has few equals and is one of the most profitable apples grown. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Jonathan This apple ripens in October and because of its juicy, winy flavor is considered one of the best eating apples on the market. It is red in color with a smooth, waxy skin. You will enjoy gathering the huge crops that this variety invariably yields. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Bartlett Pear One of the best-known varieties, more largely grown than any other. You are probably familiar with its yellow skin with its pronounced red blush, and its sweet, juicy flesh of a delightfully spicy flavor. This variety makes the best table pear, being very mellow when ripe and always yields a heavy crop. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Our Free Offer!

FOR only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any one of these Collections free by parcel post prepaid. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you any two Collections—for three one-year subscriptions any three Collections—and so on. When ordering please be sure to mention the number of the Collection wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

8 Luscious New Fruits

Collection No. 8771 Your garden is not complete without berries and in this Collection you will receive three of the finest varieties grown. For the table, for the most delicious jams, jellies and preserves, they are unexcelled. Each plant is one year old with strong, healthy roots. The Collection contains the following varieties:

Four Lucretia Dewberry A vigorous grower that attains such size that the support of a trellis is really needed. The vines are literally covered with immense clusters of delicious wine-flavored berries, averaging one and one-half inches in length, very sugary, remarkably juicy and having but a few fine seeds. You get four of these year-old vines in this Collection.

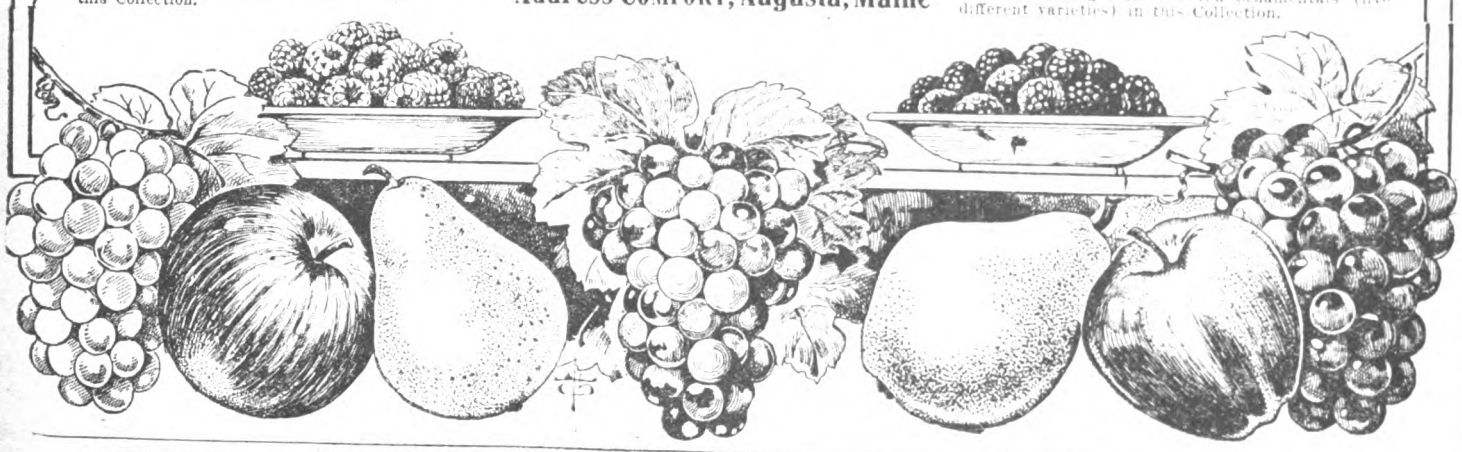
Two Red Raspberry This variety (St. Regis) is the finest everbearing red raspberry. The bush is a rapid grower, bearing fruit ten days earlier than most other varieties and continuing to bear throughout the summer and fall. The fruit is large, of delightful flavor, sweet and very juicy, and ripens in large clusters. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

Two Black Raspberry This variety (Black Diamond) is named from its habit of fruiting in large clusters. The berries are of good size, remarkably sweet and juicy, but firm in texture. The canes grow rapidly and are very tall and upright. Its distinguishing feature, however, is its immense yield which together with its fine quality make this the most desirable garden and market berry. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8791 With one exception this Collection is different from Collection No. 8781, although comprising shrubs which bloom from spring until late fall. All of them are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. In this Collection you will receive the following varieties:

Two Roses of Sharon, One Snow Ball Hydrangea—a midsummer bloomer bearing immense quantities of snowy-white blossoms, One Purple Lilac—its fragrant purple flowers need no description, Two Thunberg Barberry—fine for a hedge, bearing pretty red berries which stay on all winter, and One Trumpet Vine—a hardy climber for porch or arbor, bearing throughout summer and fall large clusters of orange-colored flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.





In A Leatherette Pocket Case

3-Piece Scissor Set

Reward No. 9093

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9093.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

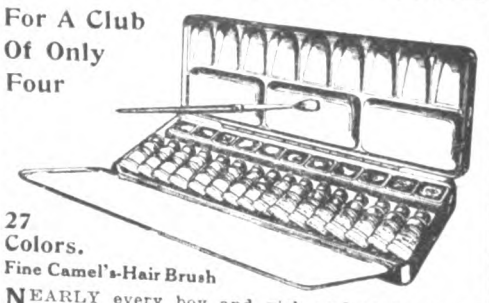
HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that **this is a self-filling** pen. You can fill this **fountain pen in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



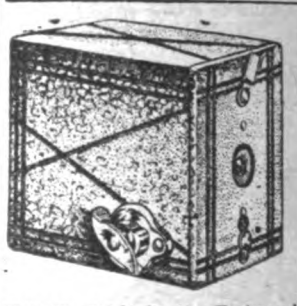
Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something as good as a movie show for the children this year round—the wonderful new Film-O-Scope with a powerful magnifying lens—and with it we give you free a big collection of 125 Views from real **moving picture films.** These views, when looked at through the Scope, are **magnified** many times and stand out as **real and life-like** as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading movie **stars** and scenes from the **best pictures** are included in the collection and there are **no two alike.** As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens the experiences about the same pleasure as that derived from a regular movie show and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired they furnish a **never-ending, joyful entertainment** for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT'S boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. To can have one of them **absolutely free** by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8741.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7941

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic** shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll-film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7941.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled

Guaranteed For Years



APRIL

AUGUST

JANUARY

Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these **beautiful birthstone rings.** Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the months to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "prong" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope



V of us will ever avel to Europe and , with our own eyes, the actual scenes of mightiest conflict in ry. But you can see through the Pan-Chro , which is almost as The Pan-Chro Scope new invention—some- like the stereo- —fitted with twin- lens of wonderful ifying power. With Scope we send you 48 nt War Views, taken the camera. You place iew in the Scope, and diately you find yourself to face with an astonishingly life-life scene that bles a section of a moving-picture film. First re aboard an American warship—next you are ng into a trench "somewhere in France," then re among the barbed wire entanglements in Man's Land," again you are watching house- use fighting in a captured French town, and other scenes of actual warfare just as in- ting and exciting—48 of them in all. The ent views take you direct to Belgium, France herever the place may be and show you cenes almost as plainly as though you were yourself. This Pan-Chro Scope and Views e of the most wonderful souvenirs of the war yet produced. Everybody is fascinated it—men, women, boys and girls alike. We but a few left—but you can feel sure of get- one if your order is mailed at once.

UB OFFER. We will send you this Pan-Chro with 48 all different War Views free and id for three one-year subscriptions to FORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 8833.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Two tylish Bags



ake Your hoice For A Club Of Four

ND-BAGS are more popular than ever this sea- son so we take pleasure in offering our lady and readers either of the two handsome styles shown with.

e Bag illustrated above **(Reward No. 8204)** is newest "Kodak" shape, 6½x4¼ inches in size, of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beauti- shade of brown. It has two large extension side ets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror a middle coin pocket with metal frame and clasp. handsomely lined, has a 14-inch leather handle closes with a polished nickel ball and socket ner.

e Bag illustrated at the left **(Reward No. 8214)** is 6½x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, morocco finish, color black. This Bag, also, has two large ex- tension side pockets, a mirror pocket with mirror, and a mid- dle pocket which fast- ens together for the protection of money and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.



You can have your e of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon terms of the following special offer:

ven To You! For four one-year subscrip- tions to COMFORT at 50c we will send you either Bag free by parcel post aid. Be sure to mention reward number of wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ou Will Laugh, You Will ell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Reward No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dis- sipating gloom and ban- ishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it dicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its ghter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor re- enates your whole body. In this screamingly funny ry you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight e **mishaps, mortifications, confusions and onizing mental and physical distresses** of a f-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** ng man who stumbles on through a succession of as- **nding accidents and ludicrous predica- nts** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter sing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** m an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The nders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you ll miss the treat of your life if you don't get and read it at once.**

iven To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The lunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. ward No. 8221.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eight Wheel Chairs in January

671 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

In our January issue I expressed my pleasure at being able to close the Wheel-Chair account for 1922 with the announcement of six chairs awarded and shipped in December, and I am delighted now to report a creditable and hopeful beginning of the new year for this department by the award and shipment of eight wheel chairs in January. I am sure a lot of you good people showed the true Christmas spirit by your work and generosity in behalf of the shut-ins who were suffering for a much-needed wheel chair. I thank you.

The recipients of the eight January wheel chairs are: Mr. D. P. Ferrell, R. 3, Friendship, Tenn., 170; Frances Alvord, Camden, N. Y., 151; Mrs. W. Tunnell, R. 4, Box 11 B, Fort Worth, Texas, 87; Mrs. Martha Ellen Westbrook, Gandy, La., 71; Robert Earle Lawhorn, R. 5, Buena Vista, Ga., 65; Mary Arleen Miller, Ray, Ohio, 63; Miss Jeannette Deskins, Logan, W. Va., 62; Beatrice Alston, Vernon, Texas, 62. The figures following their respective addresses indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them.

Mr. D. P. Ferrell, age 80, is crippled in his feet by effects of slow fever about ten years ago which settled in his feet, but since last November has been confined to his bed by heart trouble. I hope the wheel chair will relieve his discomfort.

Frances Alvord is "a little crippled girl," which is all I know about her, and this bit of information is quoted from the letter of her good friend and neighbor, Sylvia Armstrong, who sent the entire 151 subscriptions for Frances's chair all in one bunch.

Mrs. W. Tunnell, age 36, has suffered severely from rheumatism for the past six years, entirely crippling her lower limbs and partly crippling her hands.

Mrs. Martha Ellen Westbrook, age 47, for fourteen years past has suffered from chronic rheumatism which has deprived her of the use of her lower limbs and nearly crippled her hands.

Robert Earl Lawhorn, age eight, is crippled by spinal trouble and disease of the left hip which came upon him at such an early age that he has never been able to walk.

Mary Arleen Miller, age 10, has been crippled from birth by spinal trouble so that she has never walked and her legs are drawn up. She is one of a large family of children, and the wheel chair will be a blessed relief to her and a help to her busy mother in caring for her.



BERTHA MATHENY ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Miss Jeannette Deskins, age 28, is crippled from her hips down by the effects of typhoid fever which attacked her at five years of age and left her unable to walk or even stand. She has had two wheel chairs before from other sources but both are now useless, and she is in much need of her COMFORT chair.

Beatrice Alston, age three, is paralyzed from her hips down by spinal trouble which she has suffered from birth, and has never walked. She is a bright little girl and will enjoy her wheel chair which will also be a great help to her mother in caring for her.

Is it not a joy to have been instrumental, as each of you who procured subscriptions for, or contributed cash to, our Wheel-Chair Club have been, in sending such substantial relief to these helpless sufferers?

We have made a splendid start, and so let us do our best to keep up the pace throughout the year.

I have but little space this month for letters of thanks, but you will be interested in that which accompanies the picture of Bertha Matheny.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Delighted at the Comfort She Takes in Her Wheel Chair

Minden, Nebr.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am writing to let you know that Bertha's wheel chair came in good condition. Oh, how delighted she is at the comfort she takes in it! When first we put her in it she exclaimed: "Oh, how nice! Praise God for blessings!" and began singing.

We thank you and the kind friends who have aided us in getting it for her. We sincerely wish you boundless success in the good work you are doing, and will do all we can to get subscriptions to help some other needy cripple to obtain a wheel chair.

Oh, if we had had this wheel chair years ago, what comfort it would have afforded her, and what help to me!

Again thanking you for your kindness to us, and for COMFORT—it surely is a wonderful paper and could not be better named.

Yours sincerely,

Bertha and Mrs. J. A. Matheny.

P. S. We send you picture of Bertha in her COMFORT wheel chair.—Mrs. J. A. M.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Sylvia Armstrong, N. Y., for Frances Alvord, 151 subs; Bernice Ludvigson, Utah, for Raymond Ludvigson, 61 subs; Mrs. N. B. Holder, Tex., for Mrs. W. Tunnell, 56; Mrs. Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary Arleen Miller, 41; Mrs. Will Tunnell, Tex., for own chair, 31; Mrs. Emma Harwell, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 21; Mrs. W. R. Canada, Tenn., for Auther Edmundson, 20; Dan Barders, Mo., for Dan Barders, 20; Mrs. M. E. McBride, Tenn., for Knoble McBride, 18; Mrs. Edith Clark, Okla., for Jonnie McDaniel, 16; Lucile Chapman, S. C., for Miss Lucile Chapman, 14; Lena B. Butler, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 13; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mayme Carter, 12; Mrs. Chas. Holt, Calif., for General, 12; Miss Lula Lott, Utah, for Raymond Ludvigson, 11; R. D. Griffin, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 11; Mr. Dock Forbes, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 10 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Kirbie S. Webb, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 10 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Rosa Johnson, Ark., for Mrs. Fannie Selph, 10 subs; Mrs. E. H. Farmer, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 8; Mrs. N. P. Bradbery, Tenn., for Arthur Edmundson, 8; Ava McCandless, Tex., for Beatrice Alston, 7; Shelby Lowe, Utah, for Raymond Ludvigson, 6; Mrs. C. H. Fitzhugh, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, 6; Mr. B. C. Burdett, Tex., for Hazel Burdett, 6; Mrs. Minerva Derebery, Okla., for Neoma Derebery, 3 subs and $1.50; Mrs. A. McClellan, Mont., for General, 2 subs and $5.00; Mrs. Marion M. Davis, Calif., for General, $10.00; Ida White, Iowa, for General, $5.00; J. L. Hill, N. Y., for General, $2.00; Mrs. Thomas Wolfe, Calif., for General, $2.00; Mrs. Oliver Pharo, N. J., for General, $2.00; Mrs. Joe Ballinger, Ind., for Ellsworth B. Short, $2.00; Mrs. L. M. Fake, Ark., for General, $1.50; D. T. Stindt, Iowa, for General, $1.00; Grover McGuire, Tenn., for D. P. Ferrell, $1.00; Mrs. Hoke Fields, Va., for General, $1.00; Mrs. L. A. Gray, Kans., for General, $1.00; Mrs. W. I. Cook, Va., for W. I. Cook, $1.00; Flora Roblin, Ind., for General, $1.00; W. E. Tate, Ill., for General, $1.00.

You Can Now Try Nuxated Iron At My Expense

I First Compounded This Remarkable Remedy For My Own Neighbors And Their Praise Of It Has Spread So Rapidly That Now Over Four Million People Use It Annually--Read My Unusual Offer Below.



Years ago I began to wonder at the great number of my own friends and neighbors who were always ailing, complaining and doctoring, without ever seeming to get and better. Both working men and their wives were frequently all tired out in the evening, and a great many were weak, nervous and run-down. One had pains in the back and thought he had kidney trouble. Another had pains around the heart, palpitations and dizziness, and was sure he was suffering from heart disease. Still others had severe headaches, floating spots before the eyes tender spots along the spine and a great variety of alarming symptoms.

For years I made a special study of this condition, consulting a great number of physicians and chemists. An immense number of investigations by physicians all over the country showed that three people out of every four you meet lack 100% iron in their blood. Lack of iron in the blood is the greatest of all devitalizing weaknesses. It is the iron in your blood that enables you to get the nourishment out of your food. Without iron, nothing you eat does you any good. Your heart, lungs and kidneys and all your vital organs get their nourishment from the blood stream, and when the blood lacks iron and is thin, pale and watery, you may suffer from the symptoms of a great number of diseases when the real and true cause of all your trouble is a lack of iron in the blood.

In the old days people often took metallic iron, which some physicians claim is not absorbed at all. In compounding this newer form of iron which I call Nuxated Iron, I employed a special form of iron, which is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Unlike the older forms of iron, it will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach, and it is ready for almost immediate absorption and assimilation by the blood. It is the people whose blood is rich in iron who possess great strength, force and energy. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test:

Cut out trial coupon and go to any druggist and get your first trial package or Nuxated Iron; then see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two 5-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times a day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. An astonishing number of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, have greatly improved their health and increased their strength, energy and endurance simply by taking this newer form of iron.

Trial Coupon

Fill in this coupon with your name and address and take it to any druggist in your city. Deposit with him the price of one regular full-size bottle of Nuxated Iron. This is not a payment, but a deposit only. If you are not more than delighted with the results obtained by two weeks' use of Nuxated Iron, simply return the outside wrapper to your own druggist who will promptly refund your money. We will repay the druggist the full amount he refunds upon receipt of the coupon and wrapper.

DAE HEALTH LABORATORIES
New York City

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Fill in your name and address above)

NOTE: The above company is known to be thoroughly reliable. Over 4,000,000 packages of Nuxated Iron are sold annually, and it has been used and highly recommended by former U. S. Senators, Members of Congress, Judges of U. S. Courts and many physicians.

NUXATED IRON ENRICHES THE BLOOD-GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

A Republic Within a Republic

HOW many people of the United States know that within its boundaries is another independent republic that is perfectly organized and that it is independent of both state and national governments?

Such a republic is to be found in western North Carolina, known as the Qualla Reserve, and is the home of about 1,000 Cherokee Indians belonging to the eastern branch of that tribe. This republic has an area of 82 square miles, or approximately 50,000 acres of probably the richest land in the state, lying along the Soco, Ocona and Lufta creeks.

The president of this unique republic is elected every four years and receives a salary of $500 a year; but when at Washington on business for the republic he receives $4 a day extra pay. He is designated Chief, and none but a Cherokee of more than 35 years of age is eligible to the office. During the absence of the Chief his duties are performed by an assistant chief or president, who receives a salary of $250 a year. The president has a cabinet of three members, who are designated secretaries. They assist him in the performance of his duties in an advisatory capacity. The congress of this little republic consists of two delegates or representatives for every one hundred members of the tribe. All Cherokee males of sixteen years of age, and all white men living within the boundaries of the republic who have Indian wives are given the right to vote. The constitution of this little republic provides for the maintenance of a public institution of learning, in which both English and Cherokee are taught. The inhabitants of this well-organized and unique republic, within a republic, are intelligent, law-abiding, fairly well educated, and industrious citizens.

RITA or, the OUTCAST SISTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS

SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 25 CENTS.

This Book contains *one of this* noted author's best novels.

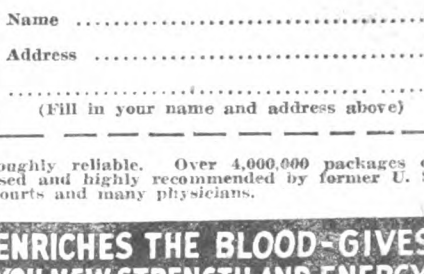


Pressed close against the window pane was a wan, white face.

The pathos of this story sweeps all before it. It *touches the heart of humanity everywhere.* Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this *story* that deep down under the cold, hard strata of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. **Righteous indignation** is aroused toward Silas Lockwood, her relentless and unnatural father. The heart's emotions like a *great ocean billow,* rolls on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 20 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 17 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 45 years old. The years of continued service of its writers show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for 25 cents is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper 12 cents.

F. B. WARNER CO. Dept. 102-R, 96 Chambers St., New York

Beautiful Guaranteed Watch $3.30



Here's your only opportunity to get this elegant **high grade thin model watch** with choice of **gold, silver, radium or fancy engraved dial** for only **$3.30 C. O. D.** Open face, stem wind and set. Adjusted. Fully tested. **Guaranteed perfect timekeeper.** A watch you'll be proud to own.

FREE If you write at once—beautiful waldemar knife and chain with your order. **Send No Money.** Pay postman on arrival only $3.30 and the watch, knife and chain are yours. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Order today sure.

First National Watch Co., 651 Maxwell St., Dept. 206, Chicago

GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE



Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

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FREE, Postpaid, for Selling only 50 of Our Beautiful Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c Each. Order Pictures at Once. They Sell on Sight. It's Easy to Win This 22 Sure Shot Rifle in No Time. Guaranteed.

GAIR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Desk 101, Chicago

MONEY $

For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as agent. Size 3¼ inches.



EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly All or Spare Time

DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address; the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, and Railroad orders, etc. Blades finest steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. Permanent employment, and exclusive territory to those willing to give most of their time. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine Birthday and Holiday PRESENTS.

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76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio



Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 45,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 20 years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your* own case.

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases*. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.



Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.
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Deformed 7 Years by Infantile Paralysis



Frances Hall's condition after 5½ months at McLain Sanitarium astonished those who knew her as a cripple for 7 years.

Read Her Parents' Letter

"It hardly seems possible that Frances' foot could be so changed in 5½ months. Her heel was 3¾ inches from the floor when she left home. Now she steps flat on the floor, although slightly lame. Her limb has increased in size, is straight and she has good use of it. All her friends think it is almost a miracle."

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hall, Franklinville, New York.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our Book, "*Deformities and Paralysis*" and "*Book of References*" sent free.

The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Bunions

STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY

FREE TRIAL Costs Not One Cent

Just send your name for this startling new discovery that has at last put an end to all bunion suffering. I don't care how many remedies you have tried without success—nor how discouraged you may be—I will prove to you FREE, as I have to thousands of others, that this new amazing discovery absolutely ends the oldest, most stubborn bunion. Nothing like it was ever before conceived. It is entirely different.

FAIRYFOOT



So simple it takes but a moment to apply—yet it works miracles. Suffering twinges stop at once. Redness and soreness end quickly. Inflammatory swelling is quickly dispersed. Don't suffer another day. Send name at once for *Free Trial* before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

Foot Remedy Co., Dept. 31,
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MR. C. E. BROOKS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157T State St., Marshall, Mich.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The Morley Phone for the **DEAF** is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

rooms are plentiful to gather experts, that places and times are many for lizards to lounge. The big open stretches of the West and Southwest and your own fine north country offer no breeding ground for these parasites to lead pallid lives. And as for the girls and "drug store complexions," these scenic-colored cheeks are most plentiful where drug stores are most numerous. The flapper flaps best where there is the best chance for her to try her wings. It is true, I'm sorry to say, that even rather small towns can sometimes show the young Theda Baras and the corner "specimens" you attack, but these foolish fledgelings are few in number, and their standard and model is one that cities have set. I would say, God help the youth of America, if all our boys and girls were living where such exhibits of wrongly-directed and spoilt young lives were fostered. But they are not, Inez. The youth of America is sound to the core, and smooth and red-cheeked men when developed in places where healthy growth is possible, and where homes offer the proper human soil for tender roots. It is the home that counts first, Inez. You know this, I'm sure, but I say it again. We are all products of heredity and environment—that is, of parentage and surroundings. Youth is a fine fruit whose bloom can only be kept by delicate handling. Bruises and specks can be formed but too easily. If homes do not give loving and careful nurture, youth suffers. Freshness and bloom are soiled and young lives begin to run along harmful and crooked grooves. Sometimes a chance for rot is started from the first bruises which might have been missed. Cities do not offer homes for most people; they only offer lodgings for a night. Abnormal lives must always be the result of abnormal living. We must love the best of our youth, not the "minority" you speak of, Inez, but a great big majority well worth loving—and look with regret and pity on those who have been let choose wrong ideals and useless unhappy ways.

MT. PLEASANT, R. R. 2, VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

What I want to say is that I live in the oldest house in Kecksburg, my home town. So you see the town is no older than the house which was built in 1804. I am forty-seven years old and have always lived in the same house.

Kecksburg is a village. There are forty dwelling houses, two stores, one barber shop, a central telephone office, and four pretty girls.

Your nephew, JOHN H. GETTEMY.

All right, John, we have your message and are glad to know you have the ancient honor of living in the oldest house in the metropolis of Kecksburg. You say you have dwelt there all of your forty-seven years, John, my boy; but suppose that you had lived there since the house was built in 1804? What a lot you would have seen and heard and how much you might have written us about instead of sending us such a short letter! Well, perhaps you are not so much to blame for the scarcity of news, for I fancy that not much can happen in Kecksburg in the narrow space of but forty-seven years. Still one can always pick up gossip about a barber shop—and you have one of these institutions. You do send us an important item in your listing of the "four pretty girls," but I fear for the accuracy of this count. It only allows one beautiful Kecksburg damsel for each ten "dwelling houses." John, it may be asking too much, but what sort of girls live in the other thirty-six houses? I want to know for the honor of the Old Dominion. You can't make me believe that pretty Virginia girls are as scarce as this. Living so long under one roof may have made your eyesight of the vintage of 1804 the same as the rafters. Just look around once more and send in another report.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Amanda Murphy, Decaturville Tenn. An old lady of 88 years, unable to earn her own support. Help her last years. Mrs. E. J. Clayton, Alabama City, Ala. A friend of COMFORT for 20 years, Mrs. Clayton now must ask aid of other COMFORT friends—having reached an age and time when she can no longer support herself. Dartha Grigg, Glen Allen, R. R. 1, Box 33, Pa. Crippled and bedridden, this poor woman asks help in the form of cash or clothes. A worthy case. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Helpless for 51 years from rheumatism, the appeal of this man and his aged wife is sad to read. A shower of dimes, a sprinkle of greenbacks, will make their lot easier to bear. Miss Lizzie Gormely, Buffalo, Ill. Weak and dependent upon charity for support, this suffering woman asks money to buy her food. Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Spencer, Va. Clothes or cash will aid this mother to struggle on. Give her the boost she needs. Mrs. Mollie Burris, Price, N. C. Crippled by rheumatism for 15 years, this woman sends an earnest letter asking aid through these cold months. Marie Bentz, Norfolk, 436 So. 4th St., Neb. A shut-in unable to walk, Miss Bentz would be grateful for crochet patterns to cheer her dull hours. No other aid is asked. Mrs. M. J. Cline, care of Mrs. Ralph Smith, Benton, R. R. 2, Pa. A widow who has found it impossible to support herself during the past year. Send her cash and cheer that the next 12 months may be brighter. Mrs. Sadie Williams, Huntingburg, Ind., sends words of earnest gratitude for the aid of COMFORT readers who have made her winter an easier and happier one.

This is midwinter, and it means then the height of pain, cold and shut-in hours to those whose names are listed this month of February. Do not weary of well doing now, when help is needed most of all and will be the most welcome. Give these suffering bodies and hearts a boost that will carry them through until spring brings brighter days.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

BAYER Genuine ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for



Colds Headache
Toothache Rheumatism
Neuritis Lumbago
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Clarence L. Castner, Belvidere, N. J., wants to know the whereabouts of her sister, Bessie Snover. Last heard of seven years ago.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edmund Clements, age 18, tall, light complexion, please write to his mother, Mrs. N. C. Clements, Oneonta, R. R. 2, Box 54, Ala.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Paul R. Backus, last heard from at Salisbury, Md., please write to Mrs. D. H. Lewis, Oxford, N. Y.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Charley Beal, last heard from at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, four years ago. Please write Evaline Beal, Glouster, Ohio.

Kate Margrave, Summerville, R. R. 1, Box 37A, Mo., wants S. W. Margrave (called Bill), age 21, to write to her. Address, Kate Margrave, Summerville, R. R. 1, Box 37A, Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Miss Lizzie Graham, of Rome, Ga., please notify her brother, Mr. John M. Graham, Atlanta, R. R. 1, Box 19B, Ga.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of my nephew, Colonel Blackwell. Last heard of in Judsonia, Ark. Address, Mattis Butts, Tushka, Okla.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Elmer Ray Barlow, adopted from the State School of Otowona, Minn., in the year of 1908. He is now 20 years of age and light complexioned. Notify his uncle at once. R. A. Barlow, Mankato, 722 W. Front St., Minn.

Wanted: To hear from or anything in regard to my brothers, Amon, Eli and Frank McFarland. Address, Mrs. Laura Laqua, Logan, Box 503, W. Va.

Would like to hear from, or of, Mrs. Margarete Gardner. Last heard of in Duluth, Minn. Her sister, Mrs. Sarah McNeal, Atwood, Colo. (Formerly Mrs. Sarah Spotts.)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my brother, Orville Brunton, age nine years, or Frank Krick, please notify the former sister, Mrs. Clyde Exline, Jackson, Ohio.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of V. S. Virner Isom, please write Jammie Isom, as his children need him. Jammie Isom, Hackleburg, Ala.

I would like to find the whereabouts of Ed. Lichtenwalters' children, May and Charlotta Waterman. Their father died and left them his estate. Address their aunt, Mrs. Belle Young, Avena, Ill.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Frankie Lefler or his father, Juff Lefler. Last heard of he was in Dallas, Texas, 1912, working for the government. He is 20 years of age. Write his aunt, Mrs. Lelar Briggs, Adairville, Ky.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of E. G. Ellison, last heard of in Oklahoma, fall of 1921, please write his sister, Mrs. Maude Locklear, Rome, R. R. 6, Ga.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Newton Wade, last heard from at Cullman, Ala., 14 years ago. Age now about 35. Please write to Mrs. F. I. Lovell, Anderson, R. R. 2, Ala.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Wilburn or Lewis Estes, last heard from, Powell School, Dallas, Texas, write his uncle, C. M. Saint, Knox City, Texas.

Wanted: To hear from any of Timethy White's family in Vernon Co., Missouri, 1886 and 1887. Write Anna Dill, Westfield, Indiana.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Charles Ward, last heard of five years ago, in Milo, Maine; about 50 years of age. Write to Alex E. McDonald, Chatham, Hill Street, N. B.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of my brother who the last heard of was in 1913. We had a letter, then we heard from the Chicago North Western Railroad Company, that he quit engineering for them, in 1916. He was married and had one little boy who died when two years old. Brother's name, Mr. Charles Reigle. He weighs about 200 pounds. Please write to me. Mrs. W. F. Shetron, Chambersburg, R. R. 6, Pa.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Bert Dean, Jr., age 20, five feet, six inches tall, black hair, please write his wife at once as I would be proud to hear from him. Mrs. Samantha Dean, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Ark.

Anyone knowng the whereabouts of Russell Thompson, Cree Indian boy, living somewhere in Muskogee, Okla., notify H. Kelly, Greenfield, Box 115, Mo.

France claims to carry more passengers in commercial airplanes than England. In one year passenger air traffic increased from 729 to 5,864 passengers. More than a million miles were covered by commercial planes in one year. The longest traffic route is Toulouse, France, to Casablanca, Morocco, which requires a day and a half, including the over-night stop. Other routes are Paris to London, Paris to Brussels, Paris to Amsterdam, Paris to Strasbourg and Prague, Paris to Warsaw, Bayonne to Bilbao and Santander, Bordeaux to Toulouse and Montpelier, Montpelier to Nimes, Avignon and Nice.

The Bee Cell Support



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest white rubber. Six cups or faces render motherhood absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send $1.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 Wells Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises and will do it for you. They are Tiny Magnetic Cushions. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comfort." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my own **statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

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Here's a Prescription

for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

VARICOSE VEINS

SWOLLEN PROTRUDING

Sufferers of this loathsome condition can now find positive relief. Each specialist has written a remarkable book telling how to quickly and easily obtain perfect results. Sent free while limited supply lasts.

Physician's FREE Book

For your health's sake write for it today. Comfort Rubber Elastic Mills, Box 22, 435 Plymouth Ct., Chicago

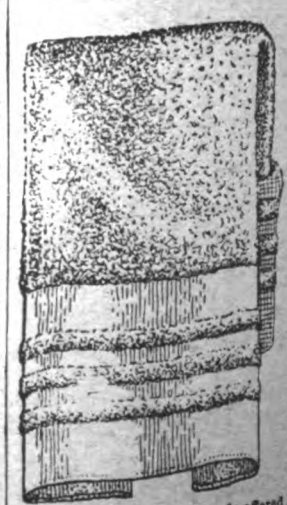


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Start You in Business, furnishing hing; men and women, $30 to $100 operating our "New System Candy ies" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

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Housewives buy Harper's Invention on New business. No competition. Ten- r is combination of ten indispensable hold necessities. $7.50 to $30.00 a day s. Write for Free trial offer. Harper h Works, 165 A Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

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Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Clean up this year. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory C, 3421 Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 3628 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women threw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Rittredge Co., 7 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

We Pay $36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents: $1.25 an hour, $8.50 a day. Light easy work near home showing samples, distributing foods. Big assortment full sized packages free. Write quick. Dept. 73, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—C. T. A. prices reduced again. Suits $18.00, made to order, any size or style. Orders easy to get. Big profits. Sample outfit free. Write Chicago Tailors Ass'n, World's largest tailors, Dept. 185, Station C, Chicago.

Write and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. Silvering mirrors, refinishing auto headlights, tableware, plating. Outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. D-6, 309 Fifth Ave., New York.

$60—$200 a week Gold Letters for Store Windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. General agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 J, North Clark, Chicago.

Men, Women, sell the Coue book everybody is buying; no experience necessary; big profits; spare or whole time; no investment; free particulars. American Library Service, 500-V Fifth Avenue, New York.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet pictures, medallions, merchants signs, waterproof and tea aprons, silk and wool hose, rugs, luminous crucifixes; catalog free, 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk K2, Chicago.

Tailoring Salesmen make $75.00 a week selling our strictly All-Wool Made-to-Measure Suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat, and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear Chicago, Inc., 846 W. Adams, Dept. 252, Chicago.

Agents—Big money $8 to $16 a day. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1623, Dayton, Ohio.

Tailoring Explosion! Competition knocked out! $35.00 suits for $16.75 including a good profit for you. Big Swatch Line of samples, carrying case, etc. Costs us $10.00. Sent for $1.00 deposit. Hustlers make $75.00 a week. Territory going fast. Send $1.00 for outfit today. State experience. Knickerbocker Tailoring Company, Dept. 114, 131 So. Peoria St., Chicago.

Agents:—Peck's Rivets mend granite, aluminum and tin-ware. 100% profit. Trial box 10c. Peck Co., Dept. K, Medina, N. Y.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

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Used Correspondence School Courses only one quarter original price. Free bargain list 1000 courses. Courses bought. Students' Exchange, 47B West 42d St., New York.

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Master the Typewriter by Mail. The touch typing system taught in six lessons—only $15. Why pay more? Typewriting School, 715 Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

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Free Book. Prophet Elijah must first come said Jesus. Convincing Bible Evidence. Send at once. C. Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Start a cleaning, pressing, dyeing shop. Splendid field, big profits. Plans free. International System, Dept. 39, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Profitable Home Work! Start manufacturing of household specialty. Big Profit—no capital required. Stamp for particulars. A. Berggreen, Luck, Wis.

Be your own boss and make big money. We start you in your own business. No capital required. Everything furnished. Openings everywhere. Write Cherokee Sales Agency, Dept. 18, Danville, Va.

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Farms Wanted: Give full description and cash price. Quick sales. Leaderbrand Sales Agency, B-148, Cimarron, Kansas.

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Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

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Become Railway Mail Clerks. $133-$195 month. Men 18 to 35. Common education sufficient. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Stop Daily Grind. Free Easy Plans, Silver mirrors, headlights, tableware, etc. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

$5—$10 per day decorating Art Novelties at home. Experience unnecessary. We teach you and furnish everything. Write Fireside Industries, Dept. C-62, LaGrange, Indiana.

Railway Mail Clerks, Postoffice, other help, wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. M, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Selfthreading Needles save time and Eyesight. 10c brings them. Agents Wanted. L. Miller, Box 1256, City Hall Station, New York

The School of Nursing of the Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Diseases offers to young women a thorough course in acute and chronic nursing in New York City under excellent living conditions and with a moderate compensation. Classes begin January and May. For further information apply to Directress of Nurses, Montefiore Hospital, 201 East Gun Hill Road, New York City.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Girls. Learn Gown Designing—making at home. $40 week. Big Spring demand coming. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept N-501, Rochester, N. Y.

We want representatives everywhere to introduce Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Hosiery, Dry Goods, etc. for liberal pay. Easy, pleasant, profitable. We teach you. Wonderful chance for earnest, refined women to build a dignified, money-making business. Samples furnished. Opportunity for advancement to experienced men and women. Write for full information today. Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 503 Fitzcharles Building, Trenton, N. J.

Ladies—$25 to $50 weekly selling Sanitary Specialty needed and welcomed by women and not sold in stores. Whole or part time. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 601, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$92 Month commence. U. S. Government positions. Women—girls, 18 or over. Steady, pleasant work. Short hours. Common education sufficient. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-9, Rochester, N. Y.

We pay big money for painting pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2133, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Become Expert Milliners. Women over 15. $35 week. Big Easter demand coming. Learn while earning. Sample free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-800, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 661 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 113, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured—Trade Marks Registered. A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 16 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-F, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet. G-5 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly. (Which position). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$25 Week. Become Auto—Tractor—Motor experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. N-410, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-3 Columbus, O.

POULTRY

Plans for Poultry Houses! All styles 150 Illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 75, Indianapolis, Ind.

Baby Chicks: 12 Purebred varieties. Low prices and dependable service. Missouri Chickeries, Clinton, Missouri.

Day Old Chicks, for Sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and Pure Bred, Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. You may have Very valuable coins. Send 10c for Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x6. Get Posted. We pay Cash. Clark Coin Co. Ave. 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Old Coins Wanted. We paid $3,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning, of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Seekers! Opportunity awaits you near thriving city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, only $10 to $60 down; balance long time. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Company, C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

For Sale—Michigan Land Bargain—Five big sunny acres near nice small lake. Fine for fruit, chickens or summers outing. Price only $180.00. Terms $6.00 cash, $3.00 monthly; might throw in tent or fishing outfit. Write Frank Cleveland, Owner, 3966 North Robey St., Chicago.

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$30 a week. Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy America's leading writer's magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 669 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

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Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c.; prints 3c. each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 253 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll developed 5c, prints 3c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

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HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a Business College Course at Home. Prepare to earn $100 to $200 month. Successful Graduates everywhere. Graduates placed in good positions. Details free. Brown's Home Study School, 22A, Peoria, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

How to make three gallons good vinegar for 25 cents. Send 10 cents and stamped envelope for receipt. Murraysville, Pa., Lock Box 88.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 50 acres at Ballico, in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36½ years with five per cent interest. Money advanced for improvements and dairy stock. You can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, excellent schools. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

$400 Secures 100-Acre Farm, Horses, Tools, 100 bu. Potatoes, 10 bu. apples, 10 T. hay, tools; 7-room house, 36-ft. barn. All $1700, only $400 needed. Details page 79 Catalog Farms 33 States. Copy Free. Strout Farm Agency, 156BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

FARM LANDS

Own Your Own Orange Grove in Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland park is best. We can prove it. Write for a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 298 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

Land—Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H.W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

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aking Pictures of Sound Waves

aking the picture of a noise sounds ut as reasonable as picking up a idful of shadow. It is being done, wever, at the American Telephone and egraph Company's laboratories at 24 lker Street, and the Western Electric mpany's New York experimental rkshop on West Street, New York City. e work is carried on for the purpose improving the transmission of the man voice by telephone, especially r long distances. The machine that es the photograph is called an oscillo- iph.

he method of sound photography is, efly, as follows: The electrical cur- nt carrying the voice, or some other und, is sent through two very fine res, between which is fastened a nute piece of looking-glass. An arc light is focussed on the mirror so that the reflected beam strikes a strip of photographic film wound on a drum. As the drum revolves, the light beam appears as a long, regular, white streak on the film.

These fine wires pass through a magnetic field and when the sound frequency current passes over the wires, it pushes them back and forth. This makes the looking-glass wiggle, which in turn causes the beam of light to move back and forth across the film and photograph as a jagged line instead of a straight one.

Valuable Old Books

At an auction sale recently in New York City a large number of old books were sold at fabulous prices. A copy of the Cloverdale translation of the Bible, printed in 1535, brought $3700. A first edition of Charles Dickens' "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" came next in price, bringing $3500. A first edition of Robert Browning's "Pauline," 1833, sold for $1400. The first issue of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," 1719, brought $2000. William Cullen Bryant's poem, "The Embargo," 1808, and for which he afterwards expressed regret, went for $1500. A translation of Cervantes' "Don Quixote," London, 1620, brought $500, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1620, $380. Among others were a first folio edition of Shakespeare which brought $3000, and a third edition of "Henry V," printed in 1608, $1250. A first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" went for $2200, and a letter from Thackeray to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, explaining why he could not print one of her poems, $210.

Here's Another Good One

E. M. Johnson, a Portland knight of the grip, slipped it to me. There was a lot of excitement on the main street of a certain town. A man ran up and asked what it was all about.

"Oh," said a wag in the crowd, a man in a reverie ran into a woman in a tantrum."

And the inquisitive one asked:

"Were the machines badly damaged?"
—*Portland Express.*

He's a Regular Fellow

Notice—If the person who picked up the silver Eversharp pencil in Abbott's yard where I had placed it next the crate, will call, I will give him the extra lead that goes with it.—*Lake County, Ill., Bee.*

Heard in Paris

"Our waiter is a distinguished-looking fellow."

"Shh! Not so loud."

"What's the matter?"

"He used to be a Russian grand duke."
—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

What if the Wire Is Busy?

TWO LIVE MEN WANTED—If dead call your undertaker, but if you are alive and have a little of that ambition to work, I may be able to help you. Address, etc.—*Advt. in Bangor Daily News.*

Home Pickle

"Is your wife doing any canning this year?"

"She has threatened to can me the next time I sit in an all-night poker game."—*Judge.*

$1.00 Brings 9FT x 12FT Congoleum and 3 Small Rugs to Ma





GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Go anywher
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of a full 9 x 12 size Gold Seal

Here we bring you not on
four — and all four for less than the
A full room size, 9 foot by 12 foot, C
three small companion Congoleum Rugs to
rug 18 x 36 inches.

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or
—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs
out waiting, without red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinn

30 Days Free Trial. We'll send all four rug
days. We want you and urge you to put them down on the flo
a whole month—free of expense and without promise or ob

We absolutely guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every solitary penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We will refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—an advantage that ought to place these Congoleum Rugs in every American home. In spite of the lowest price in existence — in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free—we bring you the opportunity to clinch this *proven bargain* without a tiny bit of money worry.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 days' trial, you can pay us little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering — universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes. People of taste and judgment are glad to use Congoleum Rugs in the best rooms. It's the rug with a hundred superior points.

Waterproof. These rugs are guaranteed absolutely waterproof. There is no burlap in Congoleum Art Rugs for water to rot. The surface is hard and smooth and wear resisting.

They lay flat from the very first moment without any fastening. They never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. There is no need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath. They follow perfectly any uneveness of the floor.

Less Work Congoleum floors mean less worry and no back breaking drudgery. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Art Rugs, because the surface is hard and does not absorb. A damp rag keeps a Congoleum Art Rug clean and does not hurt or damage it.

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Aside from the extreme value of
the free gift of 3 extra rugs; forgetting
credit plan; it must be remembered tha
leum pattern is the most desired and th
put before the public. The Congoleum
able to keep up with the demand for it.
for it for months. Ask any Congoleum
No. 408. He will verify everything we
in stock. We will ship your order the d
you must act within 30 days.

We have tried to picture as nea
stunning beauty of this wonderfully be
pattern. It is a superb design that look
mosaic tile that you have ever seen. It
pleasing in appearance.

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The main color scheme is in rol
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is impossible with mere printers ink to
tiful colors of the lovely blue shades
mosaic tile design.

It is a fact that the most expens
would not and could not look one whit
finished than this Congoleum Beauty.
coloring, pattern and *true mosaic tile*
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VOL. XXXV
NO. 5

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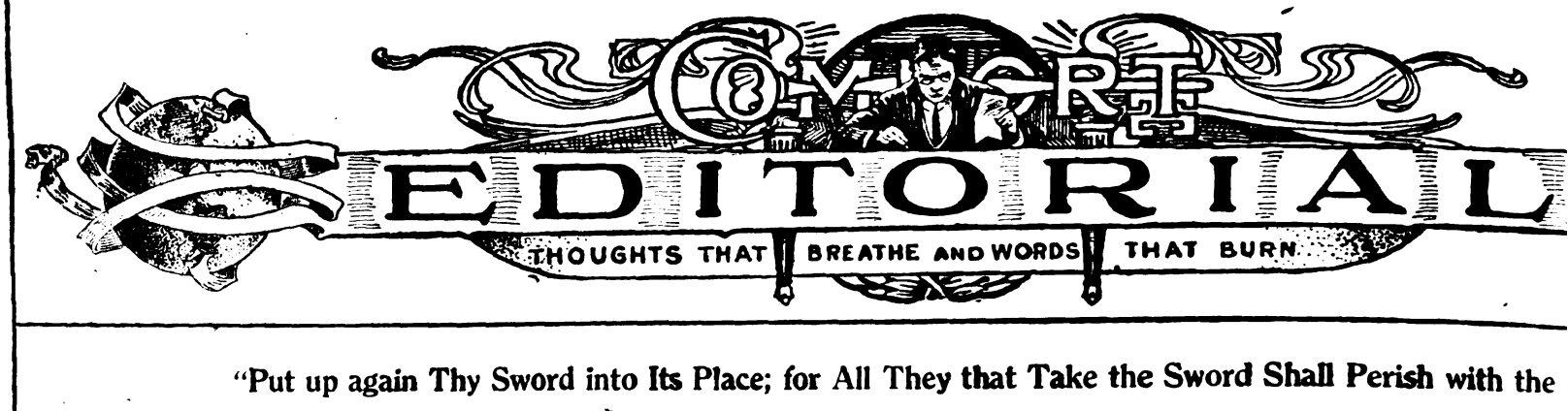
MARCH
1923



See "Taking Comfort," on page 13

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"Put up again Thy Sword into Its Place; for All They that Take the Sword Shall Perish with the

THOSE who are familiar with the Christian Scriptures, as all should be, will recognize the above headline as the words spoken by Jesus in rebuke of Peter for his lawless act in smiting the emissary of the high priest sent to arrest the Master. Many regard this severe denunciation as the imprecation of a curse on those who resort to violence as a means of furthering their purposes; but, be that as it may, it surely makes plain the truth that lawlessness tends to provoke retaliation in kind and work the destruction of those who appeal to brute force for settlement of their grievances. History is replete with examples of disaster to those "that take the sword", and a notable instance of such retribution is seen in the recent popular uprising and administration of mob law provoked by a series of acts of lawless and destructive violence committed in connection with and furtherance of a long continued railroad strike in Arkansas.

Please understand at the outset that our comments on this Arkansas case are offered, not as an expression of approval nor as a plea in justification of the community action in unlawfully assuming to execute the law in its own way, but for the purpose of pointing out the disastrous reaction likely to result from a resort to lawlessness by strikers. Where crime becomes so rampant as to evoke a lawless assumption of the functions of retributive justice there is a demoralizing and dangerous approach to anarchy that can not be too strongly condemned. The main facts of this deplorable Arkansas affair, as reported in the papers, are briefly summarized as follows:

In 1921 a strike was called to resist a reduction of wages on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad whose line, a 150 miles in length, serves a large section of country chiefly devoted to farming. The strike dragged along and after a while, as too often happens when strikes are not quickly settled to the satisfaction of the strikers, there was resort to criminal violence: attempts were made to tie up transportation and terrorize the public by destruction of railroad property, whereby, not only was traffic much impeded, but public safety imperiled. This reign of terror progressed from bad to worse until brought to an abrupt end on January 16th of the present year by a popular uprising which, acting through the instrumentality of its "Committee of 1000", effectually cleaned up the situation which by that time had become absolutely intolerable to the community composed, as it was, largely of farmers dependent on this railroad for getting their produce out to market and getting in necessary supplies.

The sabotage inflicted on this railroad in the ten weeks immediately preceding the clean-up is reported to have included the burning of ten bridges, various damages to trestles and tracks, the crippling of locomotives, and the cutting of air-brake connections to put cars out of commission. It is asserted that more than twenty bridges were burned during the last half of last year. The railroad was practically paralyzed. and the farmers along its line were in desperate straits. The remedies which the law provided had totally failed, as they claimed, because of the inefficiency and disinclination of the State and local authorities to take vigorous measures for the suppression of lawlessness. Therefore they felt compelled, as a matter of self preservation, to take the administration of justice into their own hands for the restoration of law and order and public safety. Accordingly they organized and, as previously described, took action through the "Community of 1000", and it cannot be denied that, for so doing, they had provocation so strong as to be almost irresistible to human nature. Of course the methods of the "Committee" were reprehensible, some of them extremely so, but it must be remembered that they acted in extreme stress of circumstances and under great excitement and nervous strain.

The homes of such of the strikers as were under suspicion were visited and searched; one striker, who resisted search, was hung; a hotel keeper, who by furnishing bail had procured the release of several strikers previously arrested under due process of law, was publicly whipped; the furniture of the strikers' meeting-hall, in Harrison, was taken to the public square and burned; the city marshal of Harrison, reported to have been accused of sympathizing with the strikers, was whipped and ordered to leave town; scores of strikers were driven over the State line into Missouri, and the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of Harrison were called upon to resign.

We quote the following extracts from the editorial comments of Arkansas papers as reflecting public sentiment in that State. *The Arkansas Gazette*, published at the State capital, while deploring the hanging of the striker, yet defends the community action in handling the situation by strong-arm methods, asserting that "the patience of the people was exhausted, and they rose for the protection of rights that it seemed could not be protected in any other way. * * * The attack on the property of the railroad was a challenge to the whole State." The Harrison *Times*, published at the storm center of the disturbance, says: "Without this railroad, which serves 200,000 people, farms would lose at least half their value and many business houses would be ruined. Why, therefore, should the people sit openly by and let the unions wreck the State, and bully and intimidate the people?" As to the hanging of the striker this paper declares that "the union officials who recently voted to continue the strike are as directly responsible for Gregor's death as the men who actually strung him up." The Arkansas farmers plead dire necessity in justification of their usurpation of law-enforcement and point with pride to the fact that they "cleaned up" in two days a pestiferous state of lawlessness that had persisted two years unattended to by the constituted authorities.

Leading journals in other States are unsparing in their denunciation of this outbreak of "mob violence". Most of them are in substantial agreement with the New York *Herald*, which says: "Mob law can not be excused in a country where all the machinery of justice is supposed to be available at any moment to meet any offense against law." This statement is ideally correct and theoretically sound, and ought, without exception, to be true in fact, but too often, as was instanced in the case in point, "the machinery of justice" utterly fails "to meet" a series of most flagrant offenses committed in defiance of law. Some prominent eastern papers express the more rational opinion that the Arkansas uprising is a "reflection upon the Governor of the State and the local sheriffs under his control, whose supineness throughout recent months of disorder has supplied a temptation to violence." While it is perfectly proper and eminently desirable to hold up high ideals, yet in dealing with the actual affairs of life exceptional conditions arise in which theories do not hold good, and the frailty of human nature must be taken into account, and care must be had not to strain it to the breaking point.

Mid theorizing and idealizing it is best that, for the attainment of practical results, there be a general recognition of the fact, so abundantly demonstrated, that although the good people of America are patient and long-suffering there is a limit to their tolerance of lawlessness, and when or where this limit is exceeded they will supplement the law with effective measures of their own for the suppression of crime. In line with this is the *Boston News Bureau's* observation that "The corollary is that administration or execution of law must in many places and in many ways be greatly improved. Governors and sheriffs supinely and falsely avow they have situations 'in hand' or 'under control' when later explosions reveal how stupid or craven they were. * * * The vital thing is the majesty and supremacy of the law. We must keep always and everywhere true these words of [illegible] Coolidge: 'Law reigns. [illegible] of freedom. * * * To d[illegible] It would serve the best [illegible] unions if they would take [illegible] the Vice-President, and c[illegible] mit, lawlessness as a str[illegible] mind also the Scriptural [illegible] that take the sword shall

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THE latest and most [illegible] form of swindle by [illegible] being defrauded o[illegible] ings is the fake rad[illegible] sold to thousands who [illegible] property convertible into [illegible] tious to amass a fortune [illegible] investment. In one form [illegible] dence game has been [illegible] always finding a new [illegible] bite, and many of those [illegible] before ready to be caught [illegible] rich-quick scheme. At [illegible] stocks, then worthless oil [illegible] lures, but during the past [illegible] stocks have distanced a[illegible] complaints of fraud, aggr[illegible] lars, that have come to th[illegible] from all parts of the coun[illegible]

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"The Wolves Have C[illegible]

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Brownie's Triu

by Mrs. Georg



Wilbur noted her rich color and the shy drooping of her white lids.



He lifted his shaking hand and touched with one finger that glittering cross upon her bosom.



Her heart s fear, and down

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, is joined by her friend, Aspasia Huntington, a wealthy Baltimore belle, who meets with a slight accident in her dress, attracting the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt, who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond, stepping upon something, picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants, and the word "Brownie" in finest letters upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her life, her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lussan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth, and when she is gone she requests her to take the chain and key from her neck and wear it as long as she lives. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property, admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing Mr. Conrad's offer to relieve her from anxiety and have her home with him or go with Miss Huntington as her companion, she secures employment in New York, wiring hats. The work hard, she is helped by Mattie Burnham who wins her love and together in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who kindly asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language. Learning she is musical would she be persuaded to teach. If the opportunity presented itself she would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card, given to her, bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D. Brownie, called to the office, meets Dr. Alcott, who has recommended her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Requiring references, Brownie mentions Mr. Arthur Conrad which satisfies Dr. Alcott; they were classmates. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails and Wilbur is determined to know her better. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond, standing near, overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived, was wooed and won. Wilbur buys tickets for her majesty's opera for the family and insists that Miss Douglas shall go. Mrs. Coolidge objects, but changing her mind requests Brownie to wear anything but black or white. Deciding upon her dress and jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SCENE.

HER Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, was crowded to its utmost capacity when our party arrived.

But having secured a private box, this circumstance did not inconvenience them in the least.

Wilbur Coolidge took care, after his mother and Isabel were comfortably seated, that Miss Douglas should have a place where she could command a good view of the stage.

He was no other than Adrian Dredmond! lovely governess, and strove by numerous little attentions to atone in part for their rudeness.

A battery of lorgnettes was immediately leveled at this brilliant company and there were numberless surmisings and questionings as to who the newcomers could be.

In a box not far from the Coolidge party there sat a royal-looking couple—an old gentleman, still hale and hearty, although upward of sixty-five, and a matron of perhaps a half-dozen years younger.

By the side of the latter, and assiduously attending to her wants, was a young man of about two-and-twenty.

It was no other than Adrian Dredmond!

He, too, had leveled his glass as the newcomers settled themselves in their places.

After one sweeping glance, he half-started from his chair, with a low exclamation of pleasure.

"Whom do you see, Adrian?" asked the lady by his side.

"Some friends who came over in the same steamer with me, I believe," he replied, taking another look, and a smile of pleasure curving his fine lips as his eye rested upon Brownie, who seemed to him in her elegant robes like some beautiful vision from another sphere.

"Americans?" demanded his companion, preparing to adjust her own glass.

"Yes, your ladyship," was the quiet response.

"Ah!"

Her ladyship, as she uttered this with a slight accent of contempt, evidently did not deem them worthy the effort of a glance, and accordingly turned her glass toward the stage, the curtain having risen for the first act.

For a time the attention of all was attracted in the same direction.

Brownie sat as one entranced, forgetting the past, and living over again the exquisite delight which she had so often experienced in by-gone days.

"You are fond of the opera, Miss Douglas?" Wilbur whispered, when the curtain at length fell.

"Passionately," she replied, turning her glowing face toward him; then added: "And, Mr. Coolidge, you have given me the first bit of unalloyed pleasure I have had since great misfortune came upon me."

Her voice quivered, her eyes were dewy, and her breast heaved with the deliciousness of the hour.

"I would I could henceforth give you every joy of earth," he murmured tenderly in her ear.

"Wilbur," his mother said in cold, hard tones, "will you come and arrange your sister's cloak?"

She had watched his every movement, and her heart was in a tumult of rage at that artful girl for presuming to keep him at her side.

A meaning glance was exchanged between mother and daughter as she made her request; and after the cloak was satisfactorily arranged, as he was about returning to his post, Isabel said:

"Sit down here, Wilbur, and point out to me some of the people whom you know."

He pointed out several, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, there is Mr. Dredmond who came over with us, is it not?"

"Yes," dryly replied her brother.

"I like his appearance very much. I wish you would go and bring him here, and introduce him to us."

"What is the use? Any other time will do as well, and it is nearly time for the curtain to rise again," he said impatiently and with an uneasy glance toward Miss Douglas.

"Oh, there is plenty of time. Look! he is bowing to you now."

Wilbur returned the salutation but did not move, and his mother exclaimed:

"Do oblige your sister, Wilbur. He is, indeed, a fine-looking young man; I wonder if he is well connected?"

"Rather. He is grandson to an earl," was the laconic reply.

"An earl!" ejaculated both mother and daughter, in a breath.

"Yes; so I have lately learned, and, notwithstanding he will succeed to an earldom upon his grandfather's death, he is very modest about it, and prefers to be addressed as plain Mr. Dredmond, rather than 'my lord'."

"Wilbur, you must introduce him, by all means. Isabel, who knows what may happen?" and Mrs. Coolidge, much excited at the intelligence she had just received, ruffled her feathers with motherly pride.

"There, Wilbur! I do believe he is coming here. He has left his box, and is coming this way!" exclaimed Isabel, her cheeks flushing a vivid scarlet at the thought of being introduced to a peer of the realm.

Adrian Dredmond was indeed bending his steps in that direction; but had those proud women known that it was on account of their despised governess, and her alone, they would not have been so elated.

Wilbur arose, and met him at the entrance.

"How are you, Coolidge?" exclaimed the young man heartily and extending his hand. "We have not met often of late," he added.

"No; I have been dancing attendance upon the ladies. Will you come in and be introduced?"

"With pleasure," and his eyes lingered upon that graceful figure, clad in maize-colored silk, seated between the two young girls.

Wilbur led him first to his mother and Isabel, then presented him to Viola and Alma, and finally to Brownie, in spite of Mrs. Coolidge's warning glance, as she saw what he was about to do.

The young girl's cheeks kindled to a flame as she laid her daintily-gloved hand in his, and remembered that this handsome stranger, whose name she had not known until this moment, had held her in his arms, and so close to his bosom that she had felt the beating of his great heart.

Wilbur noted her rich color, and the shy drooping of her white lids; he noted, too, the lingering look of admiration which the young man bent upon her, and a great pain smote his heart—a fear that trouble, and disaster to his hopes, would follow this introduction.

Mr. Dredmond was invited to a seat by Isabel, and instantly monopolized by her, while Mrs. Coolidge, much elated at the turn events were taking, took care that Wilbur did not resume his position near the governess, but kept him busy answering questions till the opera was over.

Miss Isabel intended that Mr. Dredmond should attend her to the carriage, but by some means in leaving the box they became separated, he standing at the entrance until all had passed out.

Brownie being the last one, he offered her his arm to conduct her through the crowd.

She could not refuse without seeming rude, yet she was keen enough to perceive that the attention would call down the dire displeasure of her employer upon her head.

In the lobby they encountered an old gentleman and lady. In an instant the gaze of the former became riveted upon Miss Douglas.

He stopped in her path.

His face grew ghastly white, his lips twitched nervously and he breathed as if terribly agitated.

Brownie lifted her eyes, and was startled at his appearance. It seemed to her as if she were confronting a madman. He bent toward her until his quick breath smote her cheek. He did not seem to notice her companion; and all his faculties were concentrated upon the startled girl.

He lifted his shaking hand and touched with one finger that glittering cross upon her bosom.

"There is but one cross like that in the world," he muttered. "Girl, girl, where did you get it?" he demanded hoarsely.

Before she could collect her scattered senses to reply the crowd surged in between them; the old man was borne one way, Brownie and her companion the other, and she only caught one more glimpse of a pair of deep, fathomless eyes, filled with keenest pain, a white, set face, its lips livid and rigid.

Then she found herself in the fresh, cool air, and Adrian Dredmond saying, in tones of apology:

"You will excuse him, Miss Douglas; he is an old man."

"Certainly; but he startled me somewhat," she answered, drawing a deep breath; and before she could ask if he knew who the strange gentleman was, she found they were beside the Coolidge carriage.

"Really Miss Douglas, is it you at last? You have kept us waiting until we are tired," exclaimed Isabel peevishly.

"I hope you have not been troubled, Mr. Dredmond," apologized Mrs. Coolidge graciously and giving Brownie a withering look.

"Oh, no; it has given me pleasure to attend Miss Douglas," blundered the young man, saying the very worst thing possible.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Coolidge, but the crowd detained us, and my cloak caught upon one of the seats," explained Brownie.

"Crowd, indeed! I've seen governesses before this who liked to flirt," sneered the irate Isabel under her breath.

Both Mr. Dredmond and Miss Douglas caught the insolent words, and they aroused all the fire in the young girl's blood.

With the air of a queen she turned as she was about entering the carriage, and holding out her little hand she said to Mr. Dredmond:

"Thank you, Mr. Dredmond, for your kindness, and good night."

He bowed low over her hand, then assisting her to enter the carriage, lifted his hat to the others and turned away, but not before he had noted the menacing looks cast upon the poor little governess for her audacity.

"Miss Douglas, please step this way one moment," Mrs. Coolidge commanded in icy tones upon entering the house.

She led the way toward the library, Brownie following, with head erect, and a mien which even the fashionable and imposing Mrs. Coolidge could not subdue.

"I wish it distinctly understood, Miss Douglas," the matron began, with a look which would have annihilated the young girl had she possessed less of the spirit of heroes within her, "that hereafter you are to receive no attention from gentlemen while you remain in my employ. Miss Isabel's prospects are not to be interfered with by you."

Brownie's red lips curled with scorn.

She met her glance proudly and without the quiver of a nerve.

"Mrs. Coolidge I have not the slightest desire to interfere in any way with Miss Coolidge's prospects. The occurrence of this evening was wholly unpremeditated as far as I am concerned. But, madam, I wish it distinctly understood upon my part, that if the insults to which I have been subjected tonight are ever repeated I shall consider my connection with you at an end."

Mrs. Coolidge could have strangled her as she stood there in her proud beauty, but she began to be a little afraid of her as well.

"Really, Miss Douglas, it seems to me you are assuming a great deal for a dependent," returned the woman haughtily.

"I recognize the fact, madam, that I am in a measure dependent upon your favor; but I am also aware that my services are of no small value to you. When I consented to take charge of your daughters' education, I did not consent to forfeit my self-respect by quietly submitting to any abuse from any member of your family."

Brownie's tone was very quiet, but very clear and firm.

"What am I to understand by this language from you, Miss Douglas?" demanded Mrs. Coolidge, nearly choking with anger.

"That I expect due consideration from yourself and family, while I in turn render you all proper respect. I wish you good night madam."

With a courteous inclination of her bright head, Brownie turned and walked from the room with the air of an empress.

Mrs. Coolidge stood looking after her for several minutes in utter amazement.

"Who is the little vixen I wonder?" she ejaculated, when she had recovered her self-possession somewhat. "She is evidently far above her station; and judging from her appearance tonight she must have moved in society equal to any into which we are received."

But that lady knew, as the young girl had said, that she was invaluable to her.

Already her younger daughters were acquiring a fluency of speech and an elegance of manner which delighted her, and she felt it would not do to part with her cultivated governess for any light consideration.

She knew it would be very difficult to find any one, while they were abroad, who would prove as useful in every respect as Miss Douglas, and she resolved to swallow her wrath, and keep her at all hazards, unless Wilbur should fall in love with her.

At all events, one thing was settled—Miss Douglas should be seen no more in company.

CHAPTER XIV.

ISABEL'S DISCOVERY.

A few days later Brownie donned her hat and jacket and went out for a stroll.

She had been very brave and defiant while confronting Mrs. Coolidge but the reaction followed immediately, and she had been sad and dispirited ever since.

She felt so alone in the world—so weary of this loveless life.

It was evident that she was looked upon as a mere machine, fit only to make herself obliging and useful.

To be sure, there had been no more unkind or insolent speeches, for Isabel had been warned by her mother that Miss Douglas was so extremely high-spirited that she would not submit to them; but their manner to her was so arrogant and overbearing that it was absolutely painful to be in their presence.

She was thinking of it today as she went out,

and try as she woul
it was beneath her
ignoble, yet it did
was very hard to b

She almost began
the straw factory, a
her own mistress
obliged to live less
boriously.

She walked brisk
elegant residences,
halls, wholly unco
lamity which would
of the fearful cloud

* *

Isabel Coolidge h
envy ever since the
the opera. How di
such elegant appar
wonderful jewels?

She did not beli
she had been sudden
poverty.

"Mamma, I tell
came by them hon

"Why, child, you
believe the girl is a
aghast.

"It is an ugly wo
self that you consid

"Yes, I think she
tion of gentlemen;
eyes and unconsci
the ways of the wor
personation of mode

"I hate such pr
there will be any h

Since Adrian Dre
ward her on the
solved that Brown
live long in the sam

With these thou
she had kept up a
governess's actions,
leave the house, equ
cluded that the rig
certain plans which

Watching her op
about, she slipped
room and locked the

She had never d
and she was now s
everything was arra

She noticed the
walls, and here and
ette or article of br
beautiful home in P
loved.

She went to her
prised at the elegan
She had none so ric

One little thing
It was an exquisit
the initials "E. H."
handle.

She opened it, and
caped her.

Within were six
gold stoppers, filled
each of which the sa

"Ah, ha! 'E. H
Mehetabel Douglas!
smile.

She took them out
gold stoppers and
with which they wer

Suddenly her atten
paper in the bottom

She took it up, o
tleman's handwritin

"My darling: To
day. I cannot come
but I send my little
I pray Heaven that
case contains may
future life with me.

Could it be that
and about to be mar

There was no dat
William, to give the
author of the note.

No, this could ha
tended for her, or
different.

She replaced the n
turned her attention
ing more and more
honesty.

She opened the bu
prised to find several
the same initials.

Two or three sets
with costly laces an
handkerchiefs, which
at them, an emerald

She found Brownie
a few plain articles
sets of jet, which s
aunt's death, and th
which was in Adrian

But the jeweled c
not to be found there

"I wonder where s
idge soliloquized, as
drawers, she turned

Her eye fell upon
stood upon a table a

She went over to
It was locked, and

Brownie's keys, wh
bunch by a steel ring
ber in the trunk fro
evening dress on the

'CONTINU



s Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

r object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

y abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

ease write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

ldress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE housecleaning letters haven't begun to come in yet so we'll have to get along with those we have. It is only when the sisters are in the midst of the spring cleaning that ideas and inspirations for such letters come and then ey are usually too busy to write. However, the tters on hand pertain more or less to the spring ason, moving, flower culture, amusing children rainy days and doing things about the home, l as important in their way as the spring cleang. Letters about gardens interest me greatly r, of the two, a beautiful garden and well-kept rd gives pleasure to a greater number of people an a carefully kept room, for more people see . Maybe that isn't the right way of looking at , but it is comforting to flower lovers, and that eans most of us, so I'm thinking I won't be dged harshly. Tell us about your flower gar-n.—Ed.

EUREKA, P. O. BOX 550, CALIF.

EAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have just finished reading COMFORT and enjoyed much but must say that I like to see a comment of ours, no matter how short, at the end of each letter. I love babies, bless them, but would much prefer to e the writer's picture instead, or, as one sister id, another letter. For after all, the baby is more recious in mother's sight than in the sight of anyne else but she, no doubt, has oodles of his pictures t home so give us something else in place of so any strange baby faces, please. We can see plenty f them on the street. Now please do not censure e for I am a saint of the Lord and know what I ant. Please print helpful poetry and give a few ood prayers and table blessings instead of baby ictures. Babies are sweet but Christ worship is weeter and needful too in this sinful yorld as an xample to others. Mrs. Wilkinson is a dear soul ut maybe just a littie blind. No offense, but because the baby cries for the chandelier to play with o reason why he should get it. And if good pace be given for something not beneficial while eneficial things be barred for lack of space, what rofit have we? We would like a Bible quotation or erse at the beginning of the Sisters' Corner. Here s a verse and I will supply one each month if there s space to print it.

Yours in the Love and Admonition of Christ Jesus, ur Lord.

MRS. ALLIE CROWLEY.

Dear Mrs. Crowley.—If I were the sort of perion who could please and satisfy every woman reader of COMFORT I wouldn't be doing this work t all. Instead I'd be employed at a nice fat alary to settle all affairs of State, sort of an dvisor to the President or something like that. I ry to do the very best I can and to please as many as I can. So glad you noticed that I am just a little blind. I try to be that way—blind to the little faults and failings of my friends, though fully aware of their virtues.

The poem, "Royal Dainties," which you sent, will be printed at the close of this department and if you are kind enough to send more poems they will be printed if there is space for them, but please observe carefully all copyrights. Just to prove to you that we want to give each reader what she wants, inasmuch as it is possible, following this will be given several poems suitable for table blessings.

The idea of a Bible quotation from each reader is a good one. Stupid of me not to have thought of it before. Matthew, XIX chapter, and 14th verse is a favorite of mine.

"Heavenly Father, kind and good,
We thank Thee for our daily food;
O, may the strength it gives us be
Used ever, Lord, in serving Thee."

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

"God bless this food, and bless us all,
And keep us safe, whate'er befall,
For Jesus' sake, Amen."

(Sent in by Esther M. Buhrman, Lantz, Md.)

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, 'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
Our daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy."

Our Father, we thank Thee for this expression of Thy loving kindness to us. Guide us by Thy spirit into all truth and bring us to Thyself in Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Father we thank Thee for this food,
For all the blessings Thou dost give.
Strengthen our bodies and our souls,
And let us for Thy service live."

(Sent by Mrs. G. A. Ackerlund, Cle Elum, Wash.)

CAMDEN, R. R. 6, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and it is needless to say I enjoy everything in it.

In a paper which I was reading a few days ago I came across the following headline: "97 per cent. of the city mothers vote they are willing for their daughters to marry farmers."

Now here is a question for discussion: Are 97 per cent. of the farm mothers willing for their sons to marry city girls? Is the average city girl capable of being a farmer's wife?

I doubt very much if some of those girls whose mothers vote they are willing for them to become farmers' wives, know how to pin on an apron. And, too, would they know how to tread the "street" to the garden, cow lot, poultry yard and like "streets" the farmers' wives must tread. Of course some may say, "let them learn," but will they be willing to learn after enjoying the pleasures of city life? From a general standpoint, the

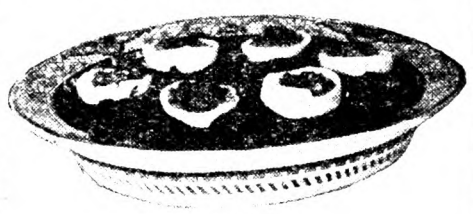
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

MRS. Minnie O. Mackintosh, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., California, wins the COMFORT Sisters' Pin for the "best" recipe this month. The conditions of this contest have been explained in preceding numbers. Mrs. Mackintosh has been a contributor of recipes and poems for many years and we feel that the sisters will be glad that her efforts have been rewarded, even if only in a small way. Who is next?—Ed.

CREAM TOAST.—A perfectly cooked dish of cream toast is delicious. It is not worthwhile to serve such a dish unless it is well done. First, put into a double boiler a scant pint of rich milk and one teacup of cream; let it come to the boiling point then add a heaping tablespoon of fresh butter and a heaping tablespoon of flour (or a smaller one of arrowroot) wet in a little cream, season to taste with salt and let it boil up. Meanwhile toast slices of bread, two or three days old, brown evenly and if a little scorched, scrape off every particle. The slices should be of even size, neatly trimmed; then put two slices at a time into the sauce and as soon as they soften all through (it takes only a minute) transfer to oven or warming closet of the range. Pour a little sauce over each successive layer, going through the whole operation quickly. Serve the toast while it is very hot. When rightly made this is a dish to tempt a fasting saint. The sauce should be of the consistency of cream. Arrowroot is the most delicate thickening material that can be procured. It is more expensive than flour, however.—MRS. MINNIE O MACKINTOSH, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., Calif.

SPINACH.—Before washing spinach break the leaves from any hard stalks and remove all leaves that are yellowed or bitten. Put through several waters, always lifting out the spinach instead of draining as this washes the grit into the leaves again. Bring quickly to a boil without the addition of water. Turn several



SPINACH.

times and as soon as it is thoroughly cooking, set back closely covered and simmer fifteen minutes. Skim out into a colander and drain. Chop fine and season with butter and salt. Many like the addition of a few spoonfuls of thick cream. Garnish with hard-boiled egg cut in slices.

MACARONI AND ROUND STEAK.—One-half package macaroni, one-half can tomatoes, three tablespoons butter, two onions, salt and pepper to taste, one-half cup grated cheese, one pound round steak, one-half cup breadcrumbs. Break macaroni into inch lengths and add it with one tablespoon of butter to plenty of boiling water and boil twenty minutes, then drain. Put steak and onions through a food chopper. Put macaroni into buttered fireproof dish, then put in meat and onions, add seasonings, tomatoes, cheese, breadcrumbs, and remainder of butter melted. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

MEAT CAKES.—One pound round steak, three tablespoons melted butter, three small onions, one tablespoon chopped parsley, two eggs, one-fourth pound grated cheese, two cups breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste, tomato sauce.

FOR SAUCE.—Four tablespoons butter, one carrot, one turnip, two onions, three tablespoons flour, two cupfuls stock, one can or one-half pound fresh tomatoes, one tablespoon tomato catsup, one bunch sweet herbs, salt, pepper, and red pepper to taste, one blade mace, one bay leaf.

FOR MEAT CAKES.—Grind steak and onions together, add butter, cheese, parsley, crumbs, seasonings, and eggs lightly beaten. Mix together; form into small cakes, roll in flour and fry in hot butter. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

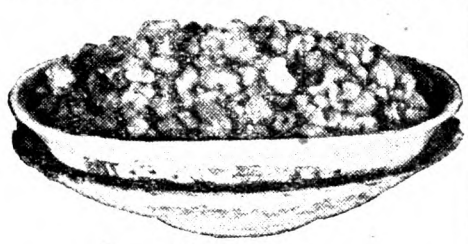
FOR SAUCE.—Slice vegetables, fry in butter ten minutes; then add flour, stock, mace, bay leaf, tomatoes, catsup, and herbs. Stir until they boil, then simmer gently forty-five minutes. Rub through sieve, add seasonings and use. Sufficient for twelve meat cakes.

CREAMED POTATOES AU GRATIN.—Two tablespoons butter, one quart peeled and diced potatoes, two cups milk, one tablespoon flour, one cup grated cheese, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon white pepper, few breadcrumbs. Cut potatoes in about one and one-half inch pieces, then boil carefully in boiling salted water. When done, drain, and pour into buttered baking dish. Blend butter and flour in saucepan over fire, add milk, stir till boiling, then add cheese and seasonings. Pour over potatoes; grate a little cheese over top, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bake five minutes in hot oven. —MRS. HATFIELD, Manchester, N. H.

STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.—Two pounds lean beef, mutton or veal, one quart of potatoes, diced, two cups of sliced carrots (can be left out), two cups sliced onions (half this amount would do), one cup of tomatoes, one tablespoon of salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon flour, and two tablespoons chopped parsley. Wipe meat, cut into small pieces, put in kettle, cover with boiling water and let boil slowly for one and one-half hours. Add carrots and onions, boil fifteen minutes, then add potatoes, salt, pepper and tomatoes. Add boiling water if needed to cover vegetables, boil for thirty minutes, add dumplings and boil ten minutes without lifting cover. Add flour which has been mixed with a little cold water, pour over stew and sprinkle with parsley.

DUMPLINGS.—One cup of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon shortening and cold water. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in shortening lightly with finger-tips, add enough water to hold dough together and drop by spoonfuls into stew. Sometimes I add a cup of corn to stew and if I have plenty of eggs I add one egg to dumplings. We think this is fine.—MRS. G. L. SPANGLE, Six Mile Run, Pa.

HULLED CORN.—Cover with cold water two quarts of corn that has ripened and dried on the cob, add four rounding teaspoons of soda, stir well and let soak over

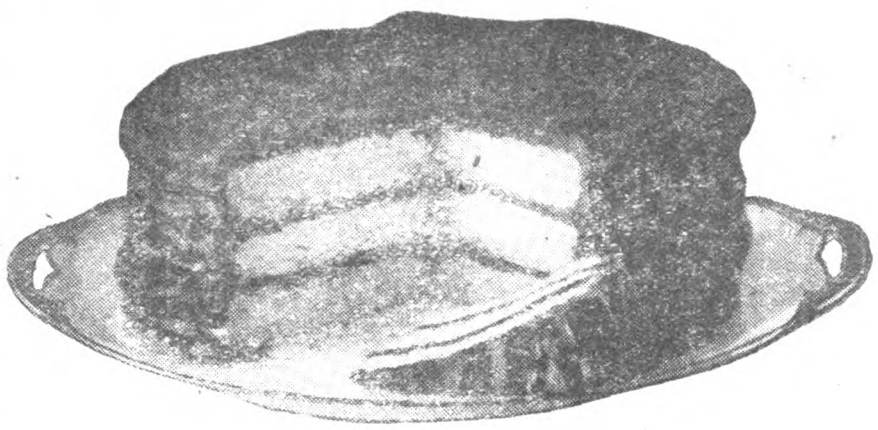


HULLED CORN.

night. Boil in the same water until the hulls have loosened. As the water boils away add more so that the corn will always be covered. Drain, and wash in cold water to remove the flavor of the soda, and at the same time rub off the hulls by working the corn through the water with the hands. Cover with fresh cold water and slowly cook until tender, changing the water one or more times. Hulled corn is served with milk, cream or syrup, or it may be warmed up in a little butter and served as a vegetable.

HEALTH BRAN COOKIES.—Three cups bran, one and one-half cup white flour, two-thirds cup milk, one and one-half teaspoon salt, one half cup white sugar, one-half cup shortening, two eggs, and two level tablespoons baking powder. Cream the shortening and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs, then the milk gradually. Mix baking powder with flour and bran and add gradually to the above. If the dough cannot be handled, add more white flour. Roll out thin and cook with cooky cutter. Bake in quick oven from seven to ten minutes.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Six oranges, three lemons. Cut ends from fruit and slice very thin. To every cup of sliced fruit add three cups of cold water and let stand twenty-four hours. Boil briskly forty-five minutes and let stand another twenty-four hours. Then to every cup of fruit and juice add one cup of sugar and boil forty-five minutes or until juice will hair when dropped from spoon. Do not use the thick white skins of the lemons. If Valencia oranges are used, add two cups of sugar.—MRS. E. H. STEED, Lyons, Colo.



The Perfect Chocolate Cake

and how to make it

DO YOU KNOW of anything more delicious than a good, home-made chocolate layer cake? Here is one that is rich, delicate in flavor and not "sickishly sweet."

The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials, and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well, add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

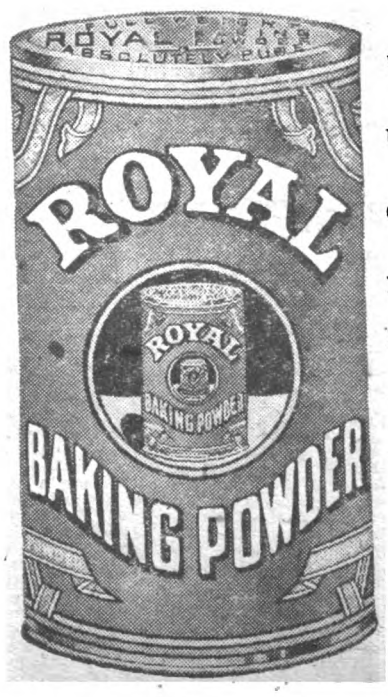
2½ squares (2½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons cream
1 egg yolk
¾ cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

1 unbeaten egg white
1¼ cups confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon thin cream
1½ squares (1½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish: add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.



Helpful Hints

Use level measurements for all materials. Save on the amount rather than the quality of the ingredients.

Use the very best vanilla and *Royal Baking Powder*; otherwise the delicate flavor and fine texture will be lost.

Cream the butter well before adding any sugar, and do all the hard beating at the beginning of the process.

Beat the egg yolks and whites together; this keeps the cake fresh longer.

Bread flour is intended; if pastry flour is used add about ¼ cup more flour.

A few grains of salt added to the icing brings out the flavor of the chocolate.

Send for New Royal Cook Book --*It's Free*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 123 William St., New York

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



There was the quick sound of a leap, a dull queer sheering noise



"I've made up my mind what to do," she continued, "And you've got to help me."



Out in the rainy night.



Painfully, strip by strip, almost inch by inch, she burned her dressing gown in her own grate.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress sewn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals downf the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels, her grace's, too, are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Requesting to see her maid and how she forgot the jewels, Gillian admits she was sick in bed and knew nothing about her not wearing them. The robbery breaks up the party, and Jacky, packing up, asks Gill what they are to do. It's done. If Gill tells all she knows she may find out Lesard is married before, and Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky requests her not to ring, she is to sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and late in the evening she slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Gill meets her, hurrying her to safety and Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. She has found the other way and someone is coming out from an opening in the wall which is well concealed by ivy and at the foot is a deep dark pool. It is Lesard. Jacky crawls in—the stones are undisturbed. Going out, she hears Gillian call, "Marchmont is back." He has seen the detective. Unless Lesard fails him he is safe. Gill and Jacky decide to get out at once. Jacky means to take the jewels. Lesard decides to have his share and starts for Hamilton Place. Jacky finds the jewels and is staggered by the weight. She fastens the belt around her body. In the collection is a necklace of stones clear and black. Not daring to have them in her possession, she wraps them up, putting them back, and piling the stones over them. She hears someone coming. It is Lesard.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

UP-STAIRS Gillian stood all ready for the start. She had copied a little map of the roads from the County Guide to use when they were out of the radius she knew. Sir Charles's ten-pound note was pinned inside the bodice of her dress; the small handbag was ready, with ample room for the jewels, but there was no sign of them or Jacky!

Gillian looked nervously at the clock. It was an hour and more since Jacky had left her; it was too long, but she would not let herself think anything had happened. Too anxious to sit down, she paced the floor feverishly, and presently remembered her father's papers, which they dared not leave. She went to get them and saw on the top of the case that slip of paper Jacky had scribbled.

"If I'm not back in an hour and a half, don't wait for me. Go straight to Sir Charles Vivian and tell him everything. He will help you, and I will join you sometime."

"Join you sometime!" The girl who had written it had meant after death and the grave, for if she were late it meant she had slipped and drowned. In sheer despair she had sent Gillian to the only man who might help her, so that she should not be alone at Hamilton Place. But the girl who read it was too sharp for her. The meaning of the note flashed on her, and her lips closed in a hard line, though her eyes were full of tears.

"I'll not go anywhere, if Jacky gets drowned for me, for that's what she means." Her thoughts seemed to fly in her brains. "What a fool I was to let her go alone! But she shan't die—she shan't." She had the lamp out and was in the passage through the red baize doors into Marchmont's part of the house as she spoke. But her light feet could not keep up with her heart, that had gone far ahead of her into that unknown passage where Jacky was. If only she had read that note first—the time was nearly up now!

Gillian's throat swelled with the thought of what might be happening to Jacky now, and at the unbidden vision of it she said something to herself just over a whisper.

"Wait, Jacky, dear, I'm coming! Don't go too far!"

For if Jacky could die, so could Gillian. She was standing at the side door almost before she knew it, having flown like a ghost through the silent house.

It was open wide to the rainy night, as Jacky had not left it. Gillian did not think of that as she stepped through it. But once outside, she stopped as if she had been shot. It was no accident that had stopped Jacky—it was worse! She had been caught!

For behind her rose the sound of muffled voices, furious, suspicious. Marchmont and the butler had come into the little hall by the curtained door from the other side of the house; they had a candle and she saw them plainly through the crack of the door.

Marchmont, scornful, unbelieving, but giving in to the will of his servant, Brookes, sickly white with exhaustion, his breath coming in gasps, his face steaming with rain and sweat.

"I tell you it's true," he panted. "I haven't trusted Lesard lately. I went over there tonight to warn him, and I caught him instead; and so did some one as well, or I'm off my head."

"You say he's here?" Marchmont interrupted angrily.

"I say that when I got there I saw a man hanging round, so I hid; and Lesard must have seen him, too, for the moment he was gone out came my gentleman; and he's there now, for I followed him every step of the way. If he's after any good, why is he down below?"—pointing. "He went in—I saw him; and if we're not quick we'll never see him nor the jewels again!"

He stamped his foot with impotent rage at the supineness of his partner. Conviction had not yet come to Mr. Marchmont.

"Slippery devil!" he said. "But, even so, he dare not go against me. More likely he's come to get out of the way of that London fool."

"So he lights a lantern and lets it shine till I saw it when I was on the wall! Damn you, Marchmont, have you no sense?" He brought his hand down with a hopeless gesture and dropped his candle.

"Be good enough to be quick, and look out what you're doing," said Marchmont furiously. "Go and get another light and follow me down into the cellar; we'll soon find out who's right—you or I!"

He turned, careless of the darkness, to the kitchen stairs. Brookes was left to grope his way back again to the lighted hall.

Gillian, with a queer calmness, as if she were doing the most ordinary thing in life, stepped after Marchmont. She could see him striking matches all the way down the stairs. She was close behind him as he got a candle out of the kitchen, but out of sight by means of a friendly doorway. She saw by his fast disappearing light that she was close to the foot of the stairs; also that a loose iron bar was on the door that hid her. It was a flat, strong thing, not very heavy, and without a tremor of a pulse she took it from the stay that held it.

If Marchmont and Lesard were to set on Jacky together they would be better without Brookes; he was viciously cruel from cowardice. If Jacky had managed to hide, and the two men quarreled, they could fight fair—without Brookes.

She stood quietly behind the jamb of the open door and waited.

The quasi butler hurrying down-stairs with one hand in front of his candle to shield it, saw nothing ahead of him but fleeting shadows. He saw nothing still when a deadly pain caught him across the knees and sent him to the floor from the second step of the stairs in a sprawling leap. Gillian heard the dull crash of his fall, the thud of his head on the flagged passage. After that not a sound, not even breathing.

Was he dead? She did not care; he was out of the way.

His matches and candle had fallen to the ground; she groped for them on her knees until she found them. The man never stirred as she lit his own candle and went on, leaving him lying on his face. He was one less to murder Jacky; that was all.

As she neared the wine-cellar she pinched out her light lest Marchmont might be waiting for Brookes. But the place was dark, there was no one there, and only a cold rush of air in her face told her the queer tunnel was open. How had he managed to move the stone? It had taken three of them the night Jacky had followed.

That was the very thing that had finally roused Marchmont's unwilling suspicion. The stone that had been so cumbersome was on the floor; only the wine-bin hid the gaping hole into the tunnel. There was something wrong, and, to do him justice, Marchmont was no coward. If Brookes had been with him he could have explained the mystery. He had spent the afternoon carefully easing the fit of the stone that blocked the aperture and had extracted it with a crowbar. But the early arrival of Marchmont himself from Wellford House had alarmed him. He pulled the wine-bin in front of the hole and went up-stairs, locking the door behind him and carrying with him the evening's supply of wine, as a good butler should. In his sudden distrust of Lesard he had forgotten all about the stone, that he had made fit loosely, because he foresaw that if ever there were trouble it would be his part to get the jewels and run. And in that event there would be no three men handy to be lifting stones.

But Brookes lay by the kitchen stairs concerning himself with nothing.

Mr. Marchmont, apprehensive of trouble from the only event of the day that was meaningless, crept through the open hole. He had been gone long enough for his light to be out of sight when Gillian reached the place.

There was determination in her face as she lit her own candle for just long enough to be sure of the way to get in the opening. For once she looked like Jacky as she blew out the tiny flame and slipped like a cat into the darkness of the square windowlike aperture. Even the slimy wall, the running water, did not stagger her; almost confident, she strolled down the passage, for it was two against two now. She put forcibly from her mind the thought of Lesard's great strength; nothing mattered if she could only find Jacky. But where, where was she?

Where, indeed?

Alone with the man she had loved, separated from him only by that bar of rock that presently he would saunter up to, and conscious that she dared not trust in his mercy or his honor for one second if he found her.

"And he will find me, for that's why he came in!"

She thought dully, as if it were some one else's affair, not hers. She did not even trouble as to whether he could hear her breathing or not. Sooner or later she would see his face, insolent and mocking, leaning over the ridge that hid her. But the seconds turned to minutes and the man did not move. Then a sound she knew was loud in the stillness—he was lifting the stones—the stones off the jewels—and half those jewels were round her own waist!

"He is making sure what I've taken!" At the thought she quivered, wondering if he would kill her when he knew what she had done.

"Well, I'm damned!"

The slow, unbelieving exclamation rang through the place, and told her her hour was come.

Very softly she raised herself a little, for at least she would not meet him crouching; but he made no movement toward her. She could hear him fumbling among the things that remained as if he could not believe his own eyes.

Suddenly he gave an angry little laugh, like a snarl.

"Marchmont," he said softly. "Marchmont has 'marked the king'! And I'm left!" He laughed again. "Not by a long chalk, if I know it," he muttered just over his breath. She heard him handling something that rattled. "Not by that, and by that!"

Open-mouthed, the listener leaned against her slimy shelter.

He had said Marchmont! Then he could not have seen her light, or suspect her; he had come only as she had done—to steal. If she lay quite still would he go away without suspicion? Would she yet live to look on the sky again?

She was more frightened now in her uncertainty than she had been when she was hopeless. She tried to pray for help, but nothing would come to her mind but two words:

"God—dear God!"

She thought them frantically over and over, and as she did a new sound caught her sharpened senses.

Steps were coming down the passage from the cellar, and Lesard did not hear them.

The awful thought that it might be Gillian come to look for her came over her, till she remembered Gillian never could have moved that stone.

"Well, Lesard!" said the sardonic voice, so close at her elbow that she was certain Marchmont saw her. "May I ask what you're doing here?"

"I'm doing just what you've done," coolly. "Looking after the stuff. What did you do," insultingly, "with what you took?"

"Took! What do you mean?" Marchmont moved hastily to the displaced stones. "What foolishness are you talking, and what right have you to sneak in like this? How do you know who's outside looking at your light? Brookes told me he could see it."

"Brookes told you that, did he?" Lesard's voice was very quiet, but one hearer at least felt the danger in it. "Well, it was a lie. Don't you see I'm in my shirt? My coat's in one slit, my waistcoat in the other. I'm obliged to Brookes, but I'll settle with you first. Get that belt and give me my share, or—well, you'd better get it!" significantly.

"What belt? Isn't it there? You're mad!"

Marchmont's voice was all but a scream of fury. He bent over the half-empty hiding place as Lesard had done, and, like a man struck with madness, scrabbled in the hole with his hands.

Lesard laughed.

"Isn't it there? By —— that's good—from you! When did you take it, or did you let that shivering fool Brookes get it?"

But Marchmont, quite changed from the precise, annoyed, superior person he had been a moment ago, had risen to his feet with a furious ejaculation.

"If any one has it, it's you!" he cried savagely, and so quickly that even Lesard was caught unprepared. He seized him round the waist with both hands, feeling for the belt. Lesard jerked him off almost without an effort, but just an instant too late. Marchmont had felt a hard, bulging packet under his shirt.

"You've got it," he said as he went staggering backward almost to the ledge of rock. "Give it to me and I share it with you—and then be rid of a snivelling liar."

"That's enough!" Lesard's voice was low now. "You're talking rot, and you know it. I haven't got the belt—I've got better! You've come to your wretched belt. I always said you were in that black diamond business, but you did show such a clear slate, and so know." He pulled something from under his and dangled it in his partner's face. "Do these? If you do you'd better take a good look them, for you won't see them again."

Jacky expected an outburst from Marchmont, but for a long moment he was absolutely When he answered it was with such a that the words seemed to creak in his throat.

"My black diamonds," he said slowly, cleverest bit of work that I ever did to you."

"Exactly." The mocking devil in Lesard seemed to have sobered Marchmont, for he with sudden frankness.

"Lesard, I give you my honor, I never that belt! If you don't know where it is, Put that necklace back and I'll share all of the stuff with you, whether you have or not. My luck is in that necklace."

Lesard laughed.

"My luck's in it now!" he retorted. "As the belt, I came to take my share of it. My share mind you—no more. I'm sick of going round here, and that detective's gone. But as you or Brookes have been before going to square it with this. I don't care which of you has the belt, now!"

"Neither of us has it. Send for the man and ask him."

Marchmont was trembling where he stood, not with terror.

"Shakespeare, by George!" said Lesard, a shrug. "But I'm not sitting the gallery see? I'm playing the star. And I would lieve one word you or your precious pal say even on your honor!" with an unpleasant "And these will pay me well for your game about the others." He flicked the black necklace so that it gave out shivers of green and red fire, and in the case showed a brilliant point of white luster in center of each dark stone.

"It was a low trick to annex these," he lazily, "and you deserve to lose them."

Marchmont turned his head a little. heard Brookes coming down from the cellar slow the man was—did he expect him to with Lesard alone! He slipped his hands his trousers pockets, and the right one something. Yet still he did not answer. thinking of a trick he had learned in his youth—a trick he had kept bright by practice indoors and out. In South America had killed a horse on the run with it. And was standing still.

"If you take my diamonds I'll give you he said at last.

"You can't," returned Lesard simply. ruin yourself and not get me. I'm off regards to Brookes, and I'll settle with my convenience. By the way, Billy won't without me, so you'd better get two new while you're about it." He threw back and looked at Marchmont with amused then turned round nodding farewell.

"You move another step and I'll kill you!"

There was real meaning, real menace, sharp warning, but Lesard never even turned head. He knew Marchmont never carried volver, and tonight was certain he had not the man was small and his evening clothes quisitely fitting that they would have shown once where he carried a pistol. Mr. Lesard all his jeering, had sharply inspected every of his opponent's figure as he stooped over hole in the floor.

"I don't think so," he returned indifferently for the only thing in Marchmont's power was rush him into the black stream, and that lacked weight to do. Still smiling, Lesard on, bracing himself a little to meet the attack that might come from behind.

But it did not come. Marchmont's head stead came out of his pocket—he wheeled he stood; there was a peculiar short whizz in air and a furious oath from Lesard, who his right hand gripping something that stood the point of his left shoulder.

Marchmont had thrown a knife such as sack herders wear. The quick whistle as sheered through the air had been all that kept it from Lesard's heart; he had ducked always just in time.

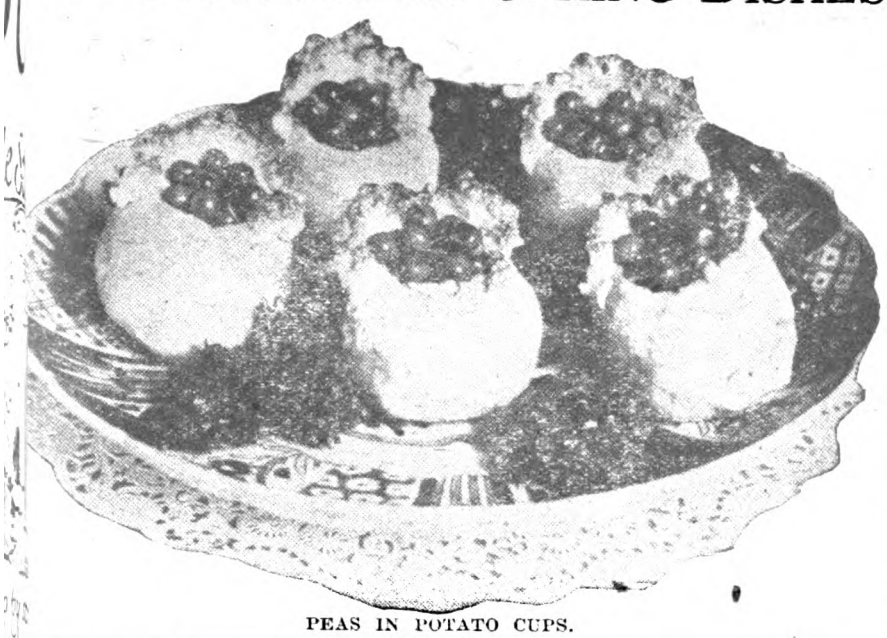
And now his face was the face of a devil, trace of humanity and decency wiped off it was the real Lesard who stood staring at blood that soaked his shirt, holding that his hand. The pain, the sight of his own maddened him. He looked at Marchmont, was so quiet that Jacky, who had been expecting the report of a revolver after Marchmont's throw, thought it had been bravado.

But Marchmont, who could see him, turned run. There was the quick sound of a leap, a queering noise that Jacky did not comprehend, and then a screeching cry that made her jump her feet. Only for the height of her ridge of rock Lesard must have seen her.

Sick and shaking, she fell back against the wall. What had been done? What had made Marchmont give that dreadful cry like a dying beast? Had Lesard killed him? Did she hear him moan now, or was it her fancy? She was half-fainting with the horror of what she could not see. The silence after that cry was awful—and where was Lesard? Was she to stand by and see killing, as she had stood by and seen

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

EW FLAVORS IN SPRING DISHES



PEAS IN POTATO CUPS.

By Violet Marsh

yright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

Between-Season Foods

PRINGTIME, as well as the fall season, affords resources for preserve making, providing us with between-season marmalades, fruit juices and desserts that are a welcome change and a necessary tonic to those who have eaten too large- n concentrated foods during the winter The dried fruits which are obtainable at ason should now be made good use of, par- ly in combination with lemon and pineapple. ns should be used freely if there is an ex- acidity in the system. All fruits are use- the elimination of acid, but the high con- citric acid in the makes it most val- Lemonade should be taken a half before breakfast, n meals or at bed- nd, if medicinal- little or no sug- ugar is a heating is well as acid- g.



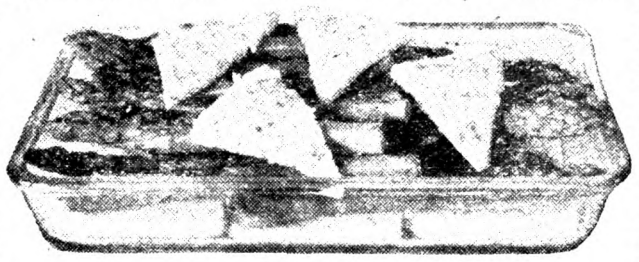
BANANA AND RHUBARB JELLY WITH LETTUCE.

ed vegetables at ason are more or lited or shriveled ould be soaked in ater several hours cooking. Canned gus, peas and should be drained, covered with cold water hour, drained again, and heated in a boiler with just the addition of butter and sprinkling of salt. This process of prepa- will often restore much of the fresh flavor. cook new cabbage in an open rapidly boil- ttle, and not over thirty minutes for best

Early Spring Recipes

LOPED ONIONS.—An excellent way to use ons. Cut boiled onions into quarters and to an earthen baking dish in layers, each overed with fine soft bread-crumbs and a sauce rich with butter. Bake twenty min- quite a hot oven.

ETABLE RELISH.—One-third of a cup of ba- t into small pieces and slowly fried with sliced onions. Add two cups of cooked to- salt and pepper, celery, salt and a little sug- When the re boils inutes it ady to



ASPARAGUS WITH TOAST.

AND CAR- AKES.— old car- slice and ntil very hen drain nash and with an amount of d canned Mash all ier, season a little salt, pep- melted but- nd add one beaten egg and just enough cream or white sauce to shape into cakes. fine cracker-crumbs and fry brown in good

ATO AND PORK STEW.—Pare six medium- potatoes, slice and stand one hour in cold Cut four slices of salt pork in strips and fry until crisp in an iron frying-pan. Into it put the drained potato and two sliced , and keep turning until well seared with it. Add two-thirds cup of boiling water, a sprinkling of salt and a little pepper. Cover y and set where the stew will slowly cook done. Stir occasionally from the bottom. lent way to cook old potato s.

NED POTATOES.—White or sweet potatoes e used. Cut cold boiled potatoes into quar- ch slices, dredge lightly with flour and fry little salad oil. Sprinkle with salt as they When brown, heap on one side of pan, let a few tes, then with a and turn on a plat- you would melet.

ALLOPED ATOES.— and thin- ice old po- s and soak old water half an In a bak- lish put a of pota- sprinkle ly with salt, a very little pepper, dredge flour, and dot with butter. Cheese may be kled over each layer if desired. Continue s until all the potato is used, or the dish is more than three-fourths full, and then pour hot milk until it partly covers the top slices otato. Bake in a moderate oven about one one-half hour, and at no time allow the dish oil. Many like two or three slices of onion d to each layer of potato.

RIED PARSNIPS.—Scrape and slice parsnips. e the bottom of an iron frying-pan covered salt pork fat about one-fourth of an inch . (Parsnips shrink in cooking about one- .) Nearly fill the pan with parsnips, add a poon of sugar and a light sprinkling of salt and keep turning in the fat until the parsnips are well covered. Pour in about one cup of boiling water, cover closely and set back where the parsnips will steam cook. Frequently turn the parsnips from the bottom with a knife. When done they are brown and have a jelly-like coating. Add a little more water if necessary but they must not be wet when done.

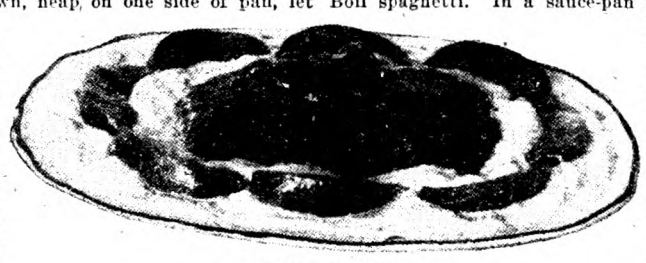
PEAS IN POTATO CUPS.—Rice hot freshly boiled potatoes and to three cups add one-third cup of grated cheese, three tablespoons of butter, salt to taste, a little cayenne, three well-beaten egg yolks and enough thick cream to handle. Do not get the potato too wet. Beat until light. Shape into cups, fill with drained hot canned peas and place in the oven until a golden brown. Dot the peas with butter and serve at once.

CHICKEN GUMBO.—Old fowl can be used in this dish. Skin and clean the chicken and cut into serving pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour and sear in salt pork fat until a light brown. While doing this keep the meat turning so that it will not harden. Remove the chicken and in the same fat fry three sliced onions until brown. Cut one can of okra into thick slices. In an agate kettle that covers closely, or in an aluminum baker, lay the chicken, then the fried onion and okra. Mix two even tablespoons of flour with one and one-half teaspoons of salt, a little white pepper and a dash of cayenne, stir smooth with a little cold water and then add to two cups of thick canned tomato. Pour this into one quart of boiling water, stir and pour over the chicken mixture. Four seeded green peppers and a little parsley should be added if obtainable. Cover and cook for hours in a very slow oven if fowl is used.

CHILI CON CARNE.—One pound of lean beef from the rump or round cut into pieces about two inches long and one-third as thick. Slice one large onion and mince two cloves of garlic. Put three tablespoons of beef fat into a stew-pan and when hot add the meat, onion and garlic. Keep constantly turning until the meat is a golden brown. Sprinkle with three even tablespoons of chile powder and add one quart of boiling water. Bring to a boil and then set where it will slowly simmer for two and one-half hours. Add one pint of raw or thick canned tomato and season with salt. Thicken by blending three tablespoons of bubbling butter with three of dry flour and pouring slowly into it about one pint of the cooking liquor from the kettle, stir thoroughly and return all to the kettle. Continue the very slow cooking until the meat is tender but not so long as to cause it to separate.

FISH WITH EGG.—Pick salt codfish into shreds, cover with lukewarm water and soak until it is freshened to taste. Drain, cover with fresh lukewarm water, very slowly bring to a simmer and keep at the bubbling point twenty minutes. Drain. Put one tablespoon of butter in a saucepan and when it bubbles, smooth in one tablespoon of dry flour. Cook one minute and slowly add one cup of fresh milk, constantly stirring. Add one cup of prepared fish and bring to the cooking point. Into individual dishes put a layer of the creamed fish, then carefully drop a raw egg and dot with bits of butter and a dash of cayenne. Cover with more fish, sprinkle lightly with cracker-crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Serve at once. This is an excellent way to use leftovers of fish. If desired, a layer of mashed potato can be first placed in the dishes.

CREAMED DRIED BEEF WITH SPAGHETTI.—Pull one-fourth pound of dried beef into small pieces. Boil spaghetti. In a sauce-pan melt two tablespoons of butter and cream into it one tablespoon of dry flour, and gradually add one cup of rich cold milk. Simmer five minutes, add the beef and when boiling hot pour over the spaghetti. Creamed salmon may be prepared in the same way and poured over hot boiled rice or mashed baked potatoes.



PEACH GELATIN.

CREAMED CANNED ASPARAGUS.—Melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and smooth in three level tablespoons of flour. Add one and one-half cup of milk gradually, stirring continuously. Cook about three minutes, then add one-third cup of grated cheese and a little salt and pepper. Add one can of asparagus tips after draining well, and when thoroughly heated pour onto slices of hot buttered toast.

ASPARAGUS WITH TOAST.—Remove lower parts of stalks as far back as they will snap, wash and tie into bunches. Lay into boiling water so that the tips will be out of the water until the tougher

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



Not So Bad this Month

"Now, that's better! It's the first time the expense figures haven't given me a horrid feeling.

"If I'd only known sooner about Jell-O and some of the other money savers, I'm sure I'd have more dollars and not be so near wrinkles.

"What a lot of money and time I've wasted on things to eat when

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

would have helped me out."

Every woman who wants to know how Jell-O can "help her out" will learn how in the recipes below and in the Jell-O Book, which will be sent free to all who send name and address.

So many delightful things are made of Jell-O that it is impossible for any woman to know about all of them. But every woman can possess the recipes for the newest and best of the special Jell-O dishes.

The recipes following are of this class. Take the Pineapple Bavarian Cream for example:

Marion Harland was one of the first of the great cooks to discover that Jell-O—whipped exactly as cream is whipped—forms the ideal base for all forms of Bavarian Creams. Almost any kind of fruit can be stirred into the whipped Jell-O, just as the pineapple is in the recipe below. With comparatively little effort and little expense any woman can make Bavarian Creams of Jell-O that she could never hope to equal in any other way. Berries, peaches, cherries and prunes can be used instead of the pineapple specified in the recipe.

No sugar, cream or eggs are used in these delightful dishes, but only *whipped* Jell-O and fruit juices (the fruit itself only when particularly desired.)

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half pint of boiling water and add a half pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of shredded pineapple if you wish. Serves from 9 to 12 persons. Whipped cream adds to richness of the dessert, but it is not necessary.

Use a Dover egg beater for whipping Jell-O, and whip it just as you whip cream—only be sure you do not wait till Jell-O begins to set before you whip it.

Jappy Jell-O Compote

Pour a half cup or cup of peach juice into a pint measure; fill with water, let come to boiling point, and dissolve a package of Lemon or Orange Jell-O in it. Add one cup of cooked rice (cold). Pour half into a dish or individual moulds and set away to harden. Place six or seven halves of peaches on the jellied rice and cover with the remainder of the rice. Serve with meat course, or for dessert as you choose.

Olive Jell-O Salad

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half pint of boiling water. Add half-pint can of tomato soup, one cup finely chopped celery and twelve olives chopped. Salt to taste. Set away to harden.

Glorified Rice

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half pint of boiling water. Add one-half pint of canned pineapple juice or any fruit-juice. When a cold liquid, whip to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Have two cups of cold boiled rice cooked dry. Fold the rice into the whipped Jell-O. Add one cup whipped cream, four tablespoonfuls sugar, and salt to taste. Set in a cold place to harden.

The whipped cream may be omitted and the Glorified Rice will still be a most delicious dish. Whipped Jell-O, alone or in combination with fruit, is so good that it is seldom necessary to add cream to it.

Imperial Salad

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and one tablespoonful vinegar. Just as Jell-O begins to set, add one small can sliced pineapple, one-half can Spanish pimentos, shredded, and one sliced cucumber. Serve with cream salad dressing.

New Manhattan Salad

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and one tablespoonful vinegar. When slightly stiffened add one cup each of chopped celery and apple, one cup English walnut meats broken in pieces and sprinkled with salt. Cool in individual moulds; serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or French dressing.



The New Jell-O Book

The new Jell-O Book, just out, is more beautiful and complete than any other ever issued, and it will be sent free to any woman furnishing her name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

LE ROY, N. Y. Bridgeburg, Ont.

Cubby Bear at the Fire

By Lena B. Ellingw

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GRANDMA Bear stood in the doorway one autumn day, shading her eyes with one paw, and looking first in one direction, then another.

"What are you looking for, Grandma Bear?" asked Cubby. "If you have lost something, I will help you to find it."

"I am thinking how dry everything is. We have had no rain for a long time. See how the fallen leaves rustle under your paws, and how dry all the little twigs are. You should pick up some dry sticks for kindling wood, Cubby Bear."

"Y-yes," answered Cubby. "Perhaps tomorrow—but I have promised to play a game of tag now with Racky Coon and Shinyblack Crow, by the white birches near Bunny Rabbit's house."

Cubby ran along the forest path toward the white birches. Racky and Shinyblack were waiting for him, and they had a fine game of tag.

"One, two three,
Can't catch me!"

shouted Cubby, and started to run from one birch tree to another, when he nearly fell over Bunny Rabbit, who was hurrying along, pale-faced and terrified.

"Better run home!" Bunny warned them. The farmhouse children are coming this way. Listen, and you can hear their voices." Having given this warning, Bunny rushed on, and into his little house, not waiting for an answer.

Sure enough, borne on the brisk autumn breeze, came the sound of children's happy laughter.

"Shall we run?" asked Cubby.

"You may, if you like, answered Racky, "but I shall stay and watch them. I can keep out of their way, but I am curious to see what they are coming for."

"Maybe they are looking for nuts," guessed Cubby.

Shinyblack Crow flew up in a tree, and the others hid among some little evergreen trees and watched the children as they came in sight.

First came two boys one carrying an armful of unhusked corn, the other a pailful of potatoes. Following them were three little girls, the largest one with a basket on her arm. As she walked, dishes could be heard rattling in the basket.

"I believe those children are going to have a picnic," whispered Racky.

The five children stopped under one of the white birches, and put down their corn, potatoes and basket.

"Dear me! I hope they won't notice Bunny Rabbit's little house!" whispered Cubby. "How frightened Bunny will be, having them so near!"

They gathered some little sticks, which they piled over some scraps of birch bark, then some larger sticks. The biggest boy took a match from his pocket, lighted it, and started the fire. Picking up stones from the ground, they placed them all around the fire for safety, to keep it from spreading.

They bustled about happily, putting their corn and potatoes to roast, while Cubby and Racky were so interested they could hardly keep out of the children's sight, among the little evergreens.

The girls spread a cloth on the ground, set out the dishes, and unpacked sandwiches and cookies.

"Oh, how good those things look," whispered Cubby. "I'd like to eat some of them right now."

Dinner time came, potatoes and corn were carefully taken from the fire, and with much laughter and merry talk the children ate.

"See, see," said Racky softly, "the black streaks they are getting on their funny little white faces!"

When the last of their dinner was eaten, the boys put more wood on the fire, and made a fine blaze, while the girls packed the basket. One of them caught up the white cloth and shook off the crumbs.

"O-oh!" cried Cubby, too excited to whisper. "See—she got too near the fire, and the nice cloth is all ablaze!"

Screaming, the child threw the tablecloth on the ground, and ran to a safe distance away. The cloth was of cotton, and flared up briskly. Little flames ran from it, catching at dry leaves, grass and twigs.

The boys tried manfully to stamp and beat out the fire, but while they overcame it in one place, it spread in another.

"This is no time to be hiding!" Shinyblack Crow called. "These children will not harm you now. Help them, before it is too late to save our Pleasant Forest! I will fly for more help."

So saying, Shinyblack Crow spread his wings and flew away, while Cubby Bear and Racky Coon left their hiding-place and ran to the spreading fire.

"Get some big sticks and try to beat out the flames!" Racky told Cubby.

The little girls ran away, toward home, sobbing with excitement and fright.

"Cubby Bear, Cubby Bear, Cubby Bear!" called a shrill little voice, and Chirpy Chipmunk leaped to Cubby's shoulder. "Come, come quickly! Bunny Rabbit's house is on fire! Save the Bunny Babies!"



ONE WAILING BUNNY BABY AFTER ANOTHER WAS PASSED TO CUBBY UNTIL ALL WERE OUTSIDE.

Sure enough, when Cubby turned to look, he saw that the cruel flames were lapping at Bunny's little house like hungry tongues, eating it up.

Running to a window at the back of the house, for the fire blocked the doorway, Cubby threw it open and looked in. There was Bunny Rabbit, trying to put his arms around all the Bunny Babies at once.

"Bunny Rabbit, Bunny Rabbit!" shouted Cubby. "Pass your babies up to me, one at a time!"

"Wake up, Bunny Rabbit," cried Chirpy. "Do you want to stay here till it is too late to get out?"

Poor Bunny, whimpering and trembling, moved slowly toward the window, bringing his little flock with him.

One wailing Bunny Baby after another was passed to Cubby until all were outside. Then, reaching inside, Cubby pulled Bunny Rabbit out, too.

Cubby packed the Bunny Babies into their little cart.

"Now, Bunny Rabbit," he said, "take them to Mamma Bruin's house, and go as fast as ... Oh, Chirpy Chipmunk, you will have ... him! He is frightened quite out of his ... Mamma Bruin to come here, quickly."

Shinyblack Crow had sent all the fowl ... he met to help with the fire. By this ... children had all gone.

Soon Mamma Bruin came rushing ... path. She wasted no time in asking ... but, seeing the empty tin pail in which ... dren had brought their potatoes, strode ... blackened ground, seized the pail, and ... toward the Big Brook for water.

Shinyblack Crow had come back, and ... Betty Badger, Foxy Reynard, Policeman ... and others were there, each one putting ... her best efforts into fighting the fire. ... Woodchuck, his feet protected by his ... boots, was trampling bravely on the ... at the edge of the fire.

Suddenly Redtop Woodpecker, up in a ... where he was keeping well out of ... fire, for fear of harming his precious ... shouted to the workers below:

"A man is coming this way—running ... and there comes another—three, four, ... them! The farmhouse children must ... them."

"They will know how to stop the ... Cubby. "We can leave it to them. ... come with me to Mamma's Bruin's ...

They started off together, a sad ...

Few words were spoken on the way.

Inside the house they found Grandma ... feeding bread and milk to the Bunny Babies. ... Bunny Rabbit rocked sadly back and ... ing. "Oh, my beautiful house—all ... burned!"

"Cheer up, Bunny Rabbit," said Cubby, ... "we will all help you to make another ... new cribs for all the Bunny Babies!"

Mamma Bruin was not with the ... was Shinyblack Crow.

Cubby Bear's paw was burned, and ... singed in many places. Racky Coon had ... help in coming, for the bottom of one ... badly burned where he had stepped on ... coals. Wise Owl was in a temper ... bucket of water had been thrown over ... mistake, and Wollie's eyes had to be ... they had been so injured by the smoke.

Toward Sunset Shinyblack Crow ... He was a sight to see, with his beautiful ... feathers half burned off his back, and ... quite bare.

"How is the fire?" they asked him. "... have you been? And did you see Mamma ...

"The flames are all out now," he ... "and the men are watching where it was ... ing. Brave Mamma Bruin kept bringing ... her pail from the Big Brook as long as ... lasted. I believe the men could never ... out the fire without her help. She is ... now, cooling her burns in the water, ... me she would be here soon."

"Brave Mamma Bruin!" cried the ...

"Have you been fighting fire, too, all ... asked Racky.

"No. I have been to the farmhouse ... to punish the boy who started the ... came so near to spoiling our Pleasant ... wanted to teach him never to do such ... dangerous thing again. I meant to ... there by the house until I had a chance ... at him, and scold him, and beat him ... wings! None of the children were ... flew close to the window and looked ... there were the children, and sober ... were all looking. As for the boy I had ... punish (though I suppose all of them ... blame), he was crying, and his mother ... ting stuff on his hands and bandaging ... little hands, all burned, where he had ... out the fire! I thought he had been ... enough to learn his lesson, so I came ... here I am."

"You need bandaging yourself," said ... Bear. "I will see what can be done ... here comes Mamma Bruin."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mamma Bruin, ... came in. "I am glad you all came here ... over the fire together. Everyone looks ... sad, but we should be thankful our Pleasant ... Forest is saved. I will get some supper ... all, and I want to see more cheerful faces ...

"Yes," said Grandma Bear, "be thankful ... only one house was burned instead of ... and that no lives were lost. But you must ... learned from this day's fright, that it is ... to fool with fires in the woods, especially ... a dry time."

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APRIL COMFORT

Pursuant to our custom, April COMFORT will be our annual Farm Improvement Number, and will specialize on progressive and profitable methods of farming. The numerous comments and inquiries from our readers indicate that they regard it as one of the most interesting and helpful issues of the year. The following are some of the

Special Features for April

"Farm Improvement" Tells how to improve the farm, land, buildings and equipment, for larger profit and greater comfort.

"Improved Farming" Describes and illustrates best methods of operation and management to yield larger returns at reduced labor and expenses.

"The Easter Miracle" Even mid the sordid realities of modern life one may reap the reward for entertaining an angel unawares.

"Keeping Bees Pays in Many Ways" While gathering honey for you the bee makes your growing crops more productive.

"A Villain in Arms" An elopement fraught with startling and ludicrous difficulties.

"April Fruits and Vegetables" There is a much needed Spring tonic in early fruits and vegetables—how to serve them.

"Cuby Bear Saves Golden Locks" How Cuby Bear saves a little child from drowning.

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March, 1923.

Crumbs of Comfort

Man is always changing and growth calls for going ward.

It is better to hope falsely many times than to ... once.

If you believe you are going to fail, you will not be ... pointed.

There is no remedy for life's ills like a spark of ... ness or a ray of hope.

From the beginning, the alternative "think or ... been placed before men.

To give happiness and to do good, this is our ... our only reason for existing.

After the sun is down and the west faded, the ... begin to fill with shining stars.

The test of every religious, political, or educational ... tem is the man which it forms.

All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether ... fall into the earth or into souls.

There is an immortal knowledge which has a ... re-birth in the minds of wise men.

All men know sorrow and pain; if we remember ... we would pity even our worst enemies.

There is only one way of not hating those who ... wrong, and that is by doing them good.

Our allotted years are wasted if we have not won ... them tolerance, patience, charity and love.

We should always be thankful for something ... do, and for the contentment that useful labor gives.

Each man begins the world afresh, and not one ... the first man has been avoided by his latest descendant.

Lonely people grow so because of their selfishness. ... Form early friendships on life's voyage, and do not ... them.

To know how to grow old is the master work of ... and one of the most difficult chapters in the great ... living.

We are strong as the universe or feeble as a ... according as we represent God or only ourselves, as ... lean upon the infinite being, or as we stand alone.

Never to tire, never to grow old; to be patient, ... thetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the ... ing heart; to hope always, like God, to love always ... is duty.

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Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World

COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

FORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. DDRESS all letters to COMFORT. Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

YESTERDAY I stopped in to see Mrs. Webster whose youngest boy, John Frederick, has just been getting over a bad attack of tonsilitis. Johnny is well enough now so that his big Irish-blue eyes were able to shine above one of ranges I carried him. "Now it's school for me next week, Uncle Lisha," he said a juicy voice and a dripping grin—and I t quite sure whether he was glad or sorry, ow he might have balanced in his small mind the, to him, almost equal evils of als and a sore throat. But despite a trace iti-scholasticism, John Frederick is a good nd one of my neighborhood favorites. Even regards him favorably.

er Johnny and I had our visit, I talked for minutes to Mrs. Webster's father—an old with little to say, but whose silence is that perience. He has wisdom when he cares to ly distribute it. For years Jim Webster a truck farmer on Long Island, selling the cultivated acres and moving into the city, his wife died and the children had all mar-

And I'll say for him that he bears the city ntly—even when the crowds he meets are as as ever were unthinned onions on his Long d fields in his trucking days.

rch being at hand, I spoke of the weather, urse, and of the succession of wet dark days ere having. "I gave myself a nifty umbrella Christmas, Mr. Webster," I said, "and I've carrying it so much that it's half worn out dy."

e old man took his pipe from his mouth and slowly: "It's the wind that will have to be gin'," he said. And then more emphatically: can't have good weather without the right "

I said good by to Johnny, kissing him below ig eyes, and went down-stairs to the street, im Webster's phrase about "the right wind" in my mind. "Yes," I said to myself as I ted my umbrella to the prevailing sweep of "it's the right wind, the right direction, we for good weather of any sort—and for clear and years of our own."

r if ever there was a gusty time, with the ght of men without direction and veering like weathercocks, it is now. And as a result we our world have only darkness in which we ble more or less—as we walk onward with no cular end chosen or any course set. The most erous part of the whole business is that so have seemingly ceased to care if they arrive here in their compassless lives, and doubt if t course or right wind is possible.

is is the time of the individual rampant—on the rampage. The new teaching is "no ssion." There is to be no guidance even for oungest child. Instinct and tendencies must free play or the individual be cramped and d in self-expression, this exploitation of the which is held to be so necessary by the doc- es of the new psychology. Any theory of dered, a directed life, guided by any stand- harnessed to any star save a self-planetary is sneered down by these new analysts—and y religious standard of living, any ideal of spirit is set up, it meets with contemptuous from those whose gods are their own and faith is only in themselves.

o much of this dangerous teaching may rep- t reactions of the Great War and how much may be reflections of continental importa- s of thought, I will not try to say to you. It suffices that the teaching, the tendencies th results are before us. They pervade our ges and universities, capturing youth too ily; they speak from our press and periodi- with a stamp of ruin they touch our pres- lay work of youthful creative thought. At moment our standards of art are being taken what in the past has been considered the d nt side of European self-expression—the xpression of those emotionals and weaklings se adjustments to their fellows have been t ill-made, and whose undirected lives have evil and unhappy to themselves, to others, in the effect of the art product left behind n. The sanity, the simplicity, the great re- us impulse underlying all great art, and which t always underly it, have been lost in a med- of unguided, unhealthy emotional reactions ing any beauty, vision or power that might the souls of men as all great art of the past done so finely and surely.

o any of the youth whom I love and who may d this, I want to say as earnestly as I may the great ones of our world, those who have ded the best we have in art or in any aspect ivilization have all been men of ordered, self- cted, upward-looking lives. They have been on whom the right wind of high soul-purpose blown serenely and creatively from the hills God. They were men to whom the stars were strangers blurred by cigarette smoke and the e of alcohol. They have never lost their way in a mass of injurious and artificially-builded efs—alien to either Nature or the Power that behind the beautiful visible world in which walk for a little while. They have been men aith and high hope in an underlying Spirit be- d themselves, giving them strength to over- e the world, guide their courses here, and not ving them to veer with every fickle wind of tions and instincts which must be naturally ish, unsocial, and destructive to themselves d others.

do not want to preach any doctrine of per- tion or that we need go back to the old re- ssions of Puritanic days, although I would like strange-adjectived waders and dabblers in udo-art and imported psychology to remember t it was these perhaps too stony souls who re strong enough to subdue according to their als a new land, and to lay the beginnings of great country in which these European ideas w seek to flourish. And they only flourish isonously because our growth in wealth, our xed population and our industrial civilization ve formed a softer social soil in which they ve taken root—a soil fitter for weaker souls d the teachings and forms of decay that have led other civilizations through all the years of tory.

For order in thought, belief in more than our- lves, a spiritualizing of our national life, the ild faith-directed and will-purposed early in life d in the home, all these are necessary today if r civilization is not to go the ways of those of e past. Without vision we perish. To the rth man belongs if he cannot erect himself above mself. There are few great dreams dreamed to- y. Our new teachers sound no great note—ey have none to sound but the pipings of a lse freedom. They sing only for themselves and r the shortened season of their little lives.

Without a right direction, a right wind, we can have nothing but cloudy world weather and the sort of fitful, dark lives that are being lived by many today. It is possible for a continuation of this to breed a great storm bringing destruction and clearing—a clearing which fewer of us might be here to enjoy—including the present upholders of the new psychology and the deriders of old faiths.

I would ask daily to be made as simple in my love of and faith in life as little Johnny Webster, and that I could turn as trustful, happy eyes on the future and those about me as he can turn. There is no Kingdom of Heaven but to those who are as children. The sophistication, the "impudent knowningness" of our day brings its own destruction and its pride will become its own fall.

And now for the letters:

619 E. Beaver Ave.,
State College, Pennsylvania.

Dear Uncle Lisha and Cousins:

Hello, everybody! Well, here I am again. Oh, I know I come quite often, but I just can't help it. Have to do something out of the ordinary sometimes.

I have started on my pilgrimage through the United States again. Contrary to my plans, I did not get clear of Penn's Woods the first jump. But I'm gradually working my way along. I've covered a goodly portion of Pennsylvania already. I'm now working here in the State College for an indefinite time at my trade—carpentering. By the time this letter is published I expect to be in Florida where I, will, no doubt, spend the winter. My destination is Miami. From there I expect to backtrack to Iowa and then westward, taking in the Western States. Of course my plans may necessarily change somewhat; for instance, I may hit such a bombardment of powder puffs I may be forced to turn back! But be that what it may, I'll get through somehow. I did not intend to start this trip this fall, but I got an invitation from dad to "beat it" and I accepted the invitation. So now I find the first lap of my trip completed.

I go from here in every direction on auto tours—some trips extending 200 miles and back. Nothing like knowing one's home state, y'know! In the nine or ten weeks I've been traveling I've been through a hundred of Pennsylvania's cities and towns. This city, State College, is noted mostly for its flappers, bachelors and college. Many thousands of students go here and different branches are taught the year 'round. Living is mighty high and boarding places scarce. I've visited some of the cousins (girls as well as boys) and was royally entertained—in spite of my notoriety! I expect to visit thousands more on my travels. I know many are eager to see what a man of my sort looks like. To those who will never see me, I'll say: you'll only see an ordinary fellow, generally quiet looking, but one that can easily smile or start some fun. Still see now and then a letter mentioning my name. Guess most of the cousins have come to realize that I'm not such a hard-baked fellow after all.

I mix very little in society here. Generally am in my room writing or out in the car nights and Sundays. Work nine hours a day. Have made several friends while here, of both sexes, but have only one close friend—a man who is a dandy fellow. We generally travel together and he seems to like my company better than anybody else. I'm that way with him and so we have our own crowd and have fine times in the car.

I'm still getting lots of letters, but very few of them condemn me for my stand toward the latest styles—powder, etc. I can still assure you I hold the same opinions. I don't get a bit scared at these flappers—even though I do get nearly smothered with powder. I mind my own business and let others mind theirs. Except for lecturing someone once in a while in a friendly way, it's not my business to be a reformer. But I'm always willing to point out what I think is the *right* way, and help anyone to get started *that* way. I am always a friend of the "under dog," and I will not condemn a person because of having fallen—rather I try to help them on their feet again. I'm sure it's the only way. Shun a person who has fallen, and he or she will sink lower, and lack the courage to climb back. The thing to do is to reach out a helping hand and they'll strive to regain their footing. Am I not right, Uncle? Perhaps some day you or I might yield to temptation (it always strikes us when we are weakest), and wouldn't we be grateful for a helping hand? So I say; "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Many conceived the idea that because I denounced the use of cosmetics, criticized the latest styles, etc., that I am a "hick" and a kicker who kicks at everything just for the sake of kicking. But no one realizes more than I do the state the world is in today. While we are gaining in riches we are losing in morality. Losing in morality means losing in vitality. Lose in vitality—and what are you? A wreck, no good to yourself or others, a mere derelict on the sea of life. Late hours, society, fashion—all lead to this. Are we going to go on and on without a struggle, or are we, some of us at least, going to try and stem the tide and work for the uplifting of our people? Think that over. I must close.

Ever the same, Augustus H. Trick.

Well, Gus, old timer, when you see this in print you will be well started on your tour—probably leaving behind you a trail of exploding powder puffs like a smoke screen of fragrant talcum. I have a slogan for the banner of your pilgrimage—how would this do?

Come one, come all!
The puff shall fly
From each pink nose
Before I die!

But I should not kid you, Gus, for your letters, every one of them, bespeak an earnestness of purpose, a sincerity of endeavor, which are not found in much of our world of idle-minded, drifting youth. No, Gus, you are out to get somewhere and to have an interesting time while on the way. Under your red hair is not the weakness of brain steering-gear which will ever leave you, to use your own words, "a mere derelict on the sea of life." When you read the advice: "Hitch your wagon to a star," you'll never think it means to tie up to some idol of the movies and keep blowing in your two bits. I shall like to think of you, Gus, as back-tracking and side-tracking over our big and cousin-settled country—taking with you a ready smile and a ready heart; a ready hand to help and a spirit that while it judges does not condemn. Having these things you will have the true comradeship with your kind which is what we need most of all for any coming Democracy of Humanity. You will be a citizen of the poet's "City of Friends." You will know that the Golden Rule is meant to be more than a framed motto on the wall of a Sunday school only open once a week. No bushel of violet talc will ever hide your light, Gus. I have faith that you're going to keep on shining.

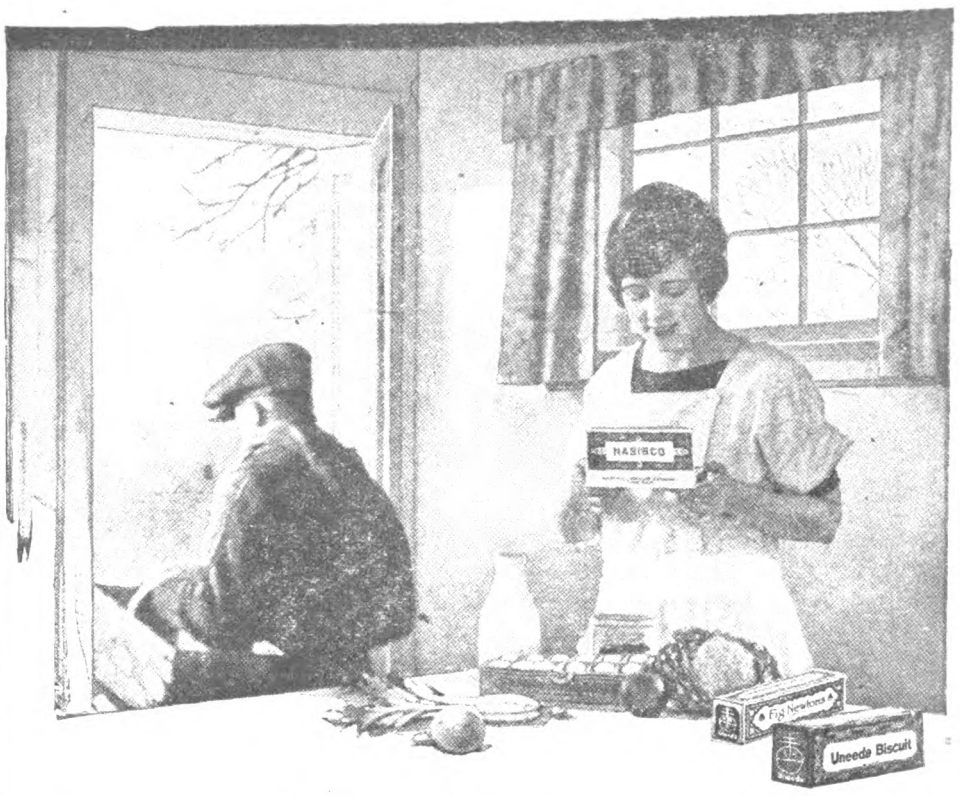
Massies Mill, Virginia.

Dear Uncle Lisha and Cousins:

I wonder if you all will listen to me for a few minutes and help me solve a problem. The problem is I want to bob my hair and I want you all to help me decide whether or not to do it. I want each of you to write and tell me what to do, and the majority will win. So many of the girls here where I live have bobbed hair.

I am five feet, four inches tall, with blue eyes, medium brown hair, and I weigh 116 pounds.

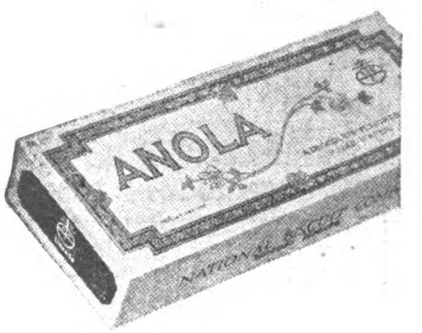
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



You can depend on their *freshness*



Whenever you see a housewife exceptionally careful about the freshness of her food, you can be assured she knows what is good for her family. The woman who insists upon the freshest milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables, orders biscuit baked by "Uneeda Bakers."



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The Shearing of Henry Garland

By Hapsburg Liebe

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TO sit with "'Gatorhide" Sanderson beside a night campfire in the never-never land of the Everglades, that back o' beyond of sawgrass and moccasins, is something to remember in after years. He is a tall, lean, iron-hard man of forty-odd, and tanned past the hue of weathered copper. Once he was a person of some means, and he went to the 'Glades for a hunt and wouldn't go back home, they say. He was a perfect guide, and always he kept us awake until midnight telling us stories in the quaint fashion he had.

The youngest member of our party had just asked if we were in any danger from Seminoles, and Sanderson had chuckled. He had his opportunity——

'Minds me o' the time when old Henry Garland used to come down here. Garland lived in Nashville, and he was at the head of a big lumber company, trust, corp'ration, or something, and he liked the woods better'n anybody else I ever saw except me. Every year it got harder and harder for his daughter, all he had on earth in the shape o' kin, to get him started for home, which mebbe is why he don't never come down any more. He'd talk Big Lake Walk-in-the-Water and shear little lumber lambs for ten months, and fish and hunt around Big Lake Walk-in-the-Water the other two o' the twelve. He had a pine-log bungalow of a thing built on the shore o' the lake, and they called it Garland Lodge. You could get to it in a boat by a 'round-about way, or you could drive to it in a wagon but not in a automob'le.

His daughter was twenty-two, and he used to say she was "the most rowmantic girl in the world," and I guess he was right. Her name was Sadie, and she was as pretty as feemales ever gets to be, with her brown hair and eyes and her milk-fair skin. She had a figger that showed up fine in any kind o' dress, too.

Well, one o' the lumber lambs old Henry sheared one summer was a young feller name o' Finley, a strapping big, upstanding, fine-looking boy, and Miss Sadie's sweetheart. But Garland hisself was bitter set against this love affair. Maybe that's why he sheared Carter Finley so all-fired close. He had already picked out a fortune in coal for his girl to marry, and with it went a heavy, round, bald, red-faced feller name o' Kendrick—the "Jellyfish," Miss Sadie called him, sort o' when he wasn't looking.

Liking the woods as he did, it su'prised me to know old Henry was as narrer as that!

The Garland crowd—by which I mean old Henry and his daughter, Miss Sadie's spinster aunt and the Jellyfish—got down in December o' the year o' Carter Finley's shearin'. I'd had a letter from Garland, and I had the Lodge ready with a cook and plenty o' things to eat and everything else necessary.

The funny part of it was that young Finley had beat 'em down to the Big Lake Walk-in-the-Water country by a good two weeks, and he'd took up quarters in a dinky old cabin about the size of a beartrap, which stood across the north end of the lake from Garland Lodge. On the morning after the coming o' the Garlands, he slipped over in his canoe, which he poled like a Indian as often as he paddled like a white man, and brought a fresh quarter o' venison and a young gobbler. Old Henry hisself stood on the porch o' the Lodge when Finley walked up with his gifts like some brother to that big, noted hunter they called Nimrod.

"Greetings!" says he, laughing boyish-like. "I see you've arrived."

"Good evidence you're not blind," Garland growls. It don't never do a man any good to have somebody he's just robbed, even in the modern fashion, bringing him presents.

"What're you doing down here, Finley?" demands old Henry.

Finley put his big hunk o' deermeat and the bird down on the steps, straightened up, folded his arms, and grinned.

"I heard you talking about this country so much that I simply had to see it, you know," he says. "And then," he goes on, the look in his eyes seeming suddenly a little odd, "this time o' year is not a good time o' year to make a new try at the lumber business."

I reckon Miss Sadie must ha' heard and recognized his voice, for she piled right out and shook hands with him, and behind her Aunt Emily stalked and the Jellyfish waddled. These last-named two sure didn't seem especially well pleased at the presence o' Finley, his gifts notwithstanding.

"I thought you'd all be hungry for game," says Finley, "and so I brought you some. Killed it yesterday, and you'd better look to it, or it might not keep. I'm living just across the end o' the lake," he says, "and I'll be glad to see you when you come over. The bass are striking at yellow surface plugs now," says he, "though the mudfish are pretty bad for yellow. I advise your party, Mr. Garland, to stick together most o' the time; and I would see, if I were you, that the two women were not left alone for long. Good-by!"

He went back to his canoe, stepped into it, and was off like a brown streak. Sadie's father muttered something under his breath and turned to me. I was cleaning my old 30-30.

"Look here, 'Gatorhide," he says—he always called me that—"Look here, 'Gatorhide, what did he mean by advising us to stick together, and so on, for most o' the time? There's no danger except from snakes, is there?

I shook my head. "Mebbe," I answers, "he means Seminoles."

"Seminoles!" explodes Garland. "Bah! Did oyt that so-called chief we had with us at dinner last January weep and cry to go home no his mother? Bah, 'Gatorhide; you're dreaming!"

"Mebbe he did," says I. "But the Indian was in a white man's house, Mr. Garland, where everything was strange to him. They're not big kids like that on their own stamping-ground. You ought to witness one o' their green-corn dances. I guess it would rather flute your hair!"

Not that I was afraid of the few Seminoles in that vicinity. But I was sure old Henry would get a lot more enjoyment out o' his two months in the 'Glades section if he thought there was some danger hovering near us. He was built like that, you see.

"Braver men than you," I added, "has turned white at a green-corn dance."

Just then I caught a glance from Miss Sadie and I certainly didn't know how to take it at the time. It seemed, though, more like a glance o' thankfulness than anything else. I figgered that she was a little mad at her dad over the Jellyfish business, and it turned out later that I was dead right.

Well, a week passed before we even saw any Indians, and I noticed that old Henry took a firmer grip on his two-eyed buck-gun when we ran across them, which caused me to remember Finley's warning. Garland had brought down a deer and several turkeys and fox-squirrels, but Jellyfish Kendrick hadn't killed anything but time and one of those little blue fly-up-the-creek birds; always he was looking for snakes, and not game! Once I had to pull him out o' a bog-hole with a wild vine, and he was so muddy that even Miss Sadie's Aunt Emily laughed at him when he got back to the Lodge. Snakes, nothing! A snake wouldn't ha' wasted good pizen on him. I got afraid a rabbit would bite him!

At the end of this first week, old Henry caught his daughter taking a canoe-ride in the cool o' the evening with Carter Finley, and he busted up their little heaven immediate. He called her in, and advised her not to see Finley any more if she regarded peace at Garland Lodge as being something worth while. Miss Sadie turned aside without saying anything, got my eye with hers, and actually winked at me—me, 'Gatorhide Sanderson!

Then it happened.

The three of us menfolks had come in an hour by sun, and found Aunt Emily tight asleep and Miss Sadie gone. Old Henry turned pale, went to the porch, and yelled her name until you could have heard him a mile away at least, and had never any answer. Aunt Emily woke up and rushed out to the porch.

"What's the matter, Henry?" she cries. "What's the matter, that you're yelling like a wild man that way?"

"Sa—dee!" Garland continues to shout, without paying any attention to his sister. "Oh, Sa—a—dee!"

Aunt Emily went back into the house. Two minutes later, she was showing us a handful o' long, red feathers.

"Indians!" she chatters. "Henry, they've kidnapped her!"

Garland looked at the feathers. Their color wasn't natural; they'd been painted.

"Impossible!" says he. "Kidnapping girls would flt in fifty years ago, but not now. Impossible!"

Aunt Emily could shrug her shoulders like a man. She shrugged her shoulders in that fashion now.

"'Gatorhide," says Garland, turning to me, "do you think they'll harm her?"

"Mebbe not," I tells him. I had not really reached any conclusion as yet. "Mebbe," I tells him, "they're only holding her for ransom. Hadn't we better look for footprints around the house. We might be able to strike their trail, you know."

All around the Lodge we looked, but we found no footprints that meant anything. Then Aunt Emily ran across a fringed buckskin shoe lying among the cypress knees and saw-palmettos at the edge o' the lake, and this she brought to old Henry. Garland went plumb white at sight of it.

"Shows they were in a hurry," says he. "Well, they'd better be! I'll make sieves out o' their hides, dog-gone 'em! We've got to get busy now—I'll call Carter Finley——"

He started for the lake shore, and met Finley himself. Finley had just stepped from his canoe.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Garland?" he asks sort o' anxiouslike. "I heard you calling——"

"Anything wrong!" breaks in old Henry. "I should say there is something wrong! Would I be bellowing around here like a bull alligator if there was nothing wrong? Sadie has entirely disappeared, and there are signs that say she's been carried off by Seminoles—that's all! We want you to help us, Finley; eh?"

"Mebbe you'd better get Kendrick to help you," says Finley, carelesslike. He jerks his thumb toward the Jellyfish, who hadn't said a single word since our discov'ry o' the girl's absence. "You always preferred Kendrick to me, you know, in everything, and it's only natural for you to prefer him to me now. If it was me that was going to marry her, I would have her back here safely in five hours, Mr. Garland. Yes, better get Kendrick."

My, but he rubbed it in! I thought old Henry would blow up immediate, but he didn't. When he spoke again, his voice was right tame.

"Look here, Finley. Listen to me. It's not a case of who she's going to marry, but a case of—of humanity. I'm asking you, in the name of humanity, to help us. Will you?"

Finley smiles a little. "Oh, well, if you choose to put it in that way," says he, "I guess I'll have to. That is," he says, "if you'll let me have charge o' the search, and I suppose you will. I've been learning the country fast, Mr. Garland."

Garland frowned, but he finally agreed.

"All right," nods Finley. "All right. I will cross the lake and make for Moccasin Slough by way of Cypress Run. You and Kendrick will go by land to Moccasin by way of Hell's Hole bayhead. Wait if you get there first—but I guess you When we meet, we'll decide what to do. are nearly always some Indians around casin Slough, you know. A little gr some matches, Miss Garland, please. We——"

"But what about 'Gatorhide?" asks Henry.

"Oh," says Finley, "we'll leave walk guard duty around the lodge at protect Miss Garland."

Old Henry began to object. "But hide knows the country better than us——"

"See here," Finley cuts in. "Didn agree to let me have charge o' the matter"

Shortly afterward, the young man across the lake in his canoe, and Garland ted for the jungle with Kendrick at and looking always for snakes. Kendr heard that a rattler will bite the secon on the trail more often than the first. true.

At noon o' the next day, the three came back, and they came back with Sadie. The Jellyfish was the most c human being I've ever clapped eyes mud from top to toe. Garland, also, from top to toe, and so was Finley. afterward that the caterwauling of had sent Kendrick into a tree and land and Finley had gone on with rescuing him on the return journey day. Bramble-stickers and saw-palm scratched most o' Kendrick's clothes

Sadie's aunt and me went out to when they dragged theirselves into the Old Henry shook his head, and didn't ask any useless questions. refused to even speak to Kendrick so much put out with his cowardice you want to give any man a real tes ery, take him through Hell's Hole night!

As we reached the Lodge porch, face took on a queer look, and he Carter Finley.

"Carter," says he, "I have see own eyes the difference in the timb Er—once upon a time you asked portant question, and I told you couldn't have her. If you'll find her if she still wants you, by George, sir yours, dog-gone you. But for hea hurry and find her, if you're going to

Finley pulled off a advanced editio Emily's shrug.

"Really, I'm sorry for you, Mr. he says, sadlike. "You're very I think. Surely, you don't know saying, Mr. Garland."

"I don't; eh?" flares old Henry eh?" He takes hold o' Finley's sleeve. "You find her, and see keep my word, whatever else I do that I should!"

"Man, what are you thinking Finley. "Why, Sadie will get fortune, and I'm as poor as a fly-up

"Find Sadie!" roars the old lum

Finley turns off. "I believe you she'll be back safe by sundown over his shoulder. "A man can harder when he's personally int know."

In another minute, he was gone.

Garland ordered me to s couldn't strike a Seminole trail so I stuffed a lunch into my pock 30-30, and put out through the I hardly stopped to rest until t afternoon had come, and then rotting cabbage-tree to eat the brought.

Now, I've never had any sym eavesdroppers, and yet, I'll ha there's times when they don't se help theirselves.

I had just finished eating and go to my feet, when I heard the sou somewhere in the tangle behind me young voices. I turned my head through the saw-palmetto leaves coming—Miss Sadie and Carter he held her arm. They were still la

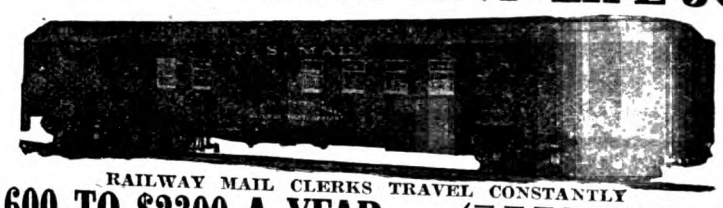
"You're going to have to mudd all up, Sadie," says Carter, "or th fall flat."

At that, Miss Sadie, "the mo girl in the world," jumped into a hole up to her knees, and Finley h her out.

"It's bad," says she, "but it's b staying cooped up in that old bea cabin all by myself! I told you the work, didn't I, Cart? And you wouldn't, you silly. I knew if Da spend a night with Jellyfish in that head, he'd find Jellyfish out—and to what you told me, he did. jungles to prove a man, Cart."

Which told me the kidnapping faked up, and that it had been all doing. I don't know how old Henry but I do know he kept his word, for people were married before they left

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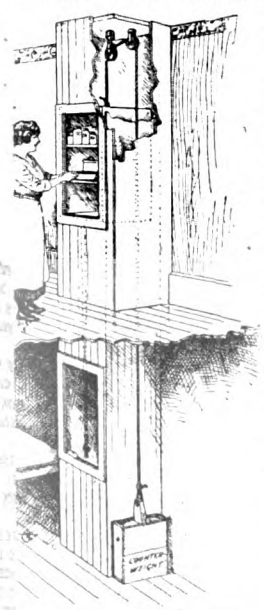
By Estelle Garland

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ETTING a maximum of healthful cleanliness with a minimum of labor becomes an increasingly important problem as the housewife faces the scarcity of labor and the high cost of materials. To intelligently pursue the daily rounds of housework one must sharply question the how and why of each act instead of ly following traditional methods. We no r scrub unfinished floors or black stoves. drudgery of taking up, beating and putting carpets has disappeared since they have ically given way to the use of rugs, and their ng has revolutionized housecleaning and al- housekeeping.

ee March heralds the approach of housee- ing days, the general repair and replace- s after long winter use, and the handling and ction of woolens and furs against moth dam- let us see if we cannot introduce some methods and devices that will operate as preventives. A general twice-a-year house eval is usually unnecessary under right man- ent. If the work is carefully planned, if the of furnishings that are easy to keep clean hosen and handled in the right way, and if sion is made for keeping all the dirt possible of the house, there will be no need for an urning that results in discomfort to the en- household. Moreover, this systematic house- ing saves labor in the end and is economical e materials used in the furnishings and care e house. Almost every housekeeper has a more or less fixed routine of work, which might be called her plan. Oftentimes, with this plan as a basis, the housecleaning can be so organized that the housekeeper can save herself much time and many steps. These are the days when it is wiser economy than ever to make "the head save the heels."

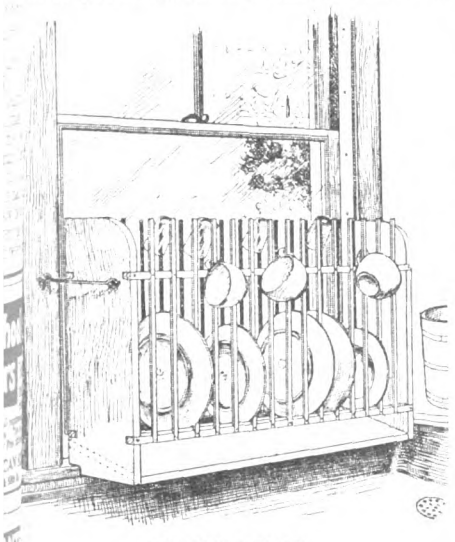


ITCHEN TO CELLAR LIFT.

To keep clean rather than to make clean is a thoroughly practical working principle. This means daily tidying of rooms in constant use, distributing the cleaning, especially the heavy kinds, through the week, and removing dirt not only frequently but thoroughly by methods that have been proved good according to both scientific and practical lards. All the members of the household help if only by keeping their own possessions rder and putting things that they use in in good condition.

hat kind of furnishings the house has and the house itself is arranged and finished have h more effect on the work of housecleaning many persons realize. In many cases just a changes will soon pay for themselves in time energy saved. For instance, durable water- f finish or a covering such as linoleum, for floor in the kitchen and pantry, and smoothly hed floors in the rest of the house, will prove iselves an economy. Doing away with super- is shelves and mouldings, filling up cracks and ices in which dirt lodges, and arranging ade- e storage places will also help.

eeping dirt out of the house, or "preventive" eecleaning as it might be called, is well worth effort. Removing the dirt regularly from win- sills, porches, steps and walks helps in this, lo also screens covered with cheese-cloth or r material through which air will pass, but dust and soot. Such screens are particularly ul in pantries and storerooms, for doors and



AIR-DRIED DISHES.

adows near the ground against which dirt of sorts is blown.

Much dirt can be kept out by doing away with rth walks and bare ground near the house, by listing that mats and stationary scrapers be ed outside the doors, and by providing special ces just inside where muddy rubbers and boots d coats may be left.

Implements and Materials for Care of House

No matter how carefully the housecleaning is ganized, it cannot be done easily and quickly thout suitable cleaning tools and materials. e ideal arrangement is to have a complete set ored in orderly fashion in a convenient closet, t if this is impossible, put up two strong elves for bottles, soaps and other things that nnot be hung, and on the under side of lower elf put in a good many large cup hooks from hich to hang brooms, carpet sweeper, various ushes, etc. A coarse curtain can be hung from e edge of the top shelf making an arrangement not unsightly. Following is a list of tools well worth their cost in making work easier:

Corn broom for carpets and rough surfaces, such as concrete, brick and stone.

Hair brush-broom for smooth floors and floor coverings, such as wood, linoleum and oilcloth.

Wall brush of lamb's wool, or loops of soft cotton twine, or soft bristles. A bag of cotton flannel slipped over a broom may take the place of a wall brush.

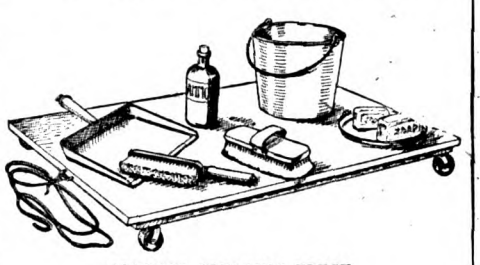
Whisk broom for various purposes.

Long-handled mop, long-handled scrub brush, and hand scrub brush.

Paint brushes for reed furniture and upholstery.

Drainpipe brush made of stiff bristles and flexible wire.

Dry mop either untreated or oiled. The latter holds the dust better and renews the finish on



COMFORT CLEANING TRUCK.

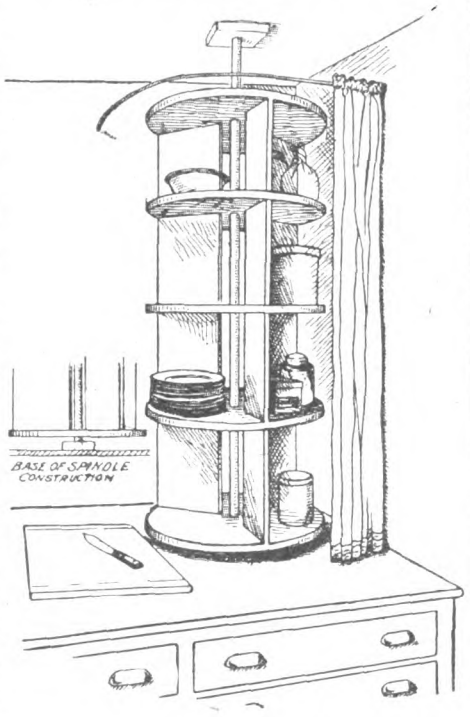
painted, varnished or shellacked floors, but must not be used on waxed floors.

A mop wringer for floors that are washed with water. It is fastened to the pail and saves the worker much stooping, keeps the hands from the water and removes more water from the cloth than would be possible by hand wringing.

Carpet sweepers are effective for taking up surface dirt. A hand-power combination carpet sweeper vacuum cleaner takes up surface dirt and to some extent sucks up fine particles.

Carpet or rug beaters may be of heavy wire or of either flat or round reed. Those of flat reed are least hard on the carpet fibers.

Dusters should be soft and should shed neither lint nor ravelings. A duster is best moistened by passing it through steam; by wetting one corner of the cloth, rolling it up, and letting it stand for a short time; or by wringing together one dry cloth and one that has been wrung out of water as dry as possible. A dust cloth may be oiled by applying a few drops of kerosene or light lubricating oil on one corner, rolling the cloth and letting it stand until the oil has spread even-



A CLOSET THAT REVOLVES.

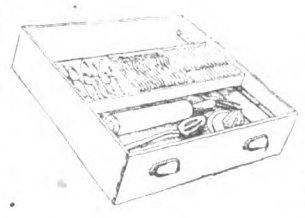
ly. Never use feather dusters as they scatter but do not remove dust. When furniture polish is used for the simple purpose of cleaning and polishing, shake the polish well, then sprinkle one-half of a good-sized cheese-cloth duster with the polish, fold over the dry half, roll tightly and place in a tin coffee can over night. This will do a large amount of dusting.

Useful Cleaning Agencies

Water the most necessary and common cleaning material, should be used lukewarm and not be allowed to stand on floors or woodwork, nor to get into cracks or seams.

A soap solution should be kept on hand for cleaning as it does the work quicker, more evenly and safely than using soap from the bar. One pound of soap and three quarts of water are heated slowly together until the soap is dissolved, and then the solution is poured into wide-mouthed bottles from which it is used.

Ammonia, borax and sal-soda (washing soda) are alkalis used both to soften hard water and to loosen dirt. If concentrated ammonia can be bought and diluted at home by using about one part ammonia to seven parts water, it is usually more economical and satisfactory for general cleaning than the dilute form sold as household ammonia. Borax is least likely to injure delicate fabrics, but is the most expensive. Washing soda is bought in coarse powder form and should be thoroughly dissolved in water before using.



DRAWER WITH TRAY FOR SILVER.

Oxalic acid is used to bleach stains on wood and to clean copper and brass. A safe way to use it is to put one ounce of the crystals in a half-pint bottle of water. This amount of water will not dissolve all the crystals, so more water may be added as the saturated solution is used, and more crystals added to the bottle as they disappear. Oxalic acid is a poison, and to avoid accidental poisoning, tie a tiny bell around the neck of the bottle.

Gasolene and benzine are used to dissolve grease and sometimes control insects, but should always be used out of doors or in an out-building away from any kind of flame.

Kerosene will cut grease and loosen dirt.

Ammonia will remove white spots from varnished surfaces but should be used rapidly. Apply a few drops of the ammonia to a wet cloth, rub the spots, dry with a fresh cloth and polish with a good furniture polish or with oil.

Very soiled and sticky furniture requires more than a cleaning polish; it must be washed. Two quarts of boiling water, seven tablespoons of good linseed oil and three tablespoons of spirits of turpentine is an excellent wash for furniture and all leather upholstery. As soon as the wash cools enough to bear the hands in it, stir vigorously and wring out a soft cloth, and swing in the air until lukewarm before applying to the furniture. Wipe with a fresh cloth and rub with furniture polish.

Dustless dusters should be kept on hand in a tightly covered tin box. They are easily made and a great comfort when dusting because they hold all the dust. It is not necessary to clean the dusters until they appear quite soiled. Shake or hang on the line after using and you will be surprised to observe that they are quite free from loose dust. To make, use squares of cheese-cloth dampened in the following preparation: One dessertspoon of oil of paraffin, and five cents' worth of oil of lavender thoroughly mixed with one pint of kerosene oil. Sprinkle the dusters (this will make ten one-yard square) then roll and let stand until the oils are evenly absorbed. If they seem at all wet, hang for a short time in the sunshine until the moisture is reduced.

Furniture polish for rubbing up various kinds of finished woodwork is made by mixing one part raw linseed oil with two parts turpentine and adding a little melted beeswax. A second lighter polish is made by mixing one part light mineral oil with two parts kerosene.

Floors

A well-laid floor of seasoned soft wood can be given the appearance of hard wood, and a surface that wears well. First, sandpaper off any soiled places. Heat boiled linseed oil to the boiling point, carry out of doors and add an equal amount of spirits of turpentine. Apply at once with a large brush so the oil can all be used while hot. Let dry for two days then give the floor a second coat, dry three days and apply the third coat. After this dries you will have the grain of the wood filled and a firm elastic surface that must be given two coats of good floor varnish, allowing the first to dry several days before the second is applied. The longer the varnish has to dry the less easily it will mar. This process requires considerable time, but it is well worth the effort. To clean, use a dry mop, and occasionally, lukewarm water to which a little kerosene has been added.

For a floor covering, nothing equals a good quality of linoleum, for it is durable, easily cared for and gives a room an attractive appearance. In buying linoleum one must carefully consider the pattern and the wear it will receive. Plain linoleums require more care as they show dust and marks. The mottled effects are the most satisfactory for hard wear, such as in the kitchen, pantry, back halls. Where there are children and the living-room receives hard wear, a small-figured linoleum makes a good-looking, sensible floor covering, which can be relieved with plain rugs.

An art square for the living-room is made of plain carpeting, sewed together in strips. It should be of a soft neutral shade. After sewing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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The Lady of the Velvet Mask

By Augustin W. Breeden

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ALTHOUGH the masked ball at the big studio of Jean Jacques Fournier in the Impasse Royer Collard was hardly well started, Harry Fernald, Paris art student from Virginia, found himself bored to extinction, not by the artificiality and false glamour of the Bohemian mob gathered there that night, but simply because there were times when everything in this boasted Paris bored him so. He departed without making excuses or announcing his exit to any one; such a thing was not necessary at these free-and-easy soirees. It was snowing heavily outside; the snow blanketed the wintry air and took away its sharpness.

"Ah, the snow is at least real. Thank God for something to hide all this grime and dirt and paint and glitter."

A girl muffled to the lips in furs and wearing a dark-colored mask passed him walking rapidly. She was bareheaded and wore a bright red rose in her brown hair. She paused before a blank wall where the light from the Boule Miche fell brilliantly and, taking some colored crayons from a bag she carried, began swiftly and artistically to make a sketch upon the wall. Fernald killed time, loitered in a doorway and pretended merely to be watching the crowd in the boulevard go by. Then as the girl thrust her crayons back into the bag he stepped across the street and glanced at the picture. It was a red rose with bright green leaves, and beneath it was an arrow pointing down the boulevard in the direction of the observatory. Glancing up quickly he saw the girl hurrying in that direction.

"Some model or clever amateur, bored like myself with Jean Jacques's show and leaving a plain trail by which her lover is to follow. Ah, suppose I——" The thought became action; Fernald turned swiftly into the Boulevard Saint Michel and followed at a distance that bobbing red rose in the crisscrossing mob. He lost her but kept on, now more slowly.

At the corner of the Rue Michelet he was rewarded. He once more came upon the young woman just finishing a second sketch.

"My, what wings she must have to her feet and what lightning in her fingers!" This time it was a flying bird with a golden arrow beneath it pointing toward the Rue d'Assas.

"She's certainly marking out a plain trail for her lover; but why not have handed him her address at once? Ah, but intrigue, that is the Parisian game. Well, a trail is something that one may follow as well as another; so I——"

In the Rue Bara he saw her once more at her sketching. The arrow now pointed toward the Cemetiere du Montparnasse. And in the boulevard of that name, where it cornered with the Rue Delamere, he came up with her again and joined the crowd that in this less busy thoroughfare was watching with admiration while she drew a bouquet of violets.

"I will speak to her—no, perhaps I had better not—I will—no, I will not, not yet."

As the girl sped away she flung back a bright glance through the eye-slits of her mask, for his benefit Fernald thought; and at the end of the Rue de la Gaite she once more glanced about, then detached the rose from her hair and dropped it on the snow by the side of the muddy walk. Fernald made a dash for the flower; but when he rose from stooping for it she was nowhere to be seen.

The Virginian went to the corner of every street that led into this short "Gayety Street" but found no more signboards. He turned into one cafe after another and looked the crowds over. She was not to be found. Finally he entered the Impasse de la Gaite and sat down in a crowded cafe at a table near the door where he could look out into the faces of all comers and goers. But he saw nothing more of his masked lady that night.

The next day he told his experience to Jean Jacques, his confessor in all matters of the heart.

"And so," said Jean Jacques, with jolly wrinkles in a face made fat by much success, "she finally pointed you to the Montparnasse Graveyard and to the entrance of the Catacombs. Had her symbols been skulls and crossed shinbones her meaning could hardly have been clearer. Doubtless her mask was worn simply to hide a death's-head. Ah, let us interpret the legend: a rose for heart's-desire, a flying bird for hope, violets for constancy, and Death at the end of the short journey. Monsieur, she is a philosopher; she gave you a page from the book of existence."

"But, honestly, Monsieur Fournier, why do you suppose she was drawing all those sketches, and why did she drop the rose?"

"Oh, you infant, have you not learned that ladies of high and low degree equally love to play the little game of hare-and-hounds? Go back tonight to Gayety Street and the grim neighborhood of the Catacombs, and——good luck!"

The next day the sun shone and all Paris took to the streets, and that day, having drunk in the glories of the limpid sky, and the flashing Seine until he was intoxicated with those heady wines, Fernald again sought the neighborhood where he had lost the lady of his dreams and found several more of those delicate signs, always pointing, as he learned by cross-coursing them, toward the Impasse de la Gaite.

He ate an early dinner in the neighborhood, keeping his eye always on the passing crowd. She passed. He overpaid his bill, rushed into the street and after her. At a corner she once more dropped a rose and hurried away. This time he took no chance of letting her escape him by any such trick, but left the rose on the ground and raced away after her.

He caught up with her. "Where—where can I meet you?"

"In the Cafe d'Alsace, Impasse de la Gaite, at nine o'clock—au plaisir, monsieur," and she was gone.

Long before nine he was at the meeting place waiting for his lady of the mask. He had bought a bouquet of hothouse carnations and was prepared to order the best wines and the best viands the house afforded. But nine o'clock came, then half-past nine, and still no masked lady.

While Fernald waited he was attracted by the music of a blind violinist, whom he had noticed on his previous visit to the cafe. The man played wonderfully; his playing was notable even in a city full of gifted musicians. There was a lilt about his music that seemed to lift one to the clouds.

He sipped very slowly at his wine; his natural impatience was passing over to annoyance and anger. A waitress in the threadbare black of the working woman and with a face that made him think of Jean Jacques's moralist of the Catacombs, came and murmured politely that he was perhaps waiting to keep a rendezvous. He confided in the hideous one. Had she seen this lady that so often wore a velvet mask in the street? She had not, not that night, but then, *"ou la, la, les dames Parisiennes* are notably fickle," and his dream in the velvet mask was probably at this very moment keeping a subsequent rendezvous with some other gentleman.

The lilting music became a dirge. The unspeakable boredom of Paris was returning upon the Virginian. He gulped down the last of his wine and hurried out into the crisp night air.

It was nearly a week before he again visited the Cafe d'Alsace. What sent him there finally was a chance remark let fall by Chrisney, a fellow student at the atelier where he worked.

"I saw your masked lady today over by the Pont Neuf. She was sketching a Cupid. I eased up and tried to get a peep under her mask, but I failed signally. She has eyes, boy, eyes! and a pair of lips that look kissable to me. Her drawing is excellent. I wonder if she is some grande dame from the Right Bank gallivanting over here for sport?"

That night Fernald sat in the Cafe d'Alsace listening once more to the strains of the blind violinist, and this time thought it hopeful music. And, sure enough, his Lady of the Velvet Mask suddenly materialized from nowhere and sank down into a seat at his table.

"You must pardon me, monsieur, for not coming the night I promised. I was—unavoidably occupied. I have been here every night since; you see I have done my best to keep the spirit of my promise."

"I am the delinquent," said Fernald in his most gallant fashion. "Ah, I should have returned the next night and every night thereafter. But now we can make up for lost time. By the way, I have not introduced myself—he laid his card upon the table—"and you are called?"

"Call me the Lady of the Mask," answered the girl in a silvery tone. "What is there to a name anyway except as one earns it for one's self? Illogical, they are usually mere family heirlooms handed down like bits of useless and meaningless bric-a-brac."

"But surely some shorter name——"

"Then call me Rose or Violet."

"I will call you La Rose or Ma Rose," said Fernald. "Ma Rose, what will you have for dinner? I trust they will not spoil your appetite by sending that scarecrow to wait on us."

"They will not," laughed La Rose. "They know my taste in waitresses and will send her elsewhere. Listen to that violin. Doesn't it seem to lift you out of yourself? To carry you away?"

"It is marvelous," answered Fernald. He managed to catch the lady's soft hand in his and held it for a moment beneath the corner of the table-cover.

Fernald drank during the dinner more wine than was good for his youthful head. He studied his lady's hands, the sort of hands an artist delights to draw; he studied her neck and shoulders, her hair, a crown of chestnut glory; and the music climbed and climbed, taking him up with it, till he conceived himself sitting on Olympus listening to the music of the gods. The eyes of his lady intrigued him like the eyes of some beautiful veiled lady of Arabia. To caress those lips! To kiss those baby eyelids through the slits in the soft velvet mask! He angled for the hand; missed it; angled for it again; caught it; but it escaped.

Meanwhile the girl occupied herself making little sketches of any interesting or grotesque habitue of the place of whom she could command a view, and kept up a running fire of talk which Fernald thought exceedingly clever. She did indeed make many shrewd philosophical observations like her remark about the value of names.

Finally when she saw he was drinking too much for his own good she hurried him from the place and out into the night air. At the corner of the Avenue due Maine she put out her little gloved hand: "Au plaisir, monsieur."

"But why must we part now? Why can't you go with me—au theater? au promenade?"

"Not tonight, monsieur; some other time perhaps."

"But when can I see you again?"

"Tomorrow night at the same hour and place."

That night, more intoxicated with the stars and with his adventure than with wine, Harry Fernald, born of a race of Virginia cavaliers, constructed a romance: The Lady of the Velvet Mask was a poor struggling artist unable to make a living by her art, as he would be for perhaps many years to come; and she drew these pictures to entice *men*—how he hated that word—to entice *people* to follow her to this cafe in Gayety Street so that she might thereby get each day a dinner to keep body and soul together. Had she not said she had waited for him every night at the Cafe d'Alsace? Poor girl! She had doubtless been fasting, and all because of his indifference.

But why the mask? Simple. It was pride. Did not he, too, wear a mask at times? Did not everyone he knew wear a mask because of pride, or shame, or sensitiveness? Why, he, if he had to beg, even in Paris, that wilderness of strangers, would certainly do so only in disguise. Poor girl! He would lift her out of this poverty, and then if she proved "serious"—he would make her his wife. He fell to sleep with a smile on his lips, picturing La Rose against the social background of his father's Virginia home.

It was following a second dinner with La Rose and a second refusal by her to promenade the city with him, that he bethought himself to visit his father's old friend, Dr. Petit, who lived in the Avenue Victor Hugo, where he had enjoyed a fashionable Parisian practice for the past ten years. This man was bound to know Parisian ways and Parisian ladies. Fernald's thought was that here was the man to go to for real advice. But at the sight of Dr. Petit's benign face and silver gray hair, the young man decided to make his call merely a formal one. Why, this man had known his mother! How could he talk to him of a Parisian intrigue?

From this time forth Harry Fernald neglected his studies. He went every night to the Cafe d'Alsace. He came to be a familiar figure in Gayety Street and was called there *l'Americain.* Be it known to the thrill hounding reader at this point that Gayety Street, in spite of its name, is not a street of evil repute, but simply a street where the poorer Parisians of that quarter of the city gather nightly to take their childlike amusement—a play street of the poor.

Sometimes Fernald found La Rose waiting for him at the cafe or materializing from nowhere beside his chair, and then the world was all rose-colored; but as often as not she disappointed him, and then his skies were gray and the music of the blind fiddler lugubrious, funereal. And every night on his pillow he made or developed a different romance about her, cued to some light hint, some word, some fleeting allusion. Harry Fernald was—no, he would not have admitted that he was in love—but he was balanced on a knife edge.

Then one night, as she permitted him for a brief moment to toy with her hand, he slipped a hundred-franc note into the opening of her glove. She tucked the folded bill farther into the glove and barely murmured a thank you. Here was an omen.

"Little one," he said huskily, "tell me who and what you are. You are in some sort of trouble—I have heard you sigh in the midst of laughter. If there is anything in the world I can do for you, please command me. Little one, I——I——"

"Listen to that violin," said the girl. "Doesn't it seem to you to be pleading?"

"Why are you so fond of music, especially of violin music? Yes, it is pleading, pleading with you to throw off the mask of mystery, pleading with me to—— Little one, I honestly want to help you. Tell me what I can do."

"Could you lend me two thousand francs?"

The practical turn she gave his offer came upon Fernald like a cold douche in the midst of a perfumed bath. He was taken aback. "After all, she is merely a skillful adventuress," he thought, "just as I might have guessed from her actions that first night." But he saw intoxicating possibilities. "I will bargain and higgle the market," he told himself; "what favors may I not win for two thousand francs?"

"Yes," he answered at length, "I will lend you two thousand francs; but with two conditions; first, that you will come with me two or three nights a week to the theaters and cafes of the Right Bank—I am lonely; I need a friend, a guide, to go about with me of nights——"

"I will do that—but for how long?"

"Ah, little bargainer, must I fix the time? For one month; and you need never pay back the loan. But that is only one of the two conditions; the other is——"

"The other?"

"That you will give up drawing these sidewalk pictures and come to my studio and pose for me two days each week."

The girl's neck and shoulders slowly crimsoned while her eyes regarded him earnestly. Finally she said in a faint tone:

"Very well. When can you hand me the two thousand francs?"

"Come to my apartments, Numero 31, Impasse, au Troisieme Etage, tomorrow at three o'clock—— But tonight—shall we not celebrate the bargain tonight? Remember, the last you will ever have to worry about matters. Shall we not celebrate?"

"Impossible, my friend. If it were possible, believe me, I would not say so. Listen to that violin—ah, it is speaking, speaking, speaking. Au plaisir, tomorrow then at three o'clock. Au plaisir, monsieur." He touched his hand lightly and was gone, disappearing by the back way through the cafe.

That night Fernald wandered for hours through the streets and boulevards, and showed himself a noctambulist. A prospect was before him that made him trembled with anticipation. If his romance were not all dead, an intrigue had been born to take its place. "Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" was the recurrent burden of his thought. He reconsidered the whole case anew; he questioned his conscience. Finally he resigned himself to the will of the woman; whatever her motive she plainly showed that she deserved, that she should have from him. Why, the solution was in her hands. Having reached this decision at once he saw it; her fate was entirely in her hands. Having reached this decision of his mind he was letting himself into his home in the Impasse Royer Collard, he lay down and slept the sleep of an innocent child.

The next day, his day, dawned beneath a leaden gray sky, and by ten o'clock the snow was falling heavily, and it continued to fall heavily all day. Fernald did not attend art classes that day, as he very seldom did now. Instead he went out and secured three big sacks of billets of wood for his fire, bought a new rug to lay before it, brushed and dusted the room so that the concierge hardly recognized the place. Then after one o'clock he went out into the storm to the best restaurant in the quarter and ordered two sumptuous dinners sent up at three o'clock, went to his bank across the river and drew out notes of five hundred francs each.

Would she come? His one fear was that she would *not* come and accept his two thousand francs. At that moment he wished in his heart she had asked for five thousand.

But at three o'clock on the stroke of the hour a taxi drew up before his house. He was there to pay the driver when he met the lady of his dreams tripping lightly up the stairs. Her hood and furs were dappled with great flakes of snow, and her red lips looked never so red as at that moment. He believed he understood now once for all why the lovely girl wore the violet-colored mask. From the top of her head to her little slippered feet not a more intriguing figure could be imagined. "Why, if some dressmaker sees her, masks will be all the go in Paris before the winter is half out. It is like the mohammedan women; they are really the most females with any sense."

La Rose was in a bright and happy mood. She rallied him brightly for the mood of silence that he seemed to fall into from time to time. She stirred the fire, gave the room deft touches here and there, and set out the dinner herself meanwhile like a happy child. She was adorable.

After dinner, which ended for Fernald in extreme physical languor, he smoked, and refused the cigarettes he proffered her as she always done before. "The devil," he thought, "nothing is changed; she is simply eating instead of at the cafe. She's making a mock of me."

About five La Rose glanced at the clock. "I must go," she said in a tone in which there was no trace of languor.

Fernald took from his pocketbook the five banknotes and held them out to her. "Remember," he said, "I am not lending you these. I am simply employing you for a month as model and——sort of companion. Take them; it is an honorable transaction."

The girl paled and hesitated. "I will take it," she said, "if you will make me two promises: that you will not ask me to renew my visit to this room or to—to pose the ensemble."

"As for the second, I promise [illegible] want you only for costume poses. But, [illegible] why should you not take off your mask [illegible] street, in the cafes, I can understand, but in the room alone with me—you are unreasonable."

"What if I should tell you that I am a lady, not unknown to many by—portraits old and ugly, and that I choose this method of amusing myself in the oncoming winter days."

"Winter of your days, the devil! Your movement speaks of April, not of November; you are not ugly; your eyes and lips, your hair and shoulders give that word the lie! La Rose, I love you! Before the month is [illegible] swear to win you and to persuade you to [illegible] your mask!"

"What days shall I come to pose for you, and at what hour?"

Fernald had given the matter no thought, but one wish was to have her back in his room at the earliest possible hour. "Come tomorrow at eleven o'clock," he said. "Let's see, tomorrow is Wednesday. Come Wednesdays and Fridays. If the days we can of course spend the day together on the boulevards."

"*Alors,* tomorrow at eleven. At least, my friend. You are a good boy; you have [illegible] me——" she suddenly stooped and kissed his hand, and then before he could recover his senses she was gone.

For two weeks she came regularly to pose for him. He ransacked the Latin quarter and more drew his allowance to secure costumes worthy of her. She posed as a Spanish masker, as a [illegible] tante at a masked ball, as the favorite of the Arabian harem. Fernald painted feverishly at it or a wonder painted well. She reminded him continually to paint while the light was good, and often helped him with little technical difficulties. Possibly she was the more gifted of the two, as she played the role of grande dame to perfection, permitting him no familiarities.

But two nights of each week and always on Wednesdays he showed her off to his American friends of the Right Bank and became the envy again of callow youth and accomplished roue. She made a little sensation at Maxim's and on the Boulevard des Italiens. There were introductions. He gave him for the purpose the name Madame de la Debutry and the explanation that she was a great lady from the south taking a little winter pleasure at a great distance from home. "Ah, very proper that she should mask. What a pity that more ladies have not thought of that expedient." Others did think of it, and for a nine-days' divertisement masks appeared here and there among the smart set of the Right Bank, and threatened to become the rage, but the movement was not properly sponsored, since no one seemed to know who this Madame de la Debutry actually was, and so for lack of a sponsor it died.

One thing La Rose never permitted, that was that Fernald should take her home. She would have him accompany her for protection to the nearest subway station and then forbid him to enter the train with her.

Fernald had begun romancing again, and the legends he created about her would have filled a volume. Then——

One morning when she was almost due he began cursing himself for a nerveless and chicken fool. He told himself that he would—but then she had become the dearest thing in the world to him. The month was only half gone; why spoil everything? And yet, perhaps this was just what she was waiting for, violence, the wooing of a cave man. He told himself that he was an idiot who had never been able to understand a woman. And while he cogitated she tapped at the door.

"Now!" he said to himself.

As she stepped in he seized her hand and kissed it. "Ah, Ma Rose, at last! Little one, I am insane with love of you! Do not refuse me any longer! Tell me you are free to marry me!" He was still holding the back of her gloved hand to his lips, and suddenly he drew her by sheer physical force into his arms. His lips touched hers for an instant so fleeting that he could never remember afterward whether he had actually kissed her or not. Then slowly, with the force of her will more than of her muscles, she pushed away and [illegible]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

TAKING COMFORT



By Eveline Vance

pyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

See front cover illustration.

House Furnishings

HE touch of domestic comfort as above pictured was but one of many visions our publisher had in mind when he named his magazine COMFORT, 35 years ago. Such a conception could not be developed in a day, nor in a year, but when Gannett symbolized his high aims and purby putting the great key through COMFORT ant all it implied, that his magazine should e a living medium which would unlock the to millions of homes and hearts, and light ay to a greater prosperity and to new ideals comfort of living.

ng a descendant of good old New England Mr. Gannett was born to the belief that nward reality of comfort found its source in the home, and this, combined with the er belief that all progress followed the paths ucation, Mr. Gannett spent many years of ng and ceaseless work in creating a housemagazine that would teach the resulting rts of frugality and industry, of time and s well spent.

rty-five years have wrought changes in wo work, due to scientific discoveries and facproductions, and the indications are that will follow. It seems but a surprisingly ears ago when most things consumed were ced within the household and the woman's ibution to the family was almost wholly cre- whereas now, she must meet the large probf wisely spending the family income that the may be obtained therefrom. But whatever vements and changes may come, the successousehold will always be the one where there a wise management of the working power family. There must be economy of strength ll as money, for nothing so reduces efficiency e dissipation of energy.

r exemplifying COMFORT'S original purpose, lumns have kept pace with the rapid develnts of the times which have continually ined the demand for a comfort producing maga-

The daily program of most men and woseldom allows of time for extended research, r can they afford to expend large sums of y on experimental devices, even if such were able. With a policy shaped to meet the probof the home-maker, COMFORT very early ed through letters from its readers how great far-reaching its arms of comfort might be-

d this is the story of continually adding proive departments of instruction, departments fill the demands of our thinking young men women, pages that tell what other women are g in the domestic world, columns that cheer relieve the sick and disheartened, stories for iren and grownups, and Uncle Lisha who sees that COMFORT readers do not lose their caty for a hearty laugh.

nother feature of COMFORT'S policy has been ive space to names and addresses, thus makit possible for readers to correspond. Many he instances where these letter-acquaintances brought comfort to each other and where friendships have been formed.

Comforts in Furnishings and Arrangements

oo many people are inclined to travel in the e monotonous groove with mind closed to sehold comforts, believing there is a certain e in using the old things in the good old way. n there are others who cherish the mistaken that comfort spells extravagance, and they, go along without investigating. As a matter act, we all need occasionally to get outside of selves to obtain a fresh viewpoint, and this aps particularly to allowing ourselves to become fixed in our habits of routine. In fairness to self every housewife must occasionally ask herif results achieved give balance to the exditure of time and energy.

hen this reaches you, my dear friends, springe will be here, that wondrous season when hua beings, like the buds on the trees, are strugg to snake off their winter restraints and unl into a new life of sunshine and freedom. ince less medicine, living in the open air durwarm weather as an insurance against illness winter, household furniture that can be kept itary, the banishment of carpets, and simplypared foods have become a matter of educan, the housewife of today finds herself in a era of civilization that is taking drudgery out housework. Styles and fads are bound to be h us always, but the parlor opened only for ddings and funerals, the musty-smelling guest mber, and brandy for infants will never come k.

As a whole, the modern methods of household rangement and devices go a long way toward ping the housewife fit for her many-sided votion of home-maker, cook, laundress and seamess, and the woman who "checks up" on herf knows the key to her success is keeping menlly refreshed. "Nerves," uncontrolled, constite a mother's greatest enemy, for her unhappy ate of mind will be reflected in the conduct of r children. In the days of the closed parlor, omen did not enter into out-of-door recreations any extent, and social restrictions put an agenit on the young matron's activities, but today ere is no more joyful sight than to see mother d children enjoying the same sports together. other goes camping, fishing, boating, motoring, does whatever the children most enjoy, and ith it all can dress as they do, in flannel shirt d knickerbockers. And in so doing she has the cial approval of the community in which she ves. Truly, times have changed!

Furnishings That Create a Home Atmosphere

On the cover of this, our Household Number, e have featured a general plan arrangement for kitchen porch to be used as a combination liv- and dining-room. Also there are four additional units illustrating practical furnishings and roupings that are restful and homelike.

If we could make a tour for the express purpose of seeing the different ways that living-in-the-open has been evolved to meet individual means and needs, we would find many surprises awaiting us. The lure of the open is very strong in the American, and as soon as a definite plan or desire has been attained, it is often amazing how ideas follow and comfort is worked out of that which was uncomfortable and inconvenient. It takes but a slight trick of the imagination to understand the benefits to be derived from a screened-in porch where, of an evening, reading, conversation and games may be enjoyed, and during the daytime meals can be served and much of their preparation accomplished. And if there is no special arrangement for sleeping out of door this porch can readily be converted into a sleeping-porch by setting up canvas or spring cots. Where the porch is for general use it should not be crowded as this would entail unnecessary rearranging.

At the first appearance of warm weather the housewife will put in order and store away all the things that catch the summer dust and are in no way necessary to the family needs. She will then rearrange and decide what is usable on the porch. The house may look a little forlorn at first but the relaxation and sense of freedom that follows is like starting on a vacation, and really that is what it is, a vacation from the many things we do not require when we have in their place the pure air and sunshine.

Before deciding just how the furniture will be arranged, let us first take a look at the porch itself to see what can be done here and there to add to its general comfort. Screens, of course, and common cotton fly netting will last an entire season. It is rapidly tacked in place from floor to ceiling and the use of too many fastenings is eliminated by holding the edge with long, narrow strips of wood with a brad here and there. If at one end the view is objectionable, lattice-work of light strips will conceal it, and it may be ornamental as well. Awnings, Japanese or sailcloth curtains add to the porch comforts. The most useful cloth curtains for a porch that has open spaces to the floor are made by fastening one end of the curtain to quite a heavy rod or pole which acts as a weight and prevents the wind from blowing it. The top edge is finished with a strip of wood run through a hem like an ordinary window shade. Cords and small pulleys are so arranged as to roll the curtain from top or bottom. Flower boxes will make your porch attractive, but if you look upon the green of the trees and fields it is enough. A dish of wild flowers for the table is refreshing.

Only such furniture as is necessary to the family use should appear on the porch. More will take away the sense of freedom. A long table of home construction such as we see at church suppers answers all purposes, and a crash runner gives it a cozy touch. The hanging hammock can be recommended for comfort, and for either adults or children it is generally useful. If the mattress-cushion is even it can be converted into a sleeping hammock at night. If a strip of cloth is securely fastened across the front it makes an excellent cage for baby who will then be away from drafts.

Canvas reclining chairs add an element of comfort if your porch is spacious. Wicker furniture, painted light green, is practical for indoors or outdoors. Folding tables are very useful, and the folding canvas stools for extra guests can be hung in some convenient place when not in use.

Strips of coco matting sewed together make suitable rugs if you need them. Avoid any furnishings that are likely to be upset by the wind, and all ornamentation unless it belongs to the great out of doors.

A piece of furniture which I might call indispensable to porch life is the kitchen wagon. Have one, even though it is no more than a stand on casters. Many times the whole night meal may be put on the wagon, pushed to the desired place, and the whole family group around and eat, picnic fashion. Then as a side-table it is extremely useful, and when not in use for holding food it can be utilized as a sewing table.

The object of this article is not to advance set ideas on home furnishings but to give some general outlines from which the housewife will find assistance in meeting her special needs. Writing to the home-maker is always a work of pleasure because we are all in quest of that which will save energy, save money and bring us the most enjoyment.

If we were to start at the foundation we should put fresh wall-paper on every room. If you can spend what it will cost to do this you will get large returns, for nothing is more restful, or so changes the general aspect of a house, and this the woman needs and deserves who spends the larger part of her time within.

In selecting papers, make a study of light, the general color effect of furniture and the purpose of each room. If your dealer carries only highly-colored, large-figured papers, ask to look at the sample book, and select papers that do not announce themselves as soon as you enter the room. Plain papers are always safe, and fill their mission by simply becoming the setting or background for pictures, bric-a-brac, mirrors, books, etc.

Browns, if they incline toward the golden tones, are restful, durable and pleasing for a general-purpose room. Two-toned designs in stripes are among the best. Green for a room that gets little sun should be avoided. Grays are excellent and may be striped with a small-figured colorful design. Use bird decorations and landscapes in hall. Chambers should be done in light colors. As they have less wall ornamentation, figured papers in small flower designs may be used, but selected with great care, as nothing must disturb the restful appearance of the room. The sick spend many hours looking at the walls, and nurses will tell you how irritating a grotesque design or harsh colorings may become.

While on the subject of sleeping-rooms, let me say a good word in behalf of growing girls having their very own. As soon as a girl has a place where she is free to do as she pleases, the home-making spirit will begin to develop. Girls instinctively love what is beautiful. They also love art, and if they can have a sort of sanctuary of their own, you will soon find self-expression in their surroundings. A place of their very own also encourages reading and thoughts.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Something About Necks

SOAP is one of civilization's chief necessaries, yet sometimes we are a little too prone to use it too lavishly, and for the woman who cares about her skin this is a bad habit indeed. Hands washed too often grow hard of texture and a little rough so that they gather more dirt than ever and need more and more washing. Necks which are vigorously scrubbed at least twice a day to remove the dust from the air and the clothing, or the marks of a necklet of some kind, soon become lined in the places where, as more years are added unto us, there are apt to be creases.

How about your neck? Does it look a little weatherbeaten? This may be because of too much washing with soap. Suppose we try another method for a time. Wash the neck at night with warm soapy water, then rinse in warm water, using a cloth to apply the water, then dash on cold water. After this rub just a little cold cream into the skin of the neck, especially along the places where horizontal creases are beginning to show or where you see them on other women's necks. If you haven't them, be thankful, but take



DISCOVERING THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

precautions to ward off their appearance. Always rub across a line, or crease, never the same way the crease lies. See that all the cold cream is absorbed. In the morning, just a little tepid water is all that is needed. If your fur or your cloak collar or any other article worn next the neck leaves a dingy mark, remove it with cold cream rather than soap. A little cold cream laid over the dark line or spot and then wiped with a cloth, will take the dirt away with it. Never rub cold cream into a skin which has the least dirt or dust upon it, as you only grind the dirt into the pores, but you can wipe off dirt with cold cream, without rubbing.

Almond meal is another good thing to use on the skin of the neck. Bathe the neck in warm water first then rub with almond meal.

It is an odd thing, but blackheads sometimes appear on the neck, especially on the crease which comes down from the ear under the chin. Also they sometimes lodge behind the ear. Keep a sharp watch out for such defects, and at the first hint of one squeeze out the contents of the pore with the forefingers of both hands about which you have put a thickness of soft towel or other cloth. Don't get the idea, either, that the neck ends at the collar bone. It used to in our grandmother's day, but not now! The necks of our gowns disclose not only two or three inches below the collar bone in front, but also quite a little bit of skin and flesh in the back, that used to be covered in our grandmother's time. So, when making your toilet, use your cold cream over all this portion, and when powdering, powder over it.

Answers to Questions

GIRL OF THE FOREST.—I imagine, for your age, 120 pounds would be a "slim" weight for your height. When you are older, you should weigh about 135 pounds. As to reducing your waist and hips, that is not necessary at fourteen, although exercises such as I should give you for reducing, if you were older, are excellent for you to practice. They will not reduce you beyond normal. I will tell you some to practice daily. When you are older your hips and bust should be about 38 inches, and your waist 28 inches, as the latter is always ten inches less than the bust after the figure is fully developed. Of course your figure is not developed yet, and you will have to wait three or four years before you will know what your figure is going to be; therefore it would be foolish to think about it now. There is one thing you can think about, though, and it will be good both for your health and your future figure, as well as your complexion, and that is what foods you should eat. If, as you say, you want to "grow tall quickly but not fat," you should not eat many sweets. Drink milk, eat bread and butter, fresh fruits when obtainable, green vegetables, a certain amount of meat, but not pies, much cake, or candy. At your age you need well-cooked cereals with cream and sugar for breakfast, soft-boiled eggs and toast; of course no coffee or tea, but a good glass of fresh milk. And for other meals eat as many vegetables as possible, drink milk, eat fruits. Do not eat between meals; if there is a long wait between meals, and you are hungry, as growing young people often are, drink a glass of milk or eat a piece of bread and butter or a raw apple, but don't nibble between meals and thus form the bad habit of "piecing." If you have plenty of apples, eat an apple before going to bed, one for breakfast, and if you like one in the afternoon. When you haven't fresh fruit for breakfast, eat stewed prunes or a baked apple, or stewed apricots which have been soaked over night, then cooked slowly for an hour or more. As to colors which are good to wear with your light auburn hair and hazel eyes, here are some suggestions: gold-bronze, soft fawn color, light corn yellow, light rust color, olive green, dark mouse-gray, blue-green, dark blue, medium terra cotta. It is possible you could wear a blue-violet, with a little gray shade to it, and with this silver or purple could be used to trim; with the first four colors, your trimming would better be of the same color, perhaps a tiny bit darker in shade but of some other material, as of satin or velvet; for the five other colors, a corn color or light brick-red could be used as trimming with the dark russet; a yellow or peacock blue with the olive green; orange or corn-flower blue or grass green with the gray; dull pink or a darker green with the blue-green; and gold or light blue or vermilion with the dark blue. These are merely suggestions without having seen the exact shade of your hair; they will help you, however, in choosing clothes, for you can hold materials of these colors against your face and see how they harmonize or contrast. Your shoes are not too large. It is fashionable to wear a shoe at least a size or a size and a half longer than the actual measurement of the foot, but have the shoe fit well in width. Now for the exercises, which I hope you will practice faithfully:

Exercise for Hips and Abdomen

Standing erect, with chest out, chin slightly raised, toes out, stomach held in, hands on hips with fingers forward, thumbs back. Now without bending the knees, bend forward at the waist-line. Keep the chin up and do not allow the head to drop forward as you take this movement. When you feel a strain in the calves of the legs, resume the upright position, breathing in slowly as you do so. Now bend backward as far as you can at the waist-line, expelling the breath as you do so, the knees will have to bend as you lean backward, but only then. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Good Exercise

Take same position, with the exception of having the arms extended above the head, thumbs touching, palms facing out, elbows stiff. Now advance the left foot about eighteen inches. Keeping the right leg stiff, throw the arms down and attempt to touch the floor in front of the toes of the right foot. This foot, of course, is pointed at an angle. The left knee will bend a very little. At first you will not be able to touch the floor, but come as near to it as you can. Each day's practice will make the exercise easier for you. Breathe in, when in standing position, expel the breath as you throw the arms out and down, breathing in again as you resume the standing position. Always inhale and exhale slowly.

LENORA.—I am sorry that the question you ask cannot be answered any more definitely than to say that I use many varieties of face cream from time to time. There are many good creams on the market. Watch COMFORT and other magazines, and you will be safe in choosing a cream that is widely advertised, for proprietors cannot afford to spend large sums of money for advertising, month after month, unless their product is so good that people continue to buy.

SUNFLOWER.—Exercise will help the layer of fat at the back of your neck, but dieting is the only thing that will really remove it and keep it away. You would not be fat there if you were not overweight, and you would not be overweight if you had been careful about not eating sweets, too many of them, and perhaps too much potato, white bread, etc. Cut down the amount of food you eat at any meal, and drop out of your diet all sweets for the time being, lessening also the amount of what we call starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, macaroni, etc. Now for the exercises. To do any good, you will have to practice these exercises twice a day for a number of times. First, drop your head forward on your chest, letting it hang as if you had no power to raise it, then roll it around on your shoulders, left, back, right, forward, left, right, back, etc. Do this over and over. Next, standing erect, with hands on hips, chest thrust forward, press the head back toward the spine as far as you can; resume erect position, press back again, and repeat ten or twenty times. Then, holding head erect, twist it around as if you were trying to look at the middle of your back, turn first to the left in this way, then back to center again, then twist to right, back to center. Hold chin up as you do this, and chest out. Massage will help, also, to do away with some of the fat. Lay steaming cloths upon that portion of your neck, using Turkish bath towels of small size or Turkish wash-cloths, and replacing with fresh ones as fast as heat begins to vanish. Then wrap the neck in a dry towel and let cool, after which massage with a firm pressure and with fingers dipped in a tiny bit of cold cream so there will not be too much friction. Let the fingers of the two hands meet at the middle of the back of the neck, then massage across the fat place, to the left and back, with the right hand, to the right and back with the left hand, pressing firmly. This, to do any good, must be done daily, morning and night.

R. B.—The first thing to do in regard to your bust is probably to change the style of corset you are wearing. You do not tell me your bust measurement so I cannot tell whether you are over-size or not. At your age it is inadvisable to attempt to reduce the bust. Your bust should be about 37½ inches. For a large bust it is essential to wear a low-bust corset, one that does not come more than a couple of inches above the waist and stops below the bust at least an inch. A large bust can be made to look much larger by pushing it up with the support of a corset. You should wear strong brassieres, of firm cloth, fastening in the back with hooks and eyes, and pinned or hooked down to the corset in front. This will keep the bust firm without shoving it up. Your corset should, of course, be held down by two garters in front; one or two on each side; and two in the back. If you will dress in this way, I think you will find that your bust does not look too large. The other thing you can do is to practice arm-and-chest exercises, preferably the former.

Arm Exercise, Good for Bust Reduction

Standing erect, toes out, head up, heels together, chest elevated, hold the arms out horizontally on a level with the shoulders, palms facing forward. Now throw them back as if trying to make the backs of your hands meet in the middle of your back, being careful not to let the arms drop below shoulder level. Of course they will not meet, but you must make just as much effort as if they could. Throw the arms forward again, letting the palms of the hands meet at arms' length in front of



SCALP MASSAGE KEEPS GRAY HAIRS AWAY.

the body, on a level with the shoulders. Make these motions with much force, and practice fifteen or twenty times, twice a day.

NORTH DAKOTA.—You would have to visit a bookstore that carried all the current magazines, and look them over to find an issue which carries what you want. No magazine carries such illustrations except once in a long time. You might write to the various fashion magazines whose names you know and ask if they can send you an issue with such illustrations in it. Sorry not to be of more help to you.

NEILLSVILLE.—Yes, if you ask at a drugstore, you can get the article you want. They will be able to tell you what it is. And in the meantime, massage your scalp, night and morning. Each month, nearly, I have given directions for this care of the scalp and there is nothing which is more beneficial. I wish you would read the answers to questions in last month's COMFORT, for there was a good deal of advice in relation to hair, and the point very strongly stressed that the first thing to do was to see that one's general health was up to par.

P. OF TENN.—Indeed I am glad to hear from you, and we will see what can be done to build you up a little. You are below weight at present, but at sixteen so much of the energies of the body are required to add inches to one's height and to take care of all the changes that are taking place in the body, that there isn't much left, ordinarily, for "filling out." Your friends are right, you will certainly fill out as you grow older. By the time you are eighteen, you will probably be writing me to see how you can lose a few pounds! In the meantime, there is no reason why we shouldn't

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half a pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advt.

try to aid that process of filling out, so far as we can do. First, choose foods that help to eat potatoes, but not fried ones, because there nourishment in any fried food. If you can or boiled or mashed potatoes, with butter, getting fat-building food. Drink all the —milk for breakfast, milk for lunch, a before going to bed. You could eat a dish with sugar and cream for breakfast, and fattening, and if with this you ate a of buttered toast or of bread and two soft-boiled eggs, you would be getting ishing and fattening breakfast. Eat least one of the other meals, plenty of desserts like rice pudding, baked pudding with sugar and cream, baked prunes, Indian meal pudding, etc. for you, as well as white, but chew it is liquid before swallowing. I up to 135 pounds by another year; to gain rapidly now, but you must materials for the work it has to do. are eighteen, you will probably bust and possibly a 38-inch hip me about your skin being wrinkled suggest that when bathing daily, rub the body thoroughly. Daily ter will do more to keep the skin healthy than anything else. Give rubbing with your bath towel, as ter, be sure you bathe in a warm no bathroom, only uncover a time. Slip on a bathrobe or then uncover one arm and bathe shoulder; then the other arm, etc., until all the body is clean. one portion of the body cover other portion. About your condition by brushing before toothbrush; on getting up each meal. Food is apt to and unless it is removed at acids that destroy the teeth. toothpaste or powder, but with warm water thoroughly, At the drugstores they sell strong thread to pass down to cleanse where even ways get away the particles thin flexible nail file would shape your nails, and an them. Then keep the nails fectly clean, using the washing the hands. Don't ling about, nor the eyebrow They won't improve you in tention daily to bathing, poo your hair once in two sleep with fresh air in the Perhaps we can't help the can help all the other things.

For Your Circulation

Stand erect, with feet head. Now throw the hands the floor with your knees. The body should tice five or ten times morning and night.

Another Exercise

Lying on the bed flat on raise the right leg until without bending the knee. slowly, without bending times: then do the same exercise with both legs.

Address all letters containing KATHERINE BOOTH, care

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

farmer is not able to afford a cook and he wants a wife who is capable of I truly hope I haven't offended idea of it and I hope to hear yours.

As most of the sisters describe too. I have brown hair and eyes complexion were it not for sunburn. inches tall, weigh 115 pounds and I am a farmer's daughter and a there is no nobler profession than taught in the rural schools for especially do I delight in teaching believe kindness goes further whipping. Talk kindly to the more with it than by forever I do not believe in parents or afraid of the teacher before they member an incident which occurred first year I taught. A little boy to school was told by his parents school I would whip him. A on turning in his seat to talk After speaking to him twice book and come and sit beside til he got about two feet from other seat. I told him again and almost too scared to breathe and said so earnestly, "Miss talk no more." Whereupon was, and he didn't talk any more. in letting him stay where he was?

Mrs. Wilkinson, if you think war against me for speaking as withhold my name? If you think not,

May God bless you every one.

Sallie.—I greatly fear that you've thing, but it promises to be ters, let's try and keep the —Ed.

CAMDEN, 1225 SOUTH 2ND ST.,

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Six different times have I knocked at each time you were chatting so gaily heard. I always liken the circle to women talking around a cozy warm When I read the letters it really and unknown sisters are friends and

I would like to have some of the read or experienced any cases of write to me. I am interested and will

I know there is a department in care of babies, but yet I wish to old-fashioned mother. My two-year-old spells of falling down when she goes physician says she has had rickets and soft. She is bow legged and has as she is small, I would like to putting braces on her. Most of my friends taking her to a hospital and having then put in a cast but that sounds there no other way? Isn't there some ing tonics or treatments that some success? Any sister who would help would receive millions of thanks heart. My baby was born with band and I were married after A. E. F. Then he broke down with and now we want to move to the country.

I wish the sisters would tell how terior of their homes. I want to have a cozy home without spending it. The middle name of the sisters is

Always a well wisher. MRS. E. M. KAHN.

Mrs. Kahn.—My medical book gives diet for rickets, but would advise you a physician and follow his advice. milk, diluted by one-third to water, is the most suitable food. dren the food should contain an mal fat, nitrogenous principals and tity of animal fat should amount third of all the solid food taken, food to one-third, and the starches The fat is best administered in or rich milk, but if this cannot liver oil may be substituted. rare is one of the best articles disease for older children."

OTTAWA, KAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please may I come in? I will try ter interesting and helpful.

Like Jeff, I have moved ever find it helps me to have my etc., all laundered and packed "Linen." Unless we move a room furniture in the first other floors and one stove, can then scrub floors, lay the place the furniture while I the other floors. If possible, day before to scrub the bedroom box or barrel labeled with the names

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Surely it was her guardian angel who
er limbs too heavy to stir, her voice power-
her throat; for outside the work had been
ll done for any girl to check it. And out-
esard threw down a knife on the floor,
once more to the hole and rifled it, and
away, stopping only to put on his coat
st, never even taking the pains to put out
nont's candle. He was going! And she,
ly witness, was left in this awful place
man who might be dead or dying—be
l only—for she knew nothing of the knife.
was going—and she could not swear she
n him.
a recklessness as good as his own she
to where the ridge was low and looked

vas crossing the stepping-stones gaily, care-
with the old light carriage of the head
he had loved. She watched him drop on
es and worm himself into the opening, and
he saw why he had not troubled lest
nont's candle might shine out through the
ts; he had blocked them carefully with
tuff he had brought with him, aided with
n coat and vest. A soft, stirring move-
ehind her brought her sharply round. Was
nont hurt, or was he looking at her as she
over her shelter?
God!" cried Jacky.
e lay Marchmont on his back, close to the
f the stream. The front of his white shirt
arlet, and he was absolutely still, a little
of blood at his open mouth. He had been
l. The knife that had done it lay beside
the rough stones.
ened, she stared at him, and then grew
She heard a movement of stealing feet
rew nearer. If Brookes found her here
with that bleeding thing on the floor, with
vels strapped about her, would he—she put
nd sharply to her throat as though she felt
ngman's rope on it. She had not even
nough left to hide.
ky!" came a whisper close to her. "Jacky,
are you?"
te, staring, Jacky turned and saw Gill.
's dead—he killed him!" She could only
r in a dreadful, incoherent jabber. "I
do it."
me out," said Gillian gently. She stooped
Marchmont and felt his heart, carefully keep-
r fingers free from his oozing blood.
n't touch him!" Jacky muttered, shuddering.
ehow she thought that lax body might be
ing, might start suddenly to life and stab
ab with the knife that lay so close to its
. Then she cried out as though she were
ust conscious that Gillian was there.
w did you get here? Is he dead?"
om the cellar. No, not yet, but I think he's
" She drew back and looked to see that
igers were unstained. "I saw it all. I saw
hrow a knife and I saw Lesard stab him.
e to help you, but I didn't see you. I've
nad to know if you'd got out."
me out now, quick!" Jacky stood in the
of the floor, sick and reeling.
can't go through the way I came. Brookes
iere; he may be awake by now!"
show you, only come! We must get our
and get out of this dreadful house before
ie finds him. Oh, Gill! he won't die, will
've can't let him die. Lesard killed him for
lt, and it was I who had it. If he dies I'm
rderer as much as Lesard!"
iat can we do? You could not help their
ding. Come along; we can't stay here; we
get our bag and go. What are you doing?"
was on her knees by Marchmont; had
his handkerchief in the icy stream and
a pad over the narrow cut in his shirt.
her fancy, or did the closed eyes open ever
ghtly? At the perilous thought she rose
y, her hands dabbled with his blood.
know what to do now," she said hoarsely.
vas a devil, but we can't let him die; we
want to be hanged."
knelt down by the roaring water, leaning
ie hand for safety while she washed the
In the gloom she did not see a bloody
of her left hand showing clear on the yellow
floor. The right hand that was washed first
nly a mark of water; she never thought of
her.
me," she repeated feverishly, "I know how
n get away from here and save his miser-
ife, too, if we're quick."
lian followed her over the stepping-stones,
ing her skirt for guidance, out into the free
the night. But they scarcely dared stop to
he it, for they must get unseen to their own
s while there was breath in Marchmont's

ien they reached the side door it was open.
house absolutely still. They met no one,
no one, as they groped their way to Gil-
room.
cky's teeth chattered as she threw down the
s. But she smoothed her hair, nevertheless,
n her shoes, and flung a flannel wrapper over
dirty dress.
ack everything; meet me outside the front
in five minutes," she ordered, "before Gibbs
ime to wake the servants. I'm going to tell
heard some one scream."
it as she opened the red baize door she knew
was no need to tell anything.
e saw Brookes limping down the staircase
the flying housekeeper; they were roused
dy—going to the cellar. Brookes had found

lian saw it in Jacky's face as she ran back
flung her wrapper on the bed.
seemed not a minute before they were out in
rainy night again, running from that house
rime. They had the jewels; they were free;
held secrets enough to ruin their enemies,
neither of them thought for one minute of
y's handprint, marked in blood on the cellar
es.

CHAPTER XVII.

"A WOMAN KILLED HIM."

Why ever didn't you come before, you great
!"
rs. Gibbs, pale and handsome in her dressing-
n, waited for Brookes at the wine-cellar door,
aging her hands wildly. "If you knew all this
t have you been doing?"
He lammed me across the ankles with some-
g, and knocked me silly, didn't I tell you?"
He! Do you mean Marchmont?" she cried,
ving breathless at the open hole.
I mean"—with a string of epithets—"that
il Lesard!"
Then you're a fool," she returned. "Lesard
uldn't trouble with you. More likely it's po-
! I never believed in this country house busi-
—never."
he swore quite as volubly at Brookes as she
it through the square opening, nimbly enough,
sidering her size and her flowing garments.
passage did not appall her as it did Jacky;
and Marchmont were familiar with every
h of it; but even she had to wait for Brookes
his light till she rounded the turn and saw
rchmont's candle still burning in the heavy air.
Jim!" she cried. "Jim, where are you?"
ough Mr. Marchmont's name was Paul.
But as she called she almost fell over some-
ng that lay in the slippery pool—and knew
ere Marchmont was and where he would be
ever. With a sobbing, muffled, cry she was on
knees beside him, dragging open his shirt to
the wound. She took no heed of the folded
ndkerchief that must have fallen to the ground,
it no longer lay where Jacky had placed it.
"He'll bleed to death," she moaned, trying to
p the blood with her hands.
"He's gone now! The butler was shivering;
kept his head turned away from the blood that
ined over the stones.
"He's alive, I tell you! My Jim's alive. I've seen dead men!" she retorted fiercely, tearing the flounce from her satin petticoat and bandaging the wound with skill. "I won't let him die here Catch this and drag it tight!" She cursed his slowness as he limped reluctantly toward her, swearing at his squeamishness as he kept his face averted from the blood. "If you'd come before——"

Her torrent of words stopped short on her lips; she had seen Marchmont's face turn gray. The hand she held was suddenly leaden.

He was dead!

The woman who had followed him like a faithful dog had been too late to save him. All his sins and schemes had come to this.

"He's dead!" Brookes's voice was thick. "My God, what are we to do? We're ruined."

But she could not answer. She was swaying where she knelt. Nothing mattered to her but that Jim Adams—known as Paul Marchmont—was dead.

"Think," he repeated, "what we're to do!" But he saw she neither heard nor heeded, and if morning came and caught them in this plight nothing could save them. Courage he had none, and his cunning had deserted him. He fell back on the only thing that came to his mind.

"Are you going to let Lesard get off?" he cried. "It must have been Lesard who murdered him!" But he could hardly get the words out, for they turned his stomach.

"Let him get off—Lesard?" she repeated dully, and then as his meaning reached her brain sprang to her feet.

"By the Lord, Lesard shall swing!" she cried.

Brookes was frightened—strangely frightened.

"You can't tell," he began, but she cut him short, with a superb gesture. She pointed to the dead man. "I loved him this many a year," she said grandly. "I can do anything for Jim."

"And if you lay it on Lesard the whole of England will know that Marchmont was just the head of the gang!" he returned, forcing his shifty eyes to meet hers. "There's more to think of than Lesard."

"What does it matter now?" she said obstinately, "Jim's dead."

"And you're alive—and if Lesard is lagged he knows enough to let you rot in jail," desperately. "And you never could prove anything against him, I know that; but he'd ruin us. Do you think because Marchmont's dead the whole world is?"

He turned from her with sudden recollection; he was not doing what he had meant to do. He went toward the place where the jewels had been hidden. If his cry of dismay rang falsely she did not notice.

"They're gone—everything's gone!" He knelt staring at the empty hole.

Greed and greed alone pierced the woman's strange hardness. She began to cry. If the hoarded jewels were gone she was a beggar, for Marchmont had spent all his money on Hamilton Place, and they had lived on his spoils ever since.

Brookes got up and stood looking at her.

"We'd better get out," he muttered; there's no use of staying. If we're found here with him we'll swing." He gulped at the last word, as if it sickened him. "And we can't do him any good," glancing fearfully over his shoulder.

Mrs. Gibbs stopped crying.

"Look here," she said, "if you bolt and leave him alone in the dark, to be found or rot, I know who I'll put the blame on, and that's you!"

Brookes's stare was ghastly.

"I've made up my mind what to do," she continued, "and you've got to help me. We'll carry him up to his room and then call the police. I'll arrange the room; they'll think burglars killed him. I don't want any one to find out he was any other than Paul Marchmont, or that this house was queer."

The plan was better than Brookes's, and yet, would he have to touch that dead man?

"How can we get him up?" hesitating.

"You and I must carry him. There's no one in the house I can trust except one girl. And if it was Lesard did it, he can just take his chance. I won't tell. But if he did it I'll pay him out, whether he's suspected or not. You're sure it was him?" sharply.

"Sure!" His teeth chattered as he answered.

But she took the candle and made a round of the place, bad enough in the beginning, reeking of murder now. Presently she pounced on the knife, and knew it for Marchmont's own. The sheath was still in his trousers pocket. But it was not he who had killed himself with stab after stab.

The knife handle was sticky with blood, and she remembered Lesard's fastidiously clean hands.

"If he threw that down he'd wash his hands," she said. "Go and look if he left any marks; he might have been cut himself. Curse this stone floor that doesn't take footprints!"

With chattering teeth the butler took the candle from her, and searched the cut stone on the river edge on his knees. Suddenly he turned and the candle in his hand flung a radiance on his face, the face that Judas has worn throughout all ages.

"What did I say!" he whispered, for he had found what he was looking for. "Come here."

Mrs. Gibbs seized the candle with a quick oath, kneeling on the very verge of the stream.

There, on the stone brink, was the print of a hand in blood that was still red, but she stared at in blank amazement.

Fine, small, delicate, those outstretched fingers, that narrow palm, had never been Lesard's! Her own hand was small for a woman of her size, and she stretched it silently over the bloody marks. It overlapped them everywhere.

"It wasn't Lesard's!" She began to tremble violently. "It was a woman—that killed him.

"A woman! What woman?" Neither question or amazement rang naturally.

"I don't know, but I'll find out!" and at the vicious fury of her livid face the butler rejoiced that at least it was not his hand-print she was measuring.

She got up, gritting her teeth. Was there some one else—had Marchmont all this time deceived her? That he was not over and above faithful she knew; he had never tried to hide it. But if there had been any other woman in his confidence who had turned against him that woman's life should pay for it.

Brookes, more ghastly than the corpse, did not dare to refuse as she signed to him to take the dead man's shoulders while she lifted his feet. But terror alone forced him.

Along the slimy passage they carried their burden painfully, Brookes gripping the candle with two fingers, strangely careful that it should not drop hot grease on the dead face that lolled backward horribly, bobbing up and down at each step.

At the entrance of the cellar Mrs. Gibbs stopped. Stripping off her dressing-gown she rolled it round Marchmont.

"We don't want to leave marks," she said dully, her mind running on that other woman who had killed him. "I can burn this!"

And at the silent acquiescence of the butler they went on again, treading softly through the silent house, not daring to whisper lest some wakeful servant might come out on them, drowsy-eyed. And at last they stood in Marchmont's own sitting-room, where the cards still lay disordered, as he and the housekeeper had left them when she went to bed.

"Why not his bedroom?" said Brookes wretchedly.

Somehow it seemed less ghastly for a dead man to lie on his bed than here in the disorder of playing-cards, cigar ends and empty soda-water bottles. Could the butler ever go up-stairs and to bed with this dead man lying down here in his own blood?

"Because this is best! Could any one," pointing scornfully to the window, on the level of the ground, "get in a window two stories up, or get out without leaving footmarks in the garden? There won't be any footmarks looked for here, the stone terrace couldn't be expected to hold them. And the gravel couldn't, either, in this rain. Hear it!" she paused, and the drumming of the heavy downpour sounded to the miserable butler like the feet of a hundred men.

He could only watch as she took the dressing-gown from the body and laid it on the floor in the same attitude it had been in when she found it. It was growing cold. It went to her heart that she could not lay it out, and let it stiffen with decent hands clasped on the breast. The half-closed eyes maddened her. She turned quickly to the butler.

"Come back to the cellar," she ordered; I've forgotten something."

He dared not say *no*. Better go with her than stay with the dead. He saw her catch up a rug from the floor, and did not even ask her why.

Half an hour later as they came from the cellar for the last time, he knew without asking.

She was carrying the rug stretched flat between her hands, too wise to roll it, and it was red and wet with the blood she had wiped from the cellar stones.

Nauseated, he turned from her as she placed it under Marchmont. No one could doubt now where he had been struck down.

"Now," she whispered, "put out the light, pull up the blinds, leave the window open, and we'll go. You can find him in the morning."

"Me!" he recoiled so terror-stricken that she pitied him. "I—can't!" He went to the whiskey decanter and drank from it. "If we don't say anything about the cellar," he muttered, "I suppose you're not going to mention that hand-print to the police."

"You fool! There's other ways than telling," she retorted. "If they find it for themselves they'll be far keener than if they're told. Mind, now, you never heard of the cellar!"

He wished with all his soul he never had, as she picked up her stained dressing-gown and wiped her hands on it, so that something fell out of its folds on the floor.

"Look at that!" she cried. "It's his own handkerchief, all folded and soaked with water. Some one must have put it on him. Do you think whoever killed him got frightened and tried to stop the blood? But it wasn't on him, either, when I found him!"

Brooks had more whiskey before he answered.

"Well—what of it?" he gulped again at the decanter.

"That's a woman's work. A woman would do that—never a man like Lesard. Put down that stuff! I'm going up-stairs."

She put out the lamp as she spoke, and the butler bolted from the room before her, afraid of that which lay stark behind him. But the woman did not follow.

Instead, she sat down, alone in the dark with the dreadful loneliness of the watcher by the dead; sat there with the man who had been her lover and master till the dawn began to grow livid in the east. It seemed to her half-crazed brain that if she could have laid him out and set lighted candles at his head and feet half her pain would have fled. But at last she, too, was forced to leave him.

Painfully, strip by strip, almost inch by inch, she burned her dressing-gown in her own grate; luckily, it was made of flannelette and inflammable as tinder.

But her iron blower was red hot before the thing was gone.

"Mary James has good wits!" she thought suddenly of the girl. "But I'd better go and warn

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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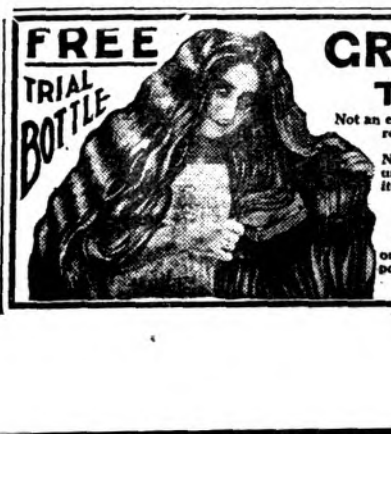
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Dentition

WE take dentition or teething as the subject for this month's talk, knowing that there is a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to the teething of babies. The coming of the teeth is absolutely a normal physiological thing, but often there are symptoms that show up during this time that are very disagreeable and dangerous. I heard a learned professor say that the coming of the teeth was a normal growth of a baby, and did not cause any more disturbance than the growth of the nails and hair. He was a bachelor, and while his ideas along this line may sound scientific, they are far from the truth, and any mother who has sat at the bedside of a baby with high fever, swollen gums, twitching almost to the point of convulsions will appreciate this fact. The first or milk teeth are twenty in number, and are cut in the following order: the two lower central incisors (front teeth) from the seventh to the ninth month, often earlier, sometimes later, after a lapse of five or six weeks the two upper central incisors are cut, then next comes the two lower lateral incisors, and then the two upper lateral incisors.

After an interval the four front molars appear, followed by the four canines, and last of all the four posterior molars, the whole set being cut by the end of the second year. Now it must not be supposed that there is any strict timekeeping in the appearance of the teeth, for although there is a pretty definite order of occurrence, the lower incisors may appear early or late and the others follow, sometimes several at once. I have seen babies five months old with four teeth, and have also seen babies fourteen months old without a sign of a tooth. In both cases the babies seemed normal and healthy. Teething is usually held to be the cause of many ailments, and, without doubt, in many cases this is not true.

The teeth come at a time, as a rule, when the baby's diet is being changed to one of greater variety, and the diarrhea, fever and vomiting that often occurs at this time may be caused by indigestion and not toothcutting.

This much, however, must be allowed, that the growth of a child is one of stages, and there are periods during which unusual progress is made; teething is one of them.

Increased activity of all physiological processes at work necessarily implies greater risk of friction between one organ and another.

In this sense this makes the time of teething a time of peril; the dangers are great from disorders of many kinds, convulsions, bronchitis, diarrhea, each of which claims its victims.

These diseases are not a consequence of the eruption of the teeth, but a part of a general activity of growth and development, to cause which teething and morbid conditions both in a sense contribute.

Some babies are inclined to have a cold when a tooth comes through, the eyes run, nose also; there is much sneezing and may be some cough, or fever and diarrhea; baby is restless and fretful.

This restlessness may become a wildness and excitement of manner, then develop irregular muscular movements with contraction of feet and hands, with eyes rolled up with a staring expression.

There may be excessive dribbling of the saliva, and frequently biting anything they can put their hands on, indigestion is common, and there may be an eruption on the body. Convulsions are not a common ailment of teething and many authorities claim they are seldom seen unless associated with rickets.

The dribbling of the saliva is a peculiar symptom, and the cause is not easy to explain.

In the treatment of these varied conditions, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and without doubt the timely management of slight disorders in all probability arrests more serious disorders. To control the excessive muscular movements often averts the fever, a neglected cold may become bronchitis or pneumonia.

It is always a safe thing to clear out bowels with half-grain doses of calomel or teaspoonful doses of castor oil.

If the baby is very feverish or restless, or there seems to be any danger of convulsions, do not hesitate to use the gum lancet to relieve the pressure, and in severe cases should uncover the tooth.

This may seem to be radical treatment, but it gives relief, the slight bleeding relieves the head symptoms. In gums slightly swollen, swabbing the gums with Glyco-Thymoline gives great relief.

Two-grain doses of bromide of soda, in solution, two or three times a day quiets the restlessness and does not do any harm.

Just a few words in regard to the care of the teeth: a baby's teeth should be cleaned, as soon as they appear, with soft cloth or cotton, and this should be kept up. When a baby has two teeth, side by side, particles of food can and do get in between them.

The subject of dental decay, although one of interest and concern to anyone having the care of children, is hardly within the province of this paper, but keep the baby's teeth clean, and at the first sign of decay take the child to a competent dentist.

This is most important, as decayed teeth cause indigestion, and without doubt many children become food bolters on account of decayed teeth.

A child cannot properly chew its food when the things to do it with are lacking.

Subject for next month, *Flatulence or Colic of Babies.*

Questions and Answers

INDIGESTION.—What can I do for my four-months-old baby, as she has a swollen stomach and cries from colic, also has a breaking out all over her body? She vomits up her food a great deal. What can I do for myself, as I have indigestion?

MRS. W. E. S., Pasco, Wash.
MRS. A. L., Chinquapin, N. C.

A.—Your baby has indigestion, and if she is nursing without doubt your indigestion is handed along to her in the milk, and the breaking out is caused by the indigestion. Keep your own bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, and after meals take two-teaspoonful doses of Elix. Lactated Pepsin. Eat slowly and chew your food thoroughly.

WEANING BABY.—I am writing for advice and help, as I am all run down, feel badly all the time, weigh but ninety-eight pounds. Am nursing a thirteen-months-old baby who is very well and strong, weighs twenty-three pounds. MRS. L. J. P., Murfreesboro, N. C.

A.—Wean baby at once, as nursing him is too much for you; anyway, baby should have been weaned when he was eleven months old.

Stop taking these advertised remedies, drink a quart of milk a day, get out in the open air all you can. Get plenty of sleep, and three times a day take dessertspoonful doses of Neoferrum, or Pepto-Mangan (Gudes'). These things will build up your general health, and you will soon find yourself normal in every way.

GOITER.—I have had goiter for several years and as it seems to get worse am writing to you for advice. The enlargement is across the lower half of my neck and feels as if it were pressing on the windpipe. I get short of breath if I walk or work fast. I am two months pregnant and wish to know if there is anything I can do aside from an operation?

MRS. C. H. L., Scobey, Mont.

A.—There are several different types of goiters, but would suggest the following treatment: two-teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic acid (Gardner's) in one-fourth glass of water, after meals, three times a day.

Locally, should apply as poultices on cloth every night some Iodex, put up by Menley & James, New York City. This treatment will saturate the system with iodin, which is lacking in these cases.

INFANT'S CLOTHES.—What should an infant's clothes consist of for baby that is born in February or March?

MRS. A. A. L., Minneapolis, Minn.,
MRS. G. E. S., Stoneville, N. C.

A.—An infant's outfit varies according to the amount of money to be invested, the same as a person's clothing, but a baby should have the following: three shirts, part wool; three flannel bands about five inches wide, torn, not hemmed; three outing flannel nightdresses; four dresses or slips; three flannel or cotton and wool gertrude petticoats, two little shoulder blankets, two pairs woolen stockings, and at least three dozen diapers.

SLEEPLESS BABY.—What can I do for my fifteen-months-old baby, as he does not sleep nights, stomach rolls, then he cries out? He has done this from birth.

MRS. C. J. F., Houston, Tex.

A.—Your baby has indigestion, and this rolling you hear is gas and, without doubt, causes pain. Should put him on milk and water, half and half at first, then gradually increase the percentage of milk until he is taking pure milk, adding tablespoonful of lime-water to each feeding.

I should give him teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, often enough to keep bowels regular. Give him a little oatmeal gruel strained.

Do not give fruit or acids in any form.

ANEMIA.—What can I do for my fourteen-year-old daughter who has poor blood? She is thin and pale and wounds do not heal properly. MRS. M., Duke, N. C.

A.—Build up her general health with plenty of sleep, quart of milk a day, and after meals three times a day give her dessertspoonful doses of Neoferrum.

MATERNITY CORSETS.—Does it harm baby for mother to wear maternity corsets, and how long should they be worn? Should I use pinked or stitched bands?

MRS. C. M. G., Queen City, Texas.

A.—No, they do not harm baby, and you can wear them until baby arrives. Should use the pinked edge bands.

FRIGHTENED MOTHER.—A few days ago I was badly frightened by a mouse and as I am an expectant mother am worrying for fear I may have harmed baby.

MRS. D. D. C., Graham, Ga.

A.—Absolutely no danger at all.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

in. Then the day before the packing starts one can roast a large piece of meat, bake bread, cake and cookies. Pies are difficult to carry. Make a substantial salad, usually a potato salad. Then with a can of vegetable or tomato soup you can work up until dinner time without worry.

I never use blinds at my windows. They darken the room too much and tenement houses never have any too many windows anyway. I think overdraperies answer the purpose very well.

My oldest child is six. She will go to school this year. Her name is Ivelle. My next is a boy of five. His name is Lionel and my baby is two and one-half years old. We named her Xyla.

Will the sisters please send in some odd names for children.

Lovingly, MRS. ETHEL TILLOTSON.

FT. SMITH, 505 So. 17TH ST., ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

My name is Edward Louis Cote. I am ten months old and weigh twenty-one pounds, have eight teeth and



EDWARD LOUIS COTE.

can almost walk. My hair is light brown and my eyes are very blue. My mother has read COMFORT since she was a little girl. Both my grandmothers take it. I want them to see my picture in COMFORT.

Very truly yours, EDWARD LOUIS COTE.

If you want to sell your dog, Edward, I'll buy him, and it would be quite all right if you came along with him to see that he got good care.—Ed.

ROSWELL, 419 EAST 4TH ST., N. MEX.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I find many helpful and cheering letters in this department but I like best of all those telling how you got your home. We have sacrificed a great deal in order to have a roof over our heads and do away with a landlord's profiteering.

We first bought a lot on a pretty little street for which we paid one hundred dollars down and two hundred in quarterly payments. We had quite a struggle to pay that amount in six months' time as we had four children and ourselves to feed and other bills to pay. While we were paying it we lived in a government tent, 16x16. This was under some large cottonwood trees and we spent the summer there very comfortably. We tried to save money to build a small cottage but were not successful. I heard of a little 18x20-foot shack that was for sale and for which we paid $40.00. It cost $25.00 to have it hauled two and one-half miles, $65.00 in all and we couldn't have gotten lumber for that, to say nothing of carpenters' wages. Husband and I started to make it comfortable enough so we could live in it during the winter as tenting was too cold. It cost $2.60 for a carpenter to fix the windows and doors and while husband was putting tarred paper on the roof I was filling the cracks with rags and helping put on white angora paper. The paper and roofing which we put on ourselves, cost us $18.10, a total of $21.35.

We began buying the lot about the first of February and were in our shack the last of July. That shows that a couple can have a home if they have the determination. Of course they have to put up with hardships. We moved the little house to the rear of the lot and when we get able intend to build in front of it and use this one for summer kitchen or storage room. My husband gets less than one hundred dollars a month. He gives me his check and I save every nickel. Now if he gets sick or loses his job we won't have to move. It cost forty dollars to connect the city water but we were offered four hundred dollars for the lot before we put the shack on it, so it was worth it.

I will close by asking the sisters to send me flower seeds to beautify our lot. I will call it our COMFORT flower garden.

With love, MRS. PETE FAHRLENDER.

MARYSVILLE, R. R. 1, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is a fine paper. I could not keep house without it. I have taken it for over thirty years and this is the first time I have ever written to it but if I see this in print I will come again and tell you about Washington and other places, as I have done a lot of traveling.

I have had very little schooling, on account of ness and there was a large family, seven girls and boys (another boy died), so it kept us all very busy the oldest had to stay at home and help with the My dear father and mother are still living and the care of them. How many of you look after dear parents as you should? You will be old some day and you will know better how to mother feel if you are cross to them. Remember are like little children again. We never know they went through for us so let's take good care while we have them with us and we will get our some day. And as for the mother-in-law, one "I just will not have my mother-in-law with you can it is best all around to live in separate but if you will not have your husband's mother expect to have your own mother live with you is your husband's mother-in-law. I had the mother-in-law. She has been dead eight years. band likes my mother so we have no family We are both old fashioned as you would say happy. We were married 25 years ago the November, our silver wedding, and can say we to have our first quarrel.

I like to see more letters from the brothers of them are very good.

I will tell you how I fixed my bedroom. I second-hand bed, dresser, washstand and two very little money. I removed the old paint pieces by dissolving a can of lye in hot soda ing it over the furniture with an old brush rinsed with clear water and let it dry. After gave it two coats of white enamel and it was the room, which was fifteen feet square with dows. I papered the walls with striped paper and white, because it was low. I used a narrow out border of blue, as the room was to be all white. I painted the floor pearl gray and the white. Then I had three oval rugs which I cotton rags dyed in three shades of blue and The curtains were of white with side hangings I made a box couch to put at the foot of the hold coverings. This I covered with dark blue seat with cushions of blue and white, also cushions chair and rocker. The pictures were framed and the bed coverings were in blue and white. an attractive room.

I am five feet tall and weigh 200 pounds brown hair and blue eyes and am always smiling a small foot, a 5½, and a large hand. Take my glove. Don't say I am too fat for what can I get thin? I do not eat so much and I work hard. fifty years old the 17th of February.

With love to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson little for the brothers,

MRS. C. E. WEBB.

P. S. I love the Sisters' Corner,
I love the Fancy Work,
I love the Editorials,
But I love the whole COMFORT best.

FRUITLAND PARK, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

For the benefit of the reader who asked how to floor covering of sacks and paint, I'm writing method.

First, have floors clean, then lay down two or layers of newspapers, then the sacks that have cleaned. They should be fitted to the floor and laid perfectly smooth, the edges lapped and After this is done a filler is applied. This may at home of flour and water cooked to the consistency thick starch or it may be bought all ready Whichever is used, it is well to brush it into ing with a stiff brush. When this is thoroughly apply two coats of any good floor paint, letting dry hard before the second is applied.

Yours truly, MRS. W. C. CRANE.

STROUD, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first attempt at writing a letter to the ters' Corner. I have read COMFORT ever since I to read. I think that Crumbs of Comfort is one its many delights and is too little mentioned. food for thought. I liked this: "Little acts of ness are like bags of lavender and serve to every object around them."

I see that most of the sisters describe themselves I will too for it gives the readers a chance to have mental picture of the writer and that is more ing than guesswork. I am twenty-five years old, sometimes young, five feet, nine inches around one hundred and sixty-five. Have black hair, so straight it would bend the iron before it would curl, brown eyes but as I am used there is some green mixed with the brown but it shows when I'm on mischief bent. My complexion would be called olive but it is covered with tan and I've about forgotten what it is like. I have been married six years and a half, and am the mother of boys living. The oldest one died with measles would be five years old if he had lived. Bert Wilson is his mamma's pal. He was four last June and learning very fast. Is nearly through his primer can print most of the letters. He has a small blackboard and chalk and it amuses him as well as him to learn his letters both written and printed. has committed to memory the four verses of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." This will sound like a but I wish all of you could have seen my little cracking walnuts and the little chickadees and hopping right into his lap and eating kernels from broken pieces in his hands, as he sat on the He also loves the big, fat bluejays, says the blue are his and the red ones mine. He knows how love the red birds. What is more inspiring than hear the old fellow sing his "Good cheer, good cheer, cheer," from the top of an oak tree on the side. How well Mrs. Porter pictured him in her "The Song of the Cardinal." There are many that teach us the wonders of the Most High but I hear that bird sing out his "good cheer," I surely He must be somewhere near.

How many readers of COMFORT are actively interested in saving the life of the wild? There are too few us now that are and if folks don't wake up it is too late, we are going to be without some of most precious gifts. The Cubby Bear page also us a lot about wild life of birds and animals, the stories are for children, we can read between lines and enjoy them.

Another good thing I found in COMFORT was Mrs. Hutchinson's kitchen plans. It certainly hit the spot, the home conveniences of farmers and people live away from gas, etc. I want a kitchen like some day. I will hang a sweet singing canary in window near the built-in bookcase and put a pot of geraniums in the window above the sink. Couldn't person work with more comfort and joy in a home like that? You young, and old, farmer bridegroom-to-be, take notice. A convenient kitchen makes a happy wife and the two can make a tired man forget work he has done and feel like spreading his face in a broad smile.

I certainly enjoyed Mrs. Marsh's and Mrs. Porter's letters. I think letters like these are worth keeping to read over again.

I am the oldest of a family of six, two girls and four boys. My sister, four years younger than I am, is married. We lost our mother last April. She was my chum and best friend.

I wish someone who knows would tell me how to get rid of away rose pests so that the fragrance wouldn't be lost.

With love to all and best wishes,

MRS. LILLIAN PENNYPACKER.

DRAKETOWN, R. R. 1, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I think nearly every subject has been discussed except the garden and flower subject. I am a great lover of the outdoor world. Although I have a dear husband and four small children to love and care for, I manage some time to work in my yard and garden.

Let me tell you flower lovers how I grow chrysanthemums as large as saucers. In the fall or early spring I dig holes deep enough to hold a peck or more of well rotted compost. This I mix with the top soil. Then I take a rooted slip from the old stalk and set in my new hill. Keep this plant worked and fertilized with guano and nitrate of soda. Soon it sends out buds. These I keep pinched out until August or September when I allow three or four to each plant. These will form buds, all of which keep pinched out except the center or largest bud. Be sure they are staked well for the blooms are so large they are easily blown over. Dahlias are also larger if kept disbudded. I wish Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters could have seen my "mums" last fall before Jack Frost changed their color. Some of them were so tall I had to bend them over to pick of them. I have over a dozen colors and about the same of dahlias. We also raise many pretty annuals and perennials such as asters, Sweet Williams, petunias and several others. I can gather blooms all the year except January and February. As soon as the weather begins to get warm in the spring the brave little pansy violets peep out of their bed of green foliage, then the jonquils, narcissus, butter-and-eggs, then the fragrant hyacinths of all colors followed by roses and large buds of snapdragon, phlox, Canterbury bells, then the delias and gladioli. My roses bloomed until Christmas last year. I gathered a large bunch of cream-colored buds for a bride on the 24th of December. I am a great lover of lilies of all kinds but my favorite is the sweet-scented Easter lily.

I have worked very hard in my yard but I think I am repaid by having so many pretty blooms for friends and sick people.

Let us hear from other flower lovers.

MRS. ETHEL CURRY.

A new sister.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Keeping Your Baby Happy

By Barbara Allen

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THE mother may be expert in baby hygiene, baby feeding and baby diseases. She may be able to apply the last word in child welfare to the upbringing of her little one but there is quite as vital a thought to be kept in mind in conion with baby lore.

'e must keep the baby happy.

'he little one comes into the world with as velously growing a mind and emotional na- as body. He feels *joy* and sunshine and love e if not almost as keenly as he feels hunger. gratitude for his mother's smile is as heartas that which he feels for his bottle of warm t. How, then, can we bring the right kind of to our babies that they may grow up emotion- as well as bodily healthy?

'he baby's physical comfort comes first as hav- an important relation to his mental health. home that houses the baby should be sunny, l ventilated and dry. This is not always limi by the income of the family; it is a matter electing the sunny side of the street, the betarrangement of rooms, the better plumbing the wider yard space for the same rental as comfortable conditions. If it is necessary to et a city house, the parents should consider t possibilities of improvements it holds. Can roof be utilized for play space? Is there avail- space for putting on a porch or bay window one side? Can the back yard be made over quately to hold simple apparatus—a swing, s, ladder, balance beam, a sand pile—for the dler's future physical development.

arents who live in small communities or in the ntry will not have this important light and consideration but their housing precautions for baby will be even more important. The base- at or cellar should be dry. If the water supcomes from a well, the well should be so lo- ed that the water is not polluted by dangerous inage from a stable or outhouse. Nearby piles arbage, pools of stagnant water, manure heaps, use or rubbish of any kind are all a menace to yhood and should be disposed of.

unshine makes the baby supremely happy. The le one basks and warms and unfolds in it just does a flower. That room in which the sun nes the longest during the day should be used the baby's living-room. The room should have onstant supply of fresh air, as the baby will much less liable to illness than when he is deved of it. To "air" a room at intervals by ning the windows is well, but a far better plan o have a continual stream of fresh air flowing ough. To do this the windows must be opened opposite sides of the room in order to secure a ss draft, which is always necessary to real vention. When the outside temperature is so exmely low that a comfortable temperature can- be maintained with the windows open, outair should be frequently admitted by opening e the windows on opposite sides and flushing ry part of the room for a few moments. In re weather it is a good plan to air the nursery never the baby is taken into another room. In the mild months the windows should be kept stantly open night and day.

although the baby flowers in the sunshine, e must be taken in his earlier months to vent the eye strain that results from direct s of light. The little one's eyes and head uld be shielded from the direct sunlight, even n he is asleep. Neither should he be aled to lie with his eyes turned directly toward sky, even if it is a gray day. The window ens in a room occupied by a toddler should be made as to lower from the top, or thin wooden ts should be used to keep the lower sash se- e. All screens should be so securely fastened to have no possibility of their being pushed . And the greatest care should be taken to otect the little one from the discomfort and nger of flies and mosquitoes. If the house is adequately screened, the baby's bed or carge should be covered with netting. This should arranged-tent fashion, suspended over a crude, ht framework that the little one may not have discomfort that comes from the fabric touch- his face.

We all know how dependent we are for comting rest upon the right kind of bed. The by's muscles are even more easily tired and imped than ours and his bed needs to be exactsuited to his needs.

The first bed may be made from an ordinary othes-basket or from a light box, such as an ange crate. Later a metal crib with a firm ring is desirable. Table padding or "silence" oth, folded to four thicknesses, makes a very od mattress, because it is readily washable; en washed it should be hung out of doors to y. A sanitary crib mattress may be made by uffing bed ticking with excelsior, which can be newed as often as necessary. Sphagnum moss, straw, can be used in the same way. The matess cover may be made of bed ticking or heavy bleached muslin, which can be emptied, washed, d dried in the sun at intervals. In case exlsior or straw is used for the temporary filling, should be made as level and smooth as possible, d a piece of soft felting or a small comfort ould always be placed over the mattress to ften the rough surface.

It is almost impossible to gauge the discomfort d resultant peevishness that is caused in the dy and mind of the baby by our frequent caress choice of his carriage. The folding cart, light d inexpensive, is valuable because it allows other and baby to go to many places for air d play made impossible by a heavier vehicle. But ese carts should be used only for such trips as re taken when the mother can hold the baby for greater part of the way. Otherwise the little mbs will become cramped and real pain to the bild follow.

The best baby carriage for general street and ursery use measures at least two feet from the round. A carriage lower than this exposes the aby to driving currents of cold and hot air unerneath that are not only uncomfortable but ealth menacing. He is also jeopardized by the erm-laden dust of the street in a lower vehicle. his high carriage should be roomy enough to old under and upper wrappings and a comfortble pillow. It should also allow space for the aby to lie down without any resulting muscular train. The top should be lined with green and e easily and quickly adjustable to meet any eather changes. Strong, well-balanced springs re necessary and the carriage should have wheels vith rubber tires. A strap is imperative but if ne can be arranged to adjust about the baby's vaist, fastening at the back, this is more comortable and efficacious than the ordinary carriage strap.

Next to baby's comfort in his best emotional development is the best home accommodation for his free, muscular play that develops him as almost nothing else does. A creeping pen affords the necessary protection to the baby and gives space for play. It consists of a fence made in four sections, each, say, 18 inches high and four feet long, hinged at three corners and latched at the fourth. Ready-made pens have spindles like a stair rail, so that baby may have something to take hold of when he drives to climb to his feet. As it folds together, the pen can be readily moved about. The floor of the pen should be made of something soft to save the baby from bumps. A cork mat is the cleanest and best material, but a blanket or rug will answer. When the pen is used in the yard a floor of clean white sand will not only protect the clothing but afford the baby who is old enough to play by himself much wholesome entertainment. A combination bed and play pen, the sides of which are covered with wire netting, is on the market. The bottom is made of flexible slats and covered below with matting. The bed has a cover so that baby is completely protected from flies and mosquitoes, and is perfectly safe. It is furnished with casters, or wheels, that it may readily move about, and it may be folded up when not in use.

When it is not possible to purchase one of the ready-made articles an ingenious person may devise a satisfactory play pen from any materials at hand. A board six or eight feet long and a foot wide may be used to fence off a sunny corner of the nursery for a pen.

Only a few well-chosen furnishings and toys are necessary for baby play. No child should use a high chair until his spine is strong and he is able to hold his head erect. The habit of leaving a very young child in a high chair, fastened and alone, for even a comparatively short period of time is dangerous. The rigid sitting position may result in a permanent curvature of the spine. Toys should be large, washable and without sharp edges or points. Any toy that has loose parts such as tassels or bells that can be loosened, and possibly swallowed, should be tabooed. The same rule holds in connection with those toys that are painted or have a woolly covering. A light basket covered with oilcloth that can be easily washed may be used to hold clothes-pins, blocks, spools for stringing, a spoon or two and the other simple home objects that delight a child in its early months just as much as do the more elaborate and expensive toys. This basket and its contents may be easily and frequently washed and it will furnish the baby with endless delight.

The baby who is good is the happy baby. The right kind of home discipline for the child of this early age will not only keep the baby joyful but will help to establish his mental health, for a cross baby often results in a sick or ailing one. Often our thoughtless playing with the baby irritates him. A young, delicate baby needs a good deal of rest, alone. We love to hear him laugh and crow in what we think is delight as we tickle, punch or toss the frail little body, but his resulting glee is usually caused by nervousness, and irritability is bound to follow. The baby should not be rocked, jumped up and down, tossed, shaken or jounced in his crib or carriage. To rest and change the position of his body he should be taken up occasionally and held in his mother's arms, but quietly, and only to rest his muscles.

An older child should be taught to sit on the floor or in his pen or crib during part of his waking hours, or he will be very likely to make too great demands upon the mother's strength. No one who has not tried it realizes how much nervous energy can be consumed in "minding" a baby who can creep or walk about, and who must be continually watched and diverted, and the mother who is taking the baby through this period of life will need to conserve all her strength, and not waste it in useless forms of activity.

When a baby cries simply because he has learned from experience that this brings him what he wants, it is one of the worst habits he can learn, and one which takes all the strength of the mother to break. Crying should cease when the cause has been removed. If the baby cries persistently for no apparent cause, the mother may suspect illness, pain, hunger or thirst. But if finally, after careful scrutiny of all these conditions, no cause for the crying can be found, the baby probably wants to be taken up, walked with, played with, rocked, or to have a light, or to have someone sit by him—the result of his having learned that crying will get him what he wants, and sufficient to make a spoiled, fussy baby, and a household tyrant whose continual demands make a slave of the mother. It is difficult to break up this habit after it has once been formed, but it can be done. After the baby's needs have been fully satisfied he should be put down alone and allowed to cry until he goes to sleep. This may sound cruel, and it is very hard for a young mother to do, but it will usually take only a few nights of this discipline to accomplish the result. In some cases persistent crying may be due to causes not readily discernible by the mother; in this event, *the opinion of a good doctor as to the* cause of the crying should be sought.

Thumb sucking is another habit that needs attention. To break it up requires resolution and patience on the part of the mother. The thumb or finger must be persistently and constantly removed from the mouth and baby's attention diverted to something else. The sleeve may be pinned or sewed down over the fingers of the offending hand for several days and nights, or the hand may be put in a cotton mitten. Ill-tasting applications have very little effect. There are patent articles for holding the hand from the mouth sold in the stores, but the persistent covering of the hand often works very well. The baby's hands should be set free now and then, especially if he is old enough to use his hands for his toys, and at meal times, to save as much unnecessary strain on his nerves as possible, but with the approach of sleeping time the hand must be covered.

A good deal of the naughtiness of babyhood has its beginnings in physical discomfort. Babies who are properly fed, who are kept hygienically clean, who sleep and play comfortably in plenty of fresh air and who have been properly trained are happy, well-behaved babies. The period of infancy is more important than any later two years of life. The child's nervous system is like a series of telegraph wires carrying impulses through the eyes, ears, fingers and mouth to the brain—each impulse making a deeper habit path for itself than the last.

If these first stimuli are arranged by the mother in good, orderly fashion, there will be no danger of an emotional storm later on.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

CARPENTER, R. R. 2, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often thought of writing but at the last moment my heart would fail me, but I think it was a description of Mrs. Mullikin's flowers that really woke me up and gave me courage. I love flowers and one rarely sees or hears of such a collection as she has. I would enjoy a glimpse of them. I have quite a few.

This is planting time. I wonder how many of the sisters raise their own plants? This is the way I go about it. I procure my soil and bake or heat it in the oven to kill all seeds of a foreign nature and destructive earth worms. Put in a shallow box allowing plenty of room for the young plants and keep the box in the house until the plants come up and every day thereafter I put them out in the sunshine. That makes them hardy. I usually plant the seed about March 15th for early plants and April 7th for late plants.

I also make my own soap. Have tried many ways but think this the best. One can of lye or potash dissolved in one quart of rain water, let come to boil. Add four pounds of grease drippings or scraps and let boil vigorously for a short time, stirring constantly. If scraps are used, as soon as they are eaten up the soap is done. It is solid and good.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism. Can any of the sisters help me? I have doctored for several years but am getting worse.

I hope to see this in print. Good wishes to the whole family. MRS. HATTIE WELLS.

GOLDTHWAITE, P. O. BOX 277, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

At last I have managed to get up sufficient nerve to write to the Sisters' Corner. I have wondered many times if I could write a letter that would be of interest to any one.

I am a great lover of flowers and will tell you how I have my flowers arranged. Our house fronts the west and from the porch to the gate over the walk is an arbor covered with Dorothy Perkins roses of red and pink, and inside the arbor are hanging baskets of ivy and Wandering Jew, and shelves on each side for my pot plants,—the rose vines protect them from the hot sun and high winds.

On the north side of the yard I have a bed built of rock about three feet high and two feet wide, filled with rich soil. I planted a red geranium in the center and the Wandering Jew around the edge, and it is growing on the sides between the rocks; at each end of the front steps is an oleander, pink and white, growing in tubs so they can be put in the pit in the winter.

On the south side I have a large bed of Cannas, bordered with violets, and around a cedar tree is a bed of verbenas, this is also bordered with violets, and morning glory vines running on the tree, and then I have a bed of dahlias and tuberoses in the corner of the house and porch. At the front fence is a row or Shasta daisies, and in a very large bed are a mixture of roses, gladioli, chrysanthemums, marygolds and zinnias.

In the back yard, for a background is a row of hollyhocks, and gladioli, and under the water tank is an elephant ear and a large clump of cattails, at the back porch is a bed of red geraniums, and a porch box of red, white and purple verbenas, and a window box of red, white and pink geraniums, and climbing up the side and over the kitchen door is a morning glory vine.

Next year I plan to have a bed made of rocks, about five feet wide and one foot high, filled with good rich soil and planted in coleus.

There is lots of work about flowers but I enjoy it for a home is not complete without them to me. I have seven children at home, five boys and two girls, from 14 years down to a sweet brown-eyed baby boy six months old. They are all healthy and strong and full of life and you can just imagine the noise they make for they are a merry band.

I take several magazines, some of them $2.00 per year, but I like COMFORT best of all. I hope every COMFORT sister that reads my letter will write to me. I will answer all I can.

With love to all,

COMFORT'S friend,
MRS. ALBERT M. HUNT.

WASHINGTON, INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I enjoy reading COMFORT and am always glad when it arrives. The first thing I look for are the pictures and then I read every letter. It's like talking to some old friends.

How many of the sisters, after making pies such as lemon, cocoanut, etc., mark them in the size they are to be cut, as soon as they come from the oven? It keeps the meringue from coming apart and makes a neat looking pie.



NORWOOD EUGENE DAYTON.

I am sending a picture of my little boy who was four years old when this was taken. He has light hair and big brown eyes and very fair. He likes fishing. His name is Norwood Eugene.

I would like to hear from as many sisters as care to write. I like to get letters, especially in the winter time.

I am twenty-five years old, fair complexion, gray eyes, and am five feet and two inches tall, and married to one of the best men in the world.

Love to all. MRS. MELL DAYTON.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

While reading COMFORT today the idea came to me to write again, as I love the paper dearly. In fact, it's the only friend I have.

I noticed in a recent issue of COMFORT something about making coffee of wheat and I'll tell you how we make ours. To one gallon of wheat bran add one pint of cooking molasses and one-half pint of white sugar; mix through the bran so as not to leave any lumps. Put in the baker to brown and stir often so it won't burn. I use two teaspoons of this for one cup of coffee. This is not as good as coffee but we like it better and I cannot drink the real coffee.

I'll tell you why I haven't many friends. It is because I am an unfortunate girl, and most of you know how they are treated. I was scorned and have to live as a servant in my own family. I hope Troubled Mother takes that girl to her heart and loves her as her only daughter. LONESOME.

HERON, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Is there room for a sister, one who has read your letters and profited by them for several years and who has a warm spot in her heart for all?

Molly Joe, I think you are right. One can be happy and carefree more so when single than when married. I wish you success.

Daisy Whitman, the last paragraph of your letter ought to be a cure for any movie grouch.

Stuffing Blue Chums, I don't blame you for being proud of your letter. It was an inspiration to many of us.

Contented Wife, as to teaching your little girl her letters at home, it seems as though most teachers condemn this as they use the phonetic method now instead of the old letter building idea. Last year I started my boy to school. He had had no teaching of any kind at home. He was past six years old and made the second grade at the end of the term, with a number of good marks to his credit. This year my girl, who wasn't six until November, began her first year in school, but during last spring and summer my boy, being so proud of being able to read, taught her the letters and a number of the phonetics, also a few small words. This year after going two weeks in the first grade she was promoted to the second grade. So I think it doesn't do any harm to teach the letters and some small words, also how to add and count.

Mrs. Alice Montgomery, you certainly are right concerning the Bachelor and Modern girl. I've a bachelor brother with whom I've had many a lengthy argument on this subject. And in the last two years he is beginning to look at the subject the same as I.

Let me tell you how I amuse my children on long winter evenings or rainy days. We make picture frames, by cutting them out of wall paper samples and mounting the pretty pictures we find in magazines and catalogues. We also make our valentines, Easter cards and Christmas decorations this same way. Of course there is no real value in these things but it does teach the children harmony of color and takes up time that otherwise would get on our nerves. For instance, a Bon Ami chicken cut from a colored page, mounted on an oblong piece of wall paper of pretty design and this tied to a piece of blotter the same size and shape, by baby ribbon, and with the words Easter Greeting written in colored ink, makes a very nice gift for a schoolmate or a member of the family.

Valentines are made from wall paper hearts mounted on plain writing paper background and surrounded by small gold or red hearts and a few appropriate words. One can develop dozens of pretty things in a few evenings.

I would like to get the words to an old song, part of which goes:

"The colored folks are scattered o'er the land, and
times ain't like they used to be,
When Massa had his say and each plantation had its
negro band."

Also the words to the song, "For Grandmother Told Me So," which starts with the words:

"American Eagle, hysterical bird, oh, flap your wings
and crow,
For slavery's embellished, yes, dat's the word, for
Grandmother told me so."

Love to all.

MRS. DELLA M. BARTO.

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I've taken COMFORT for three years and during that time have dropped a number of other magazines that cost more but were not worth as much. I think that tells how I like COMFORT.

I am especially interested in the letters that pertain to home making and child raising. I've been married six years and have two lively children and sometimes they tax my patience and wisdom to the limit. Their names are Theo, Jr., five, and Marie, two. Now I come to my question: I would like to know what the sisters have to say on this subject. When a child does a forbidden thing and owns up to it (which seems to be seldom), what is the best thing to do, punish him for the deed and risk him lying to save himself the next time, or let him go without being punished and maybe do something worse the next time? My boy has surely got the best of me, even though he is only a baby. He doesn't fear or care for anyone. The baby seems to be the same too. They defy you to spank them. It just seems to make matters worse.

Now for a few hints that you may already know, but I didn't always.

Odds and ends of crochet thread are better for working buttonholes than spool cotton, especially the soft finish for outing-flannel nighties, etc.

When making lemon pie filling, after squeezing the juice from the lemons, drop the rinds into the boiling water a few minutes before adding the other ingredients. Remove rinds.

If your frosting should happen to cook too long and sugar, just put some butter in a little hot water and dip a knife in this to smooth it down. This will prevent it getting hard and crumbling.

I am fitting black sateen and blue denim rompers to my little girl for this winter, to save wash and wear of under clothing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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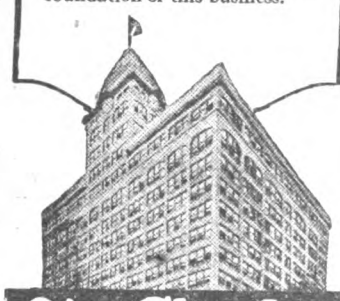
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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Isabel's quick eye soon caught sight of them, and with a cry of pleasure she darted across the room to secure them, then returned to the desk and finally succeeded in fitting the right key in its lock.

The desk, in itself was nothing remarkable, for it had seen long usage, but its contents were rare and lovely.

A golden penholder and pen lay within; also an elaborate paper knife of the same metal; a silver paper weight of exquisite workmanship and design; a seal of onyx, in which blazed a huge ruby; besides several other things; and all these were marked with the same initials, "E. H."

Isabel lifted the inner lid, and, behold! the casket of ebony, inlaid with pearl, which Miss Metabel had given Brownie on that last day of her life, was within.

There were also several packages of letters and papers, but to these she paid no heed.

"I have found them," she cried, and was about to seize the casket when she caught the sound of a footstep outside the door.

Her heart stood still with fear, and cold chills crept down her back.

She had not dreamed that Miss Douglas would return so soon, for she had heard her tell Alma she would be gone for an hour or more.

She would not be caught in this contemptible act for all the jewels in the queen's crown, and she began to look about for some way of escape.

A hand was laid upon the doorknob, and it turned. A moment's silence, and it was tried again—this time with more force.

Then a voice called:

"Miss Douglas, please, may I come in a moment?"

It was Viola's; and Isabel grew faint with a sense of relief, but she stood silent, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should be heard, and her sister insist upon coming in.

Presently she heard Alma call out:

"Viola, Miss Douglas is not there; she has gone out for a walk."

Then the steps moved away, and the guilty girl was obliged to sit down to gather strength, before she could continue her investigations. Cowardice and guilt are inseparable.

She dare not wait long, however, and soon turned her attention to the ebony casket again.

Fortunately for her, the little golden key, with its curious chain attached, was in the lock.

Brownie had forgotten to clasp it about her neck again after replacing the jewels.

As she was about turning the key she hesitated, while a feeling of her own meanness stole over her.

"If I didn't mistrust the girl, I wouldn't do it," she apologized to herself. Then she added: "If she is not what she pretends, of course it is better for us to know it before the girls become contaminated; but if I do not discover anything, why, then it is all right."

With this bit of doubtful sophistry in her mind, she turned the key and lifted the lid.

The sight which greeted her dazzled her, even as it had Brownie when she had first looked upon those treasures.

There lay the coral cross and the butterfly hair ornament, for which she had been seeking, but she almost lost sight of them while gazing upon those others, of tenfold more value and beauty.

"Now I know she is a thief!" murmured the astonished girl, when she had somewhat recovered from her surprise. "It is not possible," she added, "that any girl of her age, outside of royalty itself, could ever be the rightful possessor of such magnificence as this. Why, there is a fortune here," she went on; "and no one need tell me that a girl would choose to work for her daily bread when she has the means of living in luxury in her possession. But no, it is evident that she has stolen them, and does not dare to sell them for fear of detection. Yes, and she must have stolen all those other things marked 'E. H.' What a creature we have been harboring! I imagine Wilbur and Mr. Dredmond will not think her quite so charming when they come to know that her dainty hands have been guilty of kleptomania. How exquisite," she said, bending over them and touching the precious stones with her white fingers. "This diamond necklace is fit for a princess. But what shall I do about them?" she asked, after she had inspected them all. "If she has stolen them, as I do not doubt she has, they certainly ought not to be left in her possession. I will take them to mamma, and ask her what shall be done with them."

With this decision arrived at, Isabel closed the lid of the casket, remarking its beautiful inlaid cover as she did so; then, removing it from the desk, she shut and locked that, and restored the keys to the trunk where she had found them. Then she sped swiftly to her mother's boudoir, devoutly hoping that Brownie would not return until she had displayed her treasures to her, made her explanation, and they could decide what was best to be done about the matter.

If the truth had been known, the meddlesome girl had a secret longing to possess the jewels herself.

CHAPTER XV.

TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

Mrs. Coolidge looked up with a frown as Isabel entered the room.

"What have you there?" she demanded, as she caught sight of the casket which her daughter carried.

"You remember, mamma, what I said about Miss Douglas being the possessor of such elegant jewels?" said Isabel, not heeding the question.

"Yes; you said you did not quite believe she came by them honestly. Why?"

"I am sure of it now. Look here!"

She suddenly threw back the lid of the casket, and placed it in her mother's lap.

"Merciful heavens, child! Where did you get these? Ah!" she continued, as Isabel did not reply, "here are the very ornaments which Miss Douglas wore the other evening."

She looked up at her daughter, and the two read each other's faces in silence for a moment.

"You do not mean to tell me that you found all these in her possession?" she said at length in a low tone.

"I do, mamma," Isabel said impressively.

"But how did you happen to discover them? Surely, my daughter, you have not been guilty of prying into her things during her absence," said Mrs. Coolidge gravely.

Isabel colored violently.

"I have, mamma. I should think it was time some one investigated matters, when we have a governess in the house possessing such treasures. I believed her guilty of theft, and I was determined that the girls should not remain under her influence if anything could be proved against her. So I set myself to work; and I think when you have examined the contents of that box, and hear what I have to tell you, that you will conclude that she is no fit instructress for your daughters."

"Isabel, I am afraid you have done a very unwise thing," remarked her mother thoughfully, with her eyes still fixed upon the jewels.

"How so?"

"We cannot prove that she stole a single article in her possession."

"Why, she has quantities of beautiful things, marked with the initials 'E. H.'"

And Isabel explained about the case of golden-stoppered perfumery flasks, and the contents of the writing-desk; also about the note.

"If she is light-fingered, you don't want her here; she'll be adding to her stock by appropriating our treasures," concluded the heartless girl.

"No; if she is that kind of a person, she ought not to be allowed to remain."

"Well, do you believe that any girl in her circumstances could be the honest possessor of that fortune?" Isabel asked, pointing toward the gleaming jewels.

"No, I'm afraid not. Yet I dislike, of all things, that you should have got them in the way you have."

Mrs. Coolidge took up the diamond necklace, and it sparkled in her hands like huge drops of dew in the sun.

"Very well; I will replace them at once, mamma, if you think best and we will say no more about it," replied her daughter cunningly.

She had noticed the avaricious gleam in her mother's eyes as they contemplated their beauty, and she knew she would give as much to possess them as she would herself.

"That would never do, my daughter. I should not rest easy while there is a suspicion against Miss Douglas's honesty in my heart. There is only one thing to be done now."

"What is that?"

"We must demand an explanation of her immediately upon her return."

"Of course, she has a trumped-up story of some kind; she is too artful not to be prepared for us."

"She will have to prove her property, my dear. At all events, I shall advise her to dispose of them in some way. It is not proper for a governess to have such valuables."

"Perhaps she would sell them to us, mamma," said Isabel, a greedy look in her eyes. "That tiara would be vastly becoming to me."

"They are the most exquisite jewels I have ever seen in my life, and the settings are peculiar. But what is there underneath? Have you looked, Isabel?" Mrs. Coolidge asked, finding the velvet bed was movable.

"No; I was so startled at finding such an array that I did not stop to make any further investigations, but brought them directly to you."

Mrs. Coolidge lifted the velvet bed.

"What have we here?" she exclaimed, as she saw the enameled locket studded with diamonds.

With breathless curiosity she touched the spring, and it flew open, revealing the face of Lord Dunforth.

"Who can it be, mamma?" asked Isabel, with wonder-wide eyes.

"I do not know; no one who belongs to Miss Douglas, I fancy, from his looks. How strangely he is dressed—like some court gentleman."

"And what is this?" said Isabel, taking up the card that lay beneath. Then she cried out: "Why, mamma, it is a dancing list, and look! here are the names of counts and lords! Do you believe now that Miss Douglas ever came by these things honestly?" she demanded, in tones of triumph.

"No, Isabel, I do not," returned her mother, with firm-set lips; "and I shall inquire into it immediately on her return."

"What could a young girl eighteen years old—a poor working girl without a penny, too, and who had never been out of her own country before, know of lords and counts?"

The idea was absurd.

There was a mystery about the whole thing, a tantalizing mystery, which both women were eager to solve.

Evidently Miss Douglas had seen better days, they reasoned, or she could never have received the excellent education she possessed; but then any enterprising person in moderate circumstances could acquire that under the training of the first-class schools which are found in most of the larger cities of the United States.

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of Mrs. Coolidge, she heard the hall door open and close, and Brownie's voice in cheerful conversation with Wilbur.

He had joined her by accident (?) while she was walking, and had made himself so entertaining and agreeable that the clouds upon her face had all been driven away.

She tripped gayly up stairs, wholly unconscious of the thunderbolt awaiting her.

Isabel confronted her as she reached the top stairs.

"Mamma would like to see you in her dressing-room immediately, Miss Douglas," she said haughtily.

She colored at the tone and manner, but, wholly unconscious of any coming evil, she obeyed the summons as soon as she had removed her hat and jacket.

She found Mrs. Coolidge sitting cold and dignified in her armchair.

"Be seated, Miss Douglas," she said solemnly. "I wish to speak to you upon a matter of importance."

Brownie sat down, her clear eyes wide with wonder at her reception.

There was a moment's awkward silence, the lady of the house hardly knowing how to commence.

"Ahem!" she began, shifting her glance from the clear, innocent eyes, which she had thought must have fallen before her accusing look. "Ahem! Miss Douglas, I have sent for you to ask what may seem a strange question, nevertheless, I feel it to be a duty to myself and family to ask it."

Brownie's fair face began to change color again.

Mrs. Coolidge noticed it, and her assurance was restored.

"I, of course, expect you to give me a straightforward reply," she added impressively.

The shining brown head was lifted a trifle, her delicate nostrils dilated, while an unwonted spark lighted those beautiful eyes, which never for a moment left the matron's face.

She requested to give a straightforward answer!

When had she ever done otherwise?

"I wish to ask you, Miss Douglas," Mrs. Coolidge said, coming to the point at once, and feeling very uncomfortable beneath her look, "if you have anything in your possession which does not honestly belong to you?"

She now fixed her stern gaze full upon the beautiful face. The battle was begun, and she was prepared to fight it out.

For an instant all three—for Isabel had returned to the room, and now stood behind her mother's chair, where she could watch her rival—could distinctly hear the ticking of Mrs. Coolidge's watch, which lay upon the dressing table at her side.

Then Brownie arose, and stood like an insulted princess before her inquisitor.

"Madam, I ask—nay, I demand—to know why you put such a question to me?" she said, in low, firm tones.

Her face had grown white as the narrow linen collar which she wore, and her eyes burned dangerously.

"You forget yourself, Miss Douglas," Mrs. Coolidge said pompously. "It was I who asked you a question."

"And I consider such a question an insult, madam!"

"Very well; I expected you would; all people who are guilty of wrong feel insulted, or appear to, when they are accused."

"Guilty of wrong! accused! I do not understand you, madam. Of what do you acense me?" demanded the young girl, with a proud dignity which her employer had not expected from her.

She began to feel a little shaky, but she was in for it now, and must go on.

"I accuse you of having stolen costly articles and appropriating them to your own use," she said solemnly.

"Explain yourself, if you please, Mrs. Coolidge."

Those brown eyes were almost black now, but her answer was intensely quiet, and the lovely face like a snowflake.

"Allow me to ask you one question before I explain."

"Certainly."

"How came you by those beautiful jewels, those very costly ornaments, which you wore to the opera last Wednesday evening?"

"They were given to me, madam."

"By whom?"

"By a very dear friend."

There was a quiver in the sweet voice, a trembling of the scarlet lips, but the lovely eyes were bright and tearless.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Coughs-Col

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12 7¼-in. Pie or Lunch Plates
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Short Cuts in Housekeeping

By Clara Huntington

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TO CLEAN TARNISHED SILVER with a minimum amount of labor, make a solution of one teaspoon of cooking soda and one teaspoon of salt to each quart of water in an aluminum kettle. Bring to a boil, lay in the silver and boil until the tarnish disappears. The solution must cover the silver. Plunge silver into a pan of clean boiling hot water and let it stand until cool enough to wash the silver, then rinse in a second pan of hot water.

A TWINE BOX is a kitchen convenience and a very practical one can be made from a small-sized corn syrup can. Punch a hole in the center of cover, then pound flat the turned back sharp edges. Place the ball in the can, bring the end through the cover and then press it firmly into the box. Decorate it and you have a pretty gift that any housekeeper would appreciate.



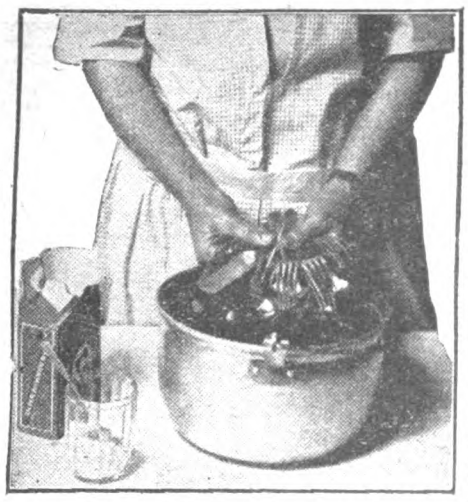
MAKE RUBBER BANDS.

RUBBER BANDS cut from old inner tubes of automobiles are handy things around the house. For very elastic ones, cut off narrow strips, but where stronger ones are required cut wider. Hold flat and cut through both sides at once.

IN IRONING WOOL OR SILK, great care should be taken that the iron be not too hot. An iron that is not hot enough to burn may yellow these two fabrics. When a starched garment is yellowed it will usually wash out, as the starch has protected the material.

WASH CHAMOIS SKINS in lukewarm water and a mild hard soap. Rinse in water of the same temperature to which a little soap has been added.

CANNED MILK can be used from the tin. Make two small holes in the top, one on each side. One hole is to pour through and the other acts as a vent. Shake the milk into the holes and enough will adhere to dry and form a seal. When needed again, break the seal with a toothpick.



TO CLEAN TARNISHED SILVER.

STRENGTHEN BUTTONHOLES on children's clothes by stitching around the holes before the garments are worn. Make several parallel rows.

DRY COCOANUT becomes tasteless if kept too long, but it may be restored by placing in a clean cloth and steamed until it has softened.

NEW IRON GEM-PANS should be washed and greased and placed in a very moderate oven for one hour before they are used. By doing this they will never rust or stick.

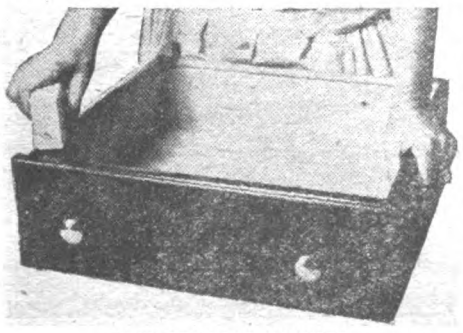
THE PATIENT IN BED finds that wholesome dish, egg-on-toast, very difficult to handle. To avoid this, butter, the toast, cut in small pieces, moisten and then lay on the poached egg.

PEEL ONIONS while holding them under cold water and the fumes will not reach the eyes and cause them to smart.

BEFORE USING YOUR NEW OILCLOTH TABLE COVER, place it on the table wrong side up, and with a pencil mark where the corners and edges will come, then glue over the pencil marks two-inch wide strips of muslin with thin glue. The muslin will take the wear caused by sharp edges and thus save the surface from breaking.

WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS that have been used at the time of heavy colds in the head is often an unpleasant task, but the labor can be lessened by putting the handkerchiefs in a pail of cold water to which one cup of salt has been added, and letting them soak some hours. Without putting the hands into them, work around with the clothes-stick, drain, put through a tepid water, drain and wash as usual.

SHIPPING HATS SAFELY presents quite a problem unless one understands how it is done. Use a heavy corrugated box, or use a pasteboard box and crate it with laths. Sew the hats firmly to



EASE STICKING DRAWERS.

the box, and unless large enough to fill the box, another hat can be sewed to the center of the cover.

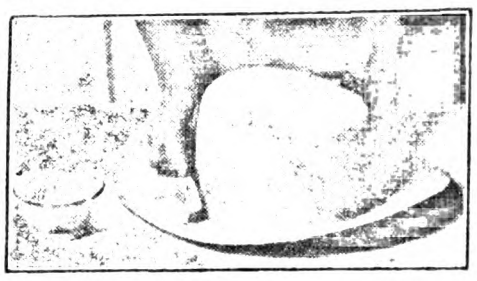
GREASE SPOTS are removed from wall-paper by holding a piece of blotting-paper over them and applying a hot iron. Repeat until all traces disappear.

A WINDOW SHADE with regulation spring roller is an excellent arrangement in front of open shelves.

SAVE UNCOOKED MUTTON SCRAPS, render and keep the tallow near the kitchen sink. After cleaning or washing dishes, dip the fingers into the tallow while still damp and rub well, especially around the finger nails. It prevents roughness of the skin and the cuticle around the nails from hardening.

TO KEEP BUTTER COOL in hot weather, set the dish or crock in cold water to which a generous amount of saltpeter has been added. Now cover the dish with a wet cloth, allowing the corners to rest in the saltpeter water.

IN HANGING OUT CLOTHES in cold weather much exposure can be avoided by pinning handkerchiefs and all other small things to large towels before they are taken out of doors. This is also a good plan at any season of the year where pinning to the line may injure delicate fabrics.



WHITENING STRAW HATS.

TACK A LEATHER STRAP to the inside of a pantry door to hold sharp knives. Space the sections with two tacks, one above the other, and have each section sized so it will fit a particular knife.

GLUE PIECES OF FELT or other very firm thick material to the heels of rubbers or overshoes as a safeguard against slipping.

SAVING SALT after making ice cream is easily done by pouring ice, water and salt into a coarse burlap bag and hanging it in the open to drain and dry. As salt kills vegetation, care should be taken where the bag is hung.

HOT PARAFFIN applied to breaks in the plastering will prevent crumbling until it can be repaired.

IF HOT WATER IS SCARCE and there are greasy dishes to wash, dissolve a little crystal washing soda in what you have and it will wash more dishes. Rinse in cold water.

CLEAN WINDOW SHADES with a coarse white flannel dipped in powdered chalk or flour while holding them flat and smooth on a table.

GARTER CLASPS make excellent loops by which to hang utility bags. They are also useful to hang holders by, and to sew to the edge of sheets used to hang over clothing.



SLIP IT OFF A TIGHT COVER.

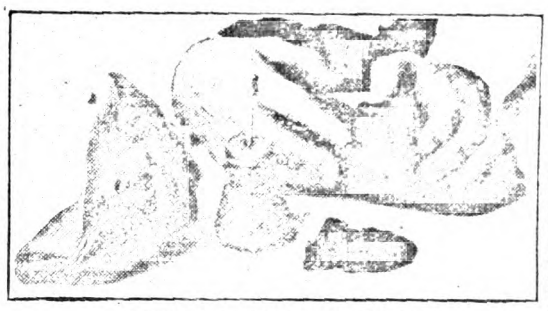
WATER FOR THE FIELD will keep cool if kept in a stone jug, covered with a wet jacket and hung where it will catch the breezes. Make the jacket of heavy knit underwear to fit the jug. Tie the bottom opening securely as the weight of jug and water rests upon it. Tie the top as securely and hang by the string, or a run may be made and a heavy cord drawn in for convenience in opening. As the jacket dries it is again wet.

AFTER REMOVING THE GLUE BOTTLE CORK, replace it with a piece of candle which prevents sticking and the glue from drying.

MEASURING BUTTER so none is wasted by adhering to the sides of cup is done in this way: If a half cup is desired, fill the cup half full of water, then put in pieces of butter until the cup is even full.

PIECES OF WHITE OILCLOTH laid on the cooking shelf or table to receive forks and spoons that are in use while cooking save much after cleaning.

BLACK STOVE ENAMEL applied to the sides of stove, including doors, will greatly reduce the labor of cleaning and blacking. The stove must be cold, then all the grease and dust removed with gasolene before applying the enamel. Automobile enamel can be used with success. Greasy dish water if used twice a day will keep the top in good condition.



TO PREVENT SLIPPING IN WINTER.

KEEP SEVERAL SPRING CLOTHES-PINS in the bedrooms to hold the curtains out of the open windows at night. Make an even drape and fasten to upper half of curtain.

TO WHITEN AND CLEAN A STRAW or Panama hat, make a paste of sulphur and lemon juice, rub it thoroughly onto the straw with an old toothbrush and allow it to dry several hours. Brush off the dry paste with a clean stiff brush.

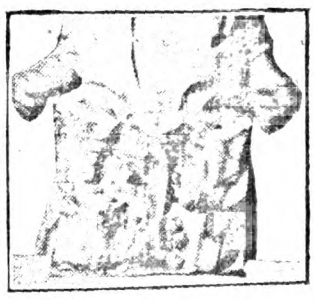
FELT PADS ON CHAIR LEGS or any part of furniture that rests on the floor is a great saving of scratches and noise; besides, furniture so protected can be easily moved about. Cut piece of felt to fit, spread with glue, also the place to be covered, and press the pad in place. The weight of furniture makes it very firm. Use pieces of old felt hat.

TO REMOVE A GLASS STOPPER that is tight in the bottle, wet a cloth in boiling water and wrap it about the neck of bottle. In a short time the stopper is easily removed.

CORNERS CHIPPED FROM GILT FRAMES can be built in with putty and treated with gold paint.

TIGHT PAIL COVERS that fit on the outside are often removed at the price of broken finger nails. To overcome the difficulty tie a strong string around the pail just under the cover. Slip a skewer through the knot and twist the cord until it is tight enough to lift the cover with an upward motion.

CARBOLIZED MUTTON TALLOW is excellent for the hands and feet. Cut mutton suet into fine bits, put into a bowl and set in a dish of boiling water. Place in the oven to render. To one cup of the strained warm tallow add scant half teaspoon of carbolic acid, and beat as it cools. Keep in a covered glass jar, or in a vaseline bottle. As carbolic acid is dangerous to have about, put several pins into the cork as a reminder of the contents of bottle, and mark "Poison."



GARTER CLASPS FOR LOOPS.

SOFTEN BUTTER by setting a granite bowl in the oven until hot and then turning it over the butter.

BRIGHTEN ALUMINUM *dishes* by rubbing with a cloth dipped in lemon juice.

WHEN CARRYING A LAMP, turn the wick down as the motion produces a current of air, causing the flame to smoke.

IN LAYING LINOLEUM, an allowance of half an inch should be made on all four sides if the room is fairly large, as it will stretch that much. After having been in place a few weeks, if the carpet begins to bulge anywhere, examine the edges and you will find they are pressing against the wall and should be trimmed, otherwise the linoleum will crack.



PEEL ONIONS UNDER WATER.

RUST SPOTS ON NICKEL are much improved by covering several coats of softened mutton fat and letting it remain several days. Next apply rotten-stone and oil and rub vigorously. Finish with whiting and oil.

OPEN TIN CANS with pliers when the key is lost. Grasp the tiny tin lip with the pliers and roll back the opening strip of tin in the same way the key is used. Handy trick for campers.

WINDOW ENVELOPES are useful. Cut out the "window" and with clean mucilage paste a strip of it over a torn school book, torn sheet music or other printing. Draw the edges carefully together and the tear is nearly concealed.

A CLOTH-COVERED TABLE TOP can be made washable as follows: Use a good quality of white drilling and shrink it. Tack the lengthwise edge to



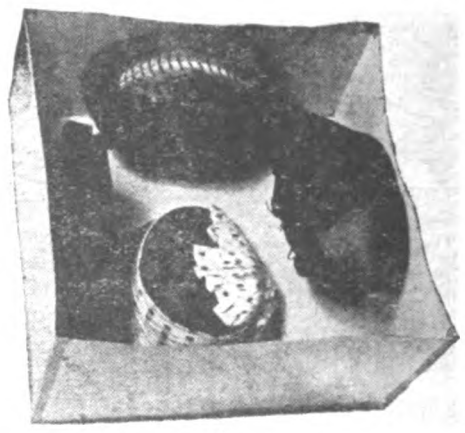
MEASURING THE BUTTER.

one side of the table after tearing off the selvage, turning it well under. The tacks should be about three-fourths inch apart. Now draw the cloth to the opposite side of table, tack to place and then do the two ends. The cloth must be perfectly smooth and not twisted. Give several coats of white paint and finish with a coat of enamel. Dry well between coats.

EASE STICKING DRAWERS by rubbing with hard soap that part which comes in contact with any part of the case. Slightly warmed beeswax is used in the same way.

AN ODD PIECE OF INLAID LINOLEUM makes an excellent table covering for children to play and study on. Waterproof cement or a good quality of glue holds the linoleum to the table. Let dry several days, then with a sharp knife trim even with edge of table.

A HANDFUL OF ASHES put into a bottle, then half filled with cold water and shaken will usually remove all stains.



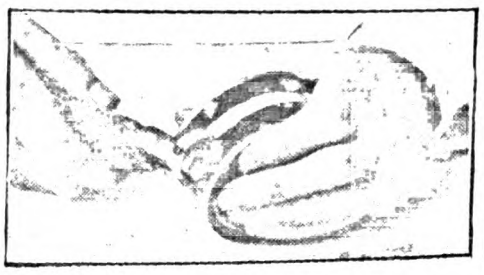
HOW TO SHIP HATS.

OLD FASHIONED CLOTHES-PINS make handy pegs to hang clothing or other articles on. Bore holes with a bit, regulating the size to fit ends of clothes-pins. Do not make the holes too large. As the pins are driven in the spring of the two ends will hold them in place.

HOT COMPRESSES for the sick can be kept in readiness and easily handled by wringing them out in comfortably hot water, then folded to the desired size and laid in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water.

ADDRESSES ARE LOST at times by the wrapping around a package becoming worn. This frequently occurs with foreign mail, so it is well to use three separate wrappings, tying and addressing each one with care.

WOODEN BUCKETS and washtubs should have several inches of clean water left in them when not in use. It is a protection against shrinkage which causes leaks.



OPENING WITH PLIERS.

DARN THE FELT on embroidery hoops with padding cotton when the hoops no longer hold the work firmly.

LIME-WATER is readily made as follows: Into a clean pitcher put two cups of quicklime and cover it about six inches with soft drinking water. Stir occasionally for about an hour with an agate spoon, then let it settle for a good part of a day. Carefully pour off the water, strain through wet white cloth and bottle. Lime-water is excellent for keeping nursing bottles sweet and for other purposes.

WHEN SENDING FOOD to a sick friend try to use paper plates and napkins, or other receptacles that need not be returned, and have it so understood. Such thoughtfulness will be appreciated for steps count where there is sickness.

TO COOL AN OVEN QUICKLY, place a pan of cold water on the bottom of oven. As it cools so rapidly, care must be taken that it does not become too cool.

A DUSTLESS DUSTER is made by soaking cheesecloth in a strong hot suds to which a little turpentine has been added.

CORK STOPPERS will often develop an unpleasant odor which can usually be removed by soaking them in a cup of hot water to which a spoon of cooking soda has been added.

TO IRON CENTERPIECE, stretch and warp, then with the woof, of course, in the same way. The result will be a smooth, round surface. To try to iron causes puckers.

REMOVE GREASE FROM SOUP by laying glazed paper over the top. The paper will remain long enough to tear when used, if necessary.

WASH EGG BEATERS by holding them part in the water. If the whole beater is wet, the beater will throw black when it is used.

TO MEND WIRE SCREENING that has cut out a square that includes the hole around the hole. Cut a piece of screening inch larger than the hole, lay it over the hole and fasten by "sewing" both the edges of the edge of screen with a raveling of the screen with a "whipping" stitch. Two people can do the work, one pulling the wire through and directed from the opposite side.

A RUBBER BOOT WET ON THE INSIDE is hard to dry out, but the following method will greatly facilitate drying and prevent the accumulation of dampness often found in rubber footwear. Cut a piece of cotton cloth that, when sewed together, will fit the inside leg of a rubber boot and prevent it from sticking. This allows a free circulation of air and should be slipped into the boots as soon as they are taken off.

RUBBER HEELS prevent a certain fatigue to one who stands most of the time, but if commercial rubber heels cannot be obtained, or if shoes are too old to repay the outlay, the worn-down lifts can be removed and replaced with lifts cut from old rubbers. They are held in place with rubber cement.

WHEN CREAM IS TOO THIN for whipping add unbeaten egg white before beginning to beat.

ELECTRIC TAPE is useful around the house. It will mend school books, seal holes in fruit jars, cover a hole in a pane of glass until it can be replaced, cover a hot water bottle, cover small cuts, take the place of rubbers, besides many other uses that will be found if it is at hand.

KITCHEN SCISSORS are useful to cut bacon rind from slices of breakfast bacon, shred cabbage, cutting cubes of celery, cutting the meat from cooked meat, cutting up raisins, trimming the membrane from sections of oranges and grapefruit and for removing the eyes of pineapple.

IN THREADING A NEEDLE pass the end of the thread through the eye and then double the thread about two inches from the end and run the needle through it and pull the thread through. This is an improvement over the old way.

FOUR LARGE DINNER NAPKINS can be made into a pretty table-cover for a bedroom bureau by adding a narrow crochet and then crocheting in the corners a scallop to match.

GRIMY BEESWAX may be cleaned by melting into boiling water. As it melts it will settle to the bottom of dish. When cool remove cake, warm and reshape.

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Lady of the Velvet Mask

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

arm's length. "Hark," she said, "can't to hear that violin we used to listen to afe d'Alsace?"
ar nothing but your voice," he cried in ion. "I long for nothing but to behold et face. Little one! little one! listen to ove you, love you, love you!"
riend," she said sadly, "I see I have done at wrong. I have returned evil for good. will come here no more; and as soon as nage it, I will pay you back your money."
Fernald was truly desperate. "You have ying with me! Now I will see your face, —" With a sudden motion of his hand hed at the veil and mask she wore. But s went to her face and she fought like a But the tiger was up in Fernald. They ack and forth across the room, and final- oman, twisting the fingers of both hands nald's long hair, drove the back of his inst the marble mantel with such force a moment he was dazed.
tion sobered him and he began to try to

as much to blame as you are," she panted, on the defensive. "But you have broken eement, and so our contract is at an end. d you good afternoon." A moment later gnant girl was gone from the apartment the house.
hree nights thereafter Fernald haunted d'Alsace and the Rue de la Gaite. He bout the lady of the mask, but she had en there since he had quit coming, so they ernald spent hours there sipping light trying to think. The violinist was gone. his music, the place seemed drearier than b. He asked the manager what had be- the violinist. "Gone south," was the suc- ly."
k went by, a week of hopeless searching. consulted Jean Jacques, who laughed at talked with Chrisney, who sympathized but could think of no way to help him. esperation he finally decided to go to his old friend in the Avenue Victor Hugo for But once inside the good doctor's office, emed to be pervaded even in Paris with old Virginia atmosphere, the young man could not tell the doctor of his adven- ny great detail. He sketched it broadly. had a—a lady friend—oh, very proper in y. She was a sort of model—but always in costume. He had fallen madly in love and had made a scene in the studio, and t she had disappeared. "But I was hon- r. Petit; I proposed marriage. But she me and apologized for permitting me to ove with her."
aps she was already married?"
use to believe that she is! There was a linist who until recently played in a poor r near the Cemetiere Montparnasse, and lieve she for some reason or other cared He was tall, handsome, but very pale, esting figure—I feel positive he was not and, her lover possibly. But if she is in h him, I want above all things to find her nd try to save her from herself. She doing herself a horrible injustice to un- to follow that poor blind creature, and I could make her see——"
man doesn't refuse to love a man simply he has been unfortunate from birth or be- has met with some misfortune; we doc- w that. Let me tell you of a case that my knowledge a few years ago, a case he misfortune, a terrible one, only ce- the love of two young people. It is a story, but beautiful.
afternoon I was on the Rive Gauche in market. A handsome young trooper of ign Legion, ready to depart that night to is regiment in Africa, was drinking with sweetheart in a wine shop over there. 't help being amused at the naive love- of these two children and at the clever of the young trooper. The old woman the place was trying to use their case to moral or adorn a tale, I can't say which. watched them holding hands she cackled hat's right; love and drink while you are *due vin et des dames sont pour la jeunesse;* time will come when you will be old and d when your little loved one there will be toothless and asthmatic.' The old wo- s a living illustration of her own text. In uth were a few blackened tusks; her face e color of cobweb, great tufts of beard om the warts upon her chin. But the ellow came back: 'If my lady shall live thousand years old, she will never attain ugly as thou art, old Nutcrackers.'
this comeback the girl laughed a little her cakes and wine. She was a French of the rarest type. Her skin was white rly pink and her hair was what I should es-of-gold. The ancient dame showed no ent at the trooper's parry but kept on: oiselle, do you see the old woman across yonder selling filberts? She was once le of the Latin Quarter, and of the Right oo; savants and generals have eaten at le; now she sells filberts to keep her out grave. Listen to her. She is cursing the who steal her filberts.
that moment there came from across the a torrent of vituperation, all the more hor- s coming from the mouth of an octoge- 'May the fever curdle your blood! May ak out with foul sores and the vermin eat Devils! Devils! Devils!' It went some- like that. 'There is a picture of what you me day be, my infant!' cried the old wine- with a leer at the pretty girl."
at devilish cruelty!" breathed Harry Fer-

't argue with her, Rene Jean," said the tly. She had a pretty voice. But the sol- me back at the old woman, you bet. 'How e a pessimistic old she-baboon!" he shouted 'Me, I will always love my little Diane, little goddess shall grow older, why, so ill I. Our love shall be like the good Bur- wine that grows mellower with age. Now ve never thought on the grape, have you, terackers? You see nothing beautiful. But er the grape. In spring it is green and ith many soft tendrils like a young girl's n early summer come the clusters of bloom he golden bees droning everywhere about then in autumn hang the great bunches of fruit ready for the wine-presses.'
t in winter? In winter?' shouted the old n. 'Then crouch the naked crooked vines he skeletons and lift their bony fingers in to heaven as they shiver in the wind!'
here now, old she-singe,' the soldier an- d quick enough, 'it is only the body of the hat shivers. Its soul is making merry in hall where roystering Christmas cheer is in r. See, the soul of the grape is in the bou- of this wine. Shall I call it forth!" and he ed the cork from a bottle of champagne and d a glass for his little sweetheart.
t the old woman was by no means con- d. She began the argument from a new : 'The devil will make a play for you two, r it will be the wolf, the wolf, that snarls sets poor people by the ears; or else old will come in another form! *Alors,* Rene goes to Algiers; the devil is there; he knows to do to soldier men! Or else he will come u, mademoiselle, perhaps in the guise of some foreigner. He will steal away your heart Rene Jean and cast you at last upon the vards.'
t this the girl crossed herself, and Rene Jean : 'Come away, little one." We will eat and where the bread and wine are not made bit- y a toothless old she-wolf like this one!"
hat was the last I ever expected to see of e two, but in this I was mistaken. About a th after that there was a big fire at a pottery t here in the city, and a dozen girl operatives brought out to the Neuilly Hospital where I was working. Among the girls I recognized this Diane."

"Ah."

"But I don't know how I recognized her—by her eyes and hair, perhaps. She had escaped the flames but had been caught by falling glass, and her face was *dechiffre,* out of any likeness to a human countenance. Her cheeks, nose and forehead had been plowed—spun, as an inquisitor might devise to spin out human flesh. She suffered horribly. But her one thought was that she would never again be beautiful in the eyes of Rene Jean. In her delirium she kept repeating the words of old Nutcrackers, as Rene Jean had called the old woman, and saying that the devil had at last got in his work.

"While she was slowly recovering from the shock and the wounds she received a letter from Rene Jean stating that he had got a 'leave of absence wound' and would soon be back in Paris. His eyes were 'affected', the letter said, but they would soon be all right. Up to that time Diane had told him nothing of her own accident. She now wrote him about it but was careful to minimize everything. It was then that the Sister of Mercy who waited on her decided that when the bandages were removed, she must wear, for a time at least, either a veil or a mask or both whenever she went in the street."

"Ah!"

Fernald thought: "It must be she he is describing—but, no, her hair is brown, not ashes-of-gold!" He waited breathlessly for the rest of the story.

"Then one day she got a pneumatique: Rene Jean was in the city and would come out and visit her that afternoon. The sister dressed her in her best and adjusted the mask carefully before she permitted her to look into a mirror. Her lips and eyes were satisfactory——"

"Ah!"

"But her hair had faded out completely white——"

"Ah, then it was not she——"

"She wanted to take off the mask and see herself as she was, but the sister forbade it. And at that moment a taxi drew up before the entrance and stopped with a roar of the motor. The poor child was beside herself and cried out: 'It is he! It is he! Dr. Petit, help me to explain to him why I am wearing this covering!'

"While she spoke, a poor blind ballad peddler across the street began to sing in a clear, heart-touching tenor:

"'Je perdu mes yeux, je passerai ma vie
Dans une obscurite;
Mais j'ai encore une vision
De la gloire et de la beaute.

"'I have lost my sight, I shall pass my life
In darkness as of the night;
But still in my soul is a vision
Of glory and beauty and light.'

"Fernald, I have to admit that, without knowing why, I found my eyes flooded with tears. I never had such a Judgment Day feeling in all my life. I heard a slow step coming up the hallway, and a tap-tapping seemed to run on before it like a guide. 'That is not Rene Jean,' Diane said; 'it is not his walk. It must be that ballad peddler wanting a penny.' The nurse opened the door and someone outside spoke. It was he.

"'Rene Jean?'

"'Yes, my little Diane, I am here!'

"Then Diane saw and covered her eyes. Rene Jean was blind."

"Ah."

"Fernald, I listened to those two children commiserating each other till I could stand it no longer: 'I will be eyes and feet for you, Rene Jean—yes, and hands, too.' And he: 'How happy I am, for now you can never grow old—for me, you will always be young and beautiful.' It was at this point that I bolted from the room. Fernald, did you ever read that poem, by Keats, I think, about a pair of lovers painted on a vase? There's one stanza that rings in my ears even now every time I think of those two. It ends:

"'Yet do not grieve,
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.'"

"But those two, where are they now?" cried Fernald.

"They left Paris two years ago and went south, to Italy, I think, on account of Rene Jean's health."

"This Rene Jean, does he play the violin?"

"Yes."

Fernald felt the room swimming round him. "She dyed her hair brown," was his only coherent thought.

A maid entered. "A lady waiting to see you, Dr. Petit."

"I have no appointment at this hour."

"No, but I thought perhaps you might be willing to see her, it is the lady that wears the mask."

Fernald's eyes rolled in his head. Dr. Petit jabbed a hypodermic into his arm and pushed home the piston.

"Show the lady in," he said suavely to the maid.

Harry Fernald heard a roaring in his head and saw a great light; the doctor's voice seemed muffled or far away. He was standing in a cloister, and sweet organ music rolled and died away and rolled again in the space about him.

"Monsieur Fernald, this is Madame Diane Dupuey."

"Monsieur Fernald, I am glad we have met again. It is fortunate that I found you here, Dr. Petit, you will understand why I say this and also why I have come when I explain to Monsieur Fernald. Monsieur Fernald, my husband had to go south for the winter months; he could not breathe the air of Paris. I thought of coming to you, Dr. Petit; but you had helped us out so often, and I really felt that I was earning the money I got from Monsieur Fernald. You will understand, Dr. Petit; we returned here eight weeks ago, in great poverty. Except for a few street clothes I had nothing. Madame Duchemin, who runs the Cafe d'Alsace, was kind to us and agreed to board and lodge us and give us a few franc for medicine for Rene Jean if we two would do all we could to advertise her cafe. Rene Jean played there every night. Ordinary table-luring I could not endure the thought of; so I undertook, it seems, a still more dangerous form of decoying. I went out of afternoons and sketched little pictures with arrows beneath them pointing to la Rue de la Gaite and to the Cafe d'Alsace. Mostly after that I put on my old clothes and took off my mask and waited tables. I had tried at first waiting tables all masked and trigged out; but—you know Paris—it wouldn't work. Often, however, pretending to be a mere visitor to the place, I had dinner with the men I had lured there. It was in this manner that I first got acquainted with Monsieur Fernald. I have done wrong, but I was desperate, Dr. Petit, I came here today to borrow two thousand francs from you. I need it to pay Mr. Fernald what I owe him. I ought to have come——"

Suddenly the organ music ceased and the cloister faded. The cave man in Harry Fernald stood up for a moment demanding payment in kind, love for love, suffering for suffering. "Madame Rose," he cried, "please tell me that this is not true, that it is a hoax! How do I know all this is not a clever story—that you and Dr. Petit here have not framed up on me to get rid of me?"

Dr. Petit saw the situation, diagnosed the case, and took the method of the surgeon: "Madame Dupuey, please remove your mask for Monsieur Fernald."

"No, no, it is not necessary!" Fernald had now passed the cloister and was in a dim holy of holies looking upon a miracle. "And she must not pay back the money I let her have!"

But Dr. Petit was wise in his generation and knew that for the boy's sake the knife was best.

"Yes, she will pay it back," he said. "Go ahead, madame, and take off your mask for Monsieur Fernald."

And the lady, after a moment's hesitation, obeyed.

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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

"How long have they been in your possession?" continued Mrs. Coolidge.

"A little over three months, madam."

"Mamma, mamma, does not that prove enough?" burst out Isabel triumphantly. "Why, she has been with us over two months, and she worked in the factory three weeks. Who would give a poor girl such jewels as those?"

Brownie's only reply to this outburst was a look of ineffable scorn, and the elder lady went on in a severe tone:

"I fear, Miss Douglas, that your story is against you. When you sought employment from my husband you were in such circumstances that you were obliged to toil for your daily bread."

A proud inclination of her head was all the reply to this query. She dare not trust her voice just then.

"And you say these jewels were given to you about that time?"

Another bow.

"The rich clothing, and other trifles which you have, were they given to you also?"

"Yes, madam!"

"And all by this same dear friend?"

A peculiar look accompanied this question, while Isabel's eyes gleamed in wicked triumph.

She could see whither these questions were tending, if innocent Brownie did not.

"They were," she said.

"Was this friend a gentleman, Miss Douglas?"

For one moment there came into the young girl's lovely eyes a look of perplexity and astonishment, followed by one of blank horror.

Then all the royal blood in her Douglas veins sprang to arms!

The rich color surged up from her enraged heart over her neck and face; up, up, as the full force of this horrible thought nearly drove her mad, until it lost itself among the bands of shining hair, and tingled to her finger-tips. Then it all receded, leaving her colorless as marble, and, in her proud indignation, like some avenging spirit.

"Mrs. Coolidge," she said, in the same quiet, ladylike tones, but they made the woman shiver notwithstanding, "your language and insinuation is the grossest insult to me, and again I demand an immediate explanation."

"Isabel, bring me that box," said Mrs. Coolidge, pointing to Brownie's casket, which stood upon the table behind her.

Miss Coolidge obeyed, and Brownie uttered a cry of astonishment as she saw it.

"How came you by that? Where did you get it?" she said, starting forward, her lips quivering, and a choking sensation in her throat.

Her dear, precious casket, still sacred from the last fond touches of Miss Mehetabel's hand, profaned by their ruthless handling!

But all this emotion was but an evidence of guilt in the eyes of those hard-hearted women.

"Is not that guilt, mamma, if you ever saw it?" whispered Isabel in her mother's ear.

She nodded her head sternly, and then turned to face her victim again.

"I will explain, Miss Douglas. The jewels which you wore to the opera are in this box with others of much greater value. Were these others given to you?"

"They were."

"At the same time?"

"At the same time, Mrs. Coolidge."

"By whom?"

"I decline to answer that question, madam," came defiantly from the young girl's compressed lips.

She had been insulted, abused; she would bear nothing more from them.

They—these evil-minded, jealous women—had gone to her room like thieves and hunted among her possessions to satisfy their low-born curiosity, and having found something which they could not clearly understand, they were determined to make use of it to crush her.

Mrs. Coolidge could scarcely restrain her anger at Brownie's defiance. She was very curious to know the history of those jewels, that attractive picture, and that dancing card with its high-sounding names.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to clear yourself from the suspicion that rests upon you?" she asked, growing white with anger.

"Madam, I question your right to arraign me before you in this manner, as I also question your right to enter my room in my absence, pry into my affairs, and abstract from under lock and key things which belong to me."

"Whose picture is this?" demanded Mrs. Coolidge, taking up the jeweled locket and looking again upon that noble face.

She ignored entirely Brownie's indignant protest, although she colored deeply, for she knew that if Miss Douglas owned that box with its contents she and Isabel were the thieves.

"I decline answering," said Brownie firmly.

She could hardly refrain from crying out with pain to see those sacred relics of a lost love and a shattered life thus profaned by their rude handling.

Beware, Miss Douglas; this defiance goes against you, and I fear will be your ruin if you persist in it," said the woman majestically; then she added, feeling that she needed to make some explanation: "You see that it is something very unusual for a poor person like you to have such rich apparel and jewelry in her possession. We invite you to go to the opera. We do not wish you to wear black, and ask you to wear some other color. You appear more elegantly clad than any member of my family, and you tell Viola that it is the simplest dress you have. Now, what are we to think? Would not any mother having daughters desire to investigate the matter? You say these things were all given to you at the same time and by the same person, and only three months ago? Can you not see how very improbable such a statement appears, when we know that you have been toiling for your daily bread nearly the whole of that time? It would have taken a small fortune," she went on, after an impressive pause, "from any one, to buy all these precious stones at one time, and young girls like you are not in the habit of receiving so much at once. Why, Isabel thinks herself fortunate to get one piece of diamond jewelry at a time. Besides all this, I find here a card with the names of counts and lords upon it. We do not have counts and lords in America; you have never been abroad before, consequently I know you have never had any acquaintance with persons of such high degree. Here is also a glove marked six and a half—I happen to know that you wear a six."

This was said with a frowning look at the little white hands, which were folded in a clasp of pain, and hanging against the folds of her sable dress.

"You refuse also to give me the name of the young man in the locket. Now, I can account for all this in two ways only."

Mrs. Coolidge, as she made this statement, bent her stern gaze upon the pale face and downcast eyes of the haughty girl before her, and thought she could see guilt in every feature. She thought she had very cleverly argued the matter, and paused a moment, well satisfied with herself, before clinching her point.

"And those are," she continued, in a hard, unfeeling voice, "you have either stolen them from some wealthy families with whom you have served, or——"

"Madam!"

The downcast eyes were raised now, and the fire which flashed from them seemed almost to sear the heartless woman's face.

"I dare say, mamma, she was waiting-maid in some rich family, and came by them in that way," put in Isabel spitefully.

"Do not interrupt me, Isabel. Miss Douglas, please wait until I finish before you make any remarks," Mrs. Coolidge said coldly, with a wave of her hand; then continued: "As I was saying, I think you either stole them, or you have had relations with some person which would debar you from ever entering any respectable family, though I cannot conceive how any one could be such a fool as to lavish so much upon a——"

"Cease!" came in a hoarse whisper from Brownie's lovely lips, which had grown the color of ashes, and were quivering with insulted pride and anger, while her heart stood still with horror.

The word checked Mrs. Coolidge, in spite of her insolent self-assurance, and, bad as her language had been, she was ever after glad that she had not uttered that last maddening word.

To be accused of theft had been almost more than Brownie could bear.

A Douglas accused of stealing!

But the other insinuation! She had hardly been able to comprehend it at first.

She grew sick at heart, dizzy and faint, when the woman's meaning at length burst upon and nearly crushed her.

For one moment her blood seemed turned to ice, and her brain to fire.

The next, conscious virtue asserted itself.

The proud figure grew more proudly erect, the little head was lifted with a haughty grace, and Queen Margaret Tudor herself, of whom Miss Mehetabel had been wont to boast, would have gloried in the majesty of her appearance.

Then the pained, almost convulsed expression about her delicate mouth relaxed into a withering smile of scorn.

What were these two base spirits, that she, a Douglas, with royal blood in her veins, should fear them?

She turned her blazing eyes full upon her accusors, and she found they could not bear the glance; their eyes dropped guitily beneath it.

Then, with that mighty calmness in her tones and manner, Brownie said to Mrs. Coolidge:

"Have you anything further to say to me regarding those jewels, madam?"

"Not unless I can persuade you to confess and make restitution," she answered uneasily.

"I have no confession to make; I have no restitution to make. Those articles of jewelry are legally mine—how, I do not intend to explain to ou, either now or at any other time. The manner in which you or your daughter became possessed of them does you infinite credit; it is an act of which you doubtless will be proud all your life. Now, if you please, I will relieve you of them; and from this moment consider my engagement with you at an end, as, after such repeated insults I could no longer remain in your family."

She reached forth her hand to take the casket, but Mrs. Coolidge clutched it with the grip of a miser.

"Oh, no, Miss Douglas, you cannot have this again; you have not yet proved to me that it is yours, and I cannot allow such a valuable possession to go out of my hands until I am assured who the rightful owner is."

She sneered, white with anger, that the girl should dare brave her so.

"You can put on as many grand airs as you choose, miss, but you'll find that we know how to take them for just what they are worth," said Isabel scoffingly.

"Mrs. Coolidge, that box and all its contents are mine, and I demand that you yield it up to me," Brownie said sternly, fully aroused.

"Hear the minx, mamma; do dismiss her instantly," cried Isabel angrily.

"You cannot have them, Miss Douglas, until you prove that they are yours," returned Mrs. Coolidge firmly, and she closed the box with a snap.

"Then I shall be obliged to take legal measures to obtain them," returned the young girl, with decision.

"Ha, ha! hear her, mamma. She speaks like a princess, and she says she shall consider her engagement with you at an end, as if that were a matter she only can decide," cried Isabel, actually quivering with rage.

Brownie noticed her by neither word nor look.

Addressing Mrs. Coolidge again very gently, she said:

"Once more, madam, will you give up my property?"

She spoke so imperatively that for a moment the woman was staggered, and began to think she had better yield the point, for if the girl should call in official aid it might make things very awkward and unpleasant.

Isabel saw her mother's indecision, and, stooping, she whispered in her ear:

"Don't you do it, mamma; wait until papa comes, at least."

"You prize them very highly?" Mrs. Coolidge asked, after a moment's thought.

"I do."

"They are not suitable for you to wear in your position; you are poor—could you be persuaded to part with them for a consideration?"

A sudden idea had come to her that if she could persuade the governess to sell them, they would hush the matter up among themselves.

She was greedy for the jewels, and was determined that they should not go out of her hands if she could help it.

"What do you mean by 'a consideration', madam?" asked Miss Douglas in a peculiar tone.

"Why, if I should pay you something handsome for them, and pledge myself to say nothing more about the matter, would you give them up?"

"Really, Mrs. Coolidge, you are very discriminating in your ideas of honesty. You assert that I have stolen these things. Would you be willing to purchase stolen property?"

The woman's face grew crimson with rage at this shaft.

"You can leave the room, Miss Douglas, your insolence is insufferable," she cried, rising and pointing with her shaking finger to the door.

"You understand me, madam; I shall take the law, unless you give me my property," returned the young girl, calmly confronting her, and taking no notice of her command.

"Take the law, then; you'll have a fight of it, if you do, let me tell you, for no one will believe the tale of a governess, who has been dismissed for unworthy conduct. No, go!" cried the irate woman, almost beside herself with passion.

Brownie uttered no words, but walked like a queen from the room, but once within her own, she broke down utterly.

To lose those treasures, which had been the silent companions of her heart-broken aunt during all those lonely years, and around which clustered so much of hope and despair, was more than she could bear.

The little chain, too, with its golden key, which her aunt had told her to wear as long as she lived, that, too, was in the power of these cruel women.

She grew nearly wild over the thought of her loss.

She must have them again—she would have them, but how to get them was the question.

She realized all the difficulties which lay in her path.

She was a stranger in this foreign land without a friend outside the family to whom to turn in her hour of need.

If she should take the law as she had threatened no one would believe the story, as Mrs. Coolidge had said.

Only Isabel and her mother knew anything of what had just transpired, and if they should repeat her statement, how could she help herself, for who, indeed, would believe that a poor governess owned such valuables?

The more she thought the more hopeless her case seemed to become.

Once her thoughts turned involuntarily to Adrian Dredmond; perhaps he would help her.

But her maidenly delicacy recoiled from asking aid from him, a stranger.

Where should she go? What should she do?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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nfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

nother who doesn't believe in sitting around in dress and with a powdered nose, to make my l love me. He would rather come home and find on the table, the kitchen clean and a few more fruit and vegetables canned for winter, a wash- ome sewing done, than find me sitting in a rock- ir with fancy work or magazine, dirty dishes in o supper, but wife all dolled up. I keep clean to look as neat as possible but I don't go to her of dressing up unless I can really spare the This very moment I'm sitting in the kitchen blue apron on. I've washed my face and combed r and that is all the fixing for today, as it is supper time and I'm tired.

SHALLOWHEAD.

BELLAIRE, 3266 MONROE ST., OHIO.

MRS. WILKINSON:

ough I have taken COMFORT a short time, I have ading the sisters' letters with the keenest inter- l enjoyment. They seem to be such cheerful, oving bodies I would like to know each one per- Especially would I like to have a talk with ubled Mother from Kansas who seems to have h difficulty in getting along with her sister-in- This is my advice, I wouldn't try to get along r, but I surely would make a determined effort along without her. In other words, I'd move. no husband worthy of the name, if he really is wife, will endure her being bossed around by woman. I think you are doing your bit in the religion and while I am a Catholic myself and f it, I do not advise anyone to join the Church ey are perfectly sure of themselves and of the If you have not mentioned your trouble to the who married you, why not do so and get his I am sure he will not urge you to join against tates of your own conscience and his advice elp you a great deal in your trouble.

nder how many of the sisters ever thought of our sacks as backs for home-made quilts? After g and boiling them I sew together as many as ded and they make a very serviceable back for besides being much cheaper than muslin.

ve a little line strung across the porch end and y days my little daughter, three years old, spends anging up her doll clothes with "mother's clothes

e read so many expressive words concerning the table attitude of a mother whose son was the of making another mother's daughter "that kind l," that it hardly seems necessary for me to add storm of disapproval evoked by this worried 's appeal. Yet, I have often wondered why it rly all mothers of such sons feel just the same ey almost invariably blame the girl. I know of se where the girl, now married for many years, t yet lived down the old disgrace, and her own n-law, who had passed through the same experi- year or two earlier, enjoys complete forgetful- her own fault but loves to dwell on the other lisgrace as if it were always present. The mother to share this attitude also, as if one girl were o blame than the other, even though they have through the same experience. It doesn't seem omehow.

pe the sisters will write to me. I will try and all letters I receive.

Yours most sincerely, MRS. WM. J. WILSON.

MONROE, LA.

PEOPLE:

neighbors and I enjoy reading COMFORT, only I, n a chronic kicker, would like to have you use paper and larger type. My eyesight is poor and hardly read by lamplight. I'd be glad to pay the present price.

pleasant occupation is child raising. My oldest, who was five in July, is in the second grade and lar sport. Plenty of pep, brains and "ole hoss The next, our only girl, not quite three, is solid as a rock in her notions, industrious and odest. The baby boy of eight months is jolly, and very active. I am very fond of them and now it. I play, laugh and read with them but see their faults and I do not hesitate to correct I use many methods, usually one of the three, ng, coaxing or switching. Too many children owing into tyrants. Their mothers seem afraid a little routine work go to watch and help their n or they just sit back and pat their own heads, tarward and think their children were descended leaven instead of Adam and Eve.

eone asks if a child should be raised alone. Cer- not if the parents are healthy and competent to more children. The child that's never enjoyed r love can't understand it and is mighty slow to me the selfishness that invades this world.

deas concerning child raising are principally based following code: 1, Parents must lead clean, ome lives. 2, Avoid patent medicines and super- 3, Feed plenty of good wholesome food. 4, comfortably. 5, see that children rest and exer- nough. 6, tell the truth no matter how awkward questions may seem, 7, acknowledge your own and admit your sorrow when the children dis- them. 8, treat children as humans. 9, expect est and see that you get it. 10, preserve your with love.

Sisters' Corner is a great help.

Respectfully yours, MRS. R. K. ALLEN.

AMES, 828 WILSON AVE., IOWA.

MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

ave been a subscriber of COMFORT for many years njoy reading it, especially the Sisters' Corner. live in Ames, Iowa, the home of the greatest ltural college in the United States. There are five thousand students enrolled this year, both and women. The Home Economics Course offered omen is rated among the five best courses offered e Universities. The Iowa State campus is con- d second in beauty and landscape architecture. buildings are being erected annually, at present being under construction two dormitories for girls $400,000 library.

family consists of my husband and two daugh- The younger, Vivian, fourteen years of age, is a r in high school. The older one, Neta, is probably n to some of you as she was an aviatrix. In 1917, left a nearly completed college course to take up ion. She graduated from the Curtiss Aviation l, Newport News, Va., and secured a pilot's li- in the Aero Club of America. For five years she ssfully followed her career—exhibition flying, stu- training, passenger carrying and commercial flying ghout the United States. For eight months dur- he war she was in the service of the British Air stry. The last two years she operated the Kinner in Los Angeles, California, taking an active part l aerial meets held at the Beverly Hills speedway. my younger daughter and I have had passenger s and I am the only mother, as yet, to have taken with her own daughter as pilot.

ta is married now and located in Los Angeles, ornia. She has a young aviator, William Curtiss hern, Jr., born November 12, 1922. Vivian and I t last winter visiting her in California. On the we stopped at the Grand Canyon and let me say y of the sisters ever go West, not to fail to see national wonder. We were much impressed with sunny California climate, the mountains and the n. Among our many interesting sightseeing tours a trip to Cataline Island, a two hours' ride from San Pedro Harbor, on the steamship Avalon. While e we went out on one of the glass bottomed boats h gives one a view of the submarine gardens, and many different kinds of salt water fish in their na- habitat.

t us hear from Pearl Vesey and Nelle Fischer again and all the other sisters also, enjoy them.

MRS. W. F. SNOOK.

WICHITA FALLS, R. R. 4, BOX 26, TEXAS.

MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

suppose a lot of you who responded to the request my letter of last March in behalf of Ruth (my little plet), have begun to think I did not appreciate your liness, as I could not reply to each and every one of dear sisters, and the many who were not sisters sent flower seeds and playthings. Please let this a personal "Thank you" to each and every one who so kind to my darling. I can truthfully say last mer was the happiest part of her life, and it was because of your kindness.

wish I could picture her flower garden to you but t would be impossible. It was truly a United States den, flowers and flower seeds from every state in Union. Everyone who saw her garden praised the uty of it. Picture to yourselves a brown-eyed, curly- aded tot of five summers sitting flat upon the ground m early morn till night, busy as a bee among her vers, talking to them as though they were human be- s. Honestly, I did not know before that there were many people that possessed such kind hearts. I am amed of my heretofore narrow-mindedness. God bless one and all who so kindly contributed to her asure.

Sisters, how many of you have made any of the new ndow shades, using a good grade of brown or un- ached domestic, about two yards in length? Draw eads at one end and hemstitch an inch wide hem to run stick in on bottom of shade. Whip some pretty crocheted lace onto hem, stretch and iron and tack on- to an old shade roller. You have a lovely window shade. Of course they can be varied.

At this writing the grain fields of this part of Texas are a carpet of green. There are very few hills here, mostly level land, and for miles you can see nothing but green. Wheat did not do good this past year. It was too hot and dry.

If Mrs. Frances Roth, Long Island, New York, sees this will she please write me, giving her address in full. Thank you one and all. MRS. P. E. BOSWELL.

IRVINGTON, N. J.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

I never wrote before and have never failed to read COMFORT. I am writing for information and company. I feel like the sister from Cleveland, "in the midst of the crowd I am lonesome." I want to offer a suggestion. If you are lonesome, get busy. I keep a list of those less fortunate than I and on blue days I go through my scrap book, writing letters of clippings, recalling historical events, dissecting someone's funny experience, getting a laugh out of every remark; when that's done my blues are gone. Now I have a neighbor who gets melancholy when she sees the leaves come down. Here's how I cured her and helped myself. We each bought a yard and a half of fifty-four inch goods called Indian Head, seven yards of so-called Cluny lace, and a few skeins of strand floss, a total outlay of $1.50. I am handy with a pencil and carbon paper, so I traced a bunch of cherries and a robber robin on two corners of our goods. Then while we chatted we worked. In three days we had used our odd moments to the tune of a beautiful colored tablecloth. My neighbor's was very crude as she had never tried her hand before. But our blues melted away.

Now for another, keep a list of family and friends' birthdays. As each one arrives, subscribe for COMFORT for them for a year. It is easier than ordering for the whole crowd at Christmas.

Will someone from Gainesville, Georgia, or New Holland or thereabouts, write about the climate, opportunities for work, etc., and I'll try to repay them.

Yours, with best wishes,

ONE HORSE TOWNSMAN.

OREGON CITY, 916 WASH. ST., OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have enjoyed your department and the sisters' letters for a long time and wish to thank all for many new ideas. May I add my bit by telling you of a simple puzzle which I have often made to amuse the children of my friends? Perhaps it may help Sada to amuse her small boys on some rainy afternoon.

The bright colored picture covers on many of the current magazines are fine to use as they are usually well adapted for the purpose though any colored pictures will do. Procure some heavy cardboard of the same size as picture and after trimming off any unnecessary lettering on picture, paste on cardboard with a good flour paste and put under a weighted board to dry. When dry, lay on table, picture side down and with a ruler and pencil take off in squares, triangles or any odd shapes, being careful not to mark in too small pieces or narrow joints which will be easily broken. Cut on lines with scissors. The children will work for hours trying to put the pieces together to form the complete picture and it is even interesting to the grown-ups. It teaches the little ones a good lesson in perseverence. Pictures of animals are fine to use and a picture puzzle of Santa Claus makes an appropriate Christmas gift.

To the sisters who live on a farm and make their own soap, I am giving my mother's method of making soap grease from an otherwise waste product. Whenever she had a new milch cow she took from the second to ninth milking all milk not fed to calf, strained through a clean cloth and set it in pans or crocks. When cream was ready she skimmed it into a clean pail or other receptacle, stirring well after each skimming. When all cream was added she churned it with a wooden paddle, made from a clean board, gathered the butter and washed in cold water until milk was removed. The result was a nice lot of clean fat which in these times of high prices means quite a saving to those who make their own soap.

I would like a few correspondents, preferably those in remote places who have either few home ties or friends and to whom it would be a pleasure to receive and write long, friendly letters. My education has been limited principally to reading and travel and my heart turns more to the wild and less settled parts of our country, the mountains, forests and streams, the works of God, are wonderful and an inspiration to all that is best in me.

Best wishes to all the sisters. MARGARET.

DOWN IN MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been an interested listener to your chats for some time and have gleaned much good from so doing.

I am twenty-nine years old and have been married three years last July.

I have had eleven years' experience in the schoolroom, mostly rural schools, and in so doing have lived in many different communities and have always been an interested student of human nature. Now I am wondering what the sisters think of the girl of today. To me, the pace that our girls are setting is actually appalling. But perhaps I am narrow minded or old fashioned. I would like to have this subject open to discussion. I am not referring to the styles in clothing, though really clothes go a long way in making the character of the growing girl, but the moral attitude. I live within thirty minutes' ride by automobile of three of the most prominent summer resorts on the Maine coast and I see a good deal of the young people on the streets especially. We hear the argument that it is no more harm for a girl to smoke than a boy. It has always been an established fact that woman as a whole has a higher moral standard than man and throughout the ages it is woman who exerts the moral influence; now when our girls take up the vices of men and even seek to outdo them along that line, what are our men to have to look up to?

I am thankful I have no children for as I look around me in the different communities I can't see any group of young people that I would feel easy about my boy or girl being identified with. I do think young people should enjoy the society of others and it would be a difficult task to pick and choose. Now am I narrow minded—what do you think, sisters? One thing more, if our girls were taught to eat reasonable food and lead clean lives, nature would furnish all the cosmetics they need. The vigorous use of a wash-cloth at stated times would accomplish more than many layers of rouge and powder. A good cold cream and a little powder for the nose are useful things to have but these are enough.

Hoping to hear some interesting letters on this subject, I remain, Sincerely, POLLY.

MARTELLE, IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT and it is my favorite among ten or a dozen magazines, papers, etc. I have never felt as though I could write anything that would be as helpful as the other letters until I read Sada's letter in July COMFORT in regard to rainy day games or plays for little boys. Of course my boy is larger than hers, but he gets lonesome when the older boy is out making hay with Dad and he comes in and gets his letter blocks, dominoes, toy windmill, the round boxes mantles come in, and marbles and builds a farm. Dominoes make the fences, pasteboard boxes of different sizes make the barns, house, etc., and marbles are the hogs. The mantle boxes are twin silos, beside the barn and windmill. A baking powder can will do for a water tank or could be used for silo. Donald has little toy tractors and he hitches something on behind for plow, road grader or binder. If there are two boys one can be the boss and the other the hired man. Let them have a corner of the room for their play and when they are tired of it for that day have them put it away. Donald is seven but he plays by the hour by himself. Save spools, boxes, cans, etc., and if they have tinker toys or a toy windmill they can have a nice farm.

Love to all, also thanks for all the helps I have received in my eighteen years of reading COMFORT.

MRS. W. B. MEERS.

JACKSONVILLE, 121 FLA. AVE., FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Just a note to thank you for the library view and to send you a couple of snapshots of myself and kiddies for your album. I know snapshots don't reproduce well enough to be published so these are for you alone.

I received around five hundred pieces of mail in answer to my letter in last March COMFORT but have a hundred or still unanswered because I did not have any success in borrowing that typewriter. However, I intend to answer them, for they were interesting and many wanted to know something about Florida's wonderful climate, and I may as well tell something about Florida for the benefit of those whom I have been unable to answer.

We have nine months of summer and three months of spring, which are December, January and February. It really gets quite cold sometimes but seldom freezes. We have flowers all winter, the poinsettias, cosmos, dahlias, English daisies, pansies, yellow jasmine, azaleas, violets and roses, as well as some flowering trees and wild flowers. Magnolia and sweet bay trees are among the sweetest. Magnolia trees grow to a great height with very large leaves, smooth and dark. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



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Combat the film

Try combating the film on teeth. See how they improve.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Discolored by stains, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. There it remained to constantly threaten serious damage. So, despite all care, tooth troubles were increasing until very few escaped.

Then dental science sought ways to fight that film. After long research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application. That tooth paste, called Pepsodent, is now used wherever careful people live.

Combats acids, too

Pepsodent brings other much-desired effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.



Teeth glisten everywhere today

You can see the results wherever you look. Teeth glisten which once were dim. Beautiful teeth are now more common, and people smile to show them.

Those prettier teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that those people will hereafter have better tooth protection. They mean that children are better protected from what you may have suffered from the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

A few days will convince you that you need this method. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1059

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 771 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Taking Comfort

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Safely assuming that your girl is artistic and keeps more or less in touch with ideas of modern furnishings, she will first put a neutral shade on the walls and floor, and rely on her cushions, table covers, books and other small, bright-colored objects to give the needed touch of color. It will all have an informal and homelike appearance, and there will be little in the room that matches, chintz and cretonne being much in evidence.

As all girls know how to use a brush, they can freshen the floor, furniture and bedstead with a coat of paint. They will find a way to make effective rugs from scraps, and cardboard will be the foundation for picture frames and baskets. A cretonne covered utility box set under the window to receive things to be gotten out of sight in a hurry must be made, for "girls will be girls." Give them a chance and they will transform an uninteresting, uninviting room into a place of tranquility and charm, which may have points well worth repeating in the living-room.

In general, the housewife cannot prudently overlook sleeping-room comforts for it is there that about one-third of every 24 hours is spent. They may be severely plain, and should be if there is much work for few hands. Money is well spent in good mattresses and springs. Mattresses should have fitted covers made from unbleached muslin. There are not a few ways of improvising chamber comforts. A very attractive dressing table can be made from two shelves held together with sides and covered with valance and scarf. A long deep shelf with hooks screwed to the under side and a cretonne curtain makes a clothes-hanging place away from the dust. Wooden boxes may have covers hinged on to use as shoe boxes, and with a fitted slip-on cover they make good-looking seats.

The general living-room comes next in order and claims much of the housewife's attention. The several scenes illustrated on the cover can well be made into one, providing the room is spacious. Space, however, may be an illusion, for a moderate-size room may give a sense of larger proportions through color, arrangement and decorations. A light ceiling with a light neutral tone for the walls and a large rug of solid color gives the effect of spaciousness and calm. Avoid red in the house; it is distinctly an out-of-door color.

SEND NO MONEY

ART. SILK STOCKINGS

77¢ a pair

3 pairs $2.17
6 pairs $4.27

This is your opportunity to get lustrous, semi-transparent, artificial silk stockings, now so much in demand, at an amazingly low price. These stockings are fast black and have all the appearance of full-fashioned even to the seam up the back! The toe, heel and top are reinforced with combed cotton. Usual sizes 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2. Every pair guaranteed. SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE stating size and number of pairs wanted. Pay the postman.

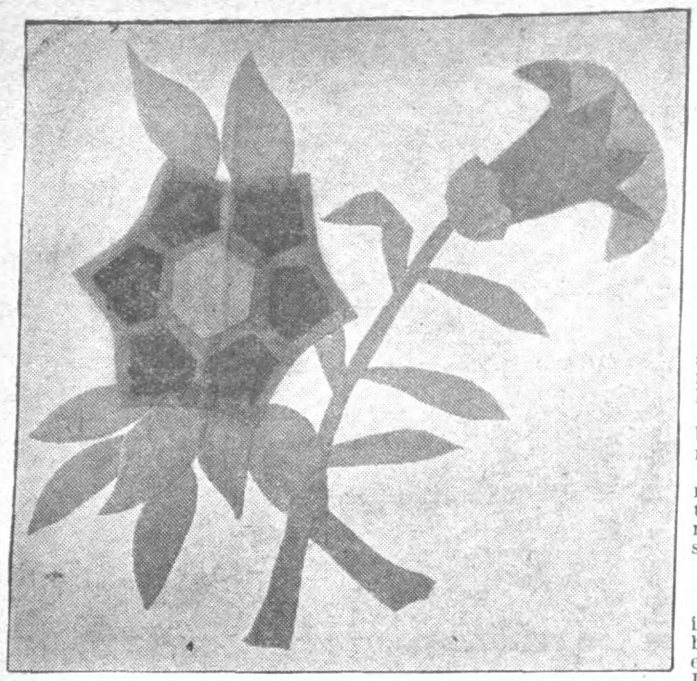
MOHEGAN INTERNATIONAL CORP.
Dept. C, 17 State St. New York City

In arranging the furniture, make a study of its uses. A desk should be to one side where one may sit uninterrupted. Small chairs are set in odd places ready to be brought forth when required. Larger chairs are more in evidence but should appear to have been placed for a particular purpose. Near a reading table, a sewing table, or near a bookcase they suggest harmony. A sofa with long table at the back is a complete arrangement in itself, as shown in illustration.

Built-in furniture is receiving considerable attention in these days of smaller houses. The built-in bookcases are about the only kind we see, and with the top shelf used for bric-a-brac the effect is altogether decorative, and the cost of construction very small. If you have an odd-shaped jog in your living-room it can be converted into a pleasant corner in which to read or sew by building in a settle and making a mattress cushion to fit. The seat may be hinged and the space beneath used for storage.

The living-room should never have a crowded appearance. The value of pictures are often impaired by hanging them too closely together or with a disregard for subjects. Simplicity increases the artistic merits of a room, besides saving a vast amount of cleaning and dusting.

Bags in Attractive Design



Original Tiger Lily design submitted by Mrs. T. E. McInnis, Texas Leaves and stems light green, lily red, overlaid with 4 dark blue applique pieces arranged around a 6-sided yellow center. The bud is of red, cut in points which are appliqued on to yellow.

Bags and Baskets

FANCY differs greatly, but the variety is so great, and the uses so many, any woman can scarcely have too great a collection from which to choose the right sort for a certain purpose or occasion.

Jute or Cord Bag

So attractive, strong and useful are these for shopping or marketing, every woman is fortunate in the possession of one.

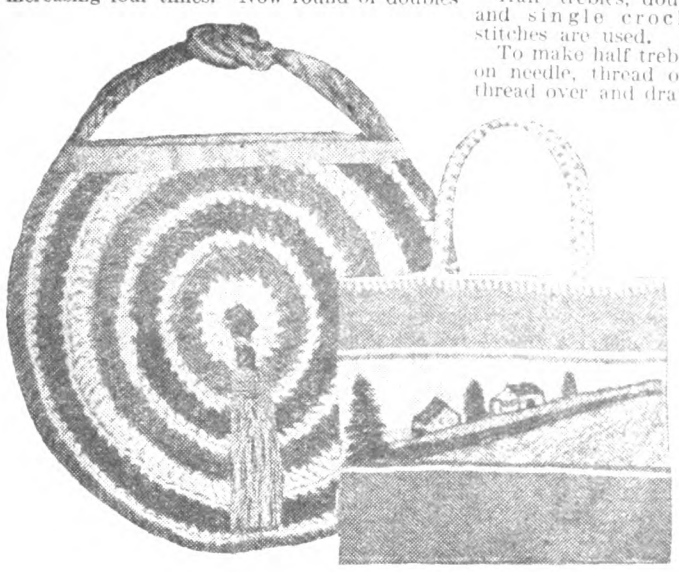
A new cord is on the market in a variety of colors especially for these crocheted bags.

A coarse crochet hook is necessary. Two balls will make a small bag. Work around and around completing each round of two colors. Use darker for ch 2. Ten s c into 1 st ch, ch 1, 2 s c into each st, join, do not break thread. With lighter cord, 1 d c in s c, 2 d c in next s c, working through one loop each stitch only, repeat, join. 3rd round—Pick up dark, work 1 d c in each first two stitches, 2 d c in third stitch, repeat, join, 4th round—Singles of light increasing four times. Now round of doubles followed by round of singles, increasing just enough to keep work flat.

Last rounds all of doubles. Make another circle to match. Join by crocheting together. to finish, as shown, fold in tops, line with black oilcloth or surf satin and finish with a binding. To make good strong handle, crochet chs and braid three together, tie knot in center, sew securely to sides. Tassels may be added to the centers or not as preferred.

Children's school bags, crocheted in plain filet darned in with designs in bright wools, can be more quickly made up of jute, in similar fashion, starting with a ch and working rounds of spaces.

Some attractive models of these will be illustrated later.



JUTE OR CORD BAG.

HOMESPUN WORK BAG.

Homespun Work Bags

These gaily-colored bags with their quaint, crude embroidery, are very fascinating.

The original was 13 inches wide by 12 deep when finished. Natural grey or a color can be used, darning the landscape with wools. Outline houses, road and trees. Use a running stitch for sky (blue), road (tan), fields (green), houses (white), roofs (red), outlined with fine black. Trees, one or more shades of green.

Line with unbleached muslin and buttonhole the top, using cornered cords cross-stitched for handles.

Crash Knitting Bag

Natural Russian crash, in size 15 inches wide by 14 deep, was used effectively in this model. Decoration represents flowers above a wall; use red, coarse mercerized rope for bricks, then mark off with white, and silkateen for flowers. These are of numerous shades, made by ch 3, join, fill with d c, join ch 2, 2 s c in each double repeat using two or three shades of a color in each flower. Leaves and stem, green outline and lazy-daisy stitches. Line with red sateen, making narrow bind around top. Handle, two-inch double-crash finished, and end joined to center of each side.

Crocheted Shopping Bag

By Janie Becker

Material required; Three balls cotton pearl No. 3 in delft blue, 1 ball of white and 1 ball of green—No. 2 steel crochet hook.

Half trebles, doubles and single crochet stitches are used.

To make half treble—h t c: Having a stitch on needle, thread over, hook through work, thread over and draw through work, making three stitches on needle, over and draw through the three stitches.

1st round—Ch 5, 1 h t c in 3rd st * sk 2, a shell of 1 h t c ch 2, 1 h t c in the next st.* Repeat from * to * all around chain.

2nd round—1 shell under ch of each shell in 1st round. Crochet 32 rounds in this way.

With white crochet around: 3 h t c under each ch 2 (no chs between).

Another round of white: 3 h t c in each space between the groups of 3 h t c of last round.

With blue: 1 round like 2nd round of bag, making the shells between the white shells.

Bottom of bag: with blue ch 25, turn. Crochet shells as in 1st round of bag on both sides of this ch, working an extra shell at each end.

Work all around; 1 shell in each shell making an extra shell in each corner.

Continue working in this way, increasing at each corner in each round, keeping corners square, until the piece measures—from corner to corner—5 inches wide by about 7½ inches long. Crochet in place, by slip st to 1st round on the wrong side.

To Make Handles

With blue ch 95, and make a h t c in each st. Work shells like those of bag, on each side of the row of h t c.

Make two handles, one for each side of bag, place ends of handles inside the bag about two inches, sew securely and in place.

To Make the Flower

With white ch 5, join.

1st round—15 d c in ring.

2nd round—2 d c in each d c.

To make a point: * 7 d c in 7 d c, turn, repeat from * twice. Skip 1 d c, 6 d c in 6 d c, turn. Skip 1 d c, 3 d c in 3 d c, skip next d c, d c in last d c, turn. 2 d c in 2 d c, skip 1, d c in last d c, turn. 2 d c, turn. 1 d c, finish off and break thread leaving a long end to sew in place.

Crochet 4 more points, making the 1st d c for each, in the same d c with 7th d c of previous point.

To Make Leaf

With green ch 7.

1st row—1 d c in 2nd st, skip 3, 2 d c in 2 sts turn.

2nd row—4 d c in 4 sts, turn.

3rd row—7 d c in the 4 d c, turn.

4th, 5th, 6th rows—7 d c in 7 d c, turn at end of each row.

7th row—3 d c in 3 d c, 3 d c in next, 3 d c in 3 d c, turn.

8th row—4 d c, 3 d c in next, 4 d c, turn.

9th row—1 d c in each d c, turn.

10th row—5 d c, 2 d c in next, 5 d c, turn.

11th row—6 d c, ch 1, 6 d c, turn.

12th row—13 d c, turn.

13th row—15 d c, making 3 d c in 7th st, turn.

14th row—Same as 9th row.

15th row—Skip 1 d c, 6 d c in 6 d c, 3 d c in next, 6 d c in 6 d c, skipping next to last d c.

16th row—Same as 9th row.

17th row—Same as 15th row.

18th row—Same as 9th row.

19th row—Same as 15th row.

20th row—Same as 9th row.

21st row—Same as 15th row to center of leaf, ch 9 for stem, 7 s c in 7 sts of ch, then 6 d c on leaf same as in 15th row. Crochet two leaves.

To Make a Bud

With white ch 4.

1st row—3 d c in 3 sts turn at end of each row.

2nd row—5 d c making 2 in 1st d c, and 2 in last.

3rd row—1 d c in each st.

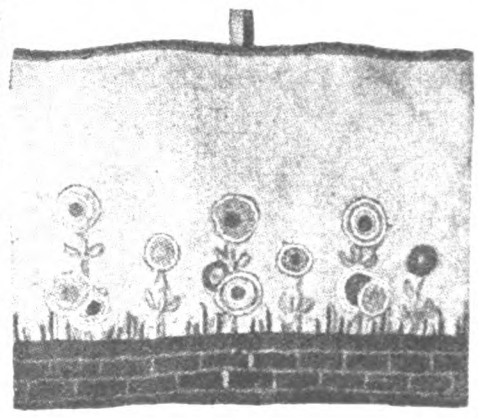
4th row—D c in d c, 2 d c in 2nd d c, 1 d c; d in 4th d c; 1 d c.

5th row—8 d c, making 2 d c in 4th d c.

6th row—10 d c, making 2 d c in 4th and 2 in 5 d c.

7th row—Skip 1 d c, 3 d c in 3 d c, 2 d c in next, ch 1, 2 d c in next, 3 d c in 3 d c, skipping next to last d c.

Crochet another bud, making it one row larger.



CRASH KNITTING BAG.

Sepals and Stem for Buds

With green make 1st and 2nd rows same as bud.

3rd row—6 d c.

Now make a point by making 2 d c in 2 d c, turn, 2 d c in the 2 d c, turn, 2 d c in the 2 d c, turn, 1 d c, ch 1, turn. s c down side of point.

Make another point in next 2 sts, and a point in last 2 sts; after last point, s c down side to center of lower edge, where a stem is made.

Arrange flowers and leaves on bag and sew in place.

This original design by Miss Becker results in a bag which is as strong and firm as it is attractive.

It is an idea which could also be copied successfully in jute of natural color and trimmed with the decoration crocheted in colors.

Crocheted Pouch Bag

The little bag shown measuring five inches in width by seven deep, is of Alice blue sateen with a two-inch navy-blue band in which are worked rosebuds and leaves.

Almost any colors can be worked out attractively in this manner and the bag can also be easily made as much larger as one wishes by increasing the bottom.

Materials needed—Two balls Alice blue, one ball navy, one ball leaf green, one ball of rose, one ball canary, steel hook No. 12.

Work is begun in center of bottom by making ch 5, join in ring, 9 s c in ring. Next round, 2 s c in each st, join, ch 1. In working take up both loops of each stitch, as it makes it much stronger.

3rd round—2 s c in first st, 1 s c in next 2 sts, 2 s c in 4th st, repeat, thus having six sides. Join to first st, ch 1.

4th round—2 s c in the first of each 2 sts, 1 s c in st between. Care should be taken to always enlarge in the right stitch if the result is to be even.

Continue in rounds as directed until one has 18 sts on each side.

Next two rounds, 1 s c in each st.

1st row of pattern—2 blue sts worked over green by simply holding on top of sts of last row, 4 sts green, 17 blue, worked over the green. Drop green out on wrong side or simply cease to work over it, in last 2 blue sts, join ch 1.

2nd row—2 blue, 3 green worked over blue, 15 blue worked over the green. 3 green, 15 blue, repeat, dropping green as in last row before joining.

3rd row—1 blue, 5 green, 13 blue, 5 green, 13 blue, repeat, join each as heretofore directed.

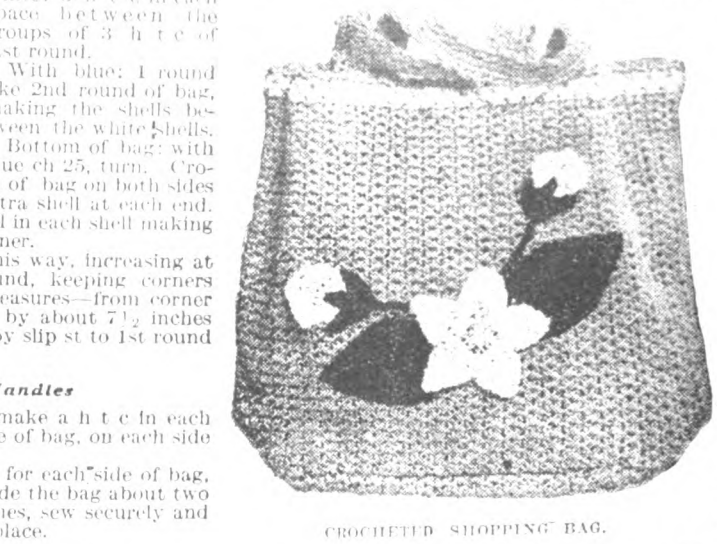
4th row—2 blue, 3 green over the center of 5 green, 15 blue, 5 green, 15 blue, repeat, join.

5th row—3 blue, 1 green, 17 blue, repeat, join.

6th and 7th rows—All blue.

8th row—1st blue, 1 yellow, 1 blue, repeat, join.

9th row—All blue.



CROCHETED SHOPPING BAG.



POUCH BAG.

10th row—8 blue, 2 green, 2 blue, 1 green, repeat, join.

21st row—7 blue, 2 green, 4 blue, repeat, join.

22nd row—6 blue, 3 green, 3 blue, repeat, join.

23rd row—5 blue 4 green, repeat, join.

24th row—4 blue, 2 green, 3 blue, 1 green, repeat, join.

25th row—3 blue, 1 green, 2 blue, 2 green, 6 blue, repeat, join.

26th and 28th rows—All navy blue.

29th row—All Alice blue.

Next three rows same as the 8th, 9th, 10th rows.

Next 14 rows all Alice blue. Then sk 2 s c, 1 d c, ch 3, sk 2 s c, 1 d c, join to first ch.



TATTED ROSE MEDALLION.

One row of scallops, made as follows: under ch 3, 1 s c under next ch; 1 s c. Add a picot edge of yellow.

Cord and tassel can be made of the blue or a combination of colors.

Terms Used in Tatting

D s, double stitch; p, picot; l p, long p; s p, shorter than usual picot; ch, chain; succession of double stitches made with threads; pkt, picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

If You Like to Tat

The tatting patterns we illustrate this month, we feel sure will appeal to all lovers of this sort of work.

Medallions can be used in such numerous ways. New combinations of rings and chains always prove of value.

The two patterns by Miss Davis are unusually firm and an apparent richness is added by the chain surrounded rings which is not the ordinary.

Tatted Rose Medallion

By Evelyn Davis

Single medallions can be inserted, or joined to form bands, camisole yokes, scarf ends, the collars being among the possibilities. To add to its lacelike appearance a medallion can also be used in the corner of tatting trimmed handkerchief, such as is illustrated

* Work is begun in the center with shuttle 1 d s (1 long p, 2 d s), repeat 7 times, 1 long p, 1 d s, close to form ring.

Join thread to last p, working with 2 threads make ch 6 d s. Join to second long p. Repeat around.

Third round is chains of 8 d s, joined to ch just over long picots.

Fourth round—Chs 10 d s joined to ch in round in same place

Fifth round—Ch 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2

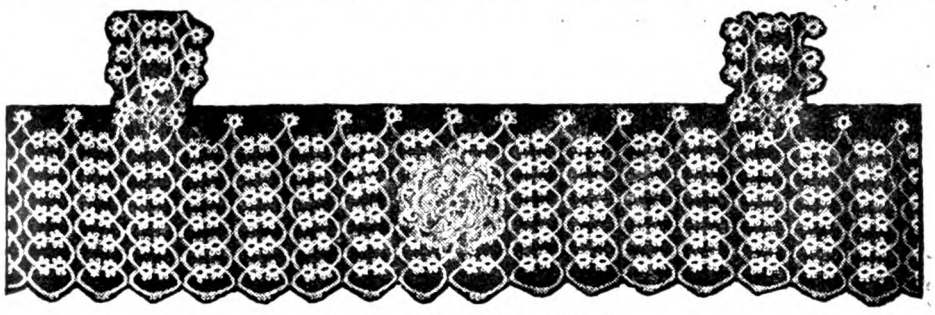
Tatted Yoke & Centerpiece

ch 5 d s, 1 p, 7 d s, join to second p of last ch on rose 2 d s, join to next p of same ch. Ch 7 d s, 1 p, ch 5 d s, 1 ring same as first, join to center p of first ring. Ch 5 d s, 1 ring, join to last ring Repeat making 5 rings, joined with ch between, ch 5, join to ch p, ch 7 d s, join to second p of second ch on rose. 2 d s, join to next p of same ch. Ch 7 d s, 1 p ch 5 d s, 3 rings with chs between.

One corner of 5 rings and one group of 3 rings on the side is now complete.

Repeat around the 4 sides joining the last ch to the first ring.

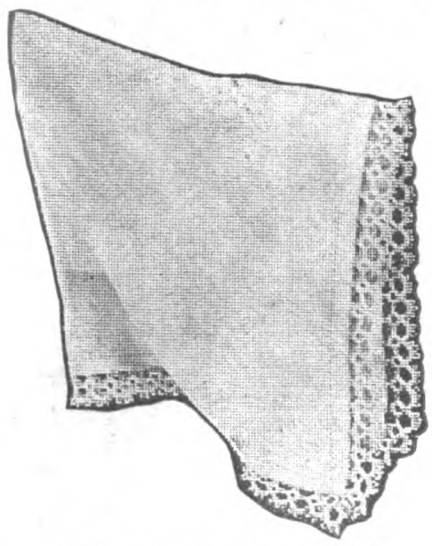
Join medallions by center picots of side and two end rings.



CAMISOLE YOKE OF TWO COLORS.

Tatted Handkerchief Edge

Rings—3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Ch between rings 3 d s, 3 p, with 2 d s between 3 d s, close. Join side picots of rings as made



TATTING EDGED HANDKERCHIEF.

Two Original Tatting Designs

By Mary Ratliff

The narrow pattern illustrated (below) requires two threads so it can be worked of two colors if one desires. As a finish for the now popular colored handkerchiefs it is very effective if the rings are white and the chains of cotton to match the linen.



TATTING EDGE FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

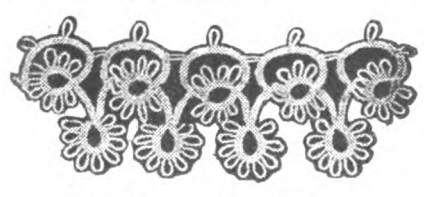
With shuttle make ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. With two threads make ch 9 d s, 1 p, 9 d s, join to center p of ring.

Repeat, alternating the rings and chains.

Double Ring Edging

This is another two-thread pattern, simple but very pretty.

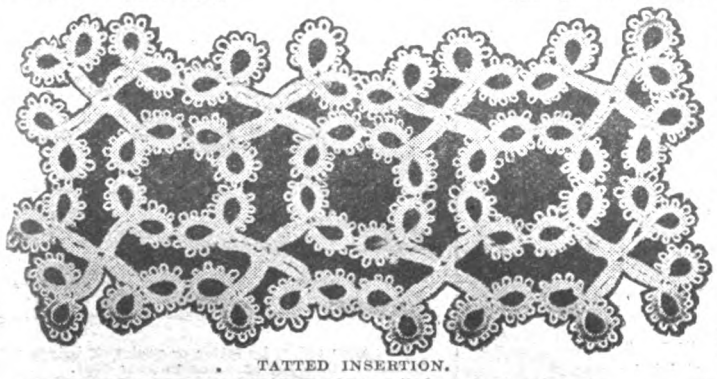
Begin with ring of 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close.



TWO-THREAD TATTING PATTERN.

Chain 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, join to fifth p of ring. 8 d s, ring of 9 p, same as the first ring. 8 d s.

A ring same as the first ch 8 d s, join to third p of first ch. 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, join to fifth p of third ring.



TATTED INSERTION.

Ch 8 d s, 1 ring ch 8 d s, ring 3 p, ch. Repeat for the required length.

Tatted Insertion

By Evelyn Davis

This original design is unusually firm as the chains are all double.

Begin with 9 p, ring with 2 d s between, at the beginning and to close. Make a second ring joining first p to last p of first ring. Ch 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s. Two more rings joined as before, ch 6 d s, join to p of first ch. Ch 6 d s. Two rings joined. Ch 6 d s. Join to first ch. Ch 6 d s. Two rings, ch 6 d s, join, ch 6 d s, join to first ring.

This finishes one small square, the pattern being made of these, joining the picots as follows:

Join center p of second ring of second square to center p of the seventh p ring of the first square. Join center p of third ring to center p of sixth ring of the first square.

Make two rows by joining these little squares in this way, then join the rows to make the finished band of insertion.

To do this put the rows together, squares opposite each other and join the rows by centers picots as shown in the illustration.

Four of the squares worked together make an attractive square medallion.

Wide Tatted Edge

For illustration see Page 24.

Begin with center ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, close, join, break thread.

* With 2 threads ch 5 d s, ring 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, for inner ring.

Ch 2 d s, 4 p, with 2 d s between. 2 d s, join to p of ring.

Repeat ch and join to base of ring. Ch 5 d s, join to p of center ring. Repeat from * 3 times, join and break thread.

This center motif is surrounded by 10 squares each of 4 double rings, joined as shown, 4 squares along the top, 2 on either side and 2 at the bottom.

1Squares—Small center ring of 4 p with 2 d s between ,ch 2 d s, ring 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, close, ch 2 d s, join to p of center ring, ch 2 d s, 4 p, with 2 d s between 2 d s, join to p of ring. Ch 4 p as before, join to ch 2 d s.

Repeat 3 times, joining first and last picots of chain to hold 4 double rings in place.

Join rings of 2 squares to center p of each of the 4 rings of the center motif as shown.

Camisole Yoke of Two Colors

This pretty pattern is worked throughout with white rings and pink chains, the rose which finishes the front also being of pink.

To make the camisole band wind a shuttle with white and make one of the top free rings as follows:

2 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close.

Working with 2 threads make a pink chain of 8 d s, then * 1 ring same as the first. Pink, ch 7 d s, 1 p, 7 d s. Repeat from * until one has 6 rings (counting from the second) with p chains between. * After sixth ring ch 7 d s, 1 p, ch 11 d s, 3 p, ch 11 d s, 1 p, ch 7 d s, 1 ring, joining to center p of sixth ring (see bottom of bands).

Picot chs between 5 more rings each one joined to center p of the opposite ring. Ch 8 d s, on 5 p ring. Ch 8 d s. 6 rings with chs between joined to second row of chs. Repeat from *.

To make shoulder straps begin with group of 4 rings using the pink or colored cotton.

First ring 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. In second ring join center p to second p of a ring which is joined to an opposite white ring.

Make third and fourth rings free.

** With white make 5 p ring, ch 7 d s, 1 p, ch 7 d s. 25 more white rings with pink picot chs. between. Ch 8 d s, 1 ring joining center p to center p of ninth free ring, counting from first ring beyond 2 white rings to which group of 4 pink rings is joined. This will allow 2 rings to join strap to the back, 6 under arm rings and 1 ring for the front strap.

Now make 4 pink rings, joining center p of first ring to second p of same with ring to which last p was joined. Join center p of second pink ring to second p of second ring in group of 2 white rings (see illustration).

Third and fourth rings free. Now continuing with shoulder strap. Ch 8 d s, 1 ring joining second p to center p of fourth pink ring. Make chs and rings joining chs to picots in ch of first row.

Finish with ch 8 d s, 1 ring joining second p to center p of third pink ring, ch 8 d s, join to first ring. Break thread after tying securely.

Now copy directions from ** joining ring after ch 8 d s, at end to center p of first free ring beyond first group of pink rings. Join next p of same ring to center p of first pink ring. Ch 8 d s, 1 ring, joining second p to center p of fourth pink ring. Now chs. join to chs. in last row and rings joined to rings of first strip. Complete by joining last ch 8 d s, to first ring on this side.

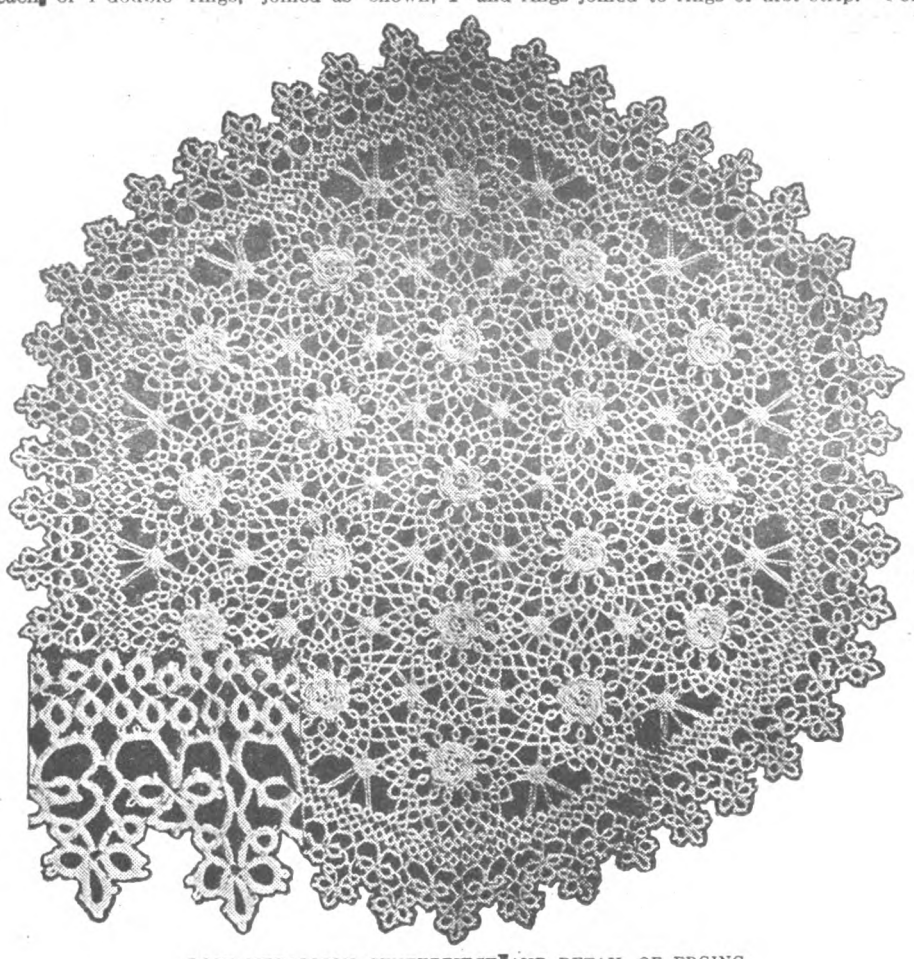
Repeat for other strap.

For a size 36 yoke one will need to make 38 free rings at the top of the tatted band. Of these allow 9 for both the front and back, 2 for each shoulder strap on both front and back and 6 for the under arm spaces between the straps.

For a larger size add to the number of rings across the front, and also across the back if necessary.

For the tatted rose which ornaments the front, use the pink cotton, following directions from * to * in Rose Medallion, with this exception, in 5th round make chs 12 d s.

6th round—7 p, chs with 2 d s between



ROSE MEDALLION CENTERPIECE AND DETAIL OF EDGING.

Rose Medallion Centerpiece

By Elsie Corbin

This effective and original design has the center formed of 19 medallions (see Fig. 1) each consisting of a tatted pink rose center, surrounded by rings and chains of ecru cotton. All white can of course be used if preferred. Tatted Rose; wind shuttle with pink cotton and make ring of 6 p with 2 d s between, close.

2nd round—Join in second thread by tying to p ch 6 d s, join to next p, repeat around.

3rd round—Same as last making chains of 8 d s.

4th round—Chains 10 d s.

5th round—Chains 12 d s.

6th round—Ch 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s. Fasten securely and break thread.

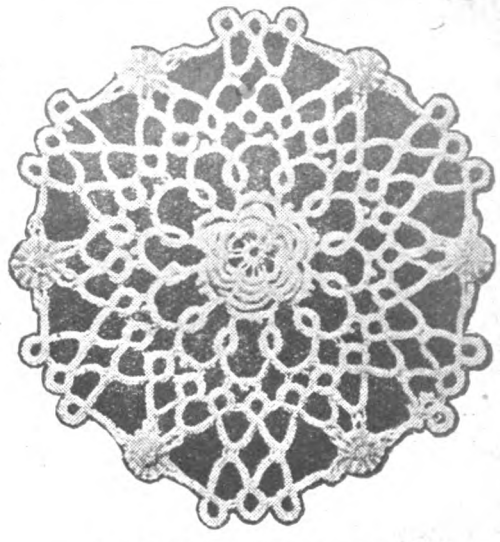
This completes rose. Make 18 more roses in the same way.

With 2 ecru threads make 1st row around rose—ring 8 d s, join to 1st p in last petal of rose, 8 d s, close. Ch 4 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 ring same as last joining to last p in same petal of rose. Repeat rings and chains making 12 of each.

Fasten and break thread.

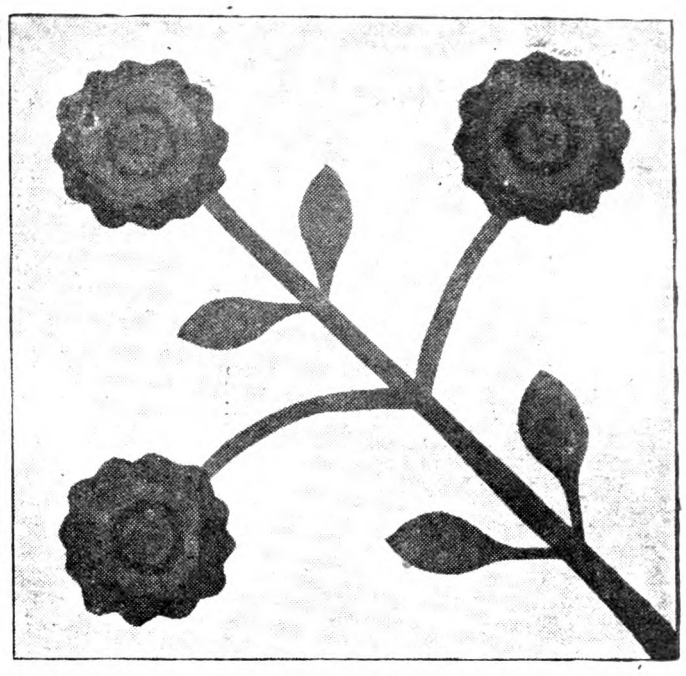
2nd round—2 rings of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, joined to first and last picots of each ch. The side picots of rings being joined and the rings being separated by chains of 6 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 6 d s. Repeat around making 24 rings and chains.

Make the second medallion like first joining to first medallion by both picots of chain in last round. The third medallion is joined to first as just mentioned also to the second by 2 chains leaving 2 free chains between joinings. Join 6 medallions in this manner forming the second row of centerpiece, around the center medallion. The third round is joined in the same manner having 12 medallions always leaving 2 free chains on each medallion.

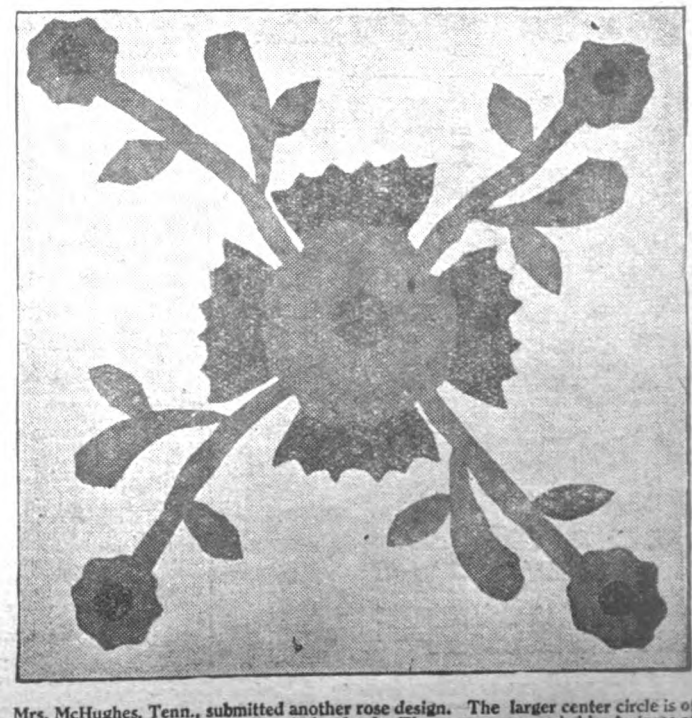


MOTIF USED IN CENTERPIECE. Fig. 1.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



One of 4 blocks which are required to complete a design is here shown. Background unbleached. Leaves and stems green, roses have each centers of yellow, over red, then green, again red and green with scalloped edge. Blocks are set together with main stems crossing at the center. Submitted by Mrs. Rebecca McCray, Ohio.



Mrs. McHughes, Tenn., submitted another rose design. The larger center circle is of yellow overlaid with a smaller circle of red. These are surrounded by 4 pieces of red, with stems of green running between to the corners. Four small roses are of yellow with red centers.

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Dept. 318, Minneapolis, Minn.

What the Guest Should Not Do

By Mrs. Elizabeth Atwood

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IF your best friend were to tell you, as you were about to journey to another town to become the guest of a dear friend, to look out for the "twenty guest failures," you would doubtless be considerably puzzled until she explained that there are a score of ordinary little things the average guest does, for the most part unthinkingly, that are, nevertheless, unpleasant for the hostess.

Every woman who has entertained company knows full well that she delights in entertaining some of her friends and no matter whether they stay two days or three weeks, she always hates to have them go. On the other hand, there are other friends of whom she is quite fond in a general way, and yet the moment they become her guests there is a something about them and their methods that are not quite pleasant. The reason for this is undoubtedly in the fact that they do one or more of the twenty things that guests should not do. Here are the twenty:

Never "drop in" on a friend unexpectedly. Give her at least a little notice, even if you have to telegraph or telephone, and if you are invited, be sure and let her know the day and hour you expect to arrive, and just how you expect to arrive.

Unless you are going to spend an entire summer of three months as the guest of a friend, never take more than one trunk, and preferably a small one at that. You can pack your toilet articles and sleeping garments in your traveling bag, and you can get sufficient clothes in the medium-sized trunk for all needs for a period of anywhere from one to eight weeks. Furthermore, do not forget to put your sleeping garment in your traveling bag. Otherwise you will have to get them from your hostess in case your trunk is not delivered on the day of your arrival, which every traveling woman knows very frequently happens.

If the day is pleasant go ahead and talk about it. Praise the weather, tell how you enjoy it, but if the weather be unpleasant do not make any further comment upon it than to say it is raining. Do not say that it is miserable weather and you always feel badly when it is rainy, or otherwise grumble about the weather for this does not add to the comfort of your hostess one iota; rather, it makes her feel as though your visit was not pleasing you. Half a moment's reflection should suffice to convince you that your hostess is not in any manner whatever responsible for the weather.

If you remain long as a guest in the average household a little domestic unpleasantness is very likely to occur. No man or woman is absolutely perfect. Something may displease the host or hostess, and they may have a quiet word or two about it. Never under any consideration in the wide, wide world enter into any such conversation, never make any comments to either the host or hostess, and, above all, never appear to notice these things.

If you are invited to stay two weeks do not stay a day over two weeks. When your time is up your hostess will, of course, ask you to stay longer. She may mean it and be sincere about it, but unless something happens in the household where your presence would be a help, always make our departure at the specified time. If you make a practice of this you will be doubly welcome the next time. Bear in mind that your hostess may have plans she would like to carry out as soon as you leave, and if you do not leave on the specified time you may interfere with these plans.

If you are at a friend's house for any length of time there are always a number of little bills to be paid. There may be telegraph charges or long distance telephone charges. Make sure that your hostess has a "blanket" local service with her telephone, otherwise each call means payment of five cents. Then there are express bills, and laundry bills, and various other little bills. Make sure every one of these is paid before you go away.

No matter how well supplied your room may be with toilet articles, always bring your own. This includes everything for the toilet excepting, of course, towels, and one or two towels may also be taken in case you should spill any of your toilet waters or face powders, as it would not be proper to use your hostess' linen for cleaning up such things.

Another thing every guest should remember to take with her is a plentiful supply of her own stationery and postage stamps. Too many guests sit down at their hostess' writing desk and make free with her stationery and stamps. This is exceedingly bad form. A woman's stationery is generally a personal matter which she buys to suit herself, and, of course, you know that postage stamps are the same as money.

If there are servants in the house where you are visiting, never embarrass your host or hostess by tipping them freely on every occasion. You are not in a hotel and you should take it for granted that your friends pay their servants a sufficient wage. At the end of your visit, however, it is all right to remember each servant, or at least such servants as you come in daily contact with, like the parlor maid, butler, chauffeur, etc., etc. Leave either a little present or a small sum of money for them when you go.

You may be visiting in a city or town where you have other acquaintances of whom you are exceedingly fond, but while you are the guest of one friend you should do no more than pay a call on your other friends. Never by any means stay over night with them and above all do not invite them to dinner with you.

No matter how careless you may be in your own home in regard to leaving your things about, it is quite a different thing when you are visiting. At your own home you may have a maid who will pick up the magazine you left on the couch or the kimono you left in the middle of your sleeping-room, but when visiting take care of these things yourself. Do not leave your wraps lying about the house, nor your books or other personal belongings scattered here and there. You may leave your embroidery on the veranda, a magazine on the lawn and other things scattered about. This means so much extra work for your friend or her servant.

There is another habit many guests have, if they are accustomed to go about visiting now and then, and it is a grievously bad habit—and that is telling your host and hostess what a beautiful place "so and so" has. Do not say that Mr. Smith has a wonderful garden, or the drawing-room in Mrs. Jones's home is perfectly exquisite. In fact, o not comment at all upon the homes and belongings of other friends other than to say that they seem to be quite happy and comfortable for such expiation upon the homes of others is likely to make your hostess feel as though you were drawing comparisons in which her own home by no means took the lead.

Be ten times as careful of your hostess' belongings as you would of your own. If you come back dusty from an automobile ride do not rush indoors and wipe the dust from your face with your friend's best monogramed linen. Take a face cloth or a cheaper towel for this. Never brush he dust from your shoes with your friend's towels. This seems absurd advice but it is frequently done.

The servants of your hostess are employed by her to do her bidding. When she requests them to attend to you, that is quite right, but under no consideration should you order her servants about.

Before you have been in the home of your friend more than two days you will get an idea of when they have their meals. Always be on time. By all means get down to breakfast with your host and hostess. If you have ever entertained friedds you know how disagreeable it is to have to wait for breakfast. Perhaps your husband is in a hurry to get away, and you expect to get up any minute for your guests. Remember this, and always be prompt at meal time.

If there are children where you are visiting never make the grave error of telling how perfectly well trained your sister's or cousin's or other friend's child is. No matter how incorrigible your hostess' children may be or how much like angels they are, any comment upon the good qualities of other people's children is decidedly out of place and impolite.

If you go to the theater or some other place and come back late at night do not enter the house noisily, chattering and laughing for there are other people in the household who have rights and should not be disturbed. You would not do this in your own home, nor should you do it when visiting.

There are women who go visiting and buy little things for their hostess' table such as fruits, and other dainties. This is the height of impoliteness and is really an insult as it is an intimation that you are not getting sufficient foods either in quantity or quality.

Do not give pennies or any money to the children. If you want them to have a little present consult their mother as to what to get them. If you want to give them money give it to their mother for them. The chances are their mother doesn't want them to spend money and she may be greatly disturbed if the children are given a little change with which they may buy the oft-times unwholesome penny candy.

Never appear uneasy while visiting. Do not stroll to the windows or doors and look out longingly, giving the impression that you are getting deadly dull and feel as though you were imprisoned. Do not say, "Oh, dear, I wonder what I will do today."

If the guest will remember all these things, she will find that wherever she has visited she will be doubly welcome next time and that year after year she will be fairly deluged with invitations from her friends begging her to make them a visit.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

flower itself is white and waxy and from six to ten inches in diameter, shaped like a wild rose.

Three crops of vegetables a year are raised.

Grapes ripen in September. We have the large, thick-skinned grapes, black and white. Apples grow only in the extreme north and cherries are scarcely known. We have pears and peaches but very few plums as winter fruits are specialized in, such as oranges, and grapefruit which begins to ripen in October. Then there are bananas, kumquats, mangoes, avacado pears, guavas, lemons, tangerines, tangeloes, etc.

The kumquats are a small citrus fruit, pear shaped with a skin like an orange. The skin is sweeter than the flesh and is eaten along with the rest of it. Tangerines are similar to oranges but are not as round. They are easily peeled and plugs easily separated. More highly flavored than an orange. Tangeloes are a new fruit, a cross between grapefruit and tangerines, smooth skinned and very delicious. The avacado is not a pear at all but an oval shaped, green skinned, oily tasting fruit from three to six inches long and about half as wide, containing a large seed. Guavas are small and round and one has to learn to like the taste. They make fine jelly and paste.

Florida is noted for its scenery, waterways and lakes. Jacksonville is located on the St. John's River which is very wide and winding. It and the Amazon are the only two bodies of water in the world flowing northward. There are a number of sawmills located along the river and pine and cypress trees are chiefly used for lumber. Our woods are mostly pine and the land is quite flat with only an occasional knoll. There are some hills, of course, but the land in general is flat. There are other woods composed of several varieties of oak trees, all different from the northern oak. Some of these are the live oak which grows to be very large, black-jack oaks and water oaks. The Spanish moss hanging from these trees is very pretty and picturesque though gruesome at night. It is used as packing material and for mattress stuffing and upholstering purposes when dried. Other Florida trees besides those already mentioned are sycamore, camphor, wasberry, soapberry, pecan, hickory, palm, cedar, wild cherry, wild olive, wild plum, chinaberry, sweet gum, chaparell, white, pink, cerise and purple flowering myrtle, Confederate Rose, ash, holly and umbrella trees.

There are not many factories or mills, some have asked me concerning these. Day laborers here are mostly colored. When the city or country has road work to be done, convicts from the state prison farm are put to work. White men who have a trade usually find work to do, and one can always make a good living on a small chicken or truck farm. Land is very reasonable and a great deal of it can be had for ten dollars per acre. The fishing industry is good. Conditions are good for cattle and hog raising. White women here never hire out as servants excepting as housekeepers.

Schools are very good in Jacksonville and I think they must be equally as good throughout the state.

I have not yet mailed my collection of library views to my home town library which happens to be in Kansas, but probably will have by the time this is published, provided it is. The states represented in my collection are, Ohio, Indiana, California, each 13 cities, Illinois, 12 cities, Wisconsin, ten cities, New York, eleven, Michigan, nine, Iowa and Pennsylvania each seven, Okla., Conn., Kentucky, Oregon, Alabama, No. Carolina, Maine, R. I., New Jersey, Kansas, Missouri, Washington, Vermont, Tenn., New Hampshire, Minn., and Massachusetts are represented by cards from two to six cities. Arizona, Miss., Colo., Maryland, Wyo-So. Dak. and La. by one city each. Would like to have library views from any state not mentioned and anyone in states mentioned who would like to send a card, will find they are very acceptable to me as I cannot have too many cities represented.

Love to all.

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The Vision

Sought by the souls of Mortals
Found by a few that seek
Lost by the strong at the Portals
Gained by the prayer of the weak.

It dwells in the stroke of the Artist's brush
It burns in the Poet's pen
It glows in the sunset's crimson blush
'Tis found in the heart of a Friend.

It led the hosts of Joan, The Maid,
It dawned in Galahad's Soul
It breathed with the Glory that time shall not fade
In the touch of Angelo.

It gives our Flag its Glory
Though battered or bruised or torn
It shone round the face of the Christ Child
On that first Sweet Christmas Morn.

Arthur of Avalon saw the light
That shone in the Holy Grail
Columbus too had the vision bright
In his ships so small and frail.

When the souls of Men are sifted
And to End is but to Begin
The veil shall then be lifted
And the Chosen pass within.

—*Catherine Graham Miller.*

Russellville, Tenn. Aged 14 years.

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Gen. 49:20.

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Saved by His mercy, made near by Christ's blood,
Clothed in His merits, accepted for aye,—
Never, no never, will God cast away.

Bread for their bodies, and bread for their soul,
He will provide, since possessing the whole;
Nothing shall fail them, God's saints shall be kept,
Never, no never, their Keeper hath slept.

Royal the dainties, which He will supply,
In the King's chambers we now are brought nigh,
Heavenly blessings are evermore known,
Never, no never, the Lord will disown.

Royal the banquet, then grateful, by grace,
How we should thank Him, and praise have its place;
Boasting and fearing and scheming are wrong,
Never, no never, should cease our glad song.

Pilgrims on earth, we are rested "in Him,"
Nor should our prospect of glory grow dim;
Now in God's family, and welcomed above,
Never, no never, will God change His love!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

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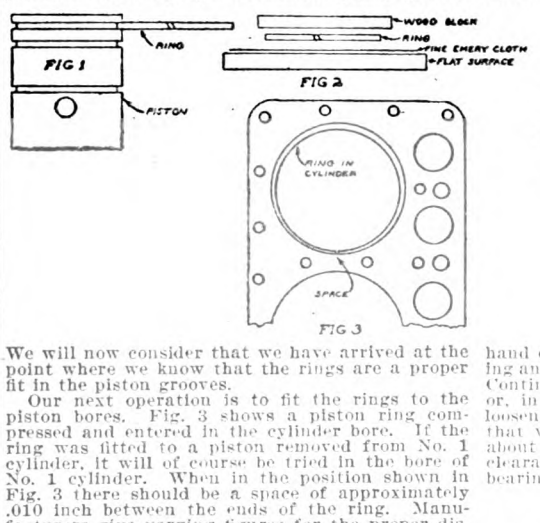
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Fitting Piston Rings

THE installation of new piston rings is an operation requiring skill. Many repairmen do not properly install rings and therefore do not obtain the results which the owner expects. The first point to consider is the condition of the cylinders. If they are scratched or out of round, the installation of new rings on the pistons will not improve the engine operation. The only remedy is to have the cylinders reground and fitted with oversize pistons and rings.

However, assuming that the cylinders are in good condition, remove the pistons and number each one so that it can be readily identified and replaced in the proper cylinder. For example, a mark with a center punch in the piston head will indicate that this piston belongs in No. 1 cylinder. Two marks will show that the piston was removed from No. 2 cylinder, etc. After numbering the pistons, the first operation is to wash each piston in gasolene. Make sure that all foreign matter is removed from the ring grooves. Pick up a new ring and try it in the groove of a piston as shown in Fig. 1. Roll the ring around the groove until you have determined that there are no binding points. Should the ring bind in one groove, try this ring in another groove. When you have determined that the ring is a good fit in the groove, place a tag on the ring to indicate the piston and groove. For example, should you find that the ring fits the lower groove of No. 1 piston, write on the tag that you will attach to this ring, "Lower groove, No. 1 piston." This wording may be changed as the workman sees fit but the idea is to mark the ring so that it can be identified. Let us now consider that we have a ring that will not fit any groove and must be fitted. One method is to obtain a sheet of very fine emery cloth and fasten it to a level surface. Smear a little oil over the emery surface. Next place the ring on the emery cloth and place a small block of wood on top of the ring as shown in Fig. 2. With this block of wood move the ring over the emery cloth. First take a little off one side of the ring and then turn ring over and grind a trifle off the other side. Do not use much pressure in the grinding operation as in all probability but little grinding will be necessary to obtain a fit. Be sure to wash the ring thoroughly in gasolene before trying the fit in the piston groove.



FITTING PISTON RINGS.

We will now consider that we have arrived at the point where we know that the rings are a proper fit in the piston grooves.

Our next operation is to fit the rings to the piston bores. Fig. 3 shows a piston ring compressed and entered in the cylinder bore. If the ring was fitted to a piston removed from No. 1 cylinder, it will of course be tried in the bore of No. 1 cylinder. When in the position shown in Fig. 3 there should be a space of approximately .010 inch between the ends of the ring. Manufacturers give varying figures for the proper distance between the ends of the ring but in absence of the proper figure .010 inch is not a bad medium. The distance between the ends is determined by a gauge commonly termed a feeler. Obtain a feeler of .010 inch thickness and try it in the slot. If it will not enter the slot then the ring should be removed and placed in a vise as shown in Fig. 4. A very fine file should be used to obtain the proper clearance. After making sure that the rings are a proper fit in the grooves and cylinder bores, the rings are now ready to be placed in their proper grooves on the piston.

Rings are made of cast iron and they will not stand too much stretching without breaking. Extreme care, therefore, must be exercised in this operation. The bottom ring should be fitted first. Procure an old hack saw blade and grind off the teeth. Next break it into three pieces. Place the pieces on the piston, as shown in Fig. 5, and slide the bottom ring down the piston into its groove. Next slide the middle ring in place and remove the pieces of hack saw. The top ring can be stretched over the top of the piston and pushed into its groove.

If a proper fitting job has been done the rings will slide easily around their grooves but there will be no up-and-down play.

Some pistons are made with pins in the grooves to prevent turning of the rings. When such is the case the rings must be turned until they are fastened on the pins. If no means for preventing the rings from turning is provided then care must be taken to prevent the slots of the different rings from registering with one another. Having decided on the location of the slot for the top ring, the middle ring should be turned until its slot is one-third of a turn away from the top ring slot. Now move the lower ring until its slot is one-third of a turn away from that of the second ring slot. The replacing of the piston, equipped with rings, into the cylinder bore is a two-man job unless a ring compressor is at hand. One person should hold the piston at the entrance of the cylinder bore while the other person should compress the rings with his fingers so that they will enter. Compress the first ring until it enters the bore, then the second ring, etc.

If the piston enters the bore from the bottom do not push it too far into the cylinder as there is danger of the top ring leaving the cylinder bore and expanding in the combustion chamber. Unless the engine has a removable head, about the only way a ring in this position can be freed is to break the ring.

A short time ago I received an inquiry from a reader relative to the amount of clearance that a piston ring should have. I replied that pistons have clearance but rings should fit the cylinder tightly so that compression could be held. I have since wondered whether this reader referred to the piston ring groove. If he had reference to the groove then my reply was not complete. When the ring is fitted to the cylinder bore there should be clearance between the ends of the ring. Manufacturers differ as to the amount of clearance but about .010 inch is a good medium.

Lubrication Necessary

Before fitting a piston equipped with rings into the cylinder, it is first necessary to thoroughly oil the cylinder bore and piston. Carefully wipe the cylinder bore clean, after which make sure that your hands are clean and free from grit. Pour clean cylinder oil on your hand and then rub the lubricant around the cylinder bore. Make sure that the entire cylinder bore is well oiled. Next squirt clean cylinder oil on the piston and around the rings. The piston and rings are then ready to enter the cylinder.

Helpful Pointers

Traffic Signals

Instead of traffic signals bearing the words "GO" and "STOP," most of the larger cities are endeavoring to control traffic with colored lights. Usually this system uses three lights of different colors as signals. Should a green light be cast in your direction it indicates that you are to go as cross traffic has been stopped. When the red light is cast in your direction it indicates that you are to stop as the cross traffic has been given the right of way. When the orange light is shown it indicates that a change of signal is about to take place. For example, should the red light be against you and a change is made to an orange light, you should get your first gear engaged and otherwise prepare the car to start as the signal will very soon be turned to the green light and the course will be clear for you to proceed.

Freeing Exhaust Valve

A stuck exhaust valve is one of the common causes for irregular engine operation. The valve sticks due to the guide having become coated with thickened oil. One method of freeing a stuck valve is to squirt kerosene on the stem then pry the valve up as far as possible and allow it to snap back. If a relief cock is located above the exhaust valve, turn the motor over until the tappet raises this valve to its highest point. Kerosene squirted through the relief cock will then strike the valve head and run on the stem. Wait a few minutes and repeat the application of kerosene. Turn the engine over until the tappet lowers and if the spring does not close the valve try snapping in method above described.

Adjusting Bearings

Main and connecting rod bearings are usually fitted with laminated shims, each lamination of which is approximately .003 inch thick. Each bearing should be properly adjusted before passing on to another bearing. One lamination should be removed from the shims and the bearing screwed down tightly. Turn the engine over with the hand crank and if it turns freely loosen the bearing and remove another lamination from the shims. Continue this process until the bearing freezes or, in other words, seizes the crankshaft. Now loosen the bearing and replace the last lamination that was taken out. This will give the bearing about .003 inch looseness which is a necessary clearance to provide an oil film. Adjust each bearing in like manner.

Condensation

If gasolene drains from the carburetor immediately after the engine is stopped it is not a conclusive sign that the carburetor is leaking. If the draining stops in a short time, the indication is that the condition is due to the vapor that remains in the manifolds having condensed and run down and out of the carburetor. It is a natural condition and requires no remedy.

Body Squeaks

After you have tightened all the body bolts and find that you have not got rid of the body squeaks, try loosening the bolts and squirting a little lubricating oil around each bolt. Be sure to tighten each bolt after oiling.

Adjusting Spring Shackles

When adjusting spring shackles draw up the bolt or nut until it is tight. Next back out the bolt or nut about a quarter of a turn, after which the adjustment should be considered as properly made. The bolt or nut should never be tightly drawn up as this condition causes the spring eye to be held rigid. The spring eye must be free to turn on the bolt as otherwise there is danger of breaking off the end of the spring. Usually provision is made for anchoring the bolt or nut and after making the adjustment this feature must not be overlooked.

Answers to Correspondents

BABBITTING.—My car is a 1914 model Oldsmobile. Please tell me how to babbitt the connecting rods and main bearings. Could I make my own jig for that purpose, or where can I get information concerning that matter? M. M., Springvalley, Ill.

A.—While I could go to great length regarding the subject of babbitting, my advice is that you have the work done by someone who is equipped to handle work of this nature. Most manufacturers have an exchange price on rebabbitted connecting rods which would not make it worth your while to bother with the job. The babbitting of a crankcase is work which should be handled by an experienced man. I am sure you will be money ahead and have a much better job if you will follow my suggestion.

ENGINE STALLS.—I have a 1920, model 15, Dort touring car. When I engage the clutch in low gear with sufficient acceleration it will stall the engine. Sometimes in such case the engine stalls momentarily and then starts firing again and gives the car a jerk. Can the cause of this trouble be in the carburetor or in the clutch? MRS. E. H., De Soto, Mo.

A.—From the description you have furnished I am inclined to believe that your trouble is experienced when the motor is cold. Unless the carburetor is choked when first starting out, the motor is apt to stall. Allow the motor to warm up for two or three minutes before starting out. If, however, the clutch grabs suddenly when engaged, the leather may need softening with neat's-foot oil or the springs adjusted.



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32x4½	16.50	1.45
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34x4½	17.05	1.55
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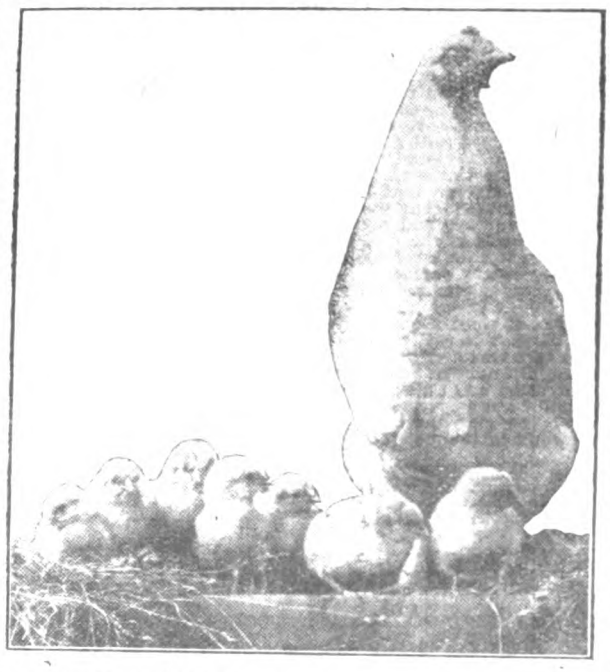
BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Sitting Hen and the Cause of Chicks Dying in the Shell

THOUGH I am a strong advocate of artificial incubation, Biddy takes preference for rearing future stock, and for hatching small numbers of ducks, geese or turkey eggs.

Do not think that Biddy must be allowed to remain in the nest she claims in the chicken-house, for such an arrangement always breeds trouble; every hen will desire to lay in that particular nest, even if there are twenty others vacant. Then, if Mrs. Biddy is of a pugilistic disposition, there are fights and broken eggs. If she be of the angelic type, and allows intruders to crowd into her nest, she gathers the eggs to her motherly breast, and the warmth soon renders them unfit for table use.

To avoid all trouble of this kind, devote some small building to the exclusive use of sitting hens, where they will be free from all disturbing influences. Arrange nest boxes, with hay in them, all around the sides. In the center of the floor two boxes filled with fine ashes for the sitters to bathe in are needed, as well as a drinking fountain and a pan filled with whole corn mixed with sharp grit—four portions of the former to one of the latter. Fill up the pan and water fountain every morning. Cut a large turnip or cabbage in half and fix it between stones, so as to keep the cut side firmly uppermost; then whenever hunger assails any of the occupants of the house, they can eat and return to their nests without attention from you.



GUARDING THE NEWLY HATCHED CHICKS WITH MOTHERLY PRIDE.

Droppings must of course be removed every day, and the ash baths emptied and refilled twice a week.

There is also another time and trouble saving device: we now use a sort of cage three feet long, two feet wide and one and a half high, made of shingle slats covered around the sides, ends and top with two-inch mesh netting, which is placed over the nest when the hen is first set, if she seems at all restless. Some hens always have to have the cage kept over them, or after feeding they go into the wrong nest, leaving their own. Obviously, when the cage is used, food, water and all the needs must be placed inside.

When you see the same hen on the nest each time you go into the coop, it is a sign she is getting broody. If she is still there when you lock up for the night, she is ready to be set.

Being sure of a broody hen, go into the house when it is almost dark, stoop down in front of the nest, and place your hands over Biddy, the thumbs meeting between the shoulders, the fingers passing over the body and picking up the feet. In this way she is easily removed without any fright being caused to the other inmates of the house. Carry her outside, then hold by the feet, head down, and proceed to dust her feathers thoroughly with insect powder from the dredge. When it has been well rubbed in, gather her up in your hands in the same position as when you took her from the nest, and hold her until she is quiet again. Then place her over the nest and free your fingers from her claws, letting her feel the eggs, releasing her gradually as you feel her settle down on the nest.

All this handling must be accomplished as nearly as possible in the dark, and as it is not always convenient to do it during the short time of dusk, a lantern must be fixed up for night work; paint all but a strip of the glass with black paint.

As the moving and powdering are likely to make the hen restless, three or four china nest eggs are put into the nest at first; then, when she has settled down to business, it is an easy matter the next evening to change and slip real eggs under her. The ordinary sitting of hens' eggs is thirteen in number, but a large hen can safely be given fifteen, especially as the weather becomes warmer.

About the seventh and fifteenth days after the sitting has begun, the hen should again be powdered.

Always try and set two or more hens at the same time. You can then give the two clutches to one hen, returning the other hen to the chicken-house, where she will soon begin laying again.

When Biddy has been sitting twenty-one full days, listen; if you hear a twitter in the morning, wait for the evening before slipping your hand under her to remove the dry chicks. If it is evening before you hear any sound, wait until the next morning.

The object in removing the young ones is that the hen, in moving around to help the later chickens out of the shell, may not be able to avoid trampling on and injuring those already out. At the same time clear the nest of broken shells, for there is danger that a broken section may get fitted over a pipped egg, thus excluding the air and smothering the occupant.

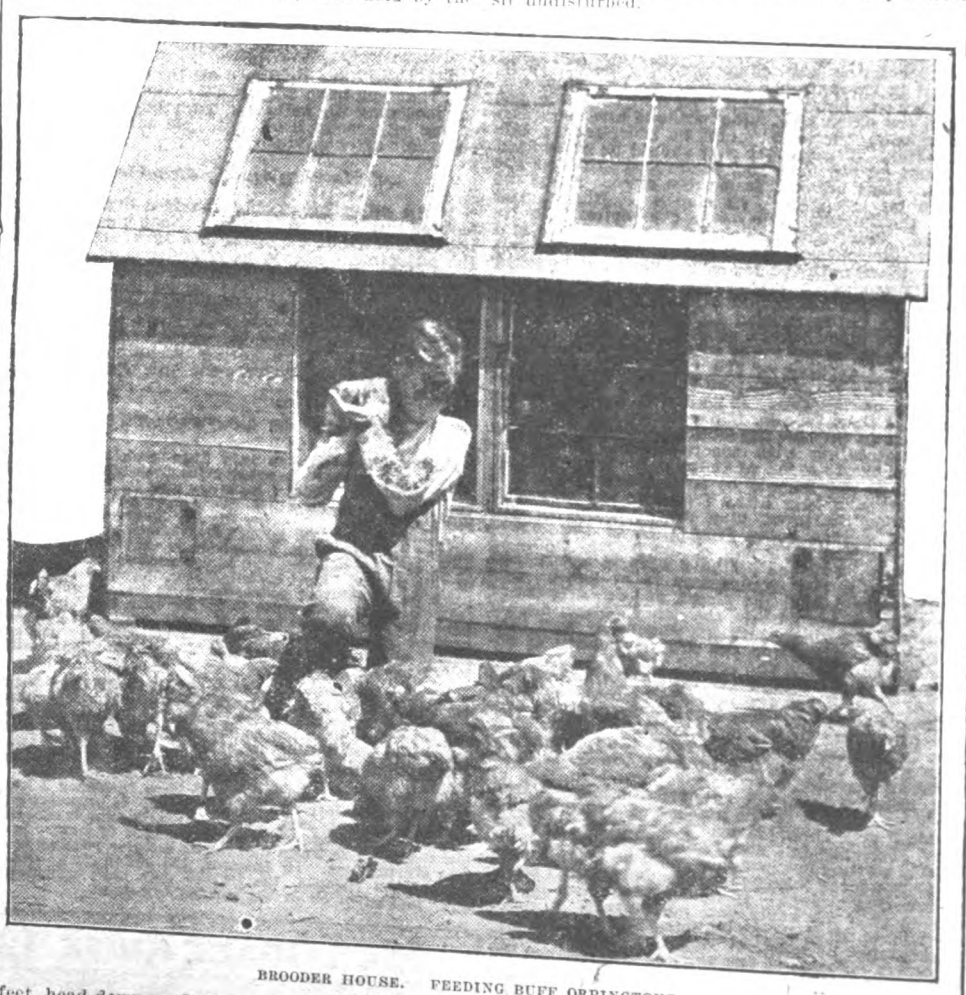
The newcomers must be wrapped in flannel, put in a blanket, and kept warm behind the kitchen stove. Wait twelve hours longer; then take all the chicks, remove the hen to her future home, fasten her in, and give her a good feed of corn. Place before the coop a run three feet long, made of slats and half-inch wire netting or boards a foot high so the little ones cannot wander away and get lost.

Coops are best kept in the full sun until the middle of April. After that, place them under a tree for shelter and shade. All grass under and around them should be cut short, so that dew and rain will dry off as quickly as possible and make it easier for the chicks to eat. Each family should be six feet away from all the others, for some hens will wreak dire vengeance on any baby that is foolish enough to mistake home and mother.

What Causes Chicks to Die in the Shell?

Chicks dying in the shell is one of the most discouraging troubles the amateur chicken man has to face, and apparently the one which mystifies him most. Yet there are several causes for even the strongest chicks dying in the shell.

First, we will take the case of eggs set under hens. It often happens that hens will sit well until the last twenty-four hours, then get nervous and fidgety. Sometimes Biddy gets hungry or thirsty and leaves the nest. This is often the case when hens are allowed to set in the chicken-house or steal their nests around the farm buildings. But if no one happens to notice them when they come off to feed, they may go back to their nests with only a half-filled crop on the nineteenth or twentieth day, which will force them to leave the nest again before the hatch is completed. As the warm weather advances in the spring, vermin may worry a hen into leaving her nest. Rats often scare a hen into leaving the nest when she is sitting outside, or another hen may fight her while trying to claim the nest to lay in. In fact, there are, of course, numerous accidental causes for the hens getting off the nest in the last forty-eight hours, when they should sit undisturbed.



BROODER HOUSE. FEEDING BUFF ORPINGTONS.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of chicks dying in the shell when eggs are set under hens, is the owner's anxiety to help things along. During the last thirty-six hours, it is imperative that all the warmth and moisture generated by the developing chicks and the body of the hen should be retained in the nest, and if someone is perpetually lifting the hen partly from the eggs to take away hatched chicks or to see what is happening, much of the moisture is allowed to escape, and the last two or three eggs fail to hatch, though they often contain fully developed chicks. An extremely dry season generally brings lots of complaints about chicks dying in the shell. The best way to combat adverse conditions is to remove broody hens from the chicken-house, and set them in clean nests in a house or shed which can be closed so that a quantity of whole corn and clean water can be left in readiness for Biddy to feed herself with when she comes off of the nest. It is also well to put a shallow box of fine coal ashes in the house where the hens are sitting, so that they can dust themselves every time they leave the nest. If it is a dry season, sprinkle water on the floor of the house every two or three days. When it comes to hatching time, listen, and if you hear any peeping in the morning, restrain your curiosity until late in the evening, then carefully slip your hand under the hen and remove as many dry chicks and broken egg shells as you can find easily and in a short space

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



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March: The Get-Ready Month

WHEN the roads are hub deep with mud and the land is too soft to drive a wagon on, though we humans are impatient to start the spring's work and cannot brook delays, we cannot control the weather and must make the most of conditions as we find them. For those who make the most of their time, March offers a real opportunity to do up a lot of odd jobs before it is too late—jobs that will remain undone throughout the year unless they are done *now*. They are to be found on every farm if we only look for them. To mention them all would not be possible in the space at our disposal, but we take space for the commonest or most important.

Soon there will be early spring pigs and lambs to care for. Are we ready for their arrival? Is the lambing pen clean and disinfected and whitewashed? Has the farrowing pen been cleaned out with scalding water, then disinfected or whitewashed, since it was last used as a nursery? Perhaps there are colony houses to repair, or new ones to build. If so, how is the time to play carpenter.

Has due thought been given to the ewes, sows, cows or mares that are soon to "do their bit" toward increasing the census of your farm's livestock? Ewes need plenty exercise, fresh air, sunlight and succulent feed such as chopped turnips to insure healthy strong lambs. The same holds true for sows in a measure, as successful hog raisers all know. Though many swine raisers believe that selling time is the real "hog raisers' harvest," the truth of the matter is that farrowing time tells the tale; the farmer who loses pigs at this time starts under a handicap, and no matter how well he feeds he cannot really overcome his losses incurred right at the start. But we have mentioned all these points before, and repeat only because we are so thoroughly interested.

Hotbeds, too, have been dealt with in these columns. Moreover, the agricultural experiment stations in each state have bulletins devoted to this subject that may be obtained free upon request. Perhaps a gentle reminder that spring spraying time will soon be here is in order. Why not stock up with the necessary materials such as copper sulphate (bluestone), quicklime, arsenate of lead, etc., on the next trip to town? It may save a special trip later on. Then look over the spraying outfit to see that the barrel does not leak, that the pump works as it should, and that the nozzles are not corroded. Nothing is such a nuisance as a nozzle that does not work as it should, and most orchardists who have blessed a corroded nozzle will put their O. K. on our statement.

While we think of it, don't forget to get a new rooster or two. Get fowls of good breeding, even if they do cost a little more. They will far more than pay for themselves in a single season. Furthermore, get them right away. To delay will make the hatching qualities of the early spring eggs a matter of doubt, and it is these eggs that should be kept for setting. "Do it now!" is old but good advice.

When and How to Prune

"Prune any time your knife is sharp" is the customary practice in large commercial orchards. Here it is necessary to prune every day when the weather permits from November to April in order to accomplish the job before spraying commences. But in smaller farm orchards where the owner is at liberty to choose the best time for this work, March or early April pruning has been found most satisfactory, for wounds made at this time start to heal almost immediately.

The manner in which the job is done is more important than the time, however. Better do it when the opportunity presents than fail to do it at all—a common oversight that is borne out in the presence of so many water sprouts in orchards everywhere.

Give all orchard trees a thorough examination this month. If trees have been planted too close together, mark or "blaze" the poorest ones for removal; then, when time permits, chop them out to give light and room to good trees that have been prevented from bearing heavily in their former crowded condition. Also cut out all trees that are found to be badly diseased or that have been damaged beyond repair by winter storms. To advise that all diseased trees or limbs be promptly burned may seem unnecessary; still there are orchards where the "slashings" are allowed to remain on the ground to continue as a menace to healthy trees.

There are really three aims to be kept in mind in all pruning. First, strive to get good light and ventilation to all parts of every bearing tree. Second, keep each tree reasonably low, the height of course depending in a measure on the variety habit of growth. Third, keep trees in fruiting condition by removing water sprouts and all diseased portions.

Putting a neglected bearing tree, that has never before been pruned, into good condition usually takes more than one year, for if such a tree is severely pruned the first season a dense growth of slender whiplike water sprouts is almost certain to result. Therefore the reclamation of a long neglected tree should be spread over two or three years. In the first pruning cut out all dead wood; remove all stubs or diseased branches; cut off all water sprouts except those which are left to grow and replace limbs lost through disease or injury; cut off or remove, as the case may be, all interfering branches unless these are so numerous that the work must be distributed over a period of two years; if the tree is tall or if the growth tendency is upright, cut back top growth to stimulate the development of side branches (laterals).

Spring Bee Management

The time when bees should be taken out in the spring is generally based upon the blooming of the willows. Naturally this time varies from early March in the South to mid April in the North. Few if any bee-keepers find that it is safe to remove bees as soon as the snow disappears. If the bees are given no outside protection the time of their removal from the cellar should be governed largely by their condition. If they are not restless nor suffering from dysentery they should be kept in the cellar until early April in the North, unless the weather is warm enough for them to fly and be continuously active. If bees are protected by a windbreak and outside covers they may be taken out late in March with safety.

Observation covering many years shows that it is not best to take them out while the ground is covered with snow. Usually late March has a warm spell that could be taken advantage of to permit bees to have a "cleansing flight." If hives are short of stores they should be set out during the March warm spell and given an abundance of sugar syrup to carry them over until field blossoms will supply their need.

Some bee-keepers make a practice of placing tarred paper, or preferably roofing paper, covers over their hives in the early spring. Extensive experiments conducted at the Wisconsin Experiment Station show, however, that such covers do little if any good unless they are so made and fitted that they completely cover the hive and are tightly fixed all around the bottom.

Grow Wilt-Resistant Tomatoes

Tomato wilt causes an annual loss of more than 115,000 tons of tomatoes in the United States, but by planting the new wilt-resistant varieties this loss can be entirely overcome. Three varieties of tomatoes developed by Fred J. Pritchard, plant physiologist in charge of truck crop disease investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture, and another variety developed by the same investigator working cooperatively with J. B. S. Norton, place within the reach of tomato growers four varieties that are highly resistant to the disease. On land that is so heavily infected with wilt that ordinary tomatoes will not grow upon it, these new resistant strains are now producing heavy crops of excellent fruit. They are selections from three of the best known commercial varieties of tomatoes grown, the Greater Baltimore, Stone, and Merveille des Marches (Marvel of the Market), and they possess, in addition to wilt resistance, all the good qualities of their parent varieties. Moreover, extensive field tests have shown them to be well adapted to all parts of the United States in which tomato wilt is present, thus placing them within the reach of growers everywhere.

Very few of the better known commercial varieties already on the market possess any great degree of resistance to wilt. The Duke of York and the Buckeye State, apparently one variety under two names, are highly resistant, but the quality of fruit produced is not of the best. Livingston's Globe is somewhat resistant, but its purplish fruit does not meet with the approval of canners and is also discriminated against for the same reason in many markets. In the South, where this variety is most extensively grown, it is very susceptible to nail-head rust very prevalent there. Apparently there is a grave need throughout tomato growing regions for the four new wilt-resistant varieties already discussed.

Ten Rules for Raising Chicks

"It is the first week or two of a chick's life that really count," we are told again and again by experienced poultrymen. Of course the chick has a long road to travel from the time it is hatched until it becomes either a broiler or a good laying pullet, but if it gets by the first few weeks of its young life it is then well started and its chances of thriving improve daily.

Here are ten rules which every poultry raiser can well afford to practice:

1. Use healthy, active and, if possible, free range breeding stock.
2. Have hovers warm enough, so chicks will not crowd underneath. A cold hover is dangerous.
3. Give milk or buttermilk to drink right from the start. For the first ten days feed at least five times daily, but feed only a small amount each time.
4. Keep chicks busy and do not feed enough scratch feed to fill their crops more than one-third full except the last feeding at night. (This is very important, though it is commonly overlooked, and dead or "peepless" chicks are the result).
5. Do not have any drafts where chicks sleep.
6. Watch chicks closely at bedtime to see that they do not crowd or get packed into corners.
7. No matter how cold, get chicks out of doors as soon as possible, but see that they can run to the hover whenever they desire.
8. Commence feeding green feed when chicks are about a week old, preferably having them run on green clover.
9. Keep close watch for mites. If they are not controlled, no chicks will be raised.
10. Give more room and more air as chicks grow larger. Don't crowd.

The Right Calf to Raise

Many farmers and some dairymen too, for that matter, still cling to the old-fashioned method that one calf is just about as good as another—that "calves is calves." Of course many now recognize the value of good breeding, choosing their heifer calves from dams of high and persistent production. But breeding alone should not be depended upon in the selection of calves that are to be raised and kept to form the herd of the future. The appearance and "typiness" of the calf itself must be taken into consideration, for even at a very early age there are certain "earmarks" of desirability by which we may judge or estimate the value of the cow in the making. Often old stockmen call a calf of the right sort "a likely lookin' critter"; few of them could tell the points upon which they base their judgment. But there are well-recognized points, nevertheless, known to our most successful dairymen, dairy judges and dairy experts at the various agricultural experiment stations. We sum them up briefly for those who may have an opportunity to buy good calves cheap, or who may wish to pick out their best calves and sell the remainder for veal.

First study the calf's head; it will tell you much about the breeding, quality and future value of the animal. The eyes should be large, bright, clear and indicate good health. Face should be medium length and free from fleshiness—what old dairymen call a "sweet face." Large, well-dilated nostrils, are desirable, as they permit free and ample breathing. A large, broad muzzle, combined with strong jaw, points to the good and economical feeder.

Now stand out in front of the calf and give it a more general "once over." Avoid a calf that stands, on several repeated tests, with its front legs close together. This indicates poor constitution. The calf that stands with its good sturdy, straight legs set well apart is the kind to pick out, for this posture indicates a roomy and wide chest well started in the making. Good lungs are absolutely necessary for strong constitution.

Next move around to the side of the calf. Look for a neck that is neat, slim and of medium length. A short, thick neck is a strong indication of beef type. In a dairy cow this usually is shown as the animal grows older in a tendency to "put fat on its ribs instead of milk into the pail." Economical, high and persistent milk production in a mature cow is seldom combined with the beefy type with a thick and heavy neck and a well-fleshed body. The best milkers tend toward thinness, and this holds true in the calf in a measure, though we do not wish to imply that a calf should not be plump and healthy looking. It should. Time enough to show its ribs when it begins to milk; until then plumpness proves that it is receiving more than enough feed to produce normal growth. The neck should blend neatly into the shoulder, and the shoulder itself should be spare of flesh coming to a distinct crest or ridge at the withers.

Look for a good straight top line from shoulder to tail head. The calf with a sagging back will grow into a "sway-backed" cow. Length of back is also important; a long loin indicating ample carrying capacity. Well sprung ribs combine with the long back to make room for the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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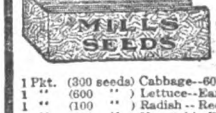
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House Cleaning, Renovating, and Improved Conveniences

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

the breadths together, turn a two-inch hem at the edges and sew flat. Turn wrong-side up, dampen, stretch and tack to a bare floor. When dry, apply two coats of first-class varnish, allowing several days between coats.

When rugs or art squares curl at the sides it is usually because they are stretched. To remedy this, take carpet thread or warp, and make parallel runs quite close together for about one edge back from the edge. The thread is drawn just tight enough to overcome the stretching, and the stitches will not show above the nap.

Strips of mattings sewed together also make good rugs but they require an occasional tack to hold them in place. Matting carpets are not satisfactory as they sift dust and acquire a musty odor in damp weather or if the room is closed.

A good crack filler can be made at home if you can obtain sawdust from a sawmill. To make, have the sawdust absolutely dry, and mix all you can into hot glue. Fill cracks at once. Smooth and paint the floor.

Drawer with Tray for Silver

Any drawer can be made to do double duty by building in one or more trays, according to the depth of the drawer. A glance at the illustration will show a small strip of wood tacked to the side of the drawer, and there is a corresponding one on the opposite side. A shallow tray, just long enough to admit a dinner knife, slides on these two strips. The tray contains different sized spoons, forks and knives. The bottom of drawer is kept free for kitchen utensils such as mixing spoons, cutters, egg beater, rolling-pin, etc.

Air-Dried Dishes

Anyone who has a window over her sink can turn it to great account as indicated in the accompanying illustration. At first thought, air-drying dishes may not seem a practical solution of shortening the hours consumed in dish-washing, but, in fact, it works admirably.

Of course one must have plenty boiling-hot rinse-water. Wash glasses, silver and table dishes. Have a pan of hot water; plunge dishes in and out and set to dry in the rack. The silver will nearly dry at once, but should be finished with a wiper to prevent streaks. The rack is invaluable for drying bottles and glass jars on the inside. It is here that dish-cloths and wipers can be hung, after washing, and dry in the air.

The dryer is very simple to make. Cut two end boards the desired height, and a bottom board to fit between just so the whole will easily slide in and out between the window castings. The bottom board is fastened to the end boards on a slant, according to dotted lines, which serves as a drain board. Two strips are fastened to each side of the dryer, and to these are fastened the upright strips between which the dishes rest while drying. Glasses, cups, bottles and glass jars are slipped over the top ends of the strips. The dryer is fastened to the window frame by means of a long hook and screw-eye.

A Closet That Revolves

It takes but a glance at the illustration of this revolving closet to appreciate what a convenience it may be at one end of a cooking shelf. In small quarters this type of closet is invaluable, as with a slight push the shelf for a particular article swings around and everything can be close at hand without confusion on the cooking board or counters.

It may be made any size required. Cut as many as your particular use will demand and bore a hole through the center of each to admit the wooden or metal rod which is made stationary at the ceiling and beneath the bottom disk or shelf. The partitions form compartments and hold the shelves in place. When not in use a curtain pulls around on a rod, concealing the contents of the closet and keeping out the dust.

Comfort Cleaning Truck

A platform built on a frame thick enough to take large-sized castors makes one of the best labor- and stepsaving devices I know of. On cleaning, or days of general sweeping and dusting, all the tools and materials may be set on the truck and drawn to wherever needed.

A knee-pad to slip under the knees when it is necessary to get down makes the position more comfortable and not so tiresome. Use the best part of an old enamel table-cover, as it will not absorb dampness and can be wiped. Make the same as a pillow slip, 10 by 15 inches, and lay inside a piece of old carpeting, quilt or rug to the desired thickness.

An apron of black oilcloth after the style of a sewing apron with pockets is of incalculable comfort on sweeping days. Damp and oiled dusters will not hurt it, and one can have at hand a certain brush, a hammer or screwdriver, tacks and hooks just when they are wanted.

Kitchen to Cellar Lift

When you consider that a simple chute containing a set of shelves can be made to do the carrying between kitchen and cellar, it does seem as if every woman is entitled to have one built into her house; that the wearying task of so many daily trips going down and up cellar stairs may be lessened and the loads carried for her by the enclosed lift or dumb-waiter.

Any man who knows anything about barn machinery or lifting devices would have no difficulty in installing this household comfort. Right here a neighborhood plan might be evolved whereby skill, labor and materials might be made cooperative in providing each woman with one of these silent helpers.

With the cellar opening protected by a screen door, food can be put on the lift shelves and lowered into the cellar to keep cool until required. All the milk can be lowered and returned to the kitchen, the canned food can be sent down, besides endless other uses it may be put to.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be, COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. W. L. McN., Winter Haven, Fla.—There is but a small amount of vacant public land left in the state of Florida, and it is probable that this remainder is not very available for agricultural purposes. There is but one U. S. Land Office in the state, and this is at Gainesville. Address the Register there, R. W. Davis, for further information.

MRS. F. P. P., Ethel, Va.—For the best information regarding the hospitals, etc., which Chicago offers for tuberculosis patients, you should address the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, 1212, S South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. J. F. Means, Claremore, Okla., wishes to learn how to make a rose jar out of rose petals. Perhaps some COMFORT reader who knows how tender rose leaves can be converted into their own container will write to Mrs. Means direct.

R. K., Milton, Ky.—Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., for full information concerning opportunities for enlisted men in the navy today. Many trades schools are maintained by our navy at the various stations, navy yards and naval air stations. A three-year enlistment is necessary to get the full benefit of these courses of training.

MRS. H. P. O., Springfield, S. D.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., regarding the copyright you wish to secure on your musical composition. Application forms and full particulars will be sent you.

A SUBSCRIBER, Slick, Okla.—The only way for you to try to market your verse is to submit it, with postage enclosed for its return if unavailable, to the various newspapers and periodicals you think might be interested in what you have written.

C. M., Louisville, Ky.—Arkansas vacant public land has been reduced to about two hundred thousand acres. There are U. S. Land Offices which you may address at Little Rock, Camden and Harrison.

MRS. W. H. C., Bergoo, W. Va.—We do not like to disappoint your hopes, but we feel sure your husband's violin is not genuinely old and the handiwork of Stradivarius, the great eighteenth century violin maker. Very few genuine Strads remain in existence after the passage of the years, and these, some thirty odd, we believe, have all been located by the experts. There has been built up a thriving trade in fraudulent "old violins," which have been made to bear various inscriptions ascribing them to old makers of the great craft such as Stradivarius, Stainer, etc. We think your husband's violin is one of these faked instruments. You must remember that not so many violins were made in the old days by workers laboring slowly and lovingly over the fragile instruments. During his lifetime it would have been impossible for Stradivarius to produce as many violins as seem to be located in the hands of COMFORT readers who write to this department concerning inscriptions which their instruments bear.

E. T. L., Virginia.—The northern portions of the states of Maine, Michigan and Minnesota would all offer good trapping territory for the animals you mention. The otter is a rather scarce animal, and hardly to be classed with the plentiful and plentiful raccoon.

L. B. L., Miami, Fla.—Seasons of all sorts are valuable, not particularly because of the material from which the stones is cut, but because of the quality of handiwork and artistry in the cutting. The reason old cameos are more valuable than those of later date is because the ancient craftsmen brought to their work a loving degree of skill in their art which is lacking in our more hasty and machine made days. Only inspection of your cameo by one capable of judging could reveal its actual value and marketability.

C. B. T., Minden Mines, Mo.—You say your father bought, ten years ago, one of the "mineral rods" of the sort which you now wish to obtain, but you do not state how much wealth of gold or treasure was ever discovered by means of the rod. We feel rather sure it was not enough to cover the cost of the mysterious instrument. These so-called "divining rods" are but worthless devices used to extract money, not from the earth, but from the pockets of credulous buyers. There is no instrument discovered which will locate precious ores such as those of gold or silver.

E. P. H., Montrose, Colo.—We are sorry, but COMFORT is unable to undertake any job printing. You should secure estimates for your work from one of your nearby newspaper plants.

W. L., Elmo, Kans.—There are over seven million acres of vacant public land in Colorado, and U. S. Land Offices in the state are located at Del Norte, Denver, Durango, Glenwood Springs, Hugo, Lamar, Leadville, Montrose, Pueblo and Sterling. Wyoming has the enormous expanse of 18,077,760 acres of public land awaiting settlement. The U. S. Land Offices are at Buffalo, Cheyenne, Douglas, Evanston, Lander and Newcastle. Write to any of the above offices for such information as you need.

A. A., Frederic, Wis.—See reply to Mrs. W. H. C., Bergoo, W. Va., in this department.

G. F. E., Miles, Tex.—Write to the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for any information you need regarding starting a troop of Scouts in your community.

MRS. L. C. P., Roseburg, Ore.—The dyeing of furs cannot be successfully accomplished at home. We advise you to have this done by firms who are equipped to obtain satisfactory results.

MRS. A. W. W., Forest Grove, Ore.—It is the rarity of a book, not its age, which makes it valuable to collectors. Your hundred-year old school books would command no premium.

A. M. J., Meridian, Miss.—See reply to C. B. T., Minden Mines, Mo., in this department.

James Gauly, Fortville, R. R. 1, Ind., is in search of the song—a parody—entitled, "I Did Not Raise My Girl to be a Mother." Perhaps some kind COMFORT reader can aid. Write to Mr. Gauly direct.

A. E. W., Joseph's Mills, W. Va.—There are twenty-six, not eleven, states which offer vacant public land to homesteaders. We give you the names of the states holding the best opportunities for settlers, together with the name of the principal U. S. Land Office in each state. You may write to the Register of the Land Offices for further information. Arizona, Phoenix; California, Sacramento; Colorado, Denver; Idaho, Boise; Montana, Helena; Nevada, Carson City; New Mexico, Santa Fe; Oregon, Portland; Utah, Salt Lake City; Washington, Seattle; Wyoming, Cheyenne.

A rainstorm in Arizona uncovered the burial ground of a race of prehistoric giants. One of the skulls found was an inch thick.

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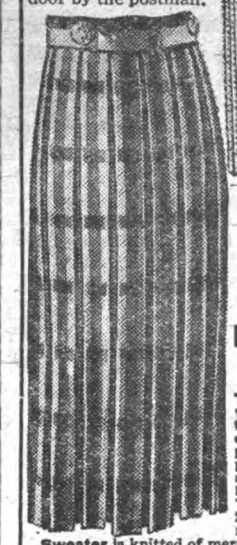
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Delivery Free Just send your name and address, no money. Be sure to give size and color. When the skirt and sweater are delivered at your door by the postman, pay him **$2.98** for them. We have paid the delivery charges. Wear both articles. If you do not find them better than you expected, return them and we will cheerfully refund your money at once. Order by No. 51.

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Do you want Mary Ann?



She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants a play mother to walk with her, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

13 Inches Tall

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

Send No Money

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SHEIK AHMED, Rand McNally Bldg., Dept. 107, Chicago

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

How many of you cousins are from Virginia? I am, for one, and have been to the Crabtree Falls—which has seven falls and is beautiful to gaze upon.

I'll return favors the best I can.

Best of love to all. DOROTHY DILLARD.

Dorothy, "we all" would sure like to help you in your great problem, but I'm afraid if you wait until all the thousands of votes are in and counted, that your "medium brown" hair will be reaching down to your dainty arched insteps or high heels. And just suppose after all your waiting and counting you found that the votes came out exactly even! It really would be much better to toss up a cent—and if it did not come up the way you wanted it to, why you could toss it up again and keep tossing. My own confidential guess is that you'll have your hair prettily bobbed before this is in print, because, Dorothy, my dear, you say, "I want to bob my hair," and if you *want* to, I think you'll do it without waiting to see what we all may think about it. I asked Bill about your problem and he looked gloomily over his glasses and growled: "Let her cut it *all* off. There'll be less to shampoo." But then you know Bill. His temper has been bobbed for a long time.

As a compromise, Dorothy, I suggest you bob one side and see how you like it. This would be equal to the plan of a certain college professor I once heard about. He had decided to shave off his mustache and had cleanly removed the left half when he commenced to think what his wife might say. So he went to her, razor in hand, and asked, "How does it look, my dear? If you don't like it, I won't take the other half off."

And so if you didn't like the bobbed effect, Dotty, you could leave the other half unbobbed—or else make a clean job of it as Bill nastily suggested: But don't wait for us all. We'll like you with long hair, short hair—or just none at all.

DRUMHELLER, ALTA, CANADA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have contributed the third verse to that song which Monroe R. Davis of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, wanted so bad. She stands on three legs now: one stuck up in Poplar Bluff, one stuck in your den in Brooklyn, and the third one up in the frozen zone of Canada. So the song should stand for ever and ever. If it is all right print it; if it is all wrong, give it to that Goat. Some of the COMFORT Sisters have got *my* goat.

As ever, OLD SCISSORBILL,
(A. R. WALKER.)

Well, Old Scissorbill, it was good to hear you gurgle again and know you were not so frozen up and blown away that a little bit of melody could not emerge from your windswept throat. A bunch of cousins and "potes" sent in third verses to complete Cousin Monroe R. Davis's song. Some of the efforts were good—but most of 'em were pretty bad. Bill had to choke a little to get 'em down. Your idea of replacing the powder puff by sandpaper I thought made your verse interesting and also the notion of a girl bulldog stopping cannon balls with her teeth in a thick fog. Your imagination keeps above the freezing point up in Alta, Old Scissorbill. I'm keeping my promise and am writing the chorus so that the completed song will run as follows—I hope Cousin Monroe will be pleased after you and I have done so much work:

The Powder Puff Sailor Girl

(By request of Monroe R. Davis, Poplar Bluff, R. R. 2, Mo.)

She went to a tailor shop and dressed up as a man,
And then unto the sea captain and asked to hire as a hand:
"Your arms they are too slender, your fingers are too small,
Your cheeks they are too rosy to face the cannon balls."

CHORUS.

Oh, sail away! Oh, sail away! Upon the broad blue sea—
There's many a girl that's left behind but there's one girl for me!
And that girl's cheeks are rosy, and that girl's lips are red;
She chucks no bluff with a powder puff,
And a sailor she will wed!

Cried she, "Oh, Mr. Captain, I pray you change your mnd!
My heart it will be broken, if I am left behind;
My arms you may think slender, but they are long and tough,
And if my cheeks are rosy, I'l buy a powder puff."

CHORUS.

Oh, sail away! Oh, sail away! etc.

And then the captain answered: "Oh, you're from Poplar Bluff;
Why, with a piece of sandpaper, we'll make your face look rough.
We'll make those rosy cheeks of yours look like an old bulldog,
So you can stop the cannon balls out of the thickest fog."

CHORUS.

Oh, sail away! Oh, sail away! Upon the broad blue sea—
There's many a girl that's left behind but there's one girl for me!
And that girl's cheeks are rosy, and that girl's lips are red;
She chucks no bluff with a powder puff,
And a sailor she will wed!

WHITEWATER, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have just finished reading the cousins' letters and thought I would write. I live on a ranch forty-five miles from the nearest town. My father is a cattle man. Our ranch is in a canyon called "Unaweep." It is an Indian name meaning "parting of the waters." There are high mountains in all directions. They are pretty in summer but they look awful dreary in winter. I like to ride horseback and help with the cattle.

I go to a country school where there are never any more than ten pupils. I am in the ninth grade and I am fourteen years old. I expect to be a schoolteacher if I ever get sense enough. Not long ago I read a letter from a cousin who wanted to live forty miles from town—if there was such a place. Now I haven't been to town for three years!

I believe I will close. I wish some of the cousins would write to me and I will answer all I can. Billy, I heard Daddy say the other day that he wanted some goats to eat the oak brush out of the pasture—so you come out and eat oak brush and leave my letter alone.

Your new cousin, ESTHER CASTO.

Esther, you seem to live in a sort of Valley of Tears—where the Indians wept so much there was "a parting of the waters," one river going from the right eye and the other from the left, I suppose. I don't wonder it is dreary with you in winter, Esther, with all those frozen tears dripping from the high mountains and even the wind sobbing through the pines on the canyon's sides. I must not write any more about it or I will be crying myself and rusting my old typewriter more than ever.

I like that small and select school of yours, Esther, with the ten pupils for the nine grades. This makes one pupil for each grade and one left over. You see I can do simple division, too. With small classes like this you ought to get lots of what the teachers call "individual attention." When I went to school I remember a boy who sat near me who used to spend most of the session wiggling his ears and chewing slippery elm. This chap used to get so much of the teacher's individual attention (and our teacher was a wiry cuss) that he never was able to remove his geography from the seat of his pants. The poor fellow used to study from mine, wiggling his ears at every isthmus, cape and promontory. He told me his map of Asia was worn so thin that you could not find the Himalayas.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



82¢ Buys All the Wall Paper for An Entire Room

Here is a big Montgomery Ward offer! A DOUBLE LENGTH roll of wall paper for only **6c.** Enough to paper an entire room 10x12 for as little as 82c! This includes side wall, border and ceiling paper.

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Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO FORT WORTH KANSAS CITY PORTLAND ORE. SAINT PAUL

New Flavors in Spring Dishes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

part is soft, then slip the tips under the water and boil five minutes longer. Asparagus will usually cook in twenty minutes. Make oven toast, dip into melted butter, lay into a hot serving dish, cover with the asparagus and lay several slices on top. Pour a little melted butter over the asparagus.

STRAWBERRY PATTIES.—Invert gem tins and cover with a good pastry; prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. Remove from tins, and when cool fill with cutup strawberries, sprinkle with sugar and top with white of egg beaten with powdered sugar to the desired sweetness.

BANANA AND RHUBARB JELLY WITH LETTUCE.—Cut unpeeled rhubarb into inch pieces, grate in a little lemon rind, add a very little water and stew until well separated. Strain. Sweeten. To one pint of hot rhubarb add two tablespoons of granulated gelatin that has previously been soaked in a little cold water. When partly set, stir in one large or two small bananas cut into small pieces. Dish into individual servings and set away to cool. Arrange the jelly on nests of lettuce leaves and decorate the plate with slices of banana.

RHUBARB PIE.—Skin and cut rhubarb in half-inch pieces, cover with boiling water, let stand three minutes and drain. Line deep pie plate with pastry, letting it extend one inch beyond the edge. Fill rounding full with rhubarb. Beat one egg and stir into it one cup of sugar previously mixed with two level tablespoons of flour. Spread this over the rhubarb, cover with a crust that extends just to edge of plate and is well slashed for steam vents. Moisten the edge with cold water and bring the under crust over it. Place in quick oven ten minutes, reduce heat and bake slowly for fifty minutes.

RHUBARB RAISIN PIE.—Use above recipe, only substitute some of the rhubarb for stewed raisins and add the grated rind of about one-third of an orange.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE MARMALADE.—Cut one lemon and one orange into slices, shredding the peel as fine as possible. Add four pounds of rhubarb cut into half-inch lengths, four pounds of sugar and one pint of water. Simmer slowly until the orange rind is soft and marmalade has thickened. Fifteen minutes before removing from fire add one cup of pecan meats cut quite fine.

MOULDED CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES.—Soak one-fourth cup of granulated gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water ten minutes, add one-half cup of strained strawberry juice, set the dish into a pan of hot water and stir until the gelatin dissolves. Set into a pan of cold water to cool but not long enough to thicken, stirring occasionally. Whip until stiff one pint of heavy cream which should be ice cold, beat in one-half cup of powdered sugar, and add the gelatin. Beat until the whole begins to slightly thicken, then pour into a mould. Set in a cold place, and in a few hours it should be ready to serve. Turn out onto the center of a large plate and surround with whole ripe strawberries.

PEACH GELATIN.—Soak one envelope of granulated gelatin in one-half cup of cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in one-half cup of boiling water, add one cup of sugar and stir until melted. When cold and before it begins to set, add two tablespoons of lemon juice and one cup of either fresh or canned peach mashed fine. The easiest way is to put the peach through the potato ricer. Beat thoroughly, pour into a mould and set away to harden. Gelatin dishes should be made the day before they are intended to be used as some combinations set slowly. Turn onto a platter, surround with whipped cream and sections of whole peach.

EASTER EGGS.—Break a small hole in one end of some eggs and drain out the contents. Refill the shells with colored gelatins, making it a little stiffer than usual. Very pretty colors can be obtained by using grape juice, spinach juice, cranberry juice, chocolate, orange or coffee. Set the filled shells, open end upward, to stiffen over night. To remove, carefully break the shells in places and pick them away from the gelatin eggs.

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Interference in Radio Reception

THERE are so many causes for interference in radio reception that it would be almost impossible to enumerate them all. However, there are many of these noises, such as squealing tubes, leaky power lines, loose connections, run-down batteries, etc., which may be eliminated and reception greatly improved.

The most common interference known to the broadcast listener is that caused by the wireless telegraph code sent out from the numerous commercial and amateur stations. The commercial stations consist of the wireless-equipped steamships and the shore stations which are maintained to keep in communication with the steamers. Those of us who are located near the coast are especially affected by the commercial stations but they are accorded a wave length of 600 meters, and it is only when the air becomes "jammed" that they come down on a 300-meter wave and it is then that we hear them in with the music and speech from the broadcasting stations. We cannot hope to overcome this interference and when we consider that the lives of the people at sea are at stake we can easily stand the interruption for a few minutes.

The amateur is blamed for about two-thirds of the interference but it is an unjust accusation, for the American amateurs have been very considerate of the broadcast listener and in almost every section of the country they stand by during the evening while the concerts are in progress. After 10 or 10.30 the amateur considers that he has a right to take his turn with the air. There are a few who are selfish and do not keep silent hours, but if the listeners in his vicinity would go to this amateur in a diplomatic way and reason with him, there is little doubt that he would do his best to cooperate with them.

Thus far we have taken into consideration the interference coming from the outside and over which we have no control. There are noises much more annoying and more constant than these and it merely requires a few hours of work to eliminate most of these unnecessary noises, and the results obtained will amaze those who are not familiar with the circuits of the radio.

There are no two vacuum tubes alike and it is obvious that some tubes are far more sensitive than others. As these tubes are very expensive, there is only one solution to the tube situation and that is to purchase your tubes from the most reliable firms and not be attracted by cut-price advertisements. There are several tubes now on the market which are not licensed and very few of these will give good results. Very often by changing the two amplifier tubes about it will give increased strength and clearer signals. The detector tube is known to the commercial world as a "U-V 200" tube and the amplifier tube as a "U-V 201" tube. A detector tube should be used with only enough plate voltage to make it function properly. When placing a new detector tube in a set several different plate voltages should be tried and the one giving the best results should be made permanent.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of perfect connections in the radio set. One loose connection may absolutely cut out the signals, and by a close examination the operator will soon find the trouble; but when the connection is neither loose nor solid it will give the listener no end of interference by causing a scratching noise in the telephones or loud speaker. A good way to test a set for loose connections or poor connections is to disconnect the aerial and ground leads and turn on the tubes. When all three tubes are lit there should be only a very slight hissing. Do not turn the detector tube above the normal working point or a whistle will be heard in the phones.

Batteries are also a source of much trouble unless properly taken care of. The "A" battery or storage battery should be kept charged at all times. A run-down "A" battery will not give a full-strength signal and will often cause a crackling sound in the phones. The "B" battery is even more noisy than the "A" battery when it becomes partially dead and if a set is noisy after being used some time it is well to try the "B" battery voltage. For most detector tubes a voltage of about 18 to 22 volts are required and the amplifier tube should have a voltage of at least 45 volts, and if a loud speaker is to be used a voltage of 100 volts may be used on the amplifiers.

Among the other bothersome noises we hear in the radio receivers are the crackling of a high-power line when the insulation wears off and the wire comes in contact with a tree limb or damp pole, the sparking of a motor nearby, the dentist's Gray machine and many other electrical devices within a short radius. These are, of course, more noticeable in the larger towns and cities and it is very difficult to overcome them. Experimenting with the direction of the aerial will sometimes help to obtain better results but if there is much of this type of interference near a receiving set there will not be much enjoyment in tuning for music.

Last, but not least, is the interference caused by the broadcast listener himself and it is becoming one of the greatest problems of the radio men to overcome the birdlike whistles which the numerous receiving sets send out. It is true that every regenerative receiving set may be used as a low-powered transmitter and when the detector tube is turned up to a point where a whistle is heard when a broadcast station is found on the tuner, the receiving set is sending out a wave which will cause all receiving sets within a radius of half to three-quarters of a mile to squeal. The proper way to have the set to hear music clearly is to have the detector tube turned down so that when the wave length dial is slowly turned to take a broadcasting station's wave, there will be music or voice heard in the receiver and no whistle will be heard at all. It is sometimes necessary to turn the tube up and locate a broadcasting station's wave by their whistle but immediately after the wave is located the tube should be turned down so that the music is clear but there is no whistle when the dial is slightly moved to either side of the wave. Until all broadcast listeners are made to see this point there will be little enjoyment for any of them, as the whistle from one set will entirely spoil the concert for all in their vicinity, and when several hundred sets are whistling, as the case now is in the large cities, there is no use in even trying to get music until most of them have gone to bed.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What tube is called the peanut tube?
A.—The Aeritron WD-11 is commonly called the peanut tube.

Q.—Where is station W O C located?
A.—W O C is located at Davenport, Iowa.

Q.—Will the radio that you are telling how to make in COMFORT hear music 800 miles or code that far?
A.—If instructions are carefully followed you should be able to hear at least 800 miles on a good night.

Q.—Does the Aeriola Senior use a detector tube? Please tell me a little about that set.
A.—The Aeriola Senior uses the WD-11 tube or what is known as the peanut tube. This set is probably the most efficient for a small set that is now on the market. It has a variometer in the aerial circuit and the main inductance is in series with this variometer. The tickling or regeneration is obtained by using a variometer in the plate circuit. Both variometers and the main inductance are wound on a single fiber tube and two rotors in either end of the tube. We will publish the circuit of this set in a later issue of COMFORT.

Q.—J. A. B., Blum, Texas. Please tell me what the Aeriola Senior costs, also where I can buy one. Who will send me a catalogue listing it and other radio sets?
A.—Write direct to the Radio Corp. of America, Woolworth Bldg., New York City, and ask for a copy of "Radio Enters the Home."

Q.—A. L., Pocahontas, Ill. I am a COMFORT reader and see in the paper about making a radio set. Please send me full instructions for making one and the material needed.
A.—Sorry we cannot send these instructions, but as yet we have made no copies other than those in COMFORT. Our readers interested in radio should clip and preserve the "Radio Flashes" from each issue of COMFORT, as we cannot supply back numbers.

Q.—R. C. P., Rich Hill, Mo. Where can I get a diagram and directions and list of material used in making a spider-web set capable of receiving long distances.
A.—Write to the American Radio Relay League at Hartford, Conn., and ask them to send you a copy of the Q S T magazine containing a full description of the Rhinerts tuner.

Q.—F. B., Frankfort, Ind. Will a radio set consisting of a tuning coil, detector, condenser and phones, properly grounded, give good results?
A.—Such a set would probably give results for short distance but not for more than 10 or 15 miles.

Q.—Is there a broadcasting station on the Capitol Theater in New York City?
A.—No. The programs from this theater are sent out from Station W. E. A. F. the American Telegraph and Telephone Co., New York City.

Q.—I am getting a lot of noise in my set which sounds the same as static does in the summer. Is there any static at this time of year?
A.—Yes. There is apt to be considerable static either before a storm or just after one.

Q.—Why does Arlington start sending time signals so long before 10 o'clock?
A.—The method of sending time signals is to enable ships at sea to take several readings of their chronometer and make corrections on same.

Q.—Is it possible to use a two-slide tuning coil for receiving music?
A.—Yes. However, to receive from long distances it will be necessary to place a variometer on the plate circuit. This will make the set regenerative and you will probably be able to hear distant stations.

Q.—Is it possible to use a loud speaker on a crystal receiver.
A.—Not unless you use vacuum tube amplification with the crystal detector.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

What's the matter with your town, Esther, that you have not seen it in three years? It can't take that long to repair a Ford. Perhaps those weeping Indians washed all the roads away. If this is so, let me know and I'll send Billy out to give you a lift. He can travel any trail and will be glad to take you to town and treat you to a cabbage sundae at the Whitewater Pharmacy.

HIBBING, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I wonder how many great grandmothers there are in the list of cousins? Now I hear you say, she belongs in the Sisters' Corner—but nothing doing! I'm fifty-eight years young, and so I want to be with the young folks—for you know that if we associate with the young we will stay young longer ourselves. Yet I love the old folks, too—the older the better. I was a great grandma at the age of fifty-two. I think I may be the youngest great grandmother in the U. S. I wonder!

I am five feet, one inch in height, weigh 93 pounds, have blue eyes, and dark brown hair, 52 inches long and just turning gray. Well, if Billy don't get this I will feel happy, for I can just see him laughing to think that I consider myself young.

Now I am going to tell you where I live. I live in the richest city in the world. It is all iron ore in the ground and they have moved more than half of the town one mile south, so that we have North and South Hibbing. It is a very healthy climate because of the iron and spring water. The largest open-pit mine in the world is here and many underground mines. The reason they moved the biggest part of the town south was because the north of the town was sitting on the richest and largest ore vein.

And speaking of moving, now Uncle, if I belong with the Sisters it is up to you to move me over, but please don't, for I like to be with the young folks. How I wish I could gather them all in my arms and be a mother to them, for I love them so. I had a group of eight of my own, and my heart goes out to the young ones. Well, Uncle, I hope I will see this in print, and I would like to have some of the cousins, boys and girls, write to me if they will—and the sisters, too. Now who will be the first to write to a poor old grandma?

Love to all and everybody. LOTTIE M. BISHOP.

Lottie, I would not call you Mrs. Bishop for all the world or your fifty-eight young years, nor would I move you over to the Sisters' Corner or anywhere else but right in with Us Folks where you belong. Your letter establishes your right to be with us, and if your hair is turning gray, it is certain your heart is still golden both in color and texture.

I think your claim to be the youngest great grandmother ought to stand, Lottie, and I hereby present it boldly and make you our League's candidate for the honor. If there are any more juvenile or lively bits of posterity in or out of the League, let 'em speak up quick.

Lottie, I agree with you that living with the young keeps us young. This is a part of the gift and glory that youth unknowingly sheds. And even reading and answering young letters helps. During the past year Bill has stopped using hair

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious s should be taken to your local doctor. ddress, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, usta, Maine. Sign your true name and give r address. Name will not be published.

RS. J. G., Knoxville, Tenn.—You should have the ils and adenoids removed. The holes in the tonsils naturally there and may become abscessed at any . Take, for your various rheumatic symptoms, a grain tablet of salicylate of sodium after meals. k plenty of water and avoid sweets of all kinds.

RS. J. H. C., Findlay, Ill.—Have your local drug- write to any city where there is a wholesale drug pany and he can get the Warburg's tincture re- ed to. This remedy is harmless; but should not be n for too long an interval.

R. G. C. T., Paden, Miss.—Your trouble seems to llied to lumbago, so-called. You should avoid sweets ll kinds, drink plenty of water and take ten-grain ets of salicylate of sodium after meals. Locally, can have the back ironed over hot mustard flannels ng out of very hot mustard water. Alcoholic drinks ld be taboo always in your case; but water, as in- ted, should be drunk freely.

RS. S. R., Dillonville, Ohio.—Your husband ap- rs, from what you state, to have ulcer of the stom- . He should live principally on predigested milk, peptonized milk. Only in this way will his stomach a rest and be able to digest more substantial food r on. He can also take with his food ten grains of rbonate of soda dissolved in very hot water.

RS. H. B., Aqua Fria, New Mexico.—Cannot send ficines by mail. You can get your druggist to put the iodide of potassium in a saturated solution for . Take, as an initial dose, five drops well diluted, er meals.

ISS H. C. C., Burtinville, Ky.—If your hemorrhoids n you too much and seem to be getting worse, you ter have them operated on, for only in this way can get permanent relief. In the meantime you can use mpound gall ointment, and also two teaspoonfuls of d extract of cascara sagrada morning and night to p the bowels open and free.

RS. A. W., Reed Spring, Mo.—Eating raw potatoes all wrong. You are evidently a neurotic. Take, ter meals, five-grain tablets of asafœtida and quit rrying.

ISS H. C. L., Melrose, Wisconsin.—You do not need shampoo the hair before you use the resorcin. Just e the tar soap and thoroughly cleanse the hair and en use the resorcin—two per cent. dissolved in equal rts of rose-water and grain alcohol. Resorcin is a wder.

RS. E. M. M., Mansfield, Ark.—Do not take so uch medicine; but try five-grain pills of asafœtida ter meals. Also before meals, to aid digestion, take tablet of compound bicarbonate of soda. Of course old sweets and pastries of all kinds.

R. H. L., Somerville, Ohio.—An abdominal support operly fitted would do you much good. Do not take oric acid in the stomach, but take bicarbonate of soda five-grain doses instead. You can use boric acid as enema without disadvantage and perhaps with some nefit. In the long run, if there is too much prolapse the intestines an operation is indicated, if a cure sought.

RS. G. T. B., Cardon, Kans.—Rickets sometimes use bed-wetting. Also too much activity during the y and want of an afternoon nap leads to a deep sleep t night with loss of reflexes and consequent bed-wet- ng as an after effect. Have your daughter take an fternoon nap, avoid sweets, eat a very small meal at ight and take two-grain tablets of urotropin twice a ay for several days and see what this regimen and let will do for her.

RS. J. E. S., Kinston, N. C.—The "whites" com- plained of are due probably to inflammation following aceration of the womb during confinement. Have the parts examined and if there is a laceration, be operated on and have the parts restored to normal in this way. You can use a teaspoonful of common salt to a quart of hot water as a douche morning and night in the meantime.

RS. A. L. N., Mill Creek, Okla.—Your son needs circumcision. Have this done at once. Your daughter is no doubt run down from multiple pregnancies. Have her take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's tincture well diluted. In hay fever the chief symptom is sneezing and coryza with watery eyes, etc. Have the sufferer take after meals a teaspoonful of Pertussin well diluted. For the catarrh spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution three times a day.

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

her or she might know too much about the comings and goings in this house. I'd rather have had her last night than that fool Brookes; but I was dizzy, I couldn't think."

Tears that she dared not let fall filled her eyes. There would be time enough to cry when it was safe to know that Jim was dead!

She hurried to James's room to see her before the house was roused, and when there was no sound within, opened the door.

"James!" she whispered; but she never got any farther. The room was empty; the bed neat, unslept in; the door into Gillian's room open. Mrs. Gibbs crept to it softly, not to run any risk of waking Mr. Marchmont's ward. Even James's unruffled bed had not aroused suspicion in her, but now as she looked—she knew!

The light of a rainy dawn poured in on another empty room, showed another untouched bed, and a floor littered with clothes.

Mistress and maid were gone!

The housekeeper stood livid, hideous, in the untidy room. Her face was dreadful as she turned to go, her strong hand gripped the air as though it lay already on the shrinking shoulder of the girl who had murdered Marchmont.

Quiet as a cat, she stole to Brookes's room and told him:

"Those girls—or Lesard"—she ended—"it don't matter. But I swear to you that whoever did it shall pay for it!"

The butler's face was like ashes.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Where Were Their Wives?

A Hartford, Conn., man writes that the editor of the Courant of that city to inquire how it was that the census found half a million more married men in the United States than married women. Perhaps the uncounted wives were at the club when the enumerator called.

PEGGY ROMPERS

By Emmy Matt Rush

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"BOBBY," asked Aunt Nan in alarm, "where have you left Peggy?"

Bobby was hurrying into the dining-room, minus the little figure of his romper-clad diminutive sister and Aunt Nan had cause for alarm, for little Peggy Rompers had a naive, quaint little way of calling upon the neighbors; romper-clad or visiting-clad, it made no difference to Peggy.

"Oh, Peggy," lisped the lad, "she went over to the Smithses with Janey Smith——"

"To the Smiths'!" echoed Aunt Nan.

"Yes'm," and the subject was dismissed so far as Bobby was concerned, for he was more concerned about his dinner, and he climbed into his chair.

"To the Smiths'!" repeated Aunt Nan aghast!

Nancy Emerson hastened to the telephone, to communicate, for the first time in many years, with the Smith residence. This necessity was saved her, however, for as she was raising the receiver to her ear, Peggy's shrill little voice, filled with the excitement of the occasion, could be heard in the dining-room:

"An' it's a little girl baby, Bobby, with a real mamma all her very own!"

Something clutched Nancy Emerson's heart-strings as she replaced the telephone receiver. She stopped a moment at the entrance in the dining-room to wipe a tear from the corner of her eye. Peggy was seated in her own chair, next to Bobby's, and her little blonde head bobbed excitedly as her Aunt Nan entered the room.

"Smithes have got a little baby girl at their house, Aunt Nan!"

"Peggy, child, where have you been?"

"To the Smithses," repeated the little girl, "with Janey Smith to see her little new sister, Aunt Nan——"

"Peggy Rompers!" exclaimed her aunt, not unkindly, however, for the children were all in all to her, albeit Peggy's unconventional neighborhood calls were very often the cause for grave concern. "Peggy, you know you should have asked my permission, for I have repeatedly forbidden you to call on the Smiths with little Janey——"

"But, Aunt Nan," demurely interrupted the child, "listen, dear Aunt Nan! Janey Smith's Uncle Ben was there again, and," slowly, "he told me the baby would be named after *me*,"—defiantly.

"After you!" gasped Aunt Nan, more excited now than her little romping niece. "Oh, how dare he!" Her face crimsoned. "Ben Harper told you *that!"*

"Yes'm, Aunt Nan, and he's coming to see me after supper."

"To *see you!* This evening! Oh! *He would not dare do that!"*

* * * * * * *

For can't you see, Aunt Nan and Janey Smith's big Uncle Ben had been sweethearts in the long ago, in the high school days, days when youth with all of the pride of folly and arrogance believes it incumbent upon the dignity of future years to be unrelenting and unforgiving where one loves. And so the engagement of Aunt Nan and Janey Smith's Uncle Ben was broken! Because *Pride*, the Folly of Youth, demanded it!

Neither of them had married as year followed year, and the broken engagement remained broken. Ben Harper tried hard enough to mend the link, but Aunt Nan's stubborn pride would not let the link be mended, and since the children of her dead sister came into her life and home, Nancy Emerson insisted that she was too much absorbed in Peggy and Bobby to marry any man!

* * * * * * *

Peggy's mamma died when Peggy was a wee little babe, and her father died before the child was born, so that poor little Peggy Rompers knew neither father nor mother! Pathetically the child would ask: "Aunt Nan, dear, why haven't I got a mother and a father like other little girls?" To which Aunt Nan could only reply, "You precious child!" And when she said that, Peggy always thought there were tears in Aunt Nan's voice as well as in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

The evening meal passed in silence. Aunt Nan was in deep thought. So was Peggy Rompers, for that matter! And Bobby, as we have said, was more concerned with his supper than any of Peggy's wild neighborhood rambles.

Nancy Emerson resented with all the power of the pride of accumulating years Ben Harper's coming over to call on little Peggy Rompers. And yet somewhere, deep down in her heart, Nancy Emerson felt glad. Not that she would see him. Oh, no, nothing like that! But she would show Ben Harper that his arrogance could be properly punished.

* * * * * * *

The telephone bell rang. Glancing shyly at her Aunt Nan, Peggy Rompers slipped out of her tall chair. Cautiously she crept to the telephone table. Glancing shyly once more in Aunt Nan's direction, the child took down the receiver. Nancy Emerson was still absorbed in her own thoughts. Aunt Nan wasn't looking her way, thought the child. Cautiously she placed her lips to the mouthpiece.

"Yes, it's me, *Peggy,"* she lisped.

"Yes, you can come," and stealthily replacing the receiver Peggy Rompers approached her Aunt Nan, for she was a truthful child.

Like most children with precocious and prodigal inclinations, Peggy at the same time entertained the highest sense of honor, and if truth were a virtue, then indeed Peggy Rompers, with all of the cunning and magic of her premature predilections, was a virtuously truthful little girl.

"The telephone bell rang, Aunt Nan. I answered. It was Janey Smith's Uncle Ben. He's coming right over!"

"Oh! Peggy," cried Aunt Nan, "how dare he!" And Aunt Nan disappeared.

* * * * * * *

A bright little twinkle played in Peggy Romper's clear blue eyes, and she took her place beside the front door to wait for the bell to ring, for no other hands could open the door for *her* caller!

Her little blonde curls nodded back and forth, and her little feet seemed to dance all over the rugs. The waiting seemed interminable.

Presently the doorbell rang. Aunt Nan was nowhere to be seen!

The maid appeared to open the door. "I will go, Martha," timidly volunteered the child, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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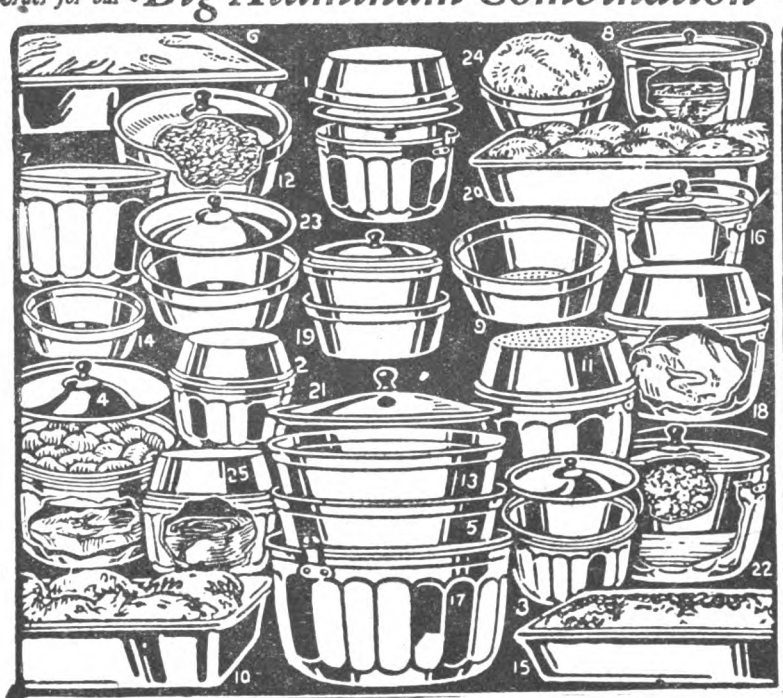
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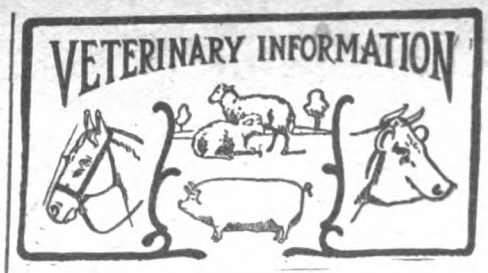
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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Black Tongue in Dogs

So many Southern readers have reported cases of black tongue in their dogs and anxiously sought a remedy that we are glad to be able to report success from the employment of a new combination of drugs. The new treatment is credited to Dr. G. W. Browning of Georgia and consists of a mixture of 15 drops of essential tincture of rhus toxicodendron, one-half an ounce each of specific tincture of echinacea and glycerin and enough water to make four ounces. The dose is one teaspoonful every two hours until improvement is marked, then every three or four hours. It is reported that this medicine, composed largely of what are known as ecletic tinctures, has reduced the mortality of the disease from 75 per cent. to 25 per cent. Local treatment consists in swabbing or spraying the mouth three or four times daily with boiled water containing enough permanganate of potash to tinge it light pink or enough sulphate of copper (bluestone) to turn it light blue.

To stop vomiting, which is a common complication of black tongue, Dr. E. L. Quitman of Chicago recommends the administration of a mixture of four drops of carbolic acid, two drams each of paregoric and subnitrate of bismuth, one ounce of glycerin, and water to make two ounces. The dose is one to two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours. If vomited, the dose should at once be repeated. In districts where the malady is prevalent dogs should be carefully fed at home and prevented from eating garbage or carrion of any kind or drinking contaminated water.

Questions and Answers

Infectious Catarrh.—We have an infectious disease in our herd of purebred Jerseys on our Stock Farm. It seems to be a kind of catarrhal affection of the head or nasal passage. They have a discharge from the nostrils sometimes blocking the air passage and causing the animal to breathe through the mouth. The first cow took the disease two years ago, last year another one, this spring five more, so you see it is spreading fast. At first our veterinarians thought it was not contagious, but they now claim it may be. They say they do not know what it is, nor do they know what to do for it. Nearly all of them get better in the fall and remain that way until the next spring when the affection returns. Every calf that is dropped by these cows has the disease, starting when about six months to one year of age. Our local veterinarian claims, after inquiring at several of their meetings that there are a number of cases of this same disease scattered around over the country. I know of some in different herds but not more than one or two to the herd. The disease starts with a slight discharge from each nostril something like a cold and gradually gets worse. The animal affected will quite frequently be seen trying to run a weed or something up her nose. The discharge is a yellowish white. I know of one or two animals that have had the disease three or four years and they are no better or worse now. They milk and do well otherwise and I have never known one to die from the affects of the disease. I would like your opinion of the disease and what you would suggest doing for it.
R. B.

A.—The disease described is not uncommon, being a form of infectious catarrh or influenza. In some cases it has been known to take on a malignant form which is incurable, similar to glanders in a horse, and fatal. The infection remains in the stable. Isolate the affected cows and fit them for the butcher as they may be "carriers of the infection when seemingly but slightly affected. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable. Use a mixture of one part of compound cresol solution and 30 parts of water for disinfecting purposes. Two or three times daily syringe out discharging nostrils with a lukewarm 1-to-1,000 solution of chinosol and expose the affected cows in the stable to steam from hot water to which two ounces of compound tincture of benzoin or oil of eucalyptus, per quart, has been added. The veterinarian should try the effect of an autogenous bacterin.

Contracted Feet.—I have a horse seven years old, that has been road-foundered for a year. His feet are hard, dry and sore. When I drive or ride him and he stands for some time he gets stiff and can hardly go at all. The trouble is mostly in his front feet.
H. C. L.

A.—Let the horse stand with his feet in a tub containing six or eight inches of cold soft water for an hour or two twice daily for a month. In the evening apply neat's-foot oil or any simple greasy hoof dressing to the feet. Keep the horse off dry board floors. If the feet are still tender and hard after the above treatment clip the hair from the hoof-bends of both fore feet and every 10 days rub in a little of a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and 24 parts of unsalted lard. Tie him short for 18 hours, while the blister is acting. At the end of that time let him loose and apply a little lard daily to the hoof-bends. Have him shod with bar shoes at the end of the first month.

Colic.—I have a horse six years old that gets sick, having something like colic. He paws, gets down, rolls and sometimes looks at his sides. I gave him soda and syrup; this seems to relieve him. If I forget to give it to him for a few days he becomes sick again.
M. M. H.

A.—The horse is taking some indigestible feed so that a change of feed should be given. Give the drinking water before feeding. Do not feed grain or allow him much water when hot, tired and sweating after work. Feed a pound or two of hay at noon while he is cooling off. Have his teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Feed crushed or whole oats and one-ninth part of wheat bran, by weight, allowing one pound of the mixture for every 100 pounds of body weight, in three feeds, as a day's ration. Also allow a like quantity of hay, most of it to be fed at noon. Never let him stand for a single day without work or active exercise. At time of attack give him one pint of raw linseed oil as soon as the severe pain subsides. If he is bloated, one ounce of pure turpentine may be given with the oil. Rectal injections of soapy warm water and glycerin will also give relief.

Vaccinating Against Blackleg.—Will you please inform me through your paper which is the best blackleg vaccine for calves.
Mrs. C. H.

A.—The Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department has discontinued the distribution of vaccine for use against blackleg. Filtrate and aggressin are now most popular as they do not contain the live germs of the disease and therefore are preferable. Apply to the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station at Manhattan for a bulletin on the subject. One may also be obtained from your State Station at Lincoln.

Wart.—My mare, six years old, has a wart on her nose as big around as a silver dollar and twice as thick. It breaks and bleeds a little but not very often. A neighbor advised me to use iodin, which I did and believed it helped but did not cure.
F. H.

A.—Once or twice daily cover the wart with a thick paste composed of equal quantities of cold-pressed castor oil, salt and flowers of sulphur. If it is an ordinary wart that should suffice, but such growths sometimes are cancerous and return even when dissected out by a surgeon.

Cowpox.—I want information about my cow. She is giving milk and the lower part is broken out and with sores on the teats. I can hardly milk her. I have heard of cowpox; maybe that is the trouble.
Mrs. E. R. R.

A.—We think it probable that cowpox is the disease present in this case. The pustules of that disease have depressed or concave tops and a pock or depression remains for some time after the crusts fall off. Isolate the cow and have her milked by one who does not attend to the other cows. Twice daily bathe the affected parts with hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve; then dry gently and paint the sores with a saturated solution of permanganate of potash. If any sore is obstinate in healing apply strong iodin ointment once or twice daily, as found necessary.

Lumps on Face.—I have a heifer three years old that has a knot on her nose between her eyes and it seems to be getting larger all the time. What is the cause and what can be done? Is the milk fit to use and will other cows take it?
Mrs. W. P. C.

A.—A bruise may have caused the lump or growth, but there is a possibility of lump-jaw (actinomycosis). That disease is not directly contagious and does not make the milk or meat dangerous for use provided the animal is otherwise well, eating normally, in good flesh and free from pus-discharging abscesses or tumors. Try the effect of tincture of iodin applied two or three times a week. Do not let it get into the eyes.

Constipation.—I have a horse, fourteen years old. He is nervous, his eyes water and stream down his face. His bowels move once a day.
Mrs. L. O. B.

A.—Have the horse's teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Then feed crushed or whole oats and one-sixth part of wheat bran, adding a handful of flaxseed meal at each time of feeding. Dampen the feed. Allow free access to rock salt. Add carrots to the ration if available; also good mixed clover and timothy hay. Never let the horse stand for a single day without working or taking outdoor exercise. Do not let the horse stand where a draft can strike his eyes or dust enter them. If the stable is whitewashed light from the walls may dazzle the eyes. Add lamp black or yellow ochre when limewash again is applied. Do not cause dust by shaking down hay or straw in the stable and keep it clean and free from irritating gases.

Lice on Cattle.—Can you tell me a simple remedy for lice on cattle? They are of the large grey or blue kind.
H. W. P.

A.—Dust powdered sabadilla upon the infested parts. Then blanket the animal and brush it thoroughly out of doors six or eight hours later. Repeat the application when necessary. Groom parts, that cannot be dusted, with a brush dipped in raw linseed oil. Repeat as required. Also cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable which should be light, dry and well ventilated. Burn trash from stable at time of cleansing.

Wolves.—Please tell me what causes "wolves" in cows' backs, and how to get rid of them. Do they affect the cow, and if so what way?
S. G., Jr.

A.—What you term "wolves" are larvæ or grubs from eggs deposited in summer by the ox warble fly. They are usually called "warbles." When numerous they may cause enough misery from irritation to keep the cow from thriving perfectly or making a normal amount of milk. Squeeze out the ripe grubs by pressing down hard on each lump with the open mouth of a big bottle. If necessary enlarge the opening in each warble "bol." Treat others by rubbing in a little of a mixture of one part of iodoform and five parts of lard or vaseline. Destroy the grubs you squeeze out.

Chorea.—Please tell me what is the trouble with my heifer, 18 months old. It seems to be in her head, moving it up and down, and jerks in her body when drinking. Is there any cure?
Mrs. M. R. M.

A.—We suspect that the heifer has chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is practically incurable. It may have followed an attack of some weakening disease. We cannot suggest a remedy but if you are feeding cottonseed meal and hulls we should advise you to omit that and give ground corn, oats, barley, bran and flaxseed meal, or some such combination of meals along with good hay.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

of time. It won't hurt to leave one or two chicks under a hen, but don't go to the other extreme of leaving nests entirely alone, because if you do, you are very apt to find chicks crushed and dead.

The next day, leave things to nature until late in the afternoon, then remove the hen to a brood coop, and give her the chicks which are hatched, for if there are any still left in the shell, they will be too weak to amount to anything if hatched later.

When the incubator has been used, the cause for chicks dying in the shell is usually want of proper ventilation, or the heat running down, or the door being opened during the last forty-eight hours. Ventilation can be best gauged by the appearance of the air cell when the egg is held before the tester. The socalled air cell is the space at the large end of the egg. In a newly laid egg it is very small. After the egg has been in the incubator for seven days, there is quite a visible space, and as evaporation progresses, it increases until the nineteenth day, when it should occupy one-fifteenth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head and break its way out; and it will die, though fully developed. If the development of the air cell is too slow, the ventilator in the incubator should be opened a little wider, and the eggs aired a little longer each day when you take out the trays to air the eggs. If the development of the air cell is too rapid, reverse the conditions and put a sponge of hot water in the machine on the nineteenth day. After turning the eggs on the morning of the eighteenth day, don't open the machine until the hatch is over, and be very careful that the heat does not run down during that time. It may go up to 104 degrees, or even to 105 without doing any harm, but it must not go below 103.

Remember, little chicks will get bowel trouble if they get chilled, so always use plenty of cotton in the top of the brooder, and never have less than twenty-five chicks in a brooder, for less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder; and never neglect to take out the cotton and air it near a fire.

Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week while the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with a hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for then she is much more likely to brood than if allowed to run at large.

Leg weakness rarely develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which can't be used up in two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions, of course chopped fine enough to be acceptable to little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time, until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, or a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water, is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use if chickens commence to look pale around the bill, or droopy in any way.

Of course you know they must have no food for thirty-six hours after hatching.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Glands Used To Restore Hair Growth

Science of Gland Therapy Relieves Baldness—New Treatment Restores Health and Growth.

Baldness in both men and women is now generally ascribed by scientists to defective functioning of endocrine glands. Hair growth is dependent upon the secretions of these glands, these secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are required for a luxurious growth of hair.



Now it is possible for any bald person to have a full, luxuriant growth of hair through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, nationally known scientist. Dr. Alexander, through the extraction of glands, can supply the deficiency of glandular secretion and produce a full growth of hair.

This discovery may be easily used in the privacy of your own home. Within a few weeks you will notice new, vigorous hair beginning to come in and with this growth you can gradually restore your hair to its former bright, healthy color.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that you can be relieved of the embarrassment of baldness and regain the normal hair growth by this method that he offers to send a regular $4.00 treatment for only $2.00 to anyone who will write for it. Use it according to directions, and if at the end of a month you do not find your hair coming in with all its former vigor, the treatment does not cost a cent.

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 623 Grand Station, Kansas City, Mo., and this treatment will be mailed at once in plain wrapper. Use according to directions and if at the end of a month you are not more than satisfied with results, your money will be refunded at once. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Dr. Alexander is reliable and holds $1,000 cash as a guarantee to return your money if you wish.

Don't suffer the embarrassment of baldness—give the treatment a trial on this liberal offer. Canadian office Toronto, Ont.

Sour Stomach

Best Relieved by Chewing a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet—No Water Needed—Carry Them Loose in Your Pocket.

What the average person needs in this day and age is the balanced stomach sweetener that he can take at any time, at any place and get relief right away. This effect is had with one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. No matter what you eat or drink, if the stomach sours, gets gassy, seems to bloat and press against the heart, if you belches and heartburn makes you miserable, try these tablets. The moment they reach the stomach they neutralize the acids, they give the stomach the alkaline effect it is craving for and then you soon feel good, the stomach is settled and the faults of indigestion are thus corrected. You may now eat pie, cheese, sausage, pickles, if you get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets today at any drug store.

SEND NO MONEY 20-Shot Automatic Pistol



$9.80

20 Shot, 32 Cal.

The biggest bargain ever offered. Built of best blue steel, checkered grip, safety. Every one brand new and inspected. Shoots all standard 32 cal. cartridges, 10 shot, with extra magazine, making 20 quick, hard and straight shots. Buy several while they last, at our unheard price **$9.80.** (Regular $35.) (Pocket size, 25 cal. 7 shot $7.80.)

SEND NO MONEY Pay on arrival, our bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. Order today, NOW.

The PRICE CUTTING CO., 55 Broadway, New York

$25 A DAY *Selling Shirts*



Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand—exclusive patterns—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. *Write for free samples.*

Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

SCHOOL BOX FREE



with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Pen Holder, Eraser, for selling 30 packages Chewing Gum at 5c a pckg. Write

BLUINE MFG. CO., 707 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

GOV'T JOBS OPEN

Railway Mail Clerks, City Carriers, Rural Carriers, City Postal Clerks, Clerks at Washington, D. C.

$1400 to $2300 a Year

Steady. Short Hours. Long vacations with pay.

Men-Women, 18 or Over

Send coupon immediately for full list of positions now obtainable. Don't delay.

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Dept. P234 Rochester, N. Y.

Tear Here

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. P234, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me, at once, and entirely without charge or any obligation on my part, list of U. S. Government big paid positions obtainable. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me how I can get a position, sending me also free sample examination questions.

Name .....

Address .....

Put Your Name On The Gearhart National Pay Roll

Sell Us Your Spare Time at Home-Earn Extra Money

Thousands Enjoy Gearhart Checks—Why Not YOU?

ARE you one of the countless men and women who find their incomes, earnings or allowances inadequate for their needs? Are you worried and harassed by unpaid bills, blue and disconsolate because you are denied the things a little extra money might bring you? Opportunity is written large on this page—read every word and solve your money problem once and for all.

Perhaps you have read before about Gearhart Home Knitting, of famous, nationally known wool Hosiery, only to decide that however profitable it might be for others it was not for you. What a mistake you may be making!

Gearhart Home Knitting is for you, for everybody who can find much or little spare time and who is ambitious and determined enough to have the things really wanted.

Pleasant Home Occupation

(No Previous Experience Required)

Gearhart Home Knitting is just a simple, pleasant, home occupation by which all persons of average intelligence can turn their spare time into cash. No previous experience whatever required on the Gearhart Knitter, the remarkable machine which does the work for you. Our records show that our home workers can and do earn substantial amounts, large or small according to the amount of spare time they devote to the work of knitting Allwear Hosiery.

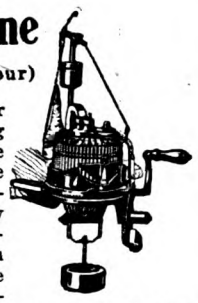
If you take up this work for us your time will be your own. You can earn as much as you will or as little as you like. We will be glad to accept and pay for all the Allwear socks you care to send us.

Pause for a moment. Realize that during the day, after the morning chores are done, the house put in order or the children sent off to school, there are hours or minutes of rest which can still be restful when you devote them to the simple task of Gearhart Machine Knitting. Then, afternoons have their golden moments and in the quiet of the evenings Gearhart Home Work holds forth its opportunity of profit.

Many times have Gearhart Home Workers written us, saying, "I am so fascinated with the work I can hardly keep away from it," or other words to the same effect.

A Wonderful Machine

(Commence Knitting in One Hour)



The Original Knitter and Home Money Maker

A wonderful machine is your valued assistant in earning "Allwear" Pay Checks. It is the fastest home knitting machine ever devised, a marvel of simplicity and quiet operation. Sixty to one hundred speedy, racing, automatic needles operate as you simply turn the crank to do home knitting of Allwear socks so beautifully and so rapidly that in many cases amazement follows when you first begin. You need only spare time which no doubt you have. Secure a Gearhart and commence to knit in one hour or less.

The Gearhart Knitting Machine is the original home knitter, perfected in the 35 years that the Gearhart Company has been established. It is the only home knitter that knits Allwear Hosiery, modern, up-to-the-minute wool socks which are now so much in popular favor. Gearhart Home Workers are proud of the soft, warm comfort, the wearing qualities and the luxurious appearance of these quality socks, unknown in the days of grandma and olden time hand knitting methods. This remarkable machine does the knitting, you operate and guide it.

Long-Time Contract for You

(Guarantee the Basis of Your Pay Checks)

Household or other work may not allow you to work in a store, factory or office and if you did there is always the possibility of being laid off. But when you become a Gearhart Home Worker you can't be laid off or discharged. You know that when you take up Gearhart Home Work you enter into something lasting. An iron-bound, long-time contract for a period of years is a bona fide, legal agreement on the part of the Gearhart Company to accept and pay you for all the Allwear Hosiery you care to knit and send to them. The contract stipulates the liberal price per dozen pairs the Company agrees to pay you. Earn as much as you wish within the limits of your spare time. The Gearhart Company cannot emphasize too emphatically the fact that they want Allwear Hosiery and lots of it. You can help and by so doing earn the extra money which may mean so much to you.



How Much Can I Earn?

At the time of writing this message to you we have referred to our records and find that during a recent week we sent out hundreds of "Allwear" Pay Checks. A few of these we mention and they represent neither the highest nor the lowest payments made during those six days of business.

To Mrs. B. we paid $7.25, to Mr. C., $15.84, to Mrs. L. G., $10.38, to Mrs. E. K., $7.50, to Mr. R. M., $7.50, to Mrs. G. C., $6.00, to Mr. C. D., $9.00, to Miss M. H., $5.75, to Mrs. P., $16.94, etc., etc. (Names and addresses are not given because all dealings with home workers are held confidential.)

So you see this matter of Gearhart Home Knitting is pretty much what you make of it. Some people naturally have more spare time for knitting than others. Whatever you have, much or little, we want you to devote it to knitting Allwear Hosiery, receiving our pay checks like the above or for amounts even larger.



$10,000.00

in Cash Bonus Awards

Besides the Regular, Guaranteed Pay Checks for *Allwear*

GEARHART Home Workers everywhere throughout the nation are about to start the greatest knitting contest in history. You can become one of this great family, earn whatever extra money your spare time will allow and also have an equal opportunity to win, in addition to your pay checks, one of the big cash awards listed below.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS have been set aside as a cash bonus fund to encourage the production of Allwear Hosiery by those who employ their spare time at home with this pleasing, profitable, spare-time home occupation.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT will take the knitting and hosiery world by storm. Never before have we known such a wonderful profit-sharing advantage to be accorded home workers in any industry. It means that Gearhart home knitters, in addition to the substantial amounts to be earned during their spare time, will have over 1,000 opportunities to share in this great sum of extra money.

Enter Contest Now—Equal Opportunity for All

AMBITION men and women who begin now to knit at home during spare time will be eligible to this great contest on an equitable basis. No previous knitting experience is required. As long as you are equipped to knit famous Allwear Hosiery you can start. We must have Allwear Hosiery to supply the big market we have developed and so this is your opportunity.

JUST AS GREAT manufacturing concerns encourage and reward their employees, so the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co. has set out to do. Each contestant will be awarded a certain number of points for quantity of Allwear and other desirabilities. Those who make the best records will not only earn the biggest pay checks but stand the best chance of getting the big $500 check as first bonus award.

HOW would you like to get a big check like those listed below in addition to earning substantial amounts during spare time. You can enter any time, but the longer you delay the longer you put off your earnings. Send the coupon today and learn why this great opportunity is for you.

Over 1,000 Grand Awards

First . . .	$500.00	20 Awards of	$50.00
Second . . .	$400.00	40 Awards of	$25.00
Third . . .	$300.00	50 Awards of	$20.00
Fourth . . .	$200.00	100 Awards of	$10.00
Fifth . .	Six Awards	800 Awards of	$5.00
of $100.00 Each		1,020 Awards	in All

Your Extra Money Problem

What kind of a money problem must you solve? What is it you need or want that only may be acquired through a better-filled purse? Might it be money to pay pressing bills, to keep the children in school, refurnish the home, buy needed wearing apparel, start a bank account against a rainy day or add to the comfort of self or family in some other way?

Or maybe there are less serious needs which are none the less to be desired. Perhaps you are merely ambitions to earn and accumulate more than seems possible under present circumstances. Whatever your requirements, let Gearhart Home Knitting prove to be your friend and a help to the fulfillment of your fondest hopes. Of course you are sensible and do not expect to get rich quick by this simple employment of your spare time. It is recorded that home knitters have paid off mortgages, bought houses and automobiles but perhaps you will be satisfied with a fair remuneration, a few dollars a week if that is all your spare time will yield or several hundred dollars per year if you can turn out a much greater quantity of good work. Whatever your circumstances, whatever your ambitions, "Allwear" Checks in any amount await your best efforts. You may also get help from other members of the family and increase your pay checks.

Gearhart Encouragement

The Gearhart Knitting Machine Company has always been solicitous of the welfare of Gearhart Home Workers. Everything practicable has been done to encourage the production of Allwear Hosiery and bigger earnings. A great national market for the socks has been developed, the finest home knitting instruction book ever devised has been printed, the highest rates of pay possible have been made a part of Gearhart Contracts and now the Gearhart Company leads again with its offering of still greater possibilities of home earnings afforded by great contest and bonus awards such as you find announced on this page.

The Gearhart Company occupies two great buildings in the hustling city of Clearfield, Pa. These are the national headquarters of the American Home Knitting Industry, where the famous Gearhart Knitter is made, where Allwear Hosiery is received from all over the country and from where it is distributed to its thousands of wearers. You may well take pride in association with this solid, responsible concern, established in 1888.

We Want Your Help—Act Today

There are many more details you will want to know about, other facts and possibilities which we have no room for here, how you obtain a Gearhart Home Knitter, more about earnings, wage rates, rules of the great knitting contest, cash bonus awards and other things.



Consider that you have nothing to lose by requesting particulars. We only ask that you be truly desirous of turning your spare time into money.

Clip the coupon below or write post card or letter to the

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co.

Dept. C. M. Clearfield, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. C.M., Clearfield, Pa.

Kindly tell me how I may become a Gearhart Home Worker and give me full particulars. Also send free samples of knitting, your Guide Book to Home Earnings and details of the Great Bonus Contest Plan.

My Name is .....

Address .....

Easy Now to Rid Your Farm of Rats

Wonderful Discovery by Noted Scientist Kills Every Rat Within a Week's Time—Not a Poison.

Rats cost farmers over two hundred millions of dollars a year, through the destruction of grain, poultry and buildings. Farmers need no longer suffer this loss because they can now kill off all the rats on their farm in less than a week's time. This is possible through the remarkable discovery of E. R. Alexander, a Kansas City chemist, who has perfected a virus which kills rats, mice and gophers as though by magic. This product is not a poison—it can be eaten by human beings or any animal on the farm as safely as their regular food, but means quick, sure death to rats.



This wonderful rat virus, which is known as Alexander Rat-Killer, is merely mixed with bread or meat scraps and placed where rats, mice or gophers can get to it. Within a few hours after a rat has eaten Alexander Rat-Killer he gets a high fever and suffers a terrible thirst. He leaves the barns and nesting holes and goes to the open fields in search of pure air and running water. Rats and mice affected always die away from the barns and houses, so there is no odor.

It is a scientific fact that one rat affects others and soon the whole colony leaves the buildings and dies. And though this virus is absolutely deadly to rats—chickens, hogs, cattle or any farm animal can eat it and not be affected at all.

So confident is Mr. Alexander that Alexander Rat-Killer will kill every rat on your farm in less than a week's time that he offers to send, as an introductory offer, a regular $2.00 tube for only $1.00. Give it according to directions, and if at the end of a week's time you are able to discover any rats, mice or gophers on your farm, your money will be refunded. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Mr. Alexander is reliable and will do as he says.

Send NO MONEY. Just write to E. R. Alexander, Alexander Laboratories, 184 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and the tube will be mailed at once. When it arrives, pay the postman only one dollar and postage on the guarantee that if not absolutely satisfactory your money will be returned without question. Write today—a postcard will do—and stop your rat losses now.

QUALITY CHICKS
14 Purebred Varieties
Best Laying strains. We incubate 20,000 eggs daily, giving prompt service and low prices. Pleased customers in 46 states. 11th season. Big Catalog free. Write today!
BOOTH FARMS,
Box X, Clinton, Missouri.

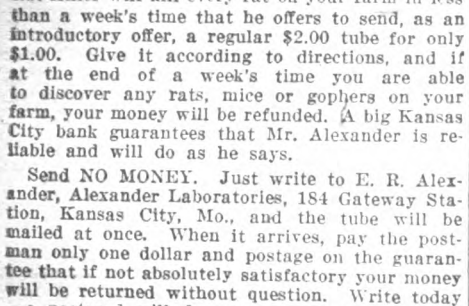


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For us, big profits, thousands needed. We pay our raisers as high as $1.75 pair. No experience needed. Particulars, contract & book free.
LABORATORY SUPPLY CO 2841-N Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.

EGGS-CHICKS Leading Varieties. Low Prices. Won over 5,000 Prizes. Furnished U. S. Government & Schools. Pleased them. Can You. Sterling Poultry Farms, Box 90, Sterling, Ill.

5 Pkgs SEEDS 5¢
Send nickel or stamps, get 5 pkgs. vegetable and flower seeds, best varieties, also free catalog tells 18 ways to make money in 1923, and bargains in farm seeds.
Galloway Bros. Co. Dept. 3767, Waterloo, Iowa

White Leghorn CHICKS
Write Quick. Free feed—Liberal Discount on early orders: World-Famous 265-270, and 280-326 egg strain trapnested, pedigreed English-American S.C.W. Leghorns. Heavy Layers. Best Payers. Strong healthy chicks. 100% live delivery guaranteed, p.p. *Big valuable catalog Free.*
KERLIN'S GRAND VIEW POULTRY FARM, Box 53, Center Hall, Pa.





FREE Eastman Film Camera
Popular size with handle and view finder, for time and snapshot pictures. Just order 12 boxes Mentho-Nova. Return $3 and complete camera is yours. Or choice of Moving Picture Machine, Thin Model Watch or Flashlight. Write for goods today. We trust you. Address
U.S. SUPPLY CO. Dept. HM12, Greenville, Pa.

CHICKS We ship everywhere. Safe arrival guaranteed. 20 thoroughbred varieties Hatched right. Member Int. Baby Chick Assn. Catalog free.
Mammoth Hatchery, R. F. D. 43, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Prize Winning Black Langshans Eggs $1.75, 15; $9.00, 100 Delivered. Roy Ridenhower, Vienna, Ill.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

Stale wheat bread crumbled fine and mixed with hard-boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell; about two heaping tablespoonfuls of the latter in a cup of crumbs; the combination just moistened with scalded milk and fed for breakfast and supper; for a few days a small pan filled with millet, rape seed, Kaffir corn (slightly bruised) and fine sand, is placed just within the youngster's reach, but where the hens cannot get at it—have this there all the time. When about a week old have a mash made of hulled oats, ground coarse; corn meal and wheat, equal parts of each, steamed for three or four hours. To each cupful of this add just before feeding a teaspoonful of bone meal and beef meal and mix well. Feed three times a day all they will eat up clean in five minutes. If you haven't a steamer, a very good substitute may be made by getting a two-quart tin pail with a close-fitting lid—a lard pail will do nicely; put the meal in it, pour in sufficient boiling water to just moisten it; close down lid and stand in a four- or five-quart pail with a tight-fitting lid; put in enough boiling water to reach half way up the sides of the smaller one. This is a good way to cook rice or cereal of any kind for your own table, if the establishment doesn't boast of a double boiler. After the babies are two weeks old the hen may be allowed to wander with them, after the dew is off the grass in the morning until about four in the afternoon. The pan of mixed seeds can be removed, the bone and bone meal omitted (except at supper time, when it is best to continue the bone for another two or three weeks). Vary this at noon by feeding pot cheese and boiled liver chopped with green onions. If you can't get the bone or beef meal where you live, thoroughly air slake some lime and scatter it about the run, and get beasts' liver and lights from the butcher. This feed is to ensure bone and feathers. If you have very few chicks, and the place is remarkably good for grubs and insects, the chicks which are on free range with a mother hen will be able to pick up all the animal food they want.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. M.—From your description of the lumps on the liver of the bird you opened, leaves no doubt that this was a case of tuberculosis—a most difficult disease to stamp out. It is very contagious, and contaminates the entire premises, the germs being distributed by means of the infected birds' dropping. One light chronic case may be the unsuspected cause of frequent outbreaks. The germs are often contained in eggs laid by infected birds. Rats and mice also carry the disease. So you see extreme vigilance is necessary to prevent its spreading, if there is even one chronic case in the neighborhood. One of the worst features of the disease is that cases rarely attract attention in the early stages. Even a professional poultryman often fails to notice any symptoms of the disease until it reaches its last stages. For this reason an entire flock is often exposed to contagion before it is suspected. There is no cure for a bird which has once developed tuberculosis, so the only safe plan, after it is known that a bird has really died from the disease, is to kill off all suspicious looking birds and burn the carcasses, then kill and sell the birds which may have been exposed to the contagion without loss of time, and before the disease has developed. After that, cut out all of the old stock, thoroughly clean the house, scrape off the surface of the yard or ground on which the birds have been in the habit of congregating, and burn, or bury very deeply, all the accumulated rubbish, and next spring make a fresh start with healthy stock.

I. G. G.—Fowls are killed by what is called limberneck. The name describes their condition, for their necks are surely limber, but it gives no hint of the cause. The cause is ptomaine poisoning. Because of lack of knowledge as to the cause, people do not know how best to prevent the trouble. Many know that it is noticed after fowls have eaten maggots, and the statement is made that maggots do not die when eaten, and being alive in the fowl, cause trouble. This cannot be true, for maggots are a natural food for fowls; they are dangerous only when they contain poison from decaying flesh. The poison, if present in the maggots, soon stops the processes in the stomach, and the maggots may live longer than they would, were the digestive organs of the fowl able to do their proper work. In some cases the symptoms assume a different guise, and the bird, instead of having what is known as limberneck, develops the condition known as "wry neck," a twisting backward of the head and neck upon the body, the head being sometimes turned almost entirely around. Both of these ailments arise from similar causes. In the majority of cases they are due to intestinal irritation of some sort. The wry neck is more likely to be a symptom of epileptic disease or direct brain and nerve irritation, while limberneck more frequently occurs accompanying attacks of colic, acute indigestion, irritation from intestinal parasites (worms), crop inflammation or similar troubles. Where not due to direct brain or nerve disease, such as epilepsy, a hereditary tendency to a disordered condition of nervous system, the disease is easily remedied. The most frequent causes of acute indigestion and colic are indiscretions in feeding. Impure meat food or a too one-sided ration is a common cause of limberneck, resulting from acute indigestion or colic in small chicks. Fright and over exertion from being chased are also causes. In chicks and fowls of all ages, putrid meats, feeding upon large quantities of maggots, or eating indigestible or poisonous substances, are common causes of limberneck. When the birds, either young or old, have been fed raw meat in any considerable quantity, or have been running on old, contaminated ground that has not been promptly renovated, worm parasites are a common cause of this trouble. The disease may be prevented by careful feeding and the removal of all sources of infection. The following treatment will be found effective in the majority of cases, and is undoubtedly the best for regular routine treatment: When the case is first discovered, administer a small dose of oil of turpentine mixed with sweet oil. For small chicks, from two to ten drops of turpentine mixed with an equal amount of sweet oil will be found sufficient, according to age, while adult birds will take from one to two teaspoonfuls of oil of turpentine mixed with an equal quantity of sweet oil. Keep the bird warm and quiet. Fifteen minutes to half an hour after the dose of turpentine, give warm, sweet milk to which has been added a little ginger. Make in the same manner that you would prepare ginger tea for a youngster who had an attack of green apple colic, one teaspoonful of finely powdered pure ginger thoroughly mixed with half-a-cup of hot milk, and barely sweetened with a little sugar. For small chicks, give one-half to one teaspoonful every hour or two. Adult fowls may have one to two tablespoonfuls at a dose. Another good remedy for adult birds is to use a pill made as follows: Equal parts of pure lard, cayenne pepper, powdered ginger and mustard. Rub all together until thoroughly mixed, then divided into pills or slugs the size of a kidney bean. Give one of these pills or slugs at a dose and repeat in three hours if necessary. The bird will usually show signs of improvement at once, and in from ten to twenty-four hours will be ready to go back to a regular food ration, which should consist at first of a little thoroughly cooked boiled rice, lightly sprinkled with salt. Follow this with feedings of raw potato, raw beet, and a limited supply of dry grain and pure beef scrap. The trouble will seldom recur when due to colic or other digestive disturbances, provided care is taken to supply a plentiful amount of raw vegetable food in addition to the meat foods and grains. When the above treatment fails to act, the trouble is due to some serious nerve or brain disease, and it will be best to kill the bird, but do not despair of saving a chick or fowl affected with limberneck until you have at first given this method of treatment a fair trial.

J. H.—Please read answer to M. M. in this issue.

E. E.—I believe that there is a remedy on the market, which is supposed to rid poultry of lice if used in their drinking water, but so far I have not tried it, so cannot express any opinion, except that it is manufactured by a reliable firm, and so should possess some value.

F. K.—You don't tell me anything about the way you feed, the age of the birds, or if they are confined to yards or are on free range, and in a case such as you describe the information is necessary to enable me to decide which of three diseases caused the trouble. Liver trouble is so often the cause of leg weakness, purple combs and diarrhea that I will take it for granted that that is the trouble. Cut down the amount of table scraps and whole grains. Give plenty of green vegetables, and use cracked or small grains scattered broadcast in deep litter, which will compel the birds to scratch for a living, and so get the exercise they need. Add one teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water, every second day, for two weeks. Clean up droppings every day, and give the birds free range, if possible. If, however, the birds have been on free range, you had better look around outside for the cause of the trouble. Can the hens get at the pig swill? Swill kept for pigs is often the unsuspected cause of diarrhea and liver trouble. Always be careful of any strong fertilizer that may be used around the farm.

F. H.—It may be possible for these baby turkeys in California during the winter, but I rather doubt it, as the nights are cold, and you have a good deal of rain. Cracked wheat and oats, all the sour milk they will drink, and the finely-chopped tops of green onions, will help out your rations.

J. G.—If you can't get the rue leaves at the drug store in your town, perhaps they can tell you the address of some herbalist of whom you can get them. Change of climate would not have any influence after the birds were affected.

W. A. W.—It is against our rules to recommend breeders in this column.

H. J. G.—A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken-house and cover it all over with tar paper or one of the good roofing papers. The yard must be enclosed, of course, and should extend over the roof, and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on it when flying from end to end, and sun themselves (which they love to do), on a high, dry place. Put up two or three high perches at the end of the yard: a stand about three feet high in the center for a bathtub. Let the stand be a foot larger all around than the tub, so the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend, of course, on the number of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall from floor to ceiling, so after it is fitted, it is easy to tell just how many birds a house can accommodate. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across and two deep, which is to be found in most five- and ten-cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity. Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary for birds' health as well as for man and beasts. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kaffir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be got cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by Mr. W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon raiser: Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kaffir corn and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats, which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground; for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their becoming soiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea. Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds may help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties and throw out the grain or wheat. Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their head or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once. Remember that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to use new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with canker. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease of the throat and mouth, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season. Powdered alum sprinkled in the drinking water now and then will tend to ward off canker from a flock. It does not pay to dose sick pigeons, because a cure seldom is obtained by dosing, and you are out your time. The only remedies you need are powdered alum and common brown ginger. The brown ginger is for the purpose of counteracting any tendency to diarrhea which you may observe. Sprinkle it in the drinking water. The squab breeder who follows the advice as to feed and water, and cleanliness of squab houses, will not have any sick pigeons. It is so very easy to keep a pigeon in perfect health that the fear of disease is a bugbear not worth taking into account. The element of disease is a constant source of worry to the chicken breeder, and a source of heavy loss to the best of them. We wish to assure all who contemplate starting in the squab breeding business that the pigeon naturally is a healthier and more rugged bird than the domestic hen and that positively you will not be fussing with remedies and curealls in handling them. "Going light," or wasting away, is an ailment of pigeons occasionally met with. The cause of it is an absence of grit and salt. If your staples of feed are provided as we tell, and you give a variety of feed, and you provide grit and oyster shells, you will have no cases of "going light." The disease is known by a steady wasting away of the pigeon. Catch it and you feel a prominent breast bone and scanty flesh, showing that some element in the feed is lacking. The principal cause of these ailments of pigeons, next to filth, is too much corn. Corn is carbonaceous and produces fat, which heats the blood and lays the system open to disease. Cleanliness is even more imperative in the pigeon-house than in the henhouse. Never neglect to scald out the earthenware nest, and whitewash the compartment it stands in, every time squabs are removed for market, for it is only by such rigid system that the place can be kept in sanitary condition. Pigeons must have salt, shell and charcoal to be healthy, so there should be a self-feeder with three compartments in each house. When ordering, specify that the oyster shell is for pigeons, as it is to be broken up smaller than for hens. The rock salt and charcoal should be ground to about the size of rice. During the heavy breeding season crush most of the grain, and always peas, for when the parent birds are rushed for time between their two nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed it to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Until we discovered this carelessness, we often had a dead squab in the nest. The feed boxes can be filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed. Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim-milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim-milk, and the bread we get from a baker in town. We find it a desirable feed when there are a lot of squabs to be fattened for market.

W. F.—For commercial egg production in a temperate climate like Florida, light-weight birds would be best; any variety of Leghorns, Anconas or Andalusians.

S. A. G.—Allow no male birds with the hens which are kept for producing table eggs. Infertile eggs keep longer than fertile ones. No, I should not think it would be safe to send dressed poultry by parcel post in hot summer weather unless the distance was very short, and even then a special delivery stamp should be added to the mileage, to insure quick delivery.

BERTRAM.—You give me no idea of the age of the birds, your method of feeding, or whether they are on free range or confined in yards, and in a case such as this, it is impossible to arrive at any opinion of the trouble without such information. Write me again, and give me the lacking information, and I shall be glad to help you. Meantime, bathe the eyes and head with boric acid, one teaspoonful to a glass of water.

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A new automatic vaporizer and Decarbonizer, which in actual test has increased the power and mileage of Fords from 25 to 50 per cent and at the same time removes every particle of carbon from the cylinders is the proud achievement of John A. Stransky, 3461 South Main Street, Pukwana, South Dakota. A remarkable feature of this simple and inexpensive device is that its action is governed entirely by the motor. It is slipped between the carburetor and intake manifold and can be installed by anyone in five minutes without drilling or tapping. With it attached, Ford cars have made from 40 to 57 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Mr. Stransky wants to place a few of these devices on cars in this territory and has a very liberal offer to make to anyone who is able to handle the business which is sure to be created wherever this marvelous little device is demonstrated. If you want to try one entirely at his risk, send him your name and address today.—Adv.

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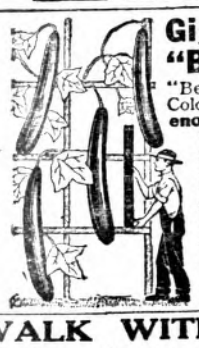
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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

"big bread basket" that every dairyman loves to see, for he realizes that the good feeder must have plenty of storage space for that feed.

If these points are kept in mind in selecting calves, and if those picked out are true to the breed type and are similar in markings, the owner is taking the right steps in the formation of his herd for future years.

How to Build Good Crates

No matter what kind or size of crate you intend to build, the fundamental methods are essentially the same in all. A few hours' work intelligently applied will complete a crate that will last for a long time, even with the hardest usage. On the other hand, the same amount of time and labor, and the same investment in good quality lumber, may go for naught due to the failure of the builder to apply the following rules which have been thoroughly tested and proved:

There are seven steps in the process of constructing a crate. 1. Build the floor first. 2. Build each side separately. 3. Nail the sides to the floor by nailing the uprights to the skids. 4. Cut the top and end slats. 5. Nail the top and end bars, spacing them properly. 6. Build the end gate. 7. Put in the stanchion (provided the crate is to be used for shipping cattle; not necessary otherwise).

White pine is an excellent wood for crates, but other woods may be used. In the same class with white pine are popple or aspen, basswood, cypress, chestnut, Jack pine, Norway pine, spruce, Western yellow pine and yellow poplar. Other woods may be used in emergencies, but should not be used otherwise; most of them are difficult to nail, heavier to ship, and do not last well. Particularly is this true of hemlock, which splinters easily, does not stand rough handling, and is both heavy and "splintery" to handle. Years of research and experimental work conducted by the Federal Forest Products laboratory has proved that lumber one inch thick and four inches wide is best for crate making. In these tests the floor, perhaps the weakest point in most crates, has been particularly studied. To avoid weakness the experts advise that floor boards be laid crosswise upon the skids. Skids should be two by two for ordinary purposes, and two by four in crates designed for cows or young bulls.

Red-Necked Raspberry Borer

Growers of raspberries, blackberries or dewberries whose bushes are seriously infested with the red-necked cane borer should make the most of the winter and early spring months, for it is at this time that the most can be done to "get the upper hand" over this pest.

First cut out all canes showing the characteristic swellings or galls enlarging them. Do this before the weather becomes warm; otherwise the adult beetles will emerge from the galls and produce a new brood. Pile all the infested canes on bare ground and burn them promptly and completely. Do not make the common mistake of cutting out the canes and piling them to one side of the berry patch and leaving them there. Remember that the adult insect which is responsible for the galls can *fly*.

To insure thoroughness, cut all wild blackberry, raspberry or dewberry plants that may be found growing along the roadside or in woods nearby. These bushes, as well as the tame ones in the farm berry patch, are likely to be infested with borers, and to clean out the home patch without removing this wild nursery only lets your own work go for naught. If several of your neighbors also have blackberry or raspberry bushes in their gardens, talk over with them the matter of cleaning up the borers. Results are more lasting if all berry growers work together.

For those who are not acquainted with the raspberry borer, here is a brief description of the offender: Any neglected berry patch will here and there show canes with swellings or enlargements that are irregular in shape and size, sometimes so big that the bark is split. If one of these galls is broken or cut open a flat-headed, milk-white borer will be found inside. This is the larva of a small, slender, velvet-black beetle with coppery red or golden thorax ("neck"). The adult insect does some little damage itself by feeding on the foliage of berry bushes, but as the parent of the larvæ or "worms" it is most harmful, for canes with galls either die or fail to bear.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

KILLING WOODCHUCKS.—How can I get rid of the woodchucks once and for all that are burrowing in my orchard and eating more clover in the nearby hay fields, where they are also becoming a nuisance by digging burrows, piling up the soil to interfere with the mower, and making holes that are dangerous for my horses. Have tried to smoke them out or smother them with the gas from the exhaust pipe of my Ford, but have not had very good luck, though this method was recommended highly to me by my uncle in Pennsylvania.
T. C. O'K., Conn.

A.—If you have not had good success with the exhaust pipe method of killing woodchucks, the fault may be this: If your soil is light and inclined to be a bit sandy, and you have made the attempts when it was very dry, the gas escaped into the porous soil. Perhaps it would work fine when the soil is quite wet. You might try it again under more favorable conditions. Here is another plan that has been extensively used to advantage: Take pint bottles, fill them two-thirds full of ordinary black or blasting powder, and add a couple of teaspoonfuls of red pepper. Shake up well. Drill a hole in the cork big enough to admit a piece of ordinary fuse two feet long. Make several of these "bombs" at the same time. Put them into a basket and go out where the chucks have their holes. Don't be afraid; the bottle will not explode until set off with a match. Light fuse, drop into a hole that slants steeply and straight downward, then step out of the way. No need to run far. The explosion will be well smothered under ground. Between the concussion, the powder fumes, and the "sneeze gas" created by the red pepper, Mr. Woodchuck is usually done for. This is a cheap and quick method that will work well most anywhere at any time while the chucks are active.

A VERMIN-REPELLING WASH.—Can you advise me how to protect my fruit trees from being girdled by mice and rabbits in the winter time without wrapping them in paper or screen? I have done this, but it costs money and takes time. Besides, I have to do the work over again every second year or so. Isn't there some sort of paint or something that I could put on instead?
WM. MACN., Vermont.

A.—Yes, there is a wash that can be used to protect fruit trees from mice and rabbits gnawing the bark when deep snow is on the ground. It is made by taking 20 pounds of unslaked lime, 15 pounds of flowers of sulphur, six pails of water, and boiling the mixture together in an old wash boiler for an hour or more, stirring thoroughly from time to time, until a thick smooth cream is formed. Then transfer to a barrel and add water enough to fill, making about 45 gallons of liquid, or enough to protect about 200 average sized fruit trees. To improve the adhesive or sticking qualities, add a couple of pounds of glue or common salt to the mixture. With an old whitewash brush apply to the trunks of trees, beginning at the ground and extending up to a point well above ordinary snow level. The best time to do this is late in the fall before snow comes, but it can be done at any time during the winter when the ground is not under snow. One treatment will serve throughout the entire winter if evenly and carefully applied. A power sprayer can be used for the purpose, also, but it has no advantage over the brush, as it is not necessary to apply the wash to branches that would be hard to reach.

HAIRY OR SAND VETCH, WHICH?—I have had an argument with a neighbor which I would like you to answer. I have some vetch growing on a piece of light soil. He calls it "sand vetch" but I bought it as "hairy vetch." The stems are hairy, so I think I am right; he says it is sand vetch because it grows on sandy land. Do not know much about it as a crop, as I put it in as an experiment on poor soil. Is it a good crop to raise?
M. P. W., Ohio.

A.—Judging from your rather brief description, it appears that you are both right, for the same plant is known by either name, depending upon the locality. Hairy vetch is a good, reliable plant that is worthy of a place on any farm. It is a soil builder well known in the sandy lands of Poland, Russia, Finland, Germany and Great Britain, where it has been grown for generations, converting light soil into valuable and productive agricultural land. It keeps the ground well covered with snow during the winter, remaining green under the snow blanket, and starting growth in the first warm days of spring. Frequently it grows so fast that a crop of hay can be made in time to plow the land for silage corn or soy beans. It is a very good plant to employ for the addition of nitrogen to a poor soil; also serves well to prevent leaching and erosion in winter. It will grow in soil too cold for clover or alfalfa, and will grow on soil that is so wet that it is fit only for alsike clover. On clay soil or in sandy land it seems to grow almost equally well, and because of its adaptability to a wide range of soil, moisture and climatic conditions, it is destined to become much more widely known and grown.

SKIPPERS IN MEAT.—Last year I lost some meat on account of skippers getting into it. Please tell me what to do to the meat in curing it to prevent the skippers from getting in it, also how to sugar cure meat.
MRS. R. M., Gallagher, W. Va.

A.—To avoid damage by skippers to meat while in the smoke house, precautions must be taken beforehand. Skippers are the larvæ (maggots) of very tiny black flies that closely resemble common houseflies. Due to their very small size, they can get into almost any place they desire through the tiniest of crevices. Therefore go over the smoke house to see that all crevices are sealed up; this serves a double purpose, as thus the smoke also is better kept inside. Clean up all such refuse as odd ends of greasy rope or grease adhering to boards; grease may contain the larvæ of the flies, which will soon mature into flies and get into new meat. Start the smoke once or twice, at ten-day intervals, prior to the time that meat is hung in the smoke house, thus killing any flies that may be waiting there—even though you do not see them—for a chance to "board" on your next batch of ham or bacon. See that the smoking is thoroughly done, not rushed or stopped before so thoroughly smoked that skippers will not be attracted to it. Then store in the house in a room that is cool and dry and that has been freshly whitewashed to kill both flies and their larvæ. Put good screens or a cheese-cloth covering on all windows to keep out skipper flies. If the skippers have been had in the storeroom in the past, fumigate the tightly sealed room with pyrethrum powder or tobacco scattered on live coals in an iron bucket. Repeat this treatment two or three times before meat is hung in the room, waiting a week or ten days between treatments to kill the flies that may have hatched from maggots in the meantime. Allow time for the fumes of the "smudge" to escape before meat is placed in the room.

To sugar cure hams and bacon, allow to cool thoroughly before placing in the curing vessel such as a large crock or clean barrel. Rub hams, bacon and shoulders thoroughly with salt, then allow to remain on the cutting table or bench over night. Next day pack into curing vessel with hams at the bottom and bacon pieces toward the top. For each 100 pounds of meat, prepare a brine consisting of eight to 10 pounds of common barrel salt, three pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpeter. Mix thoroughly and dissolve in four gallons of boiling water. Allow the mixture to cool before pouring over the meat. *Never pour hot brine over meat.* Weight the meat down with a round board and a clean stone; never use iron, as the salt will rust it. Keep meat completely covered with brine. Keep the vessel in a cool place. If brine shows signs of fermenting, pour it off, boil it, allow it to cool, then pour it back over the meat. Bacon should be ready to smoke in five to six weeks; hams should have six or seven weeks. Bacon may safely be left as long as the ham, however, then all may be smoked together to save time and trouble.

CELERY CULTURE.—I want to grow celery. Please tell me when to sow seed, when to transplant, how to cultivate, how to bleach celery, and what kind of soil is best for it.
MRS. W. N. B., Mansfield, Ga.

A.—Celery grows best on a loamy soil that is rich in vegetable matter. Drained marshland providing a murky soil that retains moisture well; but still is well drained, is ideal for this crop. Well-rotted stable manure liberally applied, combined with plowing to a depth of 10 inches or more, gives best results. Plant celery seed, which is very small and slow to sprout, in protected beds or in trays. Have the soil in excellent tilth. Plant seeds barely below the surface; keep moist but not wet until sprouting and thereafter. Never allow the starting bed to become dry and hard. When plants are one inch tall they must be transplanted—a very tedious and careful operation. Set them one inch apart in rows spaced two inches apart, choosing only the best and strongest plants with best root growth. Keep soil moist and remove weeds by stirring the soil between the rows with a sharp stick regularly. When plants have reached a height of five or six inches they are ready for transplanting to the field. Set plants ten inches apart in beds anywhere from six feet to 12 feet square. This planting plan is known as the "new culture system" and has many advantages over the various styles of row planting. Plants are spaced 10 inches each way, cultivated thoroughly—preferably with a hoe frequently and carefully handled—until they "lock tops" or fill the bed. By simply placing wide boards on the four sides of each bed blanching is brought about by the dense shade cast by the close-growing plants. Blanching with boards or hilled-up soil, practiced in the row systems, is much more tedious and not a bit more satisfactory. For best varieties of celery adapted to your locality, write to your Agricultural Experiment Station, located at Athens, Georgia, requesting the *free* bulletins that will be promptly supplied on celery culture, best planting dates, etc., for your own region of the state.


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Peggy Rompers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

when Peggy Rompers opened the door she bounded right into the strong arms of a man. It was Janey Smith's "big Uncle Ben"!

"It's all right, Uncle Ben," whispered the little girl in his ear. "It's all right, I know, because Aunt Nan never said one word."

A tender light filled Uncle Ben's big, brown countenance, and his eyes shone with the pent-up devotion of a big man, and with a love that had had been denied him for many years.

"Where is she?" he whispered.

"I think you'll find her in the garden."

And Peggy was gone!

* * * * * * *

Late that evening, after the curly head of Peggy Rompers had been fast asleep upon its pillow for several hours, the door of her little bedroom opened cautiously. It was Aunt Nan. A new Aunt Nan, for a curious happy light now filled her eyes as she tenderly gathered Peggy up in her arms. But there were tears in her eyes. Peggy was sure she saw them!

"Peggy," cried her Aunt Nan, "Peggy, child!" Peggy Rompers was sure she saw the real tears in her Aunt Nan's eyes this time.

"Peggy, dear, you little rogue!" she laughed between the sobs that seemed to choke her voice. "You have made your Aunt Nan very, very happy. Oh, *so* happy, darling!"

Peggy only nestled closer in her Aunt Nan's arms. Her little tousled blonde head rested against Aunt Nan's heart.

"You've been naughty, dear, I know," Aunt Nan continued, pressing the warm little body closer to her own, "but you have made me very happy, darling!"

"Aunt Nan," questioned the little girl, demurely, "will you make me very, very happy, dear?"

Aunt Nan only drew the little form closer to her own.

Peggy continued: "Janey Smith's Uncle Ben, he wants to 'dopt me, but I'd much rather be 'dopted by you, Aunt Nan! I'd much rather have a Muvver, a *real* Muvver, than a Father!" placing her chubby little arms about Nancy Emerson's neck. Aunt Nan's unrestrained tears now ran down over the little blonde head of Peggy, and she did not try to hide them. "You will 'dopt me, Aunt Nan?" begged the child.

"Darling Peggy," exclaimed her aunt, "nothing would make me happier than to have you for my very, very own!"

"Oh, Aunt Nan," exclaimed the child, clapping her chubby little hands, "then we will let Janey Smith's Uncle Ben 'dopt Bobby! Then," she added, "Bobby will have a Father, and I will have a Muvver, all our very own!"

"You will both have a Father and a Mother, darling," whispered Aunt Nan, "all your very own!"

A Little Blue Will Do

By Yetta Kay Stoddard

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"I'LL marry you right away," announced old Freeman Zenas, the evening of his friend's funeral.

Marta smiled a little without speaking.

Yet in spite of Freeman's fine offer two days after Professor Frost died, his young daughter Marta went to work; a natural sequence, for, leaving out the consideration of her rich elderly suitor and his set plans, she saw no other way of gaining the money required for the bread, shoes, sense of liberation and other necessities of her body and soul. Those many, many other things that had been denied her youth! Color and light, they were; and dreams of laughing happiness. And love.

"I'll marry you right away," Freeman had repeated. "You can stay right on here with Old Matty until you get things the way you want them, and then we can either live to my house and put up this one for sale, or I'll get rid of my big place and come here. This shack's good enough. And we can let old Matty go. You won't need her as long as I keep my health and I'm feeling pretty purt just the same as usual."

Marta still smiled. Freeman sprawled in her father's chair, awaiting her comment; but the minutes passed unpunctuated except by the man's furtive glances at the girl, who sat seeming to watch the harbor lights with the same eagerness he had noted that night when first ten years ago Old Matty brought the sick professor and little Marta to this brown bungalito on the hillside.

Of that first night here at this south window Marta was indeed thinking. She remembered her loneliness back in that time; though it was nothing in comparison to this new strange loneliness without Daddy. Suddenly there had been a boy's voice speaking.

"What do they signal to you—the channel lamps?"

"I don't know——" she had answered, marveling at finding speech so readily. Mr. Zenas and her father were at the other end of the room. They had not heard. She went on, half whispering:

"A wonder story. I can't say the words of it but I almost can. Can you?"

"Yes. Pio Pico says—very slow: *'Wait, watch. Watch, wait.'* Ballast Point says, *'Hurry!'* Number Three ticks off, *'Safe, safe, safe.'* Altogether, it's *'Good night. All's right. 'Till morning light.'*"

She had never talked with Arthur Geoffrion again. Too busy sorting out, marking and putting away her father's papers, searching them out again, and again putting them away; ministering to his comfort, attending him at every turn for the worse; she had grown up companionless. She did not look for Arthur to return again; but the memory of his voice and presence at the window that one evening lingered. She idealized it, taking out of it such joy as she might have had were she ninety instead of nineteen.

Nineteen? She looked, acted, felt at least thirty this sad beautiful evening with Daddy gone; this ugly hour with old Freeman so persistent.

"Well, good night, Marty. I see you don't feel much on the talk. We'll fix it up tomorrer or the next day. No hurry, only you don't want to stay here alone for long."

"Good night," said the girl, dreamily, still smiling. "All's right. Till morning light."

Taking her vague words for an invitation to call next morning, Freeman was on hand before Marta and Old Matty had cleared away their breakfast dishes. The girl's face turned white as he entered. Unreasoning fear that he had come to marry her now seized her; with it a nightmare terror of uncertainty as to where her duty lay; followed by a panic of plunging, tearing, desperate attempt to extricate herself from the trap her dear foolish-wise father and Freeman had laid for her. She sat holding upside down the Want Ad section of the *Atchester Star;* the fine print fascinating her. Trying to spell out the reversed words, she found herself repeating:

Wanted: Reliable young woman with brains, to handle filing system. Apply in person today. Threnno Steamship Line, 42 Lower Main Street.

And immediately she was freed from all uncertainty, fear, and weakness; she knew what she was going to do and how to go about it.

"Excuse me, Mr. Zenas," she said, rising and going towards the door. "I've something to do in town today that will not wait."

"I'll drive you in," proffered her lover. "Hi-Stepper'd like nothing better. Been shut up ten days back taking in oats by the keg and barrelful."

"Not today. No, thanks. *Please.* It will take too long and I may not be back tonight."

"Not back tonight! You, a young girl, stay in the city over night? What you thinking of? Where'd you put up at?"

"There's a hotel I know of. Several. And I've five dollars. Excuse me—you know, we're not married let, and I'm of age. I must hurry. Good by, Matty!"

She breathed normally only when she had stepped aboard the in-town Arleigh Heights car and had seated herself beside Arthur Geoffrion. She felt sure it was he. The young man made room for her without giving her so much as a glance. Perhaps he had long since forgotten the existence of Marta Frost. Yet she drew comfort from his presence during that forty-minute ride. It was as if she had run from old Freeman's arms into his! She laughed at the boldness of her thought, finding a strange happiness in it. Not strange either; for Arthur was young like herself. Unhampered, he made his own decisions; did as he pleased; was normal! His skin was red and scrubbed-looking, and he grinned upon life unafraid. He was grinning determinedly now, thinking out some problem, likely.

Marta braced up. She would be normal herself. She, too, would learn to grin.

"I'll get that job," she was promising herself. "I'll get it if there are forty other applicants! I'm reliable, am I not? I am. I've got brains, haven't I? A few, I believe. I can file papers, can't I? Yes, sir, so that they can be found afterwards, too! Oh, I'll show Threnno Steamship Line how to know where things are and keep them there. I'll camp on that blessed job. And I won't have to look at Freeman's nose-wart except on Sundays—maybe not then. Oh, never, I hope, never!"

With the new job in her pocket Marta came home that night to a sympathetic Old Matty. She was to report next morning and everybody seemed just crazy to have her get there and get to work. When Freeman called for his answer, she fenced.

"Not just now, Mr. Zenas. I'm going to work for a while. There are debts, you know. And I want a change—I've been shut in so long—it seems as if I were just born——"

"Just born a fool idiot!" thundered Freeman and banged his way out of the room. Marta was shaking with laughter when he presently stuck his crooked face in and said:

"When you get sick and tired of working, Marty, I'll be ready just the same and I guess it won't be long to wait."

"Maybe not," laughed Marta.

"I won't put on black," Threnno's new filing clerk was telling her considering self. "It's a dingy office, anyway; and I'll be going in and out on the cars and taking my lunch and no one will notice what I have on. I'll wear out the drab mohair skirt and the gray serge coat. And my old mousie beaver hat. They're all whole yet, even. I do hate the sight of their ugliness. It'll be mourning enough to go on wearing them. *New black!* It would be positively giddy in me. I couldn't be so disrespectful to Daddy's memory."

So, from late summer on through the fall and winter mornings and evenings, a happy gray shadow named Marta Frost traveled back and forth on the Arleigh Heights cars. She usually chose the smoker end. It reminded her of Daddy. How man-empty the house on the hillside was without its old tobacco smells! On and off she got, morning and evening; and might have been a puff of smoke from their combined pipes, cigars and cigarettes, for all the notice the men she traveled with took of her. Not even Arthur Geoffrion saw her; and she had rather expected that some day, when he was not too preoccupied,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

Tatted Yoke & Center Piece

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Edge

*With shuttle make ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s join to 4th free chain of medallion having 10 free chains, 1 d s join to other p of chain, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Turn and leave short space of thread ring of (4 d s p), repeat 3 times 4 d s close. Turn short space thread make ring like first joining to first ring made and next ch of medallion, turn, Make ring like second joining to 2nd by 1st picot, turn, make ring like first join only to third ring, turn, ring like 2nd turn, ring like 1st joining to next free ch of medallion, ring like 2nd, ring like first joining to 4th chain. Repeat these two rings until you have 7 free rings, then join next ring to 4th ch of next medallion.

Continue these 2 rings joining to 8 free chains instead of 4 as in last medallion leaving every third ring free. Make 7 more free rings and repeat from * around centerpiece.

2nd row—Clover Leaf Edge—Ring 5 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close—2nd ring joining 1st p to last p of 1st ring. 3rd ring the same joining 1st p to 2nd ring in same way. Ch 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, join to center p of ring in last row, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to p of next ring. 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, join to p of small ring 5 d s, 1 small p, 5 d s, turn. 1 ring. 5 d s, join to side p of large ring. 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close. Turn.

Ch 5 d s. Repeat first clover leaf. Ch 5 d s, 1 small ring of 2 picots, joining to last clover ring. Turn. Ch 5 d s, join to small p in corresponding ch. Ch 5 d s, join to p of next ring. 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to next ring. Repeat all around.

All spaces between medallions are filled with spider webs, connecting picots and joining to one of the connecting picots making 13 double bars crossing the space and fill in as usual. The outer edge space is joined to 4 free chain and 2nd, 4th and 6th free rings making same number of bars.

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"Heaven help her! There is no remedy either on earth or in heaven for such woe as hers. She read to the very end, and then sat still, staring, dumb, like one turned to stone. She did not scream, faint or weep; but the awful despair that came over her was terrible to see. The white lips were parted and open, but no sound came from them: the violet eyes had a wild, lost, bewildered expression; no trace, no outward expression of grief could have been so awful as this blank, silent, terrible despair.

The wind blew the falling leaves of the roses into the room, and then idly stirred the letter which lay at her feet; that aroused her as though some living thing had moved beside her. She rose from her seat.

"Ulric!" she cried, with a terrible voice, then rose, like one blind and dizzy, and went into the garden. She thought he was there; her brain reeled beneath the shock; there was nothing save the flowers and the trees, and she went back again, not knowing what she was about."

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ill You Wear A Violet?

By Anna P. Bowen

ight, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

VILL you wear a violet on Thursday, March the twenty-fourth? We all know that "Carnation Day" spells "Mother's Day," but do you recall what "Violet Day" commemorates —whose favorite flower it was? k in the year 1820, on a blustery March vee baby daughter came to the home of n Crosby, and she brought with her as a pair of eyes as nature ever provided, six weeks of age those tiny eyes were rever sightless by the error of a physi- ode of treatment for infection.

te of this calamity, the baby grew up to would have appreciated the opportunity that physician for his mistake. Of course w who she was—Frances Jane Crosby, ed "Fanny" Crosby, the blind singer who h her heart and soul, and grew to be our ved hymn writer.

did she murmur against her physically l lot—not even before she saw and felt d was using her, through this affliction, own wonderful purpose, and that she t have done the work she did had she ssed with eyesight.

er, as a child it was a great trial to her was unable to obtain the knowledge she for the blind were not so well provided hose days as now, and while other chil- re studying she could only sit and listen. ne day, at the age of fifteen, she actually erself an inmate of fairyland—someone's ty had made it possible, and she entered ew York's institutions for the blind.

ad answered her prayer, and she just e was the happiest mortal on this whole rth.

nomy, grammar, philosophy and political she loved, but how she did detest arith-

ody she quoted was:

loathe, abhor it—it makes me sick hear the word arithmetic,"

as not in her to give up and she mastered e was able to teach it. How often we ught that being blind must mean a color- ing round of life, but according to her e true, and she as well as the other stu- the institution were actively interested l sports of all descriptions.

age of twenty-three she began her first tour in behalf of the blind, and counted stinguished listeners among her audiences, them being: John Quincy Adams, Jeffer- s, Rufus Choate, James Buchanan, Andrew . Stephen A. Douglas. The late Grover d, who in his young manhood was a clerk ne institution where Fanny Crosby was r of the faculty, copied many a poem for is spare moments.

s during her forty-fourth year that she r great work of hymn writing, a famous sic writer, Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury, becom- irst composer.

lly, she never wrote her poems, they were d and stored in her memory, there to re- til the proper time for their release, at ne she required the services of an amanu-

gh she wrote under several hundred pen- everyone knows she was married during ties to Mr. Alexander VanAlstyne who rilliant instructor in music though also

mposed as many as seven poems in a day l a wonderful memory—easily recalling the thousands of her earlier verses dur- later years.

gh some of her lyrics received pruning sing before starting out on their journey ness, it was not so with the majority— inspiration proving best.

in the Arms of Jesus" was her quickest ion, it being completed within fifteen min- r being requested by her composer, W. H. ho had just completed a new composition l her that he had but forty minutes in secure her verses and catch his train. oth.

er of our favorites, "All the Way My eads Me," came to her as the result of l prayer when five dollars was immediate- d and provided.

vonderful it is that a blind woman's faith so instrumental in sending gleams of light into sin and sorrow-darkened souls; inspiration has been multitude's heart- ession through sacred song.

Silver Cord" was gently broken February 15, at her home in Bridgeport, Connecti- l for the past eight years she has been the Golden Streets and *seeing* "The King Beauty"!

hat wonderful songs she must be compos- here. But, as we journey on—our eyes oward That City with longing—we will to sing her precious hymns and love her And long after we, too, have joined her rth will still ring with her expressions of praise—for they are immortal and can-

you just *love* to wear a violet in memory

Man Who Built the "Traveling Engine"

is no railroad man in the world who know the name and fame of George n.

he who invented the locomotive and had een for this great Belgian engineer the are that railroads would never have the point at which they are today unless genius had been gifted with the same r perseverance and the same imagination atters mechanical.

son started his career as assistant fire- the colliery where his father was em- and it was due to self-teaching and un- plication to his trade that he managed to in 1814, the first real "traveling engine." outclassed the crude models of others who tackled the problem that Stevenson well to be called the man who made modern ng possible.

Ravensworth, who owned the coal mine evenson worked, gave him his first oppor- produce a good working model without mpelled to have his thoughts diverted by about his daily bread.

al triumph came in 1829 when the first passenger engine, built in the course of tition announced by the Manchester & l Railway, came from his workshop.

ocomotive was called "The Rocket" and one of the wonders of the early part of century.

What Is Evil?

of our reformer friends should remember ppened in Pennsylvania where someone notion that hawks were just so many fly- The state spent $96,000 and thousands s were killed. Then to the consternation rs and gardeners, the field mice multi- fast and destroyed so much corn and oduce that the people began asking, "How get our hawks back again?" In this ixed-up old world it is pretty hard to tell evil and what is good.—*Lombard News*

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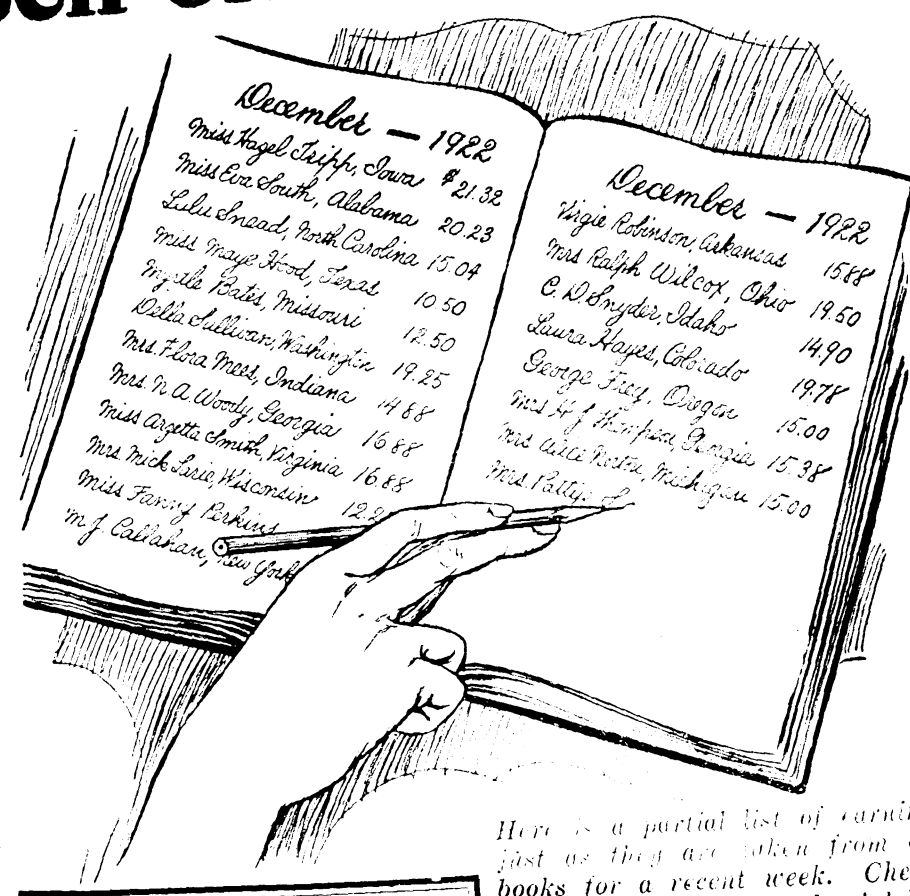
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HERE'S the way to get substantial pay-checks regularly—extra money for yourself—earned without leaving the comfort or privacy of your own home.

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Thousands of women are today turning their spare time into real dollars right in the privacy and comfort of their own homes.

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There's nothing difficult—nothing mysterious about the work these people are doing. It is called Auto Knitting—and is simply making Olde Tyme Wool Socks on the Auto Knitter, a remarkable little machine which bears the same relation to hand-knitting that the sewing machine does to hand sewing.

With the aid of the Auto Knitter the woman in the home quickly turns out fine wool socks of beautiful texture and excellent quality for which we pay her a fixed wage rate besides furnishing replacement yarn for further work.

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This is just the thing for those who want to work at home. For the woman with a household to look after, for the mother with children to care for, for anyone who has spare hours that they would like to turn into real cash!

An hour before noon perhaps after the morning tasks are done, a couple of hours in the afternoon before the children come home from school. An hour or so in the evening—and lo! the hours that you used to waste are converted into welcome dollars to add to the family bank account.

New clothes—a new hat—new things for the children—new furniture for the home—you can now earn these things through the right use of the spare time you now really waste!—others are doing it—so can you. The free book tells how.

Build Up a Business of Your Own

Perhaps you'd like to start a permanent and profitable business of your own. Auto Knitting affords you a splendid opportunity to do so. You can not only knit for us under our wage agreement but can build up an excellent home trade knitting socks and other knitted things for friends and neighbors.

You Too Can Earn Extra Money at Home!

Of course you want more money —we all do. Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could have even a few more dollars each week—for prettier clothes—an occasional good time—some longed-for luxury?

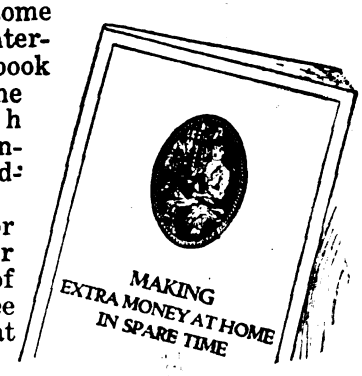
Why should you not earn money in the comfort and privacy of your home—just as thousands of other people are doing.

Last year Auto Knitter workers earned over $120,000 in wages. They made and sent to us over a million pairs of Olde Tyme Wool Socks.

This shows the work which the Auto Knitter is capable of doing in the hands of the workers—shows you the fairness of the company, and indicates with what assurance of success you can take up the work.

Handsome Free Book Gives Complete Information

It's impossible to tell you on this page everything about the Auto Knitter and what it is doing for thousands of women and men throughout the country. But you can find out for yourself—without obligation all the details of this pleasant method of making money in your leisure time. Simply mail the coupon below and you'll receive a handsome and interesting book at home which you'll enjoy reading. Send for your copy of this free book at once!



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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

A GIRL from Missouri, one of you, sends me the following "rules of conduct for women and girls" as given her by her mother, and asks me to have them printed for the benefit of every girl who reads this column. They are worthwhile.

Remember that modesty is a woman's greatest charm.

Remember that men will encourage you to do all the bold and immodest things that you are silly enough to do and then despise you for it.

Remember that any man that is half a man will protect you from another man, but you must protect yourself from him.

BOB FITZ, Virginia.—Bob, you are a dear, and I predict a successful future for you. The kindly spirit and consideration that prompted you to write such a good letter to me, a maiden lady of uncertain age, is sure to win friends for you. I shall keep your letter, not forever, but until my filing cabinet gets filled up again, but the memory of it will remain with me always. Thank you, Bob.

I. F., Virginia.—There's nothing you can do but write and explain why you were so negligent, just as you did to me. He should understand. (2) You are rather young for boy company, one particular boy, but your father should be willing for you to have several of your young friends in at one time, not necessarily couples, for an evening of music or games. Get Father interested in whatever you are doing; it's surprising what good scouts fathers can be if you give them a chance.

HEART-BROKEN GIRL, Virginia.—Don't be so sure that you "have done found" the right one. You may think he is the right one for you but if he thought you were the right one for him he would want to see you more often. It doesn't matter if he did say he'd "die without you." That listens well but doesn't mean anything. Don't take any boy seriously for years and years but do regard your spelling with a little more seriousness. It pains me deeply to have you take such liberties with it.

BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL, Illinois.—You have no reason for thinking yourself broken hearted. Instead you should be bubbling over with happiness because you learned in time what a mean creature he was. I can't tell you what I really think of him for it wouldn't look nice in print. Don't write to him and don't take him back.

BROWN EYES, Oklahoma.—Don't feel badly because you don't make friends more easily. You are young and there is plenty of time for that later on. Your studies should take up most of your time and attention now. Learn how to talk and what to talk about and then let the other fellow do most of the talking. (2) Read Katharine Booth's instructions for reducing exercises.

A PUZZLED GIRL, Penn.—Tell your friend, frankly, that your grandmother objects to you having boy friends. It is better to do that than have him think you object to him personally. Make him understand your feeling of gratitude toward her for the care she has given you since the death of your parents. I'm a firm believer in tact and diplomacy (though not gifted with either), and armed with these two mighty weapons he should be able to conquer her objections.

FAIRTIME GIRL, Penn.—See answer to Puzzled Girl.

BROWNIE.—At sixteen you are too young to correspond with boys, and much too young to think of leaving school and getting married. His parents may be "nice people" and all that, but that doesn't signify they'd be nice in-laws if you had to live with them. There's something about being an in-law that ruins a person's disposition, though I've met hundreds that were perfectly lovely. Let him stop drinking and make a home for you, if he really cares.

MARIE, Michigan.—You've brought up a question that other girls have asked and which I've rathed hesitated to answer. In your case it automatically takes care of itself for you are too young to have a steady beau or a once-in-a-while either. I'm speaking of the girl old enough to have a beau or beaux (isn't that a crazy plural?) Should she go to dances and parties with one fellow all the time or with several? If she does the latter she is likely to be called a flirt, or worse, by gossipy neighbors—and the best of neighbors love to gossip—and if she goes with only one fellow, first thing she knows he has gotten to be a habit and they are married. Propinquity is a terrible thing—I'd rather have measles any day—and responsible for more marriages than anything else. The only safe way is to steer a steady course between the Scylla of once-in-awhiles and the Charybdis of a steady. In other words, she who loves and runs away will live to love another day.

E., Virginia.—I don't blame him for not coming back to you. If he is a sensible young man he will reason that the girl who would expect him to leave his store the Saturday before Christmas, would be a poor sort for a wife. Sentiment is one thing, and you didn't display much common sense. Write to him and tell him you are sorry you were so unreasonable and tell him that you are trying to get your troublesome temper under control. Do it, too, else it will get you into serious trouble sometime.

BROWN EYES, Alabama.—Why marry a cousin, even a third cousin? It's so confusing. Your children would be fourth cousins to you and your husband and their children would be fifth cousins as well as grandchildren and their children would be—but it's getting too complicated. You'd be so mixed up you wouldn't know where you were at. Besides, I don't believe it is right from a eugenic standpoint. Thank goodness I don't like any of my cousins well enough to marry any of them. That's one thing I don't have to worry about.

E. O., N. D.—I'd rather not advise you, really advise you, but am willing to talk it over with you. I'm not blaming you for falling in love with him—those things just happen—but do ask you to consider well his wife's side of it. She isn't here to defend herself so I'll present her case. Even if their marriage was a boy-and-girl affair with perhaps little sentiment on his part, the fact remains that she has given the best years of her life to him, "best" in a matrimonial sense, for her chances of a second marriage, at probably thirty with a child, are much less than yours, for instance. If it hadn't been for him she might have married a better man or gone into work for herself that would have developed a stand-alone spirit in her, whereas, marriage has a weakening effect upon women, not weakening exactly, but tends to make them less self reliant perhaps. It is only natural that a woman should grow that way after years of being cared for. If she is that type and a home and husband mean everything to her, as it should to every woman, have you thought of her feelings when she is left alone? Even a liberal settlement and support of the child won't make up for the loss of a husband to the woman who has grown accustomed to one. You can't tell how the plumbers tracked up the house to a monthly check or show it your new dress or make a cake for it. These are trifling things but they fill the lives of many women and if she is that kind her life is going to be more or less messed up if you take her husband away from her. Does she love him—and are you sure you love him? We are so likely to think we want what we can't have, when if we could have it we wouldn't want it. Don't act hastily, and I hope you will do what is best for all concerned. Shall be interested in your decision if you care to write again.

JEALOUS, Geogria.—If it came to a showdown between hurting your feelings or the feelings of the girl who chases him, it seems that you should be considered first. If he doesn't want to talk with her he doesn't have to. You are easy to give up other boys because he doesn't like it. I don't see that he does so much giving up himself. If he postpones your wedding again, for the third time, tell him you think it had better be postponed for 99 years. It might be well if you did the postponing yourself, before he has a chance to, and get a more reliable sweetheart.

BRIGHT EYES, Detroit.—The answer to Jealous of Georgia applies to your case. You can't make me believe that a man can't get out of taking a girl out if he wants to. It would be an easy matter to have an excuse of some sort ready if he knew she was likely to ask him to take her somewhere. He may be "very mannerly" but I don't thnk he is showing much respect for you by taking a girl of questionable reputation around with him. Tell him you have no intentions of competing with any girl for the affections of a man, and particularly of a girl of her class, and that if she wants him she can have him so far as you are concerned, if he hasn't enough to him to resist. Are you sure he wants to?

ROSEBUD, Illinois.—Have sent your letter to the Family Doctor. Read his column and the Beauty Department for answers to such queries as yours.

HAPPY KID, Virginia.—Atta girl, that's the way to sign yourself, and not "Heartbroken" or something equally doleful, just because your sweetie talks to some other girl. You've got the right idea. Let him have her if he wants her. There's plenty more men.

UNCERTAIN, Penn.—Don't ask me if it is all right to marry a "froeigner" and then neglect to tell me of what nationality he is and all about him. All that has to be considered, but think you had better obey your parents. They know the facts of the case and their advice is worth more than mine.

SHORTY, Wisconsin.—How do you know he doesn't go to dances with other girls when he is away from you? Remember, Shorty, a man in your arms (figuratively speaking, of course) is worth two on the road. He has no right to ask you to give up all others when you are not even engaged to him. You have no assurance that he ever means to be, so why should you pass up men who might have serious intentions?

G'by, girls. COUSIN MARION.

A Little Blue Will Do

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

he would remember that first night with the harbor lights and would speak to her about—about what?

It was her clothes, of course, that rendered her invisible to him and the rest of them. Arthur never missed Mrs. Trippett's flashing in and flapping out. Elsa Gans he could see three blocks off. *They* wore style, they did. Yet neither could hold a candle to Marta for intrinsic good looks. The waved smoothness of her brown hair, the old shapeless mouse-colored beaver concealed from Arthur's beauty-worshiping eyes; and he was defrauded by the hideous gray serge coat of the splendid line from throat to shoulder, the graceful knitting of hand to wrist. Many a noble lady would have envied Marta that point. The vicious flaring mohair skirt conspired with both hat and coat to keep everyone in ignorance of the dear girl's every charm. Even her office mates, admire her work as they might, simply could not see her, the person she was, herself.

And Marta proved up. She proved reliability, brains and apple-pie order systemization of the Threnno Steamship Line's addled papers. Her salary rose. She paid debts. She grew ambitious and began the study of shop windows.

One evening she brought home a pair of lovely blue silk stockings, and hid them at the bottom of a bureau drawer as fast as she could get to it.

"What would I do, wearing them?" she argued. "I haven't anything else that's blue and haven't had since I was ten years old.

However, the knowledge that she owned the stockings wrought a change in Marta. She began the accumulation of blue things. A shiny black straw hat with blue rosebuds came home and was tucked away out of sight. A blue silk petticoat lay folded beside the stockings. One day she saw a pair of fashionable boots with blue tops. Extravagance! In went Marta and laid down fourteen hard-earned dollars for them; afterwards to sneak past Old Matty and bury them with her other prideful possessions. Blue silk gloves ended the first series of her wild buyings.

Weeks passed when she brought home nothing more startling than a handkerchief, a lace collar or a hair net. It seemed to Marta that she had no notion of ever wearing her pretty blue things. She had them. That was enough. Where would she wear them, anyway? There was no one interested in what she wore except Old Matty and Zenas; and Zenas she was not yet ready to attract again to her side. Neither had she any purpose in view for her saved-up pennies, until, all at once, she knew! A little suit exactly matching the blue of her cached hat and gloves, boots and stockings, hung in a certain display window where she passed. It might have been labeled, that suit:

I BELONG TO MARTA FROST

for the price mark corresponded to a cent with the amount that Marta had tied into the corner of an old veil in her purse; and it fitted her figure as though she had been measured for its making.

Such excitement raged in her adventurous heart! What would Old Matty say? When in the world would she dare to wear such garments? With her guilt written upon her flushed face, she climbed the little hill towards home. Her servant flung the door wide, exclaiming, at sight of the oblong box:

"You've bought yourself a new dress!"

"Yes, so I have, Matty," admitted Marta, feebly.

"And it's about time. All these years growing prettier every day you've lived and wearing out your ma's old things and doing without and without till you're most a disgrace to me—and I'm not a gay dresser, either," scolded hearty Old Matty.

Marta threw her arms, box and all, around the woman's broad shoulders; and there ensued a good laugh and a better cry together; as is the established custom of women who live much alone and grow through tenderness to understand each other's inmost needs.

Next morning Marta started out, dressed in her customary grayness.

"Not going to wear your pretties?" questioned Old Matty in a disappointed tone. She had seen them all displayed on Marta's bed the night before.

"I don't care," laughed Marta, hurrying off; a little late, she feared, to catch the eight-ten intown car.

That day she was seated with Arthur Geoffrion once more. As the moments passed, with Mrs. Trippett in green-and-violet flashing in at Dexter Street and flapping out at Bolingstoke Way; with Elsa Gans in violent orange sports togs running down the aisle to hold Arthur's hand too long, *too long,* Marta thought; a growing sense of her loneliness filled the young girl's heart. Why couldn't Arthur remember her? There were actually tears in her eyes when, without the least notice of her, he crowded past, to swing out of the car at Michigan and First.

"I ought to be ashamed!" she declared to herself, when she realized the mood she had fallen into. "Why, here I am, well and strong, with a good, good job, and still free. Old Zenas has about given up hope by this time, *I* hope! There's something wrong with me if I can't be happy——"

That was a rainy, splashy, drenching, dreary day in late May. Marta's good faithful old grays saw their last usefulness during the fifteen minutes that it took her to struggle from the car up to the shelter of Old Matty's arms and the front door at home that evening. The shapeless hour was a complete wreck. Neither coat nor skirt could be worn again without a protracted stay at the tailors.

"Thank goodness," breathed Old Matty, as she flung the dripping garments aside. "You'll wear your blue things tomorrow?"

"I'll wear my blue things tomorrow and the next day; and when I feel like it I'll buy some others." Marta spoke recklessly.

The sun was out. The sky was doing its best to match her eyes when the blue loveliness of Marta Frost floated in upon Arthur Geoffrion's inner vision the next morning. He arose from his seat, raising his hat. Too late he was, for three other men acted likewise simultaneously and Marta was already smiling radiant thanks upon one of them. She had become visible to the whole car. Arthur could not take his eyes off her. He refused to be prevented from paying tribute to her glory.

"Miss Frost?" he asked, coming across the aisle to her. Martha bowed. He had remembered then?

"Your father was Professor Frost?" Again she bowed.

"Don't you recall?" he pleaded. "The night you and your father came to the little brown house? I was there, under your window. You understood about the harbor lights, the way I understood."

"I remember," laughed Marta, catching the little throb of pain in her voice and changing it to joy, before he could notice her emotion.

"You've been away?" he asked next.

"No. Right here. All the time. Have you?"

"No. We moved to Amburyton soon after. I've only been back in the old town since last August."

"Father died in August," explained Marta.

At this place in their odd conversation Mrs. Trippett and Elsa Gans boarded the car together. From Arthur they got no more than a perfunctory nod.

"How beautiful!" murmured Marta.

"They? Their clothes?" Arthur asked. "Too snappy. Tasteless. Blue's my color—the shade you're wearing. It's your—the sky's shade exactly."

* * * * * * *

Marta sat at the open window that night. The day had been perfectly summery and the evening warm. She felt lonelier than ever she had before felt; and she was remembering old-loneliness and thinking of loneliness to come, when she would be Mrs. Freeman Zenas, shut in again——

Suddenly a boy's voice:

"What do they signal to you—the channel lamps?"

"I don't know—a wonder story. *'Safe, safe, safe,'* " she repeated.

Marta's ancient suitor, poking his head unceremoniously into the dim room, heard the girl's low laughter and Arthur Geoffrion's low chuckle.

"So she's chosen elsewhere," he acknowledged and generously, silently withdrew.

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For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Burnett Cox, last heard from in Waynesburg, Pa., please notify Amelia E. Belford, Waynesburg, Pa.

Wanted: To hear from George Lockman, last heard of near Crawford or Toronto, Ont., Canada. Please notify his sister, Mrs. John Sears, Freeport, Mich.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Chas. G. Barlo, last heard of near Harlan, Iowa, in 1895, and Vada Moss Vettengl, who was last heard of near Woodbine, Iowa, in 1918, please notify Ora Weight, Corning, Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Fretty, Monongahalia Co., last heard of during the Civil War, please write Mrs. Taylor Fretty, care of Cora Henderson, West Park, Ohio.

Anyone knowing the address of Herbert G. Dodge, last heard of in Denver, Colo., please write I. M. Brook, care of Tisdale Ranch, Kaycee, Wyo.



20¢ A DAY PAYS FOR A SYMPHONIC PIANO

25 Year Guarantee

Several other popular models, including the famous Symphonic Player-Piano here pictured. Easy payments 4 years to pay. Save $100 or more at our low Factory-to-Family prices. Write TODAY for big FREE Book, showing Pianos in actual colors.

Larkin Co Inc. Desk PCT-822 Buffalo, N.Y.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch



Guaranteed time keeper. GIVEN for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TODAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. Box 32-Z Lancaster, Pa.

AIR RIFLE GIVEN



Get this fine Daisy Air Rifle for selling only 8-26c. boxes of celebrated Mentho Nova Return $2.00 when sold, and get premium promptly. We trust you for goods. U. S. SUPPLY CO. Dept. MC-7 Greenville, Pa.

BOTH GIVEN



Stylish ladies' or gents size thin model Watch, guaranteed 5 years, given for selling only 20 beautifully colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order today. Costly firey brilliant Gem Set Ring given as extra present for promptness. RAY ART CO., Dept. 21, CHICAGO.

Here's a Prescription

for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

Antique Jewel Box



For A Club Of Two

It seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.

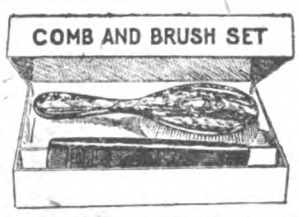
Every girl and woman delights in the possession of a real jewel box for her dresser and we offer places this one easily within the reach of all. Like everything else, they cost a good price in the stores but we buy direct from the factory, hence we are able to make the following very liberal offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome Jewel Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9952.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

COMB AND BRUSH SET



THIS is a good grade Toilet set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9982.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

POLLY VIRGINIA.—We do not think it necessary for you to procure your marriage license in the county where you reside, but we think the ceremony should be performed in the county where the license is procured.

MRS. J. G. E., Louisiana.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion that five years' peaceable possession of real estate, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, paying taxes thereon, and claiming under deed duly registered, and which is neither forged nor executed under a forged power of attorney, gives full title, and that 10 years' like peaceable possession, cultivation and enjoyment, without evidence of title, gives to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and to all beyond which he has in actual possession, provided the statute of limitations is placed in any action brought for the recovery of such land.

MISS M. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the child you mention was legally adopted under the proper judgment or decree of a court of competent jurisdiction, such child would have intestacy inheritance rights in the foster parents' estate.

MRS. B. H., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention was in the husband's name, upon the wife's death before the death of her husband, her children would not inherit any interest in the property, which would remain, as before, the property of the husband, as it would have been necessary for the wife to have survived the husband in order to acquire an interest in his property that would go to her children upon her death; but if the property you mention belonged to the wife, upon her death, without a will, her children would be entitled to their share of the property.

S. R. J., South Carolina.—We think that witnesses are necessary for a marriage ceremony, but in case you cannot provide your own witnesses, perhaps the minister or other official who performs the ceremony will provide them.

MRS. J. M. C., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the husband one-half of the community property goes to the wife and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband, and in the absence of such disposition goes to his descendants; we think the money turned over to your father by your mother would be his separate property and upon his death would be subject to his testamentary disposition, and in the absence of this would be administered as his separate property, being divided among his present wife, if she survives, and the children of both marriages in shares depending upon who is left.

MRS. P. E. F., Oklahoma.—If, as we understand from your communication, your grandfather abandoned the land he owned in Kentucky over fifty years ago, we do not think your mother now has any chance of recovering any portion of this property.

C. W. M., Texas.—After neglecting to prosecute your claim against your brother's widow for a period of thirty years, we do not think you would succeed in an action against her estate to set aside the deeds you mention.

MRS. J. R. M., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against actions for ejectment from real estate within ten years, but that the statute must be plead as a defense in any action where it is relied upon as a defense.

W. B., Tennessee.—In order to create a tenancy by the entirety in real estate, the deed should run to the husband and wife, naming both and reciting them as husband and wife. We think that property deeded to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

M. D., Minnesota.—If both the local assessor, and the board of tax appeals have assessed your property in Montana in excess of its true value or at a value out of proportion of the assessments of other property in the locality where your property is situated, we think it will be necessary for you to bring a court proceeding to have the assessment reviewed; we think such proceedings should be brought before the assessment is confirmed.

R. A. B., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, the whole of her personal estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to her surviving husband.

MRS. E. G., Oklahoma.—If the woman who employed your daughter refuses to pay her for the services performed, we think it will be necessary for your daughter to bring an action against this woman to enforce her rights.

S. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a will must be signed by the testator, or by some person in his or her presence and by his or her direction, and attested in his or her presence at his or her request by at least two witnesses.

MRS. M. J. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a widow may dissent from her husband's will and take what the law would give her in case of intestacy, consisting of dower in his real estate and a share of his personal estate depending upon who he left as his other heirs of law and next of kin; we think that during the marriage and subject to a limitation relating to contracts between husband and wife, a married woman may contract and deal so as to affect her real and personal property with same effect as if she were unmarried, but she cannot convey her real estate without written consent of husband. We think if you can substantiate by the proper evidence that your husband gave you the property you mention, you are entitled to keep same.

MRS. J. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, the whole of his personal estate would go to his surviving widow, subject to payment of debts and expenses.

P. J. R., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the merchant you mention is legally entitled to recover the amount of the debt owed him by the man you mention with interest thereon less the amount of the payments already made him.

R. S., Indiana.—We think the courts of your state leave power to refuse the appointment of one of the favored classes for administrator of a decedent's estate in case such candidate for appointment is not properly qualified for such appointment, and that your courts also have power to remove an administrator in case he is dishonest or not properly qualified for such office.

MRS. L. T. M., Idaho.—If your neighbor allows his cattle to trespass upon your property after notice to him to keep them confined, we think you are entitled to collect from him such damages as you have suffered by reason thereof in the proper action brought for the enforcement of your rights.

How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days



A husband's story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish—by a new, easy, spare-time method which has brought the joy of music into thousands of silent homes.

FROM boyhood, I vowed that if ever I had a home of my own there would be music in it. No wife for me unless she could play some instrument, and play it well.

But one day Beth came along, knowing not one note from another, and Beth is Mrs. Taylor today. A piano graced our new home, but somehow the old vow was forgotten, and stayed forgotten until Jimmy Jr., and Beth No. 2 were quite some youngsters.

Then along about the time the novelty of parenthood began to wear off a bit, the yearning for music came back. And one evening I spoke out, "Beth, I'd give a hundred dollars if you could play something—piano, violin, banjo, ukulele—*anything*." Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said no more.

About three months later I got home early one night, and heard the old piano come to life—first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was *Beth*, playing, and the two kiddies beating time! She saw me, and stopped. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found out"—"Found out what?" I said. Beth began to cry. "I know!" Jimmy, Jr. piped up, "Mother found out the way to learn music just like I am learning to read in school—only lots easier."

Well, that musical party lasted all the evening. It was a howling success.

Jimmy Jr. had told the truth; the method Beth had found was so easy that anyone at all, from 8 years up, could learn it. By this method the U. S. School of Music, the largest in the world, has already trained over 300,000 people, teaching the playing of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school-child learns to read.

When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, c-a-t, m-a-n. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, "cat," "man." By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole *expressions*, like "up the steps," "on the train," no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately, at one instant, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form.

The alphabet of music follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling the notes together correctly. The first note on the staff above is F. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell "face." Certain strings on mandolin, certain keys on piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of *acting* what you *see!* You play almost before you realize it—and every step is real fun, fascinating, simple, interesting, almost too good to be true.

Remember, neither my wife nor most of the 300,000 other musicians trained by this method knew anything about music. Beth mastered the piano; she could just as easily have mastered anything else. Jimmy, Jr., is now taking up violin, and my daughter is learning singing. Right at home, no costly teacher, no classes at inconvenient hours, no useless study and practice. No numbers, no tricks, no makeshifts. But a sound, quick musical education, learning by *notes*. Anyone can *learn any* instrument or sing this way.

When I told Beth I was writing this out to put in a magazine, she told me to be sure and say that the school will gladly send a free book explaining everything, called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and that right now there is a special short-time Reduced Price Offer being made to music lovers. The book is free, asking for it obligates you not at all—but you should send for it right away before all copies are gone.

JAMES W. TAYLOR.

Mr. Taylor is enthusiastic. He has a right to be. Yet when you read the facts in our free book you will appreciate that his opinion is *conservative*. You, too, can easily learn your favorite instrument or to sing.

Mail the coupon below to the U. S. School of Music, 43 Brunswick Building, New York City. Or send a postcard. But act at once. Do not delay.

Please write name and address plainly so that there will be no difficulty in booklet reaching you.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
43 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....
(Please write plainly)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

SUCCESS

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine."—Melvin Freeland Macopin, N. Y.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Knsson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartiest approval of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Moxie N. Lewis, 319 Jefferson, Neosho, Mo.

WHICH INSTRUMENT do you want to learn how to play the new quick way. Courses for beginners or advanced pupils.

Piano	Mandolin
Organ	Drums and Traps
Violin	Harmony and Composition
Banjo	Sight Singing
Clarinet	Ukulele
Flute	Piccolo
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
Cello	Steel Guitar
Guitar	Voice and Speech Culture
Hawaiian	Automatic Finger Control

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

dye on his whiskers. Anyway, years are only funny things that calendars establish and family Bibles record. For of course we are just as old as our hearts, and it is only ourselves who keep these records or compile individual almanacs. Some day, through wise analysis, a wily chemist will find out that love and laughter are the chief ingredients in the waters of the Fountain of Youth. And then the International Longevity Corporation will be established to sell love and laughter out of a bottle at so much a quart. But you and I and many others, Mrs. Lottie, will still be able, I trust, to manufacture our own Love Homebrew—and we will smile as we quaff and watch the years go by and the calendar makers suffer.

ERIE HEIGHTS, KENTUCKY.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Won't you please let me in? I have been knocking so long I am almost frozen this cold morning. I live in the Cumberlands of Kentucky where we are supposed to pack guns and drink white lightning, but we are, as a rule, peace-loving citizens just like other folks. Of course, there are some outlaws and roughnecks here, the same as there are in New York and Brooklyn, or any of the large cities.

Well, Uncle Lisha, I wish you could have seen our mountains in all autumnal beauty. After the summer is gone and the days grow cold, they put on their dresses of red and gold. If there is any choice for beauty between spring and fall, I think I prefer the fall. I am a great lover of nature. I don't think man has ever invented anything that can compare with the beauties of nature. This is truly God's country. I sure do pity the poor folks that have to live cooped up in the city with never a breath of pure fresh air. My home is on a hilltop where I can see the sunrise as well as the sunset. I often wish I was a great painter so that I could paint some of the beauties of my mountain home, but, alas, I have had no opportunity to study painting.

We have a great many flowers that grow wild and bloom from early spring until frost. There are some still in bloom. All of us live the free outdoor life and are happy, contented and unusually strong and robust. We women often work in the fields and are not ashamed to be called clodhoppers or "briar-jumpers" as some people call us.

Uncle Charlie was one of my heroes and I am a true-blue American.

Lovingly your niece, ROSE WINTERS.

You don't know how pleased I always am, Rose, when I get a letter from one of the Family who is sincerely in love with the country which lies about his or her home—and also with the life that can be lived in such beloved surroundings. I get many letters from cousins who long for a city life. They do not know that the woods and fields about them are really the truest and best city of God that offers pleasures no man-built, men-filled hive of a town can give. Each year city dwellers need more and more to be pitied as you do pity them, Rose. Crowds increase, rents increase, prices of food increase, bad odors and bad air increase, and, worse than all else, each year in our congested towns increase the lies of trade, the untruths of action, and the inhumanity and exploitation that must always occur where men are packed so closely and must live upon one another's losses and gains. In the largest of our cities man has not literally room to live or breathe. By day there is little of sunlight or of green things for him to rest his tired eyes upon, and by night even the greatest of the stars are not to be seen in the floods of artificial lights beckoning to artificial pleasures. Sidewalk-tethered and wall-prisoned he lives and dies—poor civilization's alien in a country like ours which offers so much of Nature's beauty and great spaces. Almost six millions of such unfortunates make up the population of New York. And in the state of Wyoming, for instance, there are over eighteen million acres of vacant public land.

Indeed I wish I might have seen your mountains last autumn, Rose. The Psalmist was right when he wrote of the help that comes from the hills. A high country breeds high thoughts. The strength and peace of mountains are always ours

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



ALL THIS FREE

Gold-plated Lavalliers and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet, with im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings, ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept 50, East Boston, Mass



GIVEN WATCH KNIFE AND CHAIN

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova (Wonder Menthol.) Return the $3.00 and receive watch or choice of 147 premiums free. Address

U. S. Supply Company, Dept. SM2, Greenville, Pa.



Hawaiian Ring FREE!

Set with long oval stone about one inch long and 1-4 inch wide. Stone mounted in all manner of colors, giving a combination beautiful in the extreme. Shank of rose gold trimmings and settings. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains send 15c for a 3-months' subscription and this Ring, your size, will be sent FREE.

M. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 7-BD, New York.

A REAL 22 RIFLE HAMILTON



This Fine 22-Cal. Rifle Shoots Short and Long Cartridges sure and True. Given FREE, POSTPAID, For Selling Only 50 Pks. Sachet At 10c Each. Order Sachet, We Trust You. You Can't Fail. Everybody Buys.

CHICAGO SACHET WKS., 1920 Sunnyside, Desk 101, Chicago

Clear Your Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years.

FREE

$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. S. GIVENS, 306 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

STROUT Farm Bargains



Throughout 33 States; $10 to $200 an acre; New Catalog Free. Strout Farm Agency. 150BG Nassau St. N.Y.C.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set GIVEN

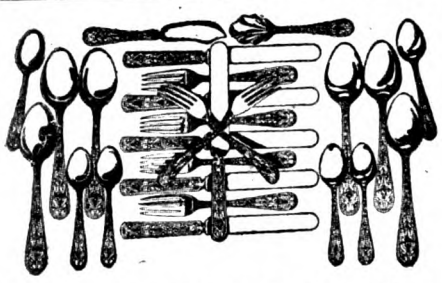
Also many other valuable premiums such as Watches, Lace Curtains, Silver Sets, Talking Machines for selling our Superior Garden Seeds. Send us your name and address at once and we will send you

30 PACKETS SUPERIOR GARDEN SEEDS

to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return money to us as per instructions in our big Premium Catalog selecting premium according to offer. Thousands have earned our wonderful premiums. Our premiums are the best. Our plan easiest. Big cash commission. We are reliable. Write at once and be first in your town.

WILSON SEED COMPANY, Dept. M401, TYRONE, PA.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to **offer a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

54 Inch Rope Of Pearls



Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She Is Looking For A Mother



"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautify Your Home With These Magnificent Ever-Blooming Roses!

THERE'S no place like home—and no home as beautiful in summer as when surrounded with fragrant, luxuriously blooming roses. Why not plant some around **your** home this spring? Even if you now have a garden, you can find room for the five splendid bushes offered here—and they will cost you nothing. We buy these roses from the largest rose growers in the world. They are the finest that can be obtained. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each is absolutely the **prize** of its class, producing **every month in the season** an amazing profusion of large, magnificent blossoms, delightful in fragrance and of the most radiant colors. The bushes are **one year old,** strong, healthy, with well-formed roots. No matter where you live you will receive them at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five varieties given you on this offer. And please remember that with the bushes we are also going to send you complete directions for their planting and culture.

You Get One Each Of These Five Prize Beauties!

Mrs. Charles Bell One of the most beautiful and fragrant **shell-pink** roses ever introduced. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double, and the abundance of bloom produced in one season is simply astounding.

Etoile De Lyon This magnificent bright **sulphur-yellow** rose is a fine forcer and an ideal variety both for cutting and garden purposes, being an exceptionally vigorous grower and prolific bloomer, bearing its flowers on strong, erect stems well covered with dark, glossy foliage.

W. C. Gaunt A rose of unusual individuality. Its color is a brilliant, velvety **vermillion** tipped with scarlet. The buds are medium long and pointed, the stems rigid, habit branching, with large, oval beech-green foliage. The fragrance of this rose is like tea and it is a rapid, vigorous grower.

Climbing Helen Gould There is probably no red rose so popular as the beautiful Helen Gould. It is now introduced for the first time in climbing form. Everybody is familiar with the warm **watermelon-red** color of its charming flowers. This is a grand climber, having none of the defects of the older varieties.

Snowflake A crowning masterpiece, with hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in almost any soil or situation. It has the most magnificent foliage and is a continuous bloomer of medium-size flowers, the beauty of which is nothing short of superb. Its color is pure white.

Our Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described five rose bushes (one each of the five varieties) free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.** They will be mailed to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

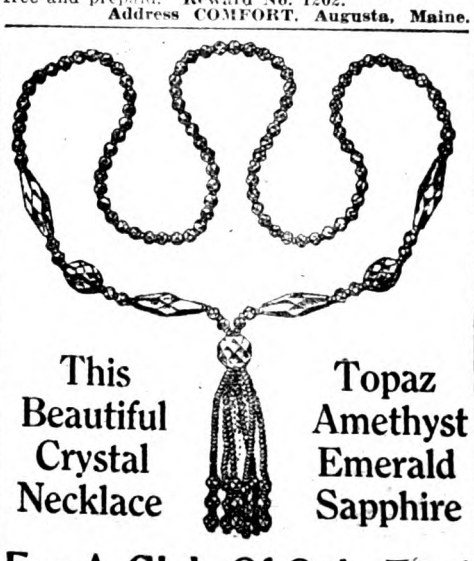


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this **Typewriter** free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike, that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Film-O-Scope

With 125 Moving Picture Views



Almost As Good As A Movie Show

HERE is something **as good as a movie** show for the children the year **round**—the wonderful new Film-O-**Scope** with a powerful magnifying **lens**—and with it we give you free a big collection of 125 Views from real **moving picture films.** These views, when looked at through the Scope, are **magnified** many times and stand out as **real and life-like** as they appear on the screen in regular moving picture theaters. Leading **movie "stars"** and scenes from their **best pictures** are included in the collection and there are **no two alike.** As one view after another is placed in the Scope and seen through the magnifying lens, one experiences about the same pleasure as that derived from a regular movie show and as the pictures may be repeated as often as desired, they furnish a **never-ending, joyful entertainment** for the young folks, keeping them amused, instructed, and out of mischief indoors.

Boys and girls in the cities are delighted with this new Film-O-Scope and the wonderful collection of 125 entertaining and exciting views that come with it, so we have purchased a supply of them to give away to COMFORT'S boys and girls who live in the country and small towns where the Scope is not being sold. You can have one of them **absolutely free** by accepting the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the Film-O-Scope with 125 Moving Picture Views free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8741.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

When Is Your Birthday?



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8161, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8181, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold, and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Opera or Field Glasses



THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



MADE TO YOUR ORDER **Pants $1.95** NO EXTRA CHARGES Postage Prepaid

Send no Money We make this special offer for 30 days, to prove the wonderful value, style and fit of **Progress** Tailoring. We will tailor to your special order, a pair of these stylish, $6.00 pants, —guaranteed to wear like iron—and send them to you postage prepaid for only **$1.95. Send no money** or measurements until you receive our samples.

Write for Samples Today.
Our big free sample outfit will be sent you the same day your request is received.

AGENTS WANTED—Earn $30 to $35 extra every week, taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our high-class tailoring. No experience necessary. Suits at $12.45 up and pants at $1.95 up make orders come easy. Full details will be sent free. Write now.

Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. Q115, Chicago, Ill.

nch Ivory Manicure Set
A Roll-Up Leather Case



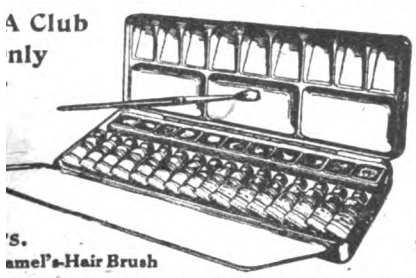
en For A Club Of Four!

ACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing rything necessary for the proper care of tils. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly grade and regulation size. We know that woman and girl who accepts this offer and one of these splendid Sets will be more delighted with it. It is free on the terms following offer.

en To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT cents each, we will send you this splendid Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather ee by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

tist's Paint Box
A Club nly



's.
amel's-Hair Brush

RLY every boy and girl, and many grown ople too, like to paint pictures of flowers, l life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best , however, you need a good set of colors ie one shown here. The box is 8½ inches 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans **xteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, ne, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Ochre and Orange. There is also a good r camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyho has a talent for drawing or painting have one of these outfits because it is of uality throughout and we know it will give reatest satisfaction. You can have this Box complete as described upon the terms following special offer:

n To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT ents each we will send you this fine Artist's Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward 994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The ntest nity ase



ard No. 1152

A Club f Two

TY woman and who likes to with the styles have one of these handsome, embossed silish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest having a thin model case like that of a nodel watch, is very light, weighing a over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is inches long. Inside the case is a fine nirror and two dainty powder puffs. This anity Case is one of the prettiest designs we yet seen so we have purchased a quant them to give away among COMFORT s. We will send you one free if you ccept the following special offer.

n To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT each we will send you this Vanity Case y parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Five Wheel Chairs in February
676 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the five February wheel chairs are: Helen Monical, Kalvesta, Kans., 120; Mrs. Ida Mae Long, Lewiston, Pa., 77; Oscar Payne, Pelham, Ala., 61; Jessie L. V. Martin, R. 5, Marietta, Ga., 59; Oscar E. Ellington, Bells, Tenn., 59. The figures following their respective addresses indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them.

HELEN MONICAL, age 8, is paralyzed from her hips down and bedridden, due to tuberculosis of the spine which has also caused such a curvature of the spine that she is obliged to lie always on one side. She is one of a large family of children. The wheel chair will alleviate her discomfort and lessen her mother's burden in caring for her.

MRS. IDA MAE LONG, age 45, since six months past has been and still is so crippled in her lower limbs by rheumatism that she can not walk even with crutches.

OSCAR PAYNE, age 40, has been a helpless cripple from birth, never able to walk, and now has no use of his hands. He is dependent on his father who is past 70 years of age and not in easy circumstances.



MRS. MAG SNODGRASS ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

JESSIE L. V. MARTIN, age 7, was afflicted with sickness at fifteen months of age which left her paralyzed from her hips down. She has never been able to walk but can use her hands. This wheel chair will be a joy to her and a help to her mother in caring for her.

OSCAR E. ELLINGTON, age 8, when a baby suffered an attack of infantile paralysis which left him crippled in his legs so that he has never been able to walk. His legs are shrunken, never having developed in proportion to the rest of his body.

These are all very sad cases, but doubtless the wheel chairs which I am sending to these poor unfortunates will mitigate their suffering and brighten their lives. My thanks to all who have helped in this good work, and I pray you and others to support it.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours

Her Comfort Wheel Chair a Blessing.

Central City, Ky.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose a picture of Mrs. Mag Snodgrass, of Powderly, Ky., in her wheel chair obtained by subscriptions to COMFORT. The chair is indeed a blessing to her. She is known to her many friends as being meek, patient and long-suffering, and her tongue is governed by the law of kindness. May God bless and help her is the prayer of her friends. Thanking you and others who have helped her to obtain her chair, I am

Truly yours,
Rachel McNeil.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. W. L. Powell, Kans., for Helen Monical, 120 subs; Mrs. W. L. A. Kiser, Va., for Miss Alice Kiser, 42; Mrs. Ida Johnson, for Hazel Johnson, 21; Armora Sirman, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 20; Mrs. Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary Miller, 20; Mrs. Geo. D. Bird, Pa., for Miss Mae Long, 16; Ina Barders, Mo., for Dan Barders, 15; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mrs. Mayme Carter, 12; Miss Lela Cantrell, Tex., for Hazel Burdette, 10; Mrs. Geo. Carpenter, Tex., for Annie Carpenter, 9; Mrs. Edna Woodhull, Ark., for Mrs. Fannie Selph, 8; Mrs. W. J. Pace, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 8; Mrs. D. R. Sirman, La., for Ellen Westbrook, 7; Mrs. Mattie Oliver, Colo., for General, 6; Mrs. Thad Perkins, Pa., for General, 6; Mrs. John Rogers, Ark., for Herman Rogers, 6; Mrs. Frankie Owens, Tenn., for R. E. Hill, 5; Mrs. Fannie Womack, Miss., for own chair, 5; Mr. J. A. McManus, Okla., for Ira B. Norton, 5; Mrs. T. H. Snell, Fla., for Paschel Thornton, 22 subs and 90c; Mrs. Della Seago, Tex., for Audie Seago, 13 subs and $1.00; Mr. J. S. Orr, La., for Mrs. Ellen Westbrook, 9 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Tassie Hogan, Fla., for General, 6 subs and $2.00; Alpha Lauderdale, Ind., for General, 1 sub and $2.00; Annie Gieseker, Mont., for General, $5.00; Mrs. L. S. Copple, Ill., for Cleo Copple, $2.00; Miss Florence Law, for General, $2.00; from a friend, Okla., for General, $2.00; a Florida friend, Fla., for General, $1.70; Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond, for General, 1 sub and $1.00; Katherine Ackerman, Ill., for General, $1.00; Miss Vesta Young, Mo., for General, $1.00; Mrs. J. Teague, Mich., for General, $1.00; Mrs. August Buerger, Ala., for General, $1.00; Mrs. C. Tesh, Calif., for General, $1.00; Annie Weissinger, Tex., for Cleo Copple, $1.00.

The United States Bureau of Biological Survey destroyed 50,000 predatory animals such as prairie dogs and ground squirrels in a year and estimates that the saving to crops amounted to $11,000,000.

We Will Spend 25c On Anyone Suffering From Constipation

Send your address at the earliest possible moment and you will receive a trial bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin free of charge

YOU men and women who are real hard sufferers from constipation, listen and realize how easy it is to get relief when the right remedy is used. It will cost 25c to send you a free trial bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, but we will gladly do it for anyone who asks. Let those who live at a distance be sure to write. Fill out the coupon below or simply write on a post card or in a letter: "Send me a free trial bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin."

We want to prove to mothers that Syrup Pepsin is better for the children and herself than harsh physics that gripe and weaken, and which you have to force people to take; to prove to elderly people that Syrup Pepsin is better than salt waters and powders and pills, as it does not lose its good effect by repeated use and the doseage does not have to be increased; to prove that artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form, which can cause skin eruptions and heart affections, are not as good as a vegetable preparation like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Ask for the free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin if you can use it right now for constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas, sour and colicky stomach, indigestion, dizziness, intestinal poisoning, loss of appetite and sleep, auto-intoxication, dyspepsia, and to break up fevers and colds. Take it yourself; give it to anyone, infant or adult. It is safe.

There must be something unusual about this Syrup Pepsin. It is today, after 30 years of public use, the largest selling family laxative in the world. Don't you want to try such a wonderful laxative of which more than 10 million bottles are sold and paid for every year? You can do it free. We will gladly spend 25c on your family to send you a trial bottle and show you that what we claim you can prove. Write today, addressing your envelope as shown in the coupon.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Originator of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

"Syrup Pepsin", 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois
Neither I nor any member of my family has ever used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, so send me a trial bottle free and prepaid to the address below.

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State .....

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

when we can look up to the hills and claim our own. Nature can always take us and heal all our hurts—rubbing like a kind mother the bumps that life has given us.

Rose, you are "happy, contented and unusually strong" because you are living the life God meant you to live—and loving it as you live it. If you cannot paint the beauty of your Cumberlands which you see about you, you can at least hold the colors in your heart. Here in this packed city it makes me happy to think of you upon your hilltop—where neither sunrise nor sunset are hid from you. For the pictures of the Greatest Painter were meant to be seen and loved. The best that man can do is to take up brush with humility and try to transcribe what he sees with awe. For it's a beautiful world, Rose, and "it is good for us to be here."

LA RUE, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Open the door and let me in to your happy circle, for it is cold weather in the Ozarks, and Jack Frost will have me yelping with pain on account of frozen fingers and toes.

I live nine miles from a railroad, in a valley which isn't very thickly settled. We are about a mile and a half from White River. We have a real nice and interesting country—or at least I think so.

Among the most interesting places is a bluff known as the Indian Bluff. It is well named, for people hunting for Indian relics searched the bluff and found many things—among them being skeletons, baskets, paint, etc. We have many different kinds of trees and several varieties of nuts—such as chinquapins, hazel nuts and walnuts. Benton County, the county we live in, leads the state in the growing of apples.

Perhaps you would like to know who is writing all this. It is a blue-eyed girl, with brown hair, who is about five feet tall and who wants to hear from all the cousins.

I go to school about two miles from home. I am also organist and teacher of one of the classes in our Sunday school.

I'd like to hear from any of the cousins, no matter where they live, and would also like to receive photographs of them.

Your loving niece and cousin, OVA MCGUINNIS.

P. S. Oh, I forgot to tell you how young I am! I'm sixteen years old.

It worries me, Ova, to think that all the letters and photographs you are going to receive will have to be toted nine miles and perhaps dropped in the White River on the way. Can't you get the railroad to run a COMFORT extension out to La Rue? Tell them about the mail contracts they can get and see if something can't be done about it. Otherwise I fear your mail service is going to break down, or be seriously cracked.

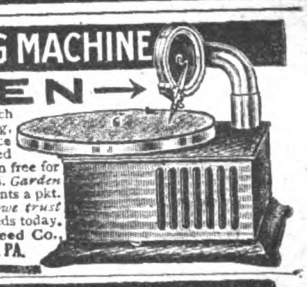
Your Indians were no bluffers, Ova, and sure delivered the goods when the relic hunters took up their Bluff. Think of the poor red man who had to live on bluffs before the days of Fords, victrolas and equal suffrage! How those unfortunate and too-early Americans ever got any joy out of life is a mystery to me. I'm not surprised they went right ahead and died and became cigar store emblems and museum relics. Some of 'em even formed lodges.

Will you, Ova, please tell me what kind of a nut is a chinquapin? Is it anything like a cotter pin? If it is, it must have a strong oily flavor—something like cup grease. I have heard a lot about chinquapins, but none ever chinked around close enough for me to get a look or taste. I like to learn, Ova, and I'm always ready to ask questions—so come on with your chinquapin statistics. Do they make good cake filling and nut butter—or is the flavor too sharp? I know you'll see the point.

Ova, it would have been terrible if you had really forgotten to tell us how old you were. We might have thought you as ancient as an Indian relic if you hadn't come out with the young and awful truth. But don't fret, my dear; you'll be a little older every year—although I once knew

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

TALKING MACHINE GIVEN →



A real machine which reproduces talking, singing and dance music. Guaranteed lots of fun. Given free for selling only 30 pkts. *Garden Spot Seeds* at 10 cents a pkt. *Send no money—we trust you.* Write for seeds today. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 7, PARADISE, PA.**

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

50¢ to $2 an hour for your spare time writing showcards. Easily learned by our modern A.B.C. System. We guarantee you steady work. Distance no object. No canvassing. Particulars free. Dept. C. KWIK SHOWCARD SCHOOL, Toronto, Ont.

Big Powerful Bell Shape Lens FREE FLASH LIGHT



Splendid Big Bell Flash Light double-cell battery mazda lamp. Complete for selling only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova —great for burns, etc. Sell at 25c, return $3.00 and flashlight is yours. Order today. Sharp-O Clutch Pencil Free for promptness.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. MM4, Greenville, Pa.

FREE WRIST WATCH



Handsome, guaranteed time keeper, given for selling only 40 packs of vegetable or flower seeds (mention which) at 10c per large pack. Easily sold—**EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS.** Get sample lot today. Send no money. **We trust you** till seeds are sold.
AMERICAN SEED CO. Box A-32, Lancaster, Pa.

Fielder's Glove and High Grade Ball FREE



GENUINE ALL LEATHER
Reach or D. & M. High Grade Fielder's Glove and Professional Ball (full size) with Horsehide Cover. Guaranteed **ALL FREE** for selling 30 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c a package. Easy to sell. Order today.
Bingo Co. Dep't 840, Binghamton, N. Y.

Wear Overland Aluminum Shoes



From Factory to Feet
Save Money and Prevent Sickness
Water-proof, rust-proof, rot-proof. No metal touches you. Keep feet in good condition. Money back if not satisfied. Free catalog for a postal.
Overland Shoe Co., Dept. 105, Racine, Wisconsin.

VIOLIN FREE



Beautiful violin, with bow, book of instructions, and rosin given for selling 25 pieces of Jewelry at 10 cents each. Write today. **Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 641, East Boston, Mass.**

DR. DORAN WORM REMEDY, expels all kinds worms, child or adult. **Doran Drug Co., Paducah, Ky.**

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free **D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.**

MONEY $ For Wise Men. Key for stamp E. Kerste, Box 389, Ottawa, Ill.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Fifteen Crochet Books



If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books is a veritable **treasure house** of the newest, most beautiful designs. The fifteen books combined form a **complete library** in which you will find any pattern in crocheting, tatting and knitting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. The illustrations are **actual photographs** of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell **stitch by stitch** how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. **Each book is 8 by 11 inches** in size and most of them contain 32 pages. Following is a brief description of what you will find in this wonderful library. When ordering please give the **number** of each book wanted.

Volume 33 Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny laces, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, doily, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 34 Fourteen handsome crochet yokes, camisoles and corset-covers in medallion pointed wheel, Irish rose, shell, poinsettia, cupid, wheel, Grecian, spider, small shell and novelty braid. 32 pages.

Volume 35 Fifty-three different crochet edges for every purpose—children's clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, doilies, scarfs, etc., etc. 32 pages.

Volume 36 How to crochet beautiful Cluny laces—thirty-two different designs for library scarfs, curtains, yokes, sofa pillow, centerpieces, collar and cuff set, combination, doily, boudoir caps, corset-covers, combing jacket, novelty braid and towel edge and ends. 32 pages.

Volume 37 Thirty-six new, original designs in tatting. Edges, insertions and motifs for yokes, handkerchiefs, towels, luncheon sets, piano scarfs, curtains, cushions, medallions, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 38 Twenty-eight lovely designs in crocheted centerpieces, lemonade sets, doilies, luncheon sets, lunch cloths, etc., etc. One of the very latest books to be published. 32 pages.

Volume 39 Twelve beautiful designs in crocheted yokes for slip-overs, corset-covers and nightgowns. Large, magnificent, full-page illustrations showing every stitch with complete directions for making and kind and quantity of material required is fully explained. 16 pages.

Volume 40 A continuation of Volume 39, showing twelve more exquisite yokes for corset-covers and nightgowns. Full-page illustrations. Full directions. 16 pages.

Volume 41 Crocheted bags are now all the style and this book shows twenty-nine beautiful designs for hand bags, party bags, afternoon bags, work bags, laundry bags, opera, evening and vanity bags and coin purses. 16 pages.

Volume 42 Tam sport hats and tab collars in crochet, knitting and tatting—twenty-nine designs and every one a beauty. Illustrations show large-size finished work as well as being worn by living models. 32 pages.

Volume 43 Twenty-nine lovely silk sweaters and sport hats in crochet and knitting, including the Delmar, Pershing, Rosedale, Kingsbury, Waterman, Westminster, MacPherson, Hamilton and many others. Every design is shown on a living model. 32 pages.

Volume 44 Art needle work for baby and the children. Forty-four beautiful designs in crochet and tatting for sweaters, yokes, bonnets, hats, caps, booties, filet jackets, buggy covers and pillows, bibs, dresses and leggings. 32 pages.

Volume 45 Crocheted nightgown yokes—thirteen handsome designs in clover medallion, Cluny scallop, pansy medallion, filet and spray, butterfly spray, daisy spray, iris in cross-mesh filet, poinsettia and wild rose spray. 32 pages.

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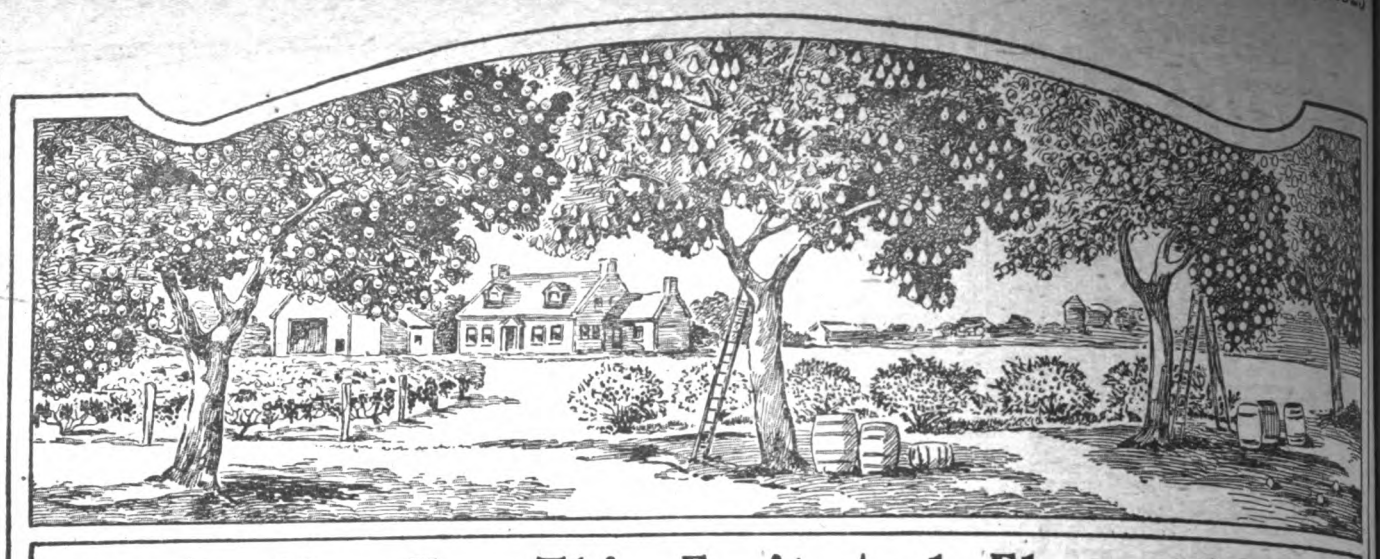
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Offer No. 9103. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the **complete library** just as described above—**fifteen volumes in all** handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing more than **four hundred beautiful photographic illustrations** of all that is new and pretty in crochet, knitting and tatting with **complete directions** for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Let Us Give You This Fruit And Flower Garden!

WE have made a new arrangement this season with a well-known nursery company, whereby we can now offer our readers a complete fruit orchard and flower garden consisting of some of the finest apples, pears, berries, grapes and ornamental shrubs grown. The stock will be sent to you direct from the nursery in Michigan by parcel post prepaid. We guarantee that it will reach you in perfect condition and grow to your entire satisfaction if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If for any reason any of the trees, bushes, vines or shrubs should fail to meet with your expectations we will replace them for you free of all charge.

ALL of the grape vines, raspberries and dewberries in these Collections are healthy, well-rooted year-old plants. They should bear fruit the second year. The apple and pear tree grafts are made from heavy one-year-old roots and scions of this year's growth. They should grow from four to six feet the first year. The shrubs are one year old and should bloom the first year from planting. With each Collection you will also receive full instructions on planting, pruning, and the care of fruit and shrubs, what fertilizer to use and the kind of soil best adapted to the production of heavy yields. Just read what these big Collections contain.

6 Year-Old Grape Vines

Collection No. 8761 These are not "calloused cuttings" but heavily rooted year-old vines, guaranteed to live and bear fruit the second year. They will grow anywhere in the United States. With these six vines in your yard or garden you will soon have all the table grapes you can use and many more besides, to sell or to give away to your friends. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Moore's Diamond A well-known variety that produces immense clusters of grapes, yellowish white in color and similar to the Concord in shape of bunch and flavor. It is very hardy and a thrifty grower, making an unusually good vine for arbor or trellis. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Concord This famous variety is the finest purple grape ever grown. They are large, luscious and juicy and so sweet that little or no sugar is required in making grape juice and jelly. Each one of these vines should produce a bushel of choice grapes in a single season. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

Two Worden Always a favorite, this variety yields large, well-shouldered clusters of deliciously sweet, highly-flavored fruit. Grape juice and jelly made from this grape is of a peculiarly spicy flavor that is relished by all. It is also one of the finest table grapes and a good shipper. It ripens two weeks earlier than the Concord. You get two of these year-old vines in this Collection.

7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8781 There is nothing that will improve the appearance of your home more than these beautiful ornamental shrubs and vines. From earliest spring until late fall there is not a day but one or more of these shrubs are in bloom. They are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. This Collection contains the following varieties:

One White Flowering Dogwood—one of the earliest spring bloomers, Two Roses of Sharon—bearing a profusion of large double blossoms from August until late fall, Two Golden Bell—bears tiny bell-shaped yellow flowers, One Hall's Japan Honeysuckle—an ornamental climber with fragrant blossoms, and One Spirea Van Houttei—an early bloomer famed for its handsome foliage and clusters of pretty white flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.

8 Apple And Pear Grafts

Collection No. 8751 Think of the value of an orchard of these eight thrifty, healthy trees. Think how soon they will be yielding bushels of the finest apples and pears grown. With the heavy root system on these grafts they should grow from four to six feet the first year. This Collection contains the following varieties:

Two Delicious The finest winter apple grown, a heavy yielder, and ripens early. The fruit is medium large, delicious in flavor and colored a beautiful red. This variety always sells for the highest market prices as it keeps well and retains its crisp, firm white flesh to the end. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Wealthy A hardy Russian fall apple with deep red and bronze streaked skin. The flesh is firm and crisp, the flavor sweet yet tart. For both eating and cooking it has few equals and is one of the most profitable apples grown. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Jonathan This apple ripens in October and because of its juicy, winy flavor is considered one of the best eating apples on the market. It is red in color with a smooth, waxy skin. You will enjoy gathering the huge crops that this variety invariably yields. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

Two Bartlett Pear One of the best-known varieties, more largely grown than any other. You are probably familiar with its yellow skin with its pronounced red blush, and its sweet, juicy flesh of a delightfully spicy flavor. This variety makes the best table pear, being very mellow when ripe and always yields a heavy crop. You get two of these tree grafts in this Collection.

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FOR only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any one of these Collections free by parcel post prepaid. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you any two Collections—for three one-year subscriptions any three Collections—and so on. When ordering please be **sure** to mention the **number** of each Collection wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

8 Luscious New Fruits

Collection No. 8771 Your garden is not complete without berries and in this Collection you will receive three of the finest varieties grown. For the table, for the most delicious jams, jellies and preserves, they are unexcelled. Each plant is one year old with strong, healthy roots. The Collection contains the following varieties:

Four Lucretia Dewberry A vigorous grower that attains such size that the support of a trellis is really needed. The vines are literally covered with immense clusters of delicious wine-flavored berries, averaging one and one-half inches in length, very sugary, remarkably juicy and having but a few fine seeds. You get four of these year-old vines in this Collection.

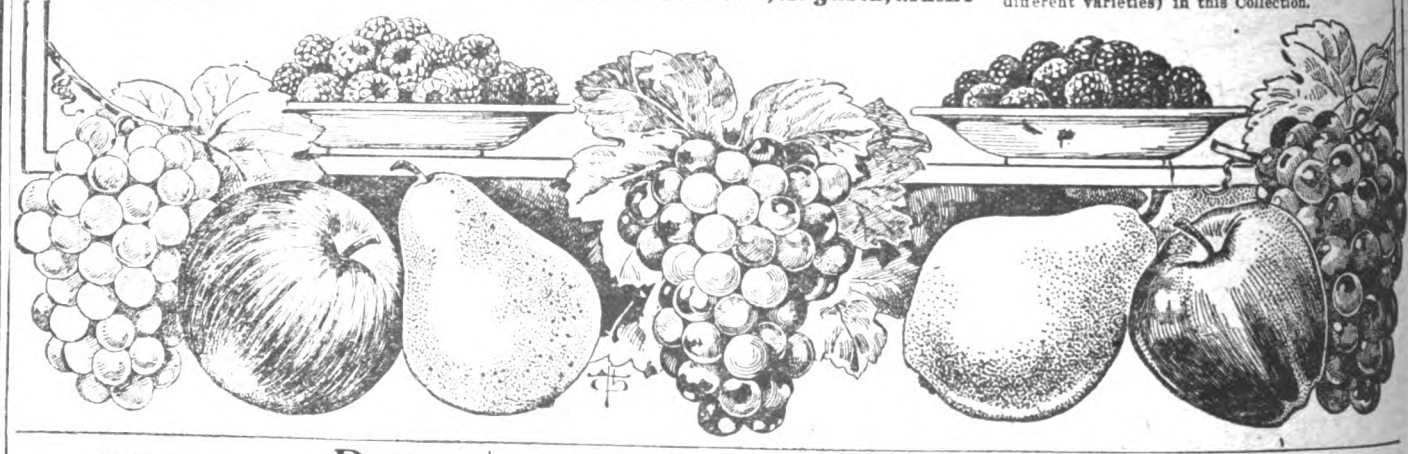
Two Red Raspberry This variety (St. Regis) is the finest everbearing red raspberry. The bush is a rapid grower, bearing fruit ten days earlier than most other varieties and continuing to bear throughout the summer and fall. The fruit is large, of delightful flavor, sweet and very juicy, and ripens in large clusters. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

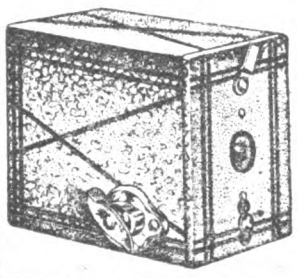
Two Black Raspberry This variety (Black Diamond) is named from its habit of fruiting in large clusters. The berries are of good size, remarkably sweet and juicy, but firm in texture. The canes grow rapidly and are very tall and upright. Its distinguishing feature, however, is its immense yield which together with its fine quality make it the most desirable garden and market berry. You get two of these year-old bushes in this Collection.

7 Flowering Shrubs

Collection No. 8791 With one exception this Collection is different from Collection No. 8781, although comprising shrubs which bloom from spring until late fall. All of them are field grown, one year old, well rooted and about one foot high when you receive them. In this Collection you will receive the following varieties:

Two Roses of Sharon, One Snow Ball Hydrangea—a midsummer bloomer bearing immense quantities of snowy-white blossoms, One Purple Lilac—its fragrant purple flowers need no description, Two Thunberg Barberry—fine for a hedge, bearing pretty red berries which stay on all winter, and One Trumpet Vine—a hardy climber for porch or arbor, bearing throughout summer and fall large clusters of orange-colored flowers. You get these seven ornamentals (five different varieties) in this Collection.





Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

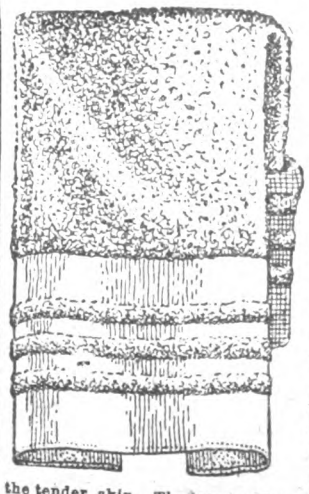
Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "**Premo**" camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.**, therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight**, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book**, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid**, on the terms of the following special offer.

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Good Size Soft And Fleecy

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Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

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For A Club Of Three

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Manners and Looks

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal clearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

SUBSCRIBER, Jerico Springs, Mo.—You may show the boy caller where he may lay or hang his hat and coat, but it is best you do not take them from him or assist him in any way in this. Do not say: "Take a chair." Some chairs are rather heavy to carry, you know, and probably your folks would not want you to walk away any of the family furniture. But you may say: "Won't you sit down?"—giving him a good example by seating yourself. (2) Some boys are as timid as young rabbits, while others are as forward as spring robins northern Florida. They all require special handling, for the disposition to kiss readily seems to be inherent in the species. If a boy kisses you against your will you may show your displeasure in any way you like that seems appropriate to the occasion. One way would be to deny him any further opportunities by refusing to see him again, and another would be to offer a prompt and fair-fingered slap in exchange. Or you might say to him: "If you are going to do the things you know I do not want you to do, it is best that we cease to be friends or see each other." Add a little temper and dignity to this formula and see how it works. But in some boys the kissing instinct is as indicable as ink stains in pink crepe de chene,—or white for corn in young Durocs.

G., Chickasha, Okla.—It would fall to the man to seat the table, or chaffer with the head waiter, when you as your escort at dinner or luncheon at a hotel or cafe. But suggestions would be permissible from you such as: "Let's sit over there," or, "It would be better to be nearer the music," etc. Your escort would take the order to the waiter for both of you—after having heard from you what you wished to eat; but here, you could, if necessary, interpose suggestions or corrections in the order as he gives it. For instance, he might wish Russian dressing in place of mayonnaise for your salad, etc. These things, you will note, are matters of common sense, in which etiquette will not be supposed to foolishly interfere—and spoil the meal. If you are going on to a play after the dinner or to a matinee after luncheon, it would be your host who would be supposed to be responsible for getting you there on time and seeing that the meal was not hurried in too lingering a fashion. But if your eye on the watch or clock should show that he was neglecting there would be no harm in reminding him of the lapse of time. You would not remove your hat when dining or dining in this way at a cafe, and your wrap would be left to fall from your shoulders over the back of your chair. You would, of course, remove your gloves.

B., Hunter, N. Y.—Introductions are best made as simply as possible, care being used to see that the names are plainly pronounced. A man in all ordinary cases is supposed to be introduced or presented to the woman. A boy to a girl, etc. By saying, "Miss Blank, this is Mr. Dash," you will have fulfilled all requirements of etiquette in such an introduction as you desire, although a skillful introducer can often add a few words to start conversation and break the social ice. (2) If you do not wish to dance with this boy, you may say that you are tired and prefer to rest out the set. Or you might skillfully say: "Why don't you dance this with Susie Blank? I wish you would: I know she has been wanting to have you ask her." But the last method requires finesse. The best way of all to avoid dance with a boy you don't like, is to have the dance previously promised to a boy you do. But here is where perhaps even more finesse is necessary!

MARRIED LITTLE GIRL, Tennessee.—If you were engaged to this man for three years before his marriage, I should certainly like to know why, when he now has a lovely little wife and a dear little boy," he still loves you and you love him. It would seem that with his prolonged love he ought to have married you ago, instead of now calmly talking of divorcing his wife and taking you for second choice. Fortunately divorces are not so easily obtained. Good cause must be shown if wives and babies are to be carelessly tossed aside. From your letter, we believe that this married man is attempting to keep up his old intimacy with you by trying to make you believe he will marry you two years from now. If you are so foolish as to trust him with his story and in this two-year promise, we cannot help you. We can only remind you that a man false to his wife woman is likely to be false to another. And aptly, if once engaged to you, he may have been false to you once before. What we think of this man we did not read well in COMFORT. If you have given your age correctly, the whole thing is more outrageous than ever. Break with this man and make your choice of a husband, now or two years from now, to a man who has not already shown himself false to his obligations and to those he has agreed to love and protect.

M. C., Wingo, Ky.—You ask that we make a decision for you, which we hesitate to do—not knowing this boy of whom you think so much and your family so little. If it is true that the only fault your friends can find in him is his present lack of means, we certainly will not hesitate to say that this objection may safely be written off the slate. Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, for two instances, started off in life with no more than this boy you love, but these men, and others like them, have had the raw wealth of imagination and energy which they coined into great fortunes. It is for you and your parents to judge if this boy has the qualities making for success—and to discover if these is not always easy. But the defects that you see for failure are not so hard to see—and perhaps your parents have noted some of these dangerous defects in this boy to which your love leaves you blind. But there is no getting around the fact—and other readers of this column should take note—that years bring experience and capacity for judgment. Your parents must be wiser than you are at eighteen, even though to you they may seem prejudiced and intolerant in this matter where your young heart is concerned. But we do not think they are just blind, at least on the face of your letter, in keeping you out of school and trying to force from you a promise not to speak to this boy. Unless the boy's character is other than you state, we think they are taking a strong a stand. They should recognize, as even you admit that it is impossible for this boy to support you for that any marriage between you would be impossible for several years at least. This being so, they should not let your education and happiness suffer too much because of a determination to make you bow to their will in what, after all, is only a boy-and-girl love affair—which a few years, or another boy or girl, may change forever.

M., Hunters, Calif.—If you are not to have a large wedding, yet plan to be married in a going-away gown, we fancy you must be arranging for a quiet church wedding—or one at your church parsonage—with only a few friends and your immediate relatives present. We say this, for we believe you understand that at any large church wedding you could not wear a going-away costume, but would have to assume the conventional apparel of white or cream-colored silk or satin, with or without veil. With a going-away costume such as you plan and describe, while your hat may not be of the same color as your suit, it should surely be of a color that would harmonize, and the hat should not clash either in style or shade with your gown. Personally we should prefer a hat of the same color—or at least a shade of such color. Do not let the hat be over-elaborate in size or trimming. Yes; navy blue would be a suitable color for your gown, as would be also dark brown or any of the darker shades of green. Have your gown carefully tailored, but not overtrimmed. Serge or broadcloth, or any firmly-woven material would be correct. Only the left glove should be removed for the ceremony, or such glove may not be moved but simply turned back over the wrist. Sometimes only the wedding ring finger of the glove is slit for convenience. The engagement ring may be removed, but it may be worn on the other hand during the ceremony. We think the old conventional altar kiss may be safely left for a less public appearance.

RED BLOODED, BANG-UP STORIES!



12 GREAT BOOKS!

QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE, Stephen Chalmers
"Lookin' f'r Trouble is my middle name," said Impulsive Pep, adventuring cowpuncher. And there on the border, among raiding Mexican bandits, train robbers, Texas rangers, a prairie fire—not to mention a pair of blue eyes—he did not have far to look.

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A romance of Texas, of the early days, when lives depended on the quickness of draw, and all the courage of the pioneers was needed to brave the perils they so fearlessly faced. A thrilling tale of men who were jugglers with death.

SONTAG OF SUNDOWN W. C. Tuttle
The story of the question of ownership of the TJ ranch—a question which promoted bloodshed and a war of no mean caliber. The cowpunchers of this story will live long in your memory for their originality and enterprise. They are men whose best friends were their nerve and their gun.

SPAWN OF THE DESERT W. C. Tuttle
A tale of Calico Town: Where men lived raw in the desert's maw, and Hell was nothing to shun; where they buried 'em neat, without preacher or sheet and writ on their tombstone, crude but sweet, "This jasper was slow with his gun."

ARIZONA ARGONAUTS H. Bedford-Jones
Three adventurers whose fortune in the Arizona desert lead through drought and danger to the goal they sought gold, free gold, the gold of which they had always dreamed. They were men quick on the trigger who loved to face odds.

THE LURE OF PIPER'S GLEN, Theodore Goodridge Roberts
It was the lure of all the great timber country of the North of plentiful game, of the clear wind from the great plains. The call came South; young Jim Todhunter heard it, and a great tide of life in the North caught him up—to bring adventure a-plenty.

APACHE VALLEY Arthur Chapman
A story of a cattle war in the southwest, with all it means—terror and blood feud; alarms by night and day; rustling and stealthy murder. And through it all are woven the lives of true men as well as thieves, men whose lives reflected the glories of the land they protected.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE NORTH James B. Hendryx
This is a story of the call of the great Northland; of purposes and cross purposes; of true men and of "bad" men; and of big deals and pioneering triumphs. A tale of the north which holds for the young, the strong and the brave adventures that are countless.

THE SECOND MATE H. Bedford-Jones
Peril and mutiny on the China Seas. When every scupper was running red, and with two white women at the mercy of a villainous crew composed of the sweepings of the outermost islands, Jim Barnes realized the gage of desperate battle he had accepted when he signed on as second mate of the *Sulu Queen*.

THE DEVIL'S PAYDAY W. C. Tuttle
A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
And the land no place to dwell;
The only spot that God forgot.
That it still belongs to Hell.

THE CANYON OF THE CREE DEATH. F. R. Buckley
Who were the devils in human form whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoners; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companions. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

SKY-HIGH CORRAL Ralph Cummins
A yarn of the unending feuds between cattlemen and forest rangers; of the forest fires, grazing herds and bitter fights at timberline. Yet in the end our gallant young ranger through ordeal of battles, fire and blood brought the old timers to see that the new ways of forest conservation are best.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When mending knees and seat of overalls, rip the inseam of legs from hem to hem. Then you can lay them flat and patch on the sewing machine. Sew up the seam again with double or triple stitching and they're as good as new. Patch everything possible on machine. It is more serviceable and saves wear on nerves as well as time.

Make drawing pads for children of wrapping paper. Iron the paper if wrinkled and bind on machine or by hand with bright colored cloth, or punch holes in one side and tie with bright colored twine. If the children are small they will like the paper cut in shapes of animals.

Save cold cream jars, etc., for jelly and jam for school lunches. Never put jelly on sandwiches as it soaks in and they are less palatable. The jars are the right size and the screw tops keep the contents from spilling.

Crushed brown-bread crumbs make an excellent substitute for nuts in cake.

If you tear your rubbers down the side they can be mended with a piece of adhesive tape. It must be used on the inside and serves well only when it doesn't get too wet.—OREGON BROWNIE, Goble, Oregon.

To remove white spots from furniture, rub with sweet spirits of niter.—MRS. D. L., Patten, Kans.

To mend old corsets to keep steels from pushing through the second time. Pull steels out a couple of inches and file two notches opposite each other. Push back in place and sew with strong thread through the notches. I have found this to be the best plan I ever tried.

A good way to change high shoes into low ones is to cut the top off shoes down as far as the fifth eyelet, then turn in edge of kid and lining and stitch on sewing machine. I did this and was much pleased with results. It saved buying a pair of low shoes for morning wear.—MISS LILLIAN STEVENS, Barclay, Md.

To clean a straw or white felt hat, put the hat over the end of the ironing board or any clean board and with a stiff brush scrub thoroughly with gasolene or gasolene and ammonia and—this is important—while still wet rub over with a lump of gloss starch and allow to get bone dry and brush thoroughly. I think you will be pleased with the result.

Perhaps sometime you have cleaned some light colored material with gasolene and viewed with consternation the ring that was left around the spot and the longer you cleaned the worse it got. Try this method: This applies to woolen and cotton material only. Take a little warm water and rub spot gently so as not to injure the nap. If warm water will not do it take a little Ivory soap. After spot is out rinse with a little clean water. Then rub over the entire wet spot with a lump of gloss starch, being especially careful to rub the edge of the wet place. When thoroughly dry, brush off and press. This should be done with the spot on a board with a few thicknesses of cloth under it to keep the water from running and making too large a spot. A piece of cheese-cloth makes a good sponge.

To boil cracked eggs, add a little vinegar to the water to prevent the whites from boiling out.

To clean screen doors, dip a stiff brush in kerosene and go over screens with it. They will look like new.—BENTON, ARK.

A silk dress is more difficult. Try cleaning with gasolene first, that is, wash it all over in gasolene. This takes out all the dust and loose dirt. For the spots that gasolene won't bring out, put it over a clean board and with a piece of cheese-cloth for a sponge go over the entire dress or if it is a two-piece dress or with a belt you may only need to sponge to the waist, or perhaps just the waist. Be careful to wet the goods all over for if you skip one dry spot it will leave a ring around it. After you have gone over the dress and taken out all the spots hang on a hanger and hold over an electric fan and keep turning to dry it evenly. If you have no electric fan choose a windy day and do likewise. Hold the skirt open over the fan and do not let it fold together anywhere while real wet or it will streak. Iron on the wrong side quickly with not too hot an iron. This sounds like a lot of trouble but it has saved me a cleaner's bill many times and you can clean a dress for a small expense and in some cases it don't cost a cent.

A good way to clean white kid gloves is to wash thoroughly with gasolene and while wet stretch over the hands and rub in a good coat of whiting. Hang up to dry and then put on again and with your elbows on a table let some one rub the gloves with a clean cloth (or do it yourself, one hand at a time) until all whiting is rubbed off so it will not come off on the clothing and at the same time gives the gloves a shine that makes them look like new.—A HOME CLEANER, Flinton, Pa.

Requests

Wanted: Pattern for Bleeding Heart quilt.

Will someone please send me instructions for crocheting a rag rug. I am an old lady of seventy-four years.—MRS. L. E. HIXSON, Garrett, R. R. 1, Ind.

How to clean blue felt shoes.

Mrs. M. L. Bicknell, Woodfords, 223 Woodfords St., Maine, would like poems, "The Legend of Bregenz," and "How He Saved St. Michales."

I would like to get copies of the old school reader, Sander's Union Reader, 3rd, 4th and 5th.—ELONA BLAETTNER, Wyaconda, Mo.

Poem containing the words:
"I've got a letter, parson.
From my son away out West.
And my old heart is heavy
As an anvil in my breast.
To think the boy whose future
I had once so proudly planned,
Should wander from the paths of right
And come to such an end."
The last two lines are:
"Bill's in the legislature,
But he doesn't say what for."

MRS. ADA BISKER, Canal Fulton, Ohio.

Will Mrs. Sadie M. Lee, formerly of Fairoaks, Cal., send me her present address.—MRS. CHRIST KORTYARD, Sacred Heart, Box 776, Minn.

How to clean white plumes.

Wanted: To hear from someone having the Elsie Densmore and the Pollyanna books for sale.—MRS. GLADYS FARMER, Holly Springs, Georgia.

Letters on the care of canaries.

How to remove the inner skin of chestnuts other than scraping with a knife.

Elizabeth Smith, Jemtland, Maine, would like letters.

I would like to correspond with deaf people. I am deaf.—MISS DOROTHY COCHRAN, Belgrade, TEXAS.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first as only one copy of each is desired.

Mrs. Violet Weinmann, Powers Lake, N. Dak., February, 1911.

Mrs. Jno. J. Gifford, Springdale, Utah, January, 1922.

Mrs. Mae Lahr, Carlinville, R. R. 6, Ill., November and December, 1922.

Mrs. J. O. Tessier, Argyle, Minn., June and July, 1921.

Mrs. Theo Jockisch, Greensboro, R. R. 1, Box 16, Ala., May, June, July, August and September, 1922.

Boyd Stewart, Jonesville, R. R. 3, Box 45, Virginia, November, 1922.

Miss Edith Wells, Kenmore, Ohio, June and July, 1922.

Mrs. John Hutchinson, Pontiac, 315 East Wilson Ave., July, 1922.

Margaret Boury, Eureka, 37 No. 752, Windber, Pa., June and July, 1922.

Mrs. Fred Staehli, Hammond, Ill., July, August and September, 1922.

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They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1302-L, 220 W. 42nd St., New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.

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Stop worrying about that Ugly, Disgusting, Painful Hump. *PED-O*, the new different method has amazed and delighted thousands. No Pads, no Plasters, no Clumsy appliances. *PED-O* sent on trial at my risk. No charge to you whatever if it fails. ***Send no money.*** Simply send your name and address today.



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AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

FREE  BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Jewelry and Rifle sent prepaid.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 73, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.)

a girl in Massachusetts who got stuck for a long time at twenty-eight. I thought she'd never pull through.

LINDEN, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

"I'm from Ioway, Ioway,
State of all the land,
Joy on every hand,
I'm from Ioway, Ioway,
That's where the tall corn grows!"

Please, Billy, now won't you let me by for singing you the chorus of our state song? I am seventeen years old, have dark brown hair, bobbed; hazel eyes and an Iowa complexion. Does anyone know what this last is? Well, Flo Ziegfield once said—but I guess I won't tell you for fear some of the cousins will think I'm vain. I hope I'm not, anyway. I am five feet, three inches tall and weigh 115 pounds.

I am a senior in high school this year and I happen to be the only girl in my class. Our school is not very large but we sure have lots of fun.

May I say a word on the flapper question? Perhaps there are some who think I am a flapper because I have my hair bobbed. If a flapper is one who is full of fun, always ready for a good time, and loves the great outdoors, then I must be one. But really, Uncle Lisha, do you think short hair makes any change on the inside of a girl? I don't, and the people around here are broad-minded enough to feel the same way. Personally, I think it is a clean, sensible, healthy style and I'm going to have mine bobbed.

I would like to hear from lots of cousins, because I certainly do enjoy making new pen-friends. It is very interesting to receive letters from all over the U. S. A. and from foreign lands. I correspond with a person in Birmingham, England, and his letters are very interesting to read. I also have a Honolulu correspondent. In this way one finds out many things about our own country and other countries not known before. For instance, this boy in England said that there were people over there who believed every person over here was connected with the cinema industry and that we all got divorces at least once in our lives.

This letter is long enough, so I will close.

Lovingly, FREDA BURNHAM.

Freda, I'm glad to see you come out of the tall corn, singing as you come. I wish you had included in your song just what Flo Ziegfield said about Iowa complexions. This Ziegfield is a knowing Manhattan person and his judgment counts a lot on complexions—much more than it would on corn, for instance. To be a Ziegfield Follies' girl is equivalent to being the last and loveliest word in feminine pulchritude, so if you have a Ziegfield standard of complexion, Freda, I'm willing to let you be just a little vain—if you really want to be.

As for bobbed hair, Freda, I say again, as I've said before, I do not like it. The bobbing may make no change on the inside of a girl, but said girlie must have gone through some sort of an internal change before she decided to part with her natural adornment. If ten years before bobbed hair became the rage, any girl had been told she must snip off her hair level with the back of her neck—why she'd have thrown sixteen sorts of fits. It's a clean and sensible and healthful custom, Freda but so is going barefooted, for instance. But now bobbed hair is bobbing out of style again and tresses are lengthening like the skirts. So swings the pendulum, and dressmakers and hairdressers thrive.

Freda, that English friend of yours has certainly been reading our newspaper headlines with care. And so his opinions are largely justified. If I thought our great country was what the newspaper captions and Sunday supplements make it out to be, I'd just put Billy in a crate and ship with him for New Guinea, Tahiti or Zanzibar. For there newspapers, movies and divorce courts cease to trouble. Coal strikes exist not and subways do not sub. Restaurants could be foiled by roast monkey and breadfruit. I think I'll get a few folders of steamers sailing out of San Francisco and so be prepared for the worst. But the worst would be measuring Bill for a crate.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

May I chat with you and cousins for a few minutes? I will not stay long. I am a lonely boy, living among the lonely pines, in a lonely mansion, all alone in the central part of Mississippi. And I do my own cooking. No, I am not a bachelor—just a boy. I get very lonesome out here in my mansion with no one to listen to my groans except the lonely pines. No; I cannot send samples of my curls, for I have no curls; and I keep my hair cut so short I could not get enough for a sample.

I am sorry for the cousin who had to cut his hair all off to send samples to the "old maids." He should have said, "No samples given." I wonder if he is yet in his cave? I guess not, for some girl has probably got herself a good husband and gone to the city with him where you wear short hair all the time—if you wear any hair at all. I say, Cousin of the Ozarks, you are not the only lonely man. I have no high peak to hurl myself from—and I don't think I would if I had—but I have an old well in the back yard. I guess I will have to let those "lonesome blues" run their course—unless some cousin writes me a few cheering lines.

One cousin said she would be glad to exchange pictures with all the girls, but would not exchange any with the boys. She has a wise head on her shoulders. I was going to send her one of my pictures until I read: "I would rather the boys would not send theirs, because I will not give them one of mine." I was almost sick; I had lost out again.

My oak stove knows a secret I dare not tell; it would make the sighing pines blush to hear it. Will somebody send me a recipe how you cook corn bread that won't tear to pieces when it is put on the table? I can cook hot cake, coldcake, hard cakes, soft cakes, "spuds," and I can even boil water without burning it.

Gee, my hand is burning! I get burned every time I go in the kitchen. I am cooking supper. I am not much in the kitchen, but when you get me at the table you'd be surprised.

Well, I will tell you how I look and then I must go to supper. I am five feet, six inches short; weigh 160 pounds, have blue eyes, light brown hair, and a fair complexion.

By by until after supper!

J ELLIS STRICKLAND.

J. Ellis, it certianly beats all creation how many lonely boys we have amid the Happy Family—so lonely that they groan like a sick elephant and sigh like an Ohio blast furnace. However, it doesn't take long to cure 'em, I notice. Just one little appearance in our Big Family Circle and "the lonesome blues" are gone for good. Indeed most of the lonesome sufferers commence to back water and cry for help when the avalanche of mail hits 'em hard and they go under. I am going to try and save you, if possible, from that well bottom, Ellis. It would be a shame to spoil a good well of Ozark water with 160 pounds of corn-fed lonesomeness.

But, speaking of being corn fed, how do you ever expect anyone to send you a recipe for corn bread "that won't tear to pieces when it is put on the table"? Ellis, all the corn bread I ever saw put on any table was torn to pieces in short order—and sometimes the chawnking was awful to hear as the poor corn bread was being destroyed. No, Ellis, good corn bread was meant to be promptly torn. Who would want corn bread that had to be torn with an axe?

From all you said about your culinary skill, J. Ellis, I think it was wise that you described yourself before you went in to eat your lonesome-cooked supper. You might never have looked the same afterward. But don't hit the bottom of that well yet, Old Lonesomeness. All you need is a cook and a cook book to save you, and neither one is hard to acquire—even without curls.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. G. B. Ellison, Wikel, W. Va. Only partly recovered from one operation and faced by another, this suffering woman is forced to ask for aid. Clothes will be welcome, but money will help more. Well recommended. Susan Purdy, Sanville, Va. Old and afflicted, this aged COMFORT reader asks aid to take her through the winter. Give her a good boost forward with cash or clothes. Frankie Bennett, Greenfield, R. R. 1, Mo. An orphan boy of nine years, crippled and with a hospital experience of 23 months. Asks for any kind of cheer to "pass away the long winter days." This should be easy, cousins. Send along the cheer. Mrs. Susan Collins, Tomahawk, Ky. With a husband who is a helpless cripple, this poor woman is struggling on to care for the family. There are three children, of eight, 12 and 15 years. The two oldest are boys. Clothes and cash sent quick is the answer here. Miss Amanda Wycoff, care of Mr. Ellicott, Moundville, Mo. A bedridden old lady of 79 to whom a shower of quilt pieces or post cards would mean much happiness—little to give, but lots of joy it will mean. Mrs. Albert Dalton, Star, Va. An invalid for many long months, this mother of four young children—the oldest only eight years of age—asks for help of any sort to solve the problem of support and cheer. Mrs. Emma Wagoner, Shuff, Va. A widow with a boy of 11 and a girl of eight. With ill health and on rented land, she faces a hard time to carry on. Lift the load a little for her, folks.

The worst of winter is over, but not over are the sufferings, through pain and poverty, of those who ask for aid this month. Spring will come and the shut-in weeks of winter be past, but the darkened days of these sad ones must continue in any season. But cash, clothes and cheer can bring sunlight to these shadowed places. These gifts can lighten burdens for a time at least, can help problems of poverty and lessen the stress of pain. Think of these things, and as you think—give!

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

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Agents—Sell necessities like Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps and other products: used every day in the year; repeat over and over again. Every home a customer and regular user. The smart and experienced agents handle this line, why not you? Write today for money-making plan; don't delay. Territory going fast. American Products Co., 8046 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co. Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 419, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Clean up $100 weekly with "Nifty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 days' coin-coaxers. All daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-K, Chicago.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Sworn proof furnished—Introducing New Style Guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. We deliver and collect. Your pay in advance. Elegant outfit furnished in colors and grades including silks. Macbeth Mills Co., Desk 2063, Cincinnati, O.

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Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents with complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of over 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents: Make 100% Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample case Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars. We start you free selling White K Products. New Premium plan gets the money. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Agents: Housewives everywhere delighted with new article which removes stains from clothing, table linen, etc. Write quick; territory and sample Make $2 an hour. Christy, 4 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Pick a winner! Sell Vegetable Marvel the new wonder soap. Sale in every home. Free cake to anyone interested. Lynas Co., 100 Logansport, Ind.

Make Big Money selling delicious puddings, polishing cloth, stain remover, 100 other tiptop sellers. Equipment Free. Write, Newton Co., 9 Main, Newark, N. Y.

We pay $200 monthly salary, furnish rig and expenses to introduce our guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Make $5000 every year—$2000 in spare time. You share profits besides. Just show and write orders for "Weather Monarch" raincoats. We deliver and collect. Commissions in advance. Ask about "Duol Coat" No. 99. Free raincoat for your own use. Associated Raincoat Agents, Incorporated, 442 North Wells, Div. 220, Chicago.

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Clean up this year. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory C, 2421 Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

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Will H. Hayes, at a movie men's dinner in New York, told stories of his Postoffice life.

"There was a handsome young village postmaster," he said, "who cashed one day a money order for a pretty girl. At the same time he pointed out to the girl that there was a message written in pencil on the margin of the order.

"'Yes, I know,' said she. 'It's a message from Jim. But I can't make it out. Can you?'

"'Sure, I can,' said the handsome young postmaster. 'It says: "Love and a dozen kisses." 'I've paid you your money I suppose you want your kisses now?'

"'Yes,' said the girl, blushing. 'If I'm entitled to them, of course I want them.'

"So the young postmaster leaned out of his little window and carefully gave her what had been sent on the margin of the money order.

"When the girl got home she said to her mother:

"'Mother, I do think the Government conducts its Postoffice in the most liberal way. Jim sent me an order for a dozen kisses by this morning's mail, and that good-looking young postmaster delivered me three dozen. Wasn't it just too nice of him?'"—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

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COMFORT

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APRIL
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Great Britain "Funds" its War Debt to United States—First and Only European Nation to Settle

WHEN we entered the world war the Allies, who had already been fighting nearly three years, needed financial aid quite as much as military reinforcement. Because of our inexcusably neglected condition of unpreparedness it took us more than a year to raise, equip and train an effective force fit for service on the battle-field, but our Government could and did furnish immediate financial assistance in the form of loans authorized by Congress in connection with Liberty Bond legislation. Accordingly the United States Treasury loaned to all the European nations that were fighting Germany various sums, during the war, amounting in the aggregate to nearly nine and a half billion dollars, and after the armistice most of these nations bought U. S. army rations and other surplus war material, on credit, to the amount of about five hundred million dollars, thereby bringing the principal sum of their indebtedness to our Government up to nearly ten billion dollars.

Prior to August 21, 1922, there had been paid about two hundred million dollars on account of the purchase of army rations and surplus war material, and about five hundred million dollars on account of accrued interest, still leaving a balance of nearly one and a half billion dollars of overdue, unpaid interest, which, added to the principal, made their total indebtedness to our Government, on that date, nearly eleven and a half billion dollars. This huge sum equaled about half the total of our outstanding Liberty and Victory Bonds, and the interest on it at the Liberty Bond rate of 4¼ per cent. amounted to about five hundred million dollars per year.

Could we have collected from the Allies what they owe us, the proceeds would have enabled us to pay off and wipe out half our Liberty and Victory Bonds, and cut about five hundred million dollars from the annual interest charges that we have to meet. But none of the Allies could raise the requisite hard cash for present payment of the principal of their respective debts, and most of them were making rather a poor showing in the matter of interest payments. The situation was complicated, delicate and becoming unpleasant. France had made large, and England still larger war loans to the lesser Allies before we entered the great conflict; in fact, until then Great Britain had been the financial mainstay of the fifteen or more nations banded together against Germany and her associates in the war, and they owed her enormous sums, but all Europe was so close to bankruptcy that there was no near, and perhaps little ultimate prospect of payment of these inter-ally war debts. Therefore, when, after waiting for nearly four years for Europe to adjust itself, our Government intimated to the Allies that it would like to have the war debts owed to the United States "funded" (meaning a definite arrangement by each debtor nation to pay its debt in regular installments within a time certain, and meantime meet its interest at stated intervals), England and France, the two largest debtors to the United States and at the same time largest creditors of the smaller nations, proposed that all the inter-ally war loans be treated not as debts, but as contributions to a common cause, and offered to cancel all war loans made by them, provided America would consent to do likewise with the war debts owed to her.

It was somewhat embarrassing for us to decline this proposal, as they argued that it was no more than fair inasmuch as they had sacrificed and suffered so much more than we in the war. And our refusal, though entirely proper and justifiable, on the ground that the imbroglio started over there because of jealousies and conflicting interests in which we had no concern, and that we were drawn into it despite our best efforts to avoid trouble and keep out, was regarded in Europe as having prevented a general cleaning of the slate of inter-ally war debts. But Congress, reflecting the prevailing sentiment of our people, held that these loans, made to the Allies at their urgent, almost frantic solicitation, and in reliance on their promise to pay, ought to be liquidated as soon, and in such manner as the financial condition of the respective debtors would admit.

Great Britain, though owing the largest amount, accepted our decision as final, and met the situation manfully by sending commissioners to Washington, early last winter, to arrange the terms for "funding" the British war loan. This is the more creditable in view of the fact that a large part of the British loan was for the benefit of other members of the great war coalition, and was used to pay for products purchased by them in America at high war prices. The terms of "funding" agreed upon in conference of the British and American commissioners, and promptly assented to by the British government, and accepted in behalf of the United States by Congress shortly before the close of its recent session, are in substance as follows:

Accounts and interest were adjusted to December 15, 1922, which was selected as the "funding" (settlement) date. Adding interest at 4¼ per cent., and deducting previous payments amounting to more than a hundred million ($100,526,379.69) dollars, and crediting a further immediate cash payment of more than four million ($4,128,379.69) dollars, made the balance owed exactly four billion six hundred million ($4,600,000,000.00) dollars, for which last-named amount, British Government bonds are to be issued to the United States Government. This principal sum is to be paid in annual installments. Beginning with a payment of twenty-three million dollars the first year, these installments increase each year regularly in accordance with a fixed schedule whereby the final installment of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, payable the sixty-second year, will complete the payment of the debt. The bonds are to be dated December 15, 1922, and bear interest payable semi-annually on June 15 and December 15. The interest rate is to be three per cent. during the first ten years, and three and one-half per cent. thereafter until final payment. The British Government is accorded the right to adopt three-year payment periods, consolidating the installments accordingly, or, at its convenience, to pay larger installments and take up the bonds at maturity, or during the first five years to defer payment of half the interest and add it to the principal to bear interest until paid. But in any event the entire debt must be paid within the specified time, and the present expectation is that it will be taken care of long in advance of maturity.

In order to be in financial condition to accomplish these results the British Government has, since the war, reduced its army to the minimum of safety, and cut down its naval expenditures, while the British people, who must necessarily bear the burden, are doing their part by submitting to very heavy taxes to raise the money wherewith to pay the nation's creditors and sustain the national honor. It is a shining example which other European countries, that are piling up debt for the support of excessively large military establishments instead of trying to arrange for the funding of their war debts, would do well to follow.

Italy, indeed, since the recent advent of the Fascisti to power under leadership of Mussolini, has largely reduced expenses by cutting down her army and navy, and discharging thousands of unnecessary government officials, with the avowed purpose of beginning to pay her national debt. Our war loan to Italy, including accrued interest, is nearly two billion dollars, and it is hoped that within the present year she will "fund" it on terms similar to those on which the British settled.

France owes our Government nearly four billion dollars and is letting us do all the worrying about it; for while the unpaid interest on it is piling up she is running recklessly in debt for the support of the largest standing army in the world (excepting possibly that of Russia), and has committed herself to an ambitious and extravagant program for naval expansion, and is getting dangerously involved by her operations in the Ruhr district, which threaten to plunge her into another war with Germany. France owes for next to the largest war loan made by our government, and there seems to be little, if any, prospect of her "funding" it while bent on her present militaristic career. Stuffy little Belgium, whose war debt to our Government amounts to nearly half a billion dollars, is a side partner with France in the Ruhr enterprise, the purpose of which is to enforce payment of the war indemnity due them from Germany. Of course Germany ought to pay, but is this the way to get the cash, or is it more likely to get trouble? Opinions differ. Our Government kept out of this trouble by bringing home our watch on the Rhine.

Other Billions the World Owes Us

WHEN the World War broke out in August, 1914, we were, as we always had been, a debtor nation. At that particular time our foreign obligations exceeded three billion dollars. This statement is not to be understood as signifying that our Government owed any such foreign debt, for our total national debt at that time was only a trifle in excess of one billion dollars, represented by Government bonds, which were very largely held by our own people. What is meant is that more than three billion dollars' worth of American securities, including Government, State, county, municipal and corporation bonds as well as corporation stocks, were owned abroad, mostly in England, France and Germany. As Europe became pressed for money during the war, these securities, to the value of three billion dollars, were returned to the United States and sold, so that foreign holdings of American bonds and stocks are now comparatively small, and we have risen to the position of a large, if not the largest, creditor nation in the world. A brief survey of what the world owes us is interesting.

Besides the eleven and a half billions loaned by our Government, individuals and monied institutions in the United States have invested about eight billion dollars in foreign credits and securities. These private investments include commercial credits extended abroad to the amount of three billion dollars; bonds of foreign countries, four and a quarter billion dollars, and foreign paper currencies, bought on speculation, five hundred million dollars. The bonds and paper money of some of these countries have so depreciated in value as to have already caused heavy losses to the American holders of them. The world owes the American people, private investments and Government loans combined, a total of about twenty billion dollars, of which some is unquestionably good, some practically worthless, and a considerable part doubtful.

A propaganda in favor of canceling our Government's war loans is being industriously spread by certain foreign trade and international banking interests in this country. American houses engaged in foreign trade believe that such a relief measure would benefit them by increasing their business and by making it easier for them to collect the three billions of foreign credits owed to them. The international bankers, who deal in foreign credits and foreign bonds, see that such sacrifice on the part of our Government would strengthen the credit of these debtor countries and make a better market for their bonds. The holders of foreign bonds favor the project in the expectation that it would enhance the value of their securities. In opposition to the proposal to cancel the foreign war loans, Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who is a member of the Allied Debt Commission, truly says: "These loans are, in fact, debts owed to our tax-payers." We are being taxed to pay the interest on them, now, and, if the debtor nations are released, we shall have to be taxed to pay the principal.

COMFORT'S EDITOR

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Where did you get these?" he asked in great surprise.



"Pray what is the meaning of this affecting scene?"



He colored, wrung her hand and shut the door.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, is joined by her friend, Aspasia Huntington, a wealthy Baltimore belle, who meets with a slight accident in her dress, attracting the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt, who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond, stepping upon something, picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants, and the word "Brownie" in finest letters upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her life, her betrothal to Lord Denforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Rexley, her introduction to Count de Lussan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to accept a dance at Lord Denforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gave Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Denforth, and when she is gone she requests her to take the chain and key from her neck and wear it as long as she lives. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property, admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing Mr. Conrad's offer to relieve her from anxiety and leave her home with him or go with Miss Huntington as her companion, she secures employment in New York, trimming hats. The work hard, she is helped by Mattie Bentham who wins her love and together in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who kindly asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language. Learning she is musical would she be persuaded to teach. If the opportunity presented itself she would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card, given to her, bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D. Brownie, called to the office, meets Dr. Alcott, who has recommended her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Requiring references, Brownie mentions Mr. Arthur Conrad who satisfies Dr. Alcott; they were classmates. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails and Wilbur is determined to know her better. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond, standing near, overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera for the family and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her dress and jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and while Isabel monopolizes his attention, in leaving he escorts Brownie to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge, and Isabel, who, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to accuse her, to enter her room and from under lock and key take her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return.

CHAPTER XVI.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

WHILE Brownie was weeping out her misery alone, and trying to plan what was best for the future, Isabel Coolidge and her mother were examining, more at their leisure, the beautiful ornaments, which had so excited their admiration and astonishment and which they both began now to covet.

Isabel tried the effect of each separate piece upon herself.

To do the two women justice, they really believed that the jewels had been stolen.

"Mamma, this tiara of opals, pearls and diamonds will be just the thing for me to wear next Wednesday night at Lady Peasewell's; see how becoming it is." And Isabel turned from the mirror, where she had been catering to her vanity for the last half hour.

"It is lovely, my dear; but I doubt whether your father will be willing you should wear it. His ideas are peculiar, you know."

"He won't be here, mamma. You know he said he should not be home for a week or ten days; so he need know nothing about it."

"I am at a loss to know whether it is best to tell him anything about this affair," said Mrs. Coolidge musingly.

"But what excuse will you give him for bouncing Miss Douglas?" asked Isabel, who had a taste for using slang once in a while.

"Her insolence to me ought to be a sufficient reason, I think," her mother answered, flushing as she recalled the governess's keen shafts and haughty manner.

"No one knows anything of the matter but you and I; why not keep still about it?" urged Isabel eagerly.

"My only fear is, that she will take the law, as she threatened, and then your father would have to know about it. Besides, he will be very angry at the way we gained possession of them, and then there will be no end of trouble."

She very well knew that if that day's doings became known to her honorable husband he would insist upon her returning the casket to Miss Douglas, and tell her that she was meddling with what was none of her business.

She began to fear that she had been rash in pursuing the course she had, and she heartily wished that Isabel had kept her meddlesome fingers at home. And yet, every time her eyes rested upon the glittering wealth with which her daughter was toying, the desire to possess them became stronger.

"Pshaw!" returned Isabel, "she'll never dare take the law, and if she does, who will believe her, providing the jewels cannot be found, and we are very much astonished and indignant at being accused of taking them from her."

The two women gazed at each other in silence for a moment.

"Isabel, you would not dare do such a thing—it would be stealing and lying," said her mother, in a whisper.

"Oh, no, mamma; you are too conscientious altogether," returned the girl, shrugging her shoulders, and trying on Miss Mehetabel's beautiful engagement ring at the same time. "We both agree," she went on, "that they have already been stolen, and we only take possession of them for a little while, until we can find the true owner. I'm sure I would give them up at once if we could find the person whom they belong to. Of course, if we should acknowledge that we have them in our possession we should have to give them up, and, whether Miss Douglas proved her property or not, we should lose them. At any rate, let us hold on to them, and wait a while to see what she will do."

"I am afraid it will not do for you to wear them, Isabel; you may meet the very person to whom they belong, here in London."

"So much the better, then, mamma; we shall know that we did right in taking them from Miss Douglas, and can make our explanations and restore them. It strikes me that my suggestion is a very wise one after all," concluded the artful girl, who was determined to keep the jewels.

"You may be right, but I don't feel exactly easy about the matter; above all things, don't let Wilbur know anything about it," returned Mrs. Coolidge, fearing more and more that there might be trouble ahead for them.

"No, indeed, mother, and, as I began this business, I'll take charge of these jewels, and you need know nothing about them, if your conscience is troubling you."

Isabel replaced the jewels in the casket, shut it, and, with a laugh, started for her own room.

As she opened the door, which had stood ajar ever since Brownie went out, she encountered Wilbur, face to face.

She would rather have faced an alligator at that moment.

"What is it you don't wish Wilbur to know, and what jewels are you talking about?" he smilingly demanded as he barred her passage.

He had come up just in time to hear their last remarks.

"That is my secret," she replied, trying to turn the matter off playfully, though her heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

"Are they in that box? Let me see."

Before she hardly knew what he was about, he had taken it from her and opened it.

"Where did you get these?" he asked in great surprise.

"They are borrowed," Isabel replied, giving her mother a significant look.

"Borrowed! Who could lend such a valuable collection as this?" he asked, beginning to feel, from their appearance, that all was not right.

"Ah!" he added, with a start, after he had examined them more carefully, "here are those ornaments which Miss Douglas wore the other evening. Do the others belong to her, too?"

They saw that it would be useless to try to keep their secret from him, and little by little he drew it all from their reluctant lips. A more indignant mortal never trod the earth than Wilbur Coolidge when he got at the truth of the matter.

He demanded that the jewels be returned at once to Miss Douglas, and a suitable apology made for their insulting treatment of her.

An angry scene ensued, which Mrs. Coolidge finally put an end to by coming forward, taking the casket from her son's hand, and locking it within her husband's safe, which stood in the room.

"Now, Wilbur, be so kind as to hold your tongue," she said angrily, "you have made a fool of yourself with this girl. I intend to keep these things until your father returns, and see if he believes a poor governess came by these things lawfully."

"You women are regular tyrants, and I reckon when father does return there will be a different state of things," he replied with flashing eyes.

"Oblige me by dropping the subject, my son; you are interfering in what does not concern you in the least," returned Mrs. Coolidge coldly.

"I shall make it my business, madam, mother mine, just as soon as the law will allow, if the poor, abused darling will let me," he muttered as he angrily left the room.

He watched for Brownie to come down all the evening, but she remained in her own room, too utterly miserable to desire to meet any one.

Viola and Alma inquired for her at tea time, but were told that she was indisposed, and would not come down.

Viola afterward stole up-stairs with a cup of tea and a tempting plate of cold chicken and toast, but Miss Douglas's door was locked and she could not gain admittance, so she was forced to take it back again to the dining-room.

The next morning Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel started off on a shopping expedition, and as the carriage drove from the door Wilbur rang the library bell and desired the servant who appeared to ask Miss Douglas to grant him a few moments' conversation. The young man was pale and excited, and after the servant disappeared he walked the floor nervously.

Brownie soon came down, looking haggard and wan, her usually bright eyes heavy and lusterless and great dark circles underneath them.

Wilbur hastened forward to meet her as she opened the door.

"My dear Miss Douglas," he said, flushing deeply, "I do not know what to say to you, but I am more indignant than I can express at the treatment you received yesterday."

Brownie smiled wearily, though her lips quivered at his kindly words. It was so comforting to be treated civilly.

"Can I do anything for you, Miss Douglas?" Wilbur asked eagerly, his heart deeply touched by her sorrowful appearance.

"Thank you; I do not suppose it is in your power to do the one thing I wish—give me back my jewels, for they are mine, Mr. Coolidge, notwithstanding it seems improbable for a poor girl to own such valuables," she replied, her color rising.

"I do not doubt it in the least," he answered, impulsively. "I know that you are truth and purity itself, and, believe me, you shall yet have your own."

"Ah! can I?" she interrupted, her face lighting up with its wonted beauty for a moment.

Oh, how he loved her! and how it thrilled him, that any words of his should have power to make her beautiful countenance brighten like that.

"Yes, you shall have them again," he said. "I cannot restore them to you today, but just as soon as my father returns I shall acquaint him with what has happened, and he will see that justice is done."

"Thank you," Brownie said, appreciating his kindness, yet fearing that his mother and sister would outwit him and influence his father against her.

"I feel deeply mortified," he went on, dropping his eyes, "that any one who is akin to me should be guilty of doing what my sister did yesterday; and the treatment which you afterward received there can be no excuse for it."

"Do not speak of it again, Mr. Coolidge; it is past and cannot be recalled. Your kindness and sympathy have lightened my heart already; and as I go away, it will be a comfort to know that I have your esteem and friendship."

The young girl was deeply touched by his sympathy and distress.

"Go away! What do you mean?" he asked, looking up startled.

His mother had not told him that she was going away.

"Surely you do not think that I would remain where my truth and honesty are called in question?" she replied with dignity.

"Where will you go?" and his brow contracted with pain.

She could not stay; it were folly to think of it, he knew.

But it was like taking the sun from the heavens to have her go.

"I do not know," she said with a sigh, and her tone, so sadly sweet, moved him to his very soul.

She had been with them less than three months but during that time she had grown to be the one woman in the world to him.

He had learned to watch and live upon her every motion and expression, to listen eagerly for her footsteps and even the soft rustle of her clothing. The lightest sound of her voice, her very presence, thrilled him as nothing else had ever done before. He had lived a new life since her coming. He knew he was a better man for it.

She had stirred into being new motives and purposes, and he was beginning to think of forsaking this idle way of living, and of trying to fit himself to be useful in the world and worthy of her.

And now she was being driven away like a criminal, and insulted by his own kin.

If she should go away thus, with this dreadful cloud hanging over her, what would become of her? Who would take her in?

His pulses throbbed wildly; he grew desperate with the thought.

"You do not know? Will you let me tell you where to go?" he breathed, bending eagerly toward her, his face flushing hotly, and his eyes glowing with the wild love which moved him.

She looked up a little surprised by his manner, and her clear eyes fell before his passionate gaze.

"Darling," he cried, seizing her little hands, "you do not know where to go?" Come to me. My dear, my dear, you do not know how I have learned to love you since you came like a ray of light into this household. Come to me, Meta—be my wife, and no stain shall touch you; they shall not dare to breathe aught against you; place your little hand in mine, and I will plant myself between you and all harm. My love, my love, I have found you. I have seen many fair women, but now I have found my fate, the sweetest fate man ever found. Say, dearest, will you be my wife?"

She sat before him white, and still, and dumb.

"Brownie, you do not answer me. Will you not crown my life with the blessing of your love? They shall never harm you. We will go away where they cannot trouble you by so much as a word. Will you not speak and give me hope?"

She drew back from him, pained and sorrowful.

"Mr. Coolidge, if I speak at all, it must be to crush all hope of any such thing as you desire," she said sadly, with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks.

"Meta! Miss Douglas! no!" he cried, hoarsely, his handsome face clouding with pain.

"Yes, Mr. Coolidge; hard as it is for me to wound you thus, when you offer me the greatest homage a woman can ever receive—the love of an honest heart—yet I cannot bid you hope, for I do not love you in return."

"You have not had time to think of it. I have startled you with my abruptness; you do not know your own heart yet," he said, his lips growing white and quivering.

"I have not, indeed, had time to think, for I did not at once imagine that you cherished any such feelings toward me. But my heart does not respond to yours. No, Mr. Coolidge, I cannot be your wife."

"Are you sure—are you very sure you can never love me, Meta?" he pleaded, while great drops came out upon his forehead.

"Quite sure," she said firmly, though kindly.

"Brownie, Brownie, when I love you so, when I have listened eagerly for the sound of your footfall; when even the tone of your voice has been music to me from the first; when every fiber of my being has twined itself about you! Oh, it is too cruel; I cannot have it so—only give me a little ray of hope, and I will wait years, if need be."

His voice sounded like the cry of the lost as he caught his breath with a hard, dry sob that made the young girl's heart ache with pity for him.

She arose from the chair where she had been sitting, and the great tears rolled swiftly over her flushed cheeks.

"Mr. Coolidge, be assured if I could truthfully speak the words you wish, I would do so; but it cannot be, and as it will only give us both pain to meet again, let me say good by to you now, for I go this evening. Please accept my thanks for your kindness to me, and let me still be your friend."

She held out her hand to him and he took it, his whole frame shaking with the great storm which well-nigh crushed him.

He lifted it to his lips, then broke down utterly, and with one quick movement gathered her close in his arms and pressed his lips to her white brow.

"My darling, my darling," he groaned, "leave me, but you can never know the wretchedness of this moment to me."

At that moment the library door swung open, and Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel stood upon the threshhold.

CHAPTER XVII.

JEALOUSY.

With a feeling of utter dismay, Brownie disengaged herself from Wilbur Coolidge's embrace and started to leave the room.

But the two women barred the way, and would not let her pass; while Mrs. Coolidge demanded in stern tones:

"Pray, what is the meaning of this affecting scene?"

Wilbur colored deeply, but braced himself for battle.

"Mother—Isabel—let Miss Douglas pass," he commanded, in a voice as stern as Mrs. Coolidge's own.

They dare not disobey him in that mood, and moving aside, Brownie passed out and sped swiftly to her own room.

"Now I will answer your questions, if you have any to ask, the young man said, folding his arms and regarding them with a gloomy brow.

"I should like to know how that designing girl succeeded in trapping you into making such a fool of yourself?" said Isabel furiously.

"Really, Isabel, you are acquiring an elegance of speech at which I am surprised," returned her brother sarcastically.

"Wilbur, hush! Isabel, keep quiet," said Mrs. Coolidge authoritatively. Then turning to her son, continued:

"I am astonished, my son, at what I have just witnessed. That girl will ruin the peace of the family yet."

"She has ruined it already, as far as I am concerned," he replied moodily; then added:

"But, mother, Miss Douglas is in no way accountable for what you saw. I alone am to blame. I had just asked her to be my wife——"

"What!" exclaimed both women, aghast.

"Yes; I began to love that beautiful girl the first moment I saw her. Further intercourse has only served to deepen and strengthen that sentiment, and today I resolved to ask her to be my wife, that I might shield and protect her from further insult and abuse on your part."

"Indeed!" said his mother, growing white with anger.

"When is this wedding to take place between you and this lovely beggar?" sneered Isabel.

"I warn you not to try me too far, either of you!" Wilbur replied, with a dangerous gleam in his eye; then added:

"You did not permit me to finish my statement. However, I have only to tell you that Miss Douglas has refused me."

His mother heaved a sigh of intense relief, and murmured:

"What an escape!"

While Isabel retorted:

"Showed her good sense for once! She probably knew she would not be received into a respectable family after what occurred yesterday. You always were a fool when there was a pretty face around."

"Thank you! But be it known to you both that if she had so chosen, I should have made Miss Douglas Mrs. Wilbur Coolidge just as soon as the law would have allowed," was the stern reply.

"Now, if you please," he added, addressing his mother, "I would like you to write a recommendation for Miss Douglas."

"A recommendation for what—truth and honesty?" she sneered.

"For her thorough education and superior accomplishments, and her efficiency and success as a governess," he retorted firmly.

"I shall do no such thing," was the indignant reply.

"Then, mother, mark my words, if Miss Douglas goes away from here without a recommendation from you, as a good governess, a refined and cultivated lady, I leave this house also today, and utterly refuse to accompany you further on your tour. Is it not enough," he continued, excitedly, "that you abuse and insult her, prowling about among her possessions, and appropriating them without driving her forth herself in the future?" no means of providing for herself in the future"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE)



Comfort Sisters' Recipes

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IT would be selfish of me to take up much space when there are so many interesting letters as there are this month, and are every month for that matter. Sometimes it seems that we must have discussed every subject under the sun but something new comes up and we're off again. There are a variety of letters this month, more than usual, letters from girls married to foreigners, happy and unhappy, a letter from an Indian woman and from a little girl in Hawaii, as well as a letter on mining and another on using oilcloth for kitchen wall covering. Could anything be more diversified than that? Like the drug store clerk, "If we haven't what you want we've got something just as good."—Ed.

COLORADO.

DEAR COMFORT:

I feel that I am addressing a personal friend when I say "Dear COMFORT," for indeed you have befriended me in a way that my personal friends could not.

In January, 1922, COMFORT had about two dozen designs of applique and patchwork for quilts from which I got an idea of competing for the prize to be given at our County Fair to be staged the following September.

I emptied all my rag bags and boxes of odds and ends that had accumulated since my girlhood days back thirty years ago in old Kentucky where I was born and reared. I am not fifty-five years old. I had thought of giving all these old pieces to the wives of the pioneer settlers who had little children and telling them they could make doll clothes out of them, but you know how my heart clung to those old hat trimmings, laces and ribbons in a way I cannot explain. I well knew I could never tog up in them again but to part with them seemed hard and to keep them stuffed in bags and boxes, pushed back under the bed, seemed selfish and foolish when we needed every inch of floor space. So I said to my husband, "I wonder if I could win any of the prizes to be given at the Fair next September?" He grunted, "I speck so," and I began to sort and arrange my scraps, putting all the calico and percale by themselves, after washing and pressing any that needed it. Then I measured them as best I could to determine whether or not I had enough of the colors I wanted to make No. 17, "Old Maid's Puzzle," by Mrs. S. A. Husky, Penn. I wanted some easy pattern that I could stitch nicely on the machine for I knew I must hurry if I got ready for the fair. When the "Old Maid's Puzzle" was finished it looked so attractive that I was glad I had not had all those beautiful scraps cut up into doll clothes. I felt so good and so encouraged that I got out my bags again and selected the silk scraps for crazy patchwork which I made into pillow tops and pincushions. While working at these things I was looking after a big garden of all kinds of vegetables and hardy flowers. I also raised 209 chickens from fourteen hens and had no henhouse, just used boxes and hovers constructed of slab rock and mud. Made them myself.

Needless to tell all the details but I won a set of silver teaspoons, four rolls of burlap rooling and $10.50 cash prizes, all because of reading COMFORT. Now I am sending fifty cents for COMFORT to be sent to a friend of mine in Kentucky who has a family of six children. I am hoping she may get as much real help and solid comfort out of your good paper as I have. As a premium I want COMFORT'S New Applique and Patchwork Book, Reward No. 8731.

Success to you forever. MRS. MARY.

Three cheers for Mrs. Mary. Who can beat her record? How has COMFORT helped you?—Ed.

MRS. Lizzie Lawley of West Frankfort, Illinois, wins the COMFORT Sisters' Pin this month with her "ways with rhubarb." They are such appetizing ways that I am sure you will agree with me that the pin belongs to her, though I did wish I could award more than one. Every month the recipes get better and better; by "better" is meant more exact, and easier for the inexperienced cook to follow. Don't copy recipes from a cook book but tell in your own way exactly how you make a certain dish and give the exact quantity of every ingredient. Maybe you'll get the pin next month.—Ed.

DATE BREAD.—Sift two cups of flour with two teaspoons of baking powder and three-quarters teaspoon of salt. Rub in two tablespoons of butter. Wet with sweet milk until the dough is soft and spongy. Do not add all the liquid in one place nor at one time, but pour in



DATE BREAD.

a little here and there as it will require less stirring and facilitate getting the right amount. Do not knead but with lightly floured hands make in a ball and then press into a long inch thick shape. Cover with clean pitted dates, roll and bake in a hot oven.

Ways with Rhubarb

RHUBARB PIE.—One and one-half cups of rhubarb, cut fine, one cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, and two teaspoons flour. Mix all together, bake with an undercrust; when done, frost with meringue made from whites of eggs, beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoons of sugar. Put in oven until delicate brown.

RHUBARB-RAISIN PIE.—Mix three cups chopped rhubarb, one cup chopped, seedless raisins, one-half cup cracker-crumbs, one-half cup good molasses, one and one-half cups sugar, one teaspoon butter, one-quarter teaspoon salt and spices to suit taste. Bake between two crusts. Enough for three pies.

RHUBARB AND PRUNE SAUCE.—One-half pound prunes washed thoroughly and soaked two hours in the water in which they are to be cooked. Put them over a slow fire and simmer until tender, then add one-half cup sugar. Cut into small cubes enough rhubarb to make one pint, add to the prunes and boil until tender. If not sweet enough, add a little more sugar.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE.—Make a shortcake pastry by sifting together two cups of flour, three tablespoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix with these dry ingredients one-half cup butter and lard mixed, and one-half cup cold milk. Bake in layers or cut out like biscuit. Split open and fill with following mixture: One cup chopped dates or pineapple stewed with one pint of chopped rhubarb and sugar to sweeten to taste. —MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, West Frankfort, Box 829, Ill.

RHUBARB ROLL.—The crust. Two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one and one-half teaspoons salt, sifted together. Work into this three-quarters cup of lard, add enough water to make a stiff dough. Roll half of this dough to about one-eighth of an inch thick and the length of your bread pan which it is to be baked in. Over this put thin slices of rhubarb to cover dough, sprinkle one cup of sugar over rhubarb, dot with pieces of butter and add a little nutmeg. Roll, crush ends together and place in pan. Make two of these. Over these put one cup of sugar mixed with two tablespoons of flour, a little nutmeg, according to taste, and a bit of butter. Over all pour enough boiling water (be sure it is boiling) to cover rolls and bake thirty minutes or until crust is browned. There will be enough sauce to serve over when it is done. Try it. It is fine.—MRS. HARRY WILLIAMS, New Castle, 2103 Walnut St., Indiana.

RHUBARB AND FIG MARMALADE.—Two and one-half pounds rhubarb, one pound of figs, one pound of sugar, two and one-half cups corn syrup, juice of one lemon and pinch of ginger. Wash and cut rhubarb into small pieces. Do the same with the figs and put them in bottom of preserving kettle, put rhubarb on top and cover with sugar. Let stand over night. Next morning cook until clear, about fifteen minutes, add syrup, lemon juice and ginger. Boil until thick.—DODA, North Dakota.

SPICED RHUBARB.—Wash and cut up two and one-half pounds of crisp rhubarb and put in a preserving kettle with three-quarters cup of cider vinegar. Cover with two pounds of sugar into which is mixed two tablespoons cinnamon and one-half teaspoon each of ground cloves and ginger. Add the chopped rind of one large orange. Bring to boiling point and let slowly cook until it is thick. Store in sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin. —MRS. W. H. GARDINER, Portalnd, R. R. 19, N. Y.

CHEESE AND MACARONI.—Boil until tender two cups of macaroni in salted water. Drain and put in a buttered baking dish, alternating layers of macaroni with grated cheese, with layer of bread- or cracker-crumbs on top. Pour over this enough sweet cream to cover. Place small pieces of butter on top and put in oven. Cook until almost dry. Serve hot.

DEVILED EGGS.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes, place in cold water and remove shells. Cut in halves and remove yolks, taking care that white is cut in two pieces only. Mash yolks, add one teaspoon melted butter, season with salt, pepper and mustard and a little celery salt, if one likes it; moisten with a few drops of vinegar and stuff into whites, fastening the two halves together with a toothpick. These are fine for picnics or make a nice dinner dish, if placed on lettuce and served with salad dressing.—DAISY WHITEMAN, Salem, W. Va.

TOMATO MINCEMEAT.—Two and one-half gallons of sliced tomatoes. Let set over night and drain off water next morning. There will not be much to drain. One pint of apple vinegar, six pounds of brown sugar, one nutmeg, one tablespoon each allspice and cinnamon and two teaspoons salt. Let boil until thick then add two pounds of raisins and seal in sterilized jars.—MISS MINNIE SNODDY, Wartrace, Tenn.

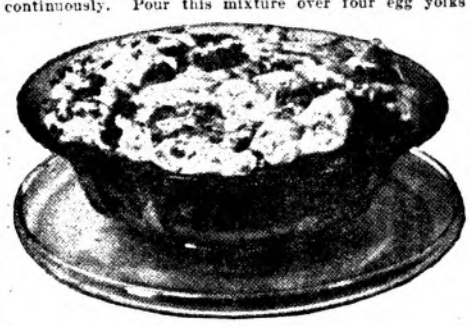
BEAN AND BEEF STEW.—Wash one cup red kidney beans and soak over night. Try out one or two ounces of diced salt pork, cut one pound of beef into small pieces and brown it with one sliced onion in the salt pork fat. Add one cup canned tomatoes and enough water to cover and simmer gently for three hours. —MABEL LELAND, Santa Monica, Calif.

POTATO AND HAM CROQUETTES FROM LEFTOVERS.—One pound of minced ham, two cups mashed potatoes, salt and pepper to taste, and one-half cup dry bread-crumbs. Make balls of ham and potatoes, roll in crumbs, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs again and fry in deep fat.—MISS PEARL LEAS, New Albany, 2302 Shelby St., Ind.

MACARONI WITH EGGS.—Cook macaroni in salt water until tender. Drain and turn into frying pan in which some fat has been placed. Break several eggs (the number depending upon amount of macaroni used) into the macaroni, season with salt and pepper and stir all together until eggs are done.—MRS. LEE VANDERHOOF, Ada, Mich.

BRAN BREAD.—Two cups sour milk, one-half cup white sugar, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, two and one-half cups white flour, two cups bran, two teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted lard, one egg. Put in small pans, let raise four hours. Bake in slow oven one hour.—CAROLINE BETTS, Grey Eagle, Minn.

PEACH SOUFFLE.—Drain one can of peaches, saving the syrup to use in the sauce. Cut the fruit into eighths and place in the bottom of baking dish which has been well buttered. Melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, and smooth in one-quarter cup of dry flour, then gradually add one cup of hot milk, stirring continuously. Pour this mixture over four egg yolks

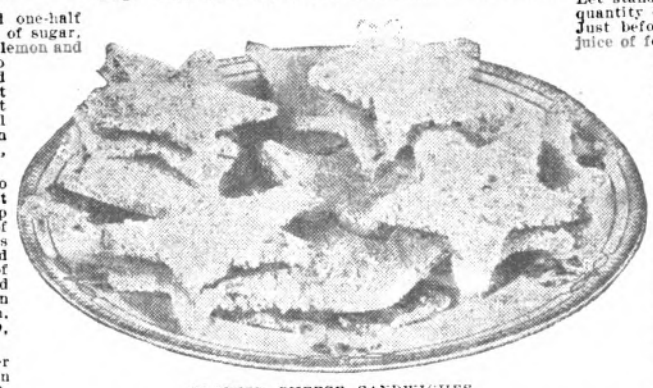


PEACH SOUFFLE.

that have been beaten until very light with one-third cup of sugar and one-third teaspoon of salt. Beat the mixture and set aside to cool. Fold in the egg whites that have been beaten until dry and then pour onto the peach. Bake in very moderate oven about 35 minutes.

SAUCE.—Thicken the peach syrup with a little cornstarch and while hot add a little butter and sugar to taste. When cool, beat in one tablespoon of lemon juice. The souffle must be served as soon as taken from oven.

TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Cut loaf bread into slices nearly half an inch thick, and then into squares or fancy shapes, saving the trimmings for bread pudding. Make each sandwich of two slices of bread with



TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES.

a thin slice of cheese between. Place in large shallow biscuit pan that is well buttered. Moisten each top slice of sandwich with a little hot milk and sprinkle lightly with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Top each with three small pieces of butter. Bake in a hot oven until the cheese is melted and the tops browned. Serve at once.

FRENCH CUSTARD.—One quart of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs and one teaspoon flavoring extract. Put milk on stove and bring to scalding point but do not boil. If boiled it will curdle when flavoring is added. Break eggs, separating yolks from whites. Beat yolks and add sugar. Beat well and add to scalding milk. Scald until it thickens, set aside to cool, then add flavoring. Beat the whites of eggs to stiff froth, add two tablespoons of powdered or granulated sugar, put on buttered dish and set in oven to brown. Slide off on top of custard.—MRS H. J. GERLING, Epping, N. Dak.

SPANISH CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup sour milk with one teaspoon soda in milk, two cups flour, vanilla, and one-half cup boiling water mixed with one-half cup cocoa. Mix as given and bake in moderate oven.—OPAL JESTER, Medicine Lodge, Kans.

SMELTS WITH PIQUANT SAUCE.—Dress smelts, leaving the heads on. Cross the heads and tails and hold with toothpicks. Drop into deep hot fat and cook to a golden brown. Small-sized smelts may be cooked in this way, but larger ones are rolled in fine cracker-crumbs, then in equal parts of egg and water slightly



SMELTS WITH PIQUANT SAUCE.

beaten together and in crumbs again. The sauce is made as follows: Melt two tablespoons of butter, smooth in two tablespoons of dry flour and one-third teaspoon of salt and stir until it is bubbling, then slowly add one cup of hot water. Stir and cook five minutes, then add one tablespoon of cut-up sour pickle, half a teaspoon of made mustard, a little chopped parsley and one-half teaspoon of vinegar. Use cold.

ASSORTED CAKES.—Cream one-half cup of butter with one and one-half cup of sugar until smooth and light. To this add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and one teaspoon of vanilla. Sift together three scant cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of soda and one of cream of tartar and sift again. Measure one-half cup of milk and add this alternately with the flour to the butter mixture. Beat hard and when smooth add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Drop into round gem pans and bake in a moderately hot oven.

For marbled cakes, take one-third of the dough and color it with grated chocolate and a little cinnamon. The addition of half a cup of finely cut dates rolled in flour will make date cakes, or chopped walnut or pecan meats make a delicious nut mixture. Raisins and spice will make another variety. Dried and grated orange peel, and a teaspoon of lemon juice in place of the vanilla gives a delicious flavor to plain cake.

SOFT CARAMEL CUSTARD.—In a saucepan put three tablespoons of granulated sugar and stir until it is melted and becomes a dark amber color. Cool and add to the well-beaten yolk of three eggs and one-half teaspoon of salt. Have ready one pint of milk brought to the boiling point in a double boiler. Pour part of milk into the egg mixture, stir and return to remainder of milk in boiler, and stir constantly until it thickens. Care must be taken not to cook the custard until it curdles, which will occur if cooked a few seconds too long. When smooth, and thick enough to coat the spoon, its own heat after taken from the boiler will finish the cooking. Should the custard overcook, at once remove from boiler into a cold dish and with the egg beater beat vigorously until smooth. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of vanilla when thoroughly cold. It is best when made the day before using. Fill glasses with custard and top with the beaten white of egg sweetened and mixed with a little shredded cocoanut.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Quarter and slice one dozen thin-skinned navel oranges. To this add double the quantity of water that you have of oranges and let stand over night. In the morning boil until tender. Let stand ten or twelve hours and then add an equal quantity of sugar and let boil slowly until it thickens. Just before removing from the fire, add the strained juice of four lemons. Pour into jelly tumblers and seal.

GINGERBREAD.—A pinch of salt, one cup of corn syrup, one or two eggs, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoons of cinnamon, two teaspoons of ginger, one teaspoon of allspice, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup or one large tablespoon of butter, two small teaspoons of soda dissolved in one cup of boiling water, and enough flour to make the batter fairly thick. Bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes or an hour.—MISS SHIRLEY MATSON, Neola, Iowa.

COCOANUT DROPS.—The white part of a cocoanut grated. The whites of four eggs well beaten, half-pound sifted white sugar; flavor to taste. Mix all as thick as can be stirred. Lay in heaps an inch apart on paper in a baking tin. Put them in a quick oven, remove when they look yellowish.

ROAST STEAK.—Have one round steak cut one-half inch thick. Dredge with flour. Have ready three onions, sliced, one-half cup celery, one-half cup carrots, all salted to taste. Place this mixture on steak, roll and sew with strong thread. Place in roaster with olive oil (one-fourth cup), or strips of bacon, over it, and one cup of hot water. Let cook until tender.—RHEA, Jacksonville, P. O. Box 375, Alabama.

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

TELEGRAPH, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you make room for a ranch girl? I've listened to you for a long, long time and now I'm going to join you.

I am just a plain old country girl. I live away out in the mountains on a ten thousand acre ranch and it gets lonesome here sometimes. I have been keeping house for father the last three months while mother is staying near school with the children. I stayed here all alone for four days and nights while father was gone, but didn't get lonesome as I had plenty of work to do during the day. When night came I was tired and would go in and go to bed and it wouldn't be long until I was in dreamland. Some nights I would go to sleep listening to an old owl, up in the canyon, calling "Who-oo, or a fox or something else barking over on the mountain, but every morning the old rooster would wake me and I was still where I was the night before.

I'm some brave girl, don't you think, but most anyone can be brave when they have to be. How many of you like to ride horseback? I do and I ride a great deal in the pastures with father when he needs someone to help him, and the boys are gone. I saddle my horse and go with him and he says I make as good as any of the boys. I can rope a goat or sheep and doctor it for screw worms or run a gasolene engine, or do anything else that is to be done on a ranch. I have lived on cattle, sheep and goat ranches all my life and I don't think there is any place like a good old ranch. Maybe it is because I never knew any other place. I am a lover of Nature and always happiest when I can saddle my horse and ride out over the green hills and look on the mountains where the sheep and goats are grazing and then ride down on the creek where the beautiful, clear water makes its way from among the rocks. There's where I jump off my horse, pull the bridle off his head and hang it around his neck, and lie down in the grass and listen to the birds sing. I wonder if there is another girl like me in the whole world. I'd like to see her. I would be glad to get letters from some of the Western ranch sisters, boys and girls, as I get lonesome at times. I would appreciate it very much if the sisters would send me a small piece of silk for my quilt which I've started.

I am five feet, nine inches tall, have dark brown hair, blue eyes and a sunburned complexion.

Best wishes to all. GEORGIA JACKSON.

It's not fair, Georgia, getting me unsettled like this, just when I was nicely under way with the Sisters' Corner, too. Another letter like yours and I'll be covering my typewriter and getting out into the fields somewhere and communing with Nature my own self.—Ed.

NIOBRARA, NEB.

DEAR MRS. W. AND SISTERS:

Here comes an Indian sister from the West. Now sisters, don't hold your breath and think I am anything but a true American. We Indians are all well educated in the different Government Industry Schools. We farm like the white men, raise hogs, keep cattle and have the nicest flock of yellow buff Orpingtons. I enjoy raising chickens, but when Mr. Rat makes a meal of one I enjoy setting a trap and making short work of him.

COMFORT is the dearest paper ever published and is all that its name implies. I have been a reader of it for a long time. A neighbor used to loan me the paper and later I subscribed for it. Now I wouldn't be without it. Husband thinks the Sisters' Corner is a make-up but I want him to think and know differently.

I am the mother of four little youngsters, two boys, aged ten and six and two girls, one four and a half years old and baby sister, five months old. We are a happy family.

I like the pretty things described in COMFORT. They are all easy to make. I do different kinds of fancy-work.

Mrs. H. Moyer, I can sympathize with you if your health is broken down and with five boys to care for. I have only two and it keeps me busy to keep them clean and in school. I don't think anyone will ever judge your character by the condition of your house but will be glad to call again with a cheery greeting.

Will describe myself as all the sisters do. Am five feet, six inches tall, dark eyes and have big feet and big willing hands, ever ready to work.

With best wishes and regards to everybody,

An Indian sister, MRS. ANDREW JONES.

MADISONVILLE, R. R. 5, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

It has been a year since I tried to get in. At that time I sent a snapshot of my little Louise.

I will tell all of my neat summer kitchen, as it will soon be housecleaning time.

I painted the room white. It was a small room with one door and one window. Under the window I put shelves, and on the top shelf I had some potted flowers. The lower shelves were for my aluminum kettles and pans. Then I put in my kitchen cabinet, side table and wash-stand. These I painted white with a coat of white enamel. My linoleum was blue and white, tile pattern and with white sash curtains and my oil stove I had a neat little kitchen at little expense.

Here's how I look, brown hair, grey eyes, weigh 150 pounds and was thirty-six years old the 20th of March. Would like to get birthday letters and cards. Have been married twenty years. Married young, did I not? Have five children, two boys, nineteen and seventeen, and three girls, fifteen, twelve and five, so you see I have had my hands full but they are lots of help now.

A COMFORT reader for fourteen years.

MRS. LOU GIBBONS.

Mrs. Gibbons.—I am sorry that the snapshot of Louise could not be used, but only clear photographs reproduce well. Snapshots cannot be used.—Ed.

MINNESOTA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading the discussion in our corner on American girls marrying foreigners. Not until I read the letter from A Western Wild Rose did I decide to write. I expect many more like hers will follow while those like myself will keep from writing as I did. I don't blame them for it is hard to tell of our mistakes, but conscience won't let me keep silent. You know,

"A bird with a broken pinion saved another from the snare;

And the life which sin had stricken, saved another from despair."

I am "the bird with the broken pinion" and by writing my experience I hope to save another from the snare.

I am an American girl and a few years ago, when scarcely more than a child, I married a foreigner, many years my senior. I believe now that we both secretly regret it. I long for a life partner of my own nationality and I know he would rather have one of his own country women for a wife. My husband is all right and I am all right, but our ways are as different as black and white.

I have had the opportunity of observing many marriages between American girls and foreigners and not one of them have ever turned out happily. I think the main reason for this is that foreigners do not have the same regard for women that Americans do. They usually regard a wife as a servant or a slave. They are not always cruel to their wives but they are kinder to wives of their own nationality than those who are not, but they do not reverence womanhood as Americans do.

Another thing, not many American girls are robust enough to do the hard work that foreigners require of their wives. Their own country women are and they believe it is their duty. I weigh but one hundred and twenty-three pounds and have almost ruined my health by working hard when I was unable to even be out of bed. But my husband did not think that it was too much for me. I have been doing all of my own housework, including washing and scrubbing, when each of my babies were two weeks old.

The American girl who marries a foreigner will have a great many things to learn. Of course there are exceptions but one is running a great risk to do it. I am speaking of what I have observed to be the rule.

Girls, when selecting a husband demand an American one, there's none other just as good. If you will but notice it, foreign women will marry an American man if she gets the chance. They always say, "Americans are so much kinder to their wives than our men." I have heard them wish that they might have won an American husband. That ought to make American girls think twice before throwing away their chance of marrying a son of America.

To "A Foreigner" who wrote some time ago, I would say that foreigners are those born across the ocean and Americans are those born in America. My ancestors have been here since America has been a nation and I am as much an American as there is today.

Yours sincerely, LILLIAN.

FROM THE EDGE OF THE JUMPING OFF PLACE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Help! Help me if you can and maybe in helping me you will help others who are starting out in life.

My trouble is this: husband and I don't agree at all and it is getting worse and worse. Shall we part and go different ways or what? You see, it is like this My people still live on the place they lived on when first married and they have made a beautiful home of it, after years of work and improvement. That's what I want to do, buy a place and stay there. If it doesn't exactly suit us, remodel it or change it the best we can, but husband says, "No." He thinks the only way to make money on a farm is to buy a rundown place,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



Gillian sat down, dolefully, without hope.



"You'd better take it," he said; "I've got another, and you look done up."



"On what terms were you and your master?" he asked sharply.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton, born rich, dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Upon her death there is left forty pounds a year. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; she has no faith in him, and finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman. He does not explain but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. She remodels a velvet dress sewn with amethysts for Mrs. Gibbs, who tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, hearing footsteps, and a whistle which reminds her of Lesard, listens, and with shoes in hand steals down the stair-case and spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." With his words, "Promise to trust me whatever happens," ringing in her ears, she gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The masked ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels, her grace's, too, are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Requesting to see her maid and how she forgot the jewels, Gillian admits she was sick in bed and knew nothing about her not wearing them. The robbery breaks up the party, and Jacky, packing up, asks Gill what they are to do. It's done. If Gill tells all she knows she may find out Lesard is married before, and Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky requests her not to ring, she is to sit with Mrs. Gibbs, and late in the evening she slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Gill meets her, hurrying her to safety and Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. She has found the other way and someone is coming out from an opening in the wall which is well concealed by ivy and at the foot is a deep dark pool. It is Lesard. Jacky crawls in—the stones are undisturbed. Going out, she hears Gillian call, "Marchmont is back." He has seen the detective. Unless Lesard fails him he is safe. Gill and Jacky decide to get out at once. Jacky means to take the jewels. Lesard decides to have his share and starts for Hamilton Place. Jacky finds the jewels and is staggered by the weight. She fastens the belt around her body. In the collection is a necklace of stones clear and black. Not daring to have them in her possession, she wraps them up, putting them back, and piling the stones over them. She hears someone coming. It is Lesard. Brookes, suspicions of him, goes with Marchmont to the cellar where he meets with an accident. Lesard, unconscious of Marchmont's presence, secures the black diamonds. Marchmont asks what he is doing and finding the belt gone grasps Lesard and feels a package under his shirt. He denies having the belt but something better—the black diamonds. Marchmont declares he has never touched the belt and if Lesard will put the necklace back he will share with him. Lesard attempts to leave. If he moves, Marchmont threatens to kill. There is the sound of a leap and Marchmont is dead. Jacky, kneeling beside him, leaves a bloody print of her left hand. The sisters make their escape.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WRONG ROAD!

"JACKY!" Gillian said. "There's no sign of a village. Can't we sit down and rest? I'm so tired!"

Jacky looked at the weariness written on every line of the white face.

It was daylight and raining still, as if the deluge that had slopped down prodigally all night had not wet them to the skin. How far they had walked she did not know, but they were in a country road on each side of which was a high wall covered with ivy. Behind were woods, the game preserves of some big estate.

"We can't sit down by the roadside! We'd get stiff, and catch our deaths." She shifted the bag she carried from one hand to the other, as if it were very heavy. All night they had carried it between them, but now they were taking turns with the intolerable weight of those jewels, and even the thought of the horror left behind them could no longer hurry them. Wet, miserable, hungry, they lagged and crawled along the interminable road, but now they stopped and looked at each other.

They were done, tired out; there was no use in disguising it! And even supposing they were already nearing a railway station, dared they show themselves there, soaked to the skin, wearied out, and staggering under the burden of a small, black bag that had no right to be so heavy?

"There might be tea at the station," Gillian said childishly. "Aren't you hungry?"

Jacky nodded. The bare thought of hot tea and a station bun nearly made her cry; hunger and fatigue made her almost forget that the night before she had looked on murder.

"Get out the map!" she said.

Gillian took it from her sodden coat pocket, all wet and clammy, so that it tore as she opened it.

There were two roads marked on it, where the straight road branched some six miles from Hamilton Place. The right-hand road ran on not quite the same distance and struck the railway at the little junction of Bamford; the other—Gillian gasped.

"Jacky, we've taken the wrong turning in the dark! We've come by the lower road instead of the upper. Look!" She held the limp rag of paper and pointed with her finger. "We would have been at Bamford by now—oh, long ago! We would have caught the train to London—the night local waits there to catch the express."

Jacky stared, following Gillian's tracing finger.

"And this road—the one we're on—how far does it go?" afraid to look at the length of the waving black line.

"It's thirty miles from Hamilton Place before this road strikes Fulchester, a good big town." A swelling in her throat made her hoarse. "You see how it winds! We must have come fifteen miles, for we've never stopped a minute—and we can't do another fifteen without a rest. What are we to do?" shifting from one weary foot to the other.

"There must be villages—farms!" Jacky said, sick with disappointment.

Gillian shook her head. There were plenty, but not on this road, which wound between parks and estates. To strike across country on either side of them would mean a five-mile walk.

"They're too far—for me, anyhow," she said with shame. "And I never looked last night because this road wouldn't concern us—but, for all I know, we may be near some big house where they'd know me. I used to drive miles to pay visits with—him!" significantly. "Once we went nearly to Fulchester. Oh, why didn't I take more care at the fork of the roads?" despairing tears in her eyes.

"Don't cry, Gill." Jacky could bear anything if only Gill would not cry. "We'll have to do the best we can. After all, perhaps people will notice us less in a big place like Fulchester than at a little country junction."

"If we ever get there," shivering forlornly in her wet clothes. "I—I don't think I can go on."

"Just a little farther, Gill!" trying to think her own head was not dizzy nor her limbs aching. "We might get to something."

"Not for ten miles or so, this is a sort of back road, don't you see? These are different people's shootings on each side of us."

Gillian put the nearly destroyed map into her pocket choking down a sob because Jacky looked so tearless, so wild and dreadful with the face bleach all washed off by the rain except in the hollows at her temples and round her eyes.

"Give me the bag," she said bravely enough. "It's my turn."

But Jacky only shook her head and dragged on with it. She was sick with remorse, shaken with futile regrets, as well as weary. Why had she not gone to that London detective with the secret that weighed her down, instead of trying to manage the world herself? Marchmont might have been "a devil incarnate," but for all that his death lay at her door. If it had not been for Gillian she would have run like a hunted fox—but Gillian's nostrils were pinched in at each breath she drew; Gillian was trembling and stumbling as she walked. The long days in Marchmont's gilded prison-house had made her soft and delicate; her very recklessness of last night was telling on her.

Jacky set her lips and stumped on. Did these walls stretch for miles? Why were men allowed to have so much ground for themselves when people were crowded into city slums? The dirtiest gipsy-camp would have been a godsend—except for the jewels! Those heavy, dragging things meant that they must not dare to stop if they met gipsies, but march on past fire and food. The stolen jewels had grown to be a trust to Jacky Hamilton. Her honor was bound up with them; she would fight for her life to get them restored.

She glanced with hatred at those high walls on each side that seemed to hem them in. Suppose even now they were suspected, followed! They would be caught helpless, for they could never climb those walls. She stopped short with a little, stifled cry.

The left-hand wall still stretched onward unbroken, but on her right hand was a rusty iron gate, small and unused. She ran to it and peered through the bars.

Inside was a narrow, overgrown cutting that had once been a path, and now was choked with withered grass and weeds. She could see nothing along it, and yet a senseless hope of shelter woke in her mind.

The gate was bolted and fastened with rusty wire.

"I don't think it leads anywhere" Gillian said, looking through it. "What are you going to do?" Jacky, handing her the bag, was climbing over.

"Wait for me," she said painfully, for the effort made her shaking limbs feel powerless. "I'm sure there ought to be a lodge. If there's a keeper I'll get something for us to eat."

She disappeared in the soaked underbrush, and Gillian sat down dolefully, without hope, on the bag, without the vaguest remembrance that she was sitting on a stolen fortune. She would have given everyone of the senseless stones for dry clothes and rest. They were only a terror and an agony to her. But the second she sat down she knew she had been mad to do it, for she could not get up again; she was too dog-tired. With a feeble wonder what the time was, she leaned her head against the gate and closed her eyes. It seemed as if long ages passed before she heard Jacky's footsteps over the soft sound of the unceasing rain.

"Did you get anything?" she cried, for Jacky's face was almost happy.

"Give me the bag and come," she said. "No, I didn't get anything—I did better. Gill, there's an empty house there! No one can have been in it for months. It's not a keeper's lodge, but a deserted hut they must use for shooting-luncheons once in a while. And now the shooting season's over I don't believe there's a soul within miles. Hurry, it's getting late! Some one might be coming along the road."

Gillian fell scrambling from the top of the gate, but she was too dazed to care. Rest and shelter she must have or die out there in the road. She followed Jacky blindly till they came out on a grassy space. A little, rustic hut stood there, built for occasional use. The door was not locked, and Jacky dragged Gillian in.

"Look!" she said triumphantly, in spite of her weariness. "We can stay here all day and go on to Fulchester after dark."

Gillian collapsed on the floor and gazed about her in utter thankfulness.

The hut was but one room, with no furniture but some chairs and a long locker. But there was a fireplace, where old ashes yet lingered, and, seeing her look at it, Jacky told her great tidings.

"The locker is half full of firewood," she said, almost crying with relief, "and, oh! Gill, in one end there are some potatoes. And we're so hungry!"

"I'm afraid of the fire. Some one might see the smoke!" But Gillian said it weakly.

"They couldn't see it from the road, and no keeper or any one else is likely to come here in this rain. Anyway, we've got to risk it."

She was building the fire as she spoke, thankful for that tiny box of matches that had never been taken out of her pocket; and as the flames caught the dry wood and roared up the chimney the two girls drew close to the hearth, while outside the rain drummed gently on the roof—rain that was helping them, if they had known, by washing away every trace of their small, telltale footprints.

The potatoes they baked in the coals were old and not too good, but they did not mind that.

One by one they dried their gripping garments by the glowing heat of the wide fireplace, till at last they sat dry and warm.

Deadly weary, Jacky roused herself from a doze. She was drunk with sleep, but she could not get last night from her mind.

"Gill, when you came down from the cellar last night, what did you mean to do?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't know," half-asleep. "I thought you might be dead down there, and I didn't care what happened to me. But, oh, Jacky! I've spoiled it all by mistaking the way last night," she sat up, wide-awake.

"I don't think it matters. We would only have gained a day. Go to sleep, Gill," gently.

Gained a day! Surely some angel must last night have led them by the hand. If they had but known it, to have reached Bamford Junction, would have been to be put into the only second-class carriage—with Lesard!

And Lesard would not have been likely to let that heavy, black bag pass unnoticed, even face to face with his discarded wife—his sweetheart of a day! Little Mrs. Fareham had good cause to thank Heaven for that mistaken road; but Jacky Hamilton could not know all that wrong road meant to her. Love and life, and a great happiness would have met her at Bamford Junction; and balanced against them only the stolen jewels and Gillian's future.

In ignorance she lay by the fire, her world a wreck, her prayer only to endure to the end. But she must have slept, for presently she felt Gillian shaking her.

"It's time to go," she said. "I had a dream. Oh! a dreadful dream—that some one came and found us. There are some potatoes left. We can eat them as we go."

Jacky looked at her old silver watch. It was time, indeed, if they were to catch the night train. She paid small heed to Gillian's dream; after last night she would have been made of iron not to dream.

"Yes, we'll go," she returned, and the stiffness of her tired bones frightened her as she rose. Could she ever do a mile, much more fifteen?

But she looked at Gillian's haggard face and held her tongue.

The rain had ceased, but the road was deep in mud. Their clogged feet weighed like lead as they tramped on in the deepening dusk, yet, somehow, step by step, they drew away from the doom that was following them.

More dead than alive, walking mechanically, keeping from stumbling by their wills alone, they got into Fulchester about eleven o'clock. And there fate dealt them kindly cards.

There had been an excursion to the first spring race meeting at Fulchester, and the trains was packed with uproarious excursionists. The threatening, expostulating guard had no time to notice the two exhausted passengers, huddled into a third-class carriage with a crowd of half-drunken men. He was just able to see that they had tickets, and rush away to make a futile effort to clear the first-class carriages.

Their bag between them, they huddled into a corner.

The carriage was full to overflowing of noisy, laughing, smoking, drinking out of flasks. Only one looked at the two girls, and he was amiably drunk, having had a glorious day.

"Have a nip?" he said generously to Gillian, who sat next to him. He pushed a silver flask nearly into her face.

She shook her head.

"Better! Look as if you'd had a bad day," he remarked, not the least put out. "Too proud, eh? to drink another chap's liquor? I'll give you the flask, then. I feel like giving away something. Catch! It's your own," and he tossed a small flask into Jacky's lap. "You'd better take it," he said; "I've got another. And you look done up."

Gillian, flushing angrily, would have given the silver toy back, but Jacky's hand caught her wrist. The man would never miss the flask, and it might mean everything to them.

"That's right!" he commented approvingly. "Never let a good thing go by." Have a sandwich? and he threw a greasy package to Jacky. Before she could thank him he had turned away, his drunken kind-heartedness forgotten. But he had put new life into their veins.

As the train rolled into the London station it suddenly remembered them.

"Want a cab? See you to a cab!" he insisted, and hustled them out into the lighted desolation of the great station, where they were swallowed by a throng of excursionists, who swept by the barriers like a tidal wave.

"Easy does it!" cried their officious friend, and with a dexterous hand on the back of each slim waist he ran them out through what was all but a free fight.

"Run, Jacky, run!" Gillian panted, as they were pushed out into the open street. "I saw that man there!"

She dragged Jacky away as she was thanking their burly ally.

"What man?" Yet she knew without waiting for the answer.

"The detective—who dined with Mr. Marchmont—that night," wildly. "He couldn't be looking for us?"

"Did he see us?" Jacky's heart stood still.

"No; they pushed him down and hustled him, but I saw him quite well."

"He wouldn't be looking for us," said Jacky. Her lips felt queer and cold. Marchmont must have died! Lesard, her lover—Gillian's husband—would swing if Gill and she had to witness against him!

"Run, Gill!" she cried in her turn, and never dreamed that it was not Lesard for whom the detective was watching the station!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TELLTALE MAP.

"What!" said Sir Charles Vivian. "Murdered—Marchmont?" Lady Wellford wrung her hands where she stood in the village street.

"He was found dead—in his own room," she cried tragically. "Oh, Sir Charles! And it might have happened to any of us—to me! I'm going to close our house at once and go to London. I don't feel safe here. Oh! that poor, misguided girl!"

What girl? Was the woman crazy?

"Don't you know?" She stared at him. "She's gone—Gillian Hamilton—and they are afraid she did it."

"Did what—shot him?" with angry derision.

"He wasn't shot, he was stabbed! He was simply drained of blood, Simon says," shivering. "And Gillian and her maid were gone. Their beds had never been slept in."

"You don't know what you are talking about, if you'll pardon my saying so." He was suddenly so stern that she winced. "No girl could stab a man like Marchmont, and she involuntarily was terrified of him." He could have sworn at his slip the minute it was out.

"Terrified! I thought they were on the best of terms!"

"So they were, for all I know," he amended coldly. "But her stabbing him is all rubbish. You are a much stronger woman than Miss Hamilton, and I'll lay odds you couldn't stick a carving knife through a piece of roast beef, let alone a living man. Where's Sir Simon?"

"At Hamilton Place," icily. Her ladyship was furious. "The poor housekeeper is nearly frantic. It seems she was devoted to him."

"I dare say," but he was on his horse and yards away from Lady Wellford before he said it, hurrying to Sir Simon at Hamilton Place. There was some mistake about Gillian, he knew. Surely by this time she was back. He jumped off his horse at the great doorway, and the spring wind fluttered in his face the yards of crepe that hung from the door-handle.

"Miss Hamilton?" he said stupidly, as Brookes opened the door.

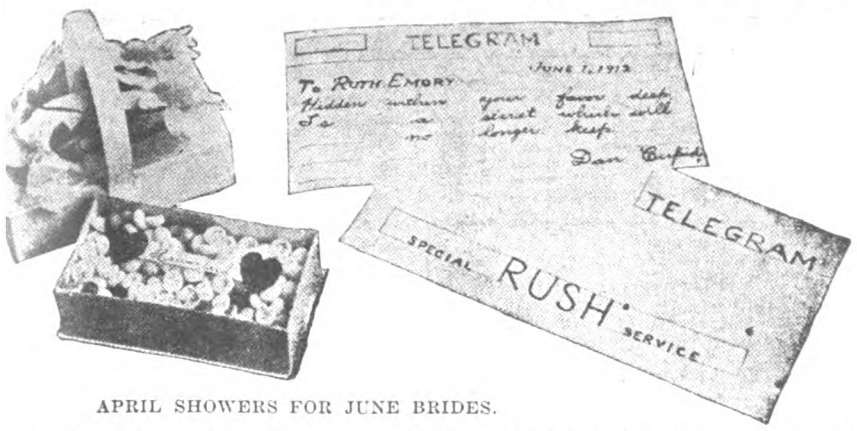
"We don't know where she is," Sir Charles said the man stolidly, though the visitor saw his face was lined and drawn till he looked an old man.

"She's gone, and her maid, too. It's a dreadful house, sir—my poor master."

There was nothing out of the way in either his manner or his looks, and yet the keen, blue eyes bent on him saw a something they did not like.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

PRIL FRUITS AND VEGETABLES



APRIL SHOWERS FOR JUNE BRIDES.

By Violet Marsh

ight, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

OOKERY means the knowledge of Medea and Circe and of Helen and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves and sa- meats. It means carefulness and inven- and willingness and readiness of appli- It means the economy of your grand- and the science of the modern chemist; much testing and no wasting; it means thoroughness and French art and Arabian ity; and, in fine, it means that you are erfectly and always ladies—loaf givers.

nnouncing An Engagement

showers" are now being planned for the ides and everyone who has been a bride ith what pleasure she received anything, r how simple or e cost, that had ith the kitchen preparation of Every bride-to- a thrill of min- onfidence and is she reviews eriences in cook- wonders what he will have in tender biscuits hery cakes "just ." During the te a fad devel- giving "show- home-canned th accompany- pes. The hostess arranged that the were written on cards of uniform size, en- an envelope and attractively tied with o the tops of the jars. Enclosed in the velope could be other "tried and true" f favorite dishes.

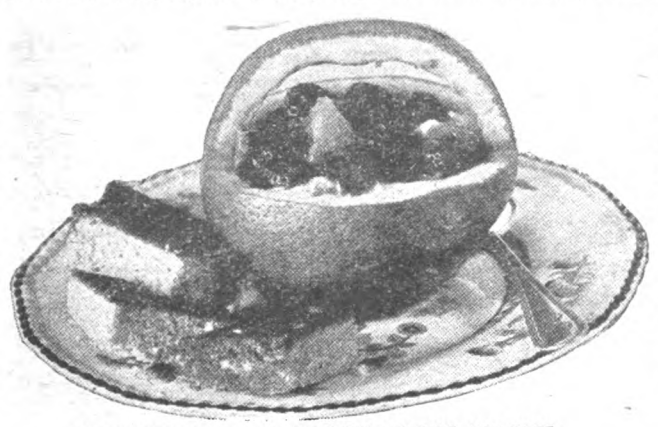
ver you put into the bridal shower, make it it fills a practical want. Don't buy hat you have never had any use for your- most likely they will become dust-col- n the shelf of discards.

g useful pieces for early housekeeping e small platters, vegetable dishes that hold ur servings, dinner-size plates and a few al dishes (as nearly everything is served on the dinner plate), cereal dishes, bread- er plates and tea-size plates for desserts pers.

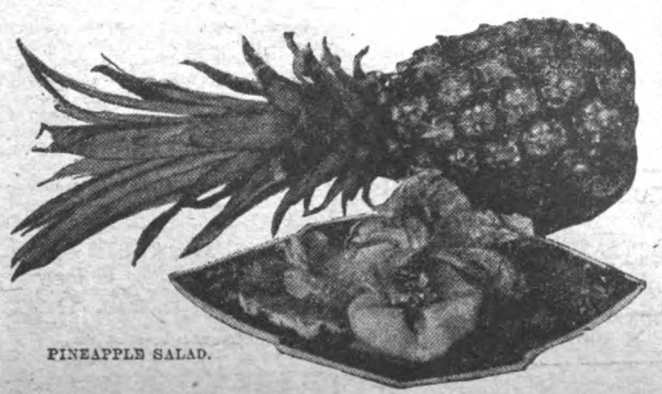
g acceptable kitchen utensils are a good ife, a narrow, slender-bladed meat knife, ther that has a wider and thicker blade, pointed, and one blunt, vegetable knife, ruit knife and a spatula for cooking. Add a meat fork and a kitchen emery wheel ll put a keen edge on the knives and scissors, and clean silver with a buffer ent. This latter utensil will please both d groom, and while it is not expensive, e likely to get along without it, never g of its usefulness.

gifts which, even if duplicated, will not iss in the long run, are holders, dish mop, strainers, cheese cloth, mystic cleaner, f dirt , good ad and boards, apkins, paper, paraf- aling d last, least, ckages cotton linen h are ut nec- articles new

how to ce the ement be ar- etween de-to-be hostess as in- e girl's m a t e for the of the formal announcement, but the fact shower must be kept a secret from her. At of this column is pictured a "fake" tele- hich, when read, announces the names of aged couple, and is signed, "Dan Cupid." legram may be worded to suit the parties ed. It is hidden in a large paper rose on er of a box of candy hearts, which is t into the room and handed to, and read engaged girl. After congratulations, ap- te music or other entertainment should and the informal serving of simple refresh- Then at a point when it appears as if were nothing more to happen, the bride-to- dled into another room where the "shower" ctively displayed, and there for a few brief ts she is allowed to be alone.



GRAPEFRUIT BASKET WITH STRAWBERRIES AND CAKE.



PINEAPPLE SALAD.

back into the room will find herself followed by the string of packages.

A Company Dinner

POTATO SOUP.—Cook together three medium-sized potatoes sliced, half a cup of finely cut celery, and half an onion thinly sliced, in water to cover. When soft, press the vegetables through a strainer and return to the water they were cooked in, or they may be left whole. Melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, and gradually work in two tablespoons of dry flour. When blended add two cups of milk gradually and then the vegetable mixture, and enough more milk to make about six cups of soup. Flavor with salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and a little paprika. Cook about two minutes after it begins to boil. A sliced green pepper with seeds removed can be added, if desired, just before serving.

NOODLES.—Beat one egg slightly, add one-half teaspoon of salt, and flour sufficient to make a very stiff dough. Turn out on floured board, using as little flour as possible. Knead, cut and toss until smooth, then roll as thin as possible without the dough breaking. Do not disturb, but cover with a thick cloth half an hour. Now roll the dough and cut it into as thin slices as possible. Unroll the slices and dry on the board. Cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water as you would macaroni. Or, it may be cooked in thin soup stock. Add to a meat fricassee.

TONGUE WITH VEGETABLES.—Use a good-sized fresh beef tongue, cover with boiling water and after it begins to cook, set it back where the simmering point will be mantained two hours. Remove tongue from water, peel off the skin and trim the roots. Place in a deep cooker, and surround with one small carrot, one small onion, two stalks of celery thinly sliced, and one-half cup of tomato. Cover with a sauce made as follows: Melt one-third cup of butter and stir into it one-third cup of flour that has been carefully browned in the oven. Gradually stir in the water in which the tongue was cooked. There should be about one quart. Season with salt and pepper and cook five minutes before adding to tongue. Cover closely and bake one and a half hour in a slow oven after it begins to slowly simmer.

DANDELION GREENS.—Remove dead leaves, long stems and blossoms. Trim off most of the roots and soak one hour in many times as much cold water as you have greens. Change water several times, always skimming out the greens so to leave the grit undisturbed at the bottom. Add boiling water gradually as the cooking begins, so not to have too much water after shrinking. Drain by skimming into a colander. Chop, reheat with salt and butter. Serve with vinegar or lemon juice.

NEW CABBAGE SALAD.—Select a small, hard cabbage such as are found in early spring. These are sweet and tender. Cut in quarters and soak in lightly salted cold water until crisp. Drain, and with a sharp knife shave as finely as possible, as the success of the salad depends on this. Have ready a dressing made as follows: One tablespoon of butter melted then mixed with three-fourths tablespoon of flour, a dash of cayenne and about one-eighth teaspoon of salt. Stir and cook until smooth, then gradually add one-half cup of cream. When thoroughly cooked, remove from fire and beat. Cool. Just before serving beat in a little lemon juice.

EGG MUFFINS.—Two cups of sifted flour sifted twice with four even teaspoons of baking powder, one-third teaspoon of salt and one and one-half tablespoon of sugar. Beat one egg well, add one cup of milk and two tablespoons of melted butter and stir into the flour mixture. The butter may be omitted and the cup of mixing made of milk and four tablespoons of heavy sweet or sour cream. Bake half an hour in muffin tins well buttered.

CORN-STARCH PUDDING.—Mix three tablespoons of corn-starch, one-eighth teaspoon of salt and one-half cup of sugar. Wet with one-fourth cup of cold milk. In a double boiler have two cups of scalding milk and one square of chocolate melted. Gradually add the corn-starch mixture and cook until it thickens, then add one-half teaspoon of maple flavoring. Pour into a mould to set. Serve with sugar and cream.

Timely Recipes

PINEAPPLE WITH VARIOUS COMBINATIONS.—This delicious fruit deserves all the popularity it enjoys, for it is appetizing and refreshing, contains nourishment, and when eaten either raw or cooked at the close of a hearty dinner will act as a digester. When the pineapple season is at its height housekeepers should take advantage of the low price to buy freely for immediate use and for canning.

SLICED PINEAPPLE.—With the left hand hold the pineapple firmly by the top leaves and pare with a thin, sharp knife. With a pointed knife, remove the eyes. Lay the fruit on its side in a large platter, cut away the stem end and then cut the whole into half-inch slices. Cut out the centers. In a glass serving dish arrange the slices with a sprinkling of sugar according to the sweetness of the fruit.

CANNED PINEAPPLE.—The fruit may be prepared in slices, the slices cut into cubes, or it may be put through the food chopper to be used in fancy drinks and desserts. If chopped, it should be handled rapidly and the sugar, which should be one-half its weight, added at once. Put into jars at once and cook 30 minutes. In canning the sliced or cut-up pineapple, fill the jars to the shoulder with fruit and then to overflowing with a syrup made of equal parts of water and sugar. Cook 30 minutes.

PINEAPPLE SALAD.—Four cups of pineapple cut into small cubes. Cover with one-half the weight of sugar that there is pineapple, and let it stand several hours with one-half pound of marshmallows cut into fourths or smaller. Drain. Make a dressing as follows: Beat two eggs thoroughly, add one teaspoon each of flour and sugar well mixed, then one cup of pineapple juice and three teaspoons of lemon juice. Beat well with the eggbeater and cook in double boiler until it thickens, stirring constantly. When cold add one cup of whipped cream. Arrange pineapple and marshmallows in the center of a shallow salad dish, surround with small leaves from heart of lettuce, pour over the dressing and sprinkle with eight tablespoons of broken pecan meats.

SALAD COMBINATIONS.—Sliced pineapple, orange, cottage cheese, lettuce, dressing.

Diced pineapple, banana, nuts, apple, mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple, canned or fresh pear, lemon juice, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Sliced pineapple, strawberries cut into halves, banana, lettuce, sweet salad dressing.

PINEAPPLE-ORANGE MARMALADE.—Wash and remove the peel from three oranges. Separate the sections and remove every bit of white peel, and the dividing-pulps and seeds. Finally shred the peel with scissors. Cover orange and peel with three cups of water and let stand over night. Cook until the peel is tender, then add one good-sized pineapple put through the food chopper. Cook slowly half an hour, add five cups of sugar, or more if desired, about one-third cup of raw almonds that have been blanched and ground, and cook slowly from one-half to an hour longer.

Other Seasonable Recipes

BANANA CROQUTTES.—Peel and scrape the banana and cut off the ends. Make a beaten mixture of one egg and four tablespoons of milk. Roll the banana in this until completely coated, then roll in fine bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

ESCALLOPED BANANA.—Two cups of fine, soft bread-crumbs mixed with one-third cup of melted butter. Butter a deep baking dish, cover the bottom with crumbs, then with sliced banana, repeating until all is used, with crumbs on top. Over the top pour the juice of one lemon, cover and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Remove the cover and brown. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Cream one-fourth cup of butter until very light, gradually add three-fourths cup of powdered sugar, then alternating two tablespoons of sweet milk and two tablespoons of orange or pineapple juice, only a very little at a time. Beat hard.

GRAPEFRUIT BASKET WITH STRAWBERRIES AND CAKE.—With a sharp fruit-knife cut a grapefruit basket shape. Remove the pulp, pick it apart, discarding any of the membrane. Select ripe strawberries. Cut in halves and mix in equal parts with the grapefruit. Sweeten to taste and let it stand one hour. Fill the baskets and serve. Other fruits may be added.

WHITE CAKE.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter, gradually beat in one cup of sugar and add one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Sift one and two-thirds cup of flour with two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder and alternately add it to the butter mixture with one-half cup of milk. Beat until smooth, then fold in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and dry. Bake in shallow tin about half an hour in an oven a little above moderate heat.

CUP CAKES WITH VARIED FROSTINGS, AND FILLED PASTRY.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until very thick, then gradually beat in one-half cup of sugar, then add a little over one-third of a cup of hot milk, one-fourth teaspoon of lemon flavoring, one-half cup more of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, the two egg whites beaten stiff and dry, and one cup of flour sifted with two scant teaspoons of baking powder. Beat until smooth and bake in gem tins in a moderate oven.

UNCOOKED FROSTING.—Beat the whites of two eggs until very stiff, gradually beat in one and one-half cup of confectioner's sugar, add two tablespoons of boiling hot water, and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. It is well not to add the last half tablespoon of water at first, as difference in size of eggs causes the amount of liquid to vary. If too thin more sugar may be added.

WHITE ICING.—In the top of a double boiler put one cup of granulated sugar, four tablespoons of cold water and the unbeaten white of one egg. Keep the water boiling continually, and beat with a Dover egg beater until the frosting takes definite shape when the beater is lifted. Take from fire and add one-eighth teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Continue beating until firm enough to spread without running.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.—In a bowl over the teakettle put two squares of chocolate, one level teaspoon of butter, three tablespoons of hot water, and stir until melted. Cool and stir in enough confectioner's sugar to spread. Flavor with vanilla. Sprinkle with ground nut meats for variety.

LEMON CREAM FILLING.—Mix together one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of corn-starch, a pinch of salt, two beaten egg yolks, rind and juice of one lemon, then add one cup of boiling water. Stir and cook until thickened. When cold, fill baked pastry shells. Whip the two egg whites until stiff, stir in two tablespoons of sugar and spread over tops. Brown in a slow heat.

Household Hints

Use vaseline for dressing russet shoes.

Use turpentine to take out paint spots.

Use salt and vinegar to clean brass ornaments.

Use turpentine to clean nickel-plated ornaments.

Use turpentine to clean and brighten patent leather.

Use a horsewhip to beat your carpets, draperies and rugs.

Use hot vinegar to remove paint from window glass.

Use a little aqua ammonia in the water when cleaning paint.

Use common baking soda on a damp flannel to clean silver.

Use boraxine in the scrubbing water and save time, soap, and "elbow grease."

Use newspaper in which to wrap woolen goods or garments to be laid away for the summer and moths will not trouble them.

Use a few drops of kerosene in the cleaner when cleaning wall-paper. You will be surprised at the results; the cleaner will go farther, and the dirt will be removed more easily.

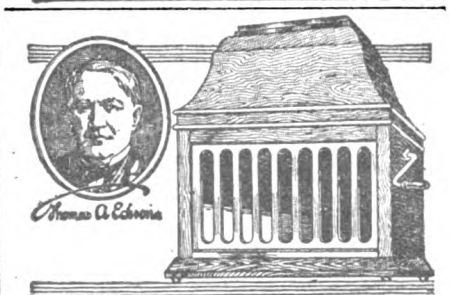
Use a preparation made of equal parts of turpentine, linseed oil and good cider vinegar for rubbing your well-worn furniture. This will remove scratches and keep the furniture looking new.

They Must Like Him

Rev. E. Thompson will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday next. The choir will render an anthem of joy and thanksgiving specially composed for the occasion.—*New England paper.*

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Cubby Bear Saves Golden-Locks

By Lena B. Ellin

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"LISTEN—what kind of a cry is that?" asked Racky Coon, holding up one paw to quiet Chirpy Chipmunk's chatter.

Racky, Chirpy, Billy Bluejay and Cubby Bear had come to the river bank that September afternoon to gather choke-cherries, which hung in ripe, black, juicy clusters.

They all heard the sound, and looked at one another in wonder.

"It is not the voice of any of our forest people—I know that!" said Cubby.

"It is coming nearer. It is on the river!" said Billy Bluejay, and flew down over the bank.

"Come, come!" he called to the others. They hurried to the river bank, and peered over.

Around a bend in the river came a little boat, floating on the current. Billy Bluejay flew to meet it, perched for a moment on the edge of the boat, then came flying back in great excitement.

"It is a child!" he cried. "All alone! And such a little one! He has no oars, and is not big enough to use them, anyway. Why do you stand there staring, instead of *doing* something? There is swift, rough water not far below here, and further on, the falls!"

"Oh, poor thing, he will be drowned!" mourned Chirpy Chipmunk.

"We must save him!" cried Racky Coon. "But how? You are the only one of us large enough to stop the boat, Cubby Bear, but I will do all I can to help you!"

"Oh, if Mamma Bruin were only here!" said Cubby, rather panicstricken.

"The boat is almost here," fluttered Billy Bluejay. "Be quick, or you will be too late!"

Cubby gathered up his courage desperately, and gave a sudden jump.

Down into the water he sank, and on rising, saw the boat just passing by. He caught at the end of the boat with one paw, and tried to pull himself up into it.

The child, more frightened than ever, gave a wild scream, and started for the other end of the boat. And, what with his moving, and Cubby's splashing and struggling, the little boat was overturned, and the child thrown into the water.

"A pretty mess you're making of it!" sputtered Billy Bluejay angrily.

Luckily, they were close by the bank. Racky Coon had plunged into the water, and, between them, he and Cubby kept the child's head above water, and dragged him up the river bank.

"That was a hard tussle," puffed Racky, shaking the water from his coat.

Cubby Bear was trying to lift the little one from the ground, where he crouched, wailing dismally.

"He will never let you take him home with you," said Chirpy Chipmunk. "Poor thing, see how wet and shivery he is!"

"There is nothing else to do," said Cubby. "He does not seem to know where to go, and we cannot leave him here."

The child was a tiny thing, but he used all his small strength to resist being lifted.

"Poor little Golden-Locks," said Cubby pityingly. "I would not hurt you. Oh, I wish you could understand what I say, and then you would not be afraid." Cubby persisted, patiently, paying no heed to the slaps and kicks the little fellow gave him. At last he had him clasped firmly in his arms, and started on the long walk home.

After a while the little boy sobbed himself to sleep, and then Cubby carried him more easily, though he was obliged to sit down and rest often.

At last they reached Mamma Bruin's house. The door stood open to let in the sweet September air, and in they all marched.

"Mercy on us, what have you there?" cried Grandma Bear. "Take that child back to where you got him from, Cubby Bear! You have done very, very wrong! The homes of man are the place for the children of man—not the homes of animals. We are different."

"Would you have let him go into the swift water and over the falls—such a little man, all alone?" asked Billy Bluejay. "Cubby Bear was brave and good to save him!"

"And when he was saved from the river, could he be left wet, and cold, and alone?" asked Chirpy.

"Ah, well, if that was the way of it, you did quite right!" approved Grandma Bear.

She looked with keen interest at the little sleeping face, and gently touched the curling golden hair.

Mamma Bruin came in, and they explained what had happened, talking all together.

"Poor child, poor child!" she said. "He does not belong at the farmhouse, does he?"

"Oh, no! I know all the farmhouse children," said Billy Bluejay, "and he is not one of them."

Little Golden-Locks would eat no supper. Tired out with crying, he lay on the floor, now and then sobbing a little, piteously.

After dark, he fell asleep once more, and Cubby



"WE MUST TAKE HIM HOME, SINCE WE KNOW WHERE HE BELONGS," SAID MAMMA BRUIN.

"Let me hold him!" she said eagerly. "I never saw a human child, so near, before. The pretty, pretty thing!"

Cubby started to put the little boy in her lap, but he woke, and began crying and struggling again.

Cubby put him down on the floor, and he ran to the farthest corner of the room, uttering shrieks of terror.

tenderly lifted him and laid him on the bed.

Racky, Chirpy and Billy had spread the word throughout the Pleasant Forest that a human child was at Mamma Bruin's house, and before the sun was up, the house and yard were filled with the forest people, all curious to see the little stranger.

"Be polite to him," Bunny Rabbit charged his Bunny Babies, whose little noses were a-tremble with excitement, "and answer if he [illegible] even though you do not understand what he says."

Silently they waited for the child to awaken.

Suddenly Mollie Muskrat sneezed. "Ker-choo! Ker-choo, choo!"

"I couldn't help it, Cubby Bear [illegible] to!" she apologized.

The little boy stirred, opened his eyes, looked wildly around at the crowd of [illegible]. Spying Cubby Bear, he seemed to realize he had found a friend, and held up his [illegible] be taken.

Cubby lifted him and held him [illegible] little one snuggled against Cubby's [illegible] it with both hands.

Cubby loved him. He was so dear [illegible] and so different.

Groups of the forest people stayed [illegible] ma Bruin's house all day, and [illegible] little boy was talked about by [illegible] of his eyes, like the sky, his yellow [illegible] sunbeams, the pink of his smooth [illegible] little sunset cloud. Eagerly they [illegible] comer of the strange thing that [illegible]

Along in the afternoon came Shi[illegible] flying through the air.

"Where have you been?" they asked [illegible] into Mamma Bruin's house and see [illegible] derful thing we have to show you."

It was a strange sight, indeed, [illegible] black Crow's eyes.

The little stranger child was [illegible] floor, close beside Cubby Bear, taking [illegible] from Cubby's paw with his little [illegible] and putting them one by one [illegible] mouth.

Cubby Bear smiled proudly.

"He's not afraid of me any more [illegible]

"I know that child!" exclaimed Sh[illegible]

"You—know—him?" faltered [illegible] heart sank, for he knew that he [illegible] his new treasure.

"You remember," went on Shinyb[illegible] have told you about some children [illegible] friends of mine, and feed me with [illegible] their yard. They live in a house [illegible] the village. Well, this is the small [illegible] a time he has shared his lunch [illegible] me how you found him."

"Well, well!" said Shinyblack [illegible] by had told him all about the [illegible] gerous ride on the river and how [illegible]

"That explains what I saw this [illegible] were a lot of men down by the river [illegible] and in boats, and I wondered what [illegible] ing. They were looking for this [illegible] But I cannot understand how he [illegible] in a boat! Perhaps he was with [illegible] and the boat got away from them [illegible] they could run such risks I cannot [illegible]

"We must take him home, since we [illegible] he belongs," said Mamma Bruin. "[illegible] morning will be the best time, before [illegible] folks are astir, but when it is light [illegible] him to see and know his home."

Before light in the cool September [illegible] Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear were [illegible] their breakfast. Shinyblack Crow was [illegible] for he was to show them where to [illegible]

Cubby took little Golden-Locks [illegible] ber, in his arms, refusing Mamma Bruin [illegible] carry him.

"No, no," said Cubby. "I love [illegible] and he will never be with us again."

The walk was long, and before the [illegible] village the little boy woke, and walked [illegible] way, holding to Cubby's paw.

"See—there is his house—the [illegible] ought to know it," said Shinyblack Crow. [illegible] people are up already."

Even as he spoke, the child [illegible] and ran as fast as his little [illegible] toward the house, calling, "Mamma [illegible] mamma!"

The door was thrown open. A [illegible] out, and caught the lost little one, [illegible] restored, to her heart.

"I am glad we could take him back [illegible] by, on the way back to the forest [illegible] tively wiped away a tear. "It is [illegible] and I love him so much, I want [illegible]

Crumbs of Comfort

We can dispense our own gloom or glory.
God's delays are not always his denials.
The days that make us happy make us wise.
The house of character is built by thought.
Fear, greed and sensuality destroy themselves.
Journey as much as possible on the road of love.
Life is not designed to minister to our vanities.
The more we forgive the more we will be forgiven.
God and man are powerless without one another.
The earth is old, but our civilization is young.
Intense individuality is necessary to all genius.
Keep no outlying forts nor sentries to your heart.
Today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday.
The soul is the oldest voice and has its own echoes.
Do not always play the looker-on in the game of life.
With hope men can work and dare all things.
Only the real friends travel the uphill roads with us.
Sing all the notes you like, but sign as few as possible.
All sin is an effort to gain happiness in the wrong way.
He is greatest who is most often in men's good thoughts.
Temptation is the balance in which character is weighed.
The highest courage is of the spirit and not of the body.
Often while we are in darkness, a child can see face to face.
A guilty conscience must carry its own [illegible] it.
Friendships, like money, are more easily [illegible] kept.
The best books are those which what we [illegible] touch a man.
Do not let your wishbone slip in where your [illegible] ought to be.
The written word is often the pathfinder [illegible] of conquerors.
A civilization can be rich, wise and powerful [illegible] not be beautiful.
He who has once been happy is forever [illegible] struction's reach.
The high soul climbs the high way, and the [illegible] gropes on the low.
Every misunderstanding can be smoothed out [illegible] ness and patience.
Art to be of value must be a man's freest [illegible] instinctive expression.
No opportunity is so golden as the one when [illegible] something to forgive.
The touch of a loving hand can often give more [illegible] than a thousand words.
Let your heart be big, but without room [illegible] memory of any wrong.
Happiness and unhappiness depend not upon [illegible] ternal, but upon the internal.
No man can catch all, or the best, of what [illegible] moment or two within his reach.
The first farmer was the first man, and all [illegible] on the use and possession of land.
The nobler man is made not of strength and [illegible] calculation, but by his heart and strength to love.
History tells us that the real kings of men [illegible] only as they held the fort of their personality [illegible] times.
The frost is God's plough, which he drives through [illegible] inch of ground, opening each clod and pulverizing [illegible] whole.
Nourish your mind. It is the part of you which [illegible] most and upon which you can spend time [illegible] continuously.
There are two freedoms: the false where a man [illegible] do what he likes, and the true, where a man [illegible] what he ought.
If the truth were known, men would wonder [illegible] small amount of learning with which a high [illegible] culture is compatible.
Months, years and centuries are but the arbitrary [illegible] outward signs and measures of time, but they are [illegible] itself. Time is the life of the soul.
If you would climb to the high places and get [illegible] enjoyment out of life, you must conquer the base [illegible] of nature, you must have every atom of the dross [illegible] honesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, [illegible] become as fine as the finest gold, as true as the best.

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"A Kiss in the Dark" A pretty romance with a thrilling crisis due to a sudden yielding to temptation.

"Cooking Made Easy" Cerials and how to cook them for various uses; a Good Loaf and how to make it; Foods for children.

"A Novel and Decorative Fly Chaser" The graceful and decorative spray of a certain garden vegetable is useful as a fly chaser.

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NOW the sunlight is deeper each day. As I pick out the sun-warm side of the street for my daily walk, I can look in fancy beyond pavement and curb and see the grass growing green by spring runs and in wet meadows. April's touch is on the earth and the response is instant. As grass and buds are answering, so it seems that we, too, must come forth anew these days and send out green shoots on our winter-released lives. "To feel the throbbing spring"—to quote Lowell—to know we are alive with that Life of which spring is a part and an expression. Lucky are those who can thrill the most to April's touch. Libraries and universities, dusty rows of books and burdened desks, suddenly seem strangely dull and useless things when struck by spring sunlight. Many books, both old and new, are as gray as the lives of the men who wrote them—foggy with doubts and cold with frosty years. They were never penned in April and are a part of the chilly sham and shadow that hang over so much of our so-called "intellectual life." It is high time for a revolt against mind—the "modern mind" and the men it makes.

For not only in the springtime, but always, I believe that we know too much and feel too little. Kind hearts are more than college degrees, and simple faith than unproven and indigested knowledge. Our relationship with our fellow-men through life must be a human one, and our world is a living mass which, in its whole aspect is a result of the contacts and relationships of man to man. In the spirit of these relationships lies the tendency and course of the world in which we live. How important is it, therefore, that our humanity, our instinct for brotherhood, our capacities for comradeship, be not diminished or killed by any over-exalting of the intellect, by any swelling of the brain and dwindling of the heart which leaves the individual crippled in friendliness, and left to hobble irritatedly and separately through life on a crutch of so-called culture.

Our whole system for the training of the young today is based upon an exaltation of the intellect as a remedy for all things and as a means of success in life. A fetich has been made of "higher education", and to this too many of our youth are unfortunately dedicated. The altar of civilization which we have built up and before which the industrial fires burn, demands slaves and priests to carry out its specialized and diverse service. Business has become a religion and success a creed. And under a thin mask the same thing goes on in the so-called professions, where the same altar is served and the same gods worshiped—less openly perhaps—but none the less faithfully. So servants of the Altar of Material Reason and members of future Rotary Clubs are supplied by our great educational institutions in liberal numbers, and college presidents compete in offering the most earnest and well-equipped followers of the faith. The over-taught, heart-stifled, conforming worshipers go out to begin life, never having learned from any of their unhappy teachers that man exists only as a very human seeker after happiness, and that to gain this his life must be lived among and for his fellows—and not above or upon them.

For the fatality is, of course, that all a man knows, all that he has been taught in his formative years to regard as true, must be used by him in life according to those standards and within the limits that his inner self may dictate or permit. Wrecking and wreckage become certain then when the life of the external world becomes all, and that of the interior self dwindles in neglect. It is out of the fullness of the heart, not the head, that a man really acts and speaks. At all crucial periods of life the brain plays but little part. A man's life, despite any degrees to his name or space won in biographies, is always a record of what he feels, never what he knows. His attitude toward life and his fellows has been a heart-dictated one. No withered, neglected inner life can ever blossom in the flower of happy living. If the heart is a wilderness, no rose will grow there. And who is educating the heart today or planting its waste places? Very few. Because parents are involved in the over-activity and complexity of our modern life and engulfed in economic pressure, too many children are neglected and are brought up with little love in the home, and their affectional life never gains proper or natural growth. It is the more easily stifled afterwards. I have read of a well-known man who was speaking of his early years. Some one said: "You must have had a good mother who trained you well." The man replied: "My mother never trained me; she just loved me." There are volumes of the greatest wisdom of life in that simple answer.

Always he has lived best who has loved most and been most loved. Always he will understand best who has loved best. A man who loves only himself has died many times. All of our modern training and ways of living tend to separate man from man, bringing consequent and sure unhappiness and evil. That man is one has been the cosmic cry of all religion, all great teachers, since the written word gives record. Division brings its penalty. Look on the faces of the world—the educated world, the cultured world—and see how many of these faces reflect any happiness and the signs of an open heart ready to beat in unison with those of its fellows. After the first youthful years, life to the masses of men today becomes an endurance test. Philosophy is engaged by libraryfuls in giving reasons for so enduring, and science in helping them to endure. Simple joy is regarded but as the possession of children and fools, and natural laughter is rarely heard from the adults of our western races. If all of man cultivated reason brings him to this, surely we need pray to be made simple.

From Plato down through history man has fabled of Utopias that would give us all a systematized and greater share of human happiness. Today our "students of scientific government" are engaged in the same baffling search. Always man has recognized that something—either little or much—was wrong, and has pondered forms and systems to make it right. As the world has become ill—and it is often an invalid—plans and institutions multiply for remedying its complaint. But nothing can cure sick society but a complete change of life, of heart, on the part of men who collectively form the ailing body of mankind. It is out of the heart, not the brain, that the true fullness of life must come. We must feel more. We must educate our hearts. There are many teachers if we turn to them. Although we may have forgotten it, there is a diploma for whosoever "dwelleth in love." Let us look forward to the City of Friends' the Democracy of Comrades, the Kingdom of Heaven, that all the Great Companions, the Great Teachers of the race have dreamed and taught. We need to listen to these and looking within, not out, for guidance, build ourselves and our world anew.

And now for the letters:

TROY, ALABAMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Have long looked for a letter from this part of Alabama. I am twelve years old, weigh ninety pounds, and have a big brown eyes and black hair.

Troy is a little town of 2,600 inhabitants. It is situated upon a high hill, well-drained, which makes it very healthy. Has six churches, three school buildings, and one of these is the State Normal.

We are just a family of four—father, mother and one brother. We live four miles south of Troy. My brother and I—he is nine—attend the State Normal. Farming is the general occupation, raising cotton, corn, beans, peanuts, hay and cattle. This county ships lots of hogs north, Troy being the county seat of Pike.

We live at a beautiful place. Large oaks and water works. We live on the highway. Lots of people ride through here going to Florida for the winter. We have a lot of consolidated schools in this part of the county. I have been taking music three years from what is considered the best teacher in the state. I like music just fine.

The 13th of May is my birthday and last time I had a party—just inviting the sixth grade—my grade. Does anyone want to give me a card shower this birthday? If so, it will be much appreciated. Guess I better quit now.

Your little Alabama cousin,

JEWEL MAE CROWE.

Jewel Mae, I hope you mae have a happy birthday on the 13th of Mae and that you mae get a big shower of postcards. Your letter particularly interested me because you revealed the fact that it is Alabama'a county of Pike which is responsible for shipping so many hogs north. I often have wondered where so many of 'em came from, and now I know who is playing this mean trick. Jewel, I wish you would have it stopped and keep at least fifty per cent. of these hogs at home. They are too thick here. When I try to go over to New York I meet the Subway Hog. On the first of every month the Landlord Hog comes crowding fatly around. The Butcher Hog seems to think that a lamb chop is related to a three carat diamond, and a new specimen, the Book Publishing Hog, has succeeded in halving quality of paper and binding, and doubling prices. Now that I know about where these chaps come from Jewel, I shall have an embargo placed on Pike county freight at once.

It's nice you can raise peanuts on your Troy farm, Jewel Mae. If I ever own a southern farm I am going to make a specialty of growing salted peanuts. This is the only variety of peanut I care for. I should think everybody would raise these instead of bothering with the old-fashioned flat-tasting, shelly kind. And the growing of salted peanuts is not difficult. Two tons of fine table salt should be broadcasted to the acre and well harrowed in. There should be two top dressings with cotton-seed oil—the first of these when the plants are four inches high, and the second just before the vines come to blossom. Owing to the salt the young peanut plants are very thirsty and require a lot of water. Where the rainfall is insufficient, a small sponge should be attached to the base of each plant and kept well moistened. Harvesting should be done in paraffin paper bags on a dry day. I hope you will try growing at least a small patch of salted peanuts next season, Jewel, and let me know results. If you are successful I will tell you my method of raising chocolate almonds and you can put in an acre or two of these. It would be much better for you to be shipping salted peanuts and chocolate almonds north, than to be sending us those Troy weight hogs.

CALEDONIA, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a little boy ten years old and live on a farm of eighty acres. I have a dear, dear dad and mother whom I love devotedly. I have one little brother, Harry Clyde, four years old; and two little sisters, Merce Ree, six years, and Lady Geraldine, eight months. The baby is the cutest little thing you ever saw: she has two little teeth and bites us every one.

I go to a country school and am in fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Carrie West. She is a good one, too; plays base ball and basket ball with us, but she makes great big goo-goo eyes at us if we don't study. Guess she would whip us if we were naughty, but we haven't but fourteen scholars, so we do nothing but study and play.

Uncle Lisha, I have a little 22 rifle, a calf and a dog. The dog is bob-tailed and as lazy as a cow. I have two awfully fat little pigs all my own. Dad has some big fat hogs to kill when it turns cold enough. Come to see me then and we'll have shortening bread.

Dad plays the violin and mother and we children sing. We learned some songs at school. We have a Christmas song, a Thanksgiving song, and a Jack Frost song. Our teacher is teaching us a lot of good things.

I can swim by hanging two gourds under my arms. Without gourds my feet won't stay up. We have a nice little swimming pool in our pasture. I mean to finish learning next summer. I have never worked any in the field yet. Dad says I may learn to plow next year, but guess I'll have to plow with my bob-tailed dog, for our mules are regular fire-eaters.

I spent a week with Aunt Tennie Sanders last fall before school started. She lives at Amory, Mississippi, about 45 miles from here, and went home with Uncle Harvey. I surely had a good time; but, Uncle Lisha, I wouldn't like to live in town. Give me the country so I can wear my little blue overalls to school, go barefooted, and see the pretty grain grow.

Well, Uncle, guess I had better quit for this time. My eyes burn and I'll get sleepy at school tomorrow. That dead Mrs. Carrie West will have me on the black horse if I don't know my lessons well.

Now please don't let that pop-eyed Goat get this, for it is my first letter and I'll surely be disappointed if I don't see it in print.

Your loving nephew,

VERNER ANDREWS.

Verner, yours was the nicest letter I have read in a long while, and I'm so glad you kept right on writing until your eyes were sore and Lady Geraldine was fast asleep in her crib. She must be a cute, chubby baby, this Lady Jerry of yours, able to keep plump by taking a bite out of all the family whenever she feels in the least hungry. I think it is just as well she has but two teeth—for otherwise you might all soon be gnawed to the bone and Jerry might have to start in chewing on the mules.

I don't wonder you like to live in the country. Verner, when you can have all the good things and times your letter tells about; fat little babies, fat little pigs, a fat little dog—and all the shortening bread one can eat; and a concert right at home on winter nights, and a swimming pool handy in the pasture lot on summer days. Caledonia seems pretty plumb near Paradise the way you tell it. Vernie, maybe I'll come down to see you this summer and tie a gourd to each of my big toes and go swimming with you in the pasture pool. And if Lady Geraldine wants to take a bite out of my left ear while I'm there, she'll be welcome to it. Anyway that ear is a little longer than the other and would stand a little reducing in size to the extent of a two-tooth mouthful. You can lend me a pair of overalls and we'll both try plowing with those fire-eating mules on some far-off side hill where folks can't hear our language when we get a bit excited in turning around. And p'raps we'll make a visit together over to Aunt Tennie Sanders and find out what sort of a brand of shortening bread she can turn out. For, Verner, a letter like yours makes Brooklyn seem a dull, dark and unhappy place. Every warm day I shall be thinking of you and wanting to be tying gourds to my toes—and to have Lady Geraldine nibble at my left ear with her two sharp teeth.

LEADPOINT, WASHINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Well, to begin with, I will describe myself. I am eleven years old and I weigh about ninety pounds. I have five brothers and we live on one acre of land. My father makes and skids poles in Stevens county. I live in a little village about ten miles from Canada. It has been very cold through the winter—about twenty-six below zero. This is the first time I have written to you, and I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Magic

Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any man or woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show *you* how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

Lives Altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF. Pepsodent REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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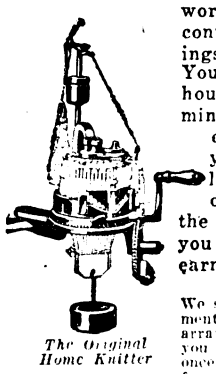


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A Villain in Arms

By Martha Rayner

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BETWEEN steps in the process of dressing for the party, young Mrs. Hemingway tiptoed in to see whether very young Jimmy Hemingway, Jr., had gone to sleep. The first time she looked at him, his eyes were still wide open and he was performing strange feats with his two fists for his own amusement. When she had succeeded in coiling her dark hair quite to her satisfaction, with just the right soft wave above her forehead, she went in again. This time his eyes were closed, the long lashes curved against his cheek, the tiny hands still. He lay there in his bassinet so adorably sweet and rosy, that a queer tightness gripped her throat as she tiptoed out again.

It seemed almost inhuman to go off and leave the darling, even with Pansy May. She pulled aside a curtain and stood watching for a moment. Pansy May was nowhere in sight. With a little worried frown she went back to her dressing.

Slipping into her frock, she proceeded to fasten it on her way down to the living-room, where young Mr. Hemingway, already dressed, of course, sat absorbed in the evening paper.

"You know those three hooks that I can't reach, Jimmy," she began.

"I'll say I do," grimaced her husband, pulling himself out of his favorite chair. "Turn around!"

"Isn't it gorgeous to be really going to a dancing party again?" she breathed, as his unaccustomed fingers fumbled clumsily with intricate folds of georgette and lace.

He patted her arm gently and bent to press a kiss on her shoulder. "I'll bet it does seem good to you, dearest," he said.

"But I can't imagine what is keeping Pansy May. She promised to be here at eight to help me dress and learn how to fix Jimmy's bottle, and it's half-past now," she told him anxiously.

"Well, did you ever know that irresponsible little chocolate drop to be on time?" he asked. "You're always fussing about how late she is."

"She may be late, but she's not irresponsible, Jimmy, or I wouldn't think of going off and leaving Junior alone with her. She's really wonderful with him."

Fifteen minutes passed and still no Pansy May. At nine o'clock young Mrs. Hemingway came back from her twenty-ninth trip to the window and sat down opposite her outwardly cheerful husband. Tears were very near the surface of her violet eyes.

"I just know something has happened to that girl," she said, despair in her tone. "And here we are all dressed up in our party clothes to stay at home. Even Jimmie's sleeping like the angel that he is."

"Well, he always sleeps till about eleven when he gets a good start, doesn't he? Suppose we just lock up and drive over for a few minutes? Nothing could possibly happen to him." So lightly does fatherhood touch the youthful male!

"Why, James Hemingway!" His wife's tones flayed him with scorn. "I wouldn't go away and leave your son alone in this house, if I never went anywhere again."

"Oh, I say, Clyda, don't eat me alive! I didn't know you felt that way about it. I just thought you ought to have the change and fun. You've been shut up so long. I couldn't see how it would do the cherub any harm." He drew her down onto his knee and stroked her hand soothingly. Her head drooped to his shoulder and gradually the ruffled feathers of the mother bird smoothed themselves into place.

Outside the fragrant dusk of the summer evening deepened into darkness, but Pansy May came not. With an ear for footsteps, they talked in disjointed snatches of this one or that whom they had expected to see during the evening.

"Jane Randall told me over the phone that even Edith Stanley would be there tonight," said young Mrs. Hemingway in one of these snatches. "You know she's not been anywhere since her father ordered Kenneth Ferguson out of the house. But her mother has that rich Seattle lumberman down for the week end and Edith is going with him."

"Trust Edith's mother to round up the rich ones!" answered her husband. "But I'll lose my bet, if Ferguson doesn't come in winner at the home stretch. He's got the stuff in him, if he is handicapped to start."

"I should think Edith was the handicapped one," replied Mrs. Hemingway. "She doesn't know how to do a useful thing."

"Well, she can't help her bringing up, and she's smart enough to learn," answered her husband. "Why do fathers and mothers have to be so blind about their own children?" Clyda wondered pensively. "I'm sure we'll never be so blind about little Jimmie, when his time comes."

"I should hope not!" said Jimmy, Sr.

"Well, I suppose I might as well go and take it off," sighed young Mrs. Hemingway at last wistfully. "If you'll just undo those three hooks again, Jimmy——"

"It's a confounded shame," said her husband. "I'll tell you what: Couldn't we take the little beggar down in his bassinet and put him in the back of the car? He'd sleep there just as well as on his porch at home and we could run out and look at him between dances. It would be perfectly safe there at the club. It isn't as if we didn't know the whole crowd."

"I wonder——" Clyda played with the idea. "I could take his milk along in the vacuum, couldn't I?——and feed him at eleven o'clock. And he loves to ride. The motion of the car always puts him to sleep. I did so want to go."

And so Master Jimmie Hemingway Junior went to his first dance. Warmly covered in his beruffled bassinet he slept on, quite oblivious of the fact that his couch now stood braced against the back seat of the shiny new sedan which had been waiting so patiently in front of the little bungalow all evening.

Jimmie Senior had parked the car beneath one of a long line of maples which flanked the ample grounds of the Country Club. Here the lights from the windows shone dimly and the music of the orchestra and the voices of the dancers drifted as softly as a lullaby. And to this spot, after every dance, rushed an anxious Clyda to see that her child stil slept peacefuly.

It lacked half an hour of the time when the young heir of the Hemingways was due to wake and call for his evening refreshments, that another shiny little sedan with the same family name and characteristics slipped into the vacant space under an adjacent maple. The tall young man in the driver's seat remained motionless for a moment after he had shut off the engine, his eyes scanning the grounds. The opening strains of a waltz floated out to him and swaying couples circled past the lighted windows. Stepping down at last, he glanced along the line of waiting cars, and seeing no one, began to make his way from one clump of shrubbery to another, toward the rear of the grounds. In the shadow of a group of cedars he found the object of his search. A young girl with a dark wrap over her evening gown and a filmy scarf about her hair, fluttered into the arms he held out to her.

"Oh, Kenneth, I thought you'd never come," she breathed, with a long shuddering sigh of relief.

"Edith, my darling—mine at last," he told her, holding her close, and then: "But we'll have to make it snappy. This waltz must be almost over, and someone may be coming out. The car's over there under the maples. Let's go!"

With fingers intertwined, they dashed back across the lawn, and while the dancers were clapping madly for an encore, a shiny little sedan in the shadow of the maples came suddenly to life and moved away. Down the driveway leading to town it crept, then turning to the right when it reached the highway it headed in the opposite direction.

"Where are we going, Kenneth?" the girl asked anxiously.

"There's a minister over here at Hanford," he told her. "I thought we would be less likely to run into trouble if we struck for a small place. I have the license all right, and we'll surely be able to find witnesses."

They rode then in silence, sitting very close to each other, busy with their own thoughts. Dark shapes that were farm buildings loomed up now and then on either hand. An occasional headlight dawned on the road's horizon, grew larger, and flashed by with a whirr of sound that only served to deepen the stillness of the peaceful countryside through which they passed. At last, turning down a sharply curving hill, they came into the short paved street that marked the village of Hanford. Here and there, in widely scattered windows, lights still gleamed.

It was just as the shiny new sedan drew up before one of these scattered houses that an odd little muffled sound came to the driver's ear. It was such a sound as might be made by a girl trying to keep back a sob, or by a waking infant. The young man shut off the engine and turned to take the girl in his arms, half expecting a tearful scene. But she showed no signs of tears. She sat bolt upright as if listening.

The sound came again, louder this time and more distinct.

"What in the world is that, Kenneth?" she asked.

"I'll be darned if I know," muttered Kenneth Ferguson, an outstretched arm fumbling in the darkness behind him. His hand encountered substance, where no substance should have been—a quilt of down that moved beneath his touch. As if encouraged by that touch, the muffled sound became a wail of protest. There was no mistaking it now.

"Why, Kenneth, it's a baby! However did a baby get into the back of your car?"

"I'll be darned if I know," said that young man again.

"Well, someone must have put it there, and I should think you ought to know when they did it."

"I'd certainly like to know," he retorted.

"Poor little thing! It must be scared to death. Let me take it up and see if I can't quiet it." She was already feeling about among the blankets.

"Hadn't we better go in and have the ceremony over first? It's getting late, you know," he suggested.

"Why, Kenneth Ferguson, do you think I'd go in there and leave this dear little thing sobbing its heart out! It might hold its breath and choke to death."

"Well, it would look a little odd, I'd say, to take the infant with us to get married."

"But couldn't we explain to them?" she asked.

"Yes, till we were black in the face!"

Edith gasped, comprehension of the situation dawning upon her. "Whatever in the world can we do then?"

By this time young Jimmie Hemingway Junior—for it was he, as the reader has of course known all the time—was beginning to exercise his full vocal powers. Every instinct he possessed justified such a course. In the first place, he was hungry, and food did not appear to be forthcoming. In the second place, he felt that he was in unfamiliar and not very friendly surroundings.

A window across the street went up with a bang. A head was thrust out.

"Well, it's a cinch we can't stay here," groaned the young man. "We'll have to move to some uninhabited spot till this lets up." The car leaped forward so suddenly that Edith, who had gotten the howling Jimmie into her arms and was exploring his bassinet with trembling fingers, nearly pitched overboard.

"I've found his bottle, but it seems to be empty," she said desperately. "Oh, what's this? I do believe it's a vacuum bottle, Ken—— Yes, it is. They've left a feeding for the poor little thing, anyhow."

"Very thoughtful of them, I'm sure," said Kenneth Ferguson.

"You'll stop just as soon as you can, won't you?" she asked anxiously. "I can't fix his dinner and hold him too."

"To find a secluded spot in the shortest possible time is my present aim in life," he told her.

Drawing up finally, under a tree at the side of the road, he turned the spotlight where it would best illumine the proceedings, and awaited orders.

Master Jimmie Hemingway, who had quieted somewhat as soon as he found himself the object of attention, now redoubled his protests at sight of the unfamiliar faces. Edith patted and dandled and crooned in vain.

"Here, let me hold the little villain!" demanded Kenneth, "while you serve his midnight lunch." He held the small bundle against his shoulder, patting it tenderly, and gradually the wails subsided into broken sobs. "It was not for nothing that I was the oldest of eight," he said proudly.

Edith, pouring the warm liquid from one receptacle to another, smiled at the queer picture they made. Together they proffered the bottle and watched in breathless suspense the first eager gurgling swallows.

"That's what he wanted, the poor little dear. Probably he'll go right off to sleep again, now," said the girl hopefully.

"Yes, he may," the oldest of eight told her, "but he's smart enough to know there's something wrong. I think we'd better put him down in his own bed, while he finishes his meal. That may turn the trick."

"But even if he does go to sleep, it's only a matter of a few hours, I suppose, till he'll wake up again. And then whatever will we do with him?" asked Edith.

"I'm afraid the wedding will have to wait," said Kenneth, with all of a martyr's renunciation in his voice. "Turning up tomorrow morning with this infant is something we just couldn't explain away."

"Yes, I can see that," quavered Edith, almost in tears now. "Aren't people horrid? Why, we'd never hear the last of it! But married or not married, we've got him on our hands as far as I can see."

"Well, someone left him in my car. I suppose we might just pass him along and leave him on the first handy porch," Kenneth suggested.

Edith weighed this plan thoughtfully. "I don't know," she said at last. "If we could only be sure to pick the right people. We're sort of responsible for him—and he's evidently a very nice baby. All his little clothes and things are lovely."

"Well, how about the Orphans' Home? We might leave him there. They always have applications for nice babies, don't they? And they would be careful to pick a good place."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I hate to think of him in an Orphans' Home. We don't even know that he is an orphan."

"That may be, Edith, but we've got to do something with him. I can't very well take him to my boarding-house. My landlady won't admit anybody under twenty-one."

"Oh, I know, Kenneth! We can take him and leave him at our house. You remember that little side porch? Well, that's right under mother's window. She's a light sleeper and she'd be sure to hear him when he cried."

"She wouldn't even need to be a light sleeper to hear him," said Kenneth. "But what then?"

"Oh, we could trust mother to see that he got into the right place. Maybe she'd even decide to keep him herself. It would be a good thing for her. She'd have someone beside me to worry about then."

Kenneth laughed softly. "Hurray! Our problem is solved," he said. "We may even get the wedding in yet tonight, if we hurry."

They turned about then, and drove rapidly back in the direction from which they had come. But this time Edith sat in the rear and kept a watchful eye on their disturbing passenger. It would never do to have him [illegible] and wail [illegible] destination was reached.

They turned at last into the familiar [illegible] streets of their home city. The [illegible] of the morning hours lay over everything. But [illegible] they had gone three blocks that hush was [illegible] by the thunderous approach of a motorcycle. [illegible] drew up alongside the shiny new sedan. The [illegible] raised an arm in a detaining gesture, and [illegible] neth Ferguson slowed down.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"You are under arrest, sir."

"Why, we weren't going twenty miles an hour."

"Perhaps not, but you're driving a stolen car."

"The dickens, I am!" Kenneth Ferguson climbed out then. One glance at his license plate was enough. "Edith," his voice implored [illegible] can't see how it happened, but somehow [illegible] gotten the wrong car."

"Then that explains the baby and everything," she said, infinite relief in her tones.

"No, ma'am, it don't explain nothing," barked the officer. "You'll have plenty of chance [illegible] that at the police station, to which place you'll now be accompanying me."

They sat in the dingy police court a few minutes later, and faced each other across the [illegible] net, where a considerate Jimmy Junior slept undisturbed.

"And they wouldn't even tell you whose car it was?" she asked, dismayed.

"No, but it must belong to someone of the crowd we know! Which one of them would be likely to have a brand new Dart sedan, anyway?"

"If we could only think which one of them has an almost brand new baby! Do you suppose it could be the Jimmy Hemingways'?"

As if in answer to their question, the door was burst open and a wild-eyed, dishevelled Jimmy Hemingway rushed in upon them. He stopped short and stared at the tableau before him.

"Why—well, I'll be—— What in the world" was all he found voice to say.

The culprits rose and moved toward him. "We were eloping," Kenneth started to explain, "but in the excitement of the moment we must have gotten into your car instead of mine."

"Yes, we must have," echoed Edith.

"Eloping!" said James Hemingway, "Well, I be darned!"

"And we never discovered till we stopped at the minister's house that there was a baby in the car," Edith went on.

"We supposed, naturally, that someone had left it there," added Kenneth. "And when he began to cry——"

"Yes, yes," said Jimmy Hemingway, his face red with suppressed laughter. "What then?"

"Well, we couldn't very well elope with a baby, and it wasn't any laughing matter, Jimmy Hemingway," snapped Edith indignantly.

"Well, I should say not," admitted the young father, instantly sobered. "Clyda was nearly frantic. And that makes me think. Mrs. Myers is waiting up with her till I get back—Myers, the undertaker who lives next door to us, you know. You two come on out with me now, and we'll just have him over and finish up the business right."

A wail from the bassinet interrupted him. The little villain objects. But this time he shall not be allowed to foil the course of true love. Taken in his father as he picked him up. "Come on, [illegible] the case is dismissed."



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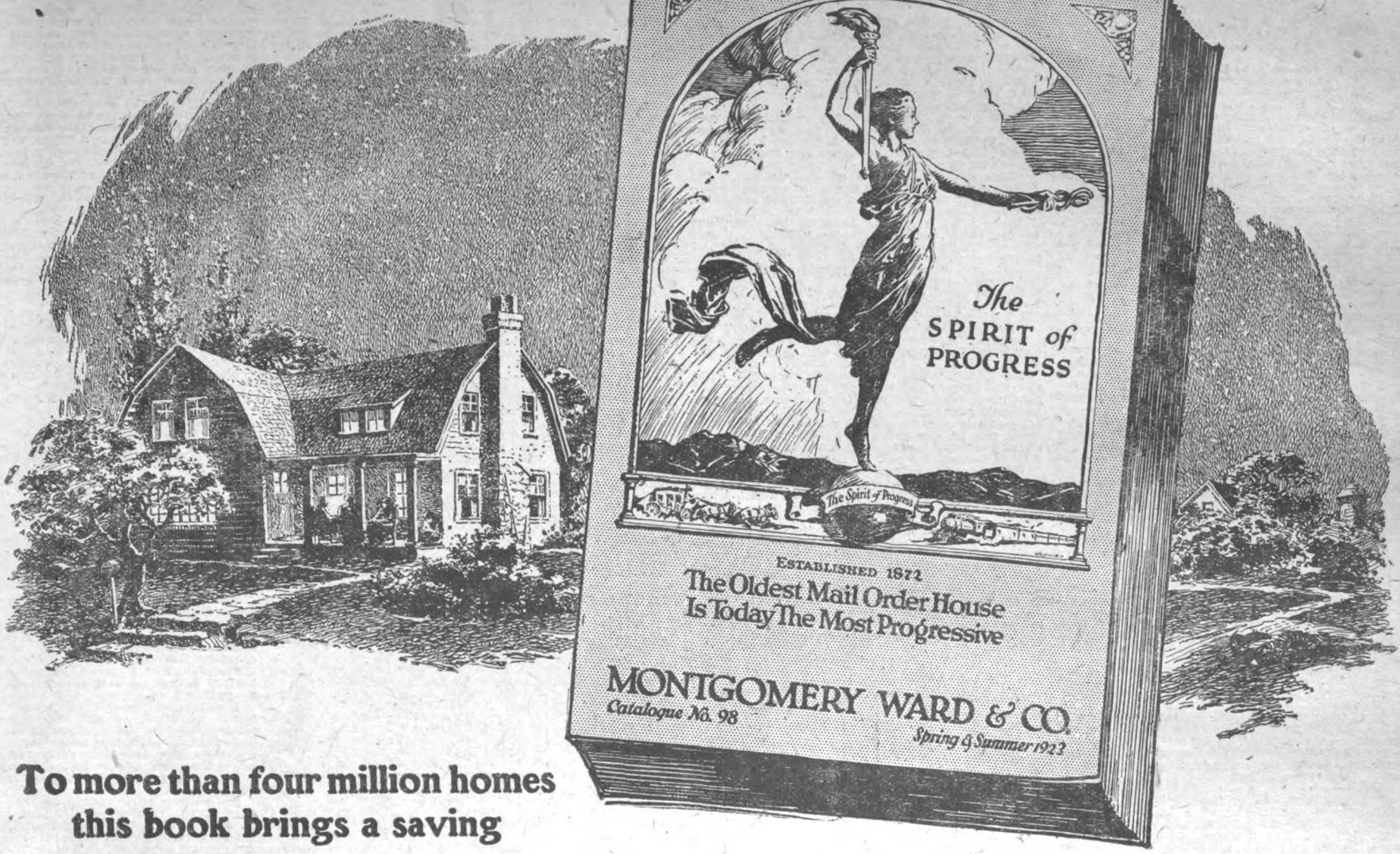
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The Easter Miracle

By Joseph F. Novak

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SOME people, as the saying goes, prefer to be "big potatoes in little fields." Mrs. Minerva Jenkins was one of these. Living in the little town of Silverton, she had at one time or other been a member of every one of the six churches the town boasted. She had commenced with the most pretentious congregation and finally wound up with the flock presided over by the Reverend John Foster, the smallest, and as is often the case, the most earnest and God-fearing band of all.

It was not hard to discover why Mrs. Minerva Jenkins could not remain with any congregation for any length of time. In slang parlance, she was "bossy." She wanted everything her way. Anything in which she did not have a hand was unmercifully criticized if it turned out a success, and if it were a failure, how she reveled in giving sympathetic excuses, more exasperating than out-and-open condemnation.

One's popularity does not stand up long under such tactics, and people soon shunned her, with the result that ever so often she changed her church and her religion.

She finally reached the last church she could join and now was obliged to remain there, since, in Silverton, one's social circle was identified with the church one attended, and to be without membership in some church was to be without social notice.

Now in Reverend Foster's flock she posed as a woman of experience, and reveled in telling how they did this way and that at this or the other church. Truly she was a "big potato in a little field."

It happened one day at a meeting of the Needle Club that one of the members casually remarked since Easter was approaching it would not be a bad idea to plan for something special in the way of Easter service.

Mrs. Jenkins promptly took up the suggestion. "I think it would be lovely, Sister Bettes. We ought to do something that would be a surprise for Bro. Foster who labors so diligently among us." Soulfully she closed her eyes. "He could have a congregation in a bigger town, he with his talents, but as he says, the Lord blesses his efforts just as much with a small band as with a large one. So, for one thing, to make the services grand on Easter, we could have the church decorated beautiful."

"Sister Jenkins," spoke up Mrs. Parker, "the Lord hain't a-goin' to bless us the more on Easter Sunday for a lot o' jim-cracks in the way o' decoration."

"Well," Mrs. Jenkins bridled, "that may be true, but we hain't growin' none, and why? Because we don't do something to attract other people. Seems like Sister Bettes' idea is a real Hallelujah sperrit to praise the Resurrection o' the Son o' Man. Of course, if you don't think nothing o' *my* idea——"

"I think it would be beautiful," interrupted mild little Mrs. Littler, "and I propose that we do it. But what *shall* we do, though?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jenkins, "there's thirty-six people belong to this congregation, not counting children and young folks, so it would be splendid if everyone brought a real Easter lily for the decoration of the church that Sunday."

There was a somewhat demurring murmur of approval, for Easter lilies were almost out of the question in Silverton. They would have to be sent for to Standard, the nearest town that could make any pretenses at being a big city, and the price would be exorbitant when transportation charges were included. If each member got a lily at less than five dollars he was lucky, and ten dollars was quite a sum of money to most of the members of that particular congregation.

Of course, everyone knew why Minerva Jenkins made the suggestion. She was carefully nurturing an Easter lily and it was scheduled to bloom at Easter-tide, therefore she would not have to spend any money for her donation.

"Wouldn't plants do just as well, Sister Jenkins?" asked Miss Sophronia Purley timidly. Poor little Miss Purley and her sister, Tabitha, had all they could do to make ends meet, and if each member of the congregation had to donate a lily it meant the Purleys must supply two. The Purley sisters were two elderly girls who had seen better days, and their pride and poverty were open secrets.

"Plants can be had at any time, and Easter lilies is the only flowers for church on Easter Sunday," said Mrs. Jenkins grandly. "I make a motion that Sister Clementina Lamb be appointed chair-lady to gather up the flowers and fix the church for Easter Sunday."

At the sound of her name, Clementina Lamb gasped and turned pale. She was one of those sweet souls that no man apparently had wanted, and perhaps she was better off in not having had her gentle nature embittered by having to put up with some male creature's brutal whims. Not having sacrificed her freedom to eat the bread some man would provide for her, she was self-dependent and supported herself by sewing.

"I—I—don't know that I could——" she began feebly.

"Why not, Clementina?" demanded rather than asked Mrs. Jenkins. "You know everyone better than anybody and you have time—no children to take care of. Surely you would like to do it for your minister."

"Yes, of course," Clementina agreed hesitatingly, for it was true that she knew the congregation better than anyone else. That was the worst part of it! How could she ask the Purley sisters to donate two Easter lilies for the occasion, or poor Mrs. Bascom, or Melita Rand whose husband was killed a short time before, or—but why go through the roll, when she knew that more than half couldn't afford the lily?

But it was a bell-the-cat job and consequently it was wished upon her, so poor Clementina was obliged to consent, and then as the hour for the meeting of the Needle Club's usual adjournment came, the women went to their several homes.

Mrs. Jenkins insisted on accompanying Clementina and drummed ideas for decoration which quite confounded the poor woman. Then, as ill-luck would have it, they met Reverend Foster. Of course, Mrs. Jenkins all but told him what they intended to do, though she declared their plans were a secret, and cautioned him to be prepared with an unusually good sermon for that day.

Clementina timidly asked him what he thought of the idea and without realizing what he was doing, he succeeded in plunging her into greater despair, for, thinking she question the propriety of doing anything elaborate in the way of decoration and thinking to set her fears at rest, he said:

"My dear Miss Clementina! Be assured that whatever you do on that glorious day will meet with my unqualified approval, as I know nothing will be done that I could not sanction. As Mrs. Jenkins says I am not to know the details, we'll speak no more of it, except that I shall do my part with regard to my sermon. I shall be inspired to do my best when I know you are working for something out of the ordinary that day!"

They reached Clementina's gate; Reverend Foster went with Mrs. Jenkins and Clementina was alone.

"It's got to be done," she groaned, "but how I'm ever goin' to get courage to ask all those people to donate a lily, much less get them to *do* it, is beyond me."

She turned in at her gate and went through the garden, which, although it was early March, was nicely spaded. The day had been mild and sunny, and early as it was, the earth was showing a revivification of life, for the rhubarb bed was sprouting, the winter chrysanthemums, iris and tansy were turning green and the grass plot in the rear of the house showed tender grass springing.

But though the day had been mild, it was, paradoxically, chilly nevertheless, so when she entered the house, after laying aside her wraps, Clementina put some wood on the fire and prepared to make supper.

Once she glanced out of the window. "If Easter only came in the middle of summer when we have all the flowers we want," she exclaimed disconsolately.

After a bit, she went back to the stove, put on the kettle, and then listened intently. But she heard no sound. Did Herbert go out, I wonder, or is he asleep?"

She went upstairs and tapped on one of the bed-room doors.

"All serene," came a voice, "I'm here."

"O, all right. I wondered if you were in. I'll have supper in a little while."

"Thanks. I'm coming down in a minute."

Clementina went down-stairs and presently the owner of the voice appeared at the head of the stairs.

He was her lodger, a man of graceful build and well proportioned. There was that about him that made you, when you looked at him, feel that he would prove a true confidant, and a quality of sympathetic earnestness shone in his eyes that drew one to him. His crisp black hair curled slightly around his temples and his white hands seemed accustomed only to light work.

He was coatless and wore a soft white shirt with a soft collar and a plain little black tie. His trousers were of a plain material and a hasty judge would have marked him a poor schoolmaster or a person of that ilk.

He came down the steps and then sitting in a comfortable rocker, he rocked slowly back and forth while Clementina got the supper ready and when it was done she placed it on the table and they sat down to it.

Seated thus, one might have taken them for an old aunt and young nephew, for the lodger was not more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight



He left the pulpit and went to the pew

"Then the artificial ones will be the only thing left. But if we could get a few natural ones and mix them with the paper ones, it would look a whole lot better."

"That's a good idea," returned Herbert. "Now I suggest that you let me write for the materials for the artificial flowers tonight."

"Will you—will you have the money?" Clementina asked hesitatingly. "I can give it to you."

"Let me buy the stuff, Miss Clementina! I'd love to do this little thing for you, and besides you know I have had a lot of typing these last few weeks and I'm a little money ahead."

"You surely have a kind heart, Herbert," Clementina said, gazing at the young man for whom she entertained an affection akin to that of a mother.

"Not a whit kinder than yours, Miss Clementina," he returned.

The manner in which Herbert Smith became Miss Clementina's lodger was unusual. It was in December that he had tramped into the village of Silverton, that is, if the expression "dragged" might not have been more appropriate. In a weak and exhausted condition he had begged help at various doors but had been turned away until he reached Miss Clementina's little cottage where he sank down, utterly spent, upon the steps.

Like a good Samaritan, she took him in, nursed and fed him until he was able to be up and around. When that time came, he declared that he would stay with her until he paid off his debt. He knew how to typewrite, and with the help of Miss Clementina he rented a machine and often she heard it clicking until far into the night. He seemed to be regularly supplied with orders for typing from a company in the city.

Still, he did not devote himself entirely to that. To show that he wanted to square his debt as soon as possible, he went out and did all sorts of odd jobs, all of which tended to reduce the debt which he had calculated in dollars and cents, except Clementina's lovely way in which she had done everything for him when there seemed to be no hope of reward. That, he said, could never be reduced to a money calculation.

Clementina decided that Herbert's plan was the

"Herbert, dear, it's too much to attempt," Clementina cried when he showed her the picture. "Why, it seems there's millions of lilies in that picture."

And truly there were, especially in the three large bells which were suspended from the ceiling and directly over the pulpit.

"Do you think we could make those bells?" she continued, gazing at the picture.

"Sure. You just make them with hoops. I know how," and the next day he went out, secured the hoops, and work on the bells began.

"I'm going to ask Melvina Parker to sing that Easter hymn, 'The Joy Bells of Heaven.' Do you know how it goes?" and then as Clementina said she did not, he sang:

"The joy-bells of Heaven are ringing,
They tell us a Savior is there;
Sweet anthems the angels are singing
And peace fills the heavenly air.
The joy-bells of Heaven are ringing,
'He's risen in Glory and Peace,'
The joy-bells of Heaven are ringing,
An anthem that never will cease."

"I never heard it and I don't believe that Melvina knows it. Have you got a hymn-book with it in?" Clementina asked. He was so full of ideas but they demanded talent to carry them out.

Thus, with heads full of various plans, they worked, and when it was within a few days of Easter Sunday their work was complete.

Clementina quite thrilled when she saw the results of their labors and while she felt that the artificial flowers could never take the place of natural ones and secretly sighed for them, she could not voice that strain of disappointment.

One thing she was thankful for. Minerva Jenkins's Easter lily was blooming and she promised that it could repose upon Reverend Foster's pulpit that Sunday. At least they would have one natural flower.

The days had been surprisingly mild, and everything was wonderfully advanced. All about, the grass was an almost vivid green, lilac bushes showed yellow buds, tulip beds were well-... iris's sword-like leaves were out, th... valley plots in yards were dotted over ... like projections, early strawberry pla... glow, larkspur and other hardy p... taken up life anew, and already ... warbling.

In spite of all this, the croakers who ... that spring was too early found their ... cations true, for the day preceding Eas... dark and lowering; then came a heavy ... Faster and faster it set in, plastering ... and shrub, fence-post and roof, and by ... noon it seemed as if the dead of winter ... again.

Miss Clementina looked out of the win... heart in her shoes.

"Oh, Herbert, it is dreadful. I ... heart for decorating the church this ... It looks like we ought to hang Christmas ... instead of Easter lilies."

"Well, possibly it may clear up and ... tomorrow," he cheered, and Clementina ... spoke only to cheer her for there seemed ... no letup in the prospect.

Herbert bundled up and started ... Gabriel's home, for Zek had promised ... and light wagon to cart the decorations ... church.

Soon he was back and the decora... piled into the wagon, and helping Cle... the seat he sprang up himself and ... for the church, stopping at Minerva ... ask about the lily.

"I don't know," she demurred, "as I ... lend my lily. Nobody else is giving ... don't see that I have any call to lend ... get all blown and broken," and she lo... ly at her prize.

Clementina saw that her last hope ... ished.

"All right, Sister Jenkins," she said ... "I guess maybe you're right. It is an ... to take out a lily."

So saying, she went back to the wa... told Herbert.

"The old skate," he exploded, "I knew ... the last moment she would ... it——"

But his screed was cut short ... from Clementina. The bolster ... had torn off some of the paper ... of the boxes and the wet snow ... ing down upon the soft tissue ... ered the flowers.

"Lord, what a mess," groaned ... bert. "I thought I had tied ... so tightly."

Readjusting the coverings as ... could, he drove to the church ... reached, he brought the decora... in, but not until the mischief ... had torn off a few more coverings ... while the wind was rampant it was ... so cold, nor did the day seem a ... one.

Within the church they opened ... ages. Many of the flowers were ... but with his usual optimism he made ... and Miss Clementina blessed him for ... she would have sat down and cried.

When they were finished, the result ... too cheering.

"Dog-gone it!" Herbert exploded, ... usually did when Minerva Jenkins was ... "it's all that Dame Jenkins's fault ... she have been content with a few ... on? Here we worked our heads off ... sult is hardly worth while. Well, ... something!" he finished grimly, as ... church.

The storm seemed to be abating ... when they reached home the snow ... altogether.

That night Clementina lay awake ... wondering how the decorations would ... the morrow, and if they looked bad ... Foster would be very much disappointed ... times she was on the verge of ... rousing Herbert to ask whether it ... better, after all, to take down the ... they had put up. But it would ... ingratitude to him after all his efforts ... she concluded to let things take their course ... she fell asleep.

When she awoke, the sun was streaming ... the room. She arose and went to the ... Outside it was still snowy, to be sure, ... ready the sun was melting the ... great patches of earth appeared, and ... was greeney by reason of the white ... in the cherry tree nearby a pair of ... bedraggled but blessing the sun ... the manner in which they caroled, ...

Miss Clementina's thoughts flew to the ... If she could but get a bit of green, ... natural, to place upon the pulpit.

Then a thought struck her. Somewhere ... the confines of Silverton lay Thornton ... which wound through a lovely little dell ... she had often gathered the early arbutus, and ... she could get a few sprays——

It was some distance, but she could ... make it. She ran up and tapped on Herbert's ... door, but no one answered. Pushing ... door, she found that the man was ... doubt he had risen early to look over the ... rations and make such repairs as possible, ... many of the wet flowers had to be put in ... in the condition they were.

Satisfied, Clementina started for Thornton ... Creek and after quite a walk the secluded ... vale was reached, and Clementina involuntarily ... shrieked with delight.

The whole side of the dell, touched by the sun, ... was pink with arbutus. The very breath of ... spring was in the air, that breath made up of ... arbutus perfume and awakening loam. Laying ... down, she happily gathered the pearly blossoms ... in the compost of last-year leaves and pine ... needles.

When she had finished, she had quite a load ... in her hands, yet she had left the spot scarcely ... untouched. With heart singing, she ... through the melting snow-patches, her heart ... tune with the babbling brook at the bottom of ... the ravine.

With her treasure in her hand, Clementina ... started back for home and prepared for church. ... But hurry as she would, she found she would be ... late, and truly when she reached the church she ... heard the congregation singing the opening hymn.

Softly, but as rapidly as she dared, she ... into the vestibule, when suddenly she paused ... her nostrils came the scent of spring flowers. It ... was not the scent of the arbutus in her hands, ... but the perfume of lilies. Then her eyes fastened ... upon the green festoon which they had passed ... over the door and at the lilies with which it was ... looped. It was not a festoon of paper greenery, ... but natural smilax—and the lilies were real!

Bewildered, wondering if she were really awake, ... she made her way into the church.

Had a miracle been performed?

For there were the decorations even as she ... had put them up, the three floral bells just above ... the pulpit, the ropes of greenery festooning the ... chancel rail, the blooming Easter lilies banked ... behind and nodding over it, the looped greenery ... along the pews. But the greenery was all natural, ... florist's smilax and the flowers were real. In ... dition to all of the Easter lilies, there were other ... brilliant spring flowers, tulips, lilies-of-the-valley, ... hyacinths, jonquils and others.

In a maze, she all but staggered to her seat ... and sat down beside a stranger who, despite ... church etiquette, neither turned his head to the ... left nor right. He was garbed in correct fashion, ... wore a double-breasted frock-coat, striped gray ... trousers, a pearl-grey tie, patent-leather shoes and ... grey suede gloves. On the seat beside him was a ... high silk hat.

Who was he? She must know. She leaned ... forward a trifle.

It was Herbert Smith!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

course those jewels do not belong to her, r—why will you persist in such nonsense? estly believe the girl is a thief!" said Mrs. ige impatiently.
it just suppose the future proves they are roperty, who, then, will be the thief?" he ided hotly.
hy, if she can prove it to me satisfactorily, I shall have to yield them up to her, of ," replied Mrs. Coolidge, flushing, and not ing this side of the question.
ill you give her the recommendation?"
suppose I shall have to, in order to keep you us."
dreaded nothing so much as his roaming off imself.
nen make it out at once—and a good one let too; for Miss Douglas leaves today."
es she, indeed? I have not dismissed her believe," sneered the irate woman. But she own to the table and began to write.
nat will not be necessary, since she has al- decided to go."
ank you," he said, as she handed him what ad written, and he ran his quick eye over That will do nicely. Now, if you will give hat you owe her, I will hand both to her at ame time."
saw that her son was in no mood to be l with, and did as he requested, although in- ly resolving to be equal with the despised ness, if ever the opportunity should offer.
bur took both paper and money, and left the He went directly to Brownie's door and d. She opened it, and he saw that she had weeping. The sight filled him with self- ach.
orgive me," he said regretfully, "for having l to your unhappiness by my selfishness. I l have given my right arm rather than that should have happened. But," he added, after ment's pause, "I did not come here to say I came to bring you these, that you might ved any further unpleasantness," and he ed her the money and paper.
hank you," she said, touched by this kind-

e opened the paper, and read Mrs. Coolidge's mendation. It was all that she could ask, en desire. She counted the money, and l that there were five pounds more than were ally due her. A painful flush overspread her y face as she separated them from the rest e money; then folding it within the recom- ation she passed it back to Wilbur, saying, y, but proudly:
canot make use of these."
understand you," he said humbly, "and I ot blame you; but I thought in this strange you would need something of the kind."
do need it—indeed, I do not know how I am t along without something of the kind; but what has occurred I could not use that," nie said with a weary sigh.
bowed, but did not press her to take it; after a moment's thought, he asked:
Miss Douglas, would you make use of one d by my father?"
es, and be very thankful for it," she replied, ye brightening.
ou shall have it; I will make it my first busi- to obtain a good recommendation for you as as he returns, and send it to you."
hank you; you are very kind," and a tear ng to her eye at his thoughtfulness.
hen do you go?" he asked, as he was about ng away.
s soon as I can pack my trunks and send for ."
an I help you in any way?"
f you will order the cab for me, it will save little trouble," she answered, smiling wearily, nything that I can do will be a pleasure," plied, though an expression of anguish swept his handsome face as he bowed and left her.
two hours she was ready, her trunks strapped in the lower hall, waiting for the cab.
ith a nearly breaking heart, Brownie sought and Alma to bid them farewell.
ey were deeply distressed at the thought of ng with her, and protested loudly against it.
s. Coolidge and Isabel ignored her departure ely, and did not show themselves, much to nie's relief.
Wilbur, with clouded brow, and white, com- sed lips, assisted her into the cab, he asked: Where to, Miss Douglas?"
o the 'Washington' for the present. It is a hotel and has a familiar sound, which seems e homelike," she answered, trying to smile, he saw that her lips quivered.
e felt inexpressibly desolate and forlorn. Then if I address a note to you there within w days or a week, you will get it," he said. es."
May I call?"
No, Mr. Coolidge, I prefer you should not; it ld be wiser not to at present," Brownie an- ered gently but firmly.
he knew if she gave him permission, it might him to hope, and, besides, it might cause her her trouble if his mother and sister should over that he was visiting her.
e colored, wrung her hand, and shut the door; giving her direction to the driver, she was rled away.
ilbur returned to the house very sore at heart. seemed to him very dark just then; its bright- s had all vanished with Brownie.
e went back to the library. No one was there. e passed on up-stairs to his mother's rooms, found both her and Isabel within.
hey had been watching his leave-taking of the pised governess, and now turned upon him, h faces of scorn.
Now that your inamorita has departed, I hope will show some common sense, Wibur," his ther said sharply.
e took no notice of the remark but handed her recommendation, with the money inclosed, in nee.
What does this mean? Ah! she would take y what was due her, and you did not give her recommendation, after all," she said in tones satisfaction as her quick eye ran over it.
I did not give it to her?" cried her son an- ly. "Of course I gave it to her; but the poor, ulted girl refused to take it; she refused to ain another situation upon your recommenda- n."
The upstart! I'd like to box her ears soundly putting on such airs!" exclaimed Isabel spite- lly.
"Upstart, indeed! I'll warrant that there is tter blood now in her veins than ever flowed in urs. She has been born and bred a lady, which more than I can say of you. There is some stery about her, I admit; but, mark my words, e time will come when both of you will be glad cultivate her acquaintance, and when you will e the day that you, led on by your curiosity and vetousness, ever meddled with her treasures and ove her from your house by your abuse."
Wilbur Coolidge spoke indignantly and at ran- om, but in after months he remembered his ords, and wondered at the truth of his prophecy.
Before he had concluded there came a rap up- the door.
Isabel opened it.
A servant stood without bearing a silver salver, pon which lay a card.
"A gentleman to see Miss Douglas," he said, owing respectfully.
"A gentleman to see Miss Douglas!" repeated frs. Coolidge contemptuously, while Isabel pounced pon the card and read the name, "Adrian Dred- ond."
The color flushed over her fair face in a scarlet ood.
"There is some mistake here," she said sharply o her servant.
Then turning to her mother, she added:
"Mamma, it is Lord Dredmond."
She had persisted in giving him this title ever ince she had learned that he was the grandson f an earl, although Wilbur had repeatedly told er that he did not care to have it used until he came into his property. He was very modest about it.
"Of course, there is a mistake," returned Mrs. Coolidge. "You had better pay more attention. The gentleman doubtless wishes to see Miss Isabel," she said severely to the servant.
"Isabel, you must go down and receive him yourself. Find out, if you can, what he wants of her, and make yourself as agreeable as possible to him," Mrs. Coolidge remarked, running her eye critically over her daughter, to see that everything was all right.
"It is time that minx was out of the way; she seems to have a strange faculty for bewitching the gentlemen, without appearing to do so," muttered Isabel, as she swept from the room, smoothing out her distorted face, and followed by her brother's contemptuous glances.
Wilbur himself soon after arose and left.
A jealous feeling was beginning to creep into his own heart, and he wondered what Adrian Dredmond could want of Brownie Douglas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH.

When Isabel entered the drawing-room, Mr. Dredmond arose to salute her; but an expression of disappointment swept over his fine face when he saw Miss Coolidge instead of Miss Douglas.
Isabel approached him, holding out her white hand, and saying cordially:
"This is a pleasure, truly, my lord."
He flushed at the title.
"You mistake, Miss Coolidge," he said smilingly as he shook hands with her. "I am not my lord, or at least I should say that I prefer not to answer to that title at present. While my grandfather lives I prefer to be only plain Mr. Dredmond."
"The title suits you, nevertheless," she answered, sweeping him an admiring glance, and then drooping her lashes shyly.
"I hope to be worthy of it when it becomes mine," he replied gravely, and wondering why she did not explain Miss Douglas's absence.
But it was no part of her plan to do so.
She intended to appropriate the call to herself, and make the most of her opportunity.
Ever since she had learned that he was heir to an earldom she had resolved to exert all her powers to win him, and become "my lady," and now she set herself to work to charm him.
She began chatting in a lively manner, and possessing much native tact, and a very pleasing address, she beguiled him out of half an hour before he was aware of it.
"I beg your pardon," he said, starting, when he heard the hall clock strike, "but I wished to see Miss Douglas. I have a little piece of property belonging to her, which I desire to return."
Isabel longed to ask what it was but dare not.
"Miss Douglas!" she said with elevated eyebrows and well-assumed surprise.
"Yes; I inquired for her when I gave my card to the servant."
"I am sorry there should have been any mistake, Mr. Dredmond," replied Isabel, smiling sweetly but inwardly raging, "but the servant must have misunderstood, for he brought your card to me; besides, Miss Douglas is not with us now, she has left."
"Left! Indeed, I thought she came abroad with you, and intended to return with you," he said in great surprise and beginning to think that all was not right.
"I know nothing as to her intentions, Mr. Dredmond, but we have been pained to discover that Miss Douglas is not trustworthy, and mamma was therefore obliged to dispense with her services."
The lie stung her tongue, but she remembered his evident admiration of Brownie the night of the opera, and she resolved to disenchant him if possible.
"Not trustworthy!" he exclaimed, aghast.
He would have staked his own honor against hers.
"It is very painful, is it not, Mr. Dredmond, when she appeared so innocent and was so beautiful?" asked Isabel with a sad smile.
He did not reply, and she went on:
"But we found that she had been taking that which did not belong to her, and of course mamma could no longer trust the girls under her influence."
The artful girl's tone and manner expressed the deepest regret, but he was not deceived by it, although her statement of Brownie's dishonesty confounded him.
"Impossible!" he ejaculated, with a pained, startled look, and his mind went back to that moment when her pure face lay for one moment upon his bosom, and when she had lifted her clear eyes, which were like shining pools of purest water, so trustingly to his, and now he was told that she was a thief!
"It does not seem possible, I admit," Isabel hastened to say, fearing she had been unwise, and not liking the way he had received her information. "Mamma and I were infinitely shocked when we discovered it, but the proof was too incontestable, even without her evident guilt, for us to doubt."
"Was she—did she confess her—fault?" he stammered.
"Oh, no! such persons never do that, you know; they always put on any amount of airs, and make a great show of innocence. But, then, we had the proof right in our own hands."
"Would you mind telling me what she has done—what proof you have of her guilt? Perhaps there may be some misunderstanding to which I could suggest an explanation," he said, inwardly writhing with pain at her words.
"Excuse me; but that would not be right, and I fear that I have been very unwise to speak of it at all. The girl is gone, and I have no wish to injure her; I only hope she may repent of her folly, and try to do better in the future. Please forget what I have said, Mr. Dredmond, and do not remember it against her if you should ever meet her again. I assure you it is a very painful topic to me."
After a few moments more spent in general conversation Adrian arose to go.
"Can you give me Miss Douglas's present address?" he asked. "I would really like to return what belongs to her."
She would not have told him for a kingdom, had she known, but she replied, with every appearance of kindness:
"How sorry I am, but really I do not know. Indeed, I was so shocked and disappointed to discover one so young and lovely so old in guilt, that it did not occur to me to ask where she was going."
It nettled him exceedingly to have her talk thus; and could she have read his heart she would have seen at once that there was little chance of her becoming "my lady."
"Should you discover where she is, will you kindly inform me?" he asked.
"Oh, certainly, with great pleasure," smiled the fascinating hypocrite.
"I still think you will find there has been some mistake, Miss Coolidge," he added gravely. "I knew something of Miss Douglas before meeting her in this country, and the statement you have made regarding her seems utterly impossible."
"You!" exclaimed Isabel, her heart bounding wildly. "Did you know Miss Douglas in America?"
Perhaps, after all, here was the solution of the mystery of those beautiful gems, and that card with the names of counts and lords upon it. Had he had anything to do with it?
Her brain reeled at the thought.
She hung breathless on his reply.
"I knew of her, although I never made her acquaintance, until your brother introduced me at the opera the other evening."
She breathed more freely now; he had not given Brownie the gems, that was evident. He knew nothing of the card.
"I have friends who know her intimately," he went on, watching her keenly, to mark the effect of his words. "She was a Philadelphian, and belonged to a very wealthy and honorable family. About a month ago—perhaps a little more—death and misfortune suddenly deprived her of everything. She is very highly educated, as undoubtedly you have discovered, and before the trouble came upon her she moved in the very best circles. I speak of this merely to show you why I believe it impossible for Miss Douglas to be guilty of what you accuse her. I trust, also, to hear ere long that you have been mistaken."
And with this thorn planted in Miss Isabel's conscience, Adrian Dredmond bowed himself from her presence, leaving her astounded, confused and with a heavy weight of guilt upon her heart.
What had she done!
Accused an innocent girl of theft, and stolen a fortune from her; then driven her forth in disgrace into an uncharitable world to beg her bread or starve; for likely as not it would come to that since she had no recommendation wherewith to gain another place.
She sat for an hour in anything but agreeable meditation.
She did not know what to do, or which way to turn in the matter. Had she known Miss Douglas's address, she would have hastened to send the casket to her, and considered herself lucky to be so well rid of it.
"If only Wilbur did not know about it, mamma and I could hide the jewels, and deny all knowledge of them," she murmured in deep perplexity.
She finally resolved that she would say nothing to any one concerning what Adrian Dredmond had told her, but keep the matter to herself for a few days at least; and if the governess did come to demand the jewels again, she would tell her mother, and persuade her to give them up quietly and save further trouble.
"At all events," she added with a sigh of relief as she went to her own room, "she is gone and I've nothing more to fear from her charms."
Adrian Dredmond left the Coolidge mansion in a fever of impatience and indignation.
That any one should accuse Brownie Douglas of the crime of theft was sufficient to drive him wild.
Did he not know that she had been reared with tenderest care? Had she not the blood of royalty in her veins? and had he not seen her in all the brightness and purity of her young life, and been assured of her integrity by his friend Gordon?
How well he remembered that scene in the vestibule of the Art Gallery, where she had appeared like some beautiful vision to him, with her bright, sweet face, and clad so richly, yet simply, in her plain black silk, protected by the linen ulster.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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The Trunk-Type Tractor

By Carol C. Crain.

THOUGH probably the oldest style, it should not be regarded as the most practical. In Hindoo eyes, however, nothing could be better.

So valuable were elephants as beasts of burden in Siam in 1861 that the king of that country could not comprehend how we got along without them. He desired to relieve this sad condition, and, accordingly, wrote a letter to President Buchanan; but the slow-traveling missive was received by Abraham Lincoln, who had, in the meantime, moved into the White House.

"If on the continent of America," the Siamese ruler suggested, "several pairs of young male and female elephants could be turned loose in forests where there was an abundance of water and grass, to attempt to raise them would be well. If the climate should prove favorable, they will increase into large herds as on the continent of Asia. The inhabitants of America will be able to catch and tame them. On account of their great strength and size, they could be made to carry very heavy loads and would be of benefit to the country since they can travel where carriage and other roads have not been laid out."

The king then proposed to give a number of young animals if the United States would supply the ship and sufficient food for use during the ocean voyage. He asked the President and Congress to answer his letter soon and to state whether his gift was wanted.

When Secretary Seward queried Lincoln as to what should be done with the elephants if they came, the head of the nation said something about using them to "stamp out the rebellion." The offer of the Siamese king was then declined with thanks.

If that letter had been received by Buchanan, he might have taken a receptive attitude toward the matter. Indeed, nearly sixty years ago we might have had tractors of the flap-eared, trunk-carrying type.

But who would want a machine, animate or inanimate, with an upkeep cost of one hundred dollars a month?

Congress has been asked to create a bureau for the development of air navigation in the Department of Commerce.

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While my Restorer is a perfect preparation which millions of users have found satisfactory, my laboratories recently made another important discovery. This discovery is in the form of a special preparatory powder, which acts as a tonic and antiseptic, putting your hair in perfect condition for the use of the Restorer. Henceforth a package of this powder will be packed in every carton of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and a trial package is included in my special patented free trial outfit.

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Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Back View

IN buying a hat, have you ever been delighted with the front view, then on picking up a handmirror and gazing at yourself from every angle been disappointed in the way you looked from the back? Never buy a hat without taking an all-round look at yourself, for it may change your opinion decidedly.

And for the same reason, never feel that you have finished dressing until you have taken a look in a handmirror at your "back view."

The nape of the neck is more important than many girls realize. Of course if your hair is naturally curly, it does no harm and is often attractive to have a few stray little curls straggling below your hair. But unless the hair is naturally curly, all hairs should be pinned up neatly. Do not draw them tight and leave an unbeautiful line at the nape of the neck, but tuck



THE HAIR LINE OF THE NECK SHOULD BE SLIGHTLY UNEVEN.

them in gently, here and there, where they may seem to go best, and fasten them with invisible pins.

And now I come to a warning. If you have a little hair growing on your neck, leave it alone. Taking it off with depilatories, or shaving it with a razor, makes funny "bald" spots on your neck, of a different colored skin, and the hair comes back stronger and darker than ever. If, however, you have already undertaken to remove hair from your neck, and are facing a constantly increasing growth, then you need to invest in a safety razor and shave it off as fast as it shows itself. Either a safety razor or a depilatory may be used for hair in the armpit, and this it is advisable to remove, with thin gowns making our arms conspicuous. But as for the neck, you will have a better hair line, even in spite of a straggling growth here and there, if you let it entirely alone.

Suppose, however, you have already committed the deed—have shaved or otherwise removed the hair from the back of your neck. Then be sure to call your handmirror into play and see that the line of the hair at the neck is not too regular. Look at other people and you will see that the hairline, when lovely, is a little irregular, and that only a wig has a perfectly even hairline. There is a "false" look about regularity of this kind, so if you have been doing any shaving of the neck, examine the effect, and if the line is too regular, allow hairs to grow out here and there to make a more natural irregularity.

In using a safety razor for this purpose, or under the arms, apply shaving cream in a lather, first, of course. Soap lather can be used, but shaving cream is milder. In either case be sure that the neck, or the skin wherever shaved, is bathed in clear water afterward and every trace of the lather removed, for soap left on the skin irritates it, clogs the pores, and makes the skin red and rough. Skin that is shaved will be all the better for a little rubbing with cold cream at night, or at some time in the day when the cream can be allowed to remain on long enough to be absorbed entirely.

Answers to Correspondents

DICE.—The electric needle is supposed to kill the roots of the hair it reaches. This does not mean that you will never have any hairy growth again, for other little hairs may spring up in time. But as the needle goes directly into the root of the hair and burns it up, no further hair can come from the root which has been thus treated. Electrolysis costs about five dollars an hour; in fifteen minutes quite a number of hairs can be removed. Be sure that you get a thoroughly skilled operator. You can pull out the hair between your eyes with a tweezer. Here is a good exercise to develop the calves of the legs and strengthen the instep.

To Develop the Legs

Standing with heels together, toes slightly apart, hands on hips, back straight, chin raised and chest thrown out, rise on your toes until you are standing on their very tips. Now lower the heels again slowly until they touch the ground. Rise, lower, repeating many times.

For legs which are bowed, stand with feet slightly apart, and bend the feet inward until they are almost on their sides. Resume normal position; bend inward; back to normal, bend inward, repeating many times. This may help, though if I were you I should forget that my legs were bowed, and enter into every sport which came my way. People pay less attention to things like these than the people who worry about them ever realize.

J. E. T.—I am sorry that it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail or to recommend any advertised remedy. If you will apply to your drug store for the article you mention, they will be able to fill your order.

TOOTSIE.—To care for your hair after such a serious illness, it would be wise to cut it as closely as possible, unless it has fallen out. Then you should massage your scalp every night, placing your fingers flat against the scalp and moving it back and forth on the skull, going over every inch of the head in this way. Give about ten minutes to this each night. Your hair will soon begin to come in, and it will probably grow in quite rapidly. Remember this, however, that your hair draws its nourishment from the body as a whole, and you must keep your body in a good healthy condition, well nourished and well taken care of with daily body baths, fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and plenty of water to drink. This care of the body will improve the skin, also, and this will tend to lessen the effect of the pits the illness has left. I am afraid I cannot offer you any suggestion that will dispose of them, though proper care of the skin, careful bathing, gentle rubbing with cold cream once a day—letting the cold cream stay on for ten minutes or so until entirely absorbed—will perhaps make them less conspicuous. I should massage my skin gently with cold cream every day of my life, and I should be most careful about taking a body bath daily that the pores may be kept open and help to rid the body of any impurities.

MIKE.—Do not use oil on your scalp. You say it does not make your hair oily, but, my dear, that is its object and that is what it can and will do. Of course your hair may be oily without that, but in any case it only adds more oil. So omit it for the present. Do not rub soap on the scalp or the hair when washing it, but merely use a shampoo liquid made from melting soap in boiling water. Pour this liquid on the scalp in small quantities, and then use the fingers to rub the scalp and make a good lather. Rinse very thoroughly. Leaving any soap in the hair or on the scalp often clogs the little oil cells, irritates them and renders them more active. Air your hair each night before going to bed and sleep with it hanging loose. Do not brush your hair for a little while, but comb it gently at night before retiring. I think probably all you need to do is to omit the oil; never put soap on scalp or hair, and rinse the scalp many, many times after shampooing.

BLUE EYES FROM GEORGIA.—Yes, I think you weigh enough for your height at your age, though if you do gain a few pounds it will be all the better for your health. How often do you shampoo your hair? Try doing it once in three weeks, and brush it gently every night for at least fifty strokes—better still, one hundred. Massaging the scalp is the very best thing for the health of the hair, so better try that, also, each night before you go to bed. Your hair is not at all a bad length, as most people these days are glad to have their hair not too long. It is usually wise to follow the styles in hair dressing of the place in which one lives. If girls of your age wear hair ribbons there, then continue to do so; if they do not, then I should not, either.

ANXIOUS.—See answer to "Dice." Another good exercise to develop the calves of legs is as follows:

Another Leg Exercise

Standing with heels together, toes apart, hands on hips, chin up and chest out, rise slowly to the toe-tips, then very slowly indeed and without bending forward or altering the straight line of the back, let the body sink to a squatting position but without letting the heels touch the floor. The hands should remain on the hips. Rise again slowly to the toe-tips, then sink again. Repeat ten or fifteen times at least once a day, and twice if possible.

K. K.—That same rule about not answering letters by mail gets right in our way again. I am sorry, but the object of a department like this is to help *many* people with each answer. You see? About developing the legs, see answers to "Dice" and "Anxious." For the rough elbows, the enlarged pores, the rough body skin, my dear, there is just one thing and that is daily bathing of the entire body. Do this in warm water, and use a camel's-hair brush, which you can buy at your druggist's, to scrub the elbows and other rough spots, using water with soap in it. Then be sure to rinse your entire skin with clear warm water. If you will give the body a daily bath and a good rubbing with a soft bath towel, you will soon find that all the roughness will disappear, also that your enlarged pores and blackheads will be immensely helped. If you do not have a bathtub in your home, you can take a perfectly good bath by having at hand a kettle of boiling water, a washbowl, a Turkish washcloth and good Turkish bath towel. Stand on a folded towel, and wash the body thoroughly, a small bit at a time, scrubbing rough spots with your brush, using two bowls of water, one of soapy water for the first washing, one of clear warm water with another washcloth for the rinsing. That is all your skin needs, from your statement as to its condition, so get busy! I am sorry you trimmed your eyelashes. Never do it again. Warm olive oil is probably as good as anything with which you can rub the edges of your eyelids. As to the eyes, I am sorry there is no way to make them larger, but if you keep the facial skin white and clear they will look larger. If your nails are so flexible, you are not providing the body with some of the elements it needs. Eat more vegetables and fruits, for they furnish minerals to the body.

PETITE MAE.—You have my sympathy. It is not so long ago that I passed through a sorrow like yours, and it leaves one lonely and with empty places in one's heart that cannot be filled. About your bust, thirty-four is not too large at all. It is just about right. I shouldn't do anything to reduce the bust. Exercises are the only thing which will reduce satisfactorily where there is no great quantity of fat—any arm exercises of those I have given in COMFORT from time to time. Blackheads are nothing more than pores that have filled up with dust which has not been removed and has hardened and clogged the pore. Perhaps you have not been quite so careful as usual lately about body bathing. It is also true that stomach disturbance upsets the eliminative functions of the body and as the pores belong to the eliminative system they may have been on strike. Gentle massage of the skin nightly with a tiny bit of cold cream on the fingers will stimulate them to action, but first see that the entire body is spotlessly clean, then undertake the massage.

FANNIE.—You weigh very much more than you should and the pimples, oily skin, etc., all indicate that you are eating too much food and not the right kind. Have you resolution enough to cut out all sweet stuffs for six months? And potatoes and white bread, and butter, milk and cream as well? That is what you need. You should eat plenty of fruit and vegetables—except potatoes, and bananas—and lean meat once a day, not more. Your breakfast should consist of fruit, with a soft-boiled egg or possibly two—no bread, no butter, no cream, no coffee or tea. Your luncheon should consist of vegetables and fruit, your dinner of a piece of broiled steak, or some roast beef, or a lamb chop or mutton chop or some chicken, or fish. But none of these foods should be fried or have any fat or butter with them. And you probably need to cut down the amount of food you eat as well as the kinds of food. And of course you should not eat between meals. I should not bob my hair. It is going out of style and I think with your



IN SHAVING THE NECK WATCH THE HAIR LINES.

height and weight it would be likely not to be becoming. See answer to "Tootsie" about massaging scalp, and treat your scalp in this way. I think you are eating the wrong kind of food to make your hair healthy, so better slow up on sweets for awhile and try to do as I say and eat plenty of vegetables and fruits.

ETHEL, PENNA.—Bobbed hair is going out of favor, somewhat, but if yours is already bobbed and becoming, I should let it alone for a time since it needs to get a chance to grow. Massage the scalp as I have directed "Tootsie." Washing does remove the oil from the hair, but most people need this done about once in three weeks. The little oil cells throw out more oil at once. Suppose you try shampooing once in three weeks, instead of two, if your hair is not oily? Do not brush your hair hard if it is falling out. Rather, wash it, massage the scalp, but handle it as little as possible otherwise. You may be brushing it too vigorously and too much. Look after your entire body if you want healthy hair. As to your other question, it is wise to rub a tiny bit of cold cream well into the skin before applying powder. After you have massaged it into the skin, wipe off any surplus with a cotton pad, then apply the powder. Always wash the facial skin before going to bed, and leave it perfectly clean.

Girls! Here's Ways to Beau

Movie Stars and Society Queens Have S... but Most Effective Beautifier— Here Are a Few of Them.

Many of the most famous movie ac... whose natural hair has been the delight and... der of millions give their scalp a few ... Beta-quinol night and morning. This ...



Just a Little Zintone on the Face and Th... Fear of Wind or Weather.

hair alive and lustrous, keeps it in curl or w... makes it grow and a delight to do up. ... any druggist for an ounce of Beta-quinol, ... with a tablespoonful of glycerine and ... of water. This will last for many wee... months at a trifling cost and heals the sca... anything that may affect it. You will never ... anything else.

Another beautifier that rich society women ... to keep the skin youthful is zintone which ... can also get at any drug store. An ounce will ... a long time and by creaming it with glyce... and water it makes a richer and better face ... than you could buy if you paid several time... much for a fancy package. It is certainly a ... derful beautifier.

Then there is the celebrated Eptol, another very simple beautifier that the knowing use ... to lift up the skin and thus fill up wrinkles ... large pores. This also is mixed with glyce... and water and will keep your skin smooth ... entire season. The druggist will supply you ... the Eptol and a tablespoonful of glycerine ... you need. It is unfading.

If you wash your own hair, use the same method as the rich women who have ... 25 cents' worth of Eggol of your druggist, ... you a dozen wonderful shampoos. Try it and ... for yourself.

For removing blackheads, that is, dissolving them so they entirely disappear, simply ... them with Neroxin. Ask the druggist for a ... ounce of Neroxin Powder, use as needed and ... will soon banish every blackhead without squeezing or pinching the skin. This method never fails.

If your druggist should be out of any of these famous beautifiers you can get them by writing to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 637 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Select the beautifier you feel the most need of, enclose $1.00 and they will send you enough to last several months but will include a regular 50c box of their wonderful face powder that stage beauties use. But try the druggist first.



Inecto Rapid is ethical and scientific, the discovery of Dr. Emile of the University of Paris. It is guaranteed to tint naturally gray, streaked or faded hair in 15 minutes, giving it a soft, lustrous, youthful appearance which cannot be detected from natural. Inecto Rapid created the new art of hair tinting. It is permanent, and not affected by salt water, sunshine, perspiration, Turkish or Russian Baths and permits permanent waving. It is totally different from hair dyes or restoratives. Inecto Rapid does not merely coat the hair surface. It repigmentizes the hair shaft. 97% of Europe's best hairdressers use Inecto Rapid exclusively; thousands of the best shops in this country have adopted it. May be applied in the privacy of your home.

SEND NO MONEY
Write for particulars and Beauty Analysis Chart. Form No. DD-2

INECTO, Inc., Salons and Laboratories
33-35 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 233-A, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BLUE EYES.—Yes, you are somewhat over-weight and do need to diet. The first thing you should do is to cut out all sweets. I should not be surprised if you were very fond of candy, cake, pie, preserves, and other sweet things. These must be put entirely out of your diet list for awhile. Then cut out potatoes, white bread, rice and macaroni. You are not so much overweight that you need to omit butter from your diet, but you must make up your mind to avoid rich gravies, fat meats, and any other sweet or greasy foods. You have all the vegetables to choose from, can eat eggs, fish, chicken, lean meats of all kinds—though they should never be fried—and you should eat fruit. Can't you get dried prunes and dried apricots? Soak these over night in plenty of water, after washing, then cook them in the water in which they have soaked until they are well done, soft and palatable. You can eat cooked fruit of this description even if you cannot get fresh fruits where you live.

FROM ILLINOIS.—The eye, I should think, could not cause any trouble with your hair or cause it to turn gray, but it is possible that whatever caused the trouble with the eye might also cause trouble with the hair. I should judge, in any case, that you needed plenty of exercise, indoor as well as outdoor, and that you should practice every possible kind of exercise for fifteen minutes night and morning daily. In addition you should massage the scalp nightly, and should see that your body is well nourished. The object of scalp massage is to keep the scalp loose on the skull and to let the blood circulate freely there. Massage will help, no matter what the trouble is, so persist in it. Your circulation needs to be stimulated, and that is why I prescribe exercises. As to the mark of which you speak, it might be removed by electricity, but I should leave it alone. It is safer.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

...had always spoken with the accent of ...and seemed curiously above his po... day his speech was that of a man yards ... the social scale—and the humble, grief... words did not ring true.

...did it happen? And when?" Vivian ...ruptly.

...night, sir; the housemaids found him in ...ing, on the smoking-room floor. He had ... I was accustomed to wait on him, but ...me to bed the night before. I left him ...a solitaire game with cards. When I saw ...m he was dead." Mechanically, as if re... a part, the words came out in a level

...r Simon Wellford here?" shortly.

...sir, and the coroner. Will you step in? ...to be an inquest."

...rally, my good man. We are not used to ...ordered in our beds down here," the cool, ...s on the butler's cringing face. "We will ...truth of it in no time."

...ase you will, sir," and at the words Sir ...stared harder. Yet it was natural enough ...man should shiver as he spoke. He flung ...into the library, where Sir Simon and the ...Doctor Syms, were seated in the dismal ...two candles. It was afternoon, but the ...blinds made it like night.

...'s all this, Wellford? How are you, ...He stood towering over the two, and his ...me presence felt like a breath of fresh air ...two men, perturbed and weary.

...s wishing for you." Sir Simon started to ..."God knows we want some one with ...It's a bad business, Vivian, and I'm sick ...inking about it. The housekeeper up-stairs ...effect devil—she—you know Miss Hamil...issing?"

...s told so."

...housekeeper swears she murdered March... said Syms slowly.

...ably she does; but she's got to clear her...," Sir Charles returned viciously. "I ...it hasn't occurred to either of you that ...may have been killed, too, and hidden ...somewhere?"

...ought of that, but her maid's disappear... rather disposes of it. Unless it was she ...away with both her master and mis... Wellford returned, musingly.

...maid!"

...a sudden start Vivian remembered that ...d with the painted face had been Gillian's ...Gillian's—who feared and hated March... The whole thing blackened before him as ...ght. Good God! Could the two girls have ...iven desperate, and—not even in his own ...ould he finish the sentence.

...e you no clue to where that poor girl ...he said, going to the fireplare that they ...not see the dismay on his face.

...so far. The police have telegraphed to ...ation within miles, and the man who was ...om London has gone up to town. She ...ft from any station near here. Why she ...the house is a mystery! Unless, indeed, ...ed him!"

...stery! Vivian with sudden recollection ...that ten-pound note he had given her, ...his own advice that she should not stay ...day with Marchmont. Her going had ...coincidence, black to look at, but innocent. ...wouldn't have killed a mouse," with a ...eurious laugh. "When are you going to ...e inquest, Syms? You'd better have me ...irness. I was here yesterday afternoon." ...ant to have had you on the jury," Doctor ...ooked with frank surprise at him. "Why, ...know anything?"

...ut the murder? No!" He turned sharply ...the door, suddenly anxious for only one ...to get away from that house and search ...ntry for those two girls, who had never ...any railway station. But he paused, the ...b in his hand.

...ou'll forgive me saying so," he said, "it ...o me that you're being led away on a false ...I think you will have to look for some one ...gang of burglars, who undoubtedly have ...t work in the neighborhood, to find the ...er." By luck his shrewd common sense ...to hit the nail on the head.

...asn't my idea; it was the housekeeper's!" ...on was an image of worry.

...ctly. And though the burglar theory's all ...ll, too, you may be playing into her hands, ...you know," coolly. "I haven't seen the ...but if she carries her sins as badly as the ...oes, I don't want to! The inquest is——"

...morrow at ten."

...right," Vivian nodded. "I'm off now, and ...ope is that on my way home I sha'n't find ...irl's body behind some hedge."

...way home seemed a devious one. It scoured ...illage, stopped at every farmhouse for miles ...; but he found no one who had seen or ...of two girls.

...pletely at a loss, he turned to go home, and ...a long way round struck into a back road ...ed between his own estate and his next ...or's. Weary and dispirited, he got off his ...at an unused gate that was within two ...of his own house, opened it with difficulty, ...ading his horse, plunged through the wet ...and brambles of the neglected drive.

...as he came, in the growing dusk, to the ...had had built for shooting-luncheons on ...ays, he stopped short.

...n the unshuttered window of the place came ...glow of a dying fire, rosy in the twilight ...wood.

...he found Gillian?

...kicked open the door and strode in, crying ...me. But the hut was empty.

...an stared round him. Kicking the logs in... ...ible blaze, he saw, with a swelling heart, ...lf-charred remnants of a poor meal.

...year's potatoes for Gillian Hamilton!— ...ithout reason that she had been here.

...ething stuck beside the fireplace to dry ...his eye, and he stooped to it.

...minutes later he came out of the hut, and ...s were dry. The dangling, white thing had ...hat sodden map of the roads Gillian had ...p and forgotten. What devil had led him

...on the back of the map was a little smear ...God knows how it had got there!—a finger... ...as if on a girl's hand there had lurked one ...ng trace of blood that had melted and run ...et paper fingered in the rain.

...illian!" he fairly groaned, though for all he ...the map might have belonged to any casual ...on his way to the next workhouse. "And ...should find it—before the inquest!" As ...e out of the hut and unfastened his patient ...he looked back.

...dying coals had flamed up suddenly, and ...were black rags of paper fluttering up the ...ey.

...led his horse home, ate his dinner, and went ...room. There was no one to know that he ...ere for hours, motionless, an unlighted ciga... ...between his fingers.

...t rough firewood might easily have pricked ...n a girl's tender hand—but if Sir Charles ...could honestly have thought it he would ...gone to his bed a happy man!

CHAPTER XX.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHARLES VIVIAN.

...inquest on the body of Paul Marchmont ...egun in the gloomy library of Hamilton ...The news of the tragedy had spread like ...re, making the men angry and ready to fol... ...p the vaguest suspicion, turning the women ...and terrified.

...owners of the houses that had been bur... ...ed were shaken with selfish joy at their own ...s. No one doubted that the murder was the ...of those same burglars, and the hastily em... ...d jury met hot-foot to hunt the robbers ...But as the inquest progressed in the hushed room a change came over jury and spectators alike.

Sir Charles Vivian grew livid where he sat waiting, for, to the astonishment of every one, he was not among the jury of county neighbors, but waiting his turn as a witness.

The butler had been called first, and the questions of the coroner had brought answers that were nervously glib.

Brookes had been dismissed by his master at an earlier hour than usual on the night of the tragedy. He had locked up and gone to bed. Oh, how carefully and covertly had he ascertained during the two days since that night of horror that no sleepless servant was able to give the lie to any of his statements!

In the morning he had been awakened by a screaming and knocking at his door. Jane Holliday, the under housemaid, had been the first to enter Mr. Marchmont's sitting-room, and had found him there, dead on the floor. To the best of Brookes' knowledge there had been no robbery; nothing was missing from the house.

"Was there anything unusual the day before? Had Mr. Marchmont any visitors?" The coroner looked with pity at the trembling servant, who seemed so broken down with grief.

"There was—nothing unusual!" Brookes hesitated. "Sir Charles Vivian came to luncheon. There were no other visitors."

Not another word could be got out of him.

His ashy face was wet as he was told to step back, and only one of his answers had had any effect on the jury.

There had been no robbery!

A host of unimportant witnesses were called, under servants who knew nothing, had heard no noise or disturbance, and gave the dead man the best of characters as a master. And then the housekeeper.

Tall, coarsely handsome in her black dress, the woman stood quietly facing the coroner.

Of her grief and despair at her master's murder there was no doubt; her black eyes looked cried out, and there were lines of agony on her face. But there was something else, too.

Sir Charles Vivian, leaning forward in his chair, saw the hand that hung by her side twitching, her thick nostrils dilated—and knew she meant mischief.

But mischief to whom?

With an inspiration he penciled something on a card and had it passed to Sir Simon Wellford, who sat in the jury. Wellford's eyebrows went up, but he nodded.

"My name," the housekeeper began, "is Mary Gibbs. I have been for some time in Mr. Marchmont's service; I was in his house in London before I came here. He was the kindest of masters——" She stopped, at a wave of the coroner's hand.

"He must have been killed about one in the morning. Where were you?"

"In my bed," resentfully. "I heard no noise. I knew nothing. If I had, I'd have gone down and helped him!"

"Who told you he was dead?"

"Brookes. He came to my door in the morning, and I ran down."

"You were dressed?"

"It was my usual hour for getting up." The woman was barely civil; it was plain even to the spectators that she was blazing with some kind of passion, rage, or sorrow.

"And you found——"

"I found him lying dead on the floor, with blood all over him, stiff and cold. I sent for the police and ran to wake Miss Hamilton"—the twitching hand clutched at her side—"but she was not there! Her room and her maid's were empty. They were gone."

"Gone?"

A little rustle of interest ran around the room. Every one in it knew Gillian Hamilton was not in the house, but in spite of the rumors flying about, they had hoped for some simple explanation, perhaps for her return.

"She had no intention of making an early start for a journey the night before?" At the continuation of his first question the coroner saw the witness's eyes flash.

"Not she! I'd have known. There would have been orders given about breakfast and a carriage. But she had made the start, all the same. Her room was all topsyturvy, her clothes left anyhow. She'd run away, if ever a woman did."

"Why should you use such a term for your mistress's conduct?"

"She was no mistress of mine!" fiercely. "Just a girl Mr. Marchmont had taken in for charity—and what did he get for it? All the time she was crying. The day before he was killed she quarreled with him over a present he'd given her—I heard it. Nothing he could do would please her, she hated him so; him—that dressed her like a duchess!"

"How do you know she hated him? Give a reason."

"I could give twenty. But the biggest was this: She'd a sister in London, and she used to worry night and day to get her adopted, too, till he said he wouldn't do it. And after that she'd just keep quiet and look at him—I've seen her many a time—as if she hated the sight of his face. And"—she turned from coroner to jury and back again—"why did she run away like this in the middle of the night if it wasn't that she was afraid to stay? What took her? I'll tell you, if you want to know, who killed my master." She turned and pointed with a tragic hand to the shut door off the small room of the library, where Marchmont's body lay stiff and stark. "Find Miss Gillian Hamilton! There was no one hated him but her."

An electric thrill ran through the packed room. Gillian Hamilton! The woman who stood there panting with fury was accusing Tom Hamilton's daughter, one of themselves, with far closer ties to the county than Marchmont had ever had.

"We want facts, not suppositions!" said the coroner sternly. "You can stand down, unless," he turned to the jury, "there is any question you would like to ask."

Mrs. Gibbs grew deadly pale.

"Be good enough to answer."

"Ordinary terms," she snapped.

"Ah! Does that include playing cards with him of an evening?"

"Who told you I played cards with him?" The unexpected attack had made her head unsteady.

"It was your habit, then?" smoothly.

"I may have done it—if he told me to. Yes."

"And you found the presence of your late master's ward in the house tiresome! I think we quite see. That is all, your honor," to the coroner.

Mrs. Gibbs went back to her place, choking down an uneasy terror that would not be silenced. Who could have told that to the jury? But it did not matter. They might show in a hundred ways that she had a spite against Gillian Hamilton, but it would not affect that bloody handprint on the cellar stones! Nothing could take from that.

She looked without interest as Sir Charles Vivian was the next witness called. He had only once been at the house and could give no evidence that concerned her.

But the butler was unaccountably, unreasonably fearful. He kept glancing at the new witness and wiping his mouth, for his upper lip was wet.

"You saw nothing yesterday which led you to think the dead man on bad terms with his ward?"

The first question was unexpected, but it had to be faced.

"I saw enough," returned Vivian slowly, "to be able to explain the absence of Miss Hamilton and her maid. Miss Hamilton did not seem happy, and broke down utterly in the course of the afternoon. I remarked on her maid's authoritative manner to her, and she told me that she was no maid, but her only sister, whom Marchmont had forbidden to see her, though he knew she was living in London in great poverty."

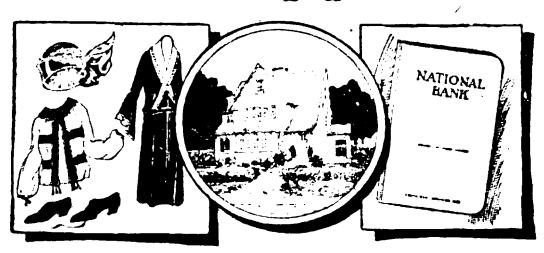
Her sister! Mrs. Gibbs gave a startled cry.

That maid, to whom she had spoken openly, Gillian Hamilton's sister! Then the game was a terrible one, exposure nearly certain. She sprang to her feet.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Would More Money Make You Happier?

Wouldn't This Old World Be a Better Place To Live In If You Had Another $5 or $10 or $15 Every Week?



Would You Like To Dress Better | Are You Ambitious To Own a Home? | Do You Want a Bigger Bank Account?

I Can Help You Get It

No Matter What You Want Extra Money For, Here Is a Way To Get It

IT'S easy for people to talk. But it's pretty hard to keep happy and content if your pocketbook or purse is always running short.

Pretty hard to keep your spirits up if lack of money is always cheating you out of something you need or want, something you've got your heart set on.

Pretty hard to keep cheerful with that old joy-killer "Can't-Afford-It" always staring you in the face.

Every ambitious woman has some goal, some pet desire, some pent-up hope or wish or longing that depends on money for its realization. And it's pretty hard to keep from getting blue and discouraged when you don't know where the money's coming from.

Maybe your long-denied ambition is to dress better. Maybe to travel—to visit far-off relatives or see the country. Maybe to own a home. Maybe to buy a car. Maybe to get a better education or to send a son or daughter to college. Maybe to pay old bills and get out of debt. Maybe to have a comfortable bank account as a reserve against emergencies or old age. Maybe it's to live better, to get more pleasure and enjoyment out of life.

But let's look the facts straight in the eye. No one ever did or ever will get anything in this life just by wishing for it. There's only one sure and dependable way to have more money in your purse—that's by **earning it yourself.**

And I can show you a way to do it. Just by using your spare time—time that so many women idle away. You can earn it right in your own home. You don't have to take a single step away from your own door.

All In Spare Time

No matter what your pet wish or ambition may be, no matter what you want more money for, if an extra $3 to $10 or $15 every week or so will help make you happier and better satisfied, then I can show you how to get it.

I have provided profitable and pleasant spare-time home-work for hundreds of people—both women and men. Now I want to start at least a thousand more. The work is interesting. In fact, some of those who have taken it up tell me it is positively fascinating—more like a pastime than work. You can do it entirely at your own convenience—sit down and work at any time of the day or evening that happens handy—start and stop whenever you like. It needn't interfere a particle with your regular duties.



The Master Knitter

The Home Profit Knitter contains many features and improvements never before seen in any home knitting machine. We guarantee that after a little practice you can do perfect work on it, simply by following our plain and clear instructions.

The Home Profit Knitter has a portable stand, and can be picked up and carried from room to room and used anywhere in the house. It **is the Master Machine of all knitters.**

It's a kind of work that you can take pride in doing. From every angle it's an ideal way to turn your spare hours into dollars—knitting wool socks for the Home Profit Hosiery Company on our famous Home Profit Knitter. It is many times faster than hand-knitting. That's why home-knitting on this skillful little machine pays so well. **That's why so many users of it call it their "Purse-Filler."**

Fast or slow, just as you turn the handle, this skillful little knitter knits and shapes each sock from cuff to toe. It knits either a ribbed or solid weave, and either a plain or fancy top.

You know the rage for wool hose. Everybody wearing them—men, women, children. There's a steady year-around demand for the quality of socks so easily knitted on the Home Profit Knitter. That's why we want more and more home workers who are willing to do spare-time knitting for us.

You Get Good Pay

You don't need to know a single thing about knitting to take up this work. We show you how. Complete instructions that make everything plain and clear come with the knitter. With practice, anyone who follows directions—anyone who really wants to earn money instead of merely wishing for it, anyone who *is* willing to make a little effort and do his or her part—can soon be turning out perfect socks—and getting good pay for every pair.

The pay is sure. The Home Profit Hosiery Company **guarantees** to take every pair of socks you knit for us on a Home Profit Knitter in accordance with our simple instructions, and guarantees to pay you a fixed price for each pair as fast as you *finish* the socks and send them in. But if preferred, you have the privilege of selling part or all of the socks you knit direct to friends or neighbors or local stores, at your own price.

If They Can Do It So Can You

Some of those who have taken up spare-time home-knitting on the Home Profit Knitter, are making around $3 to $5 a week at it. Some around $10. Some around $15. Some even as high as $20 or more. The amount each earns from week to week is always in proportion to the amount of time and effort given to the work. And every dollar thus earned is **extra money**—a welcome **addition** to the regular family or personal income.

Some of our many spare-time home-workers are married women. Some are school teachers—using their free time after school and holidays. Some are young unmarried women who would rather earn money at home than work in a store or office or factory. Some are men. A few give all their time to home-knitting—finding it pays better than anything else they can do.

Some live on farms, some in small towns, some in large cities—where one happens to live makes no difference whatever.

Make Your Wish Come True

If you have been wishing you had more money coming in, here is your chance. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter, a little spare time, and the willingness to do your part. How much you earn will always be in proportion to how much time and effort you give the work. You can do as much or as little knitting each day and each week as you choose. You are always "your own boss." If you like, other members of the family can take turns with you and help you along—for with practice almost anyone can knit socks on the Home Profit Knitter. And whether you knit a dozen or more pairs every day or only a dozen in a week or month, you can be sure of good pay for all the finished work you send us.

Just send me your name and I will send you full information about this spare-time home-work plan that is bringing in extra money for so many others. That won't cost you anything. Yet it can easily make a vast difference in the happiness and satisfaction you get out of life—it can mean hundreds of dollars a year to you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. It's a good idea to do it now—before you forget about it.

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Home Profit Hosiery Company, Inc.,
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Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

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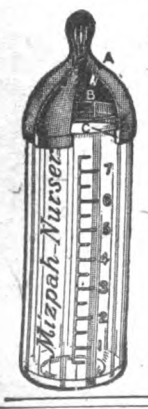
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— just what Baby needs!

AT LAST, a safe and sensible nurser with a pure-gum nipple. Soft as a natural breast. A godsend to mothers and to nursing babies.



Mizpah Non-Colic **Nurser** Number 76

Cannot collapse when child bites it because of inside ribs. Safety-valve (A-B) acts as vent for easy suction and prevents vacuum with consequent colic. Shoulder (C) snugly fits ANY wide-mouthed nursing bottle.

Nurser, complete, 35c. Nipple or bottle, separately, 20c each. At druggists' or by mail, postage paid by us. Write also for FREE booklet containing valuable information on baby-feeding.

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Dept. A, 1034 Spring St., Phila.

Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza



A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once

Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything, a new, rich, fadeless color. Buy "Diamond Dyes" —no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.

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Do you want "Mary Ann?"

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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers.

Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Flatulence and Colic of Babies

WE take these subjects for our talk this month as they are the most common of the digestive disorders of infancy, and if one could prevent the colic and attacks of indigestion of babyhood, he would be rendering to humanity the greatest blessing possible to imagine. Flatulence and colic are so commonly associated that we shall take them up together, as both are recognized in most cases by their relations to feedings or meals. Soon after food is taken a baby becomes restless, kicks its legs about or draws them up, begins to grunt, then utters a piercing cry, or sometimes a prolonged cry. The stomach is rigid, face turns pale, then after a time eructions of gas, and sometimes vomits food. As digestion proceeds the pain ceases.

The conditions of flatulent colic are not easy to explain in each individual case but are associated with poorness or deficiency of the milk on the part of the mother, if baby is nursing. It may be the quality or the indigestibility of the milk. Colic is common where cow's milk is given, and in this case it is caused by curds forming, which are relieved by vomiting or being disposed of by digestion.

It may persist when stomach is empty or food undigested.

There is always irregularity of the bowels, constipation being the rule, although in some cases there is diarrhea. If the bowels are constipated the movements are pale and lumpy, evacuated with great difficulty and may be accompanied with a little blood which comes from the lower end of the bowels and is due to the abnormal size and consistence of movement and the straining necessary to evacuate it.

Some babies appear to be very sensitive to the contact of food with the mucous membranes of the stomach and intestines, and even when the food is proper in every respect you get flatulency and colic every time they take any of it.

Some babies are prone to constipation from the time they are born, and of course this interferes with digestion and causes colic.

This condition of things is to be expected during the first weeks of a baby's life as the stomach and intestines are called upon to perform functions, which they are not accustomed to do, and we should not expect the work to be done as well as it will be done later on in life.

There is one thing that a nursing mother must bear in mind, and it is this: she is to remember that she is feeding two people and not herself alone.

A nursing mother should keep her own bowels regular with food *if possible*, but if not possible by this means, she should take some laxative like Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep the bowels regular; she must avoid acid foods that cause gas, and take care to eat slowly, chewing the food properly.

She must do these things to avoid having any indigestion at all, for a little gas with her may mean colic for her baby after nursing. If after careful diet she still finds she has gas and indigestion, take two teaspoonful doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin, after each meal. I lay sepcial stress on this point, as I am certain that half, at least, of the indigestion and colic of nursing babies could be prevented by mother being more careful about her food and digestion. In some cases the baby will wish to eat too often, and some babies eat too fast. These habits must be corrected.

It is almost unbelievable how soon a mother can spoil her baby by getting into the bad habit of nursing every two or three hours all night long. The mother does not get the sleep and rest she should, becomes irritable, in fact both mother and baby soon get into this state.

The question of treatment comes up for your baby with colic, and the general answer is to find the cause and remove it.

We can help out in your individual case by explaining the possible causes, and then you must find out which of them is the cause in your special case.

There is no question but what some mother's milk is not good for her baby, but there are many cases where if she would look after her own digestion properly it would be good.

Every healthy mother should try and nurse her babies, as mother's milk is an ideal food, a food that no chemist can imitate.

If a baby is suddenly taken with pain and colic, the first thing to do is to relieve the pain, and this may be done by a suppository or a small enema of soap and water or olive oil or glycerine. These relieve by moving the bowels and getting rid of what is causing the pain. Teaspoonful doses of castor oil should be given if for any reason the mother thinks there may be food offending.

There are drugs that are used successfully for the relief of colic—dill, fennel and cinnamon water. These remedies are said to relieve the pain by their pungency attracting the nerve filaments and diverting their attention until the gastric juice digests the food and relieves the trouble. Whether the theory of their action is right or not they do relieve the pain.

If a baby, fed on modified milk has attacks of colic, dilute the milk more with water and also add some simple alkali like lime-water or bicarbonate of soda. You can put tablespoonful of lime-water to three ounces of milk, or one grain of bicarbonate of soda to each ounce of the food.

Oftentimes adding barley water to the food gives great relief. Barley water is made by putting two teaspoonfuls of pearl barley into pint of water, cold, boil slowly down to two-thirds of a pint then strain.

If a baby awakens in the night with colic, warming the feet often relieves and it goes to sleep, or a warm linseed meal poultice on the abdomen gives relief.

If colic persists in spite of these things it may be best for a time to put baby on dried or condensed milk, but these substitutes should only be used for a short time, and the shorter the better.

Just a word in regard to dressing babies, as most of the clothing of a baby is adapted for the most part with the thought in mind of urination, etc., but you must remember that a baby must be kept warm, not only its shoulders and abdomen, but its legs, and put the diapers and other garments on so that they are retained in position.

Subject for next month, *Incontinence of Urine.*

Questions and Answers

CONSTIPATION.—What can I do for my seven-months-old baby who is badly constipated all the time? I am feeding him condensed milk.

MRS. Z. T., Gosport, Ind.

A.—I should put him on modified milk, giving him teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in his milk often enough to keep bowels regular. Give him also oatmeal gruel, molasses cookies, orange juice, coddled eggs. Condensed milk may be used in an emergency, but is not ideal as regular food.

INCONTINENCE OF URINE.—Can you tell me what to do for my seven-year-old daughter, as she cannot control her urine? She grits her teeth at night and complains of her head and stomach.

MRS. P. C. D., Tarrytown, Ga.

A.—There are many causes of the condition you mention, and in order to relieve we must find the cause and remove it in your daughter's case. A highly acid urine will get the bladder in an irritable state, so that it will not retain the urine; avoiding acids and taking alkalies, vichy water, lime-water, or a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in glass of water three times a day, will relieve.

Pinworms in rectum will cause an irritation of bladder and affect its control, rectal enemas of warm water to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt will eliminate these if used occasionally.

If caused by a relaxed muscular condition, fifteen drops of Fluid Extract of Ergot, given in water three times a day for ten days, will relieve this.

Get your girl's general health in the best possible condition, keep her bowels regular, be carful of her diet, and if her food distresses her give teasponoful doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin in water after each meal for a time.

FREQUENT URINATION.—I am writing to you for help, as I urinate often, especially at night, sometimes every half hour.

MRS. H. C. P., Enola, Ark.

A.—Pressing of adjacent organs on bladder will cause the frequent urination you mention. Keep the bowels regular, know that the rectum is empty, also that the uterus is not out of position and pressing on bladder. If it is, you can hold it in position by tampons made of cotton, rubber pessary, or have an operation of fixation, which is a shortening of the ligaments, to cause it to stay in its normal position.

SUCKING FINGER.—What can I do to stop my three-months-old baby from sucking her finger, as it is red and sore? Will it deform finger or her mouth?

MRS. A. W. F., Two Harbors, Minn.

A.—No, there is no danger of deforming the finger or mouth, but this habit can be broken up by a little patience and persistence. Try bandaging the hand, or tying it up so baby cannot get it up to the mouth.

Some harmless bitter, vinegar, aloes, put on finger often stops habit at once.

HERNIA.—My boy, six years old, has a raw enlargement that sticks out at the navel. Have tried a great many things for it without relief.

MRS. J. M. L. B., Chocouwinity, N. C.

A.—Get a Nitrate of Silver Stick and touch up the raw surface every third day. Every day cleanse thoroughly, dust on a little powdered sulphur and bandage with a slight pressure. If it does not improve soon consult a surgeon and have examination.

PROTRUDING NAVEL.—What can I do for my sixteen-months-old baby girl, as her navel protrudes an inch? Have used a truss for two months without any improvement.

MRS. J. S., Orleans, Nebr.

A.—For a baby of this age I think you will have better success with a button than with a truss. Take a button the size of a half dollar, with convex or rounded side softly padded and press navel back into position then put adhesive plasters on crosswise to hold button firmly in position.

In order to do this properly you must press down quite hard as there is a slight giving back when you relieve pressure.

Watch plasters closely and change them often enough to get constant pressure.

When changing them, place baby on its back, prevent its crying during this operation, and try and get the renewed plasters on without navel coming out, for, of course, every time the navel comes out you begin at the beginning again.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

clean it up, fix it over and sell it for more money than we gave for it, buy another and do likewise.

Sisters, I have moved here and there since I was married, until I am threadbare. I can't have nice flower garden, yard, trees or anything. I am tired of cleaning up someone's dirt and trash for the sake of someone else. And I can't have anything nice in the house when moving all the time. "Three moves is as bad as a fire," or worse.

Please, shall I call a halt, refuse to move and take the consequences or let him drag me down where he will? I'll have to give him credit for being able to transform a place in a remarkably short time and with a minimum amount of money, simply by cleaning up fence corners, repairing buildings and fences and keeping weeds mowed. But he doesn't do it for the beautifying of the place but for the money part of it. He is talking of moving to Canada next and I just feel like I couldn't bear to live there.

He says we should

"Move about a little,
And see the world a bit,
A plant stays where it is planted
And a stone has got to sit."

His folks were just that way and, girls, don't make the mistake I did. Don't let anyone tell you that people of different ideas get along best together for they don't. They told me it didn't make any difference what his people did, that I wasn't marrying the whole family, but I don't believe it at all. I think when you marry a man you not only marry the whole family but his ancestors for several generations back and their traits come out in your children.

Hoping that someone will advise me, I will close with love to all of you.

BETTY LOU.

Betty Lou.—It isn't that I don't understand how you feel or that I'm not sympathetic but you wrote in such a whimsical, humorous way that I had to laugh in spite of myself and I thought, "Bless her, she'll get along somehow," for you seem to have a sense of humor and it is a wonderful thing. Cherish it above everything else. You probably feel like this:

"I wish I was a little rock
A-settin on a hill;
A-doin' nothing all day long
But just a-settin' still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd set and set a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!"

LEESBURG, FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please let a sister from the land of flowers chat a bit. I love dear old COMFORT and could not do without it. Mrs. Wilkinson, I wish I could see you. Can't you come down to Florida and visit all the sisters?

I am sending my baby's photograph which I hope to see in COMFORT. Her name is Evelyn and she was six months old when this was taken and weighed 22 pounds.

Please print my letter as my husband thinks the Sisters' Corner is just a make-up.

Love to all.

MRS. G. J. MAURER.

Mrs. Maurer.—Because Baby Evelyn is such a dear, your letter will be printed, not to prove to your husband that the Sisters' Corner isn't real. There are so many doubting husbands that I don't pay much attention to them.—Ed.

ARAGO, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come again, to thank you for your kindness to me. First, Mrs. Wilkinson, for printing my letter, then the dear sisters for answering it. I received eight thousand cards and one thousand letters, and I can never thank you enough for I passed many pleasant hours with my COMFORT mail. Have answered all I could but am not able to write to so many so hope this will be printed to let you know your kindness has been greatly appreciated. I will try and answer some of your questions.

I cannot do fancy work for sale as I am not strong enough. I do a little when I feel like it to help pass the time away. Tourists don't care to buy it either. I was able to be up all summer but have been in bed since the last of September. I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh about one hundred pounds. Have brown hair and blue eyes. I have had to wear glasses since I began school. I am twenty-two years old and a member of the Ev. Lutheran Church.

I would like to help you in some way so will tell you how Mamma makes paste for wall papering. Rub three pints of flour smooth in two quarts of cold water, add eight quarts of boiling water and boil ten minutes, stirring constantly. When cold stir in two tablespoons of powdered alum. Use as thick as it will run off brush easily. If too thick add cold water. We used a white-wash brush to spread the paste. We pasted white oil-cloth on our kitchen walls which are boarded up with six-inch pine flooring. It has been washed several times and is just like new. Everyone thinks it is white enameled and there are no cracks like there would have been had the walls been painted. Don't stretch the oilcloth when hanging as it shrinks when drying and if stretched it will crack. The first day it will be puffed out over each crack in the wall, from the paste soaking it up but when dry it will shrink till perfectly smooth.

Wishing you all the best of luck and health, I remain, Your grateful friend, FRIEDA HEMMERICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Uneducated Mother, I think I am able to help you as I have had about your experience. I was married when only fifteen and between the cares of marriage and babies and sickness after marriage I had little chance to learn, but I have improved opportunity. I always wanted a dictionary for my own one only the last two years and when I read the paper I have it close at hand and when I run across a word I can't pronounce or don't know the meaning of. I look it up in the dictionary. Sometimes I know what it means and can pronounce it. It is a tedious job but it is worthwhile and I find myself recommending it to any one for what we ourselves is more apt to stay with us. I learned the pronunciation marks at school but if you don't know them you could learn them from your spelling book.

Mary Jane, I always feel safe when I quote a precious word of God to a mother in trouble. First Corinthians, 13th chapter, then chapter and read Romans the 7th, entire chapter and 8th chapter. All of these are in the New Testament.

Love and best wishes to all.

MRS. [illegible]

MANCHESTER, 89 NAMES [illegible]

DEAR SISTERS:

Can any of you tell me how to do Navajo [illegible] done by the Indians of the West or New Mexico any of you can I will be glad to correspond with I want to learn very much.

Respectfully, MRS. L. H. [illegible]

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please give me a seat in your happy circle as all COMFORT readers.

The trip Mr. Gannett gave us is certainly [illegible]

Now that spring is here I want to say to housewives that I have found common [illegible] the most satisfactory wall covering. Our [illegible] plastered in cold weather and cracked and looked as if it would let loose any time. I light colored piece of oilcloth and put it on ceiling as you would paper, putting the [illegible] ing up as tight as possible in the center and there and makes the kitchen nice and [illegible] gets dirty it is easily cleaned with soap and looks like new. I have a shade [illegible] walls. It is easy to clean and looks as [illegible] last a lifetime. Has been on now [illegible] costs a little more at first but that is [illegible]

This spring when you cut a big ham [illegible] maining pieces with clean lard and put it [illegible] sack. This prevents mould and keeps it [illegible] and sweet.

I would say to Uneducated Mother, study [illegible] possible and keep a dictionary near you when [illegible] Remember how Lincoln got his education.

Best wishes to all the sisters and especially [illegible]

MRS. A. B. [illegible]

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all for the good and [illegible] letters I received. They caused me to see [illegible] a different viewpoint and I do not feel [illegible] did when I wrote the first letter. I [illegible] never live through this but the burden has [illegible] and everything is going well. I am going to [illegible] the letters as I can but should I miss any I [illegible] thank one and all, through dear old COMFORT, [illegible] the kindness and sympathy shown me.

Your sister in COMFORT,

A WISCONSIN [illegible]

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I'll sit over here with all the good [illegible] phans, blind and lame and face Mrs. Wilkinson, neither old nor young but I do love good old COMFORT like to lend a helping hand as chances come [illegible] Some say, don't write your troubles but to [illegible] "Bear ye one another's burdens," and I believe I have read their troubles and breathed a prayer Heavenly Father in their behalf that it may [illegible] ous way they are comforted.

I love the talks on rearing children and [illegible] just what it ought to be. I have three [illegible] hope by the aid of a Higher Power to [illegible] light to this old world. I love that sweet promise Jesus gave us, "Lo I am with you always even [illegible] the end." I know within myself that I cannot



EVELYN MAURER.

not exchange him for a multimillionaire. We have been married sixteen years. We bought a home and moved into it on Christmas Day. I hope to make it so that God wants a home in this life to next year. I have thought of naming our home Flowerdale. [illegible] many of the sisters want to help me make it pay to that name? If any care to send seeds, bulbs, [illegible] give the nature, whether pot or yard plant. I love flowers and Mother Nature and out-of-door life. I will [illegible] my husband all I can. I couldn't do otherwise as [illegible] he is all a husband could mean to a wife.

I am glad of the sign we can wear that shows we are COMFORT Sisters and am sending in my order for [illegible] also renewing my subscription for two years.

Sisters, when the warm, bright spring days come and you are planning over things, think of my home and be happy one.

God bless each and every one and a long life to COMFORT.

MRS. EVAN [illegible]

BEAVERDALE, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Your corner is the best part of the paper to me though every page is good.

The mother who signs herself "Uneducated Mother" is making a mistake according to my way of thinking and as she asked for advice I will talk to her. She may be uneducated in this enlightened country! Education isn't "reading, writing and arithmetic" alone. Education is knowledge and knowledge is far from being arithmetic. Of course it is good and helps a lot but why let your little girl know you can't do her arithmetic work? No, don't deceive her but she doesn't need to know you can't do the decimals. Let her prove things herself. It will do her more good than a dozen helps and it is her teacher's place to help her. Just as it is in another line and is as important to her life.

I know a friend who can't do simple sums in arithmetic or help her children with their spelling or reading but her boy doesn't know she is dull in these things. She has knowledge of the world, has traveled some and read a lot. Her job is training his mind to know of the world, how to select good reading and many other things as important as the three R's. I listened to a public speaker recently that could be beaten in spelling and arithmetic by a fifth grade child, yet his education seemed almost complete and he gave us audience so many wonderful points that we forgot that he went, only a few years, to school.

My own mother raised a large family and I don't think any of us ever took a sum in arithmetic to her. She just naturally taught us that that way was wrong with teacher's help. We never knew she didn't know but we did go to her with harder problems than in arithmetic. She had knowledge and that is education. She could talk with anyone and was always ready to tell what to do and say.

I am afraid you are making a mistake in allowing your little girl to say, "Mamma doesn't know." She will soon get it into her head that Mamma doesn't know anything and as she grows older will look down on you. Get that thought out of your head that you can't make an impression because you can't do this now.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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The Easter Miracle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ling she would suddenly awaken and find it dream, she sat on, following the services as she could until finally there came a pause, from somewhere behind the banks of flowers avenly voice sang:

"The Joy-bells of Heaven are ringing,
They tell us a Savior is there——"

s, a miracle had happened, but how?
lling herself together with an effort, she sat ts she was aware that Herbert was leaving ew and going to the pulpit.
en she gave her attention to him.
ear friends," he said, "the day of miracles rmed by God is past, but may we not be- that God may delegate his miraculous rs to living men? Men are daily performing of heroism which we attribute as miracu-
May we not believe it is the hand of God? erday, your good sister, Clementina Lamb, I decked this church in honor of Easter lay. We used the best means Clementina *ght* we had, artificial flowers. This morning bloom forth as nature's own. It was my cle but dictated by God to honor the woman had heeded, *'For I was an hungered, and ye me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me k; I was a stranger and ye took me in.'* To r her minister, her God and the resurrection His Son, she sought to beautify your church. uld make the artificial flowers bloom and I it for her sake. For, though I came a stranger, gry and thirsty, I came of my own accord so, I am in reality Herbert Smith-Reeves, a writer whom perhaps some of you have heard. I ed to prove that there were good Samaritans he world and my belief in mankind was con- ed when Miss Clementina, all unconscious of I was, pitying me only as a destitute fellow- g, kindly and without thought of reward in world, took me in. The typing that she so n heard, was the embodiment of her good deed a work that the world shall read of in my st book, the entire proceeds of which shall be n her to assure her comfort to the end of her s."
hen bowing to the congregation he left the pul- and went back to the pew, and taking Clemen- 's hand in his own held it until the services e over.
fter Reverend Foster informed the congrega- that the potted lilies were to be distributed ng the congregation, the gathered assembly le its way from the church.
utside, the brilliant sun had almost annihi- ed the snow of the day before and Spring was ly queen. The day spoke of Resurrection and

lementina walked slowly beside Herbert. She med afraid of him now, and was trying to lize that all the past months she had been intimate with one of the leading authors of day for all had heard of Herbert Smith- eves. How the additional surname had changed from the run of Smiths!
'Well, Clementina dear, did you like the ser- s?" Herbert began.
'Oh, Mr. Reeves——" but he interrupted her.
"I am only Herbert to you, never anything e," he said gently. "What were you going to ?"
"I was just going to ask how you did it all?"
"Why, last evening a florist with his truck and sistants came from Standard and fixed it all . I had intended all along to make the flowers om, to please you."
"You think the little I did, Herbert, dear, was much?"
"You are too modest, dear Clementina," he an- ered. "The true Christian spirit which you splayed is not so easily found as I well know. ople like you make us believe in the eventual lvation of mankind. Then, indeed, that will be miracle."

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"It's a lie!" she exclaimed.

The coroner stopped her. He and the jury were electrified by this witness, who had been thought to know nothing.

"The girl was disguised, very well made up, but I noticed it," pursued Vivian imperturbably, "and Miss Hamilton told me she had been so lonely and so frightened in this house that she had made her sister come to her in the only way which was possible."

"Why was she frightened?"

"Chiefly because her guardian was so curiously unkind in speech and manner, even while he loaded her with presents. And because, in a way, the household was a mysterious one. It is not, I believe, usual for the upper servants," he glanced at Mrs. Gibbs, who could scarcely be kept quiet, "to play cards, drink and smoke with their master! Miss Hamilton," he addressed the jury with a level earnestness that was impressive enough, "was nothing but a prisoner in this house. She was not allowed to write a letter, to go out alone, or even to use the ordinary sitting-rooms of the house. Why, I do not know! But what I wish to say is that I advised her to leave Marchmont at once, and go with her sister to London. From what I had gathered from her, this house was no place for any girl."

"Did you advise her to run away?" the coroner almost gasped.

"No, certainly not! But how are we to know that she did run away? She may have told her guardian of her intentions without asking leave of his servants. As for her murdering him, I think"—he banished the recollection of that blood-stained may—"that is absurd. Miss Hamilton is a very timid girl, I should imagine, and not strong."

"Is that all you have to say?"

Sir Charles' common-sense evidence had taken a weight off every man in the jury. After all, they knew little of Marchmont, and Gillian was Tom Hamilton's daughter. Her absence looked simple enough now. Truly Gillian had done well to confide in Sir Charles Vivian.

"No, not all," he continued. "That day at luncheon I noticed something peculiar about the butler. Yesterday and today I see that he is scarcely able to walk from some injury to his ankle."

Every eye in the room was turned on Brookes. In obedience to a sign from the coroner he came forward, but though he never raised his eyes his words came glibly enough.

He had fallen down-stairs in his haste to see if the dreadful news were true; half-a-dozen of the servants had seen him.

Sir Charles had missed his point, and he was angry, for he knew the man was lying; it was written on his face.

Mrs. Gibbs sat biting her lips and watching the door; but no one noticed her. The jury were whispering together, the coroner sat impassive. Suddenly the woman half-rose and sat down again. Whose voice was it she had heard in the hall, reckless, imperious? What did it mean? Her brain had been whirling ever since the thunderbolt concerning the identity of the girl she had trusted. Yet she had not, except for the first instant really disbelieved it. That fool of a girl would not say her maid was her sister unless it were true. And at the thought of all Gillian Hamilton's sister knew, even Mrs. Gibbs was frightened. The increasing stir in the hall made her mad with terror, and sensless terror, at that, for the voice she heard was certainly the voice of an ally—unless its owner meant to turn queen's evidence. For the voice was Lesard's.

There was another voice, too, and Mrs. Gibbs's face went red and white in patches, as the door opened and there entered the detective whom she had so cleverly managed to despatch to London full of suspicion of the runaway girls. If he and Lesard were in company, it could mean only one thing, that nothing could save Marchmont's reputation or her own but the timely discovery of the handprint in the cellar. And she cursed her own madness in moving Marchmont's body, for how was she ever to draw the search to the cellar now? And where was Lesard? For the door had closed behind Richardson, the detective.

She looked at Brookes, and knew he had heard the voice of the man who could betray their real position in Marchmont's household. For the butler stood an image of gray fear.

Suddenly the blood leaped to her face. She leaned forward with a wolfish eagerness, for the detective was speaking. All her terror turned to mad triumph as she listened. Good for Lesard! He was here, then, to play on her side—all she longed for was coming to pass; her plan would succeed, and the guilty be brought to justice.

The presence of the detective was no surprise to the coroner, who had known of his arrival in the early train, and of his occupation since. For Sir Charles' words of the day before had borne fruit, and the coroner had no desire ever since to rely on the housekeeper's evidence about the missing girls.

He listened as Richardson said quietly that having no reason to believe they had ever reached London he and his men had made a thorough search of the house; uselessly, he was bound to admit. But a man from the village had told him that there was a secret passage leading into the cellars—could any gentleman on the jury corroborate it? The man had not heard it spoken of for years.

Sir Simon Wellford started.

What a fool he had been all this time! In his boyhood he had found his way into that very passage with Tom Hamilton. How had he come to forget it now?

"You're quite right," he exclaimed. "There is a passage, but as far as I know there is no way into it from the house. But I think I can show you the way from outside," looking at the coroner for permission to leave the room.

Vivian, whose heart was suddenly heavy as lead, quietly followed the two men. He had seen the strange elation on the housekeeper's face, and he was ready for any devilish plot that should fit this crime on Gillian Hamilton.

He never spoke as Sir Simon led the way round the house to that strange, black pool, but when he saw the place where he and Gillian had left the maid, his head swam. They had known of it, then! The girl's agitation had meant something.

With a sick fascination, he watched Sir Simon go on his knees and feel with his hands through the ivy that grew thick against the embankment. It seemed hours before he found what he sought, and he swore impatiently at his own forgetfulness. The detective stood by stolidly enough, though he had reason to fear that ivy might mask a pitiful sight. But Vivian felt only dread. A piece of soiled paper and a charred potato-skin had been enough to tell him that the girl he sought was not hidden, dead or alive, in Hamilton Place.

He followed mechanically as Sir Simon, grasping his box of wax matches, found the opening and crawled through; he stood at Richardson's side as he lighted a candle he had brought from the house; but he could not walk around the ghastly place in which he found himself. He did not know what he feared, but the airless gloom, the black, swirling water, seemed full of waiting horror.

A word from the detective, an unbelieving cry from Sir Simon, scarcely surprised him. He had known all along, ever since he had seen that wolfish gleam in the housekeeper's eyes, that there was trouble waiting for him here.

"Vivian," said his old neighbor sharply. "Vivian."

Sir Charles went sullenly to his side, and without a word looked down at something. The detective was on his knees beside it, but Charles Vivian had no need.

Gillian's handprint, Gillian's slight fingers, were marked in blood on the rocky margin of the horrid stream. He had never seen a hand so small and fine, so delicately shaped; and he knew the print of it now. But that those same fingers might have touched the map he had found, was the business of no one but Charles Vivian! There was a lump in his throat as he turned away. But no one spoke as they went back to the inquest—the thing was too horrible.

Like a man in a dream, who knows he imagines a vain thing, Vivian looked at the housekeeper's hands as they lay clasped in her lap. Large, white, thick, they could never have made that mark. He saw the jury file out to inspect the new clue, and saw, too, that there was a strange look that might have been surprise on the face of the London detective.

The only thing that roused him from his queer, passive suffering was the sound of Mrs. Gibbs's voice as she swore roundly that she had never heard of any secret passage. Vivian looked at her passion-wrought face and knew that she lied, but he could find no explanation for her behavior unless she had somehow managed the whole thing—and that idea the anger and sorrow on her face made absurd. Whatever she might be guilty of, he felt sure it was not of Marchmont's death. And his suspicions of that had been proved groundless.

"I must find Gillian, she must face it," he thought, and knew all the time she dare not face that handprint.

The verdict was no surprise to him, but there was only his own evidence to thank that it was no worse. That, and that alone, had given Gillian the benefit of a doubt.

"Murder by persons unknown," the jury said, as he had hoped they would say. He scarcely cared as he turned from the room that nothing had been said to bring suspicion on the butler, and his half-formed idea of his guilt died. He did not notice, either, a glance the detective gave to a small man in black, whom Brookes had been given to believe was a clerk sent down by Marchmont's man of business, who was to stay and settle up the house, pay the servants, and so on.

Mrs. Gibbs never glanced at him as she swept by with her head high, her spirit elated.

Not a word had been said to implicate either the living or the dead in those mysterious burglaries. Jim Adams would go to his grave as Paul Marchmont, and nothing had been brought up concerning the past of either John Brookes or Mary Gibbs.

The funeral would not be for two days, the lawyer's clerk was to attend to that. But no hand but that of Mary Gibbs should do the last offices for the dead. Tonight she would light candles at his head and feet, and watch by him; by and by she would see that girl caught and his murder avenged.

She swept by Sir Charles, too, insolently, as she knew how. He had come there her enemy, and she had beaten him. She had not sense to know he was going away a thousand times her enemy. Things looked black enough against Gillian Hamilton, but, right or wrong, innocent or not, Charles Vivian would fight her battle to the end. And his first move would be to find her. Mrs. Gibbs could have told him that Tom Hamilton's daughters would not dare to be found.

She went up-stairs to her own sitting-room, heavily, now that the strain was over, the suspicion resting on the right shoulders, or on the way to it. She had come off well, well! There was nothing now to bring shame on the dead man's name. Sir Charles Vivian's slurs had come to nothing, and there was that in the dark cave under the cellar that showed unmistakably who his murderess was. For that handprint Gillian Hamilton should swing. Mary Gibbs would leave no stone unturned that could reveal her hiding-place and leave her helpless.

The triumphant hope in the woman made her fairly reel as she turned to a cupboard with glass doors for the whisky she felt the need of; and as she saw what was reflected in those silk-backed panes she staggered in good earnest.

Yet she had no reason for her surprise; she had expected him, had known he was in the house; it was only Lesard who was standing in the room almost hidden by the window-curtains, and was reflected in the glass door. And yet she was unstrung with sheer terror.

"Why didn't you speak when I came in? How dare you startle me like that?" she cried angrily, as she faced him.

But Lesard never answered her.

Instead, he walked over to the door, locked it, and, as he turned, she saw his face, plain in the noonday light. The woman's knees gave under her.

For this was not Lesard!

Like him as two peas, perhaps but with a difference. A greater strength in the dark, aquiline profile, an inch more across the shoulders, a somber devil in the gray eyes instead of a mocking one.

"Who are you?" she gasped, scarcely able to speak. "And what do you want? Quick—what do you want?"

His face was perfectly impassive as he stood looking down on her, and its coldness made her tremble as no anger could have done.

"I am Lesard," he said quietly, "and I want you—at present. Sit down," pointing, "and answer my questions, or I will go down-stairs and tell the police that Mary Gibbs is the same person as Mary Gresham, who was tried and convicted for baby-farming and manslaughter, and managed to break jail."

Mrs. Gibbs dropped into a chair like a sack of potatoes, as the man who was and yet was not Lesard stood over her with a face like the judgment day.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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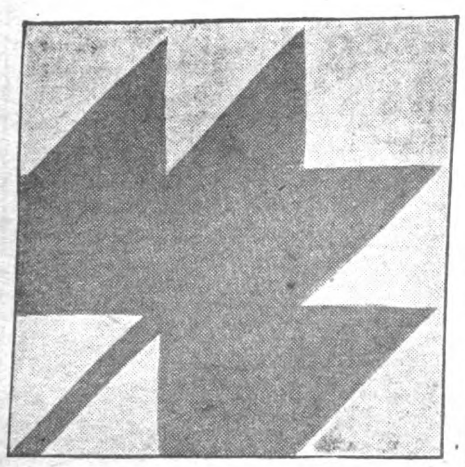
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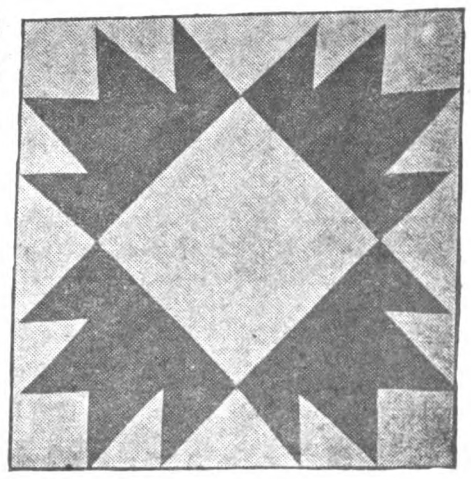
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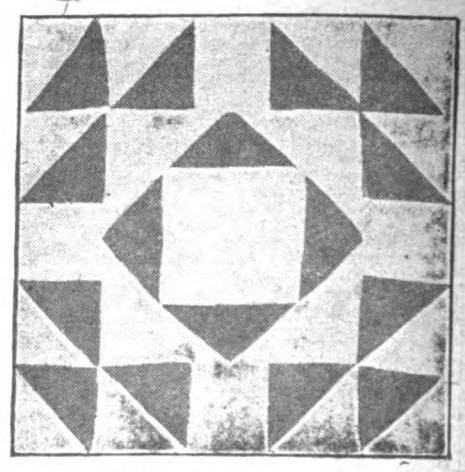
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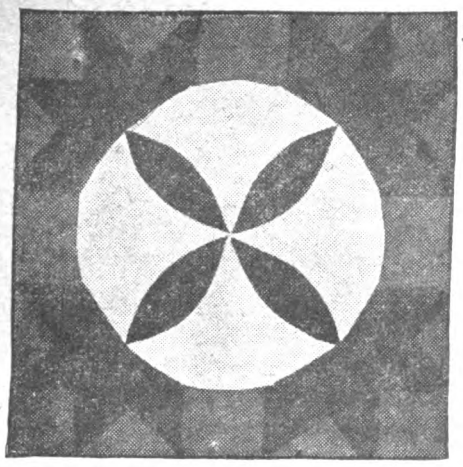


NO. 7. MRS. DELLA BYFIELD, KAN.

Scrap Bag Bits for Patchwork Quilts

THE different patterns illustrated this month, both old and new require only the smallest pieces, of two or three colors, or perhaps simply a combination of different bits of light and dark material to give the necessary contrast.

Most of the blocks are nine or twelve inches square. Several of the simplest pieced patterns such as No. 4 sometimes known as thet Album, No. 6 as Corn and Beans and No. 13 called both Peek-a-boo and Necktie, are so easily made even the little girl who is just learning her stitches can successfully attempt them.



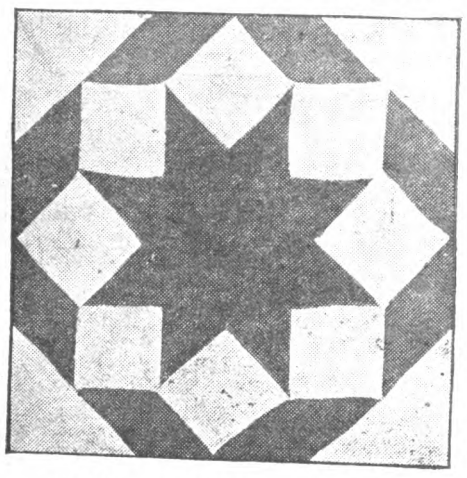
NO. 3. MRS. IDA L. SOUTHARD, MO.

No. 2 is also a pieced block which by many is known as Rolling Star. In it either two or three colors may be combined or odd scraps of different material, if of the same weight and quality.

The next block No. 3, is an original pattern named The Airship. The different pieces used are all appliqued onto a 16-inch square of unbleached muslin.

No. 5 is an old and effective design, composed of squares and triangles. The blocks are set together with oblong bands of plain goods which frame in each square.

If one has the patience of the old quilt makers

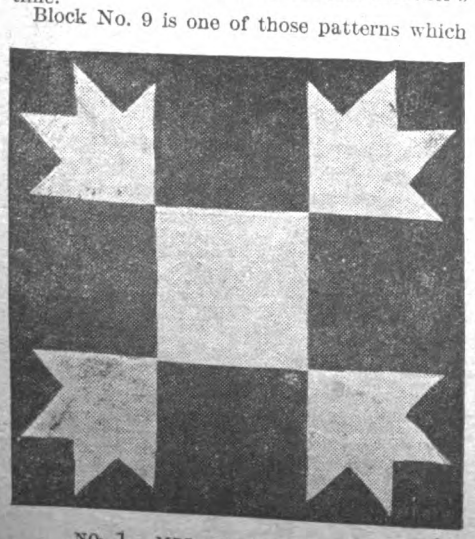


NO. 2. MRS. DELLA BYFIELD, KAN.

an entire quilt cover all of blocks like No. 7 which seems to be known by several different names, will be most attractive. To save time however, blocks of white may be used alternately between the pieced ones.

The first design on the next page, No. 8 is one of the numerous star patterns which have always been in favor since great grandmother's time.

Block No. 9 is one of those patterns which



NO. 1. MRS. IDA KELLER, OHIO.

forms a continuous and very attractive design over the entire quilt top.

The Wedding March is the name given the next patch, No. 10. One of the advantages of this pattern is the fact that many very tiny bits may be utilized.

No. 11 is another continuous design and No. 12 most deceiving in its effect of being complicated; but, on the contrary, most simple in the making.

For a 16-inch square start with a smaller square of four two-inch pieces, two light and two dark, to this join a four-inch square of a light and dark triangle, repeat these two squares once, then add another block of two-inch squares. Look closely and you will see that these five blocks complete the first or top row of the block as illustrated. The second row consists of a block of two triangles, a four-inch dark square, block of two triangles placed just opposite to first block, a four-inch light square, and a block same as the first in this row.

The third row is the same as the first, the fourth the same as the second, in reverse order, that is first the light four-inch square and then the dark, while the fifth row is also the same as the first. Continue to work in this way or join these pieced squares with alternate white or colored 16-inch squares.

The next block is of four smaller ones, each exactly alike but joined as shown. The two lines in the upper right-hand corner indicate the square of dark material used to join the other four pieces.

No. 14 is an original design, which works out in a very attractive all-over pattern. Either two or three colors can be used.

Terms Used in Croche.

Ch st, chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over, draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h tr, half treble, same as tr c, only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d tr, double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st, slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p, picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st, or as indicated, and working a sl st, r st, roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o, over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k st, knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk, block, a st in each of a given number of sts, preceded and followed by a space; sp, space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts and omitting the same number of sts in preceding row, sk, skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p c, padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding

Twin Heart Yoke

By Mrs. Otis Buckridge.

Of No. 60 mercerized crochet cotton these directions will result in a 36-size yoke; for a larger one use coarser cotton or add another heart to front and back band and make arm sizes the same size.

Begin with ch 78 sts, turn.

1st row—1 s c in 9th st from hook, * ch 5, skip 3, 1 s c, repeat from * 3 times, ch 5, skip 3, 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, ch 5, skip 3, 1 s c, 4 s c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 2, 10 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 7, turn.

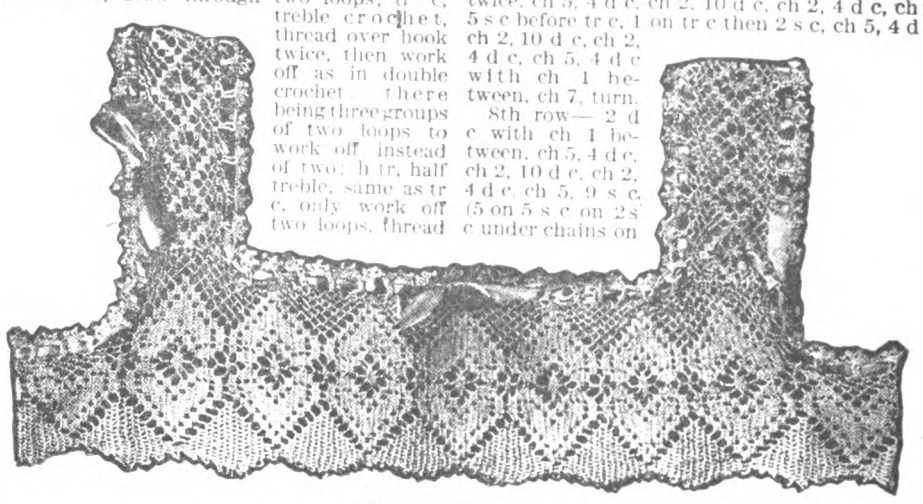
9th row—1 s c, * ch 5, 1 s c, repeat from * twice, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 2, 10 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 5, 5 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 2, 10 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 5, 4 d c with ch 1 between over the 2 d c, ch 7, turn.

One scallop of doubles on the lower edge of the work is now complete.

10th row is same as 7th row.

11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th rows—same as the 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd rows to form other half of the heart.

For under arm band make two single hearts, omitting the web in the center and filling and turning with chains 5. Complete back and second under arm band and join to 1st row.



TWIN HEART YOKE.

Shoulder Straps

Fasten thread in upper end of 1st row, ch 5, 1 s c under ch at end of 2nd row, ch 5, 1 s c in end 4th row, ch 5, 1 s c in end 6th row, ch 5, 4 d c in end 8th row, ch 5, 1 s c in end 10th row, ch 5, 1 s c in end 12th row ch 5, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in end 14th row, ch 5, turn.



WHEEL YOKE WITH SLEEVES.

2nd row—2 chs 5 with 1 s c between ch in 1st row, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, 3 d c with ch 1 between, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—3 chs 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 tr c ch 3, ch 5, 4 d c, 2 chs 5, 2 d c with ch 1, ch 2 chs 5, 2 d c with ch 1 between, ch 5, turn.

4th row—2 chs 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 5 s c, ch 4 d c, ch 5, 2 d c with ch 1 between.

5th row—2 chs 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 9 s c, In next 4 rows work as in first 4 rows, 8 webs and join to top of back band.

Wheel Yoke with Sleeves

Materials. No. 70 mercerized cro ton, No. 13 hook.

In forming any yoke of small motifs or wheels, any size desired can be easily made and the work also goes quickly if the pattern is a simple one.

For the handsome yoke shown two rows seven wheels each are used in both the front and back, while the sleeves are four rows in width the last two rows being one wheel deep to give arm space.

Wheels

Ch 5, join, ch 3.

1st round—16 d c in ring, join, ch 3.

2nd round—16 d c with ch 1 between.

3rd round—Same as last with ch 2 between doubles, ch 5.

4th round—3 trebles in first space, ch 2, 4 trebles in next sp, ch 2, 4 trebles in next sp, ch 1 sp, 3 groups of trebles over next 3 sps, ch 10, 3 groups trebles, ch 10, 3 groups trebles, ch 10, join to first group.

In making the second wheel after completing first group of trebles, ch 1, 1 s c in center of ch 2 in first wheel, between groups of trebles, ch 1, trebles, ch 1, join, ch 1, trebles, ch 1, join to center of ch 10.

The work is stronger made in this way, but all the joining can be by needle and thread after the wheels are complete if one prefers.

Edging for Neck and Sleeves

Beginning at corner of front and shoulder bands on the neck, join thread to center of chs of 10, ch 5, 1 d c under ch 10, ch 3, 1 d c in first treble, ch 3, 1 d c between trebles, ch 3, 1 d c between trebles, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 3, 1 d c at joining of chs 10 between wheels. Repeat making sps all around.

2nd row—2 d tr c in sp, ch 2 repeat.

3rd row—1 s c under ch 2, ch 2 shell of 3 doubles and 5 picots in next sp, ch 2, 1 s c, repeat.

Across the 3 wheels under the arm make 3 rows of spaces. Finish the lower edge of the yoke with 1 row of singles, work along the edge of the wheels.

For a yoke of size 36, with the short sleeves shown one will need a total of 128 wheels, 35 for each sleeve and 14 each for the back and front.

A square yoke the same width as the front can be made if preferred by omitting the last two rows of wheels on each sleeve.

For detail showing how wheels are joined see illustration on the opposite page.

—BERTHA ANDREWS.

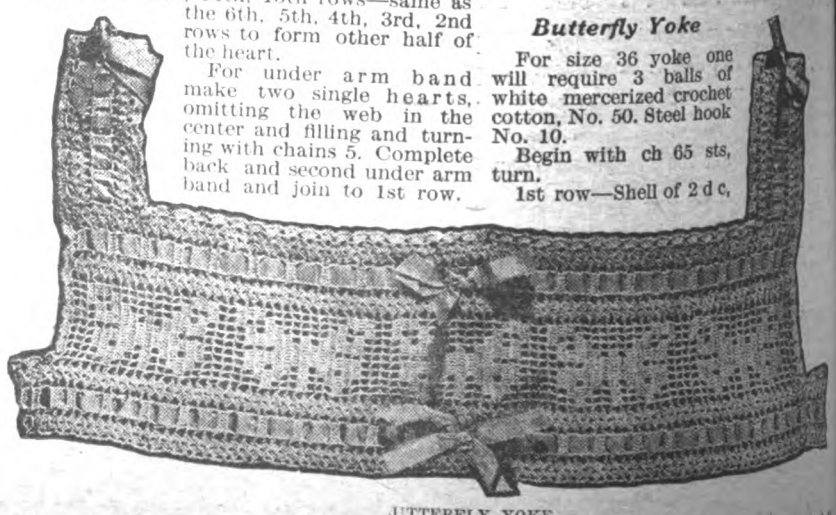
Butterfly Yoke

For size 36 yoke one will require 3 balls of white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 50. Steel hook No. 10.

Begin with ch 65 sts, turn.

1st row—Shell of 2 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in third st, ch 2, skip 2, 7 d c, ch 2, 1 shell, ch 2, 1 d c, 9 spaces (ch 2 skip 2, 1 d c), ch 2, 1 shell, ch 2, skip 2, 7 d c in next 7 sts, ch 2, skip 2, 1 shell, ch 3, turn.

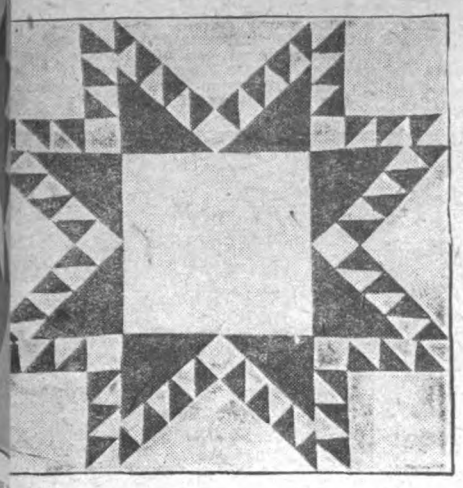
2nd row—Shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in first of 7 d c, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 11 sps over 11 sps, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c



BUTTERFLY YOKE.

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Ed.



NO. 8. MRS. J. A. SETTLE, TENN.

first of 7 d c, ch 5, 1 d c in last of 7 d c, shell shell, 1 tr c in top of preceding shell, ch 3, rn.

3rd row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, 5 d c nder ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sp, 7 c, 8 sps, shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, 5 d c nder ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 tr c top of preceding shell ch 3, turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, ch 5, c on last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 3 sps, 7 d c sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 2, c on d c, ch 5, 1 d c in last of 7 d c, 1 tr c in top preceding shell, ch 3, turn.

5th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, 5 d c nder 5 ch, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sp, d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, ch 2, shell shell, ch 2, d c in d c, 5 d c under ch 5, 1 d c on c, ch 2, shell on shell, 1 tr c in top of preding shell, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, ch 5, d c in last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell on shell, 1 sp, d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, ch 2, shell in ell, ch 2, d c on d c, ch 5, d c on last of 7 d c, 2, shell in shell, 1 tr c in top of preceding ell, ch 3, turn.

7th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, 5 d c, nder ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, 3 sps, d c, 1 sp, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, d c under ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, tr c in top of preceding shell, ch 3, turn.

8th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on first of d c, ch 5, 1 d c in last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell in ell, 3 sps, 13 d c, 3 sps, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, c on d c, ch 5, 1 d c in last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell shell, 1 tr c in top of preceding shell.

9th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, 5 d c nder ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell on shell, 5 sps, d c, 3 sps, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, d c on d c, d c under ch 5, d c on d c, ch 2, shell in shell, tr c in top of preceding shell, ch 3, turn.

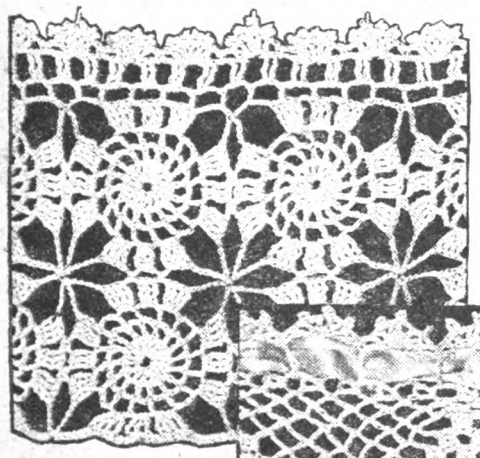
10th row—Shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c on first of d c, ch 5, 1 d c on last of 7 d c, ch 2, shell in ell, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, d c on first of 7 d c, ch 5, 1 d c on last of 7 d c, h 2, shell in shell, 1 tr c in top of preceding hell, turn.

11th row—Same as 9th row.
12th row—Same as 8th row.
13th row—Same as 7th row.
14th row—Same as 6th row.
15th row—Same as 5th row.
16th row—Same as 4th row.
17th row—Same as 3rd row.
18th row—Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from 2nd row until 5 butterflies are complete, then continue working across lower beading from shell to shell until this measures 5 inches or the required length. To make back filet band from a top shell of beading ch 50, turn.

Work same as front, make beading for second armhole and join to front band.

Shoulder straps are same as double shell beading. After completing last row of back from shell at top of filet band turn with ch 5, 1 shell between shell of 2nd and 3rd rows, working along the upper edge of the band, ch 2, 1 d c between next 2 shells. Ch 7, 1 d c on next 3rd shell, ch 2, 1 d c on next shell, ch 2, 1 shell between shells, 1 d c in end next shell, ch 3, turn. Repeat directions for beading. After both shoulder straps are complete, finish the armholes and the neck with a scallop of 6 doubles



worked under the chains between shells and into every other space on the ends of the filet bands.

—AGNES E. LORD.

Filet Rose Collar

This collar design worked of No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton will measure about 14 inches in width and 17 from the points in front to the back. Three balls will be required.

Begin with ch 255 sts, turn.

1st row—83 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row— 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat across ending with 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, * 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat from star across, ending with 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

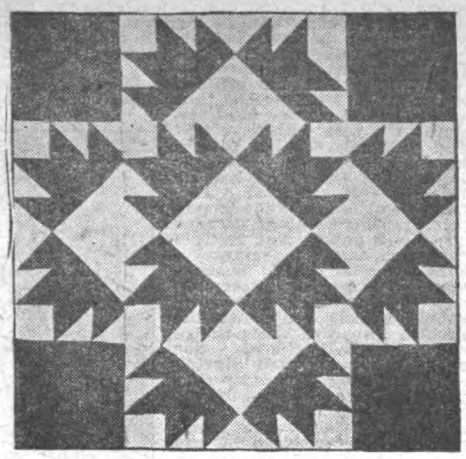
4th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 79 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 77 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps. Repeat 4th and 5th rows once.

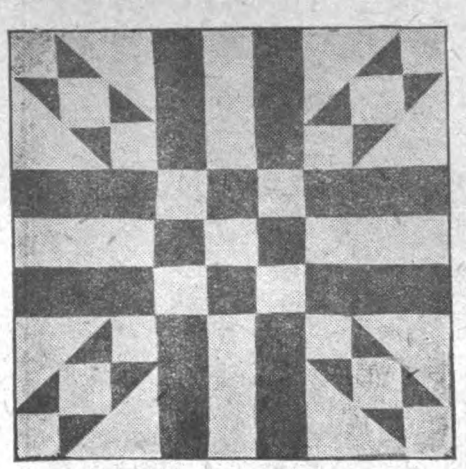
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 47 sps, 2 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



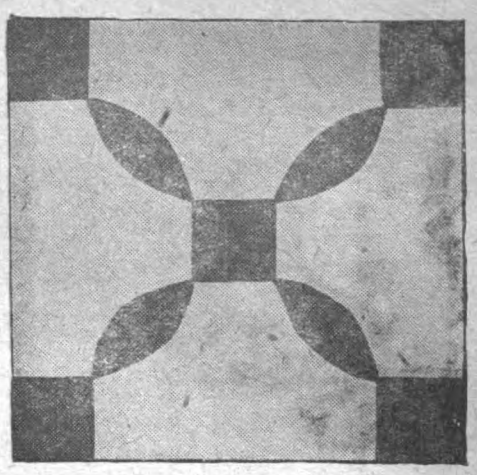
DETAIL OF WHEEL AND HEART YOKES, SHOWING MANNER OF JOINING.



NO. 9. MRS. C. E. HERITAGE, OHIO.



NO. 10. MRS. IVA SPEERS, N. Y.



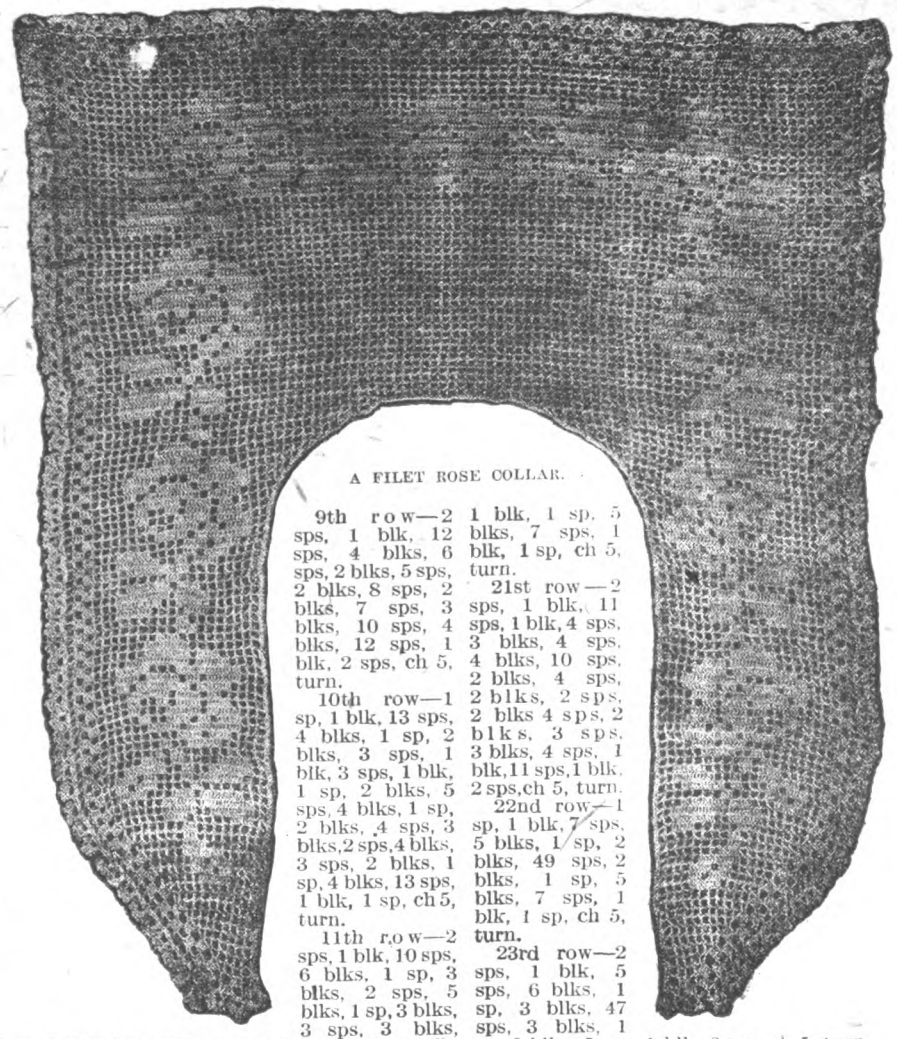
NO. 11. MRS. IDA KELLER, OHIO.

cottons wear very well and require no ironing.

Either of the square crocheted yokes illustrated on preceding page will just complete a camisole or chemise while the wheel yoke combined with a couple of yards of material gives one a pretty kimona style nightgown.

The tatted yoke of pink and white given last month added to a garment of batiste or voile is really lovely.

To save time hand-made yokes which are simply straight bands of insertion can be used, substituting ribbons for shoulder straps.



A FILET ROSE COLLAR.

9th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 4 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 49 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 47 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

24th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 47 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 47 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 51 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

27th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, * 51 sps, Now reverse directions from star to finish the row as has been done in the last 5 rows. This will give the rose and leaf pattern on each side of the collar with the spaces between. Hereafter the directions will only be given for one side as in this row.

28th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, * 55 sps, reverse from * ch 5, turn.

29th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 4 blks, * 53 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

30th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, * 47 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

31st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, * 45 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

32nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, * 43 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

33rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks *, 43 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

34th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, * 45 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

35th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, * 47 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

36th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, * 45 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

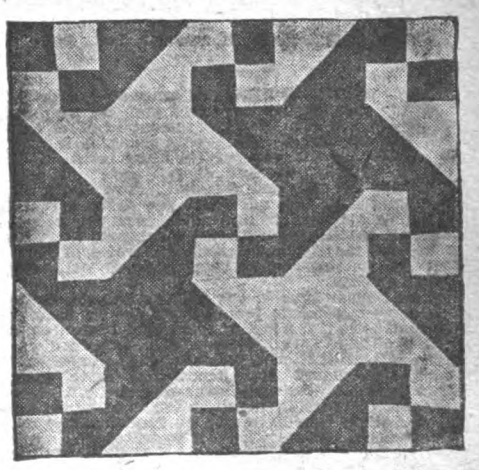
Dainty Inexpensive Underwear

In the spring one's wardrobe usually needs replenishing, and for summer wear especially every woman who loves dainty personal things longs for some of the fascinating ready-to-wear lingerie.

With the aid of the crochet hook or tatting shuttle and a few yards of triple voile, cotton crepe or ripplette, most dainty home-made sets of night gowns, chemise, step-ins and camisoles can be reproduced at home which will cost much less and wear much longer.

These materials all come in very dainty pinks, blues, lavenders and the new peach shade which is being featured as the smartest new color. All of these shades are very becoming and popular, as well as all white which is of course still preferred by many

Besides being soft and inexpensive these



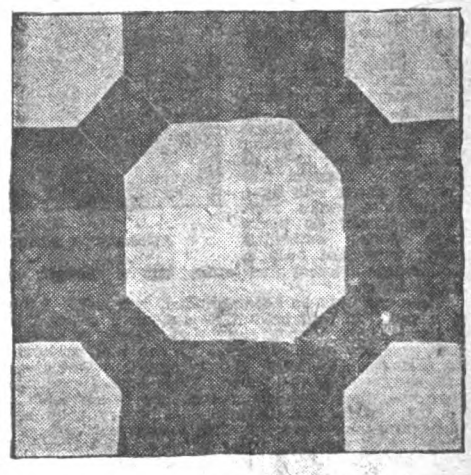
NO. 12. AGNES SCHULER, TEXAS.

If one can neither crochet nor use the tatting shuttle a yard of fine white net which is very durable can be substituted to secure the lacy appearance so necessary.

For yokes use the net double crossing it off or binding all edges with bias bands feather-stitched with a contrasting shade of mercerized embroidery cotton.

Squares or circles of material placed in rows just meeting or overlapping a bit, with a nosegay of flowers done in French knots in pastel shades in the center of front is a great addition.

Another idea for a finish is a double band of three-inch white net sewed on full, to the top



NO. 13. MRS. ANNA WALTERS, IOWA.

of a pink or lavender camisole. Run this puff through with a blue, inch-wide ribbon and one will have an attractive combination which takes little time or trouble to accomplish.

Bottoms of kimona sleeve nightgowns may be made to do duty considerably longer by cutting off the sleeves straight across front and back.

Make five-inch bands of small blue, or pink-and-white checked dimity, the necessary

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)



NO. 14. AGNES SHULER, TEXAS.



EVERYBODY ENJOYS RADIO ON THE FARM.

Farm Improvement

Written for COMFORT

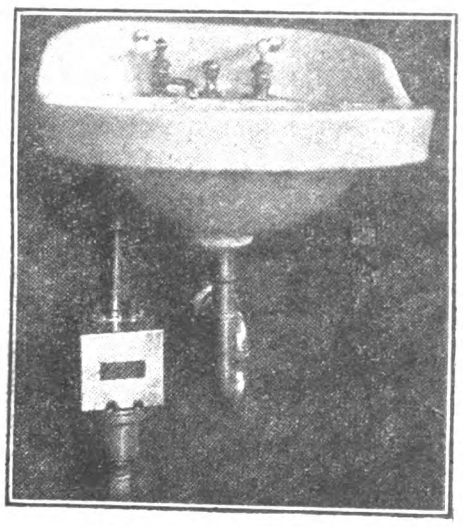
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AGRICULTURAL advancement may be accurately measured step for step by the rate of improvement of farm machinery. Time was when a farmer asked a prospective hired hand, "Can you plow and chop wood?" or perhaps, "Let me feel your muscle." Now the modern farmer says instead, "Can you drive a truck and repair a tractor?" and adds, "Are you accustomed to handling good farm machinery?" The world does move, indeed, and the fruits of hard labor go to those who keep abreast with the changing times.

At no former time in our history has the value of improved, efficient machinery been so readily apparent as today, nor has there ever been a time when profitable farming so greatly depended upon the full utilization of labor-saving, time-economizing implements that accomplish more work with less man-power at a lower cost and with less backache. Profits in farming are determined by the operating expense quite as much as by the gross income. Those who fail to watch the costs of production will ultimately be eliminated, for they cannot sell in competition with those who produce their crops more economically. The farmer cannot control such factors as climate and rainfall, but he can do much to control the *cost of production*, and it is this factor that carries the responsibility for the financial showing made each year on the farm. Large crops mean little if their production cost has been excessive. The "dead line" of profitable farming is the point where farm returns are derived at the greatest profit, not where bumper crops are grown to the lasting detriment of the soil with a heavy cash outlay for farm labor. Hard times during the year just past have taught the lesson of economy in all things. To "skimp" in living expenses alone gets us nowhere. Success has come to those who have learned to make each dollar work; to make each dollar expended bring back not only a dollar-plus-interest-plus-taxes, but a margin of profit as well.

How can this be accomplished, you ask? That is a question that cannot be answered offhand in a few words. But it can be answered, nevertheless, and *has* been answered by the vast majority of farmers who have closely studied conditions and the trend of the times. They have found, for instance, that there is no economy in attempting to farm with old, wornout machinery that not only does poor work but that is everlastingly getting out of running order when every minute of time counts—counts in dollars and cents. They have found that no hired man can work to maximum efficiency with poor equipment, and whistle contentedly as he works, thus earning for his employer a fair profit over and above his wages. They have learned that neglected tools depreciate rapidly, that depreciation adds to the cost of production; therefore they prevent undue depreciation by more careful handling and housing of valuable farm machinery. They have learned that it is true economy to purchase and use tried and proved implements that will do more work better in less time, using good judgment in the selection of the same to fit actual farm needs, and not being carried away by fads or unfounded claims. They have learned that to stand still, in short, means to stagnate, to go back. Therefore the profits have gone to those who have thought ahead, looked ahead and advanced. Those who have given up hope in the face of the hard times during the past few years, and who have lost interest in the operation and upkeep of their farms, are themselves to blame for the disinterested attitude of farm hands; even the farmer's wife and his family lose interest "when dad has the blues." Whole-hearted efforts alone are well rewarded, remember that.

Now let us look at some of the more important things that tend toward farm improvement measured in terms of profit, of increased efficiency, contentment, convenience and comfort. First, let us look at the farm as a whole. Are we giving it a square deal? Second, there are any number of new or improved machines that will be of interest to farmers—though few are in a position to buy every implement that is useful and practical, even if we would like. Third, let us take a peek into farm houses, into kitchens, into the barn, the dairy, into any of the farm buildings, in fact. Let us see what we find, where we could well afford to make changes for the better, avail ourselves of toil-saving devices that lift the load and shorten the working hours of the good wife and the girls as well as for ourselves. Too often the farm of today is modern only in field equipment; from the back door in it is still inconvenient. Fourth, let us consider some of the things that tend to make the farm attractive, to keep it close to the city without being a part of it, such as better roads, automobiles, radio, etc.



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC WATER HEATER.

A Square Deal for the Farm

Every farmer knows the scarecrow and its purpose; no doubt every reader has made one at some time or other. But not all the scarecrows commonly encountered on farms are of the conventional tattered coat variety made with a pair of crossed sticks, an old battered hat and cast-off clothing. Scarecrows of an entirely different sort serve a similar purpose, only they drive away profits, pride and self-respect instead of crows. Around farmsteads and along highways they may be seen any day in any farming community by anyone who uses his eyes. Such scarecrows should be done away with for two good reasons; first, because they occur only as the result of neglect on the part of the owner; second, because they tell every passerby that Hap Hazard, a shiftless farmer, lives here.

NEGLECTED FENCES along the main highways—the boundary of each farmer's little domain—may indicate thoughtlessness, carelessness, shiftlessness or perhaps a farmer so hard pressed by urgent farm work that he "just can't get around to fixin' those fences." Whatever the reason, such fences are an open invitation to "breachy" stock, to countless noxious weeds and bushes that harbor insect pests and vermin of all descriptions. Fences, perhaps more quickly than any other kind of farm equipment, show the evidences of neglect; likewise they promptly respond to a little care and inexpensive repairs. Fences also teach the lesson to "do it right or do it twice," as any tumble-down fence proves to both the owner and to passersby on the highway who are only too willing and prompt to criticize. Stop their talk by correcting the evil. Put the fences in order, for a broken fence is just about as useful as no fence at all.



HORSE-POWER STUMP PULLER AT WORK.

WOODLOTS can be made to return a good profit—but many simply occupy land for the use of which they bring nothing to the farmer's pocketbook. The secret lies in good management, as we have said before. No woodlot can return a profit without help from the owner. Judicious thinning is essential. Remove the large trees that have stopped growing; they have passed their prime of life and will serve better as firewood while young ones are growing to fill their places. But see that the young trees are planted to fill the gaps, if seedlings have not been left there already. Do not leave choppings and dead limbs that are too small for fuel lying around to decay, breed disease and insect pests, harbor vermin, and endanger growing trees from ground fires. Collect limbs and rubbish into piles and burn in the early spring. Keep an eye on what the trees are doing, making room for the fastest growers, and marking the poorer ones for removal. By careful management, the farm fuel may be supplied each year from these trees, while the woodlot itself steadily improves and thrives.

SOIL FERTILITY and utilization is not entirely a matter of fertilization, though the land that gets a liberal treatment of manure each year will wear well and profitably. Other factors must be considered. Drainage is one that seldom receives its fair share of attention. Perhaps there is land that is subject to spring flooding; perhaps there is a pocket that receives the wash water in rainy seasons or after heavy summer storms; often an impervious subsoil holds water up when it should quickly soak into the ground. None of these things can safely be neglected. Nor need they be. Ditch digging and tile laying machinery simplify drainage problems for the farmer. Muck land may easily be ditched with a new dynamite specially designed for use at low ground temperatures, saving slow and tedious digging and cutting costs. Subsoil plows break up hardpan if it is close to the surface; dynamite does the same work if it is deeper down. Specially designed lime spreaders or spreading attachments reduce the time and cost of spreading lime to correct sourness or soil acidity of low land or of reclaimed marsh land. Heavy, strongly built breaking plows designed to be drawn by tractors now plow brush-grown wild land, thus saving the intermediate cost of brushing and burning. Taken as a whole, with the devices and corrective remedies at hand, there is small reason for allowing land to lie idle or to produce at low efficiency. In this day of high taxes and keen competition, it is the poor producer that suffers, whether it be land or men.



BETTER ROADS BRING BETTER MARKETS CLOSE TO THE FAR

DRINKING CUPS FOR CATTLE INCREASE MILK FLOW AND PROFITS.

MACHINERY left in the fields where last used can also be seen from the highways. We have seen plows left on a tiny island of sod in the middle of a plowed field to rust month after month. Or it may be a hay loader standing out distinct as a lighthouse against a background of white snow. Or it may be a power sprayer deserted in the orchard or fence corner of a potato field until spring. With good care, and housed under cover, depreciation on a hay loader is about six per cent. per year; on the sprayer, worth, perhaps, $325, depreciation is about 10 per cent.—to quote statistics. Then how high is the depreciation on machinery exposed to the wind and weather, to rust and warp in the open field? At any rate, it is at least two or three times the amount of the interest on the investment—and a lot more than the farmer can afford to *waste*. Perhaps we will say a word more in favor of the machinery shed later on.

SQUEAKY, OIL-THIRSTY WINDMILLS point straight to neglect, and this same neglect may be resulting in wornout bearings on farm machinery, though not all of them have a voice like the windmill to publish it to all who use their ears. The moral of the squeaky windmill is this: "Use and care for that which you have; don't abuse it, for it is the means toward the end of accomplishment."

Machinery New or Improved

During the year just past farm machinery to the total value of approximately half a billion dollars was manufactured to supply the needs of American farmers. Machinery to serve every possible need, from rakes and spades up through the ranks of tiny garden tractors and a large assortment of sizes and styles of farm tractors to great threshers has been required to supply our needs. From seed-time to harvest machinery is ever in demand even in winter other machines like motor trucks, portable sawmills, corn shredders and hay balers are in use. To go into detail concerning all would be impossible in the space at our disposal, nor is that necessary. The trend of the times has been to improve the design and lengthen the life of the machines already patented and on the market rather than to introduce entirely new machines. These we will discuss briefly.

One marked improvement seen in many kinds of farm machinery is the rapid increase in the number equipped with seats. Moreover, the seats themselves have received careful attention on the part of the manufacturers—to the lasting satisfaction of those who ride. Within the last year the metal seats of all kinds of riding implements have undergone changes for the better. Now, instead of being the little, uncomfortable, flat affairs that carried every jar up through a stiff support, we find larger seats with higher backs placed upon long and slanting supports that spring and sway comfortably over the roughest ground. Fewer backaches make longer hours spent "in the saddle" a pleasure, and more and better work is the result.

TRACTORS show the changes and improvements that would be expected with the increased demand. Not only has good work been done along the line of perfecting those already on the market, lengthening their working life, and standardizing parts and replacements, but an effort to support of farm work now places within the reach of the farmer anything from the powerful and rugged big machines down to tiny garden tractor and power hoes. Improved adjustable drawbars make more efficient work possible, and practically all farm implements intended to be tractor drawn are now fitted with better and more easily accessible control levers to enable one man to handle the tractor and the trailer at the same time. Tractors with only two big drive wheels in front are made to couple directly to anything from plows and discs to mowers. Belt pulley wheels that are used for all belt work on the farm are now placed so that the belt does not drag on the ground or rub against projecting parts of the machine and are fitted with handy control levers that can be reached either from the seat or the ground.

A rapid development has also taken place in tractor wheels. Larger lugs that bolt to the wheel-tires now overcome shearing, bending and slipping. Extension lugs of several styles have been placed upon the market to meet a growing need. One style is especially noteworthy, in that the lugs are not separate and straight. This extension lug is constructed in such a way as to connect each pair of lug seats with a continuous curving metal angle securely bolted in place. This curved overhanging portion is really a half circle which is stronger than the straight lug, and which resists bending in passing over stones and boulders. In all tests during the past year this lug has made friends wherever used; durability, strength, steady ground grip and the fact that it is "self-cleaning" in soft going are the reasons.

FIELD IMPLEMENTS such as plows, harrows, packers, cultivators, etc., all show new features worthy of attention. Perhaps the most important is the further development of the use of the two-wheeled truck to support pole weight, keep the implement riding evenly over rough ground without reaching the team or jerking the tractor drawbar, and equalizing the pull. The seat improvement found on such machinery we have already mentioned. Plows show greater specialization for special jobs under varying soil conditions. Discs show little change, but the tandem or double disc is becoming more popular, with the use of tractor power of four-, five- or six-horses hitches growing in favor, and with one man now serving the purpose of two. Packers both single and tandem have been used for several years, but better cultural methods with the need of conservation of moisture in the dry regions and in sandy land have brought packers into greater favor. The principle involved is above reproach, and the time

METAL FORMS SAVE TIME AND LABOR IN BUILDING SOLID CONCRETE SILO.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Glands Used To Restore Hair Growth

Science of Gland Therapy Relieves Baldness —New Treatment Restores Health and Growth.

Baldness in both men and women is now generally ascribed by scientists to defective functioning of endocrine glands. Hair growth is dependent upon the secretions of these glands—these secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are vital to a luxurious growth of hair.



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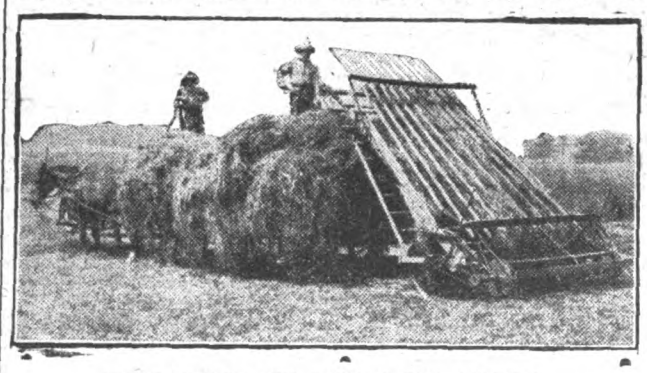
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Farm Improvement

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

appears to be rapidly approaching when this worthwhile implement will find a place on every good farm. Harrows have changed somewhat, especially with the increasing number that are seat-equipped. Spring-tooth harrows and field cultivators with two or three detachable sets of teeth to meet different purposes are an innovation. The especially designed quack grass spring teeth give the farmer an implement that successfully lifts the tenacious roots of this pest from the ground, leaving them on the ground surface to dry and to be raked up and burned. Cultivators having a pivot axle and balanced frame that overcomes excessive draft and makes shifting of gangs easier have been placed on the market. In these the axle is not cranked backward to balance the weight of the gangs when raised, but always stands at right angles to the frame.

HARVESTING MACHINERY shows improved application of the tractor as a source of power, with greater efficiency and simpler control designed to reduce the man-power needed in their operation. Power-driven binders that cut a 10-foot swath and harvest from 30 to 35 acres of grain a day are giving satisfaction, marking one of the greatest steps made in the harvesting of grain in two generations. Athough tractor-drawn binders are not new, this machine has a new and desirable feature, making it quite different from others. The power for operating the binder is derived directly from the tractor that pulls it, not from the main wheel or "bull wheel" as usual. This power is delivered from the tractor by means of a revolving shaft with universal joints that make it possible to cover very rough ground at a uniform rate of speed. The steady flow of power from the tractor cuts a wide swath of heavy grain without difficulty, the direct positive drive preventing slipping and choking under unfavorable conditions or on wet land as was so common a criticism with binders deriving their power from the bull wheel. In case the binder does become choked, the tractor is stopped, while the power drive continues to operate and clear out the clogging grain without making it necessary for the operator to leave his seat.



A HAY LOADER SAVES LABOR IN THE HAYFIELD.

A GRAIN SHOCKER that attaches to the rear of a grain binder and receives the tied bundles has in the past year proved its practicability for use on large level fields of long and erect grain. To the big wheat farms of the West and Northwest the shocker answers a great need, for farmers in these regions have long been forced to depend upon seasonal labor to meet their needs, and such labor was proverbially uncertain in both quantity and quality—but invariably insistent upon the highest wages obtainable. The new grain shocker sets the shocks squarely upon the ground, making a neat and compact shock that will withstand strong wind and shed rain. Two tines spread the butts of the back and corner bundles to give the shock a substantial base.

HAY-MAKING MACHINERY is generally being adopted as a means of economizing in time and labor, thus taking a lot of the sweat and worry out of the hay-making chore. A complete line of improved mowers, hay rakes, tedders, hay loaders, side-delivery rakes, sweep rakes and stackers, and a new combined side rake and tedder now meet every hay-time need of farmers. Baling presses, large, medium and small suit any sized farm and pocketbook.

Farm Buildings Outside and Inside

Perhaps the first indication of returning prosperity is found in the increased amount of painting seen on farms. For several years farm barns and outbuildings have been denied the paint needed to make them sightly and attractive and to prevent weathering, but now the closer approach of better times is ushered in by newly painted buildings. "Save the surface and you save all," is a slogan that very aptly and truthfully sums up the great but seldom appreciated value of paint as a wood preservative.

FARM BARNS, hog houses and poultry houses show a tendency to comply better with the needs of livestock and are following practical plans that make for increased efficiency and time-saving economy on the part of the farmer. New barns recently built are modern in every sense; old barns remodeled to meet present day needs have more windows, ventilating systems, litter carriers, and even individual stock drinking cups and milking machines. Everywhere we find milking machines increasing in favor as they attain lasting perfection, for the saving in labor is a great argument in their favor. The same holds true of any improved barn fixture that saves time or lightens barn chores. The litter carrier not only saves tedious labor; it encourages better handling of manure that leads to conservation of fertility by deep and uniform piling instead of scattering as found when the wheelbarrow is used.



TRACTOR PLOWING ROUGH GROUND.

WATER SYSTEMS naturally follow where electricity is available as a source of power. Power lines that supply "juice" at a moderate rate are becoming more and more numerous in rural districts; farm power plants now cost less and are simpler in operation and upkeep. On farms where electricity is used, we find it driving the milking machine, operating the cream separator, compressing air for the pressure water system (a wonderful protection in case of fire), chopping feed, grinding grain, sawing wood and even running the corn shredder or silo filler. Inside of the house electricity has still other uses, but more of that subject later on.

CREAM SEPARATORS show improvement in the simplicity of their main working parts that make thorough cleansing and scalding easier. Ball bearings in some of the best makes reduce the power required to run them at their maximum efficiency—making for longer life of wearing parts, less work for the operator and more cream in the cream can, all three of which points are well worthy of consideration. Milk houses and farm creameries themselves are undergoing change for the better, with cement floors sloping to floor drains that work, with cooler tanks, pasteurizers, bottling machinery in evidence. Screens that closely fit doors and windows and keep out the flies are showing their value in reducing the bacteria count of milk, and excluding not only "these pesky critters" but dust as well.

SILOS cover a wide range of designs, sizes and materials—certainly enough to give ample room for argument as well as choice. We find the well-known wooden stave construction, solid concrete, concrete block, concrete stave, hollow tile, brick, double-wooden stave wall—all these and perhaps others are on the market. Something quite new in the silo line is the continuous inside wooden hoop silo, in which a spiral laminated wood hoop extends from bottom to top like a spring, lined inside and out with groove-and-tongued staves. Double-stave walled silos of this sort and also the more common kind with the contained wooden tires between the two walls are said to be frost proof and highly resistant to heavy winds, and they do not require outside metal hoops that must be tightened or loosened to keep them water tight. Improvements in silo doors and in roofs that open easily but that do not blow open or blow off are other features that show advancement.

SILO FILLING MACHINERY has been improved in several ways, the most important of which is the addition of a small rotary pump that forces the water to the top of the silo throughout the filling process, thus doing away with the unsatisfactory attempts to soak corn-stalks as they passed through the cutter or to sprinkle silage after it has been blown into the silo. By means of this new rotary pump, the amount of water that is needed to moisten dry corn can be accurately regulated. The attachment, moreover, may be purchased separately and installed on silage cutters not already equipped.

CORN SHREDDERS show especial and laudable improvements in the direction of safety devices. In the newer and better models the self-feeder and fed conveyor makes accidents almost impossible. With the operator standing almost six feet from the shredder head, and with no reason to go onto the self-feeder table, there is slight chance of the accidents that were once too common. Levers that control the self-feeder and snapping rolls are so located that they may be reached in an instant; in some shredders the edge of the feeder table itself is so constructed that, in case a careless operator is drawn toward the cutters, the machine stops itself by throwing out the levers. All gears and high-speed pulleys are protected in the best makes of shredders; rigid state laws as well as common sense on the part of the manufacturers have accomplished this end.

The Modern Farm Kitchen

In spite of the general trend toward modern conveniences on farms we still find the farm kitchen considered as an afterthought in far too many instances. Why should the farm kitchen in which *mother* works long hours in an attempt to please *our* appetites be left out when labor-saving on the farm is discussed? To our way of thinking, there is no more important place on the farm than the farm kitchen; certainly there is nobody who so richly deserves a congenial and convenient "headquarters" in which to wield her pots and pans, turn out those belt-tightening meals, and prepare her ever-welcome pies and cookies as that same patient, soft-spoken helpmeet and partner in every successful farming enterprise.

What are some of the most pressing kitchen needs? Well, to begin with, there is stove wood to be carried from the woodshed and kindling to be chopped. Does she have to do that? Then there is water to be brought from the pump. Do you do that for her? We know of many a farm where there is running water in the barn, but the water for the house is still "lugged in a pail by a skirt and an apron." Pressure systems are not so expensive as many suppose, and running water in the house will afford more comfort for the whole family than any other single convenience that can be added. With running water in the house, it is but a short step to a bath that is ever welcome after a hot day in the hay field, and an inside sanitary toilet connecting with a septic tank to complete the bathroom will bring all of the convenience and privacy that the city affords right to the farm.

ELECTRICITY on the farm does not stop with electric lights, and power for feed grinders, etc. It just begins there. Inside the house it has many uses that farm folks in the past moved into the city to find—sacrificing contentment in many cases to attain it. There is the electric iron, the vacuum cleaner that picks up dirt from dirty shoes, the washing machine, the sewing machine, the churn or perhaps the separator, if that is not in a creamery of its own. Last, but by no means least, there is an entirely new electric water heater, recently placed upon the market after thorough testing.

THE ELECTRIC WATER HEATER is a simple and comparatively inexpensive device that makes it possible to have hot water in any amount, at any time during the day or night, by merely opening the faucet to which the heater is connected. The heater is of the instantaneous type, in that water is heated only as it is required. The opening of the hot water faucet allows water to pass through the heater, the action of the water itself automatically switching on the current through the heating coils. When the faucet is shut off, the switch is automatically thrown out quickly, eliminating waste and preventing burning out of the switch blades. The operation of the switch is entirely hydraulic, is positive and prompt, and can occur only when water is flowing through the heater. It is possible to connect these heaters so that several faucets obtain hot water from a single heating unit. Thus, the kitchen sink and laundry may be supplied from a single heater; the lavatory and bathtub also may both draw upon another heater. Because of the fact that no current is on when no hot water is being used, this heater is very economical, and where electrical rates are moderate it supplies a satisfactory, quick and convenient means of obtaining hot running water.

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Farm Isolation Gone Forever

The extension of the rural free delivery, the quite general improvement of roads throughout the country, the great development of telephone lines that bring this service within the easy reach of farmers, and finally the rapidly growing interest in radio, along with the fast increasing numbers of automobiles and trucks owned by farmers, has broken down the isolation that once existed on farms for at least a part of the year. Today there are few parts of the country where the mail is not brought daily to a mail box within easy walking distance of the farmhouse, and even better service is assured with the improvement of country roads.

There are almost fourteen million telephones in the United States, of which one-fifth are on the farms. This means that about 40 per cent. of our farms, or two out of every five, have a telephone. Iowa leads with five farms out of six, while South Carolina has only one farm in each 18 with a telephone. The nature of land tenure, causing frequent moving of tenants, partly explains the low number of telephones in some places; in the mountain states of the West the rugged nature of the country and great distances to overcome are a handicap.

Radio has taken the farmer by storm, much as has the city dweller, but for a more practical reason. The city man has become interested in radio mainly as a hobby; the farmer, on the other hand, has seen the value of long-distance wireless telephone connection with all the world—if his set is strong enough. He gets market reports each day within a few minutes of the time of the closing of the markets; he gets weather reports and storm and frost warnings, not to mention the correct time to set his watch by. Then he can listen in on lectures on any subject in which he or his family are interested. Perhaps on Sunday, if the weather is bad, he can listen to a sermon by some eminent preacher—without leaving his comfortable armchair or paying anything for the collection. It is not at all unusual for a farmer with an inexpensive set to listen in on one hundred or more sending stations, covering lectures, sermons, concerts, musical programs and political speeches. On one farm where the writer sat with the happy farm family listening to a symphony orchestra play as clearly as if it were in the next room, the farmer remarked: "In the early evening we are entertained by concerts from the East Coast, then come the big stations of the Middle West. Finally, we hear from the Pacific Coast cities late in the evening. The only objection I have to radio is that it keeps us up so late. We hate like the dickens to go to bed—and to get up early in the morning in time for milking." Without a doubt, radio has come to the farms to stay, is making friends everywhere, and is fast proving the truth of the war-cry of radio fans: "We are a part of all we hear."

Automobiles and trucks, for business and for pleasure, together with the better-paved "all season" roads that are stretching out through the country at the rate of thousands of miles each year, are creating a close link between the farmer and his market, his church, his county seat, or the city to which he takes the "missus" and the children for amusement. Notwithstanding the economic depression of the past years, more than a million automobiles and 113,000 motor trucks have gone onto farms! With his own automobile the farmer has at his disposal the greatest means of diminishing distance that has ever been invented, only the aeroplane excepted. The automobile makes it possible for the rural dweller to travel where he wishes, stay as long as he likes, and still get home in time for chores. He can go to the city for amusement, but can get home in time for a bed that is better by far than those to be found in hotels; he can eat his own wholesome food in the country, then go to the city to the movie. In short, he can take the best the city has to offer, but can avoid all that is unattractive, the poverty, the bad air and the disease. The automobile has made the city wage earner envy the farmer.

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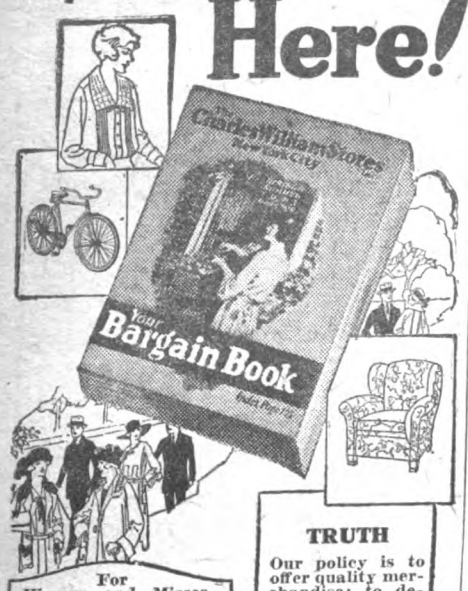
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KEEP BEES

It Pays In Several Ways

By A. Printzlau Bowen

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TALK about being busy as a bee! Few people realize just how busy they are—how much effort is required in the making of a pound of honey, how many trips are made, and how far.

To be hatched a "worker" in the bee family means a strenuous life—in fact so strenuous that it endures but about six weeks.

Some of us humans have never fully realized the amount of activity contained in a bee-hive; the mother—laying about 3,000 eggs daily during the summer season.

A pound of honey requires the nectar from 62,000 blossoms and the workers make 2,700,000 visits in securing it, aggregating over 5,000,000 miles.

A comb of 4,000 cells is made in 24 hours. How do we know this to be a fact? Science has proved it. A recent invention is a device operating on the principle of the turnstile, which registers the arrival and departure of every bee that enters the beehive on honey-securing trips. The concern is an electric contrivance and daily registers the going out of about 300,000 bees.

A bee travels around two and three miles on a nectar-gathering expedition, so if one contemplates keeping bees for profit as well as pleasure, one must take local conditions into consideration if an abundant flow is obtained.

Naturally, the bee-keeper living in or near an industrial town will not be as successful financially as one living near the country where fruit bloom as well as buckwheat and clover are abundant.

Science tells us that attempts to raise fruit on a large scale with no bees in the locality have proved failures; that abundant crops follow the introduction of bees.

Modern efficiency applied to bee-keeping brings gratifying results; not only are the hives of modern make vastly superior to the old-time "skip" made of straw, but the up-to-date owner provides a wax foundation for the busy little laborer to start building the six-sided cells of the honey-comb, and the time thus saved is refunded by extra honey gathering.

The old-time conundrum: "Why is a honey-comb cell six-sided?" seems to have been solved at last. It has been proven that the cells are first built round, that as the combs fill the pressure of the cells against each other causes them to become six-sided. Round cells waste space, whereas six-sided cells not only conserve space but make the structure stronger. It requires about 21 pounds of honey to make one pound of wax, but this amount will make around 35,000 honey-comb cells.

Our farmer friend, who occasionally finds a "bee tree" in his woodland, tells us that in forming the irregular shaped comb of honey hanging inside the hollow tree, these busy little workmen first build braces to protect their little bee city from the swaying of the trees in the wind. These braces are never used in artificial—or, rather, commercial cakes. Wild honey cakes weigh up to 20 pounds—often over that if the hollow of the tree allows it. Many of these "bee trees" have yielded various sized cakes aggregating several hundred pounds of predigested sweetness.

The marvelous generative propensity of the bee is not generally known outside the bee-keeping profession—the question, "Why do bees swarm?" often being asked. Swarming is merely a sign of family disturbance—part of them leaving.

The queen bee (or mother) reigns supreme in the hive until a new queen is hatched—then trouble begins. She realizes her day is over and so decides to establish a new home. Warning of this is given by both old and new queen—the new queen asserting her rights in a piping tone which thrills the other bees into agitation. When several queen bees mature at the same time a battle royal ensues, and the one who succeeds in stinging the other to death reigns. Swarming must needs result in time, else the hive would be too full of bees, as they are constantly hatching during the summer time.

Bee's eggs are long shaped, about one-twelfth of an inch in length, are bluish-white in color and usually hatch in three days. The workers not only gather all the honey but they clean the hive, form the wax, build the comb and care for their young nieces and nephews—but workers do not lay eggs, that alone is the queen's business. After the honey season is over the workers destroy the drones which have simply laid around and enjoyed themselves all summer.

The bee is scrupulously clean, using its comb-and-brush legs constantly. The hive is always clean and ventilated, the ventilation being accomplished by bees standing outside fanning air up through the bottom of the hive, others on the inside also fanning the air into good circulation.

We have often said people or things made a "bee line." No wonder bees can do that better than we for they not only have more eye-space (in proportion to its size) than the owl, but has five eyes—two huge compound eyes and three small ones on the top of its head.

Even though the bee made no honey it would still be invaluable as pollen-carrier, for they fairly revel in pollen, thus naturally leaving some of it in the various blossoms they visit. But the busy bee has another object than pollenating trees and flowers which she visits—she gathers the pollen in her little market baskets to take home for her relatives. Here again is news—how many ever noticed those tiny baskets on her hind legs? Both body and legs are covered with hairs which gather the pollen, then Miss Bee scrapes the pollen from one leg with the other until it falls, a tiny ball, into the basket fastened on the fourth joint of those hind legs, and when she returns home with honey for the comb she also has two full baskets of pollen for family use.

The bee not only lives a short, useful life but has to be on the alert to protect that life, for it has many enemies. The bee-moth is an enemy which will gain entrance to the hive if possible and there produce larvæ destructive to both comb and honey. Robber bees are always on the lookout for an easy living and sentinels must be on the lookout for these intruders. Some birds eat bees, and everyone knows that bears will eat both honey, bee, comb and all.

Honey bees are not alone under the category of bees. There is the familiar fat bumble-bee—many kinds of him—the carpenter-bee who delights in boring holes and tunnels in dead tree trunks and fence posts; digger-bee, potter-bee, cuckoo-bee—in fact, there are about 5,000 species of the bee family—all feeding on sweet juices upon reaching maturity. It's really a compliment to be termed "busy as a bee."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

wouldn't have written this time if I hadn't been reading your letters and answers. My mother has been taking COMFORT for about eight years, but I have written to you yet. Well, I have no more to say, so I will close.

Your friend,

FRANKLIN BENNETT.

I should think you would be a little crowded, Frank, you and your four brothers all on one acre of land. No wonder your father has to go off to skid poles in Stevens county where there is more room. When I first read your letter, Frank, I thought you had written "Skins Poles," and I was scared for a minute and believed the hang-over of the war had got moved across the pond.

You must expect it to be cold, Franklin, when you insist on living only ten miles from Canada. Why there's a man in Medicine Hat who has not been entirely thawed out since the hot summer of 1905. British Columbia is a mighty cold place—even worse than Boston. And the only thing that keeps Boston at all habitable is the warmth generated by the Irish population and an occasional police strike. There have been winters in Boston when even such an indigenous product as Senator Lodge has had to wear red flannels. Somebody told me once that all babies born in Boston come into the world wearing three buckle articles—but this I don't believe, or at least it is an exaggeration.

But I do know that Canada can get hot enough in the summer to make up for any below-zero temperatures of the cold months. In July the huckleberries stew right on the bushes and the bears have to use safety razors and eat eskimo pie. Frank, Canada, or near-Canada, has too many extremes in weather. Why don't you get your dad to skid the whole lot of you down to Missouri, that Paradise of the Ozarks? Even the mules are smiling and contented there and COMFORT Cousins are thicker than February snowflakes in Saskatchewan.

TIMPAS, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am so lonesome I made up my mind to run off and see Uncle and all the Cousins. Now let me in before Billy awakes, for I see it is early and he has not opened his eyes yet.

Do you know what I look like? Well, like a girl of sixteen. I am five feet, three inches, short when in high heels, and I tip the scales at 125 pounds. I have big brown eyes and brown hair.

Uncle, don't you think it would be a great plan for all the cousins who write to this department to tell what was the biggest fright they have had in the past year? I know that every one must have had a big fright once upon a time, and why not tell us about it? I know it would interest all. There, I see every one is nodding.

My biggest fright was when my sister and I were lost in a big snow-storm. Now, listen: We have 720 acres of land, which is called Colorado dry land, and it is fenced with barbed wire fencing. Once in winter snow was falling hard. All the cattle were at home, except the horses which were probably somewhere in one corner of the field. Dad was not at home and the storm seemed to last for many days. So sister and I put on Dad's big rubber boots and went after the horses. We thought it would be great fun, so we walked on and talked. I chanced to turn around to see if the horses were near, but, alas, there was nothing but snow all about us—not even the fence to be seen. We turned to go back, but could not see our tracks any more. We went in one direction as we thought, and believed we would have to come to the fence somewhere. The boots became heavy and we soon sat down to rest. Then on we went again. After a long walk we stumbled and fell. It was into a long ditch which runs at the farthest end of our field. Now we could see the fence, so we went around it. Just think of walking around 720 acres! After a long tiresome travel, we came to the fence we knew was near our house, and saw something coming in our direction. We soon recognized it to be mother. She asked us if we knew the way home. Of course we did, so we went home together. Mother had been lost also and was glad we knew the way to get home. Mother had left a two-year-old brother of ours in the house, alone, and you can not imagine the mischief he had done. I looked at the clock and saw that we had been out four hours—in such a storm! And then I looked out of the window and saw the horses coming home all alone by themselves after all.

Our supper tasted good after such a long trip, and we slept until noon the next day. We still felt the effects of the trip. I assure you I shall never go out in such a storm again.

I am one among the bobbed-haired ones, because after a seven months' illness my hair was falling out by handfuls. So I had to part with my long, silky thick hair. I think that it will never grow in again as long and thick as before.

Now won't you all write to me? Of course you will—and send photos if you have any to spare. Surely! I will answer all that I can and will send my photo to the one who writes the longest and most interesting letter. I must go before Billy is awake, but don't any of you tell him that I have been here.

Your new cousin,

BERTHA J. CIZEK.

Bertha, I think that's a good idea of yours—to find out what has scared each of us the most. We know that powder puffs scare Cousin Gus Trick and that French girls with violet eyes do not scare Cousin Jack Wilcox. Now let's hear from other of the Family who have had big and little "skeers." I talked to Billy about this and suggested that he mention what had been the star fright of his long and learned life. He looked at me coldly and replied: "Uncle Lisha, as a reasonable being, I always use my brain to the end that no concatenation of events, however surprising or inadvertent, need cause me concern nor disturb my equanimity." Bill meant something by this sentence. He must have, for he looked so serious. But I'll never know, for I did not think best to ask him for an explanation. Bill is sort of scarifying himself at times and rather overpowering with his periods.

You must have had a good fright, Bertha, wandering out there in the snow. The next time you want to travel around your 720 acres and tumble into ditches, you should arrange to do it when the sun is shining and there is somebody at home to stay with the baby. And the horses came home to roost after all! It certainly beats all how much animals know. Probably we lost lots of our instinctive wisdom when we left off being monkeys and swinging by our tails. All of it that is left is our love for peanuts and for making faces at each other.

MOUNTAIN AIR, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello, everybody! Billy, you stay back and leave this letter alone until Uncle gets through with it, for I sure want it printed.

Well, Uncle, I haven't seen many letters from New Mexico, so I will tell you about a country full of curiosities. I came here in '17 and my father homesteaded 320 acres of land. We are surrounded by mountains, and we live on a mesa seventeen miles from town. There are lots of big forests and all kinds of wild game here.

Uncle Lisha, you sure ought to come out here and let me show you around a little. I know you would enjoy it, for there are the old ruins made many hundreds of years ago. They are made of rock and mud and some of the old walls are a hundred feet high. There is also an old apple orchard close by that is two or three hundred years old and still bears fruit. In the Abo Canyon there are high caves with all kinds of pictures painted on the walls. I could write a big tablet and then not tell everything. I guess you will be getting tired of reading about New Mexico, so I will tell you something of myself: I am eighteen years of age, am six feet high, weigh 155 pounds, and have blue eyes and light brown hair. I am an artist and would like to have the cousins all write to me. I can paint any kind of pictures, big or little ones.

Just a word for COMFORT: I have been taking COMFORT for several years and think it is just the grandest paper in the world. So, good-by. I will close now.

Your nephew,

BARNEY GOLDEN.

Hello yourself, Barney! How is everything up on your high mesa where you have lived since 17? You don't say whether this was 1717 or 1817, but I suppose you mean the latter date.

I certainly would like to be shown around among your old ruins, Barney. Just now I feel like an old ruin myself—having finished paying my last month's bills and having just bought a spring suit so that Bill won't be ashamed to walk in the Park with me on Easter Sunday. Your country is certainly ancient, Barney, old boy. I don't wonder you have lived to such a great age in such surroundings—since you came to enjoy the Mountain Air in 1717—I mean 1817.

I imagine you must have learned to paint from copying the works of the old masters on the walls of your local caves. Here are all our foolish millionaires paying big prices to European picture dealers for old paintings with the varnish all worn off of 'em, when the most genuine and most ancient of art can be found on the walls of New Mexico stone apartments.

Barney, when you can paint so much and so often, pictures both big and little, I think it was strangely mean of you not to have illustrated your letter in oil or water colors. Or you could have sent a "Portrait of the Artist by Himself." It would be effective to have you posed eating one of those apples from that 1717 apple orchard. So get busy and send us a tablet, either of paper or stone, covered with specimens of your Golden art. Barney, is it possible you sit up on your mesa and paint while your dad homesteads that 320 acres? If so, I'll bet there's one New Mexico homesteader whose opinions concerning the artistic temperament would not make polite reading.

HOMOSASSA, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I don't know hardly how to write—not knowing if my letter will be printed or go in the waste-paper basket, but I hope it will be printed. I will describe myself: I am five feet, six inches, tall. Weigh 98 pounds and have dark brown hair, grey eyes, and medium complexion. I will be sixteen years old on April 11, 1923. I live in Ozello, but get my mail in Homosassa. My father is a fisherman. We live on the coast, not far from the Gulf of Mexico. Some people call it the "Islands." Everywhere we go we go in boats. Some of you city boys and girls just fancy going to a school or to a party in a boat! Well, we do.

Do you like oysters, Uncle Lisha—or fish? If you do, come to see me and I will give you all you can eat. My sister, older than I am, has two pet rabbits. We have lots of fun playing with them. I have three brothers—12, 13, and 14 years of age. They fish with my father. He fishes mostly at night. There are plenty of wild ducks here. Do any of you like wild ducks? There are twenty-three scholars in our school. I am in the eighth grade. Oh, I got so interested in telling you all about myself that I forgot to tell you how I like to read dear old COMFORT. I sure think it has the right name. I would not miss reading one copy for anything—most especially the Leaves of Cousins. Uncle, don't you want a star fish or

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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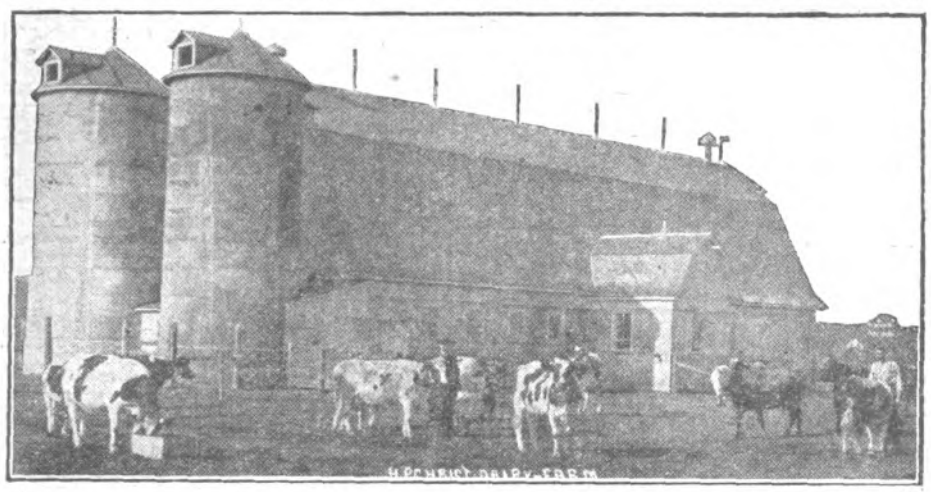
Improved Farming

TODAY, more fully than ever before, farmers realize that farming is a *business*, not merely an occupation. Moreover, they realize that success in any business requires a thorough understanding of every angle of that business, and that this working knowledge be employed constantly and wisely. To draw a simple comparison, let us illustrate with a dairy farm. Consider the farm and its buildings as a factory, the dairy herd as the machinery, the feed as the raw material and the milk as the manufactured product. We may have good land, good buildings, good cows, good feed—but all of these are useless unless *good practical management* based upon knowledge is added in ample measure. This kind of *management* combines hard work with close study of every important movement having a direct bearing upon agriculture. Most farmers know all they care to about hard work, perhaps more; therefore we will confine this discussion to the big factors constantly at work to improve farming, to take the gamble out of crop production, to do away with the "ups and downs" and to bring permanent prosperity to those who till the soil.

Let us pause for a moment to consider what has taken place in the past year, and forecast, if possible, what the immediate future holds in store. Twelve months ago most of the six million farmers of the United States were just starting on the long, hard climb out of the deep valley of economic depression. With stout hearts they faced the future hopefully and "put their shoulders to the wheel" on the steep up-grade. Today, as we look backward, we find that considerable ground was gained by the vast majority. The heights that are always bathed in the sunshine of prosperity have not yet been gained, it is true. Some have fallen by the way; others are still in the valley or just beginning to climb out. But most have proved that it pays well to "stick to the ship," to plant crops as usual, and to keep working and thinking and hoping. Today we know that prices for the most important crops average higher than they did a year ago. Economists of the Department of Agriculture tell us—and they seldom guess wrong—that the total sum which farmers will receive for their crops in 1923 will exceed by a billion and a half dollars the total sum received for the crops of 1922. Sounds encouraging, doesn't it? If that forecast proves true, and we are confident it will, it will certainly mean better times on the farm, and farm folks will be able to ease up a little on the grinding economy that they were forced to practice last year.

All indications point to a further reduction in the labor cost of producing crops. A substantial reduction in freight rates is now almost assured. Interest rates already are lower and the credit strain has been eased, enabling many farmers to meet obligations and place themselves in a better situation financially. Taxes are still high, it is true, but this is due largely to the increase in local taxes over which farmers themselves can exercise some measure of control. There has been a healthy growth of farmers' cooperative marketing associations, with better management and sounder business organization. As regards helpful and necessary legislation, at no time in our history has agriculture—our greatest single industry—received more attention. Action at last seems to be replacing idle talk, for more and more apparent is it becoming that all industries stand still while agriculture is depressed. Healthy business depends upon healthy agriculture; therefore the business of farming must be running smoothly and profitably if other business is to prosper.

But when all is said and done, the responsibility for good farming and prosperous farming rests primarily upon the farmers themselves. Through legislation and administrative action the government can clear the way and see to it that the farmer receives an absolutely square deal. The government can and should make available to the farmer the sort of information which he cannot acquire for himself, but which he needs in order to produce efficiently and with due regard to the needs of the consumer. The government agencies can study marketing methods and point out how they may be improved; it can help find foreign markets for surplus crops. But farmers themselves, acting individually and collectively, must do certain things which they alone can do. Now that we have roughly classified improved farming into two groups,—first, the things the farmer can do for himself, second, the things that are being done for him by others, let us see what some of the most important of these things really are.



NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF IN BARN, BARNYARD OR COWS.

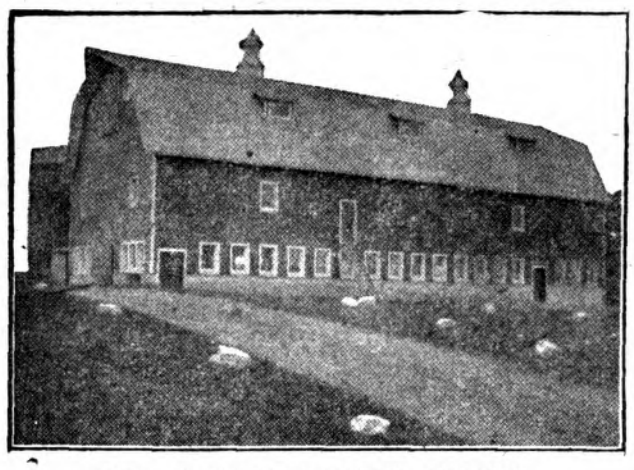
The Business Side of Farming

So far as efficient production is concerned, the farmers of the United States lead the world, but in adjusting the balance of production to meet the needs of the consumer and in marketing crops to the best advantage there is great room for improvement. The farmer cannot control his production with the nicety of the manufacturer, it is true, because farm production depends so much upon rainfall and temperature and other conditions over which he has no control. But there can be a much better adjustment of acreage than there has been in the past. Periods of over-production and under-production, of glut and famine, with ruinously low prices to the producer in the one case, and burdensome high prices to the consumer in the other, are very bad for everybody. During the past three years the hardships of farmers in a one-crop region have been apparent; over-production has been closely followed by small demand for that crop at a low price which often has fallen below the actual cost of production. Greater diversification of crops is the only cure. Even in sections where one particular crop does best, farmers should produce enough of other crops to meet their needs and the needs of their nearest markets. This is just one more illustration of the truth of the old saying about carrying "all the eggs in one basket."

Diversified farming does not mean to grow a little of everything, to dabble here and there without purpose; nor does it mean to deny the precedence due any single crop in the region to which it is best adapted. But there is no place in diversified farming, or in farming that is to be profitable for a long period of years on the same land, for the growing of a single crop to the utter exclusion of all others. Such farming is short-lived, short-sighted, and we have only to point to worn-out farms as our proof. Balanced farming wherein more attention is given to the choice of crops—yes, and livestock, too—which are best adapted to the character of soil, to the climate, and to the market opportunities reasonably at hand—therein lies the best hope for the future.

Standardization of crops where soil and climate conditions are fairly uniform will also pay big returns. There is room for vast improvement in the grading of products prior to the time of marketing. When grading is not done before crops leave the farmer's hands, it must be done afterward, and the farmer pays the bill. Potatoes serve as a good example. Over-production of this crop alone is not responsible for the low prices of the last year. Part of the fault is with those who dumped ungraded potatoes upon the market in large quantities, for the inferior quality mixed throughout pulls down the price and desirability, and makes them slow to turn, and injures everyone engaged in their production. Careful grading, with the culls retained on the farm either for home use or for feeding to livestock, and with only the strictly superior grades offered for sale, would not only reduce the surplus that goes to the market to depress the price, but it would save freight and handling charges on the inferior potatoes, and would earn an enviable reputation for the growers and the regions shipping only *the best*. The same principle applies in a measure to all common farm crops.

Common-sense size of farms is another thing that is well worthy of more thought on the part of farmers. Time was when the very large farm was an asset, but that was before the day of high taxes. Right now many farmers are land poor. By this we mean that more acres than can be farmed efficiently, economically and profitably, without robbing the land, are a burden upon which taxes and the interest on the investment more than equal the net returns. Thought of in this light, we find that many large farms are being subdivided. Better stock is placed upon them, a smaller acreage of crops is given better care, the soil is kept in better condition, and the final report at the end of the year is more likely to be on the right side of the ledger.

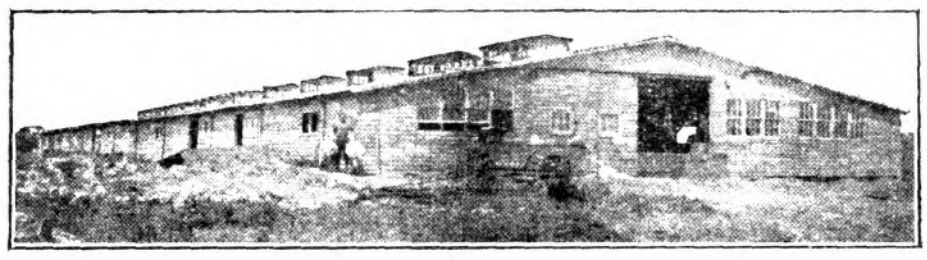


FINE BARN AND NEAT DRIVEWAY—WISCONSIN.

Advance in Livestock Industry

A more healthy condition of the livestock industry is shown by better prices which the farmer receives for his hogs, his cattle and his sheep, and by the active demand for animals of the right quality at the large marketing centers. It is shown also by the type and quality of animals received at the markets; fitted stock now is strongly in evidence, while the reverse was true during the past two or three years when "unloading" at any price was in progress. In a large measure the return to normal times is shown by the resumption of breeding operations on a pre-war scale, indicating returning confidence. The raising of work horses seems to be the single big exception to date. Here the demand will soon far exceed the available supply of desirable animals, according to dependable figures.

The shortage of young work horses and mules in the ten states which produce approximately two-thirds of all those raised in the United States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota—and the practically steady demand for work animals are focusing attention upon the breeding of horses and mules in increased numbers this spring.

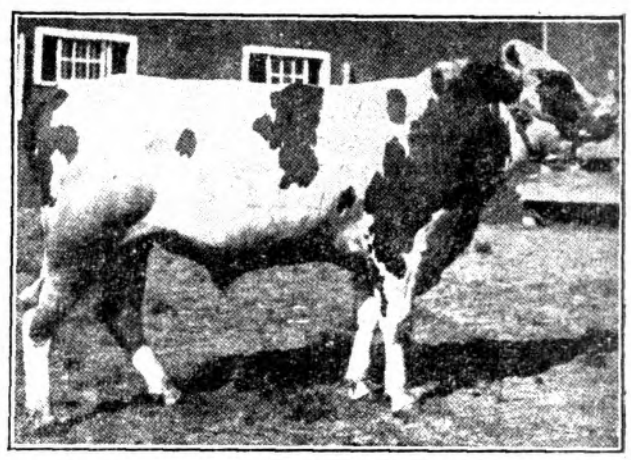


LARGE SHEEP BARN AT CLOVERLAND SHEEP RANCH, IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH.

More than 17,000,000 horses and mules are actually at work in harness on the farms and ranches; about 2,000,000 more are used in cities, towns, villages, lumber camps, mines and other non-agricultural lines. Horses and mules have a working life of about 12 years on the farm, if they go into harness as three-year-olds. Those used in cities on hard pavements or those engaged in other non-agricultural pursuits do not last more than nine years as a rule.

From the standpoint of actual replacements, therefore, we must have around 1,500,000 three-year-olds broken and ready for farm use each spring, while from 225,000 to 250,000 more work animals, drawn from the farms, are needed for replacements in non-agricultural lines. Therefore we need a total of 1,750,000 head annually for replacement requirements.

In 1919, 1920 and 1921 (the last years for which complete figures are available) the number of horses and mules coming three years old was about 1,400,000 head each year. These figures show plainly that we have fallen short 350,000 head a year of producing actual replacement needs. In order to make up this shortage we have had to draw on a surplus previously created, especially older animals foaled between 1910 and 1915, but this surplus is now practically exhausted. Therefore the man who has been raising good colts during the last three years will be able to benefit from the increase in prices, which has already begun, and which will probably reach its peak in 1925 or 1926.



ONE SECRET OF DAIRY SUCCESS—THE PURE-BRED BULL.

Improved Livestock Breeding

The formation of the Committee on Improved Livestock Breeding meets a long-felt need. Its purpose is to confer with breeders, to study their problems in relation to those of the packer, to acquaint breeders with permanent trends in market demand, and to bring about improvement in cattle, sheep and hogs to meet that demand. Through the work of the committee great improvement in American livestock can be brought about. This may be accomplished by taking advantage of the improvement already made by careful breeders who have kept in mind true market types that fully satisfy the agricultural conditions under which they are produced. The foundation of profit for the breeder, success for the feeder, permanence for the packer, and satisfaction for the consumer lies in better-bred livestock that will best meet the requirements of all, and that shall prove best for the livestock industry as a whole.

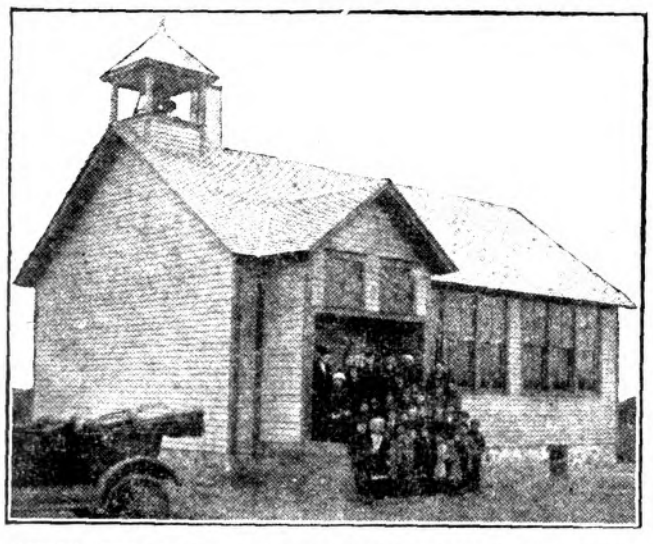
Supply and demand undoubtedly do determine the relative prices of different types on the market, as shown by the constant change in top prices. But breed has very little to do with the result, each breed having a section of the country to which it is best adapted and for which it is most profitable. However, the actual type of animal as to age, weight and finish does undergo change, if one is to interpret the highest-market price as indicating the kind of animal most needed. Also, the demand changes much faster than the breeder and feeder can hope to change, since the breeder's and feeder's dollar is in the animal for two or three years as compared to the very short time for which the packer or retailer has his money invested.

The qualities that make the animal best suited to the needs of the breeder or feeder are not always closely in line with the qualities best suited to market needs. In order to have a reasonable cost of production, the breeder must have animals that develop great weight for their age, possess early maturity and fatten quickly and cheaply. Almost all of these must be present before the breeder is free to devote much attention to market demand. The market, on the other hand, cares little or nothing for these qualities except insofar as they contribute to other qualities such as neatness, dressing percentage and flavor of meat. The breeder must seek health, vigor, constitution, capacity, fecundity, prepotency and many other characteristics which the market never recognizes in price quotations.

All of this leads to the single simple conclusion that the breeder must breed, in the long run, the type of animal which experience has taught him to be best suited to his needs, rather than the type that is in greatest demand at any given time on the market. But he must, for his own best interests, distinguish between "fads" and steady and permanent changes. For example, today there is a marked trend toward lighter animals; this is easily recognized, and bears every evidence of being lasting.

In the show ring the adoption of the packer's standard in judging steers, wethers and barrows, either in single classes or carload lots, is unfair to the producer. One cannot object to applying the ideas of high dressing percentage, a thick-muscled, smooth-fleshed, blocky type and a carcass of suitable size, shape and quality. But a strong protest should be offered against laying undue stress on the particular class of animal that happens to be bringing the highest price on the market at the time of showing. If this particular class *always* drew the highest price, no complaint could be registered, but, as has been pointed out, supply and demand tend to regulate the class that brings the highest price. High prices tend toward the development of so many animals intended to receive those prices that the market breaks for them, and another class go to the top. Therefore it is constantly changing. The safest policy for breeders to follow is to aim to produce animals that he knows will be in keep-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

ing with the permanent demand. Moreover, he should insist that animals in the show ring should win purely on their merits, regardless of the immediate price conditions as long as the best animals exhibited represented a standard market type.

Progress Made in Dairying

The dairy industry has shown steady and rapid advancement during the past year, and all indications point to even more marked progress this year. The number of cows producing 1,000 pounds or more of butterfat has grown, and a new record for milk and butter fat production has been established. Not only has the "top notcher" class been enlarged. The general average of production and quality of dairy cattle is steadily improving; scrubs are decreasing in numbers, and high grades show a well-earned corresponding increase. The good work of cow testers everywhere is pointing out the "boarder" cows that fail to pay a profit for their feed and care. Better animals are taking their places, to the benefit of the dairyman and his pocketbook. Tuberculosis eradication is making rapid strides, accredited herds being reported daily, and whole counties in the leading dairy districts are now free of this disease. Farmers themselves are learning that they should buy all cows subject to test and *retest*, in an effort to protect their own stock from outside contamination. As to the market for dairy produce, the upholding of the "filled milk" law eliminates the insidious competition of the "cocoanut cow" in the manufacture of condensed milk, and butterfat will bring the price it richly deserves as the purest, safest and most easily available source of vitamines.



LAWN MOWING MADE EASY WITH A POWER HOE TO DRIVE THE LAWN MOWER.

May Walker Ollie Homestead, the new champion cow, is a Minnesota Holstein. She recently completed a year's production of 1,218.5 pounds of butterfat and 31,610.6 pounds of milk. The record-breaking cow weighs 1,765 pounds, is a powerful-framed animal possessing that sound, highly organized nervous temperament that is required for great production, but also has the refinement that marks her as an excellent type of dairy animal. While May Walker was on this severe test her grain ration was made up of bran, ground oats, distiller's grains, hominy, oil meal, gluten and cotton seed with salt, and a limited amount of mineral compounds. In addition to these concentrated feeds she was given a liberal allowance of alfalfa hay, and during the latter part of the test corn silage and beets were added to the ration. According to reports of the supervisors of the test, she was in practically as good condition at the end of the test as at the beginning, though she carried a calf during six months of the time. The uniformity of the champion is further shown by the fact that in no calendar month did she produce less than 80 pounds of butterfat or 2,000 pounds of milk.

This new record displaces that of Dutchess Skylark Ormsby, former United States champion, whose production was 1,205 pounds of butterfat, a record that has stood for seven years. But for one Canadian cow, Bella Pontiac, this new record is the world's high mark in dairy production. The Canadian record is 1,587.5 pounds of butterfat and 27,191 pounds of milk.

How Science Helps the Farmer

Never before has agriculture depended so much upon science or so fully utilized its findings as today; never were the results of agricultural experimentation more needed than during the period of readjustment; never was there a greater obligation resting upon our agricultural experiment stations than during the years just past when they so regulated their activities as to aid most effectively in meeting the needs of those whom they were designed to serve. During the period of dismay and trouble the habit was formed by farmers to look to science for aid. The habit now remains, to be increasingly helpful with the passing of the years to come.

One of the outstanding pieces of investigational work carried on during the past year, and that



HILL-SELECTED SEED POTATOES.

will extend its influence over many years, is that concerning Johne's disease, a disease that annually causes losses of cattle throughout the country. Johne's disease is one of those subtle afflictions that have been introduced from Europe. It has already been found in numerous herds the owners of which were quite oblivious to the fact. The symptoms of the disease are so uncertain in the early stages that a veterinarian ordinarily cannot detect it. The animal wastes away gradually, becomes less and less efficient as a milk producer, and in time is either disposed of as unprofitable or dies in the owner's possession. The characteristic symptoms that enable the disease to be distinguished from tuberculosis are to be found only upon examination of the walls of the intestines, which in the case of Johne's disease show a very much wrinkled condition. At present experiments are under way with a new material known as "Johnin" with which herds may be tested in a manner similar to the test for tuberculosis, and in the near future we may reasonably expect that Johne's disease will be accurately diagnosed, and then weeded out of the dairy herds, to the benefit of dairymen and the dairy industry.

Comparative feeding value of white and yellow corn has also received much study on the part of trained experimentors. Already it has been clearly demonstrated that yellow corn is superior to white for feeding hogs not on pasture. It has been shown by a number of feeding trials that the yellow pigment contained in yellow corn contains vitamines necessary for rapid growth in pork production, and that these vitamines are not present in white corn in sufficient quantities to nourish properly growing animals. When hogs are on pasture, however, they secure their vitamines from their grazing; consequently yellow corn has little or no advantage over white corn for animals that have free access to good pasture. So far as is yet known, white corn is just as good as yellow for horses, dairy cattle, beef cattle and sheep, provided they are fed an ordinarily well-balanced ration containing plenty of good green-colored hay. Poultry experiments indicate that yellow corn is superior to white for chickens which do not receive in summer plenty of fresh green food, or in winter an abundance of clover or alfalfa chaff, sprouted oats, or similar green stuff.

Worldwide exploration in a search for grains, fruits, trees and vegetables that will enrich our own present available supply is a quietly conducted piece of work that comparatively few know is being done by our Department of Agriculture. Near the town of Chico, California, an "Ellis Island" is maintained for the study, quarantine and propagation of our plant immigrants. Year after year plant explorers risk their lives in the far places, in the jungles of Africa and South America, the fever-ridden swamps of Yucatan, in India, Australia, and the wild and unexplored bandit-infested interior of China. Each year new plants are shipped to the testing farm for close study; those that show desirability and adaptability are released, to become our farm friends almost without our knowing the trouble, time and money spent by our government to obtain them.

Space does not permit us to try to enumerate all of the plants that have been brought in. Let us simply say that with the exception of corn, tobacco, the pumpkin, a few species of small fruits and grapes, some native grasses and drug plants, *every crop* required for the manifold needs of a diversified farming industry and produced commercially in the United States has been introduced from foreign countries! Wheat, cotton, oranges, apples, peaches pears, many rare grapes, flax, hemp, sugar cane, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, rice, hops, beans, cabbage, along with thousands of others all came to the United States long ago as plant immigrants. Among the more recent introductions are: a wild peach which is resistant to alkali, cold and drought; Chinese persimmons, larger and more choice than our native varieties; aquatic food roots and vegetables which may make our swamp lands available for farming purposes; thirty varieties of timber and vegetable bamboos; many Chinese vegetables, shrubs, flowering vines and trees, including a hazel that grows to a height of about 100 feet.

Children, Our Finest Crop

The children of today are the men and women of tomorrow. On the farm, more than in any city industry or occupation, are the little ones that are growing up on our farms today responsible for the future of agriculture. To them we must look for leadership. Though this has always been the case, it is only of recent years that the facts have been admitted, and children's training has come in for anything like its fair share of attention. Now, at least, good schools that really teach not only the essential subjects but modern applied science intended for practical application to farm problems are demanded by parents in every forward-looking community. The "little red school" where the "3 R's" were taught to the tune of the teacher's ruler is a thing of the past.

In its place we find well lighted, well ventilated, roomy schoolhouses appearing in the small villages and even at the crossroads in the country; consolidated schools with even better and more complete equipment supervised by capable teachers attracting children from longer distances through the medium of school busses; rural high schools wherein boys and girls are taught livestock care and management, poultry husbandry, soil management and crop handling, agricultural botany, farm accounting, shop work including carpentry and blacksmithing. For the girls there is



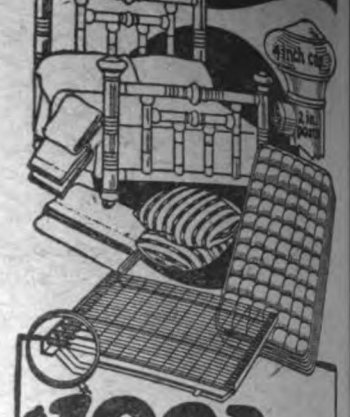
CORN PLANTER.

cooking, dressmaking, millinery, home decoration, farm health and hygiene, kitchen gardening, and business management of the farm home. Not only do these subjects better train the sons and daughters of farmers for the work they will do when they grow up *if they stay on the farm;* they awaken in every child an active interest in farm work, farm facts, and farm possibilities for profit that are bound to show a marked tendency on the part of those so taught to remain on the farm. That, first and foremost, is the object desired. To compete with the lure of the city, farmers themselves must see to it that their children are enabled so to study, so fit themselves, and so arrange their day dreams of the future that in every dream picture *the farm* is always kept in view. But how can we accomplish this end?

Visit your school! We are willing to wager that not one farmer in ten, perhaps not one in fifty, ever visits the school that his children attend unless "maw drags him to graduation exercises." There is no job that will pay him better than to visit the school, get acquainted with the teacher, see how work is conducted and how the pupils spend their time. The day is long gone when any farmer can afford to take schools for granted, as he does taxes, election day and the seasons of the year. The teacher will appreciate the interest you show. She is doing her best, too often without cooperation, to make her school the best in the country. She is, as a rule, the most patient, conscientious, underpaid worker of all our nation's salaried wage earners. The country's future citizenship is in her two little hands. Tied, though they may be by "red tape," quarrelsome school boards, antiquated theories of education, and laboring along on her own inadequate salary, she nevertheless is doing a wonderful work. She is trying to hold her pupils through *interest*, instead of through their fear of the hickory stick or the more recent truant officer. When she needs new equipment for this or that, don't turn a deaf ear, then wonder why the children's interest lags. You are not mowing your grain and hay with a cradled scythe—but grandpa did.

Times have changed in education, too, and the change requires more and better "machinery" for school work. See that it is provided. Authorities on the subject have said that each day's work in school is worth $10.00 to the pupil. With forty pupils in school, see what a load of responsibility each teacher carries every day of the school year! How much more could each day be worth with every condition at its best? The entire school system is in a state of growth. Great changes are coming fast, but all such progress depends upon the intelligence of the public, upon you home folks in every school district. Keep "posted" on school matters. Visit your school. Assure the teacher that you are in sympathy with her ideals, her best efforts. Promise her your wholehearted support wherever the best interests of the school and its pupils are concerned. Do it whether you have children or not. That is good citizenship.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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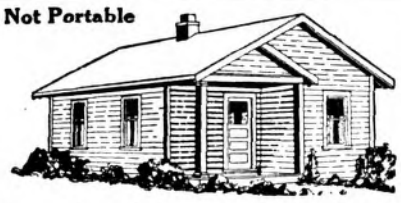
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Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Don't wait for somebody else to take the lead. It may never be taken. Remember that better education is the purchase price of better future agriculture.

April Showers and Flowers

HOW beautifully colorful the garden is now—if we have taken a little time and pains to set out early flowering bulbs, protect them from severe winter weather, then uncover them and watch them defy the cold, raw days of spring to bloom on the very receding edge of snowbanks. The borders of walks, yes, and even the very lawn itself, may be radiant with crocuses almost before the grass begins to show green. Snowdrops demurely droop their graceful, pretty heads beneath the lilac bush or in other sheltered nooks where snow has banked deep, white protection all winter long. Tulips and lily-of-the-valley will soon be breaking into bloom, but as yet the tiny pearl-like bells and the gorgeous bowls of color are but a promise held in trust by the green leaves. Some gardens may brag of hyacinths; many will be those which present jonquils and daffodils for the admiration of all. Nor may we overlook the wildflowers, so easy to bring in from the wooded hillsides to grace some corner with spring beauty. "Hardy" is the middle name of the trillium, the mandrake, anemone, Jack-in-the-pulpit, violet, hepatica and any numbers of others. When their only cost is a little time in finding and digging out and replanting in the garden, why is it that we so seldom find farms where wildflowers are set out to gladden us right beside the doorstep?

Spring Care of Fences

As soon as the frost comes out of the ground in the spring is the right time to repair or rebuild fences. At this season the extent to which frost has heaved fence posts is first apparent. The soil has not yet dried out sufficiently to permit spring plowing to begin, so there is time to devote to fence repairing. A little work done now will be amply rewarded in freedom from aggravating delays and from crop damage during the ensuing season.

Instead of cussing and fretting about that "shiftless neighbor's 'breachy' stock that roam the countryside at will, while he himself turns his back"—to quote the refrain of a common annual lament—let's remember that only a small part of our fence troubles can be blamed on someone else. Before we point at the sins of others, therefore, let us make sure that we are safely out of the wrong kind of neighbor class ourselves. Also remember that "breachy" stock are more likely to be the *result* of poor fences than an outcropping of malicious cussedness on the part of cattle, for cows *learn* to break through fences by being *invited* to do so by fences that are *not* stock-tight. No cow, with a healthy appetite and a disposition to satisfy it, will respect a decrepit row of sagging posts held up by a few festoons of rusty barbed wire. She goes through! Once the habit is acquired, it is a hard one to break. Let's prevent it by keeping the fences in good order.

Put a good cutting edge on the shovel and post-hole digger, plane off a smooth handle on a six-foot piece of two by four to serve as a tamper, hunt up the hammer, wire stretcher, some staples and nails, perhaps an old pair of gloves, then go to work.

If heaving of posts set in low land has not been so great as to cause sagging and lost alignment, resetting is a simple matter. Posts that have heaved six inches or less may be readily driven back into place with a post maul or sledge. Do not try to drive them down by swinging the maul from the ground. Hitch a team to the heavy wagon, have the boy drive the team along the line of fence, stand at the back end of the wagon box and drive each heaved post into place as you pass them in order. It will save a lot of time and backaches.

Space does not permit us to go into details regarding every phase of fence repairing and building, but a few "do's" and "don'ts" may be worth while.

Don't consider fence repairing as a chore. It is an art that requires knowledge, patience and careful attention to the many little things.

Don't drop new posts into old post holes. When a rotted post is removed, dig out the hole large enough to permit careful and thorough tamping.

Don't think that tarring, creosoting or charring the butts of fence posts is a waste of time. It adds many years to their life, and saves much work and money for the farmer.

Don't buy poor, cheap fence wire; consider quality ahead of price; get wire not smaller than a No. 9 for best results.

Don't buy good wire then stretch it poorly. We have seen a farmer trying to stretch wire with one hand, his foot braced against a post, while he droye staples with the other hand. Ordinary fence wire will stand a pull of several thousand pounds. A team, a tractor, a block and tackle, or a high-tension stretcher are required for good work. A pull of a ton or so will usually serve. "Do it right or do it twice" is a good motto for fence builders to keep ever in mind.

Spring Pigs Need Good Care

Probably half the losses suffered by the average pig raiser could be prevented by greater care and a very little expense, and such a saving would pay large returns on the small cost involved. One of the principal causes of losses in young pigs is the lack of good shelter. Too many sows farrow in dirty, dusty, dark sheds where the small pigs must struggle for existence among accumulated filth and disease germs. Dust irritates the lungs, causes coughing and inflammation and paves the way for so-called lung worms. Scours, which causes many deaths among small pigs, is caused by disease germs which thrive in filth, contaminate the sow's udder, and gain entry into pigs' stomachs at nursing time.

A cheap and certain remedy for the vast majority of pig troubles is a farrowing house, small if funds are limited, and larger if more pigs are kept on the farm. Elaborate houses are unnecessary; the main consideration is that they be so built that they can be kept clean, dry, light and well ventilated. A small, dark, damp hog house is an inducement to permit filth to accumulate. Keep only the number of brood sows that can be given good care. It is far better economy to keep and feed a few sows that will have a chance to raise good litters than to keep too many sows, then have each raise only three or four pigs to weaning age. From a purely business standpoint, there is no sense in feeding sows the whole year around, then have each one perform up to about half efficiency.

Exercise is necessary to keep young pigs from contracting "thumps." Deprived of exercise, pigs put on too much fat around the vital organs, pressure upon the heart and lungs results, and the jerky abdominal contractions commonly called thumps are the consequence. Few cases can be cured. Plenty of exercise is the best preventive.

Why Oats Lodge

There is no variety of oats that will not lodge, nor is there any fertilizer that will entirely prevent lodging, though we have all heard much talk of varieties of oats that will not lodge and of lodge-preventing fertilizers. Lodging of oats is a condition brought about by many factors, the most important ones being the season and the soil.

It is true that some oat varieties have stiffer straw than others, but if the season is hot this makes little difference. Hot weather causes nitrification to take place rapidly in the soil; rapid growth of soft, succulent leaves and "watery" stalks result. Such plants are quite susceptible to lodging by strong winds and heavy summer rainstorms. Excessive rainfall will also cause lodging, as every farmer has learned to his sorrow. If the soil is very fertile it may be best to get in two crops of corn before oats is sown, thus using up part of the surplus nitrogen. Wheat following corn before oats also helps prevent the latter from lodging. On virgin soil as found in newly cleared timber regions, or on prairies plowed for the first time, lodging is uncommon for the reason that under sod there has been very little nitrification taking place.

Controlling Rosy Apple Aphis

The proper time to spray for rosy apple aphis is just as the tips of the leaves of the fruit buds protrude about one-half inch. When large plantings are to be treated, leeway must be allowed for spraying so that it may be completed in time. If the blower begins spraying when the leaves have protruded about one-fourth inch and finishes the job before they are entirely free from the bud he may feel certain of controlling the rosy aphis of the apple for that season, provided of course that other requirements have been met. If the spray material is applied at scale strength after the leaves have become free from the bud, considerable "burning" will result, nor will all the aphis be reached because of the protection afforded by the leaves.

In certain seasons a warm spell may be accompanied by rains and high winds which prevent spraying but cause the leaves to develop rapidly. Under such conditions the buds may reach a stage where injury will result to the young foliage from the spray if used at scale strength. Nevertheless, the spray should be applied, for the injury to the foliage will be insignificant as compared with the damage that will result from failure to control the aphis. Fortunately, the blossom buds are covered with a dense down which protects them from injury by strong spray. In combating the rosy aphis, it has been found safer to be a little late than too early, as this species in some cases makes its appearance only as the leaves show good growth.

A spray mixture that combines efficiency, economy and safety to both the trees and the operators is as follows: Lime-sulphur, two and one-half gallons; nicotine sulphate, three-fourths pint; water to make 100 gallons. In addition to controlling aphis, this mixture materially assists in checking apple scab. Make certain that the *under* sides of branches and buds are reached. Careless spraying has but little value.

Alfalfa Pasture Management

Alfalfa pastures for swine cannot be excelled—but their excellence depends largely upon the management they receive. Given a fair chance, based upon a thorough knowledge of the habits of growth of the alfalfa plant, such pastures will stand excessive pasturing; denied this consideration they will soon become bare-bitten and useless.

Alfalfa should not be pastured in the spring until it is from seven to nine inches in height. If pastured while the plants are very small and tender, and while the ground is still soft and wet (these conditions usually go together), the setback received is seldom overcome entirely, and may even result in severe loss of plants with bare spots as the visible proof.

No alfalfa field intended for pasture should be pastured during the first season, as most growers know; but even during the second season pasturing should be light. Never should the field be allowed to present the regular look of a pastured area. Light pasturing, with hogs removed to another pasture from time to time to permit a "breathing spell" for the young plants, is never injurious, but constant pasturing is almost certain to result in harm. To keep plants in good condition and to stimulate growth, clip two or three times during the second season with a mowing machine.

During and after the third season, alfalfa pasture will withstand heavy pasturing without damage. The only care needed is to clip with the mower in case young pigs have allowed certain areas of plants to become large and woody. When this happens, other parts of the pasture receive more than their share of attention. Strive to keep the entire pasture in the same condition and stage of growth.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Not More Than One Free Trial Bottle To Any Family

Anyone anywhere can have one free bottle of Syrup Pepsin — What is your address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Originator of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Yes, Dr. Caldwell Took His Own Medicine

Dr. Caldwell knew what old people suffered with their bowels, for he was a family physician for 47 years; born in 1839. No remedy is better for old people than his own Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and here is why: it is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

Who Needs Syrup Pepsin?

We will send a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way, write for them.

Send for a Free Trial Bottle

In spite of the fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store in the U. S., we want you to become acquainted with it at our expense, and then if you find it as claimed, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself. Many thousands of these bottles have been given and we know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Write today, simply addressing your envelope as shown in the coupon.

"Syrup Pepsin", 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State .....

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10c



The Wonder of the World Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to do so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer and when 3 years old **will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house in the **winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Pkge. of Seed with our guarantee only 10c. To introduce our 1923 Catalog we will **GIVE** with the above, a pkge. of

FLOWERS that NEVER DIE



Japan **EVERLASTING** Strawflower (**NEVER FADES**) will keep indefinitely after being cut. It is an ornament when growing and especially prized for all kinds of decoration; for Vases in Winter it cannot be beat [all mixed colors]. **Both pkges. of Seed** by mail for only **10c** and 2 cts. postage. **Will Grow Anywhere.**

JAPAN ROSE CO., Dept. 103, So. Norwalk, Conn



Free for Testing

A pair of mated **Everbearing Strawberry Plants FREE** if you will report your success with them. Will bear loads of big red berries the same season plants are set. We have been breeding Everbearing Strawberries for 18 years and have counted 480 berries, buds and blossoms on a single plant in September. A postal will bring the plants and 10 kernels **Burbank's** new **GOLDEN POP CORN** and 10 seeds of the wonderful earliest of all **BURBANK TOMATO.** Also our catalogue of Hardy **"BLIZZARD BELT"** products with seed for a Silkleaf Poppy garden thrown in for good measure. Send 10 cents for mailing and expense or not, as you please. Write today and get acquainted with our Hardy **"Blizzard Belt"** Fruits, Seeds, Potted Bulbs, Everlasting Flowers, etc. **THE GARDNER NURSERY COMPANY, Nurserymen and Seedsmen, Box 313, Osage, Iowa.**

One Dozen genuine **Progressive** Everbearing Strawberry Plants mailed at proper planting time for 47c or four dozen for **91c if ordered NOW** direct from this advertisement.

5 Pkgs SEEDS 5¢

Send nickel or stamps, get 5 pkgs. vegetable and flower seeds, best varieties, also free catalog tells 18 ways to make money in 1923, and bargains in farm seeds.

Galloway Bros. Co. Dept. 3767, Waterloo, Iowa

GLADIOLUS BULB FREE. Wonderful kind, will bloom in pot in house or garden, also **Color Book** 75 Named **Gladioli for 4c** postage. Marvelous Colors. Full growing instructions. **Colonial Gardens, Orlando, Florida**

FREE: To introduce our Pedigreed everbearing Strawberries we will send 25 fine plants free. **MASON NURSERY CO., PIEDMONT, MO.**



Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. Write today for full particulars.

United Government Training Inst. 245-K Dinan Building, Detroit, Mich.

MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Founts Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield.

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, make chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water, all lice and mites leave them. The



tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big $1 packages for only $1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do—to the Paratab Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two $1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman $1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.



BABY CHICKS

Hatching every day in the week and every hour in the day. We are the World's largest producers.

THREE MILLION FOR 1923

Twelve popular breeds of best thorobred stock obtainable, moderately priced; also QUALITY chicks from heavy laying stock at small additional cost.

Smith's Standard (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

We deliver by parcel post anywhere East of the Rockies and guarantee 95% safe arrival. Write nearest address, today, for catalog—FREE.

THE SMITH STANDARD COMPANY

Boston, Mass.	Dept. 89	184 Friend Street
Philadelphia, Pa.	Dept. 89	833 Locust Street
Cleveland, Ohio		1989 West 74th St.
Chicago, Ill.	Dept. 89	427 So. Dearborn St.

(Member International Baby Chick Association)

S.C.White Leghorn Baby Chicks

Baby Chicks. Single Comb White Leghorns. 25,000 weekly. English and American. 180 to 250 egg strain. Via prepaid parcel post. Safe delivery guaranteed. Catalog free. 6th season. **Miller-Matlick Hatchery, 802 Franklin St., Kirksville, Mo.**

CHICKS PEDIGREED, strong and vigorous, from 40 breeds heavy layers, Exhibition and Select grades. Postage PAID. Live arrival guaranteed. Our Hatcheries EAST AND WEST from which to ship. A month's feed FREE. Catalog free. Stamps appreciated. **Nabob Hatcheries, Box B, Gambier, Ohio**

Baby Chicks

20 varieties. 50,000 weekly. From Hogan tested flocks bred for heavy egg production. Miller Baby Chicks are shipped via prepaid parcel post. Safe delivery guaranteed. Over 40,000 pleased customers in 48 states and Canada. Big catalog free.

MILLER POULTRY FARMS
Box 507, Lancaster, Mo.

BABY CHICKS Bargain Prices Write Quick

Best Paying, Highest Quality, Pure Bred Tom Barron and Hollywood White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Anconas, Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes. Book orders now—get liberal discount. Valuable catalog free.
Superior Poultry Farms, Box 115, Zeeland, Mich.

POULTRY, PIGEONS and BABY CHICKS for PROFIT Foy's big book—an Encyclopedia of Poultry information. Many colored plates. Written by a man who knows. Low prices on Incubators, Brooders, Baby Chicks, Fowls and Eggs for Hatching. Write. Sent for 5 cents.
FRANK FOY Box 6, Clinton, Iowa

White Leghorn CHICKS

Write Quick. Free feed—Liberal Discount on early orders: World-Famous 265-270, and 280-326 egg strain trapnested, pedigreed English-American S.C.W. Leghorns. Heavy Layers. Best Payers. Strong healthy chicks. 100% live delivery guaranteed, p.p. Big valuable catalog Free.
KERLIN'S GRAND VIEW POULTRY FARM, Box 53, Center Hall, Pa.

Baby Chicks Superlative quality chicks produced from selected winter layers bred for heavy egg production. The best quality chicks at bargain prices. Send for free catalog today. **Springfield Hatcheries, Box E, Springfield, Ohio.**

PURE-BRED POULTRY Most profitable varieties. Also EGGS and BABY CHICKS, Belgian Hares, Incubators, Brooders, Grain Sprouters, Supplies, Highest quality. Low cut prices. Illustrated Catalog mailed FREE. Address Nichol's Poultry Farm, Box 21, Monmouth, Ill.

EGGS-CHICKS Leading Varieties. Low Prices. Won over 5,000 Prizes. Furnished U. S. Government & Schools. Pleased them. Can You. Sterling Poultry Farms, Box 90, Sterling, Ill.

CHICKS We ship everywhere. Safe arrival guaranteed. 20 thoroughbred varieties. Hatched right. Member Int. Baby Chick Assn. Catalog free.
Mammoth Hatchery, R. F. D. 43, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

CHICKS of High Record Layers Very Reasonable. Leghorns, Anconas and Barred Rocks. Catalogue Free. VAN DRIEST FARMS, Box P, Cedar Grove, Wis.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Ducks and Baby Chicks

JUDGING from the letters I have received during the last few months asking for information about duck raising, our readers are awakening to the fact that there is money in ducks.

The first point for the beginner to grasp is the difference in breeds, for not all ducks are money makers. There are quite a number of breeds, the principal of which are Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen, Crested, Indian Runner and Muscovy.

The Pekins are creamy white, with reddish orange shanks and feet, and weigh at maturity, drakes, eight pounds; ducks, seven. The Aylesbury are pure white, shanks and feet, light orange; drake, nine pounds; duck, eight. The Rouen drake's head and neck are green, with a white collar. Body, ashy gray, mixed with green. Breast, purplish brown; underbody, steel gray. Weight nine pounds. The ducks are principally light brown, penciled with darker brown and green; weight, eight pounds. The Crested are pure white ducks with pronounced white crests or topknots. Drake weighs seven pounds, duck six. There are two varieties of Muscovy—the pure white, with a red wrinkled skin on their faces, and orange shanks and feet; the colored Muscovies have black and white heads, with the same odd, wrinkled skin on their faces as the white ones. Their backs are blue black, sometimes broken with white feathers; shanks and feet, from yellow to dark red color, or even black. Drakes, ten pounds; ducks, eight.

There are also two varieties of Indian Runner ducks—one pure white, the other light fawn and white or gray and white. The fawn and white are the most popular among breeders. The side of the face should be fawn or gray; throat, pure white; breast and shoulders, fawn or gray, running to white; tail, fawn or gray. Drakes weigh four and a half pounds, ducks, four.

When we come to market purposes, we narrow down to Pekins and Indian Runners; Pekins being preferred, in most markets for table birds, and they are certainly the most profitable for that purpose, because they grow up very quickly, being ready for market when six to nine weeks old, when they will weigh from four to six pounds apiece, if they have been well fed and kept in yards away from streams and ponds; and in the wholesale market they bring about eighteen cents a pound.

As egg producers, Indian Runner ducks are the wonders of the poultry world, for they have outstripped all records. One breeder in Indiana, who had three hundred and fifty birds, affirms that on January 25 he commenced shipping eggs for hatching, and sent out thirty-six thousand by July 25th, and that each duck (the stock consisted of three hundred ducks and fifty drakes) averaged ten dollars a year, the average yield being ninety-nine eggs for each bird in one hundred and eight days. In New Zealand a two years contest was conducted, one duck laying five hundred and twelve eggs in twenty-three months, and was still laying an egg a day, even though she was moulting. They are strong, healthy, easy to raise, develop very rapidly, and will, under good conditions, commence to lay before they are five months old.

There are many points in favor of duck culture, as they are free from lice, roup, scabby legs, and other diseases common to chickens.

These ducks are hardy and vigorous, and as their chief characteristics are their laying qualities, they have come to stay, and the one who gives them special attention will realize a good profit from them in the future.

Running water is not at all necessary to their development, but they must have plenty of clean fresh water for drinking purposes. They are great foragers, and find part of their food when given free range, and can be successfully handled in limited quarters. A two-foot fence is sufficient to enclose them.

One of the secrets of success is to start with pure-bred stock, for blood will tell with ducks as with other poultry.

Keep one drake for every seven or eight ducks and fatten the rest for market when nine or ten weeks old. At this age we dress them and sell them to private parties for sixty and seventy cents each. Some work, but it pays. But eggs are what you should work for, and the flock should be large enough to enable you to market them by the case.

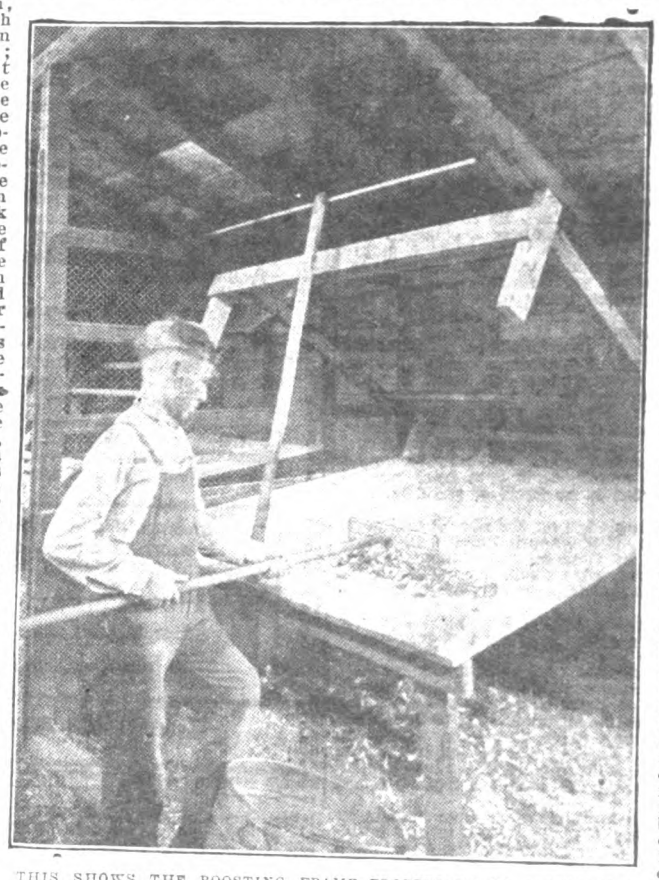
To get winter eggs, laying ducks should have an enclosed house, but after May they do better if allowed to run out all the time, but should be penned at night until nine o'clock the next morning, when they will be through laying for the day. The eggs are larger than hens' eggs, and they command from five to ten cents higher than hens' eggs in the commercial markets.

Laying ducks should be fed a damp mash composed of bran, shorts, corn meal and beef scraps twice a day, with whole corn at night. Never feed quite all they will eat. Sand and oyster shell must be provided and kept before them all the time.

The first few days ducklings should be fed bread soaked in milk or water, squeezed dry and sprinkled with sand. After two days feed a mash of corn meal, bran, low-grade flour and beef scrap. They must have sand as well as feed, and this must be within their reach all the time.

Remember to provide green stuff of some kind in each feed after they are ten days old. This not only cheapens the feed, but insures good health. We like green cut clover best in summer time. Give all feed in troughs, and fresh water several times a day.

Ducks are such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays in each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full setting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest for two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelled can never be forgotten.



THIS SHOWS THE ROOSTING FRAME PROPPED UP TO ALLOW THE DROPPINGS TO BE CLEARED.

Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark and mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up and smell it; that and its sticky touch should assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks, you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day.

When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top cut out and one end taken off. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of sand or dry earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover; and if fine, the shade of a tree is necessary for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen may be removed, but keep them within bounds, on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread-crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one-fourth of a pint of corn-meal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoons of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add a pint of corn-meal, wheat bran, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

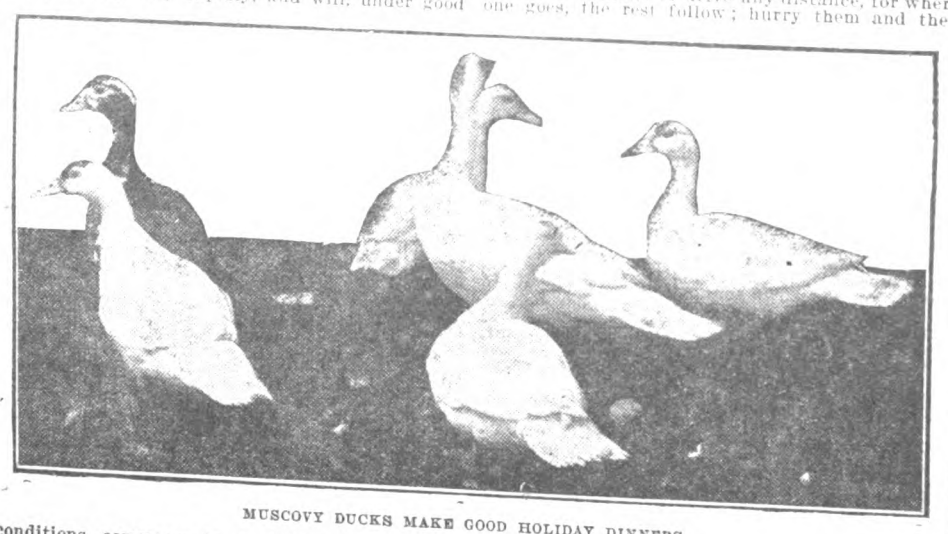
They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently, they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, the rest follow; hurry them and they will scatter, and it is good by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of green feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or buttermilk, and feed night and morning. If on free range, this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day.

Always remember, in looking after chicks, that they are infants, and as sensitive to cold, neglect or improper feeding as a human baby. You know that when a baby is clean, warm and well fed, it will be contented and happy, but let anything go wrong with it and it squirms and cries. Well, it is just the same with chicks. Go into a brooder house in the evening, when everything is settled

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



MUSCOVY DUCKS MAKE GOOD HOLIDAY DINNERS.

Science's Discovery Routs Chicken Lice

Mineralized Water Gets Rid of Dusting or Spraying — Birds Delouse Themselves. Fine for Baby Chicks and All Poultry.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the commonly accepted methods for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful product keeps the poultry always lice-free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this remarkable lice remedy, is dropped in the chicken's drinking water. Taken into the system of the bird, it comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It is guaranteed to help the hatchability of the eggs and cannot injure the flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little added to the drinking water each month is all that is necessary.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 311, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A card will do. Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Lice-Go will get rid of every louse or mite that he will send you two large double strength $1.00 packages for the price of one. When they arrive, pay postman only $1.00 and postage. Sell one to your neighbor and get yours free. If you are not absolutely satisfied after 30 days trial, your money will be refunded. This offer is guaranteed by two big Chicago banks, who say that Mr. Hick will do exactly as he agrees without question or argument. Write today before this remarkable trial offer is withdrawn.

Try the New Way To Kill Lice

A hen worried to death with lice cannot lay if she wants to. You might as well "throw money to the birds" as feed high priced food to lousy chickens. It's a dead loss—don't do it. Use **Licemist.** No dusting, no dipping no painting. **HANG UP THE BOTTLE.** It acts like magic. Testimonials from every State in the Union tell of wonderful results from its use. Simply put a few drops in nests and on roosts and hang uncorked bottle in the coop or hen house. Powerful fumes leave the bottle in vapor form, and penetrate feathers, cracks & crevices everywhere. Lice, mites, chiggers, bed bugs, ants, roaches, etc., have no lungs—they breathe through the pores of the body, and are destroyed by **Licemist** vapors. It will not injure chicks.

Bottle, $1.00; 3 bottles, $2.50; 12 bottles for $9.00, All prepaid





Chicken Mites Filled With the Life Blood of Faithful Hens.



THE END.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.
AMERICAN SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 97, QUINCY, ILL.

ROUGH ON RATS

The secret of killing rats

Rats won't eat food they know has killed other rats. That's why ordinary rat poisons fail. Rats remember them from night to night. But Rough on Rats is *mixed* with other foods, a different food each night. This fools rats. Rough on Rats economically exterminates in three nights. Don't die in house. At drug and general stores. Send for free booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Jersey City, N.J.



140 EGG Incubator Only $13.85



FREIGHT PAID East of the Rockies

Made of California Redwood, covered with galvanized iron, double walls, air space between, built to last for years; deep chick nursery, hot water heat, copper tanks. Shipped complete, set up, ready to run, freight paid.

140 EGG INCUBATOR WITH BROODER $19.75
260 EGG INCUBATOR, ALONE, ONLY . 23.50
260 EGG INCUBATOR, WITH BROODER 32.90
30 days' trial—money back if not O. K.—FREE Catalog
Ironclad IncubatorCo., Box 21 Racine, Wis.

$13.95 Buys 140-Egg Champion Belle City Incubator

Hot-Water, Copper Tank, Double Walls Fibre Board. Self Regulated. $6.95 buys 140-Chick Hot-Water Brooder. Or both for only $18.95



Express Prepaid East of the Rockies. Guaranteed. Order now. Share in my $1,000 in Prizes, or write for Free Book "Hatching Facts." It tells everything. Jim Rohan, Pres.

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 123, Racine, Wis.

$ DOLLARS IN HARES



Raise hares; quick easy profits. Small space; little capital necessary. Hares breed all year. 6 to 12 in litter, 4 to 6 litters a year. Sell locally for meat and fur or ship to us. We guarantee you $7 to $36 cash a pair and pay express. Book free—write today.

STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
405 Broadway New York City

Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Each acre of alfalfa pasture should carry 20 pigs of around 100 pounds weight, or their equivalent. Old hog raisers usually figure that each acre of pasture "will feed a ton of pigs" of any weight, if the pasture is in good condition. In dry seasons keep close watch of the pasture condition, giving a rest with a change of pasture in case it is needed. Rooting should be prevented by ringing, though pigs will not be inclined to root severely while there is plenty of feed. Only when the pasture becomes closely cropped is the tendency to root severely likely to be noticed, and at this time a change of pasture of a couple of weeks will be welcomed by both the pigs and the pasture.

Frost Resistant Corn

Frost resistant or cold resistant corn has now passed beyond the experimental stage and become a recognized means of fighting Jack Frost. In Wisconsin, where this new strain was developed by Prof. B. D. Leith of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, 12,000 acres of this welcome addition to the crop lists was grown in 1922. That it is meeting with a warm welcome is plain when it is remembered that cold resistant corn is a new thing, that it has only been available in commercial quantities for two or three years, and that now the demand for seed exceeds the supply.

"This has been a great year for the new cold resistant corn," says Prof. R. A. Moore, head of the Department of Agronomy, Wisconsin College of Agriculture, and nationally known for his life's work of corn improvement. "Throughout our northern and northeastern counties, and in frost pockets, in other regions, it has made a fine growth, in many cases growing even taller than the native varieties. The long, cold spring season proved the worth of the new variety to many farmers who have been in doubt. A June frost that did considerable damage in some districts failed to affect the new corn; a few leaves sloughed off, but normal growth continued, and apparently this corn did not even receive a setback."

The new cold resistant variety can be planted earlier in the spring, thus getting started ahead of the varieties formerly grown in regions subject to frost. It germinates at somewhat lower temperatures, does not suffer from cold and wet weather, and resists late spring frosts that have always delayed the planting of other varieties. The new variety grows a much larger stalk and matures somewhat earlier than Golden Glow. It is an excellent silage corn, but large quantities are now being grown for seed to meet the increasing demand. Last year some 3,000 bushels were sold, part going to Minnesota and North Dakota farmers.

Insect Pests Spread Quickly

The remarkably rapid and general spread of newly introduced insect pests causes surprise as well as alarm on the part of investigators who are giving their time and attention to means of control or eradication. And well it may. For example, the Japanese beetle:

This insect was introduced into the United States in 1916, and first found in a nursery near Riverton, New Jersey. The rate of increase, in spite of attempts to prevent its spread, has been remarkable. In 1916 about a dozen beetles were found; in 1919, in the same locality, a person could easily collect by hand 15,000 to 20,000 in a day, and as many as 250 larvæ to the square yard! The infested area in 1916 covered less than a square mile; in 1917 the area had increased to 2.7 square miles; in 1918 to 6.8 square miles; in 1919, 48.3 square miles; in 1920 it had crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania, and had infested 103.3 square miles; and in 1921 it had spread over 270.1 square miles. Reports for the year 1922 are not yet available. Consider the spread in less than five years from less than one square mile to more than seven townships, and this in the face of opposition from Government entomologists, farmers, nurserymen, and market gardeners who were well aware of the danger. Truly, from small beginnings can develop remarkable things, both bad and good.

Other important examples of insect pests—unwelcome immigrants—that in a comparatively short time have gained wide distribution and have done immeasurable damage are: Brown-tail moth, Gipsy moth, pink bollworm, San Jose scale, Mexican bean weevil, Camphor scale, European corn borer, sorghum webworm; and a number of others.

From the foregoing statement, let every farmer judge for himself, first, the need of the Government work being done to safeguard his crops from insects already here and from others that are striving to gain entry from other countries; second, that where quarantine or combative measures are requested, his complete cooperation is essential and entirely to his own advantage.

Refilled Feed Sacks

Refilled feed sacks bearing false or misleading statements have been found by inspectors of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, and purchasers are warned of the danger they run when they buy refilled bags. Several feed dealers are refilling used feed bags stamped or printed with the name of the manufacturer and the brand name of the feed originally contained in the sacks. In such cases the names and brands are not true in reference to the feed in the sack after refilling, the actual contents often being of a very inferior grade.

A feed dealer in Iowa was recently cited to a hearing under the Food and Drugs Act for shipping in interstate commerce a molasses feed in bags which he had refilled, but which still bore the name of another feed manufacturer. These sacks also bore a brand name under which the original owner of the sacks sold a stock feed of much higher grade than that with which they had been refilled.

The Federal Food and Drugs Act does not require the name of the manufacturer or the brand name to appear on sacks of feed coming under its jurisdiction, but if the name of the manufacturer and the brand are given, they must be true. The use of statements that are false or misleading in any particular constitutes an infringement of the law. In short, all labels must be absolutely truthful in their statements, not only as to contents but also as to name of manufacturer, if given, and feed dealers are cautioned regarding the handling, selling or sacking of feeds contrary to this law. Moreover, inspectors are on guard for just such infringements, in an attempt to safeguard the interests of farmers, and appropriate action will be taken in all cases coming to their attention.

Egg Producing Feeds

To stimulate egg production in hens of the general purpose breeds such as Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, a mash that is less rich in corn-meal and meat scrap should be fed, according to findings recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture. Apparently the rich mashes fed to Leghorns and others of the smaller egg producing breeds are not intended for the larger breeds, and a considerable reduction in these ingredients has given best results on the department's poultry farm at Beltsville, Maryland.

Best results were obtained with a mash containing only 18 per cent. of meat scrap and ground oats and wheat bran. The mixture is made of three parts of corn-meal, one part of wheat bran, one and one-half parts of meat scrap, one part middlings, two parts ground oats and one and one-half parts linseed meal. This ration kept hens in prime laying condition, did not allow them to become overfat nor impair their breeding condition and produced a good yield of eggs.

Leghorns and other smaller breeds can be fed a heavier and more stimulating ration without endangering their physical condition and the hatching quality of their eggs. The mash that has given the best results for these breeds is made of four parts wheat bran, four parts middlings, 66 parts corn-meal and 26 parts meat scrap. Barred Plymouth Rock pullets, however, when fed on this ration laid few if any more eggs than those fed the mash recommended for that breed, but they suffered in health and their eggs were lower in fertility.

Among the vegetable proteins fed to poultry, the department has found that gluten meal seems to be the best, although cottonseed and peanut meal are satisfactory if supplemented with animal protein in the form of meat scrap, tankage, fish meal, or milk, and with mineral salts. Vegetable protein should not exceed 10 per cent. of total mash. Tests have demonstrated that a good grade of fish meal is practically as good as meat scrap of high-grade tankage.

Paint Poisons Cattle

Some time ago a case of paint poisoning of cattle came to our attention that may serve as a warning to our readers.

The interior of one of the best dairy barns in the Middle West had been repainted. Not only the walls and ceiling, but the stanchions and pens had received coats of paint as well. And there arose the trouble. Cows in stanchions were hardly able, even if inclined, to lick off the new paint, but calves running loose in the calf pens were free to taste. They tasted, they liked the sweetness of the fresh paint, they licked it off and several very valuable animals died of paint poisoning.

This is only a single illustration, but such instances are by no means uncommon. It seems that even on the best regulated farms the calves have the run of the place. In a sense they are privileged characters. Is it any wonder that, as we saw recently in our daily paper, two calves had died from licking the paint off a wagon-box and a set of sleds newly painted and set up on saw horses out in the orchard where they would be away from the dust?

An interesting example of paint poisoning comes to us from Missouri, where a breeder of Aberdeen Angus cattle lost several animals before the true cause of their deaths was ascertained. The poisoning symptoms were present, but as the cattle were on pasture there was little thought of paint being the cause. The pasture was carefully examined for poisonous plants but none were located. After the cattle had been placed in another pasture another search was made. Finally a small bucket that at one time contained white lead, but that had been licked clean by the cows, was found. This was the answer to the riddle.

Moral: Be careful where you throw the old paint cans. Don't let the calves run loose to sample the fresh paint on wagon-box, barn or fence. Cattle don't believe in signs; "Fresh Paint" means nothing to them. Keep them away from it and avoid loss.

Don't Overfeed Before Shipping Stock

Reports showing excessive shrinkage on shipments of livestock received at central markets often cause complaint to the United States Department of Agriculture by members and managers of co-operative livestock shipping associations. In some cases these complaints are justified; frequently the shrinkage feature is pointed to as a weakness in the whole system of co-operative marketing.

While many things can, and frequently do, result in excessive shrinkage in livestock, investigations have shown that at times it is at least partly due to a disposition on the part of some shippers to overfill their stock before loading. This custom seems to be a relic from the days before co-operative shipping came into vogue and when most small producers sold their stock to country buyers. Under the system of marketing wherein the producer sold his livestock on a basis of home weights, or on a basis of shippint point weights, it was usually found to be to the producer's advantage to obtain a generous "fill" on his stock before turning it over to the country buyer.

Under the co-operative system of shipping so common today, however, the incentive to excessively "fill" at home or shipping point is practically eliminated. Stock that is fed heavily just before loading is not only quite likely to be stricken and sometimes die while in transit, but will seldom take as good a "fill" when it arrives at market. Furthermore, where co-operative shipments are graded at the shipping point, the man who has given a heavy "fill" receives more than his just proportion of the net returns. Home grading of co-operative shipments is, in most instances, highly desirable, but it can be successful only where the individual members "tote fair" with each other. In other words, it works only where members really co-operate. When we consider that the man who "fills" heavily before shipping is likely to sustain losses en route to market and upon arrival, we feel that there is a strong argument against overfeeding before shipping.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

down for the night, and if everything is all right, they will be lying stretched out, and you will hear little twittering sounds of perfect content. If the brooder is not warm enough, or the day's food has contained anything irritating, they will be standing up, huddled together, and uttering sharp little sounds, which are unmistakably cries of trouble. Cultivate the habit of noticing such signs, and be guided by them, for a happy chick is a healthy chick, and a healthy chick makes a profitable bird.

Chicks must have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours, for just before they break their shell the remaining part of the yolk is drawn into the chick's body, and must have time to digest and be assimilated before any other food is introduced, or the digestive organs will be overtaxed and bowel trouble is likely to result.

As soon as they are placed in a brooder some fine gravel or very finely cracked poultry grit should be strewed about. I like the gravel that is sold for caged birds for the first two or three days, as it is bright and attracts the little fellows to pick it up, and in this way they get the material that is needed to enable the gizzard to grind feed when it is given to them. After the thirty-six hours' fast, put a small pan of sour skim-milk before them, and, to teach them how to feed, pick up one or two and dip their bills into the milk. If a few commence to eat, the others will follow suit. Of course, the milk, like the water that is given to chickens, must be put in dishes that are partly covered, to prevent them from getting into it. For the sour milk we use small fruit saucers with a strip of board across the top, so that there is only a small opening left on each side of the dish.

At the end of half an hour the milk is taken away and two hours later they have their first real meal, which consists of stale bread which has been dried in the oven and put through a meat chopper. One cup of this is mixed with two eggs which have been hard boiled, cooled and chopped, shell and all. About one-third of that mixture is poured along a narrow board and given to fifty chicks. If any is left at the end of half an hour, it is removed. The following day, sour milk and the above mash is alternated at intervals of two hours. After that, the sour milk is left before them all the time, the mash given in small quantities every two hours.

On the fourth day they have water given to them for the first time. The fountain is left in the coop for half an hour in the morning, and the same length of time at about 2 P. M., and a little rolled oats which has been broken fine is scattered on the floor of the coop.

The fifth and sixth days are the same as the fourth, except that the dish of water is left before them all the time. After the sixth day we commence to use rolled oats instead of the dry bread in the mash, and liver or lean meat which has been parboiled gradually takes the place of the egg, and chick feed is scattered on the floor three times a day. All these changes must be accomplished very gradually from the sixth to the twenty-eighth day, and of course the quantity given must be increased, for chicks are very fast growers. In fact, there is no young creature, except squab, that grows so rapidly during the first two weeks of its life as a chicken, and for this reason chicks require an abundance of easily digested, nutritious food, and to keep the system in proper working order it must be supplied in small quantities very frequently.

After the fourth day, never leave mash before them more than fifteen minutes at a time, and don't make more than is needed for one day at a time, or it may sour and cause trouble; besides which, if it is left before them all the time, they will have no inducement to scratch and hunt for the chick feed.

From the fourth to the eighth week we keep a dry mash before them all the time in self-feeding hoppers, or they will not eat this as greedily as they do the soft mash. Give them all the fresh green stuff they will eat at noon. Young alfalfa and clover leaves are good. If you have neither, use the green sprouts of oats.

The dry mash is the same as that used at the New Jersey Experiment Station, and is composed of the following grains:

Wheat bran, 50 pounds; gluten feed, 10 pounds; corn-meal, 10 pounds; ground oats, 10 pounds; meat scraps, 10 pounds; dry ground bone, 10 pounds.

I wish to call special attention to the value of sour skim-milk in baby chick raising. Sour milk is very palatable; it also contains much food value in its casein, which is a form of protein or nitrogen. The greatest benefit, however, lies in its disinfecting qualities. The lactic acid present kills and prevents the multiplication of intestinal bacteria. White diarrhea is one of the most dangerous of these forms. In order to get the greatest benefit from sour skim-milk it should be given the youngsters to drink from the very first day, being given in a closed vacuum fountain so that the chicks cannot get their feathers soiled from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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Various Types of Vacuum Tubes

AMONG the numerous questions we receive each month there are more regarding the various types of tubes than any other one piece of apparatus. It is little wonder that the newcomers in the radio field are puzzled at the multiplicity of numbers and letters by which these various types of tubes are designated.

The tube most common in the present radio receiving sets is known as the Raditron. There are several different types of these tubes and each type has a special function in the set. The first tube necessary to operate a receiving set is the Raditron U V 200 and is called the detector tube because its function is to detect the incoming signals and transform them into audible signals. In case there are amplifiers in the set it is necessary to employ one or more Raditron U V 201 tubes, and these tubes are known as amplifier tubes. In appearance the above mentioned tubes are identical, but the construction is slightly different. The detector tube is only partially exhausted while the amplifier is very highly exhausted. This will also explain why a detector tube is sometimes called a "Soft" tube and the amplifier a "Hard" tube. Both of these tubes have a tungsten filament and burn very brightly, similar to an incandescent lamp. Although these tubes are in general very efficient, there is a great variation and some tubes will not function at all. In case one of these tubes does not function and yet the filament lights as usual it is an easy matter to get a replacement from the dealer from whom the tube was purchased. These two tubes require a six-volt current to light the filament and this is usually supplied by a storage battery of that voltage. Many of our readers have asked if it is possible to use the lighting current with a step-down transformer to light the filament of these tubes. Of course, if the proper voltage is obtained, the tubes will light, but there will be a very disagreeable hum in the phones due to the alternating current, and this hum will nearly drown out the music or voice. Dry cell batteries may be used, but will last only a very short time and will prove very inefficient. The plate voltage, or "B" battery voltage, on the detector tube should range from twenty-two volts down to twelve volts, depending on the characteristics of the tube. The plate voltage of the amplifier tube should be at least forty-five volts and may run as high as one hundred volts. The average amplifier tube works very well on forty-five volts.

The next size of Raditron is the U V 202 and is the smallest transmitting tube used. This tube is exactly the same in construction to the receiving tubes excepting in size. It is about the size of a 40-watt lamp and resembles it in shape. These tubes are seldom used in receiving sets, although sometimes they are employed in power amplifiers. The filament voltage on these tubes is eight, and the plate voltage may be as high as 350 volts. Many of these tubes are in use in both radio-telegraph and radio-telephone sending sets by the many amateurs, both in this country and abroad.

The Raditron type U V 203 is not common to the radio broadcast listener, but the dream of every amateur is to own one of these "power bottles," and there are many of these tubes now used by the more advanced amateurs. The tube is commonly called a fifty-watt transmitter for this is the power rating of the tube. It is much larger than the U V 202 which has a power rating of five watts and usually these tubes are amber colored instead of clear like other tubes. This tube is also used in many of the broadcasting stations and it is nothing short of a wonder that one of these slender bottles is capable of transmitting music and voice over hundreds of miles. Some of the smaller broadcasting stations use the five-watt tube, but the range of these tubes is not great and we cannot hear these small stations unless fairly near to them. The filament current for this tube is ten volts and the plate voltage as high as one thousand volts.

Last, but not least, in the Raditron group we have the type U V 204 or the 250-watt tube. This tube is used only by the larger amateur stations and the large broadcasting stations. It is much larger than the fifty-watt tube, being about 25 inches long and having a round bulb in the center. These tubes are very expensive and only the large stations with long range employ them.

Within the last few months the "Peanut" tube or W D 11 Aeritron tube has come into great prominence and there are so many requests for information in regard to this tube that we will give as complete description as possible. The chief reason for this tube being so popular is because of the fact that it uses only one dry cell battery to light the filament, thus doing away with the storage battery which is a considerable expense and nuisance. This tube requires a special socket or may be used in standard socket if an adapter is used. It may be used as a detector or amplifier, and is nearly as efficient as the Raditron, if not more so. The tube is not considered critical and may be used for Radio as well as Audio frequency amplification. As a detector, it will operate with a plate voltage of about 22½, and as an amplifier it requires at least 45 volts. As high as 60 volts may safely be used on this tube. These tubes are very quiet in operation and their economical points make it very desirable. At the present time it is the lowest current tube on the market, although there will be one placed on the market soon that will be even lower current consumption than this tube. The new tube will be known as a U V 199 and will be one of the Raditron type.

Note.—In the January number, referring to diagram of wiring up set, the tickler coil is misprinted as "Tickler Bulb," and caused a lot of mixups. Please bear in mind this correction, for there is no such thing as a tickler bulb.

Questions and Answers

Q.—W. E. K., New Baden, Ill.—Please tell me the length of a meter in feet.

A.—A meter is equivalent to 39.37 inches or a little over three feet.

Q.—L. Y., Petersburg, Ind.—How far is it possible to receive music on a radio receiving set which uses one dry battery to light the filament? Is a "B" battery used with this type set?

A.—The type WD-11 tube which requires only one dry cell battery to light the filament, is capable of receiving music over a thousand miles if it is used in a properly designed set.

Q.—M. S., Lincolnton, N. C.—What is an electrolytic detector? What is a magnetic detector? How far can the sound be detected over either of these detectors?

A.—An electrolytic detector is composed of a fine platinum wire with the tip end making light contact with a cup of acid. A magnetic detector is one of the oldest types and consists of a wire passing between the poles of a permanent magnet. Both of these detectors are obselete, and it is doubtful if they would work at all in reception of music. A good crystal is much better.

Q.—Antigo, Wisconsin. I have a regenerative set and it works best when I hold a pencil on the output of the variable grid leak. Should a set as described be able to receive California? I have heard these calls and would like to know what stations they belong to: S X A K, W J A X, W I A I, W M A K, W D A C, W F A A, W O S, W J A G, W M A P.

A.—We cannot tell just what your trouble is unless we have more details. Better try a grid leak of greater value. The stations you ask of are as follows: S X A K—Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio. W I A I—Heer Stores, Springfield, Mo. W M A K—Northern Laboratories, Lockport, N. Y. W D A C—Illinois Watch Co., Springfield, Ill. W F A A—A. H. Belo & Co., Dallas, Tex. W O S—Missouri State Marketing Bureau, Jefferson City, Mo. W J A G—Huse Publishing Co., Norfolk, Neb. W M A P—Utility Battery Service, Easton, Penn.

Q.—A. W., Clarkesdale, Mo.—Would a lightning rod be a good ground?

A.—Yes. But not advisable to use without a good protective device.

Q.—A. C. B, Westport, Tenn.—Can one use the WD 11 tube with the set you are describing in the December COMFORT with the same tube socket which takes the tube requiring a storage battery? Is the range of the WD 11 tube as great as other tube? What is the life of the tube? Will it amplify? Can one use the Armstrong super-regenerative circuit in receiving without having a license? May WD 11 tubes be used in this circuit?

A.—Yes, WD 11 tubes can be used in the set we are describing in COMFORT, but in order to use the same sockets an adapter will be necessary. The range of the WD 11 tube is rated at 80 per cent. that of the Raditron tube. The life of a tube depends, to some extent, upon the brightness at which it is burned, but the actual life of a tube cannot be stated. Many tubes last for years and the WD 11 tube should last as long as the average. It is as good as an amplifier as a detector. We have no data on the WD 11 tube being used in the Armstrong super set. No license is required to use any receiving circuit unless the set is made to sell.

Q.—H. H. M., Vallonia, Ind.—Referring to diagram of your set in January issue of COMFORT: I do not understand the wiring diagram. I notice there is a "Tickler Bulb" illustrated and I do not understand what sort of a bulb it is and where it is to be mounted. I notice that there are two different types of tubes on the market. Does it take a detector tube or an amplifier for this set?

A.—Your question is very welcome as it calls our attention to a mistake in the diagram you refer to. The particular instrument you refer to should be labeled Tickler *coil*, not *bulb*, and it is the coil located inside the aerial coil and is mounted on two brass shafts. The connections to this coil are made through the brass bearings. A detector tube is necessary for this set.

Q.—L. A. T., Rochester, N. Y.—Sorry we cannot send copies of this set except in magazine form. Your question is answered in answer to question by A. C. B., Westport, Tenn., in this issue.

Q.—F. R. C., McNair, Miss. Can a 20-volt generator be used in place of a "B" battery, and a 6-volt generator in place of an "A" battery, on a regenerative receiving set?

A.—Yes. However, there must be some sort of filter circuit to make the current smooth or a lot of noise will be heard. The filter circuit consists of two choke coils, one in series, with each generator. A condenser of very high capacity should be connected directly across the generator leads.

Q.—G. H. L., Barlow, Ky.—Would you advise a patent on the enclosed detector?

A.—You would not be able to obtain patent rights on this detector, for it does not deviate from those now held on this detector by the Wireless Specialty Co.

Q.—R. F., Norfolk, Neb. Sometimes when I am listening to a radio station that I can hear very clearly, it will fade out until I can hardly hear it and then it will come back again. I would like to know the cause of this.

A.—Everyone has this same experience, and there are several theories advanced as to the cause, but it is generally accepted that it is caused by the atmospheric conditions and also by two waves from different stations heterodyning, or even in some cases neutralizing each other for a short period.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

a sea horse? A star fish is something just like a star. When you put it in the sun you can dry it and keep it. I will send you one, Uncle, or any of the cousins who will write to me. I will send you my picture, too. So some of you cousins, please write.

Well, I guess I had better stop, or there won't be room in the whole COMFORT for my long letter. Good-by and love to all.

Your niece and cousin,
CATHERINE BROWN.

Do I want a sea horse, Catherine? That's very kind of you, but it all depends upon whether he is well broken to saddle and how much it would cost to keep him in Brooklyn. It is very different up here from down in Homossa, you see. There you can probably feed all your sea horses on sea weed and wild rice, and stable them on the sand between a couple of handy rocks. Up here in Brooklyn I'd have to hire stable room and buy all my sea oats. There are always wild oats to be obtained in the big cities, but the sowing of them is a little difficult. All sea food is expensive here and to try and feed such a horse six quarts of oysters a day, for instance, would keep me nearer bankrupt than I already am. Then there is the question of giving the animal enough exercise. I would not have time every day to take him for a gallop in the surf at Coney Island. And then I'm not sure I'd like to get a mouthful of sand and salt water each time he kicked up his heels in the waves. Also Bill might be jealous and make difficulties. So probably it would be better for me to refuse this sea horse, Catherine, and have you send me a star fish instead. This will not cost anything to keep and, in fact, if it is not too dry I can make soup out of it some Friday or put it in a chowder. Did you ever eat fish chowder, Catherine? It is a famous New England delicacy and used to be eaten

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

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For A Club Of Only Twelve

SO many women prefer the simple yet refined gold lined pattern in a Dinner Set, we have decided to offer this splendid 31-piece Set, consisting of six plates, six cups, six saucers, six fruit or cereal dishes, six individual butters and one platter. Each piece, which is full size for family use, is snowy white, without flaws or imperfections, decorated with a dainty gold edging and gold line. This is a design that is found in the most aristocratic homes—a design that you will never tire of. It is burned into the ware underneath the glaze so that it will never wear off.

This set is made by one of the best Potteries in the United States so we know it will please you—in fact, we are sure you will be delighted when you unpack it in your home and realize what a perfect set of dishes you have obtained without cost.

We are having these sets carefully packed so as to prevent breakage, and shipped by express direct from the Pottery in Ohio. The only expense to you will be the express charges but these will amount to but a small fraction of what the dishes would cost in a retail store.

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AFTER searching the market for a reliable, up-to-date timepiece for our men and boy readers, we selected the Leonard "Earl" because we believe it is the best watch in the world for the money. The case is composition nickel-silver which wears as well as solid silver, a 12 size, open face, thin model with antique bow and flat crown. The movement is guaranteed American made, stem wind, pull-out pendant set, with pure white dial and plain, easily-read Arabic numerals.

As shown in our illustration, the "Earl" has the classy appearance of a $25.00 watch and after testing it we find it to be an excellent timekeeper. We therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending the "Earl" to any man or boy who wants a watch that is not only a good timekeeper but a "good-looker"—a watch that you can show your friends and carry anywhere with pride and satisfaction. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Leonard "Earl" watch free by parcel post prepaid. With it you will also receive a factory guarantee allowing you to exchange it for a new watch if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. **Reward No. 7557.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Automobile Lights

In cooperation with the various States, the Bureau of Standards is investigating the proper illumination of registration plates on automobiles and the efficiency of various forms of tail lights. The general subject of the color, position, etc., of tail lights is now receiving considerable attention throughout the country. The Bureau is also engaged on work covering automobile headlights with the idea of aiding in the unification of state laws governing these appliances.

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32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
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Send deposit of $1 for each tire ordered. Send only $2 if you order 2 tires. We ship C. O. D. for balance and allow examination. If not absolutely satisfied, return unused and we'll refund every cent of your deposit! You take no risk whatever! If you prefer to remit with order, deduct 5 per cent.

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32x3½	8.95	14.50
31x4	10.15	16.40
32x4	10.30	17.35
33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
32x4½	12.55	20.10
33x4½	13.10	21.10
34x4½	13.40	21.90
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30x3	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
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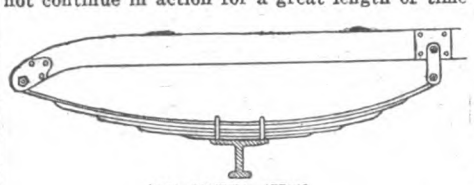
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Spring Forms

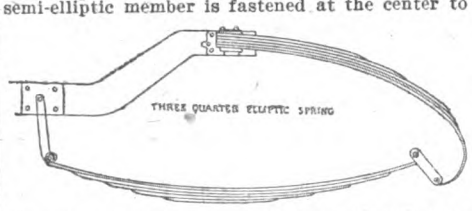
THE leaf type spring has become commonly adopted for automobiles. Several leaves of different lengths are assembled together to form a spring of the desired strength. Coil springs are not so well suited for this purpose as are the leaf type due to the coils being very sensitive to every shock. While this may at first appear to be a desirable quality, it cannot be overlooked that the vibrations continue for some time. The leaf type spring is stiff in action as the leaves rubbing against each other create considerable friction. This spring does not yield to every little shock and when it does yield it does not continue in action for a great length of time



SEMI-ELLIPTIC SPRING

as does the coil type. The leaf type serves well for cushioning the load and provides the desirable riding comfort. Common forms of the leaf type spring are known as the semi-elliptic, three-quarter elliptic, full elliptic, cantilever, and platform. The semi-elliptic has its center fastened either above or below the axle while the two ends are boled or shackled to the frame.

The three-quarter elliptic is a combination of semi-elliptic and quarter elliptic members. The semi-elliptic member is fastened at the center to



THREE QUARTER ELLIPTIC SPRING

the axle. The front ends of the semi and quarter elliptic members are fastened to the frame.

The full elliptic spring consists of two semi-elliptic springs joined together. The center of one semi-elliptic is fastened to the axle and the center of the other semi-elliptic to the frame.

The cantilever spring is usually fastened at the



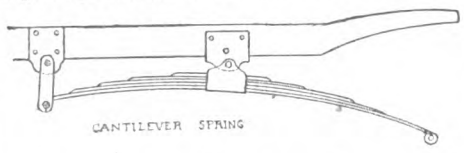
FULL ELLIPTIC SPRING

front and center to the frame while the rear of the spring is fastened to the axle.

The platform spring is a combination of three semi-elliptic members. Two of the semi-elliptic members run parallel with the frame while the third semi-elliptic member is inverted and is fastened to the two parallel members above referred to. The manner in which this spring takes the load will be readily understood from the illustration.

Uniform Laws

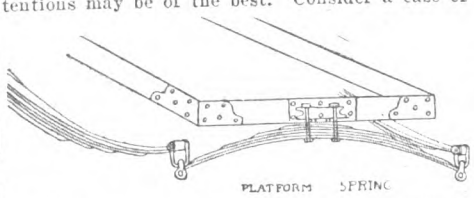
Automobles collect a large death toll each year. A great percentage of this toll can be attributed



CANTILEVER SPRING

to reckless and careless driving. There are those people in every walk of life who seem to delight in anything that does not come within the law—which brings to mind the old saying, "He who dances must pay the fiddler." However, we will pass by the willful lawbreaking class and consider those who desire and endeavor to be law-abiding.

For the man who drives a car, it is not always easy to be strictly law-abiding, although his intentions may be of the best. Consider a case of



PLATFORM SPRING

a driver who plans to make a tour of several states. He is accustomed to the rules and regulations governing traffic in his own and neighboring cities. He experiences no difficulty in driving wherever he may desire in this territory. The moment he leaves this prescribed territory he realizes the strange sensation of not knowing how to proceed and still heed the laws of the community.

At home, the law may require that an automobile shall not pass a street car while passengers are entering or leaving. The particular community in which he now finds himself may not have this requirement. To play safe, he now stops his car while the street car is taking on passengers. In many cases he immediately becomes the target of other motorists who accuse him of holding up traffic or cast remarks at him about being an old woman, etc.

The fact is that an out-of-town driver does not know what to do in order to be law-abiding. Laws are not uniform in all states, and neither are they uniform in all cities of the same state.

For example, when operating in a strange city how is a driver to know whether he can turn around in the middle of a block, pass a street car while it is taking on or letting off passengers, stop close to a semaphore or crowd over to the right when desiring to make a turn, use an exhaust horn or bell, run through a safety zone if passengers are not there, use a spot light, etc.? These are a few of the many things on which the laws of different cities vary greatly.

Then there is the case of headlights. Some states have a list of approved dimmer lenses, and to operate with unapproved lenses is unlawful.

Again, I ask: How is a tourist to know whether he is right or wrong? True, he could obtain the rules and regulations of the towns and cities to be touched in his trip, but such a course is anything but desirable. A driver becomes accustomed to the traffic rules of his community. He takes what might be termed chances due to his knowledge of what the law requires the driver ahead or in the rear to do. If a strange driver fall into the line of traffic, it will be easily understood how an accident may be caused by his not working in harmony with the other drivers. The strange driver does his best and intends to play safe, but accidents will continue to be caused by cautious, law-abiding drivers until steps are taken to bring about a more uniform set of rules relative to a few traffic conditions.

Helpful Pointers

Clear Vision

Several inquiries have been received at different times relative to a preparation which can be applied to the windshield so that water will not collect on the glass and obscure the vision. Personally, I have tried some of the formulæ that were sure to do the trick, but I have yet to find one that satisfies my idea of clean vision. While I will admit that in most cases the water did not settle, it drained away in streams that obscured the vision much worse than the raindrops. My experience has been that telephone poles were made to look as if they were falling, oncoming cars seemed to cover the road, and as a last resort I would term myself "Rain-in-the-Face," as I strained for a look around the windshield in order to get my bearings. It is my belief that the best way to insure clear vision is to install a well-made windshield wiper. There may be better methods, but I don't know them.

Wrong Connection

Should you remove the storage battery from the car and when desiring to replace it not know which cable connected to the positive pole, try connecting the cables without stopping to figure out whether you are right or wrong. After connecting them switch on the lights. If the ammeter shows a discharge-reading, the connections are O. K., and you guessed right the first time. However, if the ammeter records a reading on the charge side then the cables are not properly connected and they should be removed and reversed.

Night Driving

Should night overtake you while driving in unfamiliar territory, and should you feel nervous about suddenly coming to a sharp curve which might cause you to run off the road, it is good policy to drive with extra caution until someone comes along to take the lead. Providing the newcomer is not a speed demon you should be able to keep about 200 feet in the rear. Even though you may not be able to see his car clearly you can watch his rear light, also get some benefit from his headlights. You will be able to know the condition of the road from the action of his car, and thus place considerable less strain on yourself. Trailing a car a trifle closer than 200 feet makes driving much easier when glaring headlights are on the road. While the fellow in front is fighting a light duel, his car is protecting you from the glare. Keep your car under control as the fellow in front may run his car off the road or may decide to stop; in either case you must be prepared to bring your car to a stop.

Release the Brakes

After coming to a stop in traffic and awaiting the signal to go, it is a good plan to release the brakes. Should another car strike the rear or front of your car, the damage to your machine would not be so great as would be the case if the brakes were set so that the impact could not set your car in motion.

Freeing Stuck Pistons

The owner may be surprised to find that the pistons are stuck if the car has been allowed to stand during the cold weather. Kerosene is one of the fastest acting agents for the freeing of stuck pistons. Pour a liberal amount of kerosene on the top of each piston. This liquid is thin and penetrates between the piston and cylinder wall and loosens any matter which might be binding the piston to the cylinder wall. In the absence of kerosene obtain some very light cylinder oil and heat it. Use in the same manner as you would kerosene. Do not expect immediate results as considerable time may be necessary for it to penetrate the obstructing substance and loosen up.

Use New Gaskets

Some engines are equipped with valves fitted in removable cages. Should the cages be removed for the regrinding of the valves it is good policy to throw away the old gaskets on which the cages bear and install new gaskets. New gaskets insure against leaks and is money well invested.

Piston Displacement

Determined by finding the area of a circle whose diameter is the cylinder bore and multiplying the product by the stroke. Example bore 3 3-16 inches; stroke 5 inches. Solution: 3 3-16x 3 3-16x.7854 equals 7.9799. 7.9799x5 (stroke) equals 39.8995 cu. in. displacement of one cylinder. If the engine has six cylinders the displacement is: 39.8995x6 equals 239 cubic inches.

Answers to Inquiries

TROUBLE WITH LIGHTS.—I have a 1916 model Ford. For the last few months most every time I have driven in the night I have burned out from one to three light bulbs. The lights at times will flicker, get very bright and then dim. They always go out when running on high gear. I use 9-27 bulbs, and have tried 12-16, but the latter are too strong. I have tried new wiring and new lamp sockets and everything I could think of, and the local garage mechanic has tried to find the cause of the trouble, but all with no success. Can you suggest any help?

H. K., Fowler, Ind.

A.—Providing your lights are wired in series, you are using bulbs of sufficient voltage to carry the load. However, if the lights have been changed to the parallel system, 18-volt bulbs will be needed. If, as you say, you have installed new wiring, I would suggest a careful inspection of the insulation. Look at the light connectors to be certain that the wires do not touch each other. Make sure that every connection is tight.

SUDDEN LOSS OF POWER.—I would like to know how a machine, Ford, December, 1918, model, would act if it had been burnt. The other day I run a distance of eight miles, and when I stopped it was so awful hot, radiator boiling, and would not have pulled any further, I believe. There I put in oil and came the remaining two miles all right, though the mud was just as bad, but no hills to pull.

The next day we went several miles in mud and it would hardly pull its own weight, although the engine seemed to be working hard enough, but hadn't the power. Before it had been an exceptional puller, and could hardly choke down.

I should have said the oil was leaking, owing to a piece of gasket being left out in some repairs the day before. Do you think the bearings or connecting rods are burnt, and what would be the best thing to do?

There is no knock or anything wrong except loss of power.

MRS. M. M. R., Zanesfield, Ohio.

A.—Try the compression of each cylinder separately by turning the engine over slowly with the hand crank. Lack of oil and overheating, such as your motor experienced, can cause scoring of the cylinder bores and warping of the valve faces and seats. Remove the cylinder head and examine the cylinder bores for scratches. If you find scratches the cliinders must be reground and fitted with oversize pistons and rings. If the scratches are deep, this may not be possible. If the valves and their seats have been burned, the seats must be recut and new valves fitted.

USE OF HYDROMETER.—Please explain the use of a hydrometer? (2) What should a 6-volt battery register with a hydrometer? (3) How full of water should a 6-volt storage be kept?

T. D., Pink Hill, N. Car.

A.—The usual manner of determining the condition of the battery cells is by testing with a hydrometer. If a hydrometer was placed in water of 60 degrees it would sink until the scale registered 1.000 at the surface of the water. This is the standard used to compare the weight of other liquids. If the liquid is lighter, the hydrometer will sink deeper and if the liquid is heavier, the hydrometer will not sink as low. The cells are in good condition if the hydrometer readings are between 1.250 and 1.300. All cells should be filled with distilled water to a level one-half inch above the top of the plates.

REPAIRING CRACKED CYLINDER.—There is a crack about six inches long in the front end of the cylinder wall of my engine. Please tell me if there is any way to repair it without sending the engine to the factory.

R. R., Badger, Minn.

A.—There are some preparations which can be spread over a crack and harden in air. However, the repair is not as durable as would be the case if you had the cylinder welded. An expert handler of the welding torch should quickly fill in the crack so you will experience no further difficulty.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

DEAR, dear, such doleful letters, hundreds of 'em, all a deep dark indigo. It isn't fair, here I am almost in tears—and I'm a mess when I cry—just when I've been invited to have lunch with a perfectly scrumptious man. He'll never ask me again. Now see what you've done, ruined my chances for giving you a nice Uncle Marion!

But to be serious, and I do have my serious moments, I am giving the troubled ones, and those who think they are troubled, a little prayer-poem for consolation.

A Prayer

By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

"Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair,
The twang of truths well worn;
The just that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain,
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, Dear Lord, today,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, O give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings."

MILLY, Illinois.—No, Millicent or Mildred or whatever your name is—never did like Milly—no, don't let the boys kiss you. I've been warning girls against kissing, promiscuous kissing, for more years than I care to count, and still they ask. Some vary the question by asking timidly if just one kiss matters. Don't you know that kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you can get one the rest come easy.

MARY JANE, Kansas.—I am sorry, dear, that life in Kansas, your part of it, anyway, is so dull. Some clever person once said that every day is a dull day for dull people, but I can't quite believe that. Your letter doesn't indicate that you are dull, far from it. More, I should say, that you haven't any special purpose in life.

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou cans't ne'er to life be true,
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

—*Whitaker.*

Don't drift with the tide. Do something, keep busy, and always have something planned to do tomorrow. Don't ever get up with the feeling, "I wonder what I'm going to do today." Read, study, do housework, have a garden, help other people. You will find enough to do if you just look around a bit and "use your bean." That's an awful expression, I know, after such a nice poem by Mr. Whitaker, but I do things like that—serve corned beef and cabbage with angel cake!

FERN, Ark.—"High tempered and reckless" aren't the best qualities for a husband to possess, and your father is right in objecting to him. Aside from these qualities, his predilection (grand word—I don't use it very often!) for cheap associates (female) is enough to condemn him. Don't lose any sleep over his "sorrowful eyes." Maybe he has a tummy ache or an ingrowing nail. For that matter, sheep have the most sorrowful eyes of anything I ever saw, but it doesn't mean a thing; they are really quite cheerful.

HELEN, Minn.—Your letter has been referred to the Etiquette Department. Look there for an answer. This applies to various other communications.

EVELYN, Carolina.—Don't give up your position unless your employer persists in annoying you, and I don't think he will the second time, now that he understands you better. Just forget what he said to you and go on about your work as though nothing unpleasant had occurred.

RUBY, Indiana.—Don't say, "have went." I am not a purist, whatever that is, something like a Methodist, I think, but there are some things I don't like. I don't know what your friend's work is, but if I were a boy, and in love with a girl, a mere trifle like five miles wouldn't keep me from her. However, you know the circumstances and I don't, but before you give up any good times make sure he isn't going around with other girls. I don't like to know of a fellow putting anything over on a girl.

GRACE, N. Carolina.—Don't elope, and don't ask your father and mother if you can get married. If the man, boy more likely, you want to marry hasn't courage enough to ask your parents for you, what sort of a husband do you suppose he will be? Besides, whether he asks or not, sixteen is entirely too young to get married.

UNDECIDED GIRLS, Missouri.—See answer to Grace of N. C. No, don't use rouge and powder, it is ridiculous on children of fourteen and fifteen. You should be spanked and put to bed. Rouge and powder, now, will ruin your skin, and by the time you are grown up you'll look like old ladies.

SONNY, N. Y.—It would be better perhaps to "drop" the out-of-town fellow to whom you are engaged. You can't care very much for him if you go out four nights a week with another fellow. Don't be all broke up, though, if your home town fellow drops you after he has been in college a while. Better provide yourself with a nice soft cushion in the shape of another fellow, for between two stools you're likely to come to the ground.

DIMPLES OF N. DAKOTA.—Ask advice and help of your married sisters. Tell them the farm work is too hard for you. Maybe they will intercede in your behalf. If not, tell your father you are not strong enough to do a man's work, and, if he insists, tell him you've got to have a man's pay. That ought to get him.

RUTH, N. C.—Are you marrying him for his money? If you are, be sure he has enough to make it worthwhile, and, if I were a girl of eighteen, it would take a lot of money to make me marry a man twenty-two years older than myself, unless he were an exceptional man and I were very much in love with him. I can't advise you not to marry him for you might be happier with him than with a man nearer your own age.

O., North Carolina.—Most people are more or less jealous, but if he is of the wildly, insanely jealous type, think twice, and then some more, before marrying him—and don't marry *anyone* for four years.

MR. C. L. B., North Carolina.—The fact that she does not go with any other fellow and that she says she loves you ought to be convincing enough. What do you want her to do—get down on her knees to you? Are you sure you are so very loverlike your own self? You must take your financial prospects as well as your age into consideration before considering marriage. What have you to offer her besides your doubting self?

FRANCES, Kentucky.—"Is it wrong to go with strange boys?" It depends, Frances, on how far you go. Don't do it, then there will be no regrets. (2) Why waste perfectly good kisses on a boy who doesn't love you even though you love him? Not much thrill to a kiss like that, I should think.

BLACK-HEADED GIRLIE, Kentucky.—I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt, B. H. G., though being in love with a boy of seventeen shouldn't make a schoolteacher of twenty spell wait with a final "e", and until with two "ls". It isn't done by the best school teachers. Give the poor boy a chance to grow up before you grab him.

GREENIE, Miss.—If you can obtain a good teacher in shorthand and typewriting, I'd advise that rather than a business course by mail, but a good correspondence course is better than a poor, or even an ordinary teacher. Your writing is very good, and your spelling very good indeed, and that's the important thing. I feel sure you will be successful. If I can help you I'll be very glad to do so.

My best to you all.

COUSIN MARION.

The American Federation of Teachers has launched a nation-wide campaign against military training for high school boys.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

things; read, learn the ways of the world, study people and forget you can't add and subtract. I have heard mother say she got her education from newspapers as she was married young and couldn't even get good books.

Don't get the idea that I do not believe in schools. Far from it, and I want my children to get arithmetic and everything else they must get at school. Would like to see letters on this subject.

MOTHER OF THREE.

FALL RIVER MILLS, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

We have had COMFORT in our family for a long time and couldn't get along without it.

I am married and have two little girls. One was three years old last August and the other a year old last January. I am sending you my little girl's picture. Her name is Frances Shirley.

I enjoyed reading Mrs. Marsh's letter and wish she would come again. If any of the sisters ever come out here they must visit the P. G. & E. construction for it is beautiful work. The big tunnel is not far away. It is three miles long. When it is completed it will furnish water for a big power house.

Sincerely, MRS. L. R. KEENER.



FRANCES SHIRLEY KEENER.

HUMBOLDT, R. R. 8, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND DEAR COMFORT SISTER:

Mrs. Wilkinson, don't you think that the sisters who accuse you of writing all the letters do so in order to have you print their letter?

I am five feet, one inch tall and weigh 97 pounds, red headed with grizzly grey-green eyes and a big nose and you know the rest—freckles, I mean. I have a cheerful optimistic nature generally but sometimes I feel blue and depressed and again when everything goes backward I feel like getting out and butting a tree. Now please don't anyone refer to me as the fellow who "grins when everything goes dead wrong," for I never did have much use for him. He always seemed to me a lazy sort of fellow who when the cows ruined the turnip patch, and the hens scratched up the garden, or when wifey cut two sleeves for the same armhole, from the "barely enough" to make the best dress, sat around whittling and grinning like a 'possum.

Of course I think COMFORT a grand paper. Who doesn't? My mother used to take it and then I enjoyed the cousins' letters and short stories best, but since I am in a home of my own I find more to interest me in the Sisters' Corner and the beautiful designs in fancy work, especially the crochet patterns. Let me tell you I believe COMFORT is the "fairest and squarest" paper published.

I used to so much want to write for Uncle Charlie's page when I was a girl but could never get my letter just right. I can think of much to say but it sounds differently when it is written. COMFORT always seemed so above and beyond me when it came to contributing but always so friendly and understandable to read.

I am twenty-six years old, have a good husband, two children, John Henry, five; Doris Hope, three and a half. Little Mary (as I always speak of her), who would have been seven but she was called beyond the stars when she was eighteen months old.

I have a request to make of some kind-hearted sister. My husband's mother is in ill health and cannot get away from home very much. She reads a great deal and years ago she read a serial in COMFORT entitled "Milly Howell"; or, The Heiress of Beechwood," and she is very anxious to secure it in book form. I would like to get it for her and would appreciate any information that would lead to obtaining it, and would return favor.

Have any of you had any experience in resilvering mirrors? I have one that needs it badly but I don't know how to do it. Can anyone give me any help?

I would like to hear from all who care to write. I know I can pick enough strawberries to buy stamps to answer a great many letters.

Love and best wishes to all.

MRS. LOTTIE M. CARTER.

Read Information in back numbers of COMFORT, which will give you advice on home resilvering of mirrors.—ED.

SALEM, 121 FRANKLIN AVE., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Dear Uneducated Mother, I fear unless you are firm your child will soon think she is superior to you. Point out to her firmly that it is you who is giving her the chance you never had and that she should be grateful to you for that chance. The fact that your friends do not notice your lack of education speaks of a natural refinement and aptitude that lack of education did not destroy and while an education is absolutely necessary, kindness of heart and a tolerance of others' handicaps is a great blessing. Teach your child to have consideration for the feelings of others or she will not be loved or admired even if she leaves her mother behind in education. All mothers are proud of their children when they have ability or talent but it is a fatal mistake to allow any child to look down upon you or patronize a parent. Can you take a correspondence course or if you are near a night school you might go for a while if you can leave your family in the evening but if nothing else is available, have your child help you and let her understand that it is an honor to help you and don't let her think that the favor is all on her side. I hope you will see your way out.

COMFORT sisters, your letters, recipes and helpful suggestions have been a help to me at times.

Do you know when intending to bake potatoes, greasing them with lard after washing, will help keep them mealy and moist?

Mr. Gannett's travels are very interesting. I enjoy reading Cousin Marion's advice to girls, and sometimes I laugh too when she is just a little sarcastic. I read the Home Lawyer; in fact, the whole magazine is good.

If any of the sisters care to write to me I will be pleased to answer as many as I can.

MRS. A. V. FI DELL.

ROCKFORD, 2621 CANNON ST., ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to this paper a few years and the sisters' letters appeal to me more than anything else, though every department is good.

I wonder if any of the sisters can suggest a cure for stammering. My little girl five years old has stammered for two years. I have tried to have her talk slowly but with no success. I have asked doctors but they say she will outgrow it. She is a nervous child. If anyone can help me I will be very grateful.

MRS. A. V. ANDERSON.

HELLO EVERYBODY: ALEXANDRIA, ALA.

I have said for a long time, "I'm going to write to the Sisters' Corner tomorrow," but like lots of other things, tomorrow never came.

We have been married two years; we lost a darling little girl ten months old, and miss her so much. We try not to grieve and to think of other things.

We have spent most of our married life in Auburn, Alabama. My husband was not through college when we were married. He was taking an agricultural course and we are back on the farm which we own in the rich land of Alexandria valley. It is considered very fertile but it has not been taken care of in a great many ways. We are trying to improve our place. Have set out three hundred fruit trees and are going to take care of them. We are living in an old house at present but are to move into our new one this spring. I have planned a flower garden on left of house and vegetable garden just below. Have set out pecans for shade trees.

I think a country woman should have conveniences to work with. The men buy everything they need for their work, why don't the women and not be like the joke about George Washington. George Washington and Martha came back to earth and George went to the barn to hitch up to plough. He came back and said, "Martha, everything down there is new. I don't know how to use any of the tools." She said, "George, everything in the kitchen is just like I left it."

We had furnished rooms in Auburn so, of course, had that dreaded expense of buying furniture. We bought all of it second hand. It had been used very badly but after we get it all varnished it will look like new. We want to buy nice furniture later on but can't afford to now.

Here is our house plan: living-room and kitchen on right, two bedrooms, bathroom and sleeping porch on left. Have two side entrances from porch. The rooms will have high ceilings.

My mother died when I was five years old, leaving two boys younger, and we were raised in a sort of tom-boy way. I had to do the housekeeping when I was thirteen. Father's health was not good but with it all I guess he had a good bit of patience with us kids.

We are going to raise thoroughbred chickens and turkeys.

I would appreciate letters, especially those telling how they beautify their home surroundings.

Love to all. MRS. H. H. SALYO.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

This is in answer to Uneducated Mother of Illinois.

As with you, it was impossible for me to attend school as I desired. I have wanted to be able to take my place in a small town social circle, and my place isn't an easy one for husband is Supt. of Schools and you know what that means. I have tried all kinds of ways to get an education which would enable me to be among educated people and be able to understand and speak on different subjects without attracting attention because of my ignorance.

Of course, as with most school men and preachers, we move every few years, so I remember my blunders and try not to repeat them. The main thing is to read good books, books that at first you may not enjoy, but you will learn to if you do not give up. The same holds true in music. Learn to like the good. This jazz is only for a little time and the good lasts forever. Read history, both ancient and modern. Myer's Ancient History, published by Ginn and Co., is very good. Early Progress, by West, published by Allyn and Bacon. Both companies are in Chicago. West lives

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Please DON'T SEND 1 PENNY

Just send your name and address—no money—and I will send these stylish oxfords and silk hose to you. You don't pay one penny until they are delivered at your door by the postman. The oxfords are worth $2.93, so you are getting the silk hose FREE.



Ladies' Oxfords and Silk Hose $2.93

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

tories, if you can get them, are written in such a way that you can't help but enjoy them. School books are getting better every year and it makes me wonder to see our school children do so little sometimes. Parents should do their best to keep their children in school. Get an arithmetic like your children's and keep ahead of them. If your husband can help them he can help you.

I imagine there are a good many of us who are trying to get an education after we are mothers. Make yourself take part in club, lodge and church work. It gets easier every time. Reading aloud will help. I *take* time to read and there is so much, anyone who really cares can learn. A good book is a tonic to me so it is no hardship. Above all, be your own true self. I enjoy our paper very much.

Sincerely, MRS. F.

SIOUX FALLS, 419 NO. WASHINGTON AVE., SO. DAK.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

So mny times I have thought of writing but was always afraid my letter would never be published. I am in need of a little comfort and will take a chance.

I often wonder if other American girls who marry foreigners have such a time as I have.

I have been married a little over two years to one of the best men alive. He is a true gentleman, through and through, he is a foreigner (from Argentine) and I gave up religion to marry him. My people have never had anything to do with him. They write to me but never mention his name. My father has never forgiven me. His people are Scotch and clannish. My husband has tried to make friends with father but it is no use.

My husband has decided to go back to his own country this spring. I don't know what to do, they are so different down there. I wonder if his people will treat me as my people have treated him. I cannot bear the thought of going but I can't blame him for wanting to go.

I have a baby girl seven months old. She is named after her Daddy, Manuela Josephine. She is a regular little Spanish girl, brown eyes, dark brown curly hair and is very pretty. Even my father will admit that.

We leave very soon. My mother sends me COMFORT with some other magazines so I will be able to enjoy COMFORT in that faraway land.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. MANUEL J. RODUQUEZ.

Mrs. Roduquez.—Won't you try and regard the coming of each number of COMFORT as a visit from friends who wish you well, for with the reading of your letter that is the way the sisters will feel toward you. I know them, from reading letters from hundreds of them, and they are kindly, friendly people. I'm thinking you won't regard Argentine as such a "faraway land," for it will be home to you, and you will be happy there because you take your happiness with you. Won't you write and tell us about it? We shall be looking for a letter from you.—Ed.

VERMONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

For a long time I have thought that I would write to the Sisters' Corner but did not because so many others would write more interestingly, but my help may be needed and here I am. Tall and stout, with big feet and hands but of some use in the world after all. I was a nurse before my marriage and let me advise you all if you want to be well, eat right. I know what I am talking about. Many of our bodily ailments are caused by over-indulgence in some particular food that does not agree with our systems. We do not need fresh meat in hot weather when we can have so much from the garden and fresh fruit is easily obtained. In the winter we need the heat that meat supplies to the body but we also need vegetables and fruits to offset the acid of the meat.

Now a word to Uneducated Mother. It seems to me one who uses as good English as you do could easily obtain books from your own public library or buy and study them or, possibly you could find a good correspondence course in just the branches you lack, but it looks to me as though you were losing the chance you need by not working with your children. Why not say to them, "Let's work this out together." Use your reason. Do not stop at following the rules and method of your book but reason out why you are doing so. Apply your faculties to a problem in arithmetic as you would to your work in your home. It is never too late to learn. I was years older than you when my chance to learn to be a nurse came to me.

Mary Jane, ask the Christian sisters to give you advice. My advice is that if you forgive the man you should forgive the girl as she cannot be all to blame. Take your troubles to Him who heareth and He will show you just what to do.

I am married to a very good man who is kind to me and we have a sweet little boy over a year old. I am a stepmother as well but the children are all away but come home for visits. They have always treated me well and I am fond of them but who says they are like our own?

With best wishes to all, VERMONT SISTER.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Do not use corn meal or tea leaves in sweeping carpets. The corn meal is known to attract water bugs, if not very thoroughly swept up, while the tea leaves, if not carefully washed, are liable to leave a stain. If anything is used, let it be small pieces of newspaper, dampened and thrown about the floor.

To prevent white fabrics, such as tulle, silk, and choice lace from becoming yellow when packed away, sprinkle bits of white wax freely among the folds.

The best duster is a damp cloth as this collects the dust and holds it. A feather duster is useless, it only moves the dust elsewhere.

Wash painted walls with ammonia water, using four tablespoons of ammonia water to six quarts of clear water. Rinse with clear water and rub as nearly dry as possible.

To drive away red ants, keep a small bag of sulphur in the drawers or closets and they will disappear.

To clean soiled wallpaper, take a half loaf of bread and gently rub the soiled portions with it, working always in a downward direction. As soon as the bread becomes soiled, cut off a thin slice.

FILING FOR CRACKS IN FLOORS.—A very good filling for cracks in floors may be made by soaking newspapers, which have been torn in small pieces, in a paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoon of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. Make the final mixture as thick as putty and it will harden like papier-mache.

STAIN FOR FLOORS.—The best, cheapest and only permanent stain for floors is permanganate of potash. You can get it at any drug store. Mix about one-quarter ounce to a quart of water. Apply freely and quickly to clean, dry floor, with a brush, being careful not to stain the hands. Repeat the process if a very dark color is desired. When dry, oil with burnt linseed oil or beeswax and turpentine. You cannot wash this color

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Mary Cook or children, last heard of at Taylorville, Ill., kindly write to Mrs. D. J. Smith, Grier, New Mexico.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Charles and James Campbell, last heard of in San Francisco, Calif., March, 1913, leaving for Colfax, please notify Mrs. Jim Harris, Potrero, Calif.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Henry Hodson. Please notify Mrs. Joseph Rooms, Bartlesville, R. R. 1, Box 175, Okla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of A. F. McCane, last heard of in New York in 1919. Please notify his mother, Mrs. C. J. Trueman, Damariscotta, Box 35, Oklahoma.

Will any of my friends that knew me as Mrs. C. J. McCaul, please write to Mrs. C. J. Trueman.

Wanted: To hear from Jerry F. Cooper, last heard of in the standing army C. O. Hq. 2nd Bn., 24th Inf., Camp Shannon, New Mexico. Please notify Mrs. Mollie Cooper, Palmyra, R. R. 2, Box 19, Va.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Howard Edgar Waters, kindly write to his mother, Evai Waters, Lemoore, Calif. Any information will be greatly appreciated.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Harvey Davis, age, 16, last seen near Comilla, Ga., in Nov., 1922. Notify his father, G. B. Davis, Cross City, Fla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Granville Macfarland Castle, age 57, formerly of Kennett, Calif., notify his sister, Mrs. Bird Riley, Tunnelton, R. R. 2, W. Va.

If any of the relatives of Rosalie Rexcroat, that married Joseph Miner, sees this, please write Mrs. Clarence Brooks, Pacific Jct., Box 375, Iowa.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Frank Bronson (colored), last heard of in Iowa, please notify his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Bronson, Waldo, Kansas.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Clarence Buckingham, age 19—might be in northern Ohio, communicate with R. Buckingham, Huntington, 608 Jackson St., Indiana.

Mr. Chapman and Lizzie Rose, last heard of in Missouri but believed to have returned to Philadelphia. Any information will be appreciated by Mrs. Florence Deaton, Higbee, R. R. 4, Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Belle Young and Mrs. Hattie Moore, please notify Mrs. Pearl Keller, Blackwell, Mo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Samuel Parkingham, age 76, from Clina, Ohio, please notify his sister, Elizabeth White, Eugene, 593 West 8th Ave., Oregon.

Lewis Rathwell, Thornton, R. R. 1, Box 74, Ark., would like to hear from J. W. Rathwell or family, last heard from in Hugo, Okla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of David Gale, had a hotel in Butler, Pa., 34 years ago, write S. G. F., Etna, 20 Orchard Ave., Pa.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ebblyee Poindexter, last heard of in Djearks, Ark., write to his sister, Mrs. Bessie Jech, Okarche, Okla.



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Whether it's a slight bit of rash or chafing, or a more severe case of ringworm or eczema, Resinol Ointment is the home remedy which gives prompt relief from itching, burning and smarting. It soothes while it heals and does not sting even when applied to the most irritated, tender skin.

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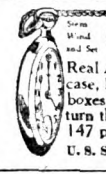
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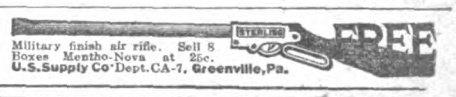
U. S. Supply Company, Dept. S42, Greenville, Pa.

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will be given to the one showing most clearly the best use for a ⅜ in. folded cotton cloth (U. S. GOVERNMENT GOODS). On receipt of 50c we will send you, free of charge, postpaid, 72 yards of this cloth with full particulars.

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130 New Transfer Patterns Given!

All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen and Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton and Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors; hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1¼-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—**in addition to all these** patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





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New Way to Rid Poultry of Lice

Rev. G. R. Mente Tells of Amazing Discovery Which Keeps Hens and Chicks Free From Vermin

Few Drops of Liquid in Drinking Water Does It—No More Dusting, Spraying or Greasing

"I have used your remarkable Lice and Mite Remedy with fine results," writes Rev. G. R. Mente, Methodist Parsonage, New Washington, Ohio. "It proved all you claimed for it. Mentioned this at a Farmers' Institute a few weeks ago. Consequently, farmers by the dozen have been after me ever since to find out where and how they could get it. Rush me $5.00 worth to help out. Your remedy not only does away with Lice and Mites, but it is the only thing that has put a stop to the poultry losses in this community. You are a great benefactor to poultry raisers."

Easy and Simple to Use



This remarkable new discovery which Rev. G. R. Menter used is Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy. Just a few drops occasionally in the fowls' drinking water makes Lice, Mites, Ticks and all vermin go like magic. No more disagreeable and unsanitary dusting, spraying, greasing or dipping. Equally good for Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks, Geese and Pigeons. Fine for baby chicks and makes them healthier, sturdier and grow faster.

All poultry raisers know that sickly, lice-infested hens cannot lay or have good hatches. Vermin sap the very life and strength of hens and baby chicks. Stop these losses now. Guaranteed not to affect eggs or flesh of fowls in any way. Also a splendid egg tonic and blood purifier. Costs but a trifle, on money-back guarantee of satsifaction.

White Diarrhea Remedy Free
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At last a sure treatment for this dread disease. No muss. No fuss. Comes in condensed tablet form to be dropped occasionally in chicks' drinking water. Raise every chick hatched. Economical to use. Be prepared. These remedies should always be on hand.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address to Imperial Laboratories, Dept. 6699, Kansas City, Mo., for one regular, full size $1.00 bottle of Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy (double strength), and they will include free of cost, a regular $1.00 box of Imperial White Diarrhoea Remedy. Pay postman only $1.00 and few cents postage on arrival.

If you have a large flock, this Special Introductory Offer also applies on a double quantity of both remedies—two regular $1.00 bottles of Lice and Mite Remedy, and two regular $1.00 packages of White Diarrhea Remedy at an additional saving—all for $1.75. If you prefer the larger quantity, simply specify that you be sent this regular $4.00 value for only $1.75. Readers risk no money, as Imperial Laboratories are fully responsible and will refund the cost on request any time within 30 days.

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

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350 SHOT AIR RIFLE FREE



Shoots 350 times without reloading. Beautiful walnut finished stock, nickel plated one-piece barrel and sides—31½ inches long. Send name and we will send you 12 art pictures to dispose of on special 25c offer. Remit the $3 you collect and we will send you this 350-shot Air Rifle.

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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. J. L., Illinois.—If the man you mention made untrue statements in order to reduce the extent of your title to real estate vested in you with malicious intent, we think you are entitled to collect from him such damages as you have suffered by reason thereof in the proper action brought for the purpose.

H. E., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your brothers and sisters and such other persons as may have an interest in your mother's estate are willing to make a voluntary sale of their interest in her real estate to you their deeds of the same would convey good title to you subject to the debts and expenses of administration and subject to such inheritance taxes and other taxes as may be due from your mother's estate.

R. L., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention was deeded to the husband and wife in such manner as to create a tenancy by the entirety the whole property upon the death of one became the sole property of the survivor and could be disposed of by such survivor as he or she may see fit, provided such survivor did not remarry and provided such survivor possessed proper mental capacity and was not at the time of disposing of the property under the undue influence of some other person. We think in your state action for the recovery of real estate must in all ordinary cases be brought within twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability, but that all such are barred after thirty years.

M. A. McD., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for you to have an examination made of the deed you mention in order to determine the rights of the persons named as grantees thereunder.

Mrs. C. M., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother-in-law's will was not contested or set aside your husband would have no interest in her estate except such as was provided for him by the terms of the will.

D. S. D., Massachusetts.—If you desire to keep trespassers from your land, we think you should advertise and post notices forbidding them from trespassing thereon.

J. B., Indiana.—We do not think the maker of the note you mention could avail himself of the defense you mention if the note was a negotiable one and was transferred before maturity to a third party who purchased same for a valuable consideration without notice and without knowledge that there was a defense to the payment of the same. (2) We think that the interest of a minor in real estate could be disposed of in the proper court action or proceeding brought for the purpose.

H. B., West Virginia.—We think the settlement of your line fence dispute all depends upon an accurate survey of the property, the disputed strip of land belonging to the owner who can establish the oldest and best title to the property.

E. N. L., Kansas.—Under the laws of Minnesota, we are of the opinion that an administrator can be compelled to render an account of his proceedings after the expiration of eighteen months after his appointment in the first instance and at such other intervals thereafter as the court may direct.

Mrs. N. E. H., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that as between the parties, and such as have actual knowledge thereof conveyances are valid without being recorded, but as a general rule we think deeds should be recorded promptly.

B. M. B., Wyoming.—We are unable to form an opinion as to your rights under the contract you signed for the purchase of an automobile, but we think it quite probable that you forfeited the deposit you paid upon your cancellation of your agreement.

W. M. B., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will for certain causes as set forth in the Civil Code, but in the absence of such causes a testator has no right to disinherit his children; we think if you desire to execute a will you should employ a lawyer to attend to the matter for you; we think the fees to which a lawyer would be entitled for such a service would depend upon the nature of the will, and be subject to such agreement as you may make with such lawyer regarding his charge.

M. A. L. North Carolina.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that if you owe the money upon the note you gave and if the statute of limitations have not been against the enforcement of the payment of the same, the receiver of the bank which failed could enforce the payment of same if such bank is the legal owner and holder thereof.

W. H. D., Virginia.—We think it would be wiser and better for you to employ some local attorney to prepare your will for you, as the law relating to wills is very technical, and any chance of a mistake should be avoided.

Mrs. W. R., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, without a will it would be necessary to have an administrator appointed of the estate in order to convey good title to her personal property.

Mrs. A. L. T., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having a surviving widow and brother and sisters as his heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the real estate going to the brothers and sisters and the descendants of any deceased brother or sister.

Mrs. A. D., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a will of a husband or wife can only dispose of his or her property subject to the rights of the survivor, but that children may be disinherited by will provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and is not, at the time the will was executed, under undue influence of any other person; If in the case you submit the husband and wife were separated under a written agreement at the time of the wife's death, we think the husband's rights in her estate would depend upon the separation agreement, if such agreement was not in conflict with the law.

J. H., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence of any other person at the time the will is executed. We think the statute of limitations runs against actions for the recovery of real estate within twenty years in the state of Indiana.

Mrs. M. A. H., South Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man you mention possessed testamentary capacity and if no undue influence was exercised upon him, he could legally leave all his property to his stepson to the exclusion of his sister.

Mrs. M. S., Utah.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations would run against an action on a promissory note within six years from the time of the last payment on account made thereon; we think, however, that in order to hold an endorser the note must be protested at maturity. We think action can be brought as soon as the note becomes due, or as soon as there is any default in the payment of interest thereon.

Miss M. L. H., Kentucky.—We think that the marriage of an uncle to his niece is prohibited by the laws of all the states of the United States.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

it. It should be changed daily and the vessel kept perfectly clean. Experiments conducted at the Connecticut Experiment Station have proven its great value. Experiments conducted at the New Jersey Station show that where sour milk is used as mentioned, the percentage of mortality was very materially reduced, over pens that did not receive it. Also the skim-milk chicks made a gain of over 28 per cent. more than those receiving no milk. Since these conclusive tests it is needless to say that we are feeding skim milk (sour) to all of our young chicks during the brooding period with the greatest success.

Wheat bran is a valuable adjunct to the chick ration. It is especially palatable and rich in protein. It has a high ash content (phosphoric acid) and is fairly bulky, which makes it useful to mix with finer and more concentrated foods. Wheat bran aids the digestion through the presence of a ferment "diastase" which it contains, and is mildly laxative.

The chick during its early growth makes bone rapidly; for this reason plenty of ash must be supplied.

Extensive experiments show the great value of bone in ration. Dry granulated bone contains about twenty-five per cent. of phosphoric acid and about the same amount of protein, and can be secured by the hundred pounds for a little over two dollars.

The same series of experiments showed conclusively the great need of animal material in the ration for growing chicks. Flocks fed moderate quantities of meat scraps made by far the greatest and fastest gains, and were much healthier than flocks from which all animal material was withheld. The food nutrients from animal sources seem in practice to be more readily available than the same nutrients from vegetable sources. Large quantities of meat or concentrated animal protein feeds should not be fed, especially early in the breeding period, as the forcing which results is apt to cause a relatively high mortality.

Plenty of green feed in the form of lettuce leaves, sprouted oat tops, green clover or alfalfa must be supplied. Such material is termed succulence, carrying, as it does, a high water content. It adds to the palatability of the ration, making it more digestible and keeping the chicks hungry and healthy.

There are several makes of fireless brooders on the market which range in price from $2.50 to $5.00, but you can make quite a practical one for fifty cents when empty cases may be had from the grocery store, or a dollar if lumber has to be bought.

The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or, if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Put two hinges on the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front for the chickens to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box, make half-inch holes three inches apart, and one inch from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside of the box and rest on the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel, old blanket or any soft woolen matelal. It does not matter so much what it is so long as it is warm and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stitch the fringed material to the burlap, commencing in the center of the frame and going round and round, the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame on to the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the frame in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder.

At first, when the screen is in the lower part of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first.

After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton batting in place.

Before using the brooder, give it a coat of whitewash and cover the floor with sweepings from the haymow, or finely cut hay, to make a carpet for the chicks to stand on. Or course, such brooders should be housed in a light, dry place. A good coop can be made out of a piano box or a large dry goods box. A piano box can usually be got for about two dollars from any store that sells pianos, and will, with the addition of a couple of small windows and paint or roofing paper, make it waterproof. It makes a good house in which to keep two or three small brooders, or the same number of portable lamp heated hovers.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

I. E.—Your mistake has been in changing your gander each year. Geese are faithful creatures, and once mated, families should not be disturbed, and if any accident makes it necessary to introduce a new gander, he should be introduced early in the fall, so that there is plenty of time for him to be acknowledged as head of the family before the mating season.

J. R. D.—There is no difference in the general characteristics of Barred and White Plymouth Rocks. Orpingtons are very much like Plymouth Rocks, good general purpose birds. Minorcas are about a pound lighter than Rocks, but are extremely good layers of large white eggs. For practical purposes there is no difference between the Rose and Single Comb Rhode Island Reds. Of course, Rose Combs are better for extremely cold climates, and are not liable to freeze. If you live in a part of the country where there is no fear of severe winters, that would have no value for you. I think you would find Minorcas, Leghorns and Anconas profitable, if you are going in specially for table eggs, and can give them free range.

G. S.—This is a very severe outbreak of malignant roup. Separate all the afflicted birds from the rest of the flock, and keep them in strict quarantine while treating. Get twenty-five cents' worth of permanganate of potassium from the drug store, dissolve one teaspoonful in a quart of warm water. Stir until thoroughly melted, then bottle for use. Dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with three of water. Fill a small syringe and spray the birds' eyes, nostrils and throat three times a day. Give the birds light nourishing food, such as stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry, or rice which has been boiled in milk. Chop a few green onion tops, dandelion leaves or clover, and give them all they will eat each day. To safeguard the remainder of the flock, the chicken-house, water and feed dishes and all fixtures should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. No matter how thoroughly some of the birds may seem to mend, don't be tempted to use any of their eggs for setting, as chicks hatched from such eggs are sure to be weak and susceptible to disease, even if they live.

No remedy can cure all ailments of the human body, but an immense number of people suffer from aches, pains and diseasesymptoms when their real trouble is lack of iron in the blood. It is the iron in your blood that enables you to get the nourishment out of your food. Without iron your food merely passes through you without doing you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. There is one universally known tonic that has helped thousands because it contains iron like the iron in fresh vegetables and like the iron in your blood.

NUXATED IRON

is an eminent physician's best blood prescription, standardized. It is recommended for all anaemic and run-down conditions. It has helped thousands of others. It should help you. Ask for it at any drug store.

Stop Pyorrhea



Save Your Teeth Before It Is Too Late

Amosol—The New Scientific Discovery kills Pyorrhea, gums at once, heals gums quickly. Conquers Pyorrhea. Sore or bleeding gums and loose teeth, sure signs of dangerous Pyorrhea, lead to loss of teeth, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc. Send for

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H. D. POWERS, Originator,
Dept. B1213, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

How lovely she had looked, with not a jewel to deck her, excepting that rich coral clasp at the throat.

Her every look, tone and movement had endeared the true lady, both then and ever since he had met her at the opera.

That evening, as he sat in his own room, his valet brought him a note.

It was signed by Wilbur Coolidge, and told him that he would find Miss Douglas at the "Washington."

As early the following morning as it would do, Adrian Dredmond presented himself at the "Washington" and inquired for Miss Douglas.

The clerk turned to his book and looked over the names of the new arrivals.

Hers was not there!

Mr. Dredmond was in despair.

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously.

For reply the clerk placed the book before him and pointed with his finger to the list of arrivals for the last two days.

It was even as he had said; her name was not there!

For two days after he returned to the "Washington," making the same inquiries and receiving the same answer.

No, Brownie Douglas had not been there, and she never came.

He sought her at every respectable hotel in London, but not a trace of her could he find.

He haunted the streets where genteel lodgings were advertised, but without success.

On the Sabbath he walked the streets, peering into every young face that he met, but those clear brown eyes never greeted him in his weary search, and that lovely face was but a vision in his memory.

Monday he went to Wilbur and told him of Miss Douglas's strange disappearance, and his fruitless search for her; and the young man was nearly distracted himself.

"They have driven her to her death, curse them!" he muttered fiercely, and he told Adrian the story of the jewels.

His father had returned unexpectedly, and he acquainted him also with the facts of the case.

A scene ensued which was long remembered by both Isabel and her mother, while Mr. Coolidge spared no trouble or expense to find the unfortunate girl.

Wilbur had been so bound up in his own sorrow that he had paid no attention to the number of the cab in which Brownie had gone away, neither had he noticed the driver; so that although he sought out and questioned every cabby that he could find, he could gain no clue to the missing girl.

Mr. Coolidge advertised and engaged a detective to look her up, while Adrian Dredmond and Wilbur haunted the streets day and night, but all to no purpose.

Beautiful Brownie Douglas—abused, insulted, friendless—seemed to have dropped out of existence as completely as a star when it falls from its place in the heavens!

TO BE CONTINUED.



Get The Book FREE! If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its thrilling conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in Comfort, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to Comfort at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

TREMBLING HEART, Mississippi.—Your involuntary trembling when you meet this attractive young man certainly indicates that you love him quite as much as you say you do, and that he means so much to you that his presence always affects your heart's barometer. This nervousness will wear off, we think, when you have been with him more, or when you become certain that your affection is returned in kind and your relationship becomes more equalized. Now we believe he means more to you than you do to him. Try and not idealize or idolize him too much and it will help you when in his presence, although this is perhaps advice that it will be useless for us to give you at this time, and of a sort it will be impossible for you to put into effect. Including law, lessons and locksmiths, young love laughs at many things—and this includes advice of elders. But we feel that we must warn you that your sensitiveness should make you overcareful when, whom and how you love, if you do not wish to have affection's sweet experiences bring you more pain than happiness.

A. M. S., Wisconsin.—It was perfectly correct for you to eat this ice or any like frozen dessert with a spoon.

VIOLET, Chapel Hill, Tex.—It would be permissible for you to write this boy a note thanking him for his card and verses, although if you are seeing him often, verbal thanks would be quite sufficient. (2) When you enter your house with this boy who has escorted you home, you may lead the way and you should not wait for him to enter first.

I. N., Elkins, N. M.—At your simple home table, your guest's knife should be placed at the right of the plate, and the fork or forks at the left. Any spoons should be placed at the right of the knife. (2) The escort of two girls would not walk between them, but would take his place at the side of the street nearest the curb. In a like case on a country road, the man would walk on the inside (that is, nearest the roadway)—thus to be on the guard against traffic accident or soil from passing vehicles.

FOUR BLUE EYES, Arkansas.—A boy would not leave a girl during the service, after escorting her to church, unless he had the best of excuses and was able to make proper apologies. (2) A boy who accepts a girl's invitation to enter the house, after escorting her home from church or other evening affair, should not make his stay a long one. A half hour would seem reasonable. (3) Certainly a girl is entitled to time to consider a proposal of marriage, and a suitor is unjustified in demanding an immediate and definite reply to so important a question. Yes or no are little words quickly said, but marriage is a big thing and of long duration. (4) A boy who tries to put his arm about a girl without her consent should be plainly told that he cannot make himself liked by doing things he has been politely asked not to do. A boy who is unmannerly enough to assume liberties, should be mannerly snubbed until he has been taught better. Some colts need more breaking-in than others.

O. B., Hollis, Okla.—It seems to us that when a girl takes a bow out of a boy's hat she is spoiling a perfectly good article of headgear—and that's all it would seem to mean to us. Has Oklahoma any different rules? (2) It is not good manners to put one's fingers about the mouth, to bite one's nails, etc.

WORRIED, Texas.—Your being a fourth or fifth cousin to this boy we do not think should be sufficient blood relationship to serve as an obstacle to marriage. (2) Your fiance may have given a ring to this girl and he may have made other gifts to various girls before he asked you to marry him. We don't think you should ask that he retrieve these gifts. Suppose he asked the girl to give him back this ring and she refused? And how much better would it make him love you or you love him if he got this ring back? Don't take your friends' advice about your love affair. Use your own judgment and your knowledge of the man you love.

TROUBLED, Missouri.—Your letter gives us the suspicion that perhaps this girl and her mother wish you to declare how serious your attentions really are and if you wish to marry the girl. Have you thought of this? Our advice is that if you really love the girl and are in a position to ask her to marry you, no grass or new suitors should be allowed to grow under your feet or in this girl's parlor. Try out our advice and see if we are not right. The ways of a maid with a man are often just as strange as when it is the other way around.

BROWN EYES, Nashville, Tenn.—Remember that you have not met this young man, so your reply to his first letter must be brief. However, you need not frighten or hurt him by too much formality. Thank him for his pleasant letter. Say your cousin has often spoken to you about him, and that you hope that when he is next in town he may be able to carry out his wish of having your cousin bring him to call at your home. Sign yourself "sincerely," and make sure by a last reading that your note is frankly pleasant and cordial and not too stiff. If the boy is so genuinely anxious to meet you, he should have the opportunity. (2) That you feel no uneasiness when you see this boy paying attention to other girls does not make us think you care very deeply for him. It is our personal opinion that a certain amount of jealousy and desire for possession goes with all true love. Nevertheless the affection you feel might be sufficient upon which to base a happy marriage. But it will be time enough to commence to think about this seriously when the boy asks you to marry him, won't it?

MRS. L. W. J., California.—It helps subsequent conversation, we think, to keep introductions as brief and informal as possible. You might say: "Miss Blank, do you know my friend, Mr. Dash?" Or: "Miss Dash, Mr. Blank has been so much wanting to know you." Although you are putting a little conversational burden on the man by this last form. The secret of what you term "clever" or "popular" introductions is not in the words used, which must necessarily be fairly brief and formal, but in a sentence or two the introducer may use, which indicates a pathway of conversation that can be easily followed by those meeting for the first time. A little thought will enable you to put in a phrase that will help to launch your introduction smoothly and smilingly on the social waters.

P. H., Elizabethtown, N. C.—You should be patient under your brother's kind and doubtless wise chaperonage. Not many brothers of twenty-two are so willing to serve as a "kid sister's" escort. We think that if your brother thought it best for you to make dates with these boys who write you letters, he would be the first to permit this liberty which you think would make you happier. Accept his advice and guidance for a while. You are decidedly young yet, although you may not think so. And remember that your big brother knows quite a lot about boys and girls and acts according to his experience.

M. J., Gaffney, S. C.—Yes; you should thank your escort who has taken you to any sort of entertainment. This is most suitably done as you are saying "good night" after he has brought you home. No stiff or set phrases are needed, and you might say: "Thank you very much. I have had a delightful time." And throw in a smile or two for good measure.

The Library of Congress contains nearly three million publications.

The Government Printing Office expects to use $4,050,000 worth of paper this year.

A New York policeman has walked a beat for 25 years. He was educated as a physician but says he would rather be a policeman than the world's greatest surgeon.

Three Wheel Chairs in March

679 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the three March wheel chairs are: Dan Barders, Campbell, Mo., 72; Ira B. Norton, R. 3, Box 120, Durant, Okla., 65; Hazel Anna Johnson, Bonesteel, So. Dak., 64. The figures following their respective addresses indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them.

Dan Barders, age 54, was stricken with paralysis last August, which has deprived him of the use of his lower limbs, but as he can sit up and use his hands, he will be able to get about in his wheel chair. It will be a merciful relief of his crippled condition.

Ira B. Norton, age 30, single, is so crippled by rheumatism in his legs that for the past ten years



ELVA TEDFORD ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

he has not been able to walk, and he also suffers from lameness and stiffening of his back, but can use his hands. He has long been in need of this wheel chair.

Hazel Anna Johnson, age 14, is in a pitiable condition as described by her mother, who writes: "My little daughter is a helpless cripple, never has stood on her feet, has no use of her hands, and cannot sit up unless supported by pillows. But she likes to be in the same room with me, and also enjoys being out of doors, and I thought a wheel chair would make it easier for me to get her about. I have an old arm-chair fixed for her, but it is very heavy for me to lift about, and she is not easy to handle, for when one lifts her she is so limp she cannot even hold her head up."

We ought to be sending out more wheel chairs, especially at this season. Give the good work a boost this month and help me to provide the means of getting a goodly number of crippled shut-ins out into the May sunshine.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours.

Comfort Wheel Chair a Great Help.

Greenwood, Ark.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a picture of myself taken in my wheel chair, which I would like to see in COMFORT. My chair is a great help to me and to those who take care of me. I wish to thank you and each kind friend that helped me to get it.

Sincerely yours,
Elva Tedford.

How Pleased He Looks in His Wheel Chair

Gunnison, Utah.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending a photo of Raymond D. Ludington in his wheel chair, to be printed in COMFORT so that everybody may see how pleased he looks



RAYMOND D. LUDINGTON HAPPY IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

with it. We wish to thank you and all our friends who helped to obtain it for him. It certainly is a big help to Raymond and also to me. Again thanking you all for your kind assistance, we remain

Respectfully,
Raymond D. Ludington
and Mother.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Ina Barders, Mo., for Ina Barders, 37 subs; Mrs. W. L. Powell, Kans., for Helen Monical, 30; Mrs. T. H. Snell, Fla, for Pascal Thornton, 29; Mrs. Ida E. Johnson, S. Dak., for Hazel Johnson, 43; Mrs. W. L. A. Kiser, Va., for Mrs. F. E. Wise, 42; Mrs. Leota Cooper, W. Va., for General, 19 subs; Mrs. W. L. Powell, Kans., for Helen Monical, 15 subs; Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Pa., for General, 12 subs; Mrs. Peter Schadd, Ind., for Bessie Craft, 12 subs; Mrs. W. D. Folmar, Ala., for Mayme E. Carter, 11; Mrs. Emma Carpenter, Texas, for Annie M. Carpenter, 9; Ruth Beacon, Mich., for General, 7 subs; Mrs. James Reynolds, Tenn., for Edgebert Trail, 7 subs; Mrs. Rowland Sanders, Texas, for Mrs. J. C. Davidson, 7; Mrs. Geo. Baker, Va., for General, 6 subs; Mrs. Bertha Schroeder, Texas, for General, $5.00; Thomas Jones, Calif., for General, $5.00; Mrs. J. L. Williams, Texas, for Audie Seago, 5 subs and $2.00; Mrs. S. R. Oliver, Colo., for General $2.00; Mrs. Geo. Weaur, Texas, for General, $1.10; Mrs. A. C. Herrington, Pa., for General, 2 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Ella Hill, Mo., General, 1 sub and $1.00; Helen Tekatch, Pa., for General, $1.00; Julian R. Harris, Va., for General, $1.00; Clara B. Spencer, W. Va., for General, $1.00; Mrs. Clyde Gill, Idaho, for General, $1.00; Mrs. John Rawlerson, Fla., for General, $1.00; Knowlton McCullough, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, $1.00; Knowlton McCullough, Texas, for Mary A. Miller, $1.00; Mrs. Clyde Gill, Idaho, for General, $1.00; Luella Pugh, for general, $1.00; Mrs. Alfred Sweeten, Tenn., for General, $1.00; Mrs. G. E. Gray, Texas, for General, $1.00; Mrs. M. J. Crawford, Calif., for General, $1.00; Julian R. Harris, Va., for General, $1.00.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. H., Phenix, Va.—To become a home demonstrator or house-to-house agent for any household-used article would not mean that you need to take any general "course" of training. What you require to fit you for such work is a fluency of speech, an engaging personality, some natural qualities as a salesman, and a thorough knowledge of the product which you are demonstrating. Also you will need a persistency in the face of discouragement and a faith that day by day you are going to make larger and larger sales. All these things and qualities cannot be given you by any course, yet without them you could not make a success of any agency work.

Mrs. C. R., Kentucky.—There are no vacant public lands in the state of Ohio.

G. B. H., Muskogee, Okla.—You should address the Commissioner of Patents, U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., for forms and information concerning an application for patent. The U. S. Patent Office maintains no "government patent advisor," but does suggest as follows: "It is advisable in every case, however, that the services of a competent registered patent attorney be secured, as the value of patents depends largely upon the skillful preparation of the specification and claims. The Patent Office cannot recommend any particular attorney or firm, but advises applicants to avoid doing business with those who advertise the possession of unusual facilities for obtaining patents."

W. S., White Pine, Tenn.—You should have an education equivalent at least to a completed high school course before you could successfully hope to study to become a veterinary surgeon. Your letter indicates that you need some of this preliminary study. Secure this first.

Mrs. M. T., Liberty, Tenn.—A married woman or a widow is known by her husband's and not by her own given name. That is in the case you mention, the name would be "Mrs. John Jones," not "Mrs. Nancy Jones." In signing any legal papers or in any business transactions, however, the name would be written "Nancy Jones." To her friends and in her social correspondence, such a woman would sign her name, too, as plain "Nancy Jones." In writing to strangers or in business correspondence, the signature would properly appear: "(Mrs. John) Nancy Jones."

Mrs. G. O. C., Quincy, Fla.—In the case of any living poet whose work is being published in copyrighted form, it would be well for you to obtain permission before including any such verses in the collection you are planning to publish, and in all cases, of either dead or living authors, proper credit should be given by the inclusion of the poet's name at the end of his work. You should secure estimates from various printing houses concerning the cost of publishing such a book.

C. G., Elbridge, N. Y.—The ordinary small "oyster pearls" found in the popular bivalves are of small or no value. Show your find to any jeweler.

Miss P. D., Marbury, Md.—Following the plan of the illustrious hero whose eyes were scratched out by the briar bush and who restored his missing optics by "jumping in again," we are going to suggest that if your raincoat is "stuck together" by being hung in too warm a place, you may be able to "unstick" it by allowing it to remain again in a like warm location and then attempting its separation and ungumming while it is still warm and pliable.

Miss E. M., Pennsylvania.—There are 15,353,437 acres of surveyed vacant public lands in the big state of Wyoming. The greater part of these empty acres are in the eastern portion of the state. Cattle raising is yet Wyoming's chief industry, although with the spread of irrigation, agriculture is creeping gradually over the ranges. There are millions of acres in the state that await the touch of water to spring into productiveness. The last few years have seen great progress in private and public irrigation projects, and splendid crops have been produced in the irrigated sections. The state has also great mineral resources. Wyoming's U. S. Land Offices are located in the towns and cities of Cheyenne, Buffalo, Douglas, Evanston, Lander and Newcastle. You can write to any or all of these for further information. (2) Colorado offers 6,426,720 acres of land to prospective settlers. The bulk of this is in the central and eastern parts of the state. Like Wyoming, the agricultural possibilities of Colorado are blossoming through irrigation. The state stands second only to California in the number of farms now irrigated. Oats are a big crop in the state and a Grand county man has a record of 426 bushels produced on three acres. We think this would make Wayne county farmers in your state of Pennsylvania open their eyes! Mining is one of Colorado's great industries and no less than thirty-three minerals are produced in commercial supply. The U. S. Land Offices in the state are situated at Denver, Del Norte, Durango, Glenwood Springs, Hugo, Lamar, Leadville, Montrose, Pueblo and Sterling.

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

width. Cut four pieces of dimity seven by nine inches. Fold each in half the long way and cut from the center point to the corner. This will give one a pointed piece seven inches wide by nine inches deep.

Sew two pieces to the top of the yoke in front and two to the top of the back, tying the points together with ribbons on the shoulders.



Magic Nights Under the Red Moon!

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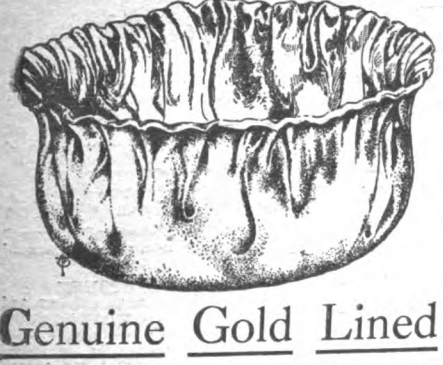
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For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds

FREE Length 30 inches. Steel Barrel and Parts—Walnut stock—a Powerful accurate air rifle. Free for selling 18 packs of Perfumed Sachet at 10 cents pack. JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 401, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories

For Little Folks



20 WONDERFUL TALES 20 In Story And Verse

TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites as well as newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Playmates, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 1. Library No. 7991 consists of Land of Tulips, Our Farm Yard, Our Country, Happy Days, Story of Santa Claus, Chums, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 2; In the Jungle, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 3; The Big League. Each book is 4x5¼ inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

Given To You! We will send you either Library of 10 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or both Libraries (20 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Please mention number of Libraries wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautify Your Home With These Magnificent Ever-Blooming Roses!

THERE'S no place like home—and no home as beautiful in summer as when surrounded with fragrant, luxuriously blooming roses. Why not plant some around **your** home this spring? Even if you now have a garden, you can find room for the five splendid bushes offered here—and they will cost you nothing. We buy these roses from the largest rose growers in the world. They are the finest that can be obtained. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each is absolutely the **prize** of its class, producing **every month in the season** an amazing profusion of large, magnificent blossoms, delightful in fragrance and of the most radiant colors. The bushes are **one year old,** strong, healthy, with well-formed roots. No matter where you live you will receive them at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five varieties given you on this offer. And please remember that with the bushes we are also going to send you complete directions for their planting and culture.

You Get One Each Of These Five Prize Beauties!

Mrs. Charles Bell One of the most beautiful and fragrant **shell-pink** roses ever introduced. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double, and the abundance of bloom produced in one season is simply astounding.

Etoile De Lyon This magnificent bright **sulphur-yellow** rose is a fine forcer and an ideal variety both for cutting and garden purposes, being an exceptionally vigorous grower and prolific bloomer, bearing its flowers on strong, erect stems well covered with dark, glossy foliage.

W. C. Gaunt A rose of unusual individuality. Its color is a brilliant, velvety **vermillion** tipped with scarlet. The buds are medium long and pointed, the stems rigid, habit branching, with large, oval beech-green foliage. The fragrance of this rose is like tea and it is a rapid, vigorous grower.

Climbing Helen Gould There is probably no red rose so popular as the beautiful Helen Gould. It is now introduced for the first time in climbing form. Everybody is familiar with the warm **watermelon-red** color of its charming flowers. This is a grand climber, having none of the defects of the older varieties.

Snowflake A crowning masterpiece, with hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in almost any soil or situation. It has the most magnificent foliage and is a continuous bloomer of medium-size flowers, the beauty of which is nothing short of superb. Its color is **pure white.**

Our Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described five rose bushes (one each of the five varieties) free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.** They will be mailed to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine





Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Opera or Field Glasses

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



18-Inch Center — 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8361.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case



EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x14 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. We will make you a present of this fine Needle Case if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1132.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. **And** the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (**Reward No. 8883**). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish (**Reward No. 9402**), or the Spoon Tray (**Reward No. 9412**). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (**Reward No. 7457**).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Silver Set Given



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious should be taken to your local doctor. ress, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, a, Maine. Sign your true name and give ddress. Name will not be published.

S. H. B., Cherry Plain, N. Y.—You should he enlarged prostate gland removed by on, if you are looking for permanent relief. ge of the gland must be done by your local only. This procedure however will not be h value in your case, as it is too late to re- e gland by massage. Retention of a portion urine is always dangerous and will in the n set up secondary trouble in the bladder

A. L., Mesa, Colorado.—Have the boy's and adenoids removed at once. The trou- h the glands on the neck is undoubtedly tonsilar infection, or involvement.

V. E. J., Murray, Iowa.—You are evidently g from some infection, or absorption of om some part of your system. The vaginal ge may be the cause of your symptoms. e the vagina with a normal salt solution— a teaspoonful of salt to the pint of hot water. ay take also after meals a five-grain tablet cylate of sodium dissolved in a glass of hot

G. W. C., Wytheville, Va.—May be you emic and this causes your excessive flow. after meals well diluted a tablespoonful of m's mixture.

O. W. H., Ogema, Wisc.—There is no sub- for tobacco smoking except the will of the r. He can, however, take as an assistant nervous system a 1.60 gr. tablet of strychnia after meals.

I. W. Morgantown, West Va.—You have rating hemorrhoids. Better have them re- l at once and a cure effected.

L. E. C., Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Very pos- your trouble may be due to some absorption the hair-dye mentioned. Better give up e of the dye and take five drops of a saturated on of iodide of potassium well diluted after

C. V. C., Rockdale, Texas.—Probably you and your husband have malaria. Better wo teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well d after meals and see if this remedy does not e all of the unpleasant symptoms mentioned. diet is all right, only avoid sweets of all kinds, ding pastries.

T. J. L, Yates, Texas—For your chronic pation there is no remedy better than fluid t of cascara sagrada, taken in two teaspoon- loses, morning and night. Your constipa- s probably the cause of your other symptoms vill be cured when your bowels are regulated.

J. F., Phillips, Mont.—Better take as rest as possible in the recumbent position For the vaginal discharge use hot normal solution as a douche, morning and night. bout one teaspoonful of salt to a quart of hot

D. G., Royalton, Ill.—Dark, puffy eyelids sually due to some form of eye strain or over If the former have your eyes examined for cting lenses. For the enlarged pores steam ace and apply morning and night lotio alba.

E. F. C., Mt. Creek, Ala.—Have the boy's examined and thoroughly cleansed. Have also use as a mouth wash Dobell's solution or four times a day.

L. T., Telford, Tenn.—Wear proper shoes to take the pressure off the enlarged joint. y at night a twenty per cent. ointment of yol.

E. F. D., Dant, Ky.—For the rash, due to act with poison oak, would advise taking in- ally one-quarter grain of calomel and soda ive days at a time, drinking plenty of water as a local application, using a saturated solu- of Epson salts. Have your chest examined your local doctor. The baby's condition is to lack of lime. Give him a teaspoonful of -water three times a day.

Mrs. F. E. F., Greenfield, Mass.—Have your hter douche the vagina with normal saline tion. The spots on the eyelids are called asma uterina. They can be removed by the al cautery. You might apply, also, Lasar's e at night. Be sure however that none of the e gets into the eye.

Miss H. M. T., Ceylon, Minn.—Your blood may hin, if so take a tablespoonful of Basham's mix- well diluted after meals. Take this remedy three or four weeks.

Mrs A. K., Chelsea, Iowa.—There is no way of ing the hair coarser, but you can massage the p, and shampoo it with an emulsion of co- butter; then apply at night a two per cent lo- of resorcin—dissolve the resorcin in equal ts of alcohol and water. For your stomach dition, take after meals a compound bicarbo- e of soda tablet. Avoid sweets of all kinds uding pastries.

Mrs. R. B., Kosciusko, Miss.—You have a onic bronchitis. Apply over the lung a mus- d plaster at night and take a teaspoonful of the owing mixture: Thirty grains of iodide of monium, one-half ounce of syrup tolut., and ter enough to make two ounces.

Mrs. J. B., Elbow Lake, Minn.—It may be mal for your husband to sweat easily. He can, le chooses, bathe at night in a strong solution sage-tea. You will be benefited by taking r meals a five-grain pill of asafetida for your vous condition.

Miss M. N., Hazen, Ark.—The excessive monthly v may be due to change of life as you surmise, it may be due to a fibroid tumor. Better be mined and find out. In the latter case an oper- n is indicated. The sediment in the urine may due to eating too much meat. Omit meat and what this will do toward clearing the urine.

Mrs. J. H. N., Braxton, Miss.—You will get ng all right this time. The kidneys should be ated by your local doctor, and watched as well, this way you will avoid, may be, some serious ible when confined. You can feed the baby modified milk. Your doctor will tell you just v to modify the milk to suit the baby's age.

Mrs. M. B., Edgerton, Mo.—You are suffering n a rectal fistula. Have an operation performed nce and get rid of the condition. If you do not e the fistula operated on, you may develop an cess later on and be much worse for the delay.

Mrs. W. H. J., Deatsville, Ala.—Have the blad- washed out with the following solution: A spoonful of a saturated solution of permanganate of potassium to a pint of very hot water. is should be done by a doctor or trained nurse. o take after meals a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda and drink plenty of water—not less n two quarts a day. These tablets will help ir indigestion and also make the urine alkaline -irritating to the bladder.

Mr. B. K., Reynoldsville, West Va.—Lassar's ste, for local application, is the best remedy for ema.

Mrs. S. H., Hulbert, Okla.—All of your symp- ns point to extreme nervousness from some cause. ke after meals a five-grain pill of asafetida. r the throat condition have the tonsils examined l removed, if enlarged and diseased. The chest dition is neuralgic, and an application of mustard will help this. Ordinary mustard plaster at night will do.

Mrs. A. C., Chichester, New York.—Probably your father will be helped by taking after meals two-grain quinine pills, as shingles are frequently caused by malarial poison in some form. Locally, he can apply resinol ointment at night.

Miss R. M., Madison, N. C.—Take, for the painful periods, a teaspoonful of Hayden's viburnum compound for five days before the expected period.

Mrs. W. C., St. Petersburg, Fla.—For the dandruff, shampoo the hair and apply at night a two per cent. solution of resorcin. Dissolve the resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and water. For your nervous condition, take after meals a five-grain tablet or pill of asafetida.

Mrs. W. P. L., Cottage Grove, Oregon.—The pain in the left side is no doubt neuralgic. Apply locally, Sloan's liniment, and take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. The "lumps in the breasts" may be dangerous and need surgical treatment. Better consult your surgeon and do as he suggests as to operation.

Mrs. O. R., Hohenwald, Tenn.—Your babies will be more or less troublesome for two or more months after birth, or until saliva is formed in the mouth. One thing that you can do is to give them milk of magnesia or lime water. The former in case of constipation and the latter in case of diarrhea. For your chronic constipation you can take fluid extract of cascara sagrada. Take two teaspoonfuls at bedtime, well diluted.

Mrs. N. L. S., Nunda, N. Y.—Uric acid is caused in the main by the injection of too much nitrogenous foods. Avoid meats of all kinds and take, after meals, five-grain tablets of urotropin.

Mrs. E. Y., Nanty Glo, Pa.—You evidently have a chronic appendicitis; have an X-ray made, and if this is so, be operated on.

Miss E. K. E., La Porte City, Iowa.—You are suffering from bronchitic asthma. At night apply to the upper chest a large thin mustard plaster made of equal parts flour and Coleman's mustard. Also take after meals, a half-teaspoonful of a remedy known as pertussin.

Miss H. B., New Brunswick, N. J.—If you have been operated on for appendicitis you should wear a support for some time, to prevent any undue strain on the parts.

Miss G. F., Princeton, Minn.—You are suffering from an intercostal neuralgia. This trouble is of rheumatic origin. For the neuralgia take after meals five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium. The heart condition is secondary and will improve under this treatment.

Bang-up, red blooded stories that make you *GASP!*



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Live the life of the big open Western world—among hairy-chested, hard-fighting frontiersmen who tramp, ride, camp, scheme, love and hate—yes, and sometimes shoot to kill! Live among them in Adventure-land! These fascinating, gripping stories will pick you up and whirl you bodily into the "gun-toting" life of the West—the bad old, glad old West. Every one of these books will make you "hold on to your chair."

See All You Get: 12 Bully Books, Sizzling with Excitement!

Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande — **Stephen Chalmers**
"Looking f'r Trouble is my middle name," said Impulsive Pep, adventuring cowpuncher. And there on the border, among raiding Mexican bandits, train robbers, Texas rangers, a prairie fire—not to mention a pair of blue eyes—he did not have far to look.

Spawn of the Desert — **W. C. Tuttle**
A tale of Calico Town: Where men lived raw in the desert's maw, and Hell was nothing to shun; where they buried 'em neat, without preacher or sheet and writ on their tombstone, crude but sweet, "This jasper was slow with his gun."

The Lure of Piper's Glen — **Theodore Goodridge Roberts**
It was the lure of all the great timber country of the North, of plentiful game, of the clear wind from the great plains. The call came South; young Jim Todhunter heard it, and a great tide of life in the North caught him up—to bring adventure a-plenty.

Apache Valley — **Arthur Chapman**
A story of a cattle war in the southwest, with all it means—terror and blood feud; alarms by night and day; rustling and stealthy murder. And through it all are woven the lives of true men as well as thieves, men whose lives reflected the glories of the land they protected.

The Challenge of the North — **James B. Hendryx**
This is a story of the call of the great Northland; of purposes and cross purposes, of true men and of "bad" men; and of big deals and pioneering triumphs. A tale of the North which holds for the young, the strong and the brave adventures that are countless.

The Second Mate — **H. Bedford-Jones**
Peril and mutiny on the China Seas. When every scupper was running red, and with two white women at the mercy of a villainous crew composed of the sweepings of the outermost islands. Jim Barnes realized the gage of desperate battle he had accepted when he signed on as second mate of the *Sulu Queen*.

The Devil's Payday — **W. C. Tuttle**
A sky of brass, the sun a flame, A hunk of earth so doggone hot
And the land *no* place to dwell; That it still belongs to Hell.

The Canyon of the Green Death — **F. R. Buckley**
Who were the devils in human form whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible; they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoners; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companions. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

Sky-High Corral — **Ralph Cummins**
A yarn of unending feud between cattlemen and forest rangers; of forest fires, grazing herds and bitter fights at timberline. Yet in the end our gallant young ranger, through ordeal of battles, fire and blood, brought the old timers to see that the new ways of forest conservation are best.

Loaded Dice — **Edward L. Sabin**
A romance of Texas of the early days, when lives depended on the quickness of draw, and all the courage of the pioneers was needed to brave the perils they so fearlessly faced. A thrilling tale of men who were jugglers with death.

Sontag of Sundown — **W. C. Tuttle**
The story of the question of ownership of the T J ranch—a question which promoted bloodshed and a war of no mean caliber. The cowpunchers of this story will live long in your memory for their originality and enterprise. They are men whose best friends were their nerve and their gun.

Arizona Argonauts — **H. Bedford-Jones**
Three adventurers whose fortunes in the Arizona desert lead through drought and danger to the goal they sought, gold, free gold, the gold of which they had always dreamed. They were men quick on the trigger, who loved to face odds.

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You can get **this whole library** of 12 fascinating, nerve-tightening books for about 16c each. The whole set *sent* to you right now—without sending a penny in advance. But listen! The night these books come you won't sleep! You're just BOUND to finish the one you start—if it takes till 3 A. M. You can't be lonesome or out of amusement while you have these smashing stories in your home. YET EVERY STORY IS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME—*nothing* that should not be read by any boy or girl.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

out as it actually stains the wood. When applying this, the color is a bright magenta for the first few minutes but this changes to a dark brown.—MRS. LEE JOHNS, Freeport, Pa.

Put one tablespoon of sugar of lead into pail of boiling water and soak gingham about ten minutes in it. This will set the color and shrink the goods. Remove from pail with sticks, as it is very poisonous, and after using burn the sticks. Rinse with clear water, always using sticks for handling the goods. Let dry and press. —CONTENTED VERMONTER, Rutland, Vt.

(Requested.) Alcohol rubbed on piano keys will make them white again and spirits of nter will remove varnish from them. I tried this on organ keys and it worked well.—MRS. DOROTHY CALL, Rose Lawn, Ind.

Requests

Poem: "The Bear Story," by James Whitcomb Riley.

Hymn Book, "The Finest of the Wheat."—MILDRED KANPP, Big Lake, Minn.

Mrs. Lillie Ginter, York County, R. R. 4, Box 173, Penn., wishes a post card shower.

Wanted: The book, "Bushy, the Adventures of a Girl."—C. E. HUGHES, R. R. 3, Wyoming, Pa.

Wanted: Poems, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "The Eagle's Nest."—ANNIE REEVES, White Stone, Virginia.

Mrs. H. Webster, Terryville, Box 66, Conn., would like to receive letters from the sisters.

Mrs. E. Seibert, San Angelo, 504 Koberlin St., Tex., a widow of sixty-six years, would like cheery letters from the sisters.

Would like to correspond with some of the COMFORT sisters.—MISS ELVA LAWRENCE, Louisville, 1067 East Kentucky St., Ky.

Mrs. L. A. Deane, Moshum, Tenn., would like a post card shower on her birthday April 25th. She will be fifty-five years old then.

Mrs. Carrie Walters, a widow of seventy years, would like cheery letters and cards from the sisters on her birthday, March 22, or after that time.

Mrs. Jane Holbrook, Tomahawk, Ky., a widow of nearly seventy years, living alone, would like cheery letters.

Wanted: Words and music of song, "You Can Only Have One Mother," which appeared in a 1901 number of COMFORT.—MRS. BURNEY JACKSON, Greensburg, R. R. 4, Indiana.

Words to the songs, "Stone River's Rocky Beds," and "Molly Bawn."—MRS. AUSTIN EVANS, Waverly, R. R. 1, New York.

Mrs. Mollie Miller, Paris, R. R. 5, Kentucky, wishes words and music of following songs: "Red Wings," "Blue Ridge Mountains," "Banks of the Wabash," and "Where the River Shannon Flows."

Mrs. J. Luther Beaver, Springtown, R. R. 2, Box 106, Texas, wishes letters from sisters in southern and southeastern Colorado regarding climate, crops, school, church and chances for homesteading.

Can any reader of COMFORT tell me where I can obtain these three chemicals: Adhesive, transparent and preservative compounds? Also the albumen prints used in making the chemical oil paintings.—MRS. ALICE HIDER, Milburn, Oklahoma.

Poem: "The Last Day of School," by James Bal Naylor. The first verse is as follows:

"A bleak bare ride, a country road,
A grey and sullen sky;
A sodden earth, a howling gale,
And snowflakes swirling by."

MISS ELDA CUMINGS, Pomeroy, R. R. 1, Ohio.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first, as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. H. M. Bars, Hudson Hope, B. C., November, 1921.

Mrs. Eva L. Wilson, Rockland, Box 215, R. 1, September, October, November and December, 1918; March, 1919, April, 1921, January and February, 1922.

Mrs. Julia F. Rhoades, Colmor, New Mexico, September, 1907.

Mrs. A. Clayton, Little Rock, 1718 Wolfe St., Ark., Feb., 1921.

Mrs. Geo. W. Lane, Fonda, R. R. 4, Box 75, Iowa, Nov., Dec., 1922.

Miss Etta Lunsford, Washington, 627 West Walnut St., Ind., Nov., 1922.

Mrs. Sarah Clark, Winona Lake, Box 67, Ind., November, 1922.

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!



EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear the beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Sauce Pans of Pure Aluminum



Reward No. 9133

For Only Three Subscriptions

COMFORT'S host of housewives and cooks who like the clean, silver-bright appearance of aluminum will delight in preparing their meals with this handsome 3-piece set of pure aluminum sauce or cooking pans.

No housewife ever seems to have too many sauce pans around the kitchen and with such useful sizes as these—**1½, 2 and 3 quart**—she will hardly get a meal in which she does not use one or more of them.

Everyone knows how light in weight pure aluminum is but how obstinately it resists wear. The aluminum in this three-piece Set which we illustrate weighs less than a pound but it is heavy enough and thick enough to give years of steady service. They are seamless, sanitary, and easy to keep clean, and will not crackle, chip, or peel.

You will like the handles too. Notice how convenient they are and how firmly they are riveted to the pan.

It will take you but a few minutes to get this reward. You will enjoy using it for years. The following special offer makes it easy for you.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you free by parcel post prepaid, three Aluminum Sauce Pans. **Reward No. 9133.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Is April Your Birthmonth?

Genuine Gold Filled



APRIL

Guaranteed For Years



AUGUST



JANUARY

Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will **wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

Reward No. 8074

For A Club Of Only Four

NO woman ever has too many teaspoons — especially the **"Rogers'"** kind—so here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our woman readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous **1881 Rogers' A1** brand, guaranteed a **full standard** silver plate upon an 18 per cent. **nickel base.** Each spoon is six inches in length with highly polished handle and bowl. Please notice the beautiful design — the new "Salem." Its very simplicity appeals to every person of good taste. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

We will give you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons on the terms of the following club offer. Remember — they are the **genuine 1881 Rogers' A1 brand** — the Rogers' trademark is stamped on each and every spoon. This protects you fully, furthermore each spoon is absolutely **warranted for ten years.**

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this set of six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8074.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee When You Give Her This Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Carriage—All For Her Very Own!

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.



Her Arms Hands Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a **real doll carriage?** You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

Doll and Carriage 8 Subscriptions. Doll only for 6 subscriptions.

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once.

You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present low rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money ($4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in strong box, free by parcel post. Please mention **Reward No. 7648** if you want both doll and carriage. If you want the doll only send six subscriptions ($3 in all) and mention **Reward No. 7806.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

12 Karat Gold Wedding Ring

New Oval Narrow Band Style

JEWELERS make a big profit on rings. When you pay the jeweler's price for a wedding ring, the chances are you get a ring that, so far as appearance and wearing qualities go, is no better than the one offered here. We buy direct from the manufacturer and add no profit—that's how we do it. This ring is the new popular narrow band style, made of **12-Karat Gold,** and we absolutely guarantee it **for 10 years.** As a matter of fact, it should last a lifetime. And please remember that it is a man's ring, as well as a woman's. This style is correct for both sexes and all ages. It can be had in all sizes from four to ten.



Reward No. 8933

If you want a handsome wedding ring—one that is absolutely right in quality and style and that you will have all your life—this is your opportunity to get it without a cent of expense. We are now giving these rings as a COMFORT premium and we shall send you one free and postpaid if you will accept the following special

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed 12-Karat Gold Wedding Ring free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention size wanted. Reward No. 8933.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear

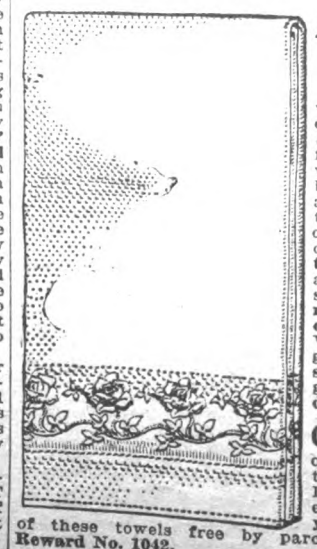


EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Huck Towels



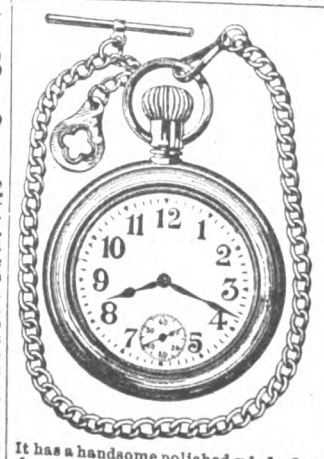
For A Club Of Two

New **large, pure white towels** of excellent quality. Size **15x30 inches, full bleached** and white as snow; these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only do they make delightful **toilet towels** but are adapted to use as **standard or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc.** We can positively guarantee **entire satisfaction** as regards their **laundering qualities.**

Club Offer! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1042.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gent's Watch and Chain



Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc., With A Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Designs



For a Club of Four

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, purses, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work patterns that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas" **Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is clearly explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom,** packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen **special bead needles** (very long and slender with unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread,** and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work together with easy, detailed instructions as to what color of beads to use and how to make them.

This book shows how to make different patterns of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any monogram, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

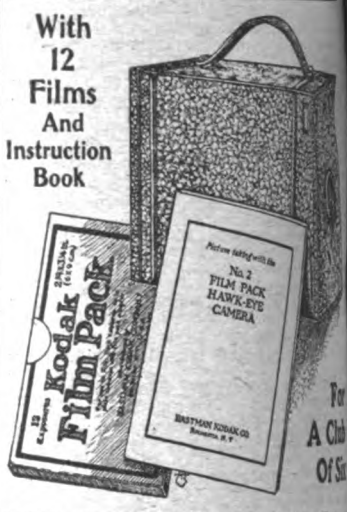
Any woman or girl will be delighted with the practical Loom Outfit because she can make many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the fascinating work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hawk-Eye Camera

With 12 Films And Instruction Book



THE "Hawk-Eye" is made by the Eastman Kodak Co., so it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a **high-grade** camera—one that you can **depend** upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The "Hawk-Eye" takes a picture 2¼x3¼ inches, is fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snapshots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. It uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out **in broad daylight,** thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real good camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give away thousands of these "Hawk-Eyes" as club rewards. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself **but also one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book** telling you all about picture taking from A to Z.

Given To You! For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine "Hawk-Eye" Camera with one Film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7698.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9642.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Backaches!

try Sloan's



Relieves soreness
by warming and circulating blood

Stop those dull, insistent aches, by relieving the painful congestion. Sloan's does this. Without rubbing, it quickly penetrates the sore spot, stimulating the circulation to and through it. Congestion is reduced, soreness allayed, the pain relieved.

Sloans's relieves sore, aching muscles, banishes the pains of rheumatism and neuralgia. Breaks up colds in chest. Stops suffering — wherever congestion rouses pain.

At all drug stores

Sloan's Liniment-*kills pain!*

)eaf Can Hear Says Science

ew Invention Aids Thousands

ere's good news for all who suffer from deafss. The Dictograph Products Corporation anounces the perfection of a remarkable device hich has enabled thousands of deaf persons to ear as well as ever. The makers of this wonerful device say it is too much to expect you believe this, so they are going to give you a iance to try it at home. They offer to send it prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. hey do not send it C. O. D.—they require no posit—there is no obligation.

ey send it entirely at their own expense and risk. hey are making this extraordinary offer well knowg that the magic of this little instrument will so maze and delight the user that the chances of its ing returned are very slight. Thousands have aldady accepted this offer and report most gratifying sults. There's no longer any need that you should ndure the mental and physical strain which comes om a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle ith your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness om which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take our place in the social and business world to which our talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your ame and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1302-L, 220 W. 42nd St., New York, or descriptive literature and request blank.—Adv.

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days



Then let your mirror prove the results
Write Today for the Free Trial Offer
Your hair need not thin out, nor need you be bald, for a way has been found to destroy the microbe that destroys the hair. This new and different method will prevent thinning out of the hair, dandruff, lifeless hair, baldness, gray hair, by strengthening and prolonging life of the hair. Send name and address now before it is too late for the 15-days' free trial offer. **AYMES CO., M-313, 3932 N. Rabey St., Chicago**



GIVEN TO YOU **FREE**
This guaranteed Watch and many other valuable premiums. Given to you FREE for selling only 25 easy selling articles at 10c each. Order today. We trust you.
KEYSTONE PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 102
1840 N. Keystone Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

CROWN YOUR TEETH



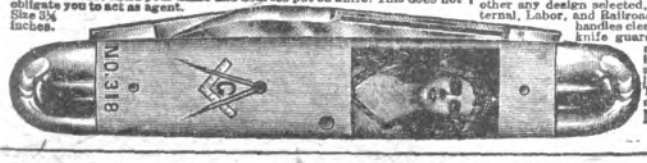
with our gold Knifed shells and fool your friends. Resembles Dentists' work. Slips over the teeth, easily adjusted, removed at will. Price 10c each, 5 for 25c or 15 for 50c. Agents' Prices, 50 for $1.00, 100 for $1.50
MAYPORT NOV. CO., Dept. C, Mayport, Pa.



CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list 980 Songs given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c, extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as Agent. Size 3¼ inches.



EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly All or Spare Time

DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives and razors. One side shows owner's name and address; the other any design selected, emblems used by Societies, Fraternal, Labor, and Railroad orders, etc. Blades finest steel, handles clear as glass and unbreakable. Every knife guaranteed. Permanent employment, and exclusive territory to those willing to give most of their time. If you are earning less than $1200 yearly let us show you how to make more. These knives make fine Birthday and Holiday PRESENTS.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

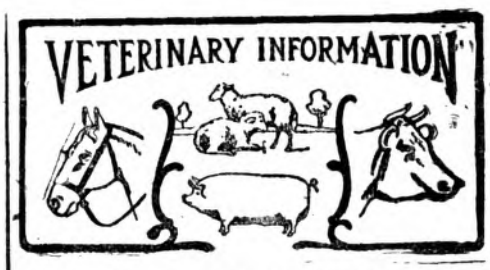
Boys! Get This Dandy Air Rifle!



Automatic Repeater
Works Like a "Winchester"
Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real **repeater** which loads **automatically** just like a **Winchester** or a **Marlin.** It is nearly **three feet** long yet weighs only **two pounds,** uses **BB shot** and shoots **350 times without reloading.** The barrel and all working parts are made of **high grade steel** with a **gun metal** finish, the **stock** is made of real **black walnut** handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your **camping and hunting trips** because with it you can bag all kinds of **small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc,** and for **target practice** is just fine. **No powder—no danger**—your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it **s absolutely safe to handle.** You can get this splendid air rifle **absolutely free** on the terms of the following special **Club Offer.** For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7686.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Detecting Johne's Disease

IT has been mentioned several times in these columns that Johne's disease, also known as chronic bacterial dysentery of cattle, is extremely difficult to diagnose. Its symptoms are very similar to those of tuberculosis and both diseases may be present in the same animal at the same time. When tuberculosis is not present, however, the animal fails to react to the tuberculin test and determination of the disease has had to depend in the past upon a microscopic examination of the feces and scrapings of mucous membrane from the rectum. About the only symptom different from those present in ordinary dysentery is that the affected animal maintains almost normal appetite until the end, the disease always proving fatal. Progressive emaciation, despite maintained appetite, is another symptom of the disease. In view of these facts, stockmen will be glad to know that Drs. B. A. Beach and E. G. Hastings of the Wisconsin Experiment Station have succeeded in cultivating the causal germ of Johne's disease and from it producing a diagnostic agent called "johnin." This new biologic preparation is not yet available for use by veterinarians, but we trust they will be able to obtain it when it has been fully tested by its originators. In one herd, known to have been infected for 14 years, seven tests with johnin were made at intervals of from three to six months from June, 1917, to December, 1920. The number of reactors, reported by the investigators through the columns of the Journal of Infectious Diseases, were, in the successive tests, 5, 4, 6, 3, 4, 4 and 2. On repeating the test in June, 1921, no reactors were found, but it is not deemed at all certain that additional reactors will not be found in future tests. The specific organism that causes the disease, which is contagious and incurable, was found in all but one of the 28 animals reacting to johnin, thus showing that the test is reliable when positive.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—One of my young cows has her second calf. The left hind teat and right front teat is affected—the milk will not flow from udder into them. There seems to be a little lump smaller than a pea in each teat. Will you tell me what this is and what to do? W. H. P.

A.—If the growths are just inside the openings of the teats a veterinarian could remove them with a special instrument, but if they are located high it would be best to let a calf nurse or dry off the milk secretion in the affected quarters. Home treatment will not avail in such a condition.

BOG SPAVIN.—I have a mule eight years old that has a swollen hock. I worked her very hard all the fall to the wagon. I would like to have a remedy. L. F. P.

A.—It would be best to leave the puff alone as it does not cause lameness. If you prefer to try treatment, rub in some 10 per cent. iodin petrogen or vasogen twice daily or apply a proprietary reducing preparation which you can buy at a drug store with full instructions for use.

INDIGESTION.—Last spring our lambs died when they were six weeks old. First they would bloat then become stiff in all four quarters and about the second day diarrhea set in which usually lasted two days. At the first stage some of the lambs would eat dirt or sand and in about ten hours would die. On examining some of the dead lambs hard lumps of curdled milk, about the size of a hen's egg were found in their stomachs. Third crop alfalfa hay was fed to the ewes. C. B.

A.—The milk disagreed with the lambs and the alfalfa hay was a probable cause. It would be better to make the hay but a part of the roughage ration along with clover and other grasses. Make the ewes take active exercise every day. Feed them a little oats and bran if thin. Give lambs castor oil in milk when any symptom such as you mention is noticed. For bloat give a little turpentine in milk, or give lukewarm water tinged light pink with permanganate of potash.

WARTS.—My cow has warts in her ear and it is nearly full. It has been two or three months since they first came. There are two small ones on her body about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. What can I do? H. Y.

A.—Pull off the warts that have narrow necks. Cover the other warty places once or twice daily with a thick paste of equal quantities of cold-pressed castor oil, salt and flowers of sulphur. If you prefer, warts that have narrow necks may be snipped off with scissors, a few at a time, then apply tincture of iodin.

STAGGERING STEER.—I have a three-year-old steer that is getting fat, that staggers and sometimes falls as if he were partly paralyzed. He is intelligent and gentle. His head trembles. Do you think he may have been injured in any way? Would it be safe to kill him for beef? E. A. M.

A.—Loco poisoning causes symptoms somewhat like those described and may subside if the steer can be kept in a box-stall, shed or yard and given sound feed. We should advise trying that. Then if the animal thrives, puts on flesh and stops staggering it may be slaughtered for meat. A blow on the head or a lightning stroke or shock may also cause such symptoms.

GARGET.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my cow? She freshened last November. The front of the udder appears to be swollen. At times one teat has lumps in it which, when milked, looked like curdled milk. Is it advisable to use the milk from the other teats? She is in good condition, fat and hearty. I feed her cottonseed, shorts and bran. How does tuberculosis affect a cow? E. G. S.

A.—The milk of the affected quarter is unfit for any purpose and should be caught in a vessel containing a disinfecting solution and then thrown out in a place to which animals have not access. The milk from the other quarters may be used if the cow has been tested with tuberculin and did not prove to be tuberculous. That disease sometimes attacks the udder and causes the affected part to become hard like a tumor and it then does not yield milk. In most cases the tuberculous animal gradually becomes thin, is thriftless, weak and has a cough. The disease is incurable and contagious.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—I have a gilt, seven months old, that eats dirt. What causes it, and is there a cure? E. J.

A.—Supply the gilt with air-slaked lime, salt and wood ashes or bone meal and clover or alfalfa hay. She will then be much less likely to eat dirt. If you see worms in the droppings, withhold food for 24 hours and then give from a bottle 30 drops of oil of chenopodium and one-half an ounce of castor oil for every 50 pounds of body weight. Repeat the treatment in two weeks.

MANGE.—There are times when my dog, three years old, won't eat. The hair is coming off his legs and feet and there are sores that look like mange. Please tell the trouble and what will cure. J. A. B.

A.—Clip off the hair and scrub the dog clean with soap and hot water. When dry rub in thoroughly, on affected parts, a mixture of four ounces each of oil of tar and flowers of sulphur and two teaspoonfuls of coal tar dip well mixed with one pound of melted unsalted lard. Stir until set. Repeat the application when seen to be necessary. Make dog take active outdoor exercise every day. Do not feed potatoes, pork or corn meal.

COWPOX.—I have a cow. Her udder is broken out with red pimples. The skin is rough and feels thick. She is so sore can hardly be milked. Is the milk fit for use? (2) I have a good work mule twelve years old that continually bites and gnaws at his side; the hair is off in places and broken out with yellow lumps. C. R.

A.—Bathe the udder and teats two or three times daily with hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve; then dry gently and paint the sores with a saturated solution of permanganate of potash. If any sore is obstinate in healing, apply strong iodin ointment twice a day. (2) It is to be feared that the mule is affected with farcy, the skin form of glanders. If so, he will have to be destroyed. Take him at once to a qualified veterinarian for examination. It may be some less serious disease, but in the circumstances we should not feel justified in prescribing treatment.

SORE ON FACE.—I have a pony that has sore eyes. Water runs from them and forms scabs which grow longer every day. It is not very bad in the summer time. As soon as cold weather comes he grows worse. I have used boric acid. A. E. S.

A.—The tear ducts are partially closed so that they do not carry off the tears and they flow over the cheeks, causing the sores described. Flies irritate and infect the sore place in summer. A veterinarian could clear the ducts and should be employed for that purpose. Meanwhile give the affected part a thorough cleansing, removing the scabs, and then apply daily an ointment composed of one part each of iodoform, tannic acid, boric acid and lard.

CHOREA.—Please tell me what is the matter with my three-months-old hound. He has a violent twitching of the muscles of his left front leg. Is there a cure, and what? W. T.

A.—The dog is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is practically incurable. He may improve somewhat if made to live an active outdoor life and is generously fed. If he is a poor, weak animal you might as well end his misery by administering chloroform.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have a young Jersey cow that started giving bloody milk in one teat last October. Sometimes the milk will be all right, other times will be pink and sometimes I milk pure blood from that teat. I have not saved her milk since I noticed it being bloody. I have given her two courses of hyposulphite of soda. I gave her one course dissolved in water as directed, waited about a month then gave her another course. Neither one seemed to do her any good. She is well fed on oats and timothy hay, also give her a quart of bran at a feed. G. W.

A.—Hyposulphite of soda does not serve the purpose in such cases. A dram of powdered copperas (dried sulphite of iron) and three teaspoonfuls of salt mixed in the evening feed may help, but if the cow is pregnant it would be safer to slightly acidulate her drinking water with dilute sulphuric acid. Bathing the udder with cold water and vinegar, *equal parts*, two or three times daily, helps when bleeding is due to a blow or to congestion just after calving. If growths in the teat cavity cause the bleeding they may be removed by a surgeon if close to the opening, otherwise it is best to let a calf nurse or to dry off the secretion of milk in the affected quarter. Bleeding due to chronic garget is incurable.

AILING PIG.—I have two pigs about four months old. One of them is all puffed up and hard to get its breath and doesn't appear to grow. It never plays with the other pig but stays in one place all the time. L. W.

A.—To expel worms of pig, withhold feed for 24 hours, then give 30 drops of oil of chenopodium and one-half ounce of castor oil for every 50 pounds of body weight. Give it from a bottle and repeat the treatment in two weeks. Have the pigs run out daily for exercise. Feed skim-milk and mixed meals *and let them* help themselves to clover or alfalfa hay, salt, ground limestone and woodashes or bone meal.

BROKEN WIND.—I have a horse of high breed, fat and slick. At times he has a breathing like the heaves but his sides do not jerk. There are times when hard work does not affect him. B. T.

A.—The horse may breathe easier if worked in a breast collar and with an overhead check line. A thick, short-necked horse sometimes mechanically chokes when pulling up hill or when the load is heavy and he gets his head down low. Wet all feed with lime-water. Do not feed bulky roughage at noon when he has to work.

Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Roughage for Idle Work Horses

"Economical feeding is of primary importance in caring for idle work horses during the winter months," says Prof. J. G. Fuller, of the animal husbandry department of the University of Wisconsin. He goes on to state that roughage such as hay, corn stover and straw furnish a large amount of net energy, and that they are far cheaper than concentrates. With roughage of good quality fed in sufficient quantity the idle horse may be maintained in good condition without supplementing the ration with any concentrate whatever.

Next to proper feeding, sufficient exercise and proper shelter are most important. According to an old Arab saying, "Rest and fat are the worst enemies of the horse." In the feeding and management of horses we must ever bear in mind that the horse is a creature of motion, and that exercise is imperative. A mature horse should receive regular exercise, traveling five or six miles a day to maintain good health. In the off season when farm work is slack, horses may be pastured until heavy snow; in the spring they may be turned out as soon as the snow is gone and the ground has become firm and more or less free from mud. In midwinter the barnyard will give room for exercise, if an occasional trip to town or to the woodlot is thrown in for good measure.

Protection from drafts is the first thing to consider in providing shelter for horses. Cool, well-ventilated quarters are far more desirable than warm, stuffy, poorly-ventilated stables. The idea that the stable must be warm to be comfortable is entirely erroneous. It is the overheated, unventilated stable that usually holds the soft, poor-conditioned horses. Fresh air and sunlight will go a long way to guaranteeing your stock against the common winter ailments.

Where good quality roughage is available in sufficient quantities it is neither necessary nor profitable to augment the rations with grain. In fact, it is likely to turn out the other way. When roughage is scarce it may be necessary to feed some grain, but in no case should more than half the usual work ration be fed daily. Ordinarily a fair winter allowance will range from five to seven or eight pounds per day. As spring approaches, the grain ration must be gradually increased in preparation for the strenuous work soon to come. A sudden change from reduced winter rations to full work allowances of both roughage and concentrates will often result in sickness or serious injury. On general principles, a good ration for a 1,400-pound work horse doing full work is 13 to 15 pounds of oats and 18 pounds of good quality mixed hay daily.

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Questions and Answers

CURRANT CULTURE.—This spring I would like to set out some currant bushes. What varieties would be best suited to my part of the country? Please tell me how to set them out, and if they will grow here in clay soil. Should they be set out alone, or can they be grown between the rows in my young orchard? Any other information you care to give will be appreciated, for I have never had any experience with currants. MRS. M. W. L., Minn.

A.—The following varieties of currant are quite popular and are extensively grown in Minnesota, where they will survive winter weather without covering if they are grown in sheltered locations. Currants like a moist, cool soil, and should do well in your locality, even if the soil is a quite stiff clay. Nor do they object to shade, and for this reason are frequently used as orchard fillers. To set them out: Avoid planting along fences or in other locations where they will be almost certain to be choked out by weeds. Prepare soil well, using lots of well-rotted manure both before and after planting. Set the plants four feet apart in the row; have the rows six feet apart. Frequent shallow cultivation serves best, for deep cultivation is likely to injure the roots. During the first season especially the bushes need protection from insect pests and diseases. The worst insect pest is the currant worm which will strip the foliage from bushes in a few days. Spray with one teaspoonful of white hellebore in a gallon of water, using while freshly made. Currant borers which channel the stalks are controlled by removing infested stalks. The worst disease is mildew. Leaves first show white mold, then curl up and die. Protect against this disease by spraying with Bordeaux mixture when the leaves first appear; repeat two or three times during early summer, or oftener if the disease is known to be bad in the region.

ALFALFA TAINTS MILK.—Does alfalfa taint cow's milk in the spring? If so, how can this be prevented? C. L. D., Minnesota.

A.—We have no proof showing that alfalfa taints milk, though this seems likely in view of the fact that when cows are first allowed on early spring grass pasture the milk has a grassy flavor, as most dairymen know. This in a short time disappears, however, perhaps due to the ability of the cow's body to overcome or in some not fully understood way absorb the taint. Perhaps the safest plan would be to allow the cows on the alfalfa for say half a day, turning them out after the morning milking and removing them at noon. At night put them on grass pasture. Keep this up for two or three weeks. In that time the system should have become adjusted to the new diet, and the milk should be entirely free from taint.

PREVENTING BEAN AND PEA WEEVILS.—How can I prevent weevils from damaging our peas and beans? We grow both as crops to be thrashed and sold, but for the last three years have had poor luck due to these pests. J. McN., Michigan.

A.—Preventive measures will do much toward controlling weevils and reducing the damage they do to your peas and beans. Begin in the spring with weevil-free seed; don't plant your own, for it is almost certain to be smutted with the pests, and they will again cause losses. Then harvest the crop just as soon as possible, thresh, and store in a place where there is no danger of infestation from other farms adjoining. Fumigation with carbon disulphid is often practiced when beans or peas in storage are known to be weevily, but if clean seed is planted and harvested early this is seldom necessary.

MAKING STICKY FLY-PAPER.—I have been told that sticky fly-paper can be made at home a lot cheaper than it can be bought. Is this true? If so, how is it made? MRS. M. N. E., Ohio.

A.—Yes, sticky fly-paper can be easily and cheaply made at home. Take two pounds of rosin and one pint of castor oil. Heat together until the mixture looks like molasses. Do not heat too much or place over an extremely hot fire. A medium fire will do the work nicely. With an old paint brush spread the mixture thinly and evenly *while hot* over any kind of paper fairly strong that you have handy. Heavy wrapping paper is excellent for the purpose. Place around the rooms, in the milk house, beside the kitchen and cellar doors, or any place where flies gather. Sunny places are better than dark spots. As to cost, a dozen pieces of sticky fly-paper of newspaper size may be made for one cent. This is far less than store prices.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

by Governor Winthrop, with Boston crackers, three times a week. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts would never have been what it is today without fish balls and fish chowder.

Catherine, I warn you that you will have to gather your star fish by constellations. There are enough cousins going to write you about these to depopulate the whole piscatorial Milky Way of Homosassa Beach.

LOS ANGELES, 917 SOUTH BRONSON ST., CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I sincerely hope that you folks won't object to a letter from Hollywood! Honest, we folks out here in Movieland are not as wicked as you think. We believe we are pretty good, and most of us are too.

California is indeed a wonderful state, especially this part of it—meaning Los Angeles. Many of you, I am sure, would like to know all about the Land of Sunshine. I wish that I were intelligent enough to do justice to the subject, because if I were I would surely tell you of the many wonders of the ideal country. No, I am not a native son; I hail from Ohio. I am proud of my state, too; but like many others I have fallen in love with the Pacific coast. There are so many desirable things in life to be found here. The climate really is wonderful—flowers, fruit and vegetables to be had all the year round. And *no snow!* That pleases me most of all. And then we have such glorious sun-sets. It is really a privilege to live in Los Angeles.

The Pacific ocean is only a few miles away from our city, and so are many of its splendid beaches. Those of you who enjoy seeing Mack Sennett's bathing beauties in the movies really ought to visit these local beaches, for thousands of girls, as beautiful, are to be seen almost every day—weather permitting. Believe me, the Pacific sure does beat the "old swimming hole" back home.

At times one grows weary of too much of a good thing and wishes for a little good old-fashioned sure enuf winter, with its snow, ice, sleet, etc. At such times, all one has to do is to take to the mountains which are only a couple of hours ride away. Snow up to one's neck can always be found there. I must leave you all now before I wear out my welcome. I would enjoy hearing from those of you who can find the time to write. Do tell me all about your part of this great country of ours. I enjoy writing letters and will try my best to pen a worthwhile reply. I am not yet thirty, so I am still a young man. Best wishes to you all!

Your Hollywood nephew and cousin,
CHARLES URBAN.

Charlie, I see now where all the doubting Thomases and Jacks among the Family must go to receive a cure and answer for their aspersions on the feminine beauty of our country. They have but to walk entranced on the sands of the Pacific, where thousands of beauties, sunkist and wavekist, may be seen disporting themselves a la Mack Sennett. I hope your letter will not start so much of an emigration Charles, that the transcontinental roads will not be able to handle the rush of eastern nephews beachward bound. No wonder you have "fallen in love" with California and have no regret for the barren land of the Buckeye you have left behind. If it is "a privilege to live in Los Angeles," I'll say that you seem to be enjoying your privileges to the limit.

No, Charlie, I really do not believe Hollywood to be such a wicked place. Or perhaps I should say that I do not believe it to be any more foolishly wicked than all spots where too much money is flowing and has to be spent too often in wasteful and selfish ways that injure the spender and others. It happens that Hollywood has simply received the full glare of publicity's spotlight which might have been just as luridly directed on the white light and spending centers of our big eastern centers. In all these places the foolish and often fatal search for pleasure goes on. There is something very pitiful, too, Charles, about this and all that we call "wickedness." Analyzed it is but a seeking for happiness in the wrong way. Sometimes a tragedy lies at the end of the wrong-seeking. The huge sums which have been made in the gigantic growth of the motion picture industry have unsettled all past standards of living among those sharing in the golden flood which has poured from the silver screen. There have been prodigals who have spent suddenly gained wealth in sudden and easy ways. And so there have been lessons and examples. But I think that the prodigals are the exception and not the rule. The true growth of the motion picture industry, its making into an universal art, is to come later on when the present uneasy scramble is over and the faults and "wickedness" of prodigals and pioneers will be but history in the craft.

ROARING RIVER, BOX 55, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Morning! Here I hail from the Land of the Sky in the grandest state in the Union. How many agree with me? Only those of the Old North State. Naturally, for every one thinks his state greatest of all. So I'm a tar heel born and a tar heel bred, and when I die, I'm a tar heel dead. So much for that. Now shall I say it? Well, here goes: I want a seat between Augustus Trick and Frank Clark. Now girls, don't get jealous, for I'll promise not to flirt one bit. Gus, what kind of girls have you around your home? Please don't judge all of us by them. Come down to the mountains of North Carolina and I'll show you some real girls—painted by Nature's best. The "State of Wilkes" county is noted for its moonshine and good-looking girls.

Many thanks, Frank, for your consoling words. You've won the girls—although it is true there are girls as Gus has pictured them. But there are still some in our grand old Union with the highest of ideals—girls that aspire to be something more than social butterflies. I wonder if Gus ever saw one of this sort.

Shall I describe myself? I think not—perhaps next time, if Billy lets me pass. And I'll also describe the country around here.

Uncle Lisha, you are filling a great place. I admire you, and if you ever come to N. C., come around and I'll give you a spin in my car around some of these mountain roads and curves that will make you dizzy. But I'll bring you back safe. The Daniel Boone Highway is just one mile from town and is very picturesque. I'm sending you a picture of my home, Uncle.

Shinery Bove, you are a joke. Come again, when you have found those wives.

Write me, folks. I'll answer 'em if they don't get up in the millions.

Sincerely yours,
ETHYLE SALMONS.

You are a real Tar Baby, Ethyle, and the the tar is so sticky that you are just naturally all stuck up about your tarry and starry state. But you certainly have two things to be well proud of: If Wilkes county is famous for its "moonshine and good-looking girls," your section ought to be a sort of masculine Mecca. I hope the Southern railroad features these stimulating products of your country, Ethyle, and advertises special tourists' rates during the moonlight and moonshine seasons. That's when I'll arrive.

I see you live near Grandfather Mountain, Ethyle. I've heard a lot about this old grandpa hill and would like to see it and its grandchildren. During the excursion season when I come down to get my jug filled with white liquor, you will have to take me for that promised ride down through Goshen and Blowing Rock until I can get an eyeful of this old ancestor of your Carolina peaks. Ethyle we won't take any other girls or any "jelly beans" along on this dizzy spin of ours on the Dan Boone road. It will be just you and I and the moonshine and moonlight. I hope I may be able to get back safe and sober, but it seems to me that the chances are against my safety and soberness—all things considered.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Miss Willie G. Collier, Box 94, Como, Miss. Painfully afflicted with rheumatism and only to be aided by an aged and almost helpless father, this poor invalid asks for financial help. Mrs. E. Shifflet, R. R. 3, Richmond, Ky. This sad-hearted widow has lost her shut-in son Claude whose appeal has previously appeared here. With her thirteen-year old daughter, Mrs. Shifflet is left to struggle bravely on. Let's help her in her grief and her fight for self-support. Mrs. Mary Dillon, Route 1, Box 23, Leapswill, N. C. At the age of 72 and with a shut-in daughter, this worthy woman asks for clothing, quilt pieces, or any help or cheer which may be sent. Miss Louvenia Miller, Rumsey, Ky. This is a sufferer from asthma for over fifteen years, confined to her room and often to her bed. Her mother is 75 and her father 84. She asks for quilt pieces, warm clothing, reading matter, and anything which will give her fingers and mind work to do. Mrs. Minnie Mollitt, Davisport, Ky. A widow with six children of whom the oldest is but eight years of age, this poor woman's case is indeed pitiful. She cannot properly care for her children without clothing and cash. Ben Oney, Hager Hill, Ky. Nearly blind, and with an invalid wife and three young children it is not surprising that this poor man's condition is described as "destitute." Help him for his own and for his children's sake. The oldest child is nine. Lizzie Collins, Kingsport, Tenn, Route 1. Deserted by her husband and left with a young child to care for and support, this life-wrecked woman asks aid, clothing particularly. She has been hard-working and will aid herself when she can, but she is helpless now through illness. Mrs. Dora Underwood, Meadows of Dan, Va. A widow, with five children. The oldest child is a crippled girl of nine. A pitiful appeal which deserves an answer.

The winter is over for most of us, and April is granting us promises of warmth and sunlight. In our happiness of the Spring, let us not forget that shut-in days and the grip of hunger and poverty are not at an end for those whose appeals are pitifully sounded this month. What help you can give, what cheer you can send, give and send it now—just as God gives us the Spring again and the green living things which are soon to be about us as keep us glad.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.



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WE have recently published a book of 32 pages showing nearly one hundred beautiful designs in applique and patchwork sent in by women readers of COMFORT.

These designs, which are handsomely illustrated and accompanied with full directions for making the bedspreads, shams, breakfast cloths, luncheon sets, scarfs, curtains, pillows, quilts, etc., etc., also hints and sections for borders and connections, designs which can be used as appliques for various purposes among which are birds, tulips, daffodils, roses, fleur de lis, peach, grapes, basketsmorning glories, fleur de lis, peach, grapes, star and crescent and others too numerous to mention. You will marvel at the beautiful work you can do with this book as your guide. The designs are attractive yet simple and easy to make, and as they were submitted by our own readers they are entirely different from any others you may have seen.

You can have a copy of this book free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the new Applique and Patchwork Book free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 8731.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

16-Piece Aluminum Set



For A Club Of Only Five

TO describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean, that never "peels," rusts or corrodes and **never wears out.**

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: **Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.**

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7615.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baseball Uniform FREE



Blouse, Pants, Cap, Belt. Gray with red trimmings. Nickle Buckle. Good suit. Comes in all boys' sizes. Sent free, all charges paid, for selling only two lots of 18 packets of sweet smelling Sachet at 10c each.

ALSO Pitcher's Glove or Catcher's Mit, Dandy Ones, FREE for selling only 18 packets of sweet smelling sachet. WRITE NOW.

Jones Manufacturing Co., Dept. 389, Attleboro, Mass.



All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Pieces Mentho Nova at 25 cents. Wonderful for colds, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 5 Pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. EA 7, Greenville, Pa.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

No canvassing. Full particulars & booklet free. Write today. Authorized & fully paid capital $1,000,000. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM Ltd., 238 Adams Bldg., Toronto, Can.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year (if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, is undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

AGENTS WANTED

ents—$6.00 to $12.00 a Day Easy. ght-weight, fast selling, popular priced ssities, food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toi- reparations, etc. Agent's outfit free. e today—quick—now. American Products 8047 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

e Start You In Business, furnishing ything; men and women, $30 to $100 ily operating our "New System Candy ories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. er **Ragsdale,** Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

gents—Write for big soap offer. Quick er, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 ist St., St. Louis, Mo.

e Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex- ts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un- ssary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

gents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition nen, women and children. Must wear 12 ths or replaced free. All styles, colors finest silk hose. You can sell at less than e prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

gents—Clean up $100 weekly with fty Nine." **Weekly** average 100 sales ar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently le; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 r coin-coaxers. All daily necessities. tal brings our unique plans. Davis Pro- ts Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

gents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales— e Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium e to every customer. Simply show our utiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle lery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., Madison St., Dept. 32-L, Chicago.

5 to $15 daily (sworn proof). You simply te orders for guaranteed hosiery, for men, men, children. We deliver and collect. Your daily. No capital or experience required. gant outfit furnished, all colors and grades luding silks. Promotions made from sales nts to district managerships. Mac-O-Chee ls Co., Desk 2064, Cincinnati, Ohio.

00% Profit: — Easy seller. Kleanrite. shes clothes without rubbing. Samples free. itever Prod. Co., 1947-A Irving Park, Chicago

arge Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents ell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. clusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. dison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

gents! A sale in every home for our beau- l Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard ods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book over 1000 handsome fabric samples fur- hed to agents. National Importing & Mfg. ., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

gents Make $10 Daily—Big line guar- teed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, let Goods, Household Necessities. No cap- l or experience needed. Free Sample Case d instructions. Write for amazing offer. rkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

gents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, rfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample se Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

Agents Sell Harper's Ten Use Household eaning Set. Washes and dries windows, eans walls, sweeps, scrubs, mops, and does e other things. Sells for only $2.85. Over 0% profit. Free information. Harper Brush orks, 103 A St., Fairfield, Iowa.

Pick a winner! Sell Vegetable Marvel e new wonder soap. Sale in every home. ree cake to anyone interested. Lynas Co., 0 Logansport, Ind.

Make Big Money selling delicious pud- ings, polishing cloth, stain remover, 100 ther tiptop sellers. Equipment Free. Write, lewton Co., 9 Main, Newark, N. Y.

Our Agents make $12 to $20 Everyday and re getting it with new invention that sells to verybody. Low price. Pocket sample. Write dward Suren Company, 25 N. Dearborn St., hicago.

Free Samples Rolly's Washday Wonder. hemical dirt solvent. Harmless. No rubbing. ig profits. Rolly Company, A5, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents: Housewives everywhere delighted with new article which removes stains from lothing, table linen, etc. Write quick; territory and sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, 4 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—$10 daily on side. Factory, Office employees—milk, grocery, laundry, butter deliverers — collectors, sell soaps, flavoring, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Bick Co., 118C Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet pictures, medallions, merchants signs, waterproof and tea aprons, silk and wool hose. Catalog 50 specialties free. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk K4, Chicago.

Agents — Puncture-Seal, seals leaks and punctures in tubes, saves tires and trouble. Ford size postpaid $1.00, guaranteed, autoists write. Puncture-Seal Co., Baker, Kans.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Clean up this year. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory C, 2421 Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents—$1.25 an hour spare time near home. Light pleasant work, showing samples and distributing tea, coffee, extracts, spices, food products, things people eat. 19 full sized packages and complete free outfit to first person in your locality answering. Write quick. Dept. A-58, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

$60—$200 a week. Gold Letters for store windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 437 N. Clark, Chicago.

Agents: Make $7 to $14 a day. Brand new Cutlery Set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Pay you daily. No experience necessary. We need Sales Agents, men or women, to work full or spare time. Write quick. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1823, Dayton, Ohio.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

We pay $50 a week taking orders for Insyde Tyres inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Big demand. Low priced. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B-320, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Men and Women Wanted. Big Money sure and quick selling Dr. Blair's famous toilet and household preparations. Permanent business. Exclusive territory. Complete line. Remarkable Selling Outfit. Write today. A. T. Blair Laboratories, Lynchburg, Va.

Agents—Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sandford Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

Wonderful Discovery. Charges Batteries in ten minutes. Gallon free to agents. Radiolite Co., St. Paul, Minn.

A Business of Your Own. Make Sparkling Glass Name Plates, Numbers, Checkerboards, Medallions, Signs. Big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 503, Wooster, Ohio.

Men, Women — Self-threading Needles sell easy. Send for prices. Sample 10c. L. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Agents—New Discovery Makes Jelly "Jell." Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 807 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

500 Representatives wanted to sell gasoline irons. Requires no experience. Sells at sight. Labor and fuel saver. Burns ten hours for 2c. Every lady a prospective buyer. Pay salary or commission. Ladies can easily make $50 per week at spare time. Write the Imperial Sad Iron Co., Dept. 67, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Tire Agents Wanted! Make Big Money. Get Your Own Tires Free. Sell Armour Cords direct from factory. Write today, giving make of car. Armour Tire & Rubber Co., Desk 43, Dayton, Ohio.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every Owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Woman or Man as local representative. Good weekly income. All or spare time selling exquisite fancy work and knitted baby wear at 85c and up. No capital or experience. Exclusive territory. Act quick. Areno Mfg. Co., Dept. C. M. 4957 No. Crawford Ave., Chicago.

Agents—Finest line of silk hose you ever saw. Latest styles and colors. New style guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 217, Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Men's Made-to-Order $23.50 Suits direct to wearer. Commissions paid daily. Samples ready. Attractive materials. Established ten years. Emerson Tailoring Company, Dept. C, 7th and Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

"By Golly It's Jolly" contains the best jokes, stories, jingles. Only 10c. The Noumenon Company, Box C, Goshen, Indiana.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Start a cleaning, pressing, dyeing shop. Splendid field. Big profits. Booklet free. International, Dept. 29, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Easily attached to any sewing machine. $2.50 prepaid. Fully guaranteed. Literature free. LeFlesh Hemstitching Co., Sedalia, Mo.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Farms Wanted: Give full description and cash price. Quick sales. Leaderbrand Sales Agency, B-140, Cimarron, Kansas.

BIRDS AND PET STOCK

Extra Fine Singing Canaries, Talking Parrots and other birds. Retail and wholesale. We ship anywhere. Weather does not affect shipping. Send for free catalog. Sam Meyer, 4913 N. Karlov Ave., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Railway Mail Clerks, Postoffice, other help, wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

Get Government Jobs. Become Railway Mail Clerks—City Carriers—$1400-$2300 year. Steady. Common education sufficient. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Stop Daily Grind. Free Easy Plans, Silver mirrors, headlights, tableware, etc. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Dress Designing—Making. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. R. 501 Rochester, N. Y.

Earn while you learn to become a nurse, the best paying profession for women. One and two year courses. Burnside Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

$35 Week Easily Earned. Become Milliners. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home while earning. Spring demand. Franklin Institute, Dept. R. 800 Rochester, N. Y.

At Once—Capable women to demonstrate and sell dealers; $25 to $50 per week; part traveling expenses paid. Write Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

$1140—$1600 Year paid women 18 up. U. S. Government Jobs. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Specimen examination questions and list positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-9, Rochester, N. Y.

INSTRUCTION

Sell Us Your Spare Time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home. No canvassing. Pleasant profitable profession, easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system. Artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept., 68, Toronto, Canada.

Used Correspondence School Courses only one quarter original price. Free bargain list 1000 courses. Courses bought. Students' Exchange, 47B West 42d St., New York.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen given protected territory to sell Doublewear Shoes direct from factory to wearer. Our new measure board insures perfect fitting. Write for particulars and list of open counties. Doublewear Shoe Co., Manufacturers, 325 E. Lake, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tailoring Salesmen, all towns, for by far best fitting, richest looking, soft as silk, all wool, made to order men's suits (guaranteed) at wholesale price $27.50. We deliver, collect, furnish advertising. $80 to $100 weekly. Tailoring experience unnecessary. Swatch outfit shipped for Free examination. Wholesale Direct Tailors, Dept. C, Buffalo, N.Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-H, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered — A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn up to $400 Monthly, living expenses paid, in Hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. We have more than we can fill. 80,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet. Standard Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Salesmen — tailoring; swatch sample outfit Free; 8 prices, $23.50 to $46.50. Big profits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established twenty years. State exp. Traymore Tailoring Co., Phila., Pa.

$35 to $70 Week. Boys—*men* wanted. Become Automobile—Motor experts. Many Spring vacancies. Learn while earning. Large copyrighted Automobile book—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R. 410 Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, for Railroads *nearest their homes*—everywhere; beginners $150-$250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks, for Sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and Pure Bred, Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

BABY CHICKS

Before Your Chicks arrive get your Free Copy of "Poultry Profits." It will save and make you money. Poultry Equipment School, Box 22 W. E. Station, Portland, Maine.

Baby Chicks: 14 Pure Breeds. Prompt service. Low prices. Big Catalog free. Write today. Booth Farms, Box X, Clinton, Missouri.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Coins Wanted. Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

$10 to $50 down starts you on 20, 40, or 80 acres; near thriving city in Mich.; bal. long time. Write today for big free booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

TRICK CARTOONING

23 Trick Drawings with Chalk Talk Instructions, $1.00. Particulars free. Balda Art Service, D. Z, Oshkosh, Wis.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 a week. Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c.; prints 3c. each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Better Pictures; I Make Them. A trial will prove it. Roll developed and six snappy prints 20cts. W. E. Ogden, Box A, Wallingford, Ky.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

A $500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where Is Your Smile"? Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2573 Eighth Ave., New York.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Works on all Sewing Machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. You may have Very valuable coins. Send 10c for Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get Posted. We pay Cash. Clark Coin Co. Ave. 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Only $98 Starts you in this business with complete outfit. No experience needed. Details Free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 724 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 51, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 80 acres at Ballico, in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36½ years with five per cent interest. Money advanced for improvements and dairy stock. You can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, excellent schools. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

$600 Secures Village Farm, Furniture, Horse, Cow, Poultry, full equipment; 65 acres near depot; good 5-room house, basement barn; $1800, only $600 needed. Page 140 New Bargain Catalog Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

FARM LANDS

Land—Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H.W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Parrot Nabs "Stinkpots"

(By *Plain Dealer* Wire)

Chicago.—"Stinkpot! Stinkpot! Stinkpot!" Three men, all smoking vigorously, were brought to a halt in Zion City.

"Stinkpot! Stinkpot! Stinkpot!" Three cigars dropped from as many open mouths.

"Whoja spose is callin' us that?" said one of the smokers looking around.

"Don't know; I can't see any one," said another.

"Stinkpot, Stinkpot, Stinkpot, cra-a-ack, cra-ack-ha-haha, Stinkpot."

"Well, if it ain't a parrot," said the first smoker. "Made me drop my cigar, too. It was a fifteen center. What?"

"You're under arrest," said a stranger in blue who had driven up swiftly in an auto.

"You've been violating the anti-tobacco ordinance. Joke's on you, too. Dr. Voliva's parrot gave you away. He's a good one that parrot. Helps us catch lots of you smokers. Jump in now and I'll give you all a ride to the station."

The three offenders were Ralph McComsey, Oswald Garff and James Wekes. They declared they were coming back someday and get even with Voliva's parrot who has been trained by his master to betray those who use the weed.

"Stinkpot," is the euphonious term coined by Voliva, successor to John Alexander Dowie, as a rebuke to smokers.

To the Rescue

Bill Smith, country storekeeper, motored to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes were dropped off the truck in front of the store, Mrs. Smith, who had taken charge, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and started to open the largest one.

"What's the matter, Mother?" said one of her children, who watched her in amazement.

Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box. It read, "Bill inside." —*The Automobilist.*

Outguesses Him

First woman: "My dear, we have been married goin' on forty years, an' my husband ain't never deceived me yet!"

Second woman: "Well, now! Ain't that nice?"

First woman: "Yes, ain't it? I kin tell when he's lyin' every time."—*Life.*



New Set with Large Roomy Divan

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. Straus & Schram's newest offer—a complete 6-piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan* and at a positively sensational price reduction.

Only $29.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $2.70 a month, and at a price much lower than you would have to pay the local dealer for spot cash. $40 was the former price for a set like this; a special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. The factory needed cash to keep their employes working. So they offered to make us a large number of these handsome 6-piece sets "without consideration for cost or profit." This permits us to make a truly sensational offer to the public, even in these price-smashing times! *The factory's loss is your gain.* So seize this unusal opportunity on our special approval offer. We take all the risk.

New 6-Piece Set Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17 x 17 inches. Height 35 inches.

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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See story, "One and Indivisible" on page 15

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The "Lame Duck" Congress Is a Constitutional Evil that Should Be Remedied

AT the outset a definition is in order for the benefit of such of our readers as may not be cognizant of the political significance of the phrase "lame duck" which, in news items and editorial comments during the past winter, has been overworked as an epithet to stigmatize the Sixty-Seventh Congress as a whole, and certain of its members in particular, throughout its final session that opened on December 4th, 1922, and closed on the fourth day of last March. Bear in mind that the members of the Sixty-Seventh Congress were elected in the fall of 1920 to serve for the term of two years which began March 4th, 1921, and ended March 4th, 1923; also that last fall (November 7th in all States except Maine which elects its congressmen in September) the members of a new Congress were elected to serve for the term of two years beginning with March 4th, 1923, and that, therefore, the above mentioned session of the old Congress was begun and held after a new Congress had been elected to succeed it. The election resulted in a notable change of personel, largely due to the defeat, at the polls, of a considerable number of the members of the Sixty-Seventh Congress who were candidates for reelection. The members of the Sixty-Seventh Congress who were not reelected, but continued to serve (as was their legal right) through the winter session of 1922-3, were nicknamed "lame ducks"; and because they were so numerous, including Mr. Volstead, of Minnesota, and a number of other notables, this nickname was also applied to this Congress, as a whole, throughout its final session.

Strange as it may seem, such is, and since the Constitution of the United States went into effect on March 4th, 1789, ever has been the law. Not only does each Congress hold over nearly four months (from early in November until the fourth day of the following March) after the succeeding Congress has been elected, but each new Congress, though elected in November for a two-year term to begin the fourth of the following March, does not assemble for its first session until the first Monday of December in the next year, nearly thirteen months after its election to office, unless the President should deem it necessary to call an extraordinary session between March fourth and December. Everybody, of course, knows that the President is elected in November for a four-year term, but is not inducted into office (inaugurated) until the 4th day of the following March, and during the intervening four months his predecessor holds over.

This interval of four months between the election and inauguration of the President might have been reasonably necessary a hundred and thirty-four years ago when the means of travel and communication were slow and difficult. But now, that one can easily travel more miles in a day than the framers of the Constitution could have covered in a week, the utter absurdity of still holding to the old-time program, no longer necessary or excusable, whereby the President and Congress still continue to administer the Government and legislate for the country for four months after their successors have been elected, very likely with an opposite political mandate, would appear ludicrous were it not for the serious inconvenience that results and the possibilities of grave danger involved. And this menace is not merely theoretical or imaginary, but has actually arisen in awsome form with threatened disaster that has been escaped but narrowly in more than one instance.

Not more than five weeks need or should intervene between a national election and the inauguration of the President-elect or the assembling of a newly elected Congress. This period would afford ample time to count the votes, get in the election returns, declare the result and start the newly elected administration functioning. No longer is there any excuse for the periodical recurrence of the "lame duck" Congress and "lame duck" Presidential hold-over, and that part of the organic law from which they spring should be so amended as to obviate both of these archaic anomalies.

The great desirability, if not absolutely necessity, of such a change is so manifest that a movement to bring it about has recently been agitated, and is receiving much favorable comment and, so far as we are informed, is meeting with no unfavorable criticism or opposition. The public discussion of the project has elicited some valuable suggestions as to details for working out the proposed change. The simplest and best that has come to our attention is, in substance, as follows: (1) Amend the Constitution so as to make the respective terms of office of President, Vice-President, U. S. Senators and Congressmen begin and terminate at noon on the first Tuesday of December, which thus would become Inauguration Day, and require Congress to assemble in regular session each year on the first Wednesday following the first Tuesday in December. (2) Congress has power to prescribe the time for holding the national election, which for many years has been and still is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. This could be changed to the fifth Tuesday before the first Tuesday of December in order to give five full weeks between the election of President, Vice-President, Senators and Congressmen and their installation in office. This interval should, as previously stated, be sufficient for the performance of all preliminary acts required to be done between these two dates. By this arrangement the national election would come on the first Tuesday of November in some years, in other years on the last Tuesday of October, which is very close to the time prescribed by the present law.

No matter how decisively the people vote for a change of party, personel and policy in the White House and in the halls of Congress, the repudiated President and rejected law-makers, under the present system, retain their power for four months and, as a rule in such cases, have taken advantage of the period of their hold-over to embarrass the incoming administration. It is an evil under any circumstances, and how disastrous might be the consequences of a crisis in our national affairs happening to come during the hold-over preceding a change of administration from one political party to another is illustrated by the conditions that developed in the interim between Lincoln's election in November, 1860, and his inauguration as President in the following March. In those trying four months he was perforce a passive observer of momentous events trending toward a crisis that portended civil war as seven Southern States seceded from the Union and organized the Confederacy while he was awaiting the appointed time for him to receive the reins of government from the hands of President Buchanan who, meanwhile, made no attempt to prevent the calamity. Had Lincoln been inaugurated early in December, instead of in the following March, he would have devoted his mighty energy ceaselessly through that winter to an effort to reconcile the distrustful factions and save the Union without a resort to force of arms. And who now would venture to say but that he might have succeeded if the Constitution had afforded him the opportunity, as President, to bring to bear the influence of his wonderful tact, goodness of heart and greatness of soul in this formative period, before affairs had reached the irrevocable stage at which he found them on the 4th of March. Lincoln's opinion as to the possibilities of the situation are reflected in his regretful expression: "I only wish I could have got there before the horse was stolen."

The country has experienced some narrow escapes from the danger that ever lurks in the hold-over. One was in the latter part of Lincoln's first term. Shortly before the national election of November, 1864, in view of the possibility of his failure to win a reelection, and in order to minimize so far as possible the embarrassing consequences of a change of administration in the midst of war, President Lincoln resolved, in case of his defeat, "to so cooperate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration." And he put his resolution in writing at the time, but had no occasion to act on it because he was elected to a second term. Other similar instances in our country's history could be cited but for lack of space. In Europe there is no such delay in getting newly elected governments into action. In less than a fortnight after a general election in Great Britain the new ministry and new Parliament are in the harness and pulling together. Even with our more extensive territory it should not take us more than two or three times as long to get a new President and new Congress into gear. "Over there" they do not tolerate legislation by a "lame duck" Parliament; neither should a "lame duck" Congress be permitted to function here.

Russian Soviet Government Has No Use for God, Religion or the Church

THE propagandists of Communism gather a considerable following by presenting their theories in an attractive garb of specious argument and impassioned oratory that conceals the grinning skeleton within, and leads many to the mistaken belief that a government and social order founded on the principles they advocate would be productive of the largest measure of prosperity, happiness and general well-being to the community. But stript of its disguise it is so antagonistic to Christian ethics that wherever the Communists have gained control of the government they have attacked the Christian church and tried to abolish religion. While the Communists ruled France, after the first French revolution, they robbed and closed the churches, beheaded many of the clergy and banished the rest, forbidding their return under penalty of death, prohibited Christian worship, abolished Sunday and established a secular period of ten days in place of the week. The French people after a while revolted against Communism and established religion and recalled the priests.

The Communist government that rules Russia is following in the footsteps of the Reds who ruled France a hundred and thirty years ago, and is boasting of better success in its efforts to win the populace over from Christianity to atheism. The Russian people, and especially the peasants, in the days of the Czars were devoutly, almost fanatically religious, and their churches were veritable treasure houses of gold and silver images, ornaments and decorations set with precious stones of an aggregate value of many million dollars. All this immense wealth has been confiscated by the Soviet government, but it is reported that much of this sacred plunder was appropriated by corrupt officials and never reached the public treasury. The clergy are cruelly persecuted by the Communist rulers, many are in prison, many have been shot, and a considerable number are under sentence of death soon to be executed. Soviet officials take pride in reporting, as evidence of the spread of Communism, that in some sections the peasants are pulling down the churches and dividing the material, and a leading Moscow paper says: "We must sweep the church out of our path, for it retards progress toward culture."

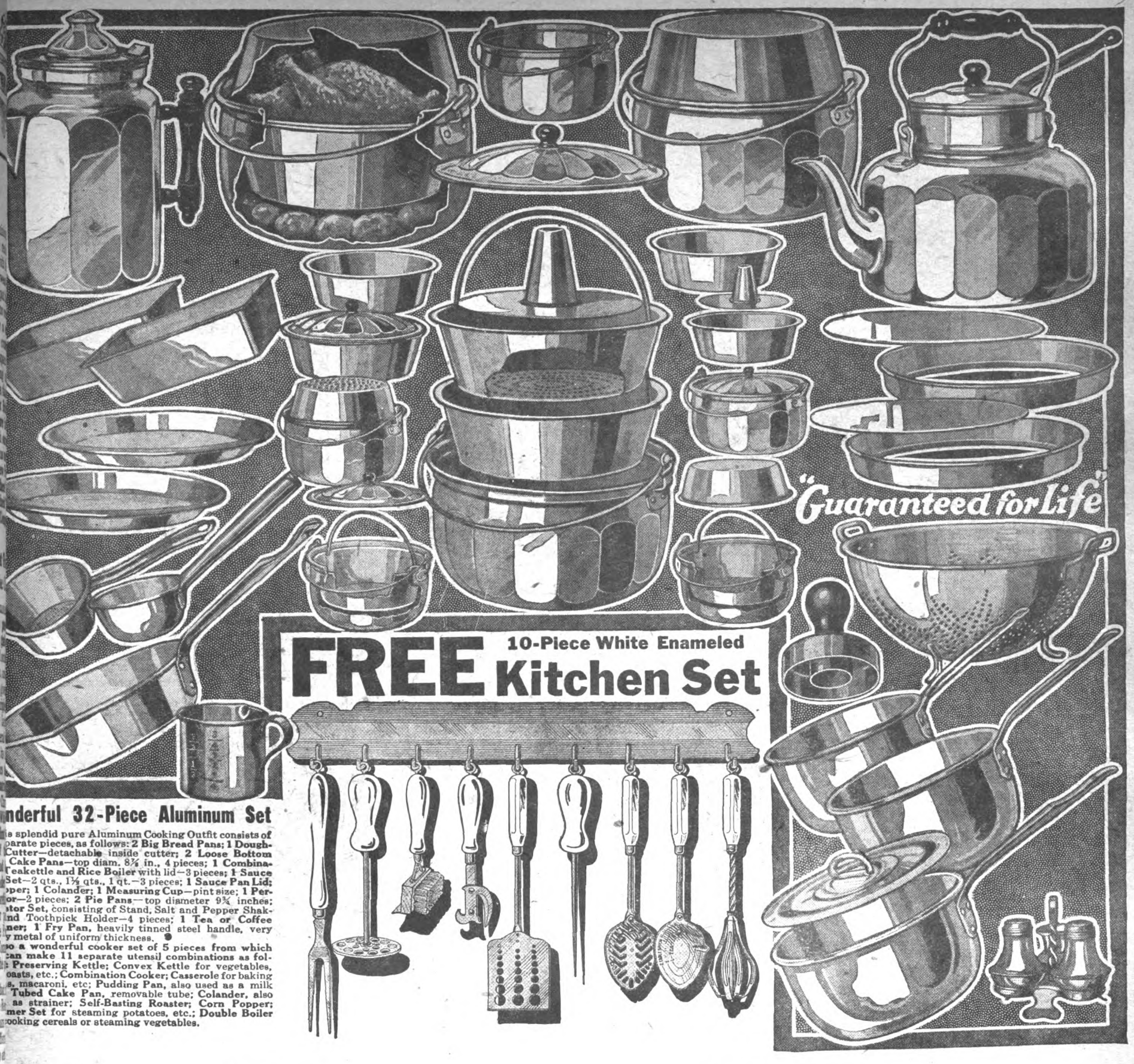
The most shockingly blasphemous example of the Russian government's shamelessness is the report of the mock trial that was held at the military club, in Moscow, January 27, in which God was put on trial as the accused. Evidence was presented for and against God, as a counter-revolutionary power, and arguments were delivered by the defense and by the prosecution. The proceedings closed with a verdict of "guilty." Five thousand Red Army officers and soldiers witnessed the trial, and Leon Trotzky, Minister of War, and Secretary Lunatsharsky took part.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Her tall figure was clad in rich white silk, with raised figures of gold maize wrought upon it.



"Where did you get it?" he demanded somewhat impatiently.



Isabel started at the sound as if a wasp had stung her.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, is joined by her friend, Aspasia Huntington, a wealthy Baltimore belle, who meets with a slight accident in her dress, attracting the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt, who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond, stepping upon something, picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants, and the word "Brownie" in finest letters upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her life, her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lussan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth, and when she is gone she requests her to take the chain and key from her neck and wear it as long as she lives. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property, admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment wiring hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who wins her love, and in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language, and would she be persuaded to teach. If the opportunity presented itself she would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D., who recommends her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to ask her, to enter her room and from under lock and key take her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave he offers her the love and care that will protect. She refuses. Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isabel gives a wrong impression and their pain in learning she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

MEANWHILE the day for Lady Peasewell's drawing-room dawned Isabel Coolidge spared no pains or expense to make herself captivating for the occasion, and she succeeded admirably.

Her father's unexpected return, and his anger at her own and her mother's treatment of Miss Douglas, had threatened to upset all her plans, however.

He demanded that the jewels be brought to him, and another exciting scene ensued over them.

It must be confessed that he was somewhat confounded himself when he beheld them, and a feeling of doubt entered his mind regarding Brownie's honesty; but he would not confess it to his family, and censured them in no light terms for the dishonorable way in which they had become possessed of the rare stones.

It all ended in angry tears on the mother's and daughter's part, and in his taking charge of those unfortunate trinkets which had caused so much trouble, and locking them securely in his safe.

Isabel dawdled away the morning in a state of fretful unhappiness, and declared to herself, over and over again, that her appearance would be ruined without the governess's jewels.

After dinner, however, her father complained of a raging headache; two hours later he was in a high fever, and all thoughts of his attending the evening's festivities were relinquished.

From that moment Isabel's spirits rose, the clouds vanished from her brow, and she was even heard humming a gay opera air.

"Wilbur can act as our escort, mamma; so we shall be all right," she said, when her mother complained of the circumstance as spoiling all their pleasure.

"I have no heart for it, and would not go myself, were it not on your account," she replied, wearily.

Her husband's displeasure, and the fate of the missing governess, still weighed heavily on her conscience.

A few hours later she and Wilbur were waiting in the drawing-room for Isabel to make her appearance.

"Does my amiable sister contemplate a brilliant conquest tonight, that she is so long making her toilet?" sneered the young man, who had been pressed into the service, and was impatient of the delay.

"Do speak a little more kindly of Isabel, my son," said Mrs. Coolidge, adding, with a heavy sigh: "In all probability she will marry some day, and it is desirable that she should make a good match."

"Certainly; only there may be a difference of opinion as to what a 'good match' is," he returned, sarcastically.

"I consider any one who occupies a good position in the world, and who has plenty of money, an eligible *parti*."

"Regardless of either heart, brain, or principles," interrupted Wilbur, cynically.

"Why will you be so disagreeable, Wilbur? Of course, I expect your sister will exercise good judgment in the matter, and I have no fear of her letting herself down, or losing her head by any silly nonsense," retorted Mrs. Coolidge, pointedly.

Wilbur understood her insinuation perfectly, but would not notice it enough to reply, and just then the rustle of rich, trailing garments was heard upon the stairs.

A moment later the door opened, and Isabel entered.

There was an instant's silence as both mother and son turned to contemplate her.

"Isabel!" exclaimed the former, in tones of gratified pride.

"Whew!" whistled her brother, under his breath.

There was cause, truly, for these ejaculations of pleasure and surprise, for the young girl certainly had the appearance of a queen, and, for the first time in her life, she was handsome.

Her tall figure was clad in a rich white silk, with raised figures of golden maize wrought upon it. It fitted her elegantly, and swept out behind her in a graceful train. It was very simply made, being trimmed only by a fall of elegant lace from the low-cut corsage and sleeves. Its very richness was enough in itself.

Her hair was arranged *a la coronet*, around which glistened Brownie's lovely tiara of pearls, opals and diamonds; while upon her neck she wore the wonderful diamond necklace, from which was suspended the cross which matched the tiara. Upon her white arms she wore her own bracelets, which, although not so rich as the necklace, yet went with it very well.

She was absolutely perfect and dazzling, from the crown of her haughty head to the sole of her elegantly embroidered satin slippers.

"Will I do, mamma?" she asked, enjoying their silent admiration, and sweeping Mrs. Coolidge a profound courtesy.

"Where did you find those ornaments?" her mother asked, nervously, and unheeding her question, while Wilbur scowled his disapprobation savagely.

"Why, you know papa is sick, and it was a very easy matter to get his keys, unlock his private desk, and get them," she said, and laughed lightly, although secretly she was anxious lest there should be another scene.

"He would be very angry, Isabel, if he knew it," returned her mother, trying to speak severely, yet, in her heart, gloating over her daughter's magnificent appearance.

"I cannot help it, mamma. I had set my heart upon wearing them; they set off my dress superbly; and I was bound I would not be disappointed. He need never know it, for I can return them just as soon as we get home again, and no one will be harmed," she replied, willfully.

"Your sense of honor is extremely delicate, surely, Isabel," said Wilbur, mockingly.

"No one asked your opinion, and you can just hold your tongue. I shall go to Lady Peasewell's just as I am, and he may help it who can!" she retorted, rudely, and they knew it would be useless to say anything more to her.

"Isabel, you do look magnificent!" whispered Mrs. Coolidge, when they had arrived at Lady Peasewell's, and were in the dressing-room putting the last touches to their toilet.

"Don't I? I tell you this was worth a little finesse," she replied, surveying herself admiringly in the double swinging mirrors; and her mother, in her heart, was glad that she had succeeded in getting the jewels, although she feared the consequences should the fact be discovered.

"Who is that queenly girl?" asked a fine-looking young man of another.

They were standing in the doorway leading from the dancing-room to the conservatory, where they had been watching the dancers for the last ten minutes.

Isabel had just swept by them in all her elegance, and it was he who had called forth the above question.

"That is a Miss Coolidge. She is an American, and belongs to a very wealthy family, who are spending a year abroad."

"I should judge she did belong to a wealthy family from her appearance. Why, she has at least a thousand pounds in diamonds on her!" said the first speaker.

"She is a stunner, eh?"

"She is that. She is the most striking woman present this evening; and yet, aside from her jewels, her dress is the most simple. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I have met her several times."

"Will you introduce me?"

"Certainly, Sir Charles."

A few moments later, as Isabel was resting after her dance, she saw two gentlemen approaching her.

"Miss Coolidge, allow me to present Sir Charles Randal, who requests the pleasure of an introduction to you."

Sir Charles bowed low, and Miss Coolidge, rising, swept him a graceful courtesy, and soon after was again circling around the room, supported upon the arm of a baronet.

She had heard of Sir Charles Randal but had never seen him before. She knew he was reputed to be very wealthy, being an only son, and there was a prospect of more property to come in the future from a rich old aunt.

She had watched long for the appearance of Adrian Dredmond, hoping to captivate him at once by her charms. But when he did come, he only noticed her presence by the haughtiest bow, and a scornful curl of his lips, as his eyes fell upon the jewels she wore. He had never seen them before, but instinct told him at once that they were the ones which had caused so much trouble, and he despised her so heartily that she knew at once that all hope of winning him was useless.

Therefore, after her introduction to Sir Charles, she had said to herself that the next best thing to a lord was a baronet, and being a very attractive, noble-looking man, she exerted herself to charm him.

That night was one long to be remembered by Isabel Coolidge!

She was, indeed, as Sir Charles had said, the most striking-looking woman in the room. Admirers flocked around her, introductions pressed upon her, men raved about her, and women yielded the palm to her for the time being; and for once she realized that she was being borne upon the topmost wave of popularity.

Mrs. Coolidge was in her element, and deemed it the proudest moment of her life, and the castles which she reared for her daughter in imagination were of the grandest character.

Sir Charles was evidently very much interested in the fair American, and certainly if she had only been as pure and beautiful at heart as she seemed, she would have been well worthy of all the admiration which she excited.

After his third dance with her he led her away to the conservatory to rest.

As they were passing through the crowd they met a white-haired, royal-looking gentleman, who, as his eyes rested upon Isabel's, suddenly paused, started on, then turned back again and gave her a keen, searching glance, and finally moved on, after bowing to her companion.

"Who was that?" she asked, strangely interested, and vainly attributing the man's queer actions to admiration of herself.

"That was his lordship, the Earl of Dunforth," was the reply.

Sir Charles led her to a seat beneath a spreading palm tree, then excusing himself, he went to get her an ice.

She had danced a great deal, and was tired and heated.

With a sigh of content, she leaned back in her seat, and drew off her gloves.

Upon the forefinger of her left hand there gleamed Miss Mehetabel's engagement ring, its central pearl surrounded with its six pure brilliants.

She had been determined to make the most of her opportunity that evening, fearing she would never have another and while parting on the other jewels, this had caught her fancy, and she had slipped it upon her finger.

Sir Charles was detained longer than he had intended to be gone, and while she sat there silently thinking, her hand carelessly resting upon the back of the seat, she was suddenly startled by having it seized by some one behind her, in a grip of iron, while a voice, hoarse with suppressed feeling, said:

"Where did you get this? Young woman, where did you get this ring?"

She started to her feet, and turning quickly, found herself face to face with that white-haired, stately-looking man whom in a few moments before she had inquired about—Lord Dunforth!

To say that she was startled is to say the very least, for the man's face was as white as his hair, his eyes dilated and fixed upon the ring, his lips set and livid, while the hand which grasped hers shook as if he had been stricken with the palsy.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded again, this time somewhat impatiently.

Then, as she still continued silent from fear, and not knowing how to answer him, he looked up in her face.

"And this!—and this!—oh, God! and this!" he cried, as his eyes caught the gleam of the other jewels, his voice rising in pain with each word, as he touched, first the cross, then the necklace, and last the glittering tiara upon her golden head.

She began to think him a lunatic, or else that the gems were bewitched and were about to get her into deeper trouble.

"They—they are heirlooms," she finally managed to articulate, and speaking at random.

"Did she give them to you?"

"Whom?"

"Meta—my Meta—Mehetabel Douglas!" he said, speaking incoherently, almost wildly.

"Yes, they used to be hers," Isabel said, thinking only of the despised and injured governess, and inwardly quaking as she wondered what would come next.

"Used to be!" he cried, catching at her words, while his face grew almost convulsed—"used to be! Then she is dead! Ah, me!" and he caught his breath in a hard, dry sob. "This was our engagement ring," he continued, touching it again, tenderly. "How beautiful she was the night I put this upon her finger! There is not a woman here tonight as fair as she was then! And these other gems were her bridal gifts, and I thought to see her wear them when she should have been my wife. But the time never came. That is long ago—ages ago, it seems to me! I thought the memory of it had faded out into but a shadow, but the sight of these things tonight is like the keen edge of a knife in my heart."

His voice had grown infinitely sad. He appeared quite unnerved; his lips quivered, and tears stood in his fine eyes, while he gazed upon that ring, as if he were looking his last upon his dearest friend who was dead.

"Was she your mother?" he at length asked, breaking the spell and looking up at her.

"No, she was not my mother," Isabel answered, guiltily, scarce knowing what to say, and yet strangely moved by his wild, sad words.

"Your aunt, perhaps, then?—she had a brother."

"But—but," he added, with sudden thought, "you are not the one who wore the corals that night at the opera; she was short, and darker than you. Those were my gifts to Meta, and she wore them last on that dreadful night.—Ah! ah! I did not think the pain

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



s Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

r object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

y abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

ease write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

dress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

[T'S been quite a while since we've had any travel and adventure letters but because many have said they liked the first ones and asked for more, I am giving you a few that have accumulated during e past year, Mrs. Marsh is our highest aveler but Mrs. Medley is our most venture- me. There must be hundreds of other sters who have had just as interesting trips d we stay-at-homes like to read about such ings even if our traveling is confined to going to town" for the day.—Ed.

LOS ANGELES, 244 EAST 27th ST., CAL.

Mount Low, Over a Mile High

It was with that pleasure of looking forward to treat to come, "A couple of kids once more;" e had made up our minds to, as the slogan says: Mount Lowe—Let's Go". Saint Pluvius had it the damper on for over two weeks and with at grim determination of "I don't care what appens," we, my husband and I went up Mount owe.

We had carefully prepared for this by the fact at we had some ninety-six letters and post cards, er 90 of which were to "COMFORT" sisters in very state of the union, ready to post when we ached the 5000 foot landing, where the Inn and . S. Post Office is situated, each bearing a New ear's Wish.

January 1, we secured tickets at Los Angeles, he familiar strip as long as your arm, which took s through the decorated streets of Pasadena, where he Rose Carnival is held on January 1st, to Altadena, millionaires' colony, through orchard after orchard golden oranges, grapefruit and lemons and many date palm with its load, to Rubio Canyon where he second stage of the journey starts. If half of he peppers we passed, in great scarlet clusters on he trees were turned into pepper, the whole world uld sneeze from now on for the rest of the year. The incline railway is 3000 feet long and rises 00 feet, and up this we went. It was "hold your eath," as we went up, up, and there is even a king path by its side, and how we envied those ho "did the trail" up.

At Echo Mountain, the top of the incline, is tuated the Lowe Observatory and the three illion candle power search-light. Ella Wheeler Vilcox, after looking in the telescope at Lowe Observatory, wrote for Edgar Lucien Larkin, the Director:

"My thoughts walk alone on this mountaintop,
In silence-sandals shod,
What mortal would presume to speak,
When all alone with God."

Another kind of car was waiting to take us five miles over the wildest cuttings in the mountain, or five miles, ever upward, until we reached the 5000 foot level of the Inn and cottages and bungalows, where we were to stay.

The journey to the summit from here, 1100 feet above, is made on the backs of ponies, or one can hike it up in about two hours. The mighty spikes of the Yucca are a glorious sight, but it is left for a great surprise as one turns in the trail to Inspiration Point, for trees appear, in the distance, to be covered in snow, but which are soon found to be the cards of the thousands of people who have visited this spot, called very appropriately, "Proposal Arbor."

It is to laugh, and we did our share while placing our card on a tree with the date, Jan. 1, and reading dozens of young ladies' names and addresses on any old thing that came handy. Some had tied them on around trunks of trees, of pieces of shoe boxes, everything capable of conveying the idea. Then on we trailed to Inspiration Point, and here we saw the truth of the saying: "The cart before the horse", for a short line of railway, very narrow, with one car, like an Irish jaunting car, was running to Picture Rock, a thirty-minute trip, for twenty-five cents and the mule was hitched in the wrong way of the shafts and he "pushed" the concern along. "It's done to save the passengers eating the dust that the mule kicks up", said the driver. How we laughed at what we at first thought was a joke.

Then we went to "Easter Rock" and took a photo of its inscription, where a sunrise service is held every Easter morning. Returning we saw many squirrels, but got by them. My husband said, "They are evidently not hungry," and the crested birds, blue birds, tomtits and several others, so tame, that by holding broken nuts in your open hand they alighted and fed.

The Inn, with its great fireplace of immense logs; rows of large rocking chairs, the band and the cuisine all make one feel at home even if they are 5000 feet or more above the sea level.

Yours in COMFORT service,
MRS. JAMES E. MARSH.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

My mother has been taking COMFORT a long time and I have always enjoyed reading it.

I am eighteen years old and have a good husband and a dear little baby girl. I want to send her picture next time.

I have had many exciting things happen to me; it would be hard to tell which was the most and as I think this is, so will tell you about it.

When my husband and I were first married he had just been discharged from the army and had only money enough to take him to his home out West. He tried everywhere for work but times were hard and he was not successful. We kept going on toward his home but in a small town in Alabama our money gave out so I put on my riding suit of khaki trousers and shirt, his army hat and after expressing our baggage we set out on foot. For two days we walked, stayed at a farmhouse one night and in a barn the next. The next morning as we were walking by a station a slow freight train was pulling out. I climbed up a ladder, as it started, calling to my husband to come. It was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

MRS. Arthur Norton, Syracuse, R. R. 2, New York, wins the COMFORT's Sisters' Pin for May with her recipe for everlasting yeast. It should prove a boon to those living a long distance from stores and she has given explicit directions for making it. That is the kind of recipe that wins a prize pin, the kind that the most inexperienced cook can follow.—Ed.

EVERLASTING YEAST.—(Requested.) When I first began making bread I was given a "starter" from one who had received it elsewhere but I failed to use it often enough so had to use fresh yeast. I live four miles from a grocery store and as it was so hard to have fresh yeast when necessary I experimented and have now made at least ten loaves of bread from one-half yeast cake so I know it is no different from the "starter". I make two loaves at a time with the use of a quart can but for the benefit of those with larger families I shall give recipe for four loaves.

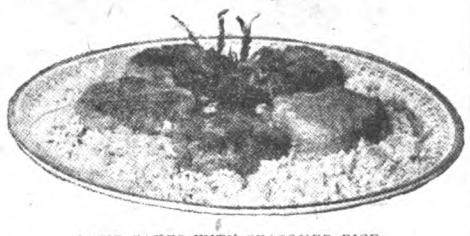
Boil potatoes at noon. Put one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup warm water into two-quart can, add one cup sugar, large teaspoon salt, and fill can with the potato water (just lukewarm not hot), stir thoroughly, and leave until night. Quite late in evening, stir yeast and pour into bread mixer leaving about three inches of yeast in can. If preferred add three tablespoons shortening to yeast ready for bread and thicken with flour until dough will not cling to finger. Let rise over night. Put into tins early in the morning and it is ready to bake at ten o'clock or before.

The yeast to be used as starter again should be sealed tightly and placed in refrigerator or some place equally as cold. After making the starter the recipe is simple.

Open can of yeast, add sugar, salt and potato water, let stand until foam rises high on top. Pour out yeast necessary, add flour and proceed as with any bread.

The reason some yeast "goes back" or becomes useless is from lack of use. Once a week will keep it full of life. Sometimes it is well to add some sugar and potato water and throw out the yeast if no bread is needed.—MRS. ARTHUR NORTON, Syracuse, R. R. 2, New York.

LAMB CAKES WITH SEASONED RICE.—Very slowly fry one tablespoon of thinly sliced onion in three tablespoons of butter and then skim out the onion. Smooth one-fourth cup of dry flour into the butter then slowly add one cup of hot milk while continuously stirring and simmer two minutes. To this mixture add one cup of coarsely



LAMB CAKES WITH SEASONED RICE.

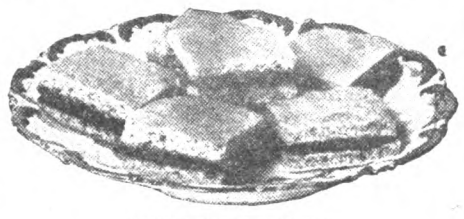
chopped cooked lamb and one cup of fresh boiled potato chopped fine. Season with salt and pepper and one teaspoon of tomato catsup. Gently stir and beat until the mixture is blended but do not cook. When cool enough to handle shape into cakes, roll in crumbs, then in lightly beaten egg and water and then in crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Boil rice and thoroughly drain. Toss in one-fourth cup of warmed butter to which two teaspoons of lemon juice have been added.

BAKED HAM.—Wash ham thoroughly in warm water and soak over night. In morning put on to boil in cold water to cover. Boil slowly four or five hours or until tender, allowing about half an hour to the pound. Cool in water in which it was boiled. Remove skin carefully, put h m in pan and cover with one cup of brown sugar and one teaspoon pepper, add two cups of cold water and bake in hot oven forty-five minutes to one hour, baste often. When brown add one cup of cider or one-half cup vinegar and thicken with two tablespoons flour.—MRS. MAMIE WILLIAMS, Ipe, Tenn.

MUSTARD PICKLED SMELTS.—Clean and wash smelts and leave over night in strong salt water. In morning wipe dry and pack into jars. To one gallon of vinegar, add six tablespoons of ground mustard, a little more than level full, three-quarters (scant) teaspoon cayenne pepper, one tablespoon of mace, one and one-half tablespoons of whole cloves and one and one-half tablespoons allspice. Put all the spices together in vinegar and boil three minutes. Pour over fish in jars, to cover, adjust covers and put in boiler, as for ordinary canning. Let boil two and one-quarter to two and one-half hours, seal tight. Fine for winter use.—MRS. FRANK CONLEE, Mosier, Oregon.

HOME-MADE MUSTARD. (Requested.) Mix four tablespoons of sugar with four tablespoons of good ground mustard, beat in one egg until perfectly smooth, then stir in one cup of vinegar, very slowly to prevent curdling. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly. After removing from fire add one tablespoon of butter or olive oil and stir until thoroughly mixed. Put in glasses and it is ready for table use.

FILLED SHEET COOKIES.—Cream one cup of sugar with butter the size of a walnut, add two well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of thin cream and stir. Sift one cup of flour with three-fourths teaspoon of salt and two slightly rounded teaspoons of baking powder. Add to the above mixture with one teaspoon of vanilla and beat until smooth, then add flour to roll. Shape into a ball without



FILLED SHEET COOKIES.

kneading enough of the dough to cover the baking tin, and roll about one-third of an inch thick. Set the tin on the dough and with a knife mark the size, then cut the dough one inch smaller on the four sides to allow for rising. Spread the dough on the tin which has been well buttered and bake in a quick oven. Do not try to bake in too large a sheet as it is difficult to handle the dough. Put two sheets together with filling between and cut into squares with a sharp thin knife.

FILLING.—Stir into two tablespoons of orange or lemon juice enough sifted powdered sugar to make a stiff frosting. Into this stir chopped raisins or dates and nuts or the three combined. Or, a jelly or thick jam can be used.

AMERICAN CHOP SUEY.—One pound of hamburg steak, three medium-sized onions, one bunch of celery, one tablespoon lard, one tablespoon butter, one box of spaghetti or macaroni, two cans of tomato soup, one teaspoon of salt and one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Chop onions and celery together, not fine but just medium, then add meat, pepper and salt, mix thoroughly; put lard and butter into frying pan, add above mixture and fry twenty minutes stirring often. Have ready one package of macaroni or spaghetti that has been boiled in salted water until tender, drained, chilled and drained again, add meat mixture to this, then the tomato soup and put into baking dish and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.—MRS. C. W. ANDERSON, West Minneapolis, 4020 Aldrich Ave., Minn.



A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Four minutes have gone"—he looked at his watch—"six more—then the police."

"Hush! Hush!" she clapped her hands to her ears.



"You were wrong, you see, Mr. Lesard! I'll have to get a warrant for those girls."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper, Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman; but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. Mrs. Gibbs tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." She gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky late in the evening slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls, "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling, she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. She has found the other way and someone is coming out from an opening in the wall which is well concealed by ivy and at the foot is a deep dark pool. It is Lesard. Jacky crawls in—the stones are undisturbed. Going out, she hears Gillian call, "Marchmont is back." He has seen the detective. Unless Lesard fails him he is safe. Gill and Jacky decide to get out at once. Jacky means to take the jewels. Lesard decides to have his share and starts for Hamilton Place. Jacky finds the jewels and is staggered by the weight. She fastens the belt around her body. In the collection is a necklace of stones clear and black. She hears someone coming. It is Lesard. Brookes, suspicious of him, goes with Marchmont to the cellar where he meets with an accident. Lesard, unconscious of Marchmont's presence, secures the black diamonds. Marchmont asks what he is doing and finding the belt gone grasps Lesard and feels a package under his shirt. He denies having the belt but something better—the black diamonds. Marchmont declares he has never touched the belt and if Lesard will put the necklace back he will share with him. Lesard attempts to leave. If he moves, Marchmont threatens to kill. There is the sound of a leap and Marchmont is dead. Jacky, kneeling beside him, leaves a bloody print of her left hand. The sisters make their escape in the dark and take the wrong road, finding a deserted hut, where they seek shelter and after resting they keep on to Fulchester and take a train to London. Sir Charles Vivian is told of Marchmont's death by Lady Wellford who is afraid Gillian Hamilton did it and going to Hamilton Place learns that Mrs. Gibbs swears that Gillian murdered Marchmont. During the inquest the jury and coroner visit the secret passage and on the margin of the stream is the bloody imprint of a girl's hand. The jury and witnesses dismissed, Mrs. Gibbs returning to her room sees Lesard, and it is not the man she knows. He claims I am Lesard and will tell that Mary Gibbs is the same person as Mary Gresham as the man now is and yet is not Lesard who stands here.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAITHFUL IN HIS FASHION."

"NOW," said the man quietly, "tell me what all this means?"

As if his voice broke a spell that was on her, she looked up with sudden boldness.

"You to ask!" she cried. "Oh, you can't take me in with no acting, Lesard, trying to look different and then saying in the next breath that you're yourself! What game are you up to? You know all about the murder. You were here that night—Brookes saw you."

Her old effrontery was coming back to her, though her face was still the color of lead. "You to come here putting on airs and trying to frighten me with old stories, when I could give away ten robberies you've done, let alone your being here that night!"

But something in the man's face frightened her again.

"Look again," he said slowly. "It was not I who was here that night. Did it never come to your knowledge that the Lesard you have the honor to know has a brother?"

"Brother? Not he!" she said, broken with surprise. "There ain't but one Lesard—I can swear to that!"

"Then you'll perjure yourself. There are two, and neither of them are in your power, because one knows too much."

Trembling with rage, she gazed at him and knew he spoke the truth. This Lesard she had never seen before.

"Then your brother was hand in glove with Jim—did all his dirty work," she cried maliginantly; "was hidden in this house the night of the murder!"

If the man's face changed a little she could not see it where he sat, with his back to the window. His voice was perfectly level as he answered:

"That doesn't concern you," he said. "The point is what you know." He took out his watch. "I'll give you ten minutes, after that"—he shrugged his shoulders—"the police can question Mary Gresham—not I."

Mrs. Gibbs sprang to her feet.

"You can go to hell—you and your questions!" she gasped. "If you want to know who killed Marchmont you can find out nearer home than me! What was Lesard doing in this house that night, if it wasn't murder? Where is he now, with the jewels he stole out of the cellar?" she stopped, almost choking in her rage.

The cellar! What did she mean? But whether she told him news or not, she did not know, for he never blanched.

"Where he is is his business—not mine, he returned slowly. "Do you think I came about the murder? It is no concern of mine who killed Marchmont."

Mrs. Gibbs was suddenly motionless where she stood. If it was not to find out that he had come, what had brought him? Her terror of this stranger redoubled. Was he made of iron, that he never winced when she spoke of Lesard? Was he really his brother?

"Four minutes have gone"—he was looking quite carelessly at his watch—"six more—then the police."

"Call them now"—she was panting—"and I'll tell them and you, too, that Lesard—" She stopped short, cowering as from a blow, yet the man had not moved except to lift his eyelids a little. "What do you want to know?" she was suddenly whimpering, edging away from him. "Don't look at me like that! It's no good. I don't know anything you'd like to know, and if I did you can't do anything. He's in it, significantly. "I thought you were him when you came in!"

"But I'm not he!" the man said slowly. "And you may as well know that I can, and will, do anything."

There was something in his voice that would have made her run for protection to the very police down-stairs rather than stay alone with this man whose very presence was a threat; but, bold woman as she was, she dared not stir till he gave her leave.

"I didn't do it," she sobbed; "I swear I didn't. And Lesard was here that night! Brookes saw him."

"It's nothing to me if the whole world saw him," indifferently, "nor if you murdered every thief in London. All I want to know is what you—yes you!"—with sudden lightening in the steely eyes, sudden threatening in the voice that had been so low—"did with Jacky Hamilton. You had better tel me, if you take any interest whatever in the future career of—Mary Gresham!"

"Hush! hush!" she clapped her hands to her ears. "You don't know who might hear you."

"Ah, yes I do!" coolly. "No one can—till I call them. We are in a lonely part of the house, you and I!"

The cold terror of death seemed to fall on her at the significant tone; she tried for words, for something that would satisfy this man who would stick at nothing to gain his ends, and could only falter out a name.

"Jacky—I—there was no Jacky! Her name was Gillian."

"Not Gillian," sharply, "the other! The sister who came down afterward What did you do to those two girls to make them go out into the dark that night, rather than stay another hour in this house?"

"Nothing," said the woman slowly, and some of the terror that possessed her seemed to have fled. "I did nothing. And if you've any sense you won't ask me another question about those girls—if you care for them."

"That's my business. Go on!" he leaned against the mantelpiece and lit a cigarette, apparently as cool as the woman opposite was flurried. But as she spoke he forgot the lighted match between his fingers, and held it until it scorched his hard skin yellow, and then brown.

"That girl—that came down"—in spite of her fright she took a pleasure in telling him—"didn't come as any visitor. She came here as Miss Hamilton's maid. And she brought testimonials from—well, it don't matter! But, anyhow, I took her because she was one of the gang. She did her work well, and I wouldn't split on her now if"—her face worked well, a dreadful mingling of sorrow and spite—"she hadn't gone off like that, when her sister, or she, killed Marchmont!"

The black end of the burned-out match fell from the man's fingers, sounding loud in the utter stillness. For a minute his face was as evil as that of the other Lesard, but it cleared as he drew a quick, scornful breath.

"Five minutes ago," he said, and if his face was scornful, his eyes were devilish, "you said it was my brother who killed Marchmont! I don't believe it was either he or two slips of girls. Mary Gresham, who is wanted for manslaughter, is, it seems to me, wanted now for murder!"

The woman flung out her hands in desperation, in grief that had a certain dignity because it was real.

"Believe what you like," she cried, "but not that, for it is not true. I loved him this many a year. In my way I was faithful to him where many another woman would have betrayed him. No one knows better than you that he didn't always treat me fair. But I'd go to my grave this minute a happy woman if I could but hear him speak once more, even if it was to swear at me. What I said about Lesard I said to try and frighten you; I don't believe he had any hand in it, though it is God's truth that he was here that night and that some one—either he or they—took away all the jewels. But that's neither here nor there, for whoever did it, it will come out; it always does. But it wasn't he that murdered Marchmont!"

"Go on!" he said again, as she stopped for breath. But she saw that his cigarette was as dead as the match that had scorched through the skin of his finger.

"The girl came down a month ago, as I said, Jacky, as you called her, Mary James she called herself—a pale chit of a thing, with smooth, red hair—what! wasn't that the girl you meant?"

For the man had unmistakably started.

"Red or yellow, what does it matter?" he had recovered himself impatiently, but he was utterly at a loss. Jacky Hamilton—his Jacky—had had hair like burned gold, waving and curling like fine gold wire, a very glory to her small head. And pale—Jacky's cheek was like a peach in the sun. Who was this that had passed herself off as Jacky Hamilton, and where was the real Jacky now?

"There was no yellow about it," Mrs. Gibbs said flatly. "Just a good plain red. And her face was like chalk. She was no fool, either, for she brought those recommendations that showed she was 'in the know' just as calm as if they were real references. I trusted her"—she winced to think how much—"and all the time she must have been lying low to get a chance at those jewels—or, perhaps, at him. I don't know," wearily. "But she wasn't clever enough at the end."

"Never mind that!" The man's sharp words would have been a cry of agony from a woman. "Was the girl Gillian Hamilton's sister?"

Either way the answer would hurt him, and his lips shut in a hard line to endure it.

"Gillian said so. That beast of a Vivian knows all about it; he told it at the inquest. But sister or not," venomously, "she was a devil, a red-haired, lying devil! And it was she started all the mischief in this house. She knew everything; she let in Lesard and—" the woman stopped short. What had she been thinking of all this time to talk to this man about the stolen jewels! In her fright for her own safety, her certainty that he knew all about everything, she had forgotten that it was one thing to guess the household had lived by thieving, another to be told it outright. Marchmont was dead, but she wanted him to go to his grave like a gentleman, with half the county at his funeral.

"You needn't pull yourself up," he said contemptuously. "I know who was at the bottom of the very first burglary in this neighborhood. All I want to know is why you [illegible] those girls killed Marchmont?"

For the first time Mrs. Gibbs looked [illegible] the eyes, and what she saw there [illegible] tongue. Alone with him, in a strut[illegible] of the house, she dared not be the one [illegible] him.

"Go down," she said, "ask your [illegible] Richardson, the detective, what he found [illegible] the cellar. And then wonder, if you like, [illegible] I said that girl with the smooth, red hair [illegible] devil. And tell, if you like, that I am [illegible] Gresham, that Marchmont was Jim Adams [illegible] burglar—and I will tell"—she got up and [illegible] him like a wild beast at bay—"that your [illegible] brother is a burglar and worse; that [illegible] you thought Jim and me, we were [illegible] side by side with Lesard, that's a friend [illegible] hell!"

"I will tell nothing while you can be [illegible] to me," said the man slowly. His face [illegible] pale under his dark skin, but somehow she [illegible] knew it was not fear for his brother's sake [illegible] that took the good blood from his cheek [illegible] some other thought that she could not fathom [illegible]

"But if you say one other evil thing about Jacqueline Hamilton, I will tell—[illegible] brother—everything I know about you to the police. Stay here, and hold your tongue till I come back. And remember that whatever lie you tell about those girls brings you nearer to prison for life. And neither you nor the butler are to leave this house till I find out the truth. You understand?"

He was gone, with his long, noiseless [illegible] almost as he spoke, but though it was [illegible] that passed, he did not come back again.

Mrs. Gibbs looked up as the room began [illegible] grow dark, and laughed where she sat. [illegible] strange enemy had got more down-stairs [illegible] he bargained for!

"He may tell me he isn't Lesard over [illegible] over," she said to herself. "But till that's [illegible] proved, black and white, I don't know [illegible] one Lesard. And so I'll swear, no matter [illegible] what they do to me. My gentleman [illegible] find himself in a wasp's nest before he's [illegible] with me!"

She would have been more triumphant [illegible] could she have seen the man in his thoughts.

Richardson had taken him into that [illegible] cave below the cellar, and after one glance [illegible] had hurried out again into the open air. [illegible] Richardson had spoken as he followed [illegible]

"You were wrong, you see, Mr. Lesard. I'll have to get a warrant out for those girls," he observed, as carelessly as if they had been two kittens he must drown.

And now as Lesard sat waiting to take [illegible] train to London, dark lines grew beneath [illegible] eyes. Jacky Hamilton's conduct in this house, Jacky Hamilton's face bleach—for Richardson had spared him nothing—had been all of a piece. If she had been on the side of right and honesty, why had she never written to the man who could have swept every trouble from her path as the wind sweeps straws?

And the madness of it appalled him.

How had she come by those testimonials? And where was she now that she thought to get away safely with that mute and awful witness of crime printed in blood for all the world to see? How had she ever come to such a pass when all she had to do was to telegraph one word to him and be free of Marchmont forever?

The man flung back his head like a horse stung by a poisonous fly.

Jacky Hamilton might be a thief, a murderess, anything! But he loved her—loved her even while he hated her for what he could not understand.

Louis Lesard, who was for his sins cursed with a brother who was his double, [illegible] everything except that it was Jacky Hamilton who must have done this thing—and that she hanged even women for murder!

Dark, lean, sinewy, he stretched himself in his chair as a man does who means to try [illegible] strength against fearful odds.

What was it Gibbs had said? That [illegible] way she had been faithful to Jim Adams, who had not always treated her fair.

After all, what did he know? Not even [illegible] himself would he allow that the eyes of love could not be mistaken in the prints of the little fingers that had worn his ring.

And let her be true or untrue, he would [illegible]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



A NOVEL WAY OF SHAPING COOKIES.

By Violet Marsh

HAVE always wondered how busy mothers found time to roll and cut cookies for the children because they disappear so rapidly that to keep the jar filled they have to be made frequently. For this reason, dough rolled into thin sheets, baked, and into squares while hot seemed the best ution, for children must have cookies to be opy. But now I am passing along a new k which I saw done by a professional baker o each day put trays of good-looking oat- al cookies into his window. Instead of roll- the dough, small balls were quickly shaped ween the ds and ced well rt in tins. n each ll was ssed flat th the m of the nd. As ractice ke's per- t," the er would h time, e up the ct amount lough, one ssure of e palm ught the gh to the quired ickness l, when baked, the cookies had a uniform pearance.

Other cookies of a smoother texture were de into balls and then evenly pressed into rounds with the bottom of a drinking bler lightly oiled. This made a small kie, but any round and flat surface that is er could be used, such as a pint dipper. okies made in this way are much nicer ause they are handled with less flour.

e Eggs When They Are Plentiful. An Excellent Food for Children

n spring and early summer, when eggs are utiful and cheap, the thrifty among the sekeepers utilize plenty of them in prepar- the "hearty" dishes as well as by putting m into a variety of desserts.

Besides the daily use of eggs at this season, y should be procured in quantities and served for winter use while they can be had a reasonable price. Sodium ate, or water-glass, is the st convenient preservative which to store eggs for winter but where lime is easily curable, lime water is very isfactory d much aper than er-glass. e water is to roughen shells of eggs slight- making the s somewhat s attractive appearance an water- ss eggs.

To preserve h lime, dis- lve two nds of un- cked lime in small quan- y of water, l dilute with e gallons of ter that has viously been boiled and cooled. Allow the xture to stand until the lime settles, then m off, and use the clear liquid.

Water-glass may be purchased at grocery or ig stores. In putting down eggs use thor- ghly sterilized earthenware, enamelware, glass. A five-gallon jar will hold fifteen zen eggs in ten quarts of liquid. Pour one asure of water-glass into the jar, and add e measures of water that has been boiled enty minutes and cooled. Stir well.

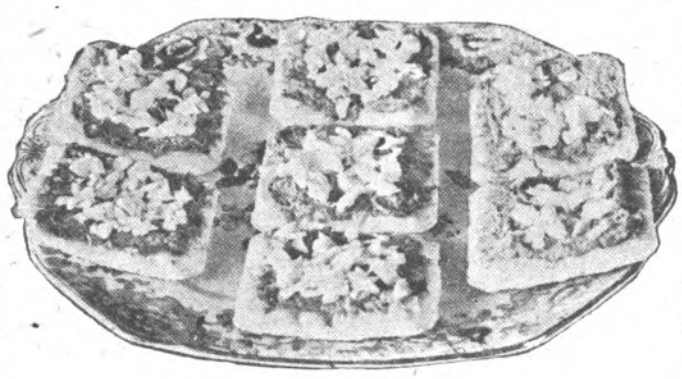
The eggs must be fresh and clean, but never shed, as washing removes a necessary coat- g of the egg. Put a few at a time into the lution, using a long-handled ladle to pre- nt any jar ming to the gs, or the ells to crack, e solution ould always at least two ches over e tops of the gs. Keep vered in a ark cool ace.

Before boil- g preserved gs, make a ay hole in ch end to prevent bursting.

In serving eggs plentifully it must be remem- ered they are concentrated food, supplying o roughage to fill the stomach. Children ed eggs, and their use makes cooking easy ecause they can be combined with starch, ilk, fruits and vegetables. Following are me well-balanced egg dishes.

EGGS SCRAMBLED WITH TOMATOES.—To one and a half cups of thick canned tomatoes, add one-third teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. Cook about ten minutes. Slightly beat six eggs. Have ready a warm iron frying pan with three tablespoons of melted butter in it, then add the tomatoes and lastly the eggs. Set over a slow heat and gently stir until the mixture has thickened to a creamy consistency. Serve on slices of toast or with baked potatoes.

EGGS COOKED IN CREAM.—Into a small sauce pan pour one-half cup of thin cream. Set into a dish of boiling water, and when hot drop into the cream two or three eggs that have been carefully broken into a saucer. When the eggs are cooked, dish onto slices of buttered toast and pour over the cream. It is well to add a little salt to the cream while it heats.



BEAN RABBIT.

EGGS WITH MASHED POTATO.—In a buttered frying pan spread left-over mashed potato about three-fourths of an inch thick and slowly fry on one side to a golden brown. In another pan cook the eggs, allowing one-half teaspoon of butter and two teaspoons of milk to each egg. Put the butter into the pan, then the egg and milk slightly beaten together. Cook over a quick fire while continuously stirring from the bottom. When a jellied consistency is reached, spread over the potato, fold once and turn onto a platter.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH BREAD.—Fry just enough bacon to give the desired amount of fat and remove bacon to a platter. In the fat, brown small cubes of stale bread, then drop in the desired number of unbeaten eggs and stir until the eggs are cooked. Serve with hot corn bread. Left-over rice or macaroni may be used in the same way.

OMELET.—Set the omelet pan where the butter will just melt, using just enough to cover the pan. Beat eggs until very light and add one tablespoon of hot water for each egg and season with salt. Pour the mixture into the frying pan and increase the heat somewhat. Slide a knife under the edge and when the omelet becomes brown set the pan in a slow oven to cook and dry off the top. Cut once through the center, fold one-half over the other and slide onto platter.



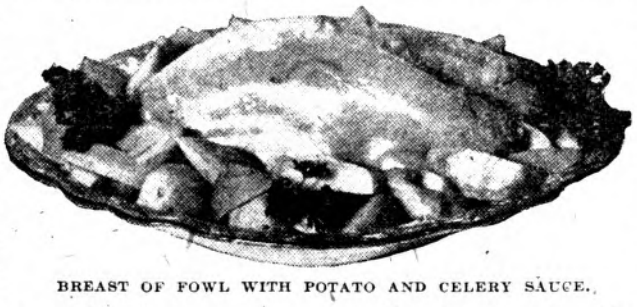
SALT-RISING BREAD.

A little grated cheese sprinkled over the top of the omelet before it is put into the oven makes a cheese omelet.

Finely chopped cooked ham may be beaten into the eggs, or it may be sprinkled over the top on putting into the oven.

Any kind of left-over vegetables may be heated and folded into an omelet, thus making it a more important dish.

CHINESE OMELET WITH SALMON.—Fry three tablespoons of minced onion and two chopped green peppers, with seeds removed, in two or three tablespoons of salad oil until tender. Beat three eggs until light, then add one cup of cooked rice and one cup of minced salmon. Mix well, add salt and pepper and spread over the fried vegetables. Have only a moderate heat and keep lifting with a knife until the omelet is lightly browned, then set in slow oven to finish. In cooking the onion and pepper, care must be taken not to brown the oil.



BREAST OF FOWL WITH POTATO AND CELERY SAUCE.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE.—Beat whites of nine eggs until frothy, add one level teaspoon of cream of tartar and continue beating until stiff and dry. Gradually beat in one cup of sugar. Measure three-fourths cup of flour after sifting; add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and sift five times. Add one-half teaspoon of vanilla to egg, then fold in the flour. Bake in a funnel-tin forty-five minutes.

CHILDREN'S SUPPER DISH.—Beat three eggs with three cups of milk one-eighth teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar. Into this mixture dip six slices of stale bread cut about one inch thick. Lay the slices in a well-buttered biscuit pan a little apart and then pour over all the remaining mixture. Bake until the toast begins to brown in a moderately hot oven. If cinnamon flavor is desired a little can be added to the custard mixture.

Good Old-Fashioned Loaf

To many persons no bread can equal the "salt-rising" variety; the kind their grandmothers made. This bread, the name of which is somewhat misleading, has been known in one form or another for generations. It has been a particular favorite when and where satisfactory yeast was difficult to obtain.

To make: Scald one cup of milk, and let cool until lukewarm, then add one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of white corn meal and one tablespoon of sugar. Mix smooth and place in a glass fruit can, or crock, and set in a pan of water as hot as the hand can conveniently be held in it. Keep in a warm place six or seven hours, or until it shows signs of fermentation, but do not increase the temperature of the water. As soon as the gas can be heard as it escapes the mixture has fermented sufficiently. This amount of leaven contains enough liquid for one loaf. By adding one cup of warm milk, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar and one of butter, two loaves can be made. Make a soft sponge by adding one cup of flour for each loaf. Beat thoroughly, cover closely and set in a warm place. When it is very light, add more flour gradually until the dough is so stiff that it can be kneaded without sticking to the hands or to the board. Cut and knead until very smooth and put at once into pans, allowing it to rise until about two and one-half times its original bulk, and bake. This bread is never quite so spongy as that made with yeast. The addition of dates makes a delicious loaf. Peel, remove pits, and cut dates into several pieces lengthwise. Add them gradually by working into the dough during the latter part of the kneading.

General Recipes

BREAST OF FOWL WITH POTATO AND CELERY SAUCE.—Clean and tie fowl as for roasting, but do not stuff. Tie into a thin piece of white muslin or cheese-cloth. Place in a steamer and cook until very tender, which will take several hours. Cut the breast out whole, place on a hot platter and pour over a sauce made as follows; Two cups of celery cut very fine and boiled until tender. Drain and press through a potato ricer or sieve, saving the water the celery is cooked in. Add enough rich milk to the water to make two cupfuls. Melt four tablespoons of butter, smooth in three tablespoons of dry flour and slowly add the liquid. Season with salt, a little paprika, and add the celery. Cook five minutes.

Prepare the potatoes by paring and cutting into several pieces and soaking one hour in salted cold water. Drain. Melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut in a frying pan, put in the potatoes sprinkled lightly with salt, and add a little melted butter over the top. Place in a moderate oven and bake until very soft, turning occasionally until they have cooked enough to begin to brown.

The remainder of the fowl may be cut into pieces and with the bones cooked very slowly until the meat leaves the bones. Do not use too much water. It may then be made into a fricassee or stew with dumplings.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON WITH CAPER SAUCE.—Remove the outer skin from mutton, scrape and wipe cut surfaces. Place in a kettle large enough for them to lie flat, and barely cover with boiling water. Quickly bring to a boil, cook hard about eight minutes and skim. Set the kettle back where it will just simmer until the meat is tender. When half done add one level tablespoon of salt.

SAUCE.—Slowly brown one-half cup of butter and gradually beat it into a mixture of two tablespoons each of vinegar, lemon juice and Worcester Sauce, and one level tablespoon of salt, and one-third teaspoon of salt.

RAGOUT OF POTATOES AND LEFT-OVER MEAT.—Fry two sliced onions in two tablespoons of nice beef fat until they are a light brown. Add one slightly rounded tablespoon of dry flour and when well blended gradually add two cups of water in which vegetables have been cooked or meat stock. Season and cook five minutes. Now add about three cups of coarsely cut raw potato and simmer until partly done with pan closely covered. Shake occasionally, to prevent sticking. Add one and one-half cups of coarsely cut chicken, and one-half cup of chopped boiled ham. Simmer until potatoes are soft.

CANNED BAKED BEANS FOR SUMMER.—This is the time of year to bake an extra quantity of beans and can part of them for the warm days when we use as little fire as possible. Always can them freshly baked; not after being warmed over. Fill jars, partly seal, set into hot water about two-thirds way up the side of jar, cover closely and cook two hours. Seal. This arrangement should apply to other foods, such as stews, pea soup, macaroni and cheese, or any of the dishes that are a meal in themselves. It is well to cook these foods in the jars longer than fruits.

FISH CHOWDER.—Haddock is the best fish for a chowder. Use a whole fish weighing three and a half to four pounds. Skin. Cut off the head and tail, split and remove the backbone. Cut the fish into three-inch pieces and set aside. Cut up the head and tail, break the backbone into pieces, cover with three cups of cold water and simmer about half an hour. Strain. Cut a slice of salt pork into small pieces and slowly try out. Remove the pork. In the fat fry one sliced onion, add five medium-size potatoes cut into cubes, add one cup of boiling water, set back and very slowly cook until the potatoes are tender. They should practically steam-cook with the pan closely covered. Add water the fish bones were cooked in, then the fish, cover and simmer between ten and fifteen minutes after it begins to boil. Have six common crackers split and soaking in cold milk. Add about one quart of hot milk to the chowder and season. Add the soaked crackers and bring to a boil. Do not cook after milk is added. Unless milk is rich, add about one-third cup of butter.

BEAN RABBIT.—Melt two tablespoons of butter, add one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon paprika, one-eighth cup of milk and one cup of cold mashed beans. Stir until it begins to cook, then add one-fourth cup of grated cheese. Stir, and when the cheese is melted, serve on toasted buttered crackers. Half a teaspoon of French mustard may be added.

DATE TORTE.—Beat four eggs separately, the whites stiff and dry and the yolks to a pale yellow. Gradually add one cup of granulated sugar to the whites while continuously beating then beat in the yolks. Add one cup of very fine soft bread-crumbs, one cup of dates cut into small pieces, one-half cup of chopped walnuts, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake thirty to forty minutes in a slow oven. Serve with slightly sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

glorious fun to ride for our feet were sore, and so we began our travels as "Knights of the Road." Once we rode 250 miles on a fast freight through the Ozark Mountains We were on the coal tender and when the engine roared around a curve we held on to each other while lumps of coal rattled on our heads But we were so tired that we went to sleep and the fireman had to wake us up when he filled the water tank. Everyone was good to us. The trainmen wouldn't put us off, only once a hard-hearted old conductor chased us off three times but every time we would wait until the train started then we'd climb back on. The last time he chased us over the tops of box cars and caught us and told us if we had to ride to get on a flat car and not break our necks running Once an air hose broke and the train stopped so suddenly that we shot halfway across the empty coal car in which e were riding And again the engine went off the track.

Many people have never seen a woman riding a "rattler" but out in Kansas I saw a woman with her husband and two-year-old son boarding a freight. The woman got on first, he handed her the baby and then ran lightly along and swung himself on. We had all kinds of adventures and in Memphis, Tenn., we were arrested by a special agent of the Frisco Railroad. They let us go but a reporter for the story and our pictures decorated the front page of one of the newspapers, along with the story of the "Hobo Honeymooners."

My mother was badly shocked when we came back, after traveling over four thousand miles without a cent. She thought it was terrible, she is a hard-shelled Presbyterian, but it was a lot of fun to us two young things. I was sixteen then and my husband was twenty-three.

If anyone who reads this, remembers seeing us please write to me. I'd like to get letters from the sisters.

Love and best wishes to all,
MRS. GUY S. MEDLEY

Mrs. Medley.—I don't blame your mother for being horrified, and I'm not a hard-shelled anything either. Think of the danger you were in, but it must have been fun —Ed.

AKRON, 180 W. EXCHANGE ST., O.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FAMILY:

Let us, my sister and I, give you a description of a little vacation trip we had to Pennsylvania. We were born in that state and have a father and three sisters living there in Woodland, that *is*, out in the country about three and four miles. Woodland is a small town. I do not know the population. It consists of two brickyards, coal and clay mines, two railroad stations, a few grocery and general merchandise stores and a small park called Mineral Springs, after the mineral water that is in it. We were in the country most of the time so that is what I will talk about. We certainly enjoyed the fresh milk and butter and I guess our sisters knew that by the way the butter and cream disappeared. My sister that was with me has three children and I have two so we were a good-sized family ourselves. The kiddies enjoyed bathing in the brooks. My little girl saw a cricket and said, "Oh, look at the little frog"

We went to the hills, among the rocks, looking for snakes. There is one large rock, called the Snake Den, for the snakes are numerous there. My brother, and some other boys, once used explosives and split it in half. Some large rattlers have been killed there. We donned khaki outfits, blouse and trousers with leggings, and took our cameras with us and sallied forth one red hot day and ended up by being tired to death but with *not* a snake on our hook. It must have been too hot for them. But while we were tramping the rocks looking for them, a three-foot copperhead was waiting patiently near the house for someone, we never will know just who, for my cousin came along and put an end to his career with a club.

Please, Mrs. Wilkinson, if you are acquainted with Mrs. Lena B. Ellingwood, tell her I am sorry but she will not be able to write any more about Wollie Woodchuck unless it is concerning his death for my brother-in-law set a cruel trap and caught him. We had him for supper. Shiny Black Crow is well and happy at my sister's home where he steals a young chicken when he gets a chance, and the boys catch minnows from the brook for him Yet, he was not satisfied with such good treatment and pecked my little girl's big toe and made it bleed. She doesn't have any use for him now. However, he is quite clever. When he is not hungry he hides any food he finds under chips or bits of paper

My husband is a very good housekeeper, he kept everything looking neat and clean while I was away and took good care of my flowers, and had a most wonderful surprise for me when I came home—a player piano. I told him I would go away often

I received my COMFORT Sisters' Pin and am pleased with it.

I am enclosing a snapshot and hope you can have it printed.

We don't think this is much of a story but, if it is printed it will let people know that two kids of twenty-eight and twenty-five had a most wonderful time.

We would like to receive cards, both of us. Sister is Mrs. M. Spence, 1584 Hampton Road, Akron, Ohio, and my address is at the beginning of this letter.

MRS. P. RAWLING.

Tell me, Mrs. Rawling, why, when there are so many nice things to take pictures of, why did you want to get a picture of a snake? Horrid things. Sorry, but snapshots won't reproduce well, so I appropriated the one you sent for my own personal album. I've lots of good sisters in it already and room for more.—Ed.

P. NIKSICH, MONTENEGRO, EUROPE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for over six years but this will be my first letter although I have wanted to write before, and as you all seem to like to hear of the travels of the different sisters, I will tell you about my trip which is a little different from any of the trips that have been described.

We, my husband and three children, a girl of five, a boy of three and a baby boy of one year, left California on the first train held up in the R. R. strike out on the desert. Finally we reached New York and there took the steamer, President Wilson, and went to Boston where we took on people and freight. We went second class as most do. The water was smooth, but we got seasick just the same for a day or two. We sailed August 22, on the 28th stopped at Flores, Azores Island. The passengers were taken ashore in little rowboats, as our boat was too large to land. There they had beautiful drawnwork for sale, as well as fruits of all kinds, monkeys and parrots. We went through the Gibralter straights at two o'clock in the morning, passing land a number of times after going through. Next we landed at Algeria, Africa. It is a French town. Nearly all the boats stop there for coal which is carried on men's heads in big baskets. There was fruit and fancy work for sale. Naples, Italy, was the next stop. The beggars came out by the dozens, and on board like large rats looking for stuff to steal. There were all kinds of things for sale and cheap as in other places. Piralus, Greece, was our next stop, Sept. 5th. There we bought the biggest and sweetest grapes I ever tasted, better than in California. Also a kind of candy,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Cubby Bear and the Orioles

By Lena B. Ellingwo

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MAMMA Bruin was hurrying about, closing the doors and windows of her little house.

"I fear a big storm is coming!" she said. "The wind is growing louder! Hark to the sound of its roaring in the tree-tops!"

"Oh, I am sorry!" said Cubby Bear. "Wollie Woodchuck brought me a message today from Kiddie Goat and Little Lambkin. They want me to go to the pasture with them, and I promised to go tomorrow. I have not seen them for a long time, and I like them both."

The summer day had been fine, but with the coming of evening, a sudden wind had sprung up, blowing great, billowy clouds across the sky.

Soon the sound of the wind was mingled with that of pouring rain. Cubby lay in his little bed, warm and dry, listening to the storm until he fell asleep.

"I am afraid I cannot visit my little playmates today!" was his first thought in the morning, but when he opened his eyes, he saw the sun shining.

He started early for the pasture, going along wet forest paths and beneath dripping trees. Here and there on the ground he saw branches which had been broken from trees by the storm, and in one place a dead pine tree had fallen and lay across his path.

When Cubby reached the pasture, he saw Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin at the farther end, standing by a maple tree, and with them were Wollie Woodchuck, Racky Coon, Billy Bluejay and others. Kiddie Goat came running to meet him.

"Oh, come!" cried Kiddie, "and see what the storm did last night."

Together they hurried to the maple tree. A large branch had been broken nearly off, and was bending downward, nearly touching the ground. And hanging to the branch, swaying in the cool breeze which followed the storm, was an Oriole's nest.

Mr. and Mrs. Oriole were fluttering about, keeping up a plaintive twitter.

"There are baby Orioles inside," explained Kiddie Goat, "and the Orioles are afraid the branch will break off entirely, and fall to the ground."

The baby Orioles were certainly in a dangerous position. Anyone could see that at a glance.

"I never saw a bird's nest like that one!" exclaimed Cubby Bear. "It looks like a deep pocket hung on a branch."

"Orioles always build their nests like that," said Kiddie.

Lillie Lambkin was weeping.

"Oh, the poor, dear little things!" she mourned. "I want them to live, and grow up, to sing their sweet songs, and be happy."

There were pitiful little calls from inside the nest, and Father Oriole carefully fed the hungry babies with worms which Robbie Reddie had kindly brought.

"What can be done to help them?" asked Cubby.

"Nothing—nothing!" answered Kiddie Goat sadly.

"The Beavers are large and strong, and do wonderful things with trees," said Cubby. "I will go for them, and see if they can do anything about it."

He started off, but Redtop Woodpecker stopped him.

"I can go in half the time it would take you," said Redtop.

The minutes passed slowly while he was gone, but it was really only a short time before his red crest was seen coming over the blackberry bushes at the edge of the pasture.

"They are coming," he told them. "Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver. They are bringing some long, slender sticks to use for splints, to hold the broken branch in place, if it can be done."

Mr. Oriole, in a fever of impatience, darted back and forth between the woods and his little nest, and called out at last, "I see them! They are nearly here."

They all began talking at once, explaining to the Beavers what had happened.

"If you want any help from me," said Brother Binney, "be quiet, so that I may look things over, and think."

After a few moments he told them gravely: "The branch seems to be broken nearly off—probably done in the storm last night."



"Yes, yes, yes, we know that!" they told him. And little Mrs. Oriole muttered to her husband: "Much help we shall get from that great, stupid creature!"

"The wind is blowing," went on Binney, "and the danger lies in the fact that the branch may be blown wholly off."

"Yes, yes! but what we want to know is, *can anything be done about it?*"

"I am coming to that," said Binney, taking off his beaver hat and wiping his brow with his handkerchief. "Now, if we should unfasten the nest carefully from the branch, and hold it in place under another branch, could you Orioles fasten it on so it would stay? Of course you fastened it here, to this broken branch—could you do it again?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the Orioles. "We began, you see, at the top, and built downward. And, beside, our babies are so tiny and so delicate, handling the nest might hurt them. We would not dare to have it done."

"Then we must straighten the branch and fasten it up in place," said Brother Binney Beaver. "It will mean hard work. All must help who can. Fly around, you who have wings, and see if you can find two or three small logs in the pasture or near by in the woods. We brought some sticks to use for splints, and we must have strong vines to twist around the branch and hold the splints in place."

"I know of something better than that," offered Kiddie Goat. "There is a real rope hanging over the pasture fence, near the bars; I saw it this morning. Let me run and get it."

Two small logs were found lying beside the road, which the Beavers thought might be used. But they were dangerously near the farmhouse, in plain sight of the front window, that was large enough to lift them w... venture so near?

"I know what to do!" chuckled B... jay. "Chirpy Chipmunk and I will ... the back door of the house, and mak... racket as we can. I will shriek at ... shall chatter and scold at me. Th... are all open—the people will hear us ... to see what a Chipmunk and Bluej... relling so about, then you Beavers ... Bear can get the logs."

It took all the strength of the Bea... ers. Cubby Bear, Racky Coon ... Woodchuck to drag the little logs ... ture hillside, but at last it was done.

Binney Beaver took the rope ... Goat, and tied one end of it to ... branch.

"Now," he ordered, "climb the ... Coon, and be ready to catch the ... rope when I throw it to you. Pass ... that higher limb, and then drop the ... to us."

Racky did as he was told, then ... from the tree.

"Now, Cubby Bear, Wollie Wood... Racky Coon, take the rope and ... broken branch straightens up lit... The Orioles fluttered about ... the branch was being lifted, ... safety of their helpless babes.

"Steady, steady!" shouted Busy ... "Now hold it still," said ... Busy Beaver and I get the logs ...

When this was done, Racky Coo... up to untie the rope.

Then, after much hard work the ... bound in place over the broken ... work was done.

Racky Coon, the last one in the ... starting to climb down, when a wa... came from Lillie Lambkin.

"Oh, run, run!" she cried. "... and his boy are coming. Hide ...

Racky disappeared from sight ... leaves of the tree, while the Beavers ... Bear skurried behind some near-by ...

The farmer carried in his hand ... saw.

"I *know* I put that rope on the ... bars!" the boy was saying, "I don't ... it could have gone to"

"Well, if you've lost that new ... his father, "I don't know how you ... have your swing. And I can't ... time over it, either! I'll saw off ... branch the wind blew down last ... then I've got to get to work."

Then they stopped, staring in wonder ... the same instant, both had seen the ...

The hanging branch the farmer ... saw off, was propped up in place, ... jured part neatly set and held with ... a skillful doctor would have done ... bone.

"Well—did—you—ever?" said ... slowly.

"That's my new swing rope!" cried ... boy, pointing. "How'd it get up ...

Racky Coon, peering down at last ... sheltering leaves, tried to smother ... chuckle. They looked so funny ... zled, eyes round with wonder, ... ing open.

"What's that sound?" asked ... little fearfully.

"A bird, I guess," answered his ... better leave things as they are ... pretty penny to know who did ...

"But my rope——"

"Don't whine! I'll buy another ...

And off they went, too puzzled ...

"Ha!" said Brother Binney ... well we got here first! That ... sawed off the branch and that ... the end of the baby Orioles.

The little mother was fluttering ... hanging nest, cooing softly to ...

The golden-feathered little ... wish I could do something to show ... I am to you all!"

"We don't want thanks," the ... him.

"But you might sing us a song," ... lie Lambkin.

A beautiful song he sang for them ... they listened in delight.

"O, how I wish," said Cubby, as ... sweet note died away, "that Grand ... might hear you! If you would come ... house, and sing for her, it would make ... happy."

"I will do it gladly," promised M... "Every morning for a week I will ... you may have your friends there, too—as ... as you think would care to listen.

Crumbs of Comfor...

Learn to be alone.
Hope is the tonic of life.
Thought is mind in motion.
Be true to your convictions.
Be yourself and find yourself.
Do not be in a hurry for a change.
Count your efforts by results won.
A great nation may take great risks.
Most of us are best fitted for one thing.
To have no friends is the surest suicide.
He whose wants are small has always enough.
Leisure won by effort is certain to be enjoyed.
Pride can keep the head high, but the purse ...
Clean living is the most successful beauty doctor.
Better be a generous friend than a near relative.
You are the most powerful if you have yourself ... own power.
Failure hastens to overtake those who de... themselves.
Great enterprises and little minds go ill toge... cannot join.
The personal aid of man to man is the purest ... holy of duties.
There is a dust that settles on the heart as ... the deserts.

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Keep the wrapper on this magazine and ... your kitchen calendar or put it away in some ... where you can easily find it. The printed ... is very useful. It enables us immediately to ... subscription order and our mailing stencil. ... save yourself postage and possible delay if you ... the last wrapper received whenever you ... ALWAYS ENCLOSE YOUR WRAPPER ... WRITING US FOR A CHANGE OF A... Please save the wrapper.

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JUNE COMFORT

Special Features for June

"Dale's Commencement Gown" A charming romance that gives a glimpse of the mysteries of college-girl life.

"Delightful Use for Rose Petals" How to make rose-petal beads, also potpourri for rose jar.

"When No Meant Yes" A girl may tell a young man, no, when she means yes; but if he mistakes her meaning there is trouble.

"Are You Going to Europe?" Mr. Crowther, of U. S. Legation at Belgrade, tells of difficulties encountered by Americans touring Europe.

"Foods that Have Remedial Virtue" Assist Nature by use of corrective foods — buttermilk, sour milk, leaves, roots and fruit.

"Cubby Bear Tries Something New" Something you can try this summer. Guess what.

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May, 1923.



Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World

COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

"GOSH, Uncle Lisha," Bill exclaimed yesterday morning, crunching his muffin and regarding the spring sunshine approvingly as it brightened the gilt band on his cocoa cup, "do you know you are getting to be awfully serious lately? These talks you are giving the Cousins will make 'em think you are an out-and-out preacher. I don't believe the kids like to read such sober stuff."

"I haven't heard any of them kick yet, Bill," I replied. "There's plenty of brains in our Bunch, and owners that know how to use 'em; I can tell that from the letters I get. Of course I know I like to preach—Uncle Charlie told me that many times—bless him! but don't I preach true things, Bill? That's the main point. I hope I do."

"Well, Uncle Lisha," answered Billy, scenting an argument and pushing his game leg into a sunnier place on the rug, "there are all sorts of truth—everyone has a brand of his own and stands up for it. How do you know the folks are wrong whom you light on so? just because their ideas are not like yours."

"Bill," I said, "of course there are all kinds of beliefs, old and new; but it is pretty certain that the more involved the assertion of Truth, the surer the belief is to be a broken falsity. The Truth I want to preach about—if you call it preaching—is a Truth so simple that a child can understand it. It is a Truth so inclusive that it must be as widespread as man himself. Although men may believe differently because they have been taught differently, yet Truth itself must be something that can be common to all human souls. For these souls have actually no variation in essential quality. They only vary in a recognition of what Truth is—and the more they learn of false, complex and finite things and cling to these, the less will be their power to grasp that which is infinite, unvarying and simple.

I believe that most of the truths men hold to and grant a form of lip and creed and book worship today, Bill, leave them but unhappy infidels and sceptics. Often their daily doubts only gather together into a transient faith at the ringing of a bell, or are solidified to more unfaith by the chaptered guesses expressed in print by some new doubter. But so certain and great are the truths—the Truth—that underlies man's life, that in the midst of his doubts and forgettings he instinctively feels the strength of a hidden Something that can support the heavens as a perfect column. He is brushed by some reflection from a cloud of forgotten glory. He feels that a firm ground, some eternal foundation exists, yet he dares not trust to it. He goes treading timidly on the surface of his quaking material world, skipping about and trying unhappily to find some firm place here and there. He has been taught that the more cleverly he dodges and dances the better he may succeed. But in the end he tiredly collapses, and the music he has danced to he finds was but a brief discord and no eternal harmony.

But before any perfect belief in underlying Truth can come, Bill, we have got to learn to be true to ourselves. Before all else what the world waits for now is truth in human affairs—nothing greater or less than simple honest dealing between man and man. Why should this seem so impossible a dream? Why should it not be easiset and best to deal truthfully with our fellow-men? Are we to fear that the doing of Right will bring forth wrong and end in evil results for those who put their faith in fair and simple dealing? Are we to think that we find strength by avoidance of sincerity? Do we prefer a life lived in the uneasy weakness of concealment and shiftiness? No, Bill; I don't want to think all this. It is not the Truth, I believe.

Look at the lack of truth, for instance, which has existed and continues to exist in European relationships. Watch the hidden undercurrents of purpose and advantage, the secret treaties, the disguised aims, the perpetuated falsities and untruths of action that always bind men and never set them free; the dark paths that lead to more stumbling and never to safe progress in the light. As long as these conditions are left to work their evil there can be no firm ground in Europe. What needs to come to power is the underlying existent Truth in the souls of the masses of men, now smothered by traditions of national policies, by races for wealth and power, and by the governmental jockeyings of diplomatic deceit. It must all crumble and be replaced by another foundation of action, or there can come but a false crying of "Peace, peace" where there is not and cannot be any true or enduring peace.

All the varied ills of our social body could be cured by a treatment of truth, Bill,—by a large dosage of the Universal Truth that mankind is one because God is one, and that the welfare of all must be the aim of all. Every false teaching is a teaching of separation between man and man, and all evil is but the separation of man from Truth—from God. Few men are able to detach themselves from their own false and personal interests sufficiently to regard Truth with the strong and impersonal gaze that is needed to look upon such shining seeing; but that is what we must all learn to do Bill, and when we have seen aright, we will be able to act rightly. If I can teach and preach a little about the direction in which men should look, I will have at least helped them this much toward having eyes that see and ears that hear the Truth. That's what I want to do."

"Well, Uncle Lisha," said Bill, stretching himself more luxuriously in the sun and brushing some crumbs of buttered muffin from his whiskers, "that all sounds good and I believe the Cousins know you mean well. I don't see why it shouldn't be simple and easy to believe that God is Truth and that to work with Him in His way is best for all of us. I notice that God always brings back the spring about on time and does not vary it in quality or change it in price according to good or bad times, wars or tariffs. Yes siree, Uncle, God gives us a square deal, and we ought to learn to deserve it and act as He acts." And saying this, Bill closed his eyes, spreading a shady Michigan letter over them to keep out the sun. I took this for a hint he thought any conversation—or preaching—should cease, and I left him on the rug and went back to my desk. Bill is not a bad sport—he's only like many of us in keeping the least true side of himself too much on exhibition.

And now for the letters:

DANVILLE, 775 GROVE STREET, VA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am taking another chance in writing, fervently trusting that this one will be fortunate enough to get by, although I couldn't blame you much for not publishing my other one.

I am a new member of the League and enjoy all the letters very much. When I read the vivid descriptions written by some of the cousins about their home places and states, I wish that they could know about "Ole Virginny"—especially Pittsylvania county and Danville. Danville is the last capital of the Confederacy and is a *live* city of about 25,000 inhabitants. Its chief industry is the handling of leaf tobacco, although the city has some of the largest cotton mills in the south. Our slogan is: "Danville Does Things".

So far and nothing about myself, though that's not so important. I am about five feet, nine inches tall, and I weigh 140 pounds. I have black hair and dark brown eyes. My eyebrows meet, which they say is the sign of wit, and I have a streak of gray in my hair. If you will pardon me for saying so and not judge me too harshly, I'll tell you I part my hair in the middle and wear sideburns—not as long as the ones in the pictures of old relics, found and treasured in every home as the likeness of some famous ancestor. I graduated from high school last year, and since that time I have been employed in an office. We have a fine school and the class of '22 was the finest in the school's history—if I do say it myself. There were about seventy of us in the graduating class, and I wish you could have seen us in our caps and gowns and heard us yelling our class song. Uncle, I am going to send you a copy of our school magazine for last year. My brother did the art work.

Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close. I will be glad to hear from any of the cousins, and with much love, I remain

Your nephew,
V. ELMER JEFFERSON.

Elmer, I'm glad Danville is a live city. I'd hate to think of you as laid away like King Tut-Ankh-Amen—perhaps packed in cotton and with tobacco scattered between your toes to keep away the weevils. I do wish you had sent me your picture, V. Elmer. I would so like to see those sideburns of yours. I have heard about these lawns beneath the ears that are being cultivated on the fair-faced pastures of young southern males, but I want to see just how they work out in practice. Bill was quite impressed by your description and says he thinks you must be almost as good-looking as Cousin Wilmer D. Sweet—who is also a Virginian. After consulting his French dictionary, Bill said perhaps you might be entitled to the Virginia Beauty Belt on points, because your streak of gray hair would give you a more *distingue* appearance than the plain gold of Wilmer's blond locks. But I told Bill to wait until he saw those sideburns, for it was possible these might queer the whole *ensemble*, so to speak.

You must tell me, Elmer, why the boys down your way started this sideburning business which has spread like a forest fire in a spring dry spell. Maybe you did it just because the girls gave up *sideburns*. Or perhaps it was a copying of Rodolph Valentino who has made several appearances on the screen adorned with these extra capillary charms, so I hear. Please reveal all the early and burning history when you send Bill your photograph in the Sweet contest he wants to hold.

Well, Elmer, I'll try and not judge you too harshly about this question of how you choose to wear your surplus hair. But do be careful and not let your safety razor slip some morning and amputate any portion of this warm beauty. I suppose a red-haired boy, Elmer, could have just the hottest sort of sideburns, couldn't he?

VERMILLION, ROUTE 1, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

May I come in and chat for a while? I will sit here near the door so if I see Billy coming I can run away. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters and Uncle's answers. When I feel blue I read them and, Uncle Lisha, I feel better at once.

Uncle, did you ever have a pet woodchuck? I did and about a year ago it disappeared. I don't know if it died or was killed. They can be trained to do tricks.

I am very much interested in raising chickens and intend to raise about two hundred. I am going to keep a few chickens for layers next winter. If Billy does not eat this I will send him two broilers for dinner next summer, and, Uncle, if I see this in COMFORT I will send you a nice big gingerbread.

I will be pleased to get letters from any of the cousins that care to write.

Your niece,
ANNA MAE DENMAN.

No, Anna Mae, I never had a pet woodchuck. I have one pet, of which you have heard, and I want no more. He quite fills the Bill. Yet I know woodchucks are plump and sweet little creatures and can be trained to do all sorts of tricks, just as you say. I knew a very intelligent one who had been taught to sit up on his hind legs and eat off a forty foot row of Black Valentine beans in three minutes. He did it *so* neatly and cunningly! It was a joy to watch him. He really seemed to enjoy the performance. Woodchucks are useful, too, when trained to dig post holes or excavate gravel pits. It is a shame the one you had disappeared, Anna; you might have tried to teach him this bean trick I have told you about.

You show good judgment in planning to have a few layers among your two hundred hens, Anna Mae. It is always well, I think, to have at least one in every ten that lays once a week—say each Friday. Some people pay no attention to this important thing and just keep chickens anyway. But when I lived on a farm, Anna, I always thought it nice to have an egg now and then from my hundred Buff Rocks. Even if it only seemed to come as a souvenir. It showed that my hens were thinking of me, and I appreciated it. I remember I used to show the egg around and tell all my neighbors about it.

But, Anna Mae, you seem to have a wrong idea about *my* pet when you talk of sending him *two broilers*. You meant to write *two barrels* of broilers, didn't you? You must be thinking of how you fed your woodchuck. You can pack the gingerbread in the top of one of the barrels—marking the head so that I open it before Bill does. This is very important if you wish me to get any of the gingerbread.

HECTOR, ARKANSAS, (THE WONDER STATE.)

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am in great trouble. I do not know what to do. In the first place I am out of the candy business. I stopped it the day before I started. I have had three thousand orders for fudge and I have never made more than a pound at a time. Oh, my! It is almost too much for my young self to bear. I don't know what to do. My brain is in a whirl.

My castle (of air) has blown up and left me with a sea of letters to sail over. Uncle, let me send them to you, for I cannot handle them. I am afraid the fairer sex does not know just what to do for a lonely person, as only one sent any news and but one sent me anything to read. Dearest Uncle, will you please offer me a solution to my trouble? Please, please, double please.

I will not write much this time. I am almost afraid to show my name.

WILLIAM MARVIN HURLEY.

I don't wonder you are "almost afraid" to show your name, Bill M. After getting all the girls hungry for your fudge and full of pity for your loneliness, you go plum out of the candy business, blow up your Arkansas castle, and start your brain to waltzing. And then, too, you complain about not having anything to read sent you—when you have received three thousand sweet pink, blue and pale green volumes bound with a red stamp. I know something about reading letters, Bill, and I know that three thousand of 'em make quite a fair-sized library to peruse. No; don't you send 'em to me, you ex-castle builder; they were addressed to you and you've got to answer 'em—with or without fudge. You will surely have forgotten what it is to be lonely by the time you have started on the second or third thousand. You've been shown that anybody who lives in an air or airy castle, William, must be careful how they ask help of our Bunch or make promises in an airy manner. For we are a helpful Family and we all like fudge. My advice is that you get your candy kettle out before sugar goes up much more in price!

WAYNOKA, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Sh! don't let Billy know I'm here for he'd be certain to chase me home. I live on a ranch and never get to see anyone (never means "not often" with me!) That is, of course, except the boys that work for Dad. I have three brothers but no sisters; but I don't mind that so much for my mother is such a good pal to me. I wonder sometimes at girls not being pals or chums with their mothers. If they all had one like mine they would be—'cause they just couldn't help it! I tell her all my joys, hopes, air castles, and what few sorrows I have take wings usually when I confide in mother. She rides with me, and oh, girls, you don't know what joy it is to see her gallop-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



10-Day Tube Free

What Men Use

To get those glistening teeth

Note how many men and women show white teeth nowadays.

They are proud to show them when they smile—because they are attractive.

There is a new way of teeth-cleaning which millions now employ. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth.

Men who want good teeth should use it. Make this free test and see just what it does.

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You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

That's why teeth look cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles.

That's how teeth are ruined.

You must do this

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So dental science sought a film combatant, and two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

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A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it, for daily application.

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COMFORT

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by **Katherine Booth**

When Shall I Use Perfume?

"WHEN shall I use perfume?" asks Patty who loves things fragrant; and very downcast she looks when I have to answer: "Almost never!"

But that is the truth, just the same. If Patty wants to do as the best-bred women do, she will use little perfume and only for special purposes. A strong odor of perfume is considered vulgar, probably because in olden times when bathtubs were not so general, it may often have been used to cover up strong body odors. At any rate, it is an accepted fact among well-bred women that much perfume indicates someone not of their caste.

There are ways in which odors may be used, however. Sachets among one's clothes are permissible; this gives just a faint breath of fragrance as one moves about, just enough



AFTER WASHING THE HANDS A FEW DROPS OF TOILET WATER MAY BE USED.

to be pleasant and not obtrusive. Perfumed face powders and creams are allowable; these too, leave just the faintest fragrance attached to the skin and violate no rule of society.

And upon one's toilet table may be two bottles of perfume or perfumed water. One is perhaps best used in a spray and is a toilet water, not a heavy essence such as we mean when we say "perfume". It is a much diluted perfume and may be sprayed upon the body after a bath, or a few drops of it added to the water in which one bathes one's face and hands. Indeed, instead of adding it to the water, a few drops may be placed in the palms of the hands, and rubbed on face, neck and the hands themselves. For this only lightly sprinkling of the toilet water is needed. When it is used after the bath, the body should be very sparingly sprinkled—just a few drops here and there,—then rubbed with the hands. As soon as the few drops are absorbed, the body should be well powdered, and then nobody can feel any more sweet and fresh than the body's owner.

The other bottle which may find a place on your dressing table is a tiny vial small enough to be slipped into your handbag or purse. Such small bottles with screw tops are sold just to carry in one's purse, and are equipped with a little "dropper," fastened into the screw top, with which one may apply just a drop of perfume where it is permissible.

The size of the bottle and the presence of the dropper indicate that only the tiniest application of perfume is considered allowable. There is one place where it may be applied without offense and that is just back of the lobe of the ear. To touch this spot with the dropper, or with the finger which is barely damp with a drop of perfume, is the last touch to a perfect toilet, and it is positively all the perfume one may use, in addition to that in one's toilet water—which soon evaporates. For this vial of perfume, an essence should be purchased, which is a heavy perfume. Good perfume is expensive, but you only need a quarter of an ounce, so the expense does not so much matter. Choose the odor which you most like, something not too heavy and clinging, then use that perfume both for the vial of perfume in your handbag for your toilet water, and for your sachets. Hyacinth and such heavy odors are not in very good taste.

"Mayn't I use perfume on my handkerchiefs?" asks Patty in dismay. "No, my dear, except that by laying sachets in your handkerchief box there will be the faintest possible fragrance about them to disguise any suggestion of the smell of hot irons or the soapy water which has made them clean. Lemon geranium leaves, laid among one's handkerchiefs or other linen, give a lovely clean fragrance, and lavender has the same quality to recommend it; but if you like other scents better, then choose a sachet like heliotrope or mignonette or violet—orris root—and sprinkle the lining of your sachets with the one you like, laying them, after, among your handkerchiefs, and soon you will feel yourself that this is much more dainty and lovely than drenching them with strong perfume.

Answers to Questions

EMILY.—The best way for a girl of your age to gain in weight is to eat the most nourishing food at regular hours, sleep at least nine hours out of each twenty-four, have plenty of fresh air and exercise. Now let's see what sort of food is nourishing. Potatoes, first: they will help to add flesh to your figure and weight to your record on the weighing machine. Don't eat them fried, however, as fried foods are hard to digest and you probably fail to get the nourishment they contain. Baked potatoes are best of all, baked until they are well done. Boiled potatoes are next best, either cooked with their skins on until they are dry and mealy, or pared with a sharp knife so as not to waste any of the potato but only take off a very thin paring. Eat plenty of potatoes, then, with butter, plenty of good white bread and butter (but no hot breads, such as biscuit), drink milk, eat cereal for breakfast with cream or milk and sugar, eat fruits and vegetables. The potatoes, boiled rice, white bread, cream, butter, sugar, cereal, will all help to make you fat. You may eat meat, too, but it should not be fried, and pork and veal are hard to digest. So that the best meats for you are beef, mutton, lamb, either roasted or broiled but not too well done; chicken or other poultry either roasted or fricasseed, that is stewed; fish, bacon. Eggs are excellent food, but they should be soft-boiled (not over four minutes, and three and a half minutes is better), or poached and eaten soft. Eat at regular hours, chew your food thoroughly, drink plenty of water between meals, take exercise, and be sure about that body bath daily. You say you haven't any bathtub, but that needn't prevent daily bathing of the body. Heat enough water to fill a washbowl, and leave part of a kettle of very hot water for rinsing later. Then bathe an arm, using good white soap and hot water and a washcloth. Keep a kimona or something about the body and only uncover one arm while washing. As soon as it is washed, have another bowl of the clear hot water at hand, and another cloth. With this cloth dipped in the hot water, rinse off the arm, then rub it dry with a Turkish bath towel. Now bathe the other arm, then the face and neck, then the chest, then one leg, the other leg, the back, etc., etc. As you wash each portion, bathe it in clear water, then rub dry. You will be surprised not only how clean you will be, but how fresh and sweet you will feel, and how much better your blood will flow, making you warm instead of "blue and cold" as you speak about. Do this every day, it won't take over fifteen minutes. You can stand on a folded bath towel. Change your underclothing frequently, so that it is always fresh and sweet, and wash your hair once in two or three weeks—don't let it be over three weeks. You won't need powder with this healthful care of your skin, and at your age it is very bad form to use powder or other cosmetics: the daughters of the wealthy and fashionable families are not allowed to do so, and surely you and I are just as important as they, aren't we? So cut out powder, my dear. About keeping the window open at night—isn't there any way you could open the window a few inches, no matter where you sleep? Certainly you do not want to wear tight clothes—nobody wears them any more. The best dressed women, even, wear as few and as loose clothes as possible. The best thing for you to wear under your dresses is a sort of slip or combination of waist and petticoat, with a belt line. Many women wear these. Corsets, of course, my dear, shouldn't wear for years to come. Fashionable women do not wear any unless they have grown so fat they have to. But they are rather careful not to grow fat, so it is safe to say that scarcely any fashionable woman wears a corset. I realize that this is not true in some of the smaller places, but even so there is no reason why a young girl should put on a corset. Just remember that it is unfashionable as well as unhealthful at your age, and I am sure you won't even think of doing it. About that hair, wash it, as I have told you, then brush it gently every day for fifty or more strokes, and soon it will begin to grow and look satiny—smooth and altogether improved. Some girls of your age, part the hair on the left side, and comb it toward the right side from the part. They draw it down a little on the forehead at the right of the part, but fasten it just back and above the right ear with a barette or a clasp of some kind. I expect you could fasten it with a bow of ribbon. Then they cut the hair the same length all around so that it hangs just below the ear—bob it. Perhaps you would like to wear your hair that way. If you have "banged" your hair, then the hair is cut even across the forehead, and even just below the ears, if it is worn bobbed. If you have banged your hair and want it to grow out, then buy some narrow black velvet or taffeta ribbon—about half an inch wide, and bind it back, wearing the ribbon until it grows long enough so it will stay back of itself. Or sometimes, invisible hairpins will help one to tuck the short hairs under the longer ones and pin them, keeping this up until they have time to grow out. Now be careful about daily baths, won't you, and plenty of good food? Drink all the milk you can.

VIRGINIA.—If the wrinkles in the forehead are horizontal, rub them up and down: if they are vertical or up and down, rub them across. In other words, always rub *across* a wrinkle, never the same way the wrinkle runs. You know in ironing, we always iron across a fold to smooth it out: it is just the same way with wrinkles.

MARYLAND.—I am very sorry the rules of this department prevent answers by mail. The reason is that every answer is intended to help many hundreds of people. You see? About facial massage, cold cream can be applied at night and left on all night. The skin will absorb all the cream. The hands can be creamed at night, and gloves of cotton slipped over them. Be sure the gloves are loose and clean, which means that you will have to wash them each morning. Many women, however,



A DROP OE PERFUME MAY BE APPLIED TO THE EAR-LOBES.

cream the face during the daytime, but these are women who can spend much our in their rooms. They bathe the face, cream it, then either lie down to rest, or read or do things about their rooms. After an hour they bathe the face. Still other women, rub in cold cream after every bathing, and wipe off all surplus with a pad of cotton, then powder over this. Any of these ways are permissible. I happen to use the latter method. The method of massage of the face is to use the forefinger of each hand in a rotary movement across the forehead and across any wrinkles. A rotary movement at the temples. Around the eyes, the forefinger is used to encircle it over and over. Both forefingers are used, one each side of the nose, in a rotary movement. The cheeks are massaged upward from the point of the chin, no downward movement being used. Under the chin is massaged back firmly from the point of the chin. Dip the fingers in cold cream, and smear the face with cold cream first wiping it off so that every particle of soil has been removed. At your age you shouldn't stand badly in need of massage. The daily bath, and exercise, should keep your skin in pretty good condition.

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About your hair, if your face is full, you make it look fuller by building the hair out over the ears. Watch for next month's COMFORT, I will give a talk on dressing the hair, with two illustrations of how to put it up in a pretty way. The treatment you speak of removes the oil from the skin and is probably good for a very oily skin. But, on the other hand, oil is what keeps the skin soft and healthy, so if I were you I should stick to natural methods.

NEBRASKA'S SOPHOMORE.—No, my dear, you are not overweight. But about that complexion, there we certainly need to do some reforming, don't we? Blackheads mean that the dust and dirt have not been properly removed from the pores. You need to do two things, first overcome that constipation you speak of; next take a good cold bath daily. For constipation you should both diet and exercise. Get at this seriously, won't you, my dear, because constipation can do more harm than almost any other ill. It keeps the poisons in the body, spoiling the complexion, making the brain stupid and inactive, causing headaches and after awhile it becomes a settled thing so that one never feels well. There isn't any need of having it with at your age it should be the easiest thing in the world to get rid of, so start at it with all seriousness and make up your mind you are not going to have constipation. The first thing you want to do is to drink plenty of water. The body needs much liquid. Drink a glass of water as soon as you get out of bed, and another by the time you are dressed. Drink in between breakfast and lunch, and between lunch and supper, and again before you go to bed. You should drink eight to ten glasses of water every day of your life. Do not drink two or three glasses at one time, for that is not a good thing, as it overloads the stomach for a brief time. But drink a glass, then later another, and so on. If you drink two glasses before breakfast, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two afternoon, you will be getting a fair supply. This will help constipation. Next, form the habit of attending to the bowels at a regular time. No matter whether you feel like going, go just the same, and keep at it. Probably you rush in the morning, gulp down a bite, school, and don't take time then, and this is the way you have got into this bad bodily habit. But you can always go at night. It would also be well if you would go in the morning regularly, before you went to school. Can't you try to make a habit of this? Next to water to help the bowel condition, fruit is a help. If you have fresh fruit at hand eat all you can—apples, oranges, melons, berries. Bananas are not good for you, but practically all other fruits are. If you haven't fresh fruit you can eat apple sauce, baked apple, prunes that have been soaked all night then cooked slowly for at least an hour, or dried apricots soaked and cooked in the same way. Potatoes and white bread are constipating, where one is inclined to constipation, and food that is not masticated until it is liquid may also cause constipation. So chew your food thoroughly, if you want to get rid of those pimples and blackheads. Fruits and green vegetables daily—daily, remember—and plenty of water. Then regular bodily habits, going always at the same hour each day. Never "put off going" now if you feel the least inclination go at once. Next a daily body bath. And last, some exercises to help you get rid of that constipation. One of the best exercises is as follows, and may be practiced at night after you are ready for bed or in the morning before you get up. It would be a good plan to practice it both times, as it might help matters. Practice the exercise faithfully, will you not, because we must certainly get rid of that constipation at once. It will mean a clear good skin, and that alone is worth trying for; but much more than that it will mean avoiding many, many illnesses in the future.

Exercise for Constipation

Lying on the back on the bed, in loose clothing—nightdress or pajamas—raise the right leg until it is at right angles with the body. Do not bend the knee. The arms should lie along the sides. Now lower the leg very, very slowly, as if it were being held back by a rope and pulley. Be careful not to bend the knee, and to take as long as possible to let the leg reach the bed. This puts a strain on the abdominal muscles, which helps to start the action we seek. Repeat ten to fifteen times with the right leg, the same number with the left leg. After a time, you can try both legs at the same time, always remembering the two important points, that the knees must be kept rigid, and that the legs must be lowered just as slowly as possible. Practice this faithfully every day, and you will find a big improvement soon. I rely on your courage and perseverance.

ROBINSON—Yes, the electric needle removes hairs without leaving scars. Scars only come from an inexperienced or unskillful operator. I don't know just where your town is, but if it is near Chicago there are many beauty shops, but important ones, which could give you the treatment. This would also be true of St. Louis. The charge is ordinarily five dollars an hour and in fifteen minutes a good many hairs are removed. It hurts, of course, but really I consider the results worth the pain. You are given a little instrument to hold in one hand, or have your finger ends put in a bowl of water. When you put your fingers in the water, or grasp the instruments, then the electric current is on; when you remove them from the water or loosen them from the instruments, the current is off. So the operator inserts the needle in the skin right down into the root of a hair without any electric current. She wears magnifying glasses so that she can see the path of the root. When the needle is right where it should be, she signifies to you that you should put your fingers

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

was so bitter still! But my heart was broken then, and though I have tried to live bravely, I find the wound is not healed even now.

His lordship seemed to have lost all knowledge of where he was, in living over the sad past, and there is no knowing how long he might have gone on in his rambling talk, had not Sir Charles now made his appearance, bearing a salver filled with dainties for his companion.

Isabel was infinitely relieved to see him, for she was suffering torture under this forced inquisition.

The young man bowed to his lordship again as he drew near, although his face expressed some surprise at finding him conversing with Isabel.

"I beg your pardon for my seeming rudeness. There are certain circumstances under which one will sometimes forget one's self. I beg you to forgive and forget what has just occurred."

He turned and left them almost as abruptly as he came, while Isabel sank back into her seat, weak and frightened, although considerably enlightened upon some points. Her tongue had seemed glued to the roof of her mouth, and she could not have answered his questions had he given her the opportunity. She was immensely relieved, however, that it had not been required of her; for she feared she should have committed herself, since it was evident that he knew the history of the jewels which she wore.

She had wronged the governess; the property was hers beyond a doubt, and what should she do about it?

She was filled with dismay; she could not return the jewels, for the young girl was apparently lost to them forever, and she would have to carry about with her always the unpleasant consciousness that she was, as Wilbur had said, the thief.

But it would not do to indulge in such thoughts now, and in explanation of what Sir Charles had just witnessed, she said:

"His lordship thought from my appearance that I was the child of some one whom he knew, and he spoke to me very abruptly."

"My lord is very eccentric about some things; he is getting quite old, too, and people do not mind him," replied Sir Charles, giving the matter no further thought.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT VOICE!

Isabel and her mother were jubilant over the result of Lady Peasewell's drawing-room.

The occasion had been one of signal triumph for the former, for she had been universally declared the belle of the evening—the reigning star in all that brilliant company.

Not so much indeed on account of her superior beauty—for she could lay no claim to beauty of features—as her stately presence, fascinating address, and her rich and elegant attire.

Sir Charles Randal had undoubtedly been deeply impressed, for after his introduction to her he had scarce left her side during the remainder of the evening.

He called the next day, and the next he came to escort her to Buckingham Palace, the queen and her retinue being absent, and he having obtained passes to visit that royal residence so fraught with historic interest.

These incidents led to a more intimate acquaintance, until the young baronet became her almost constant attendant at the opera and other places of amusement, and it soon grew to be common talk that the fair American was likely to win him for a husband.

Isabel's heart often turned longingly toward Adrian Dredmond, for she had been deeply touched by him. He was her ideal of manly excellence and nobility, but she knew how useless was that longing, for that look of scorn which he had given her at Lady Peasewell's told her but too plainly how heartily he despised her.

She had met him since at a number of places of amusement, but he never asked her to dance, or noticed her presence save by a grave, cool bow, and the involuntary curling of his handsome lips, so she turned the battery of her charms upon the baronet, and with much better success.

Sir Charles was accounted a very fine young man, and a great catch, for he, too, was very rich; so that Mrs. Coolidge spread her motherly wings, ruffled her most georgeous plumage, and made much of him, feeling immensely gratified at her daughter's evident conquest, although no proposals had as yet been made.

Two months passed thus; the search for Brownie had been given up by Mr. Coolidge, who could not gain the vestige of a clew to her whereabouts, and he finally came to the conclusion that, despairing of obtaining a situation in exclusive and aristocratic old England, she had returned to her native land, hoping to be more successful there.

What to do with her property was a puzzle to him, and he was greatly troubled on account of it, but he could only lock it carefully away, hoping some time in the future to see her and return it.

Isabel had been successful in returning the gems she had worn to the casket without his knowledge and emboldened by her good luck, she continued, from time to time, to abstract some of them to garnish her ravishing toilets. At length her triumph was complete.

Sir Charles proposed and was accepted, and great was the rejoicing thereof.

His mother at first was somewhat troubled at the idea of his marrying out of his own country—she had hoped he would choose some one from the nobility; but as she was eager to multiply his wordly possessions, and she had heard such accounts of Mr. Coolidge's fabulous wealth, she consented as gracefully as possible, and the contract was finally concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

Mr. Coolidge, who could not fail to honor the young man, told Isabel that she was getting a husband much too good for her, unless she mended her ways in the future, and it certainly seemed as if she had adopted his advice, for she became so amiable, apparently, that she excited the admiration of all for the time.

Lady Randal was a widow.

At the death of her husband she had been left with two sons, one fifteen, the other, which was Sir Charles, ten.

The elder died in just a year after his father, so that the younger came into the title and property.

There had been a prospect two years after Sir Charles's birth of another addition to the family, but Lady Randal was traveling upon the Continent at the time of its birth, and remained away a year after the event occurred; therefore it occasioned scarce any remark when it was reported that there was no child after all.

When after her return to England, a friend ventured to speak of her disappointment, Lady Randal had put her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, and remarked that, "it was so hard to lose one's children," and there the matter dropped.

Not more than a week after the engagement between Sir Charles and Isabel was announced, Mr. Coolidge was suddenly recalled to New York upon important and unforeseen business.

His partner telegraphed for his immediate return, and he departed in great haste, having only a few hours in which to make his preparation and catch the steamer. And in his haste he forgot to take with him, as he had intended, Miss Douglas's casket of jewels.

As soon as Lady Randal knew of his departure, she sent a polite note, containing an invitation, to Mrs. Coolidge and her family, to spend a month with them at their country seat, as they were about departing for a season from town.

This was exceedingly flattering to the Coolidges, and the last of February found them domiciled at "Vallingham Hall," near the ancient and beautiful town of West Malling, Kent County; all but Wilbur, who, still heartsore and filled with anxiety upon Brownie's account, resolved to try to lose himself in a trip to Switzerland and the Alps.

Lady Randal and her servants preceded her guests by a week to the Hall, leaving Sir Charles behind to escort their visitors, so that upon their arrival everything was in readiness for them, and they received a most cordial welcome.

Vallingham Hall was a handsome, though rather an ancient-looking structure, built partly of brick and partly of stone. The central portion seemed much older than the rest, a couple of wings and other additions having evidently been built on at different times. It had mullioned windows, and wide, massive doors, which gave it a grand and imposing appearance. The beautiful ivy, green and luxuriant, which clambered upon its sides to the very top of some of its turrets, gave it also a picturesqueness which made it charming to every one, and more than one artist, enamored of its beauty, had reproduced it upon canvas.

About a mile from the Hall, and standing within the limits of its park, there was a charming little villa of quite modern structure and having such an air of comfort and coziness about it that it tempted the beholder to seek an entrance and obtain a glimpse within, wondering if the inside were as attractive as the outside.

Vallingham Hall was already gay with company when the Coolidges arrived, and more was expected the following week.

Sir Charles's courtship seemed to be of the most blissful nature, at least to two persons.

Isabel was brilliant from her conquest, and rendered herself so fascinating to everybody that the young man was nearly overwhelmed with congratulations at having won so bonny and wealthy a bride, although among some of the high-born damsels, who were husband-hunting for themselves, there was now and then the curl of a red lip, and murmur of scorn about "plebeian blood."

Lady Randal, ignoring caste entirely, was always eulogizing Isabel's "elegant manners, and her exquisite taste in dress," and promising herself "so much happiness with a daughter, which she had always wanted, but never had."

Mrs. Coolidge spared neither labor nor expense for her eldest, and her wardrobe was the most *recherche* of anything to be seen among all the visitors at the Hall, while the jewels which she wore were a marvel to every one, and helped to swell the reports of her vast wealth.

When she found that her father had departed without taking them with him, she was delighted, and appropriated them without a scruple, and, as time wore away, she began to look upon them as almost belonging to her.

It must be confessed that she stood a little bit in awe of her high-born lover.

It did not take her long to discover that he was actuated only by the loftiest sentiments.

His manner was as courteous to a servant or an inferior as to an equal, and he never stopped to consider the position of any one when granting a favor.

The beggar of the peer was befriended with equal kindness.

Open and frank himself, he could not tolerate deception or hypocrisy in any one, and a deliberate wrong incurred his deepest displeasure.

Of course, the haughty and selfish girl could feel no sympathy with any such sentiments so foreign to her own nature, but having once learned Sir Charles's idiosyncracies, and being extremely anxious to share his coronet and plethoric purse, she exerted herself to the utmost to blind his eyes, and, to all outward appearance, she became a most earnest advocate of all his philanthropic schemes, much to his satisfaction, and the secret contempt and amusement of Viola and Alma, who neglected no opportunity when alone with their sister to torment her about it.

One evening Sir Charles invited her to walk over a portion of the estate with him, and unfolded to her his plans for beautifying it, and of improving the condition and comfort of his tenantry.

She strove to listen attentively, and appear interested in it all, but it was hard work, and although she was exceedingly kind and gracious to all whom she met, and won for herself high encomiums for her sweetness among his people, yet her heart was not in it, and she was immensely relieved when they turned their steps homeward.

On their way they had to pass the villa before described.

Just before reaching it, Sir Charles had called her attention to a lovely view.

They stood silent for several minutes enjoying it, when suddenly a few rich chords, struck upon a fine-toned piano, saluted their ears, and then a voice of ravishing sweetness and power burst forth into joyous song.

Isabel started at the sound as if a wasp had stung her.

"Who is that?" she demanded, her face flushing with a sudden thought and fear.

"It comes from yonder villa. Did it startle you?" asked Sir Charles, regarding her disturbed manner with some surprise.

"A little—it was so quiet before."

"I think it very fine," he replied, stopping to listen again to the clear, beautiful tones.

"Who lives there?" Isabel asked, an anxious expression on her face.



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"Lady Ruxley, an aged aunt of my mother's."

"Indeed! I thought she resided with you," she said, wondering why a lady of such high degree should be living in what appeared to her such limited quarters.

She had heard of Lady Ruxley before, and knew that it was from her Sir Charles was to inherit a large amount of his property.

She had never met her, although she was quite curious about her, having heard much about her peculiarities.

"Lady Ruxley always makes it her home with us while we are in town, but when we come to Vallingham Hall she prefers to be by herself, and a few years since she had this villa built, so as to escape the gayety and confusion which always reign there," Sir Charles explained.

"Does she live alone?" Isabel queried, with a thoughtful look.

"She has never had any one but her servants, until within the past few years she has had a companion to read to and amuse her. She is quite old."

"Ah, then it must be her companion who is singing now," and she leaned eagerly forward to listen again. "Who is she?" she asked, somewhat sharply, when after a moment the sweet singer suddenly ceased.

"I really do not remember the name—some unfortunate individual, I believe, who met with an accident, enlisted Aunt Ruxley's sympathies, and she insisted upon having her as a companion. I have never seen her. Indeed," he added, smiling, "my time has been so fully occupied in another direction lately that I have not paid much attention to other people's affairs," and Sir Charles bestowed a fond look upon his betrothed, which called the bright color to her cheeks, and the smile to her lips again.

She asked no more questions, and they remained a few moments longer gazing into the valley; then, as the sun sank out of sight, and the air began to grow keener, they turned their faces homeward.

As they passed the villa they caught a glimpse of an old woman bent nearly double with age, hobbling into the house from the vine-covered porch.

She was leaning upon the arm of a slender, graceful figure, who seemed to be clad in deep mourning, the sight of which made Isabel Coolidge's heart bound again with a sudden fear, and she bent forward for a better view.

She could not distinguish the person clearly, for the shadow of the vines about the door made it impossible, but a nameless dread of something, she knew not what, pursued her the entire evening, which neither the gay company at the Hall nor her lover's fondest words could make her forget.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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A KISS IN THE DARK

By Lou E. Sweeney

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"BUT I've no right to load my troubles on an absolute stranger, Professor Sherman, although the temptation is great," Lorin Fisher replied smiling.

"Just imagine that I'm your grandfather," he answered persuasively, "what difference does it make? You barely know my name; I did not catch yours when we were introduced yesterday—we'll probably never meet again."

"'Ships that pass in the night,'" murmured Lorin softly. "All right; you might help me to a decision. This letter is from my aunt out in California. She wants me to come live with her. She says I'd have nothing to do but enjoy myself month in and month out. Now I've always wanted to live in California. I have never been there, but I've often dreamed of it."

"Then why not go?"

"That isn't all. I remember my aunt well, 'though I haven't seen her in years; she has a will of her own. She'd be perfectly lovely to me—in her own way—but I'd be her property, if you can understand that."

He nodded.

"There's worse yet. My aunt has a nephew. She simply adores him. According to her, he is the most wonderful man in the world. I know she'd serve him morning, noon, and night. She'd marry me to him before I'd been there a year. Oh, you needn't smile—she'd manage me and him, too."

"That might be a good thing; maybe you would fall in love with him."

"No, I wouldn't," she cried vehemently, "I fairly detest him as it is, just because she has tried so hard to interest me in him."

He glanced at her curiously. "You shouldn't do that," he said mildly, "it isn't fair to the man. What sort of a fellow is he? Did you ever see him?"

"If you believe Aunt Anna, he is a good-sized piece of human perfection. No, I never saw him. I might have once—but I ran away," she answered, glancing out over the river.

He started suddenly and looked at her with fresh interest.

"I'll say this much for him," Lorin went on, "I like his spirit. He refused to allow my aunt to support him—told her that he didn't want her money, that he was a man and intended to do a man's part in the world. She educated him, but he has worked hard and paid her back every cent she ever spent on him. I think aunt said he was a college professor out there somewhere."

"You might like him, if you knew him," he began.

"No, I wouldn't," Lorin interrupted, "and, if I've been thrown at his head as he has at mine, I am sure he would loathe the very sight of me. Besides, I just know he is stoop-shouldered and red-headed; all these very studious men are."

He was digging in the dirt with a stick. A smile hovered about his lips. "I wouldn't say that all well-informed men were like that," he said softly.

"Oh, I beg pardon," Lorin cried, flushing rosily, "I didn't mean——"

"Never mind," he interrupted in his turn, "'present company always excepted,' you know. Leave the vexing question alone for awhile and let's go for a walk."

Lorin arose and thrust the letter in her pocket. "I'll do it," she said, "though I'm due at the Normal this moment."

"You don't look like a teacher," he remarked as they strolled along the river bank toward the more secluded part of the park.

"I am—a teacher and a spinster. You know that old maid school teachers usually grow 'cranky'; that's one reason why I'm tempted to accept aunt's offer. I am twenty-three—and I've taught for four years."

"I see right now where you are drifting; you'll go to California and take the red-headed professor."

"No, indeed. Speaking of school teachers reminds me that our superintendent left us last week for richer fields. The members of the Board are very much put out. It is so late now, they don't know where to find another man to take his place."

"That is unfortunate," he replied, "where do you teach?"

"In Bertram, a small country town south of here."

The conversation drifted to other things. Lorin found her companion a very charming man. He spoke little of himself, but was a sympathetic listener and made her feel that he thought her and her affairs of vital interest. She was quite certain that that day would always stand out in her memory as a red letter day.

"It shall not be 'Ships that pass in the night,'" he said as he put her on her car at parting time, "I must see you again."

"Perhaps we may meet again," Lorin said, returning his earnest gaze.

For days, he was constantly in her thoughts. Wherever she went, her eyes swept the crowds hoping to catch a glimpse of his handsome dark face, but she always met with disappointment. Thus summer passed.

With the coming of the first Tuesday in September, came the opening of the Bertram school. At the last moment, the School Board had been fortunate enough to secure for superintendent, the services of a man who came very highly recommended. They were to be congratulated, the president of the Board said in speaking of the matter. The new superintendent did not make his appearance until the night before school opened.

On opening morning, the High School auditorium was crowded with children and patrons of the school. The faculty sat in a group near the front. On the rostrum, solemn and dignified, waited the School Board. Everybody was curious to see the new superintendent. All eyes were turned toward the main entrance, so nobody saw him quietly enter through the back door. He was on the platform, well in the midst of the School Board, before even they were aware of his presence. The president of the Board, turning for a word with his colleagues, saw their superintendent taking his seat. This was the signal for the exercises to begin. The village orchestra rendered a selection and then the president of the School Board arose and said the same things which he had been saying on similar occasions for the past four years. He then introduced the new superintendent and sat down, vigorously mopping his heated brow.

A tall dark man stepped to the front of the platform and began to speak easily. After her first glance at him, Lorin shrank behind the teacher in front of her. She could not again lift her eyes. She felt that her cheeks were burning. Such a rush of emotions overpowered her, she was only dimly conscious of her surroundings. The stranger's voice and face carried her back to that gloriously happy day in the park. She glanced covertly about, hoping that no one had noticed her confusion; it seemed that they had not. Her pulse began to beat more evenly and she settled herself to listen, but, for the life of her, she could not keep her mind on the present. Her thoughts would stray to that other day and she sought frantically to remember just what she had said to this man. There had been a lot of foolishness, she knew. Lorin felt that she could not face him—and, yet, she had to meet him—and to work with him through the whole school year.

At length the services ended and the teachers crowded up to meet their superintendent. Lorin held back till the very last. She had regained her composure, but was quite pale with the effort. She wondered if he would know her. Would he by word or look recall that other meeting? She wanted him to remember it and, yet, she knew that she would be furious if he showed anything of the kind.

At last her turn came. She slowly advanced and held out her hand. As his hand clasped hers, she lifted her eyes for a moment. He was looking at her gravely, courteously, but with no hint of claiming previous acquaintance. Lorin drew her hand away, made the usual remarks and passed on; the ordeal was over.

The first week of school passed without incident. Lorin saw little of Professor Sherman. Like herself, he was very busy. At four o'clock Friday afternoon, came the first teachers' meeting. Most of the teachers had gathered in the superintendent's office and were discussing their summer vacations, while waiting for Professor Sherman to make his appearance. In some way, the subject of 'kissing' came up.



"What would you do if some one should kiss you without permission?"

"What would you do," Lorin was asked, "if some one should kiss you without permission?"

Lorin was at the blackboard drawing. Laughing, she faced the others. "I wouldn't give a fig for a man who was not bold enough to kiss me without the asking," she said saucily.

The next moment she could have bitten her tongue out; for the words had barely passed her lips before Professor Sherman, followed by Professor Sloan, the science teacher, entered the door. She was certain that they had heard her because Professor Sloan made some facetious reply to her remark. Professor Sherman, beyond giving her a casual glance, took no notice of the occurrence.

Lorin's fellow teachers shouted with merriment. They knew Lorin well and took her remark as lightly as it was meant, but they couldn't resist teasing her, she looked so like a child caught in mischief. Even Professor Sherman allowed a smile to hover about his lips.

Lorin wished that she could hide herself somewhere. Another bit of folly for this man to remember against her, she thought bitterly. She wondered why she must always do the wrong thing. All the week long, his image had filled her heart. She wanted his good opinion as she wanted nothing else on earth. She had admired him on that first day and the feeling had intensified with every passing day since. Mortified beyond expression, she silently took a back seat and absently listened to discussions of school work. She spoke only when asked a direct question and answered then with evident effort.

Lorin worked harder that session than she had ever done before. She felt that Professor Sherman was always watching her. He was never critical or exacting in his demands, yet she imagined that he did not like her. It seemed to her that she never looked up that he was not either just passing her door or pausing to look in. She thought it was because he wanted to keep her work up to standard and it made her furious to think he had so little confidence in her. She hated herself for not despising him. The girl could hardly wait for school to close, she was so anxious to get away—anywhere—so she would not have to meet him almost every hour of every day. She counted the days as impatiently as the children did and, secretly, rejoiced as much as they when the final month came.

And then one Sunday night, three weeks before the close of school, occurred the incident which brought things to a climax. Lorin entered church late and slipped quietly into a seat near the back of the house. She had the bench to herself. The one just back of her was occupied by Professor Sherman and Professor Sloan only.

Quite without warning, the lights went off. The minister rambled on in the dark while they waited for the lights to come on again. The minutes passed and still there was darkness. Suddenly Lorin felt a man's hand under her chin. Her bare head was gently but firmly tilted back and a fervent kiss pressed on her crimson lips; then she was released.

Lorin sat aghast. She could not cry out; she could only sit still in impotent rage. There had been no sound—she could not guess who was the guilty man. Not by the wildest stretch of imagination, could she believe it was the man just back of her. While she writhed in helpless exasperation and shame, the lights flashed on.

She could not resist a hasty glance behind her. Professor Sherman sat staring straight ahead, his arms folded across his breast. From the far end of the bench, Professor Sloan smirked at her. Immediately Lorin decided, with a feeling akin to nausea, that he was the man who had kissed her. She had disliked him before, but now she fairly loathed him. She heard little of the sermon after that and hurried away at the close of the services, evading Professor Sloan, who she felt sure, meant to ask to accompany her home.

After an almost sleepless night, Lorin took up her work Monday morning heavy eyed and miserable. She refused to speak to Professor Sloan whom she passed on her way to school. All the week she avoided him. From Monday morning till Friday afternoon, one question tormented her—why not resign? She knew that there would be strong protest, both from the School Board and Professor Sherman. There were only two more weeks of school, but could she hold out? Her nerves were worn to shreds; the children were noticing that she had become impatient and irritable; she was the mere shadow of the girl who had taken up her work so gaily the previous fall. Finally she decided that she would quit, she didn't care what anybody said. So, waiting until the other teachers and pupils had gone on Friday afternoon, she marched boldly into the superintendent's office.

Professor Sherman sat at his desk writing. He motioned her to a seat and, after one glance at her pale, tense face, walked over to the door and closed it.

He came back and seated himself on the opposite side of the desk, facing her. "Now what's the trouble?" he asked gently. "I've noticed that something has been bothering you all the week."

"I've come to tell you that I'm going to resign," Lorin said slowly.

"Resign!" he exclaimed. "You surely would not do that so near the end of the term. It would create such confusion and disturbance in our work. You don't mean that you want to quit at once?" He was greatly disturbed.

"Yes," answered Lorin, her eyes anywhere but on his, "I cannot teach another day."

"Do you mean that you are ill? Of course, in that case——"

"No, no!" she cried vehemently, "it isn't that. I—I can't explain."

"But there will have to be some explanation," he said gravely. "Surely you can tell me your reason, Lorin," he added gently.

Lorin sought desperately for an explanation which she could give him. At last she resolved to tell him a part of the truth at least. "It's—it's Professor Sloan," she said in a low voice, "I just cannot bear him."

"Sloan—what has he done?" he was utterly surprised.

Lorin's cheeks were burning. "If you must know, he has annoyed me with his attentions since last fall and he—he kissed me," she stammered miserably.

"Kissed you! the impudent pup!" he sprang to his feet. "I'll speak to the man myself; you shall have no further annoyance from that source. When did he kiss you?"

"It was at church last Sunday night—when the lights went off—you remember." Her head went down on the desk; she could not say another word about the shameful incident. He started and glanced at her quickly. After a few minutes of silence, he asked, still gently, "Lorin, is that all that is troubling you?"

Suddenly she lifted her head and said, flashing eyes, "No, it is not. You have not treated me fairly. You do not like me. You have not trusted me. You have watched and tried me the whole school year, and because I made that silly remark at the beginning of school, you thought I was no more. You ought to have known I never meant a word of that." She was struggling to keep back the tears.

He was striding up and down the room. When she had finished, he came and stood beside her. Though he spoke in a low voice, every word was charged with suppressed feeling. "Lorin," he said, "I simply worship you. I've been crazy about you ever since that first day of ours. If I've watched you, it's been for the reason that I just could keep out of your presence. I've hoped that you would show by some little sign that you, too, cared a little. When you left me there in the park, I knew that I had found the only woman in the world for me. I came down out here to apply for the superintendency position in this school. There was some delay and when I returned to the city, you were gone and I did not know where to look for you. I had to return to California to get leave of absence there, in order to take this work. I reached Bertram only the night before school opened. Next morning when from this chair I saw you passing down the corridor, it was all I could do to refrain from rushing out and clasping you in my arms. When you shook hands with me, I hoped that you would show that you remembered, but you did not—so I had to accept your decision."

Lorin sat with her head buried in her arms which rested on the desk. She was crying. The restraint of months had broken down and she could not stop.

He dropped to his knees beside her chair, drew her head to his shoulder. "Cry, dear," he said softly, "it will do you good." He did not speak again, but occasionally stroked her hair with gentle, caressing hands. Gradually Lorin's sobbing ceased and she sat very still.

"Haven't you anything to say to me, Lorin?" he asked appealingly.

Lorin glanced up at him shyly. "I have a great deal to say, but somehow, it won't say itself," she whispered. "It's so good to know that you cared all along."

He laughed happily and opened his arms. "'Care' is a feeble word," he said. Then he bent his head over hers. "I won't ask permission," he teased.

A little while later, they were both sitting on the edge of the desk. "I think I'll resign anyway," Lorin said saucily, "I'm afraid of you now!"

"Would you want me like that?" he asked reproachfully. "How do you think I'd ever get anything done? I'd be all the time running down to see you. Help me finish this job; then we'll name the day for California. We'll spend our honeymoon on Catalina Island and this fall you can begin keeping house for the red-headed professor."

"Oh," gasped Lorin, "what do you mean?"

"I'm Aunt Anna's nephew. Didn't she ever mention my name to you?"

"As I told you before, I have not seen her in years. She always spoke of you as 'Sonny.' Though your name did sound vaguely familiar, I never connected you with Aunt Anna's nephew. I never thought he'd be so nice. When did you find out that I was Aunt Anna's niece?"

"I've known who you were from the first. I guessed it that day in the park. Aunt Anna had talked so much about you, I was curious to know you. I came out here hoping to meet you and as soon as I saw you, I fell in love with you. Aunt Anna has known about it all along."

"She will rejoice to know how things have turned out," Lorin murmured softly. "Now I really must go."

"Just a moment," he begged, holding her close, "I want to relieve your mind about something—it was not Sloan who kissed you that night in church."



A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

faithful in his fashion"—as far as gates of nameful death.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RED MOUSE.

"Jacky," said Gillian in a queer, hoarse oice, "Jacky, look!"

It was nine o'clock in the common, dingy odging house where they had found a refuge—dirty, out-at-elbows place in the Northend oad, where the landlady had asked for no eferences beyond the sight of her week's oney paid in advance. Spring was coming owly, out in the country they had left, with weet scents of budding trees; here in London mnibuses crawled through the reeking mud, nder their window a fish-vender sold stale sh by the flare of a paraffin torch; and yet ll now they had been happier there than ever Hamilton Place. For the jewels, safely ealed, had been sent the day before to Scotnd Yard; sent by the expressman like an veryday bundle. As the clock struck the rst stroke of nine Jacky was almost gay for ome what might, they had saved little Mrs. areham; but as the last stroke died away she eard Gillian speak suddenly, and her heart ied within her.

What was the matter?

For Gillian had sprung to her feet, and stood olding out the evening paper they never dared o go to bed without reading and she was embling from head to foot, as a woman only oes in unbearable fear or pain.

"Jacky!" she repeated, her teeth chattering, read this!"

The younger sister snatched the paper. Its adly printed columns swam under her eyes in he dim gas-light.

Gillian pointed to something in big black tters, and Jacky's face turned white as hers.

"Extraordinary Restitution of Stolen Jewels -Murderers of Paul Marchmont Conscience-ricken—The Mystery of His Death Solved."

Painfully, as though she spelled out each ord, Jacky Hamilton read down the half-colmn of close type, that brought beads of cold ear on her forehead.

"Our readers," it said, "will be interested o learn that an incident almost unparalleled the records of Scotland Yard occurred yesteray when all the jewels stolen in the great ellford House robbery were returned to the olice by the prosaic hands of Carter, Patterson & Co., the great carriers.

"On inquiry at the office it was learned hat the ordinary brown paper parcel which ontained them was brought in by a shabbily essed girl, thickly veiled. The clerk who eceived the parcel remembered it distinctly om the fact that it was done up in a peculiar ay and sealed in every possible place with d wax.

"No doubt is felt by the police that the nder was one of the two Hamilton girls, hose mysterious disappearance from Hamilon Place on the night of the murder has ever been explained; and this conscience-ricken act has thrown a sudden light on the urder itself, as well as on the burglaries ccurring in the neighborhood.

"The *Daily Mail* is, as usual, the first to arn the fact which will electrify all London hat warrants are out for the arrest of both rls for the robberies which have so far been a ystery, and also for the murder of Paul archmont.

"For in the old house where the murder ok place a secret passage exists, ending in a ve with an outlet into the grounds, and rough that passage the murderess undoubtedescaped. We say murderess advisedly, nce on the cellar stones the police have disovered the print of a girl's small hand, marked blood, an unmistakable record of the author the crime.

"The murder is one of peculiar atrocity, hen it is remembered that the late Mr. Marchmont had adopted one of the missing girls from pure charity. It has been learned from the faithful servants of the dead man that she rewarded him with hatred and ingratitude, but it was not until the extraordinary restitution of the jewels taken from Wellford House that the real history of the crime was unveiled.

"It is not believed by the police that the elder of the two girls, having introduced her sister into Marchmont's house on false pretenses, profited by the opportunities given them as mistress and maid to rob right and left at Wellford House, the supposed maid stealing the jewels from the rooms of the guests, while her mistress, apparently guiltless, idsarmed suspicion by never leaving the ballroom. That Mr. Marchmont discovered this crime and taxed them with it would explain his death, since both girls must have been quite unscrupulous, and when driven to desperation would have been quite equal to over-powering a small, elderly man. It is supposed that one of them held him from behind while the other stabbed him with his own knife, a large one, which he used for pruning the roses, which were his great hobby. They then fled from the house by the secret passage, of which they must have been well aware, since Hamilton Place had been the home of their family for centuries, until want of money forced their father to sell it.

"Tardy repentance or fright has evidently impelled the guilty girls to make the restitution of the jewels which had caused so great a sensation and supplied the mysterious robbery and murder with a clear solution. That they are in London is certain, and their apprehension is now merely a matter of time. To their hiding-place the police already have a clue, and right-minded people will rejoice that they will undoubtedly suffer for their crimes.

"The appearance of the stolen jewels has come just in time to keep a certain 'celebrated case' from coming into court. A very pretty and popular lady will be congratulated on the discovery of the mystery surrounding her loss of some borrowed jewels, which leaves her reputation unstained by an accusation now proved to have been utterly unfounded."

Jacky dropped the paper.

"It's wicked, wicked," she gasped, "to let them publish lies like that! How dare they take it for granted that any one is guilty till they're tried? Don't look like that, Gill! They can't make out we did it."

"We can't prove we didn't." The voice of despair cut at Jacky's heart; for the first time she realized where they stood, to what a desperate pass they had come.

"And if we tell the truth twenty times over," the miserable voice went on, "it will be no good. Lesard will be gone by that time to some safe place. He will read the papers and laugh to see me bearing his sins while he gets off. And Mrs. Gibbs—she will believe I did it——"

"Why do you say 'I'? Why not 'us'?" in sharp interruption.

"Because I told Sir Charles I hated Marchmont, and Mrs. Gibbs knew it, too."

"Sir Charles will believe in you."

"No one believes in a girl like me."

"Hush! cried Jacky angrily. "Sit down. We must think what we're to do."

Her own heart was beating in sickening thumps, but for all that she could still hope in the truth that shames the devil.

"Do you think they have traced us?" she pointed to the papers.

"It doesn't matter. They will if they haven't."

Jacky kicked at a hole in the carpet, whistling tunelessly after her fashion.

"They sha'n't—I won't let them!" she said, breaking off suddenly. "Listen, Gill, we'd better get out of this. We're pretty; people notice us too much even in this house."

"We'll be turned out next week! I've spent or lost, or something, all the money Sir Charles lent me."

"But there's ten pounds for me at the bank."

Gillian began to laugh hysterically, dreadfully.

"Who would cash your checks here in London unless they knew you?" she said, with chattering teeth. "And in the face of this," touching the ill-omened newspaper, "I don't suppose even you are going to walk calmly into the bank and demand your money."

Jacky sat aghast, beyond even whistling. She had never thought of that.

"Write to Sir Charles," she suggested forlornly.

"Who is probably leading the hue and cry against us by now."

The quick pain in Gillian's voice made Jacky look sharply at her. Why was she so bitter against the man who had certainly been her friend?

"You've no right to speak like that," she returned coldly.

Gillian burst into a storm of sobbing.

"No, no," she cried. "I know. I didn't really mean it. But just because he was good to us is the reason I won't drag him into our affairs. Oh, Jacky, he was kind to us; he was a gentleman, and if I wrote I might get him into dreadful trouble."

"He's a man," bitterly; "men keep clear of trouble."

"I can't write—don't you see I can't? I that am"—shame in her voice that would once have been proud—"Lesard's wife."

"Don't!" said Jacky fiercely, even yet stung beyond endurance that any other woman should have been Lesard's wife. And yet she hated him all the more fiercely for Gillian's wrongs, till the love that was turned to loathing in her bit at her heart for the deadly vengeance that might yet be had on Lesard.

"Why do you think he's gone?" she demanded, and even yet could not speak the name that she had loved.

"He's not a fool, and he had money. Besides, at first he would not know he had me, his wife, for a scape-goat. He had to go."

"He may come back—when he knows."

The smile that no happy woman has the trick of came to Gillian's lips, bitter, delicate.

"Not he, not Lesard," she said gently. "You may put what you're thinking of out of your mind, Jacky. Even if you could do it, it would kill me. I will never let the world—or"—she stopped Charles Vivian's name on her lips—"or any one know I was ever Lesard's wife, his foolish, happy slave. Tell me," more gently still, "do you think any one in that express-office could swear to you?"

"Not as the red-haired girl who was at Hamilton Place," swiftly, for the waves of burned gold shone unstained now in the burnished curls Lesard had loved. "Try not to despair, Gill, they can't know what the paper says. Think of the many, many guilty people who must have escaped from far worse places than we are in, who are innocent. Let's go to bed now. Tomorrow we can think of somewhere to go."

"On that?" returned Gillian, dryly, holding out six shillings. But she got up and went over to their bed as if she were too weary to care for anything but sleep.

In the ugly light from a dirty gas-globe the younger sister sat thinking, her curled gold head bowed on her arms that were folded on the table.

Money they must have, or else clear themselves even as little Mrs. Fareham had been cleared, but there was no one to play Don Quixote for them as they had for her.

The hate for the man she had loved—that hate which has driven even good women to madness—seemed to quicken in her as Gillian's sleep on their miserable bed deepened. A curious thrill went through Jacky Hamilton's whole body—a mad hope that was devilish.

With a speed that was uncanny in its noiselessness, she got up, and, seizing on Gillian's hat, stole from the room. The clock upstairs struck ten as she slipped out into the bustling thoroughfare of the Northend Road. Women with baskets jostled her; men stared at her, and turned away sharply as they saw her eyes that were fixed as though she looked on a horror. Presently she found herself in a cross street, going she knew not where, walking because the movement helped her to plan out what was in her heart, led unfalteringly by some spirit in her feet.

When she had walked for half an hour like one who follows through thick mist a well-known path she realized where she was—but not why she was there, nor what such a place could have to do with Jacky Hamilton.

She stood in a well-lit, quiet street—quiet but for the hansoms that flashed up it and stopped at the portico of a smart stone house opposite her, where men got out and went in.

She knew the place for a sort of private gambling-house kept by a woman, a gorgeously handsome creature who drove herself in the park in a high mail phaeton, always alone, always insolent, parading her brazen beauty before the world.

The girl with whom Jacky had lived during those few happy months in London, when the world had seemed a place of roses and silver trumpets and Lesard, had pointed one day, with tears in her honest young eyes, to the shining carriage, the solitary woman.

"She was the daughter of the innkeeper in our village," she had said, "and look at her now. Oh, it is a dreadful place, London. The Red Mouse, they call her, because she has gnawed through so many men's fortunes and her money is stained with blood. She keeps a gambling-house, but the police never trouble her. She has too many friends with heavy hands."

The words came back now to the pale girl with the hard-set mouth, standing in the street, splashed by the mud from those flying hansoms. It was the house of the Red Mouse she stood before; there and nowhere else her business lay. But even yet she did not know what she had come to do.

The night was strangely warm and clear for March; the wide, double doors of the house were flung wide to the portico of white stone that shone like marble in the keen electric light over the doorway.

Jacky, as if the light fascinated her, drew slowly nearer, till she stood on the pavement directly in front of the door and could see into the hall.

It was carpeted with red, soft and thick like velvet, and in the dimly glowing light of rose and amber lamps she saw the luxury that reigned in the house. Flowers, statues, pictures, she could see, and a mounting trail of perfumed smoke that rose from a great brass incense-burner at the foot of the marble staircase. A man servant in plain clothes stood motionless in the doorway, never even glancing at the small figure in black on the sidewalk.

Jacky—staring into the house that so cleverly evaded the law, where no one ever passed the sentinel servant who did not bear an orthodox invitation-card in the handwriting of its mistress—wondered afresh why she had come.

Heavy with the dreadful fears that had come to her with the reading of the papers, maddened with the longing to make Lesard know that her own hand could strike in the dark as surely as his own, the girl did not notice as a small dainty brougham drew up just behind her.

"Now, then, child," said a woman's voice at Jacky's shoulder—a voice with a telltale hoarseness in it—"don't stop all the way."

Jacky swung around, startled.

It was the Red Mouse herself. Tall, fair, exquisitely made, she stood waiting to pass, her clear-cut face gay and insolent. There was too much rouge on the lovely cheeks, too much carmine on the hard mouth, a line of black on the eyelids that showed in the searching electric light. But at none of these was Jacky Hamilton staring like one who sees a ghost.

Her cloak of palest violet satin, soft with ermine, filmy with lace, had fallen back from the shoulders of the Red Mouse. She held it on with one strong hand, laughing at the surprise on the face of the loitering girl. It was not often that a woman gazed at her beauty with such excited, covetous eyes. But Jacky had never even glanced at that painted face.

On the white throat of the Red Mouse, that rose like a lovely column where the cloak had slipped back, shone and sparkled something whose unholy fire Jacky knew.

It was the necklace of black diamonds that Lesard had taken from the cellar.

There was no mistaking it, shining red and green, with the center of each stone a scintillating spot of white light.

"Oh!" gasped the girl, and cried instinctively, "how lovely!"

The Red Mouse was good-natured to recklessness. "What? My necklace?" She paused, facing the shabby girl. "Bah! I only like it because it's new. I paid too much for it, only this afternoon."

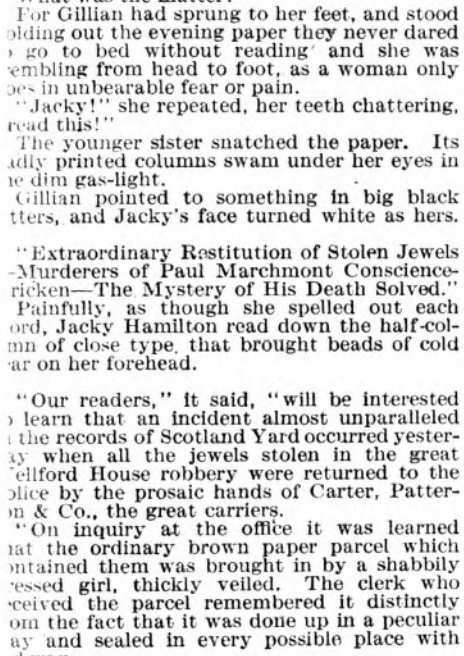
"You bought it from Lesard!" cried Jacky, and then could have bitten her tongue at her own madness.

"What if I did? It's none of your business!" said the Red Mouse rudely. "Get out of the road, will you?" And the scent of her satins and laces reached Jacky as she brushed by.

She knew now why she had come here at this hour. Lesard was still in London.

Gillian, who had been his wife, was tongue-tied, but not Jacky, who hated him with the hate of hell—who must hang if he went free!

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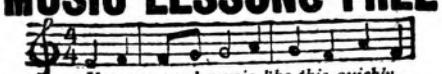
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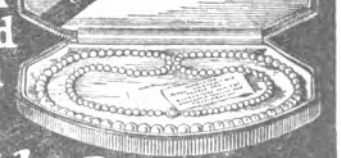
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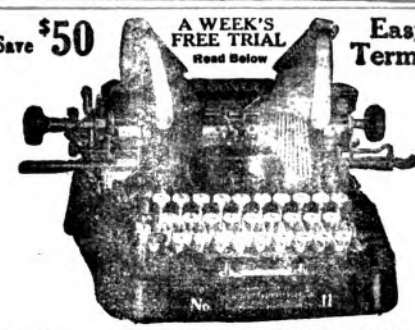
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Incontinence of Urine, or Bed-Wetting

IN choosing this for our subject for this month's talk we think we are discussing a subject of great importance, a subject that is less understood by both parents and physician than any other pertaining to the health and well being of babies and children. There are few conditions which call for more careful investigation than this, and few conditions which such a variety of circumstances may conspire to bring about. There are few conditions about which physicians are consulted, so often, few conditions which he treats with such poor success, and the parents go from one physician to another in their efforts to get relief from this distressing condition.

If one blindly treats a case and gets good results he deceives himself with the idea that he has found something that offers relief to all cases, which is far from the truth as it is possible to get.

Granting that it is due to a nervous fault, the results of treatment would go to show that sometimes it is due to a hypersensitiveness of the nerve center of the spinal cord in the lumbar region, or some trouble in the centers higher up in the cord of which it should convey our knowledge of the need for action.

The bladder becomes full and the order is given to empty it, this being done through our wonderful nerve system, much like a telephone system.

On account of some trouble with the wire or the receiving end the message is never received and the bladder in desperation emties itself in the bed or wherever it can do so with the least resistance, a voluntary act becomes an involuntary one.

As the physician studies these cases, and figures out the cause in each individual case he soon finds that there are very many things that must be taken into consideration.

In some cases the constitutional build of the patient must be considered, the sleeping habits, the nervous system, the condition of bladder and rectum, worms, the condition of the urine, the diet, too much meat, too many sweets or pastry, and in cases of long standing the question of habit

We mean by habit this; the cause may be removed, but the condition continues through force of habit, a strong element in the human being.

After this explanation you will understand that to treat successfully all cases of bedwetting you must be prepared to make an extensive inquiry of somewhat of a complicated nature in each individual case.

You will also understand why it is not advisable to hit out at random with bromide or belladonna in the treatment of a case when you are asked for some remedy for the relief of bedwetting. Each case must be investigated carefully to determine how it should be treated.

In boys it may be, and often is, that circumcision is the remedy indicated. Local congestion from constipation or worms should also be looked into.

In some cases the tone of the nervous system is at fault and must be corrected, this goes with nightmare and sleepwalking.

A little investigation will enable the physician to come to an opinion, follow out definite treatment and get relief.

There are many cases of a nervous origin which are cured by Bromide of Potassium, or small doses of Chloral; other cases are cured by small doses of Belladonna or its alkaloid Liq. Atropinae; Ergot succeeds in some cases through its contraction of the muscles and can be given in ten drop doses night and morning for ten days or two weeks. In cases of a rheumatic tendency the child may have highly acid urine which irritates the bladder and provokes expulsion. This may be relieved by cutting off all meat and giving Bicarbonate of Potash. If the urine is turbid, strong, smells of ammonia, it may be too alkaline, just as provoking to the bladder although an opposite condition. This is not met with so often as the over-acid condition, and can be relieved by dilute phosphoric acid and nux vomica, or salicylate of soda.

In all cases a better habit should be formed by restricting the quantity of drink toward the end of the day, and by arranging it so as to take the child up and have it urinate as late at night as possible and as early as possible in the morning. Long continuance in the bedwetting habit will make the case obstinate, but if an intelligent appreciation of the problem is early brought to bear on each individual case, it will be curable.

I may venture to say that bedwetting is the most unsatisfactory condition that a physician is called upon to treat, because he has not the cooperation of the parents. If a child has pneumonia the parents will take hold and aid in every way, but in bedwetting they expect to get a prescription which will cure at once.

Every case must be studied carefully by physician, urine and stools examined, also rectum for pinworms. If the child is anæmic or nervous, you must build up its general health; if tonsils are diseased, or adenoids present they should be removed, and in some cases this gives relief, not only to bedwetting, but converts a nervous, irritable, unhappy child into a bright happy one.

I repeat myself when I tell you that if your child wets the bed, take a sample of the urine to your physician; take hold with him and try and find out the cause in your child's case.

If you find out the cause, that is half the battle, as the removal or treatment of the cause is simple.

Anyone telling you that a certain remedy will cure all cases is not only deceiving you but themselves.

Subject for next month is *Feeding Baby.*

Questions and Answers

MEMBRANOUS CROUP.—What is the difference between membranous croup and diptheria? My eighteen-months-old baby became hoarse on Monday, and as she was worse Tuesday I called our physician, who suspected diptheria, took a culture and came Wednesday, said it was diptheria, gave antitoxin, but within an hour baby was dead.

If antitoxin had been given sooner would it have saved her?

Do you have the diptheria germs in membranous croup?

Can diptheria germs be carried in the clothes, and how long will they live?

Mrs. N. M. K., Rensalaer, Ind.

A.—Membranous croup is laryngeal diptheria, where the diptheria germ is located not only in the throat, but in the larynx, trachea and nose, the membrane choking the patient so he can not get air enough.

It is usually treated as sore throat or ordinary croup until it is too late. Anything used successfully in the treatment of membranous croup must be given early in the treatment of the disease, not waiting until the child is cyanosed and struggling for breath.

If not seen until the late stage, the only thing to do is to put a tube into the trachea, so the child can breathe until the antitoxin dissolves the membrane, during the meantime the patient's strength must be kept up by stimulants, preferably brandy. Your baby's chances of living would have been better if the antitoxin had been given earlier, and while the conservative way is to wait until the culture proves the diagnosis, my rule is to give the antitoxin at once in suspected cases if the child seems seriously ill.

Antitoxin properly given will not do any harm, even if the disease is not present, and there will be no after effects unless it is a slight stiffness or soreness of some of the muscles and joints, which soon passes off.

Yes, diptheria germs can be carried in the clothes, the length of time that they will live is a hard question to answer, as it depends so much on their location.

VOMITING BABY.—My nine-months-old baby vomits up his milk every time he takes it, but is very fat, weighing seventeen pounds, while I am very thin and weak.

Mrs. B. H. W., Janesboro, Ark.

A.—Should wean baby at once, not only for his good but your own. Get a bottle of Pepto-Mangan (Gude's) and take dessertspoonfuls in milk three times a day to build up your health.

WEANING BABY—CONSTIPATION.—Should I wean my four-months-old baby, as I am pregnant? What can I do for constipation?

Mrs. G. H. F., Walkersville, W. Va.

A.—Wean baby at once and put her on modified milk.

For the constipation, you should eat lots of fruits and vegetables, and take teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to keep bowels regular.

FREQUENT URINATION.—TO INCREASE FLOW OF MILK.—What can I do for my two-year-old boy who awakens several times in the night to urinate?

What can I do to increase the amount of my milk?

Is it harmful for my five-months-old baby to sleep ten or twelve hours during the night without a feeding?

Mrs. M. C., Sand Creek, Wyo.

A.—Have your two-year-old boy examined, as he may need circumcision. Do not give him liquids late in the day, and if you are giving much acid fruit, stop them.

You can increase the amount of your milk by drinking lots of liquids, and eating lots of vegetables, especially beets, boiled.

Drink lots of buttermilk, and if this is not available have your druggist get you some Lactone tablets which will convert plain milk into buttermilk.

No harm for baby to sleep all night, and you should be truly thankful that he does.

LIME WATER, MOLASSES COOKIES.—To make lime water, your druggist can give you some tablets which you dissolve in pint of water. This is the better way, or you can take ordinary lime, dissolve it in water, allow to settle, pour off or syphon the liquid.

Molasses Cookies:—One and one-half cups of molasses, sugar one-half cup, half cup of sour milk, cup of butter, or lard, teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, half teaspoonful of ginger, add flour enough to roll.

ACID INDIGESTION.—My two-year-old baby girl does not sleep well, is restless, appetite good, but tongue white, breath smells badly, bowels move three or four times a day, urinates often, and the urine irritates the skin.

Mrs E. M. T., Westminister, Md.

A.—Put this baby on a diet, which should consist largely of milk, adding tablespoonful of lime water to each three ounces of milk. Give her oatmeal gruel and custards, but no acid fruits. Get your druggist to put you up Elix Lactated Pepsin, three ounces, Liq. Bismuth, three ounces, and give her three times a day a teaspoonful of this mixture.

COW'S MILK.—How shall I prepare cow's milk for my six-months-old baby, and shall I have to mix it differently as she grows older?

Mrs. E. P. M., Milford, Del.

A.—Equal parts of milk and water as follows:—milk three ounces, water three ounces, lime water one ounce, sugar of milk one teaspoonful.

Gradually increase the amount of milk until at the ninth month baby is taking pure milk to which has been added a little lime water.

MASTURBATION, BROWN SPOTS.—Will you kindly tell me what ails my fourteen-months-old baby boy, as he gets his legs as close together as he can, then makes his body go up and down? He has done this for seven months and I can not make him stop it, he seems strong and healthy, creeps but does not walk.

Will you please tell me what the brown spots on my face are, and what will remove them?

Mrs. W. P., Intola, Ont., Canada.

A.—Your little boy is masturbating, a vicious harmful habit, and in one so young I think some local condition the cause.

Have him examined by some competent surgeon, and a circumcision performed if needed. If this is not possible, you yourself can push back foreskin and thoroughly wash. Do this if you cause bleeding when you do it for the first time, for without much doubt the secretion under the foreskin is causing this miserable habit.

The brown spots are chloasma uterinum, which occurs in young mothers, and is simply a discoloration of the skin, unattended with alteration of the surface and are caused by the physiological changes in the circulation.

The following lotion will remove them, if persistently used:—Hydrargyrum Chlorididi Corros, 6 Grs; Acidi Acetici, *Dil*, drams 2; Boracis, scruples, 2; Aquae Rosae, qs, ad, ounces four. Sig.—Apply on spots night and morning, CAUTION:—This should bear poison label.

INDIGESTION.—What can I do for my seven-months-old nursing baby who has indigestion and vomits up its food? My own digestion is not good, and I have slime in my mouth all of the time.

Mrs. L. J. L., Cronfills Gap, Texas.

A.—Get your own digestion in normal condition and the baby's will be the same.

Keep your bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, taken often enough to keep bowels regular; avoid rich foods, and after meals take two teaspoonfuls doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin.

INJURED PERINEUM.—When my baby was born two months ago, the perineum was so badly torn, that the womb falls so it can be touched from outside. What shall I do?

Mrs. C. S., Ohio.

A.—Go to some competent surgeon and have the perineum repaired at once. Do this before the organs are out of position long enough to prevent a satisfactory result. Do not hurry about getting up after the operation. Support the abdomen, and avoid lifting and reaching for a few months.

CHOREA.—My baby, one year old, was badly constipated and had serious trouble with piles, but these conditions are relieved. She goes through all sorts of motions and winks, can you help me to relieve this?

Mrs. G. F., Hudson Falls, N. Y.

A.—This baby should be removed from all excitement, mental and physica. Many cases improve if kept in a darkened room. Would suggest that you give her two-drop doses of Liquot Potassii arsenitis, also two-drop doses three times a day of Tincture of Chloride of Iron. Your druggist can fill these prescriptions, so that baby can take the two together in syrup, three times a day.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

something like gum drops but far better, called locoum. Next we stopped at Dubrovnick, Servia, though we came very near not stopping, as the boat was two days late. Our Captain had a wireless not to stop but four hundred men, women and children talked him into it. Two police from town came on board and wouldn't let us land until morning. It was then after eight o'clock, and he said there was no place for so many to sleep but, when four hundred people all talk at once they get what they want. We went on shore, but only a few of us got rooms and beds. The rest had to sit up all night. The boat company had to pay the town nearly $3,000.00 for being late. We were all tired and hungry as the food on the boat was not so very good. From there we took cabs and went up in the mountains, till we came to our new home. We passed a number of fortresses and trenches that the Austrians used in the war, and saw the ruins of many houses that had been burned.

It was a poor year for this little country as there were no rains until too late to do any good.

If Mrs. Wilkinson doesn't print my letter it will be new to her. I will write more about the ways of this country next time if you care to hear from me.

I am an American but my husband is Montenegrin by birth. Am five feet, seven inches tall, with blue eyes and medium brown hair, weigh 110 pounds and am 24 years old.

It takes a five-cent stamp for letters and two cents on cards and it takes a month for mail to get over here. I would like to have the sisters write me but I cannot promise to answer all.

Your COMFORT sister,

MRS. NIKO NIKCEVICH.

Mrs. Nikcevich.—Please do write again. Foreign letters are so thrilling, don't you think so, sisters?—Ed.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

GOOD EVENING SISTERS:

I hope you haven't forgotten me entirely during my absence. Move a little closer together so I can tell you about two events, one short and sweet, and the other long and continuous, which have happened since I visited you.

The first regards Mrs. Wilkinson's visit to Princeton. As I was leaving the East for good she made me a flying visit. By that I don't mean that she came in an areoplane nor has she wings of her own—yet. What I meant was that she came one afternoon and left the next morning which in my estimation was no visit at all. I expect when she does learn to fly she will come out here and stop off just long enough to refill with gas and oil and hurry back to Maine because "that last batch of Sisters' letters must be read." Oh, you have no idea what a responsibility Mrs. Wilkinson's sisters are to her.

The second event was a delightful trip across the continent and my winter here in the "land of sunshine and flowers". As I left Princeton a few days before Christmas I decided to travel by the Washington Sunset Route as I had always wanted to see the southern states in winter time. When we are buried in snow in the North don't you imagine the South as being warm and covered with green foliage and flowers? I did, so you can imagine my surprise to find that all the southern states, until we got into Louisiana, looked very much like our northern states in November. The fields were brown, the trees bare, no flowers and frost on the ground early in the morning. It was all so different from Florida which is quite tropical the year round.

Before I forget I must relate some amusing incidents which occurred on the train. Quite a large party of English people who had just landed in our country were traveling to Los Angeles. Naturally they were loaded down with all kinds of baggage. One young man in particular had his seat loaded to overflowing. When the conductor came through he noticed a valise in the aisle near the man's seat so he said, "You'll have to move that valise as it is against the rules to block the aisle." When he came through again the valise was still there so he tapped the man on the shoulder and said, "Young man, I told you to remove that valise from the aisle," and passed on. The young man still made no move to when the conductor came through the third time he became angry and said, "If you don't remove that valise in one minute I'll pitch it out of the window." The young man looked up and solemnly said, "Go ahead. 'Tis mine."

Near Atlanta a farmer got on the train and beside an elderly lady. As the train was through the open country a peculiar odor came in through the open windows. The lady after minute then turned to the farmer and asked you tell me what that peculiar odor is?" says he, "that's fertilizer." "For the land's sake exclaimed she. "Yes'm," says he.

We reached New Orleans at noon on Christmas Day. I should like to have spent a day in the quaint old city but had to be satisfied with a glimpse I got of it as we went by bus from station to the other on the opposite side of the I won't take the time to describe the trip through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona as the scenery on just level grassy plains became monotonous although the warm dry air was invigorating. saw Mexicans and cowboys lounging around stations which were far apart. Even southern California appeared dry and brown outside of the irrigated districts. It was not until we were on way up to San Francisco that a decided change scenery was noticeable. It was raining and everything looked so fresh and green. By the time reached my destination, just south of Frisco, felt as if I had jumped from December to May the air, the fresh green grass, the many trees reminded me so much of our spring weather home

I had expected to find the spring weather warm here that everyone would be wearing summer dresses. But once again I was disillusioned as people dress here in the winter time nearly in the East. Winter hats, dresses and even coats are worn and one needs them too, for mornings and evenings are always chilly no matter how warm the sunshine is during the day. The thing I don't like about this place is that the houses are not well heated so unless you have a room with a southern exposure you feel colder indoors than outside. It may be better later on as I'm speaking now of January when we are enjoying clear summer weather while the papers tell of blizzards and people freezing in other states. One can't have everything. Even my mother, who wasn't keen about leaving the East, admits that the climate here is almost ideal. So come out, sisters, you won't be disappointed, provided you can make a living here as one can't live on climate alone

I should be very glad to hear from some of the California sisters regarding the climate in other parts of the state, as mother and I hope to locate permanently somewhere in the state as soon as I finish my work here.

Sincerely,

NELLE I. TUCKER.

WACO, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a constant reader of dear old Comfort since I was old enough to read and I am now thirty years of age and the mother of six children. Two



JAMES FRANKLIN LUCE.

14, Laura, 11, Kara, eight, Nicia, six, Jackie, four and my baby Jimmie, as we call him, eight months old. He is the pride of our home. My four oldest all girls, are in school in grades ranging from first to eighth. We live three miles from Waseo, a small town, but at the rate it has grown in the past few years it won't be small long. It has a new grammar school and a high school and children living over two and one-half miles from school are carried there in buses furnished by the state. My girls are the first ones to get on every morning. They have to be ready and out at the front gate by 7:30 for the driver is always on time. The bus they go in has a capacity of 85. The state furnishes all the books in the grammar school. I don't know about the high school. We also have the hot lunch system which is a help to mothers as well as a benefit to the children. I usually make sandwiches, cake, pie, etc. for them and they take their five-cent piece along and get hot soup, beans or whatever suits their taste. They are less likely to hurry through with their meals when they have a bowl of hot soup to eat slowly.

My husband, five of our children and I are natives of Texas. Little James Franklin was born the morning after Christmas and is a native of California. We have been here three years and I am sending his picture to dear old COMFORT and I hope to see him smiling from its pages; for COMFORT is the best paper I ever read and it shall always be in my home as long as I live. He was seven months old when this picture was taken.

MRS. MAGGIE LUCE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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One and Indivisible

By Anne McQueen

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LD Colonel Nelson,' who lived in the big old Nelson home in the Upper Town, always went to the cemetery on the twenty-sixth of April and reverently decorated the ves of the Confederate soldiers whose dust l mouldered there for more than half a cen- y.

ld Major Nelson, who resided at Mrs. elps's boarding home for select guests down he Lower Town, waited till the thirtieth of y to walk with much state to the well-kept es Uncle Sam had set apart and made beau- l for his boys who wore the blue, and ced his flowers upon the graves of the ion dead.

The two were brothers, and had been de- ed to each other till their ways had divided ay back in the sixties. Now they were mies, who lived in the same town, went to same church, had the same friends, yet er spoke, never exchanged one kindly nce or had so much as one kind thought for h other.

'A traitor to his country is no longer a broth- of mine," old Major Nelson declared rcely, when any well-meaning person ven- ed to approach him with offers of media- n.

And the Colonel would say, with equal terness, "a traitor to his State, sir, is be- th the contempt of any right-minded per- . I do not care to hear that—er—indi- ual's name mentioned again."

They were very old men, but well-kept and e, likely to live for some years yet, when year 1921 approached its mid-youth, it ng at this time, the twenty-ninth of May.

On the evening of this day the Colonel, who s a childless widower, sat in his library be- e the enormous old fireplace wherein huge s were wont to be piled in wintertime; now re was just a bit of a blaze, for the evening s chilly for old bones. Above the mantel serenely noble face of Lee looked down upon , flanked on either side by the grave face Stonewall Jackson and the laughing one of eb" Stuart. Washington's dignified coun- ance hung just above Lee's portrait, and r all was draped the folds of a red-and- ite banner—the Stars and Bars of the dead l gone Confederacy.

Old Antony, an aged negro with wool as ite as snow, came shuffling into the library h a tray whereon was set a deep, smoking of black coffee and a plate of crullers; s was the Colonel's dessert, always taken is.

Old Antony placed the tray on a tiny, rose- od tabouret at the Colonel's elbow and stood pectfully awaiting further orders from his ster. Antony was a "Nelson nigger"—he l belonged to the family, and, moreover, he l been Colonel Nelson's body-servant all ough the war; more than once he had saved young master's life, and the two old men re devoted friends; Antony would gladly ve laid down his life for his master, and the lonel would have given up his own for his vant any day.

Suddenly the knocker on the hall door ttered loudly; Antony went out and pres- ly returned with the Reverend Stuart kenzie, the Colonel's rector.

'This is kind, sir," welcomed the Colonel ng to his feet and shaking the clergyman's nd, "I was very lonely, very lonely indeed. tony, fetch another cup."

But the minister declined coffee; he was a nervous, and rubbed his hand before the ze in an absent-minded manner. At last spoke.

'Ahem! Colonel, I—er—seeing that to- rrow we—er—expect to honor the heroic d who gave up their lives in France for the e of the world——"

'Sake of fiddlesticks!" sniffed the Colonel, lan, any red-blooded nation would have e in at the beginning. We waited too long, —entirely too long!"

'Be that as it may," conceded the minister. is now a time when we all ought to forget d and gone animosities, and make friends. lonel, won't you join us at the National metery tomorrow? Your nephew, John ison, fell over there, you know."

'Certainly, I know John fell bravely—and st unnecessarily, poor chap! Day the ar- stice was signed. Left a widow in France— rried over there to a nice girl; writes to me— le boy named Jack. What's that got to with me going to your Yankee graveyard? ill not, sir! Pardon me, but I think there something underhanded in this request— l really want me to see—and perhaps speak a man who betrayed his native State, sir. efuse to do it, with all due deference to rself, sir!"

Reverend Mr. McKenzie rose. "The God battles soften your heart, sir, for I perceive t it is beyond my power," he said, and ched for his stick and hat, which he had d on a chair, "I bid you good-evening, lonel!"

'A good man, Antony, but a meddling old l," the Colonel informed Antony, when he ne back from ushering out the minister. etch me another cup of coffee—this is cold. —I don't want any; that meddling preacher spoiled my appetite for dessert—take the llers away, and reach me that History of Confederacy on the high shelf."

While the Colonel composed his mind in the es of the history of the Lost Cause, the jor sat in his own private sitting-room at s. Phelps's boarding home for Select Guests. h his own lares and penates about him. ncoln looked down with sad, humorous s upon the old gentleman, who was read- the daily paper. Grant and Sherman arded him with indifferent, set faces from ir station on either side of Lincoln. Over three the Flag, radiant and starry, hung its tecting folds.

A knock on his door caused the Major to k up from his paper and call, "come in!" her impatiently—he was an old bachelor, Major, and set in his ways; and he did not to be interrupted while reading his eve- g paper.

The door opened and an elderly gentleman ample girth and kindly face entered—Dr. ymond, the physician of both the Major d Colonel Nelson.

'Nobody sick in the house, Jack?" queried Major, as the doctor dropped into a chair his side.

"Nobody—physically," smiled the doctor, "most of us are crazy you know, except 'thee and me,' and sometimes—'I think *thee* is'," finished the Major; "what's up, Jack?"

"Tomorrow, Major, we go to decorate the graves of those soldiers who died in France, and whose bodies have been, very rightly, laid away with the nation's old heroes of the sixties."

"When their folks let 'em be laid there," added the Major, "where they belong. My nephew, John Allison, left a widow in France, poor chap—killed at the last minute. Got a fine kid, too. She sent me his picture."

"Seeing that tomorrow will be—er—rather unusual in its ceremonies," began the doctor, "I wonder if you couldn't open your heart and make friends with the Colonel for the sake of Jack Allison, if nothing else?"

"Sir," said the Major, with dignity, "you are my friend, and I cannot be rude to you in my—er—room. But I will say this: I make no friends at this late day with a traitor to his Country! And, unless you change the subject, I'll bid you good-evening!"

"Sleep on it, Major, sleep on it!" advised the doctor, but he rose, sadly shaking his head as he went out—there was small chance of the Major's conversion. "Butt-headed old idiots, both of them," thought the doctor, as he left Mrs. Phelps's premises.

"Meddling young whippersnapper," fumed the Major, as he turned for comfort to his paper—and did not find it!

Neither did the Colonel find much comfort in his beloved History; he turned the pages, looked at the pictures of the battles, and sighed restlessly—the minister had spoiled his evening, even as the doctor had ruined the Major's. A long, shrill whistle sounded—the eastern passenger train was coming in, on time, for a wonder. Taxis began to rattle along the cobbles of the street, and the Colonel frowned at their unseemly noise. Now one, a bit noisier than its fellows, stopped at the gate——

"Now who the devil can that be?" thought the Colonel, irritably, he had had enough company—wanted no more for the evening.

But presently the door opened, and this time old Antony and Sabry, his wife, who was the Colonel's housekeeper and cook, both ushered in guests—a lady all in black and a little boy whose sleepy blue eyes and freckled little nose looked vaguely familiar to the Colonel—he had known a child who looked like that, somewhere.

"Thiz ees my Oncle?" said a sweet voice, hesitatingly, and the little lady in black threw back her veil and disclosed a sweet, dark, foreign little face, "voila—I am Marie, your niece, and thiz is *mon enfant*—my leetle Jack!" And quite promptly, she threw herself into the Colonel's outstretched arms and sobbed whole-heartedly on his tucked shirt-front.

"Why, honey, I'm mighty glad to see you—mighty glad! And the boy too—Jack's image, ma'am—his spittin' image! Knew him at a glance. But why didn't you write me you were coming, honey?"

He was gently removing the bonnet and veil, handing them to Sabry, who, with Antony, was giving vent to mingled exclamations of sorrow and delight—sorrow for Jack, whom they had known since childhood, delight at seeing his little boy, and his widow.

"Fix the big room upstairs, Sabry," ordered the Colonel, "and fetch out the trundle-bed from the garret for the boy. Shake hands with the servants, honey—they knew your husband, and they are glad to see you and the boy."

The little lady turned, confronted old Sabry, with tears in her kind old eyes, and hurled herself on Sabry's broad bosom like a small whirlwind.

"You are both of ze hearts so kind," she sobbed, and the Colonel felt vaguely relieved when she took old Antony's hand, having an idea that perhaps she might embrace him, too!

Then the little boy was brought forward, and petted, and hugged and made much over by the old servants. And, when they were all a little composed, the Colonel took the little chap in his lap, and heard his niece's story of how, wishing to see her dear husband's people and country, she had come over for a short visit—she would return soon to her own France, and her own parents.

"And he—he lies in our land,' but I am glad zat I get here in time to put flowers on ze graves of ze *vieux* soldats— ze ones in your town. Tomorrow we go, Jack, and you and I, and place zem."

Proudly she showed a long box, which she opened and showed filled with wonderfully fresh and fair blossoms from a city florist's.

"I stop and get zem," she said, "but now I see roses, roses, everywhere. In ze morning early I gazzer zem, yes?"

"Yes—oh, yes," said the Colonel, absently, and found himself wondering how on earth he would go about refusing her request to accompany her to the Yankee cemetery!

When he arose next morning he found her up and gathering armfuls of roses and every other blooming thing from his garden. The first time in all its history that the old bushes had given of their store to the State's enemies!

Then, without his own volition, the Colonel found himself, his arms full of blossoms, walking meekly beside Marie of France, with her arms full, and Jack with his small hands clutching a big bunch of roses, while behind old Antony followed solemnly, bearing the rest. And they were going, without doubt, to the National Cemetery, and these Confederate blossoms would decorate Yankee graves and be laid upon them by the Colonel's own hands!

The Colonel was too dazed to talk—to think, even; he heard Marie's softly sweet voice prattling about "ze ozzer oncle—we meet heem zere, doubtless?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, shortly, "doubtless."

"But you—you are Oncle Jack, and I love you best," whispered the soft voice, "ze ozzer—what hees name?"

"Jim," uttered the Colonel, shortly—how long it had been since he had spoken his brother's name!

"He, too is ze old one—*soldat?*" trilled the sweet voice, and again the Colonel answered briefly—"yes!"

"You weel pont heem out, so wee met heem? My boy must know—you weel show heem to us?" she asked, eagerly, and the miserable colonel bowed, in his distress, forgetting that old Antony heard, and was, doubtless, grinning at his master's discomfiture!

But no; old Antony was whispering, "praise de Lord God!" under his breath, but very, very fervently. Antony loved them both, and, privately, was very friendly to the Major, whenever they met abroad.

They entered the gates; the Colonel listened to her delighted whispers about the so beautiful place, in silence. Silently they marched with the crowd, and laid their offerings on the graves. The Colonel knew that the townsfolk were wondering—it was a great day, and the whole town was present to hear the address which would include in its praises the soldiers who had recently given their lives for their country, across the ocean—the dead who had lain in France.

It was a great oration, made by one of the country's eminent speakers, and the Colonel found himself listening, enthralled—and against his wish—to the words. But it was not the speaker's oratory that clutched his heart-strings, but the small boy, Jack, piping shrilly, at the end, when the crowd was dispersing: "*Maman*, where is our Oncle Jeem?"

"But our Oncle Jack will show us, *petit*," she whispered, and the poor Colonel, standing erect, his "eyes front," did not see old Antony lean over, touch the lady on the shoulder and point to the Major—the last figure, as it happened, in the procession!

Neither did he see small Jack rush forward, at his mother's whisper, take the amazed Major by the hand, and pipe bravely that "maman" wanted to see him—come!

Obediently the Major turned, and allowed the child to take him to the little group beside a tree—all alone. The Major could not tell what it all meant—he had seen them, and his mind was still too dazed to comprehend the Colonel's change of heart—if such were the case. The Major knew something unheard of had happened, to make Jack come—and in his thoughts he, too, spoke the name that his lips had not uttered for so long—so long!

In a moment more, and the little widow had fluttered forth from the Colonel's side, and that gentleman was saying, "Jack's widow—and his boy." The Colonel was actually speaking to the Major!

Followed soft words, explanations, and then, when the Major had kissed them both, and praised the boy as being "the spittin' image of Jack," what did Marie of France do but link her arms through the arms of the Colonel and the Major and quietly proceed to lead them forth!

"We shall all go to Oncle Jack's, and I shall tell you, too, about my brave *soldat* in France," she whispered, with tears in her dark eyes, and the two followed lamblike! Being gentlemen, what else could they do?

And now old Antony uttered his thanksgiving so loud that they nearly heard him!

At the gate of the house—the old Nelson place, where both had been born and reared till their pitifully young manhood, when they were severed by war, the Major paused, but the Colonel said, very quietly, "Come in, Jim—and welcome."

Then the Major reached forth his hand, and when the two stood, hand clasped in hand, old Antony shouted his pæan, loud and triumphantly, so that both brothers, wheeling, saw him with the tears of age creeping down his furrowed old face.

"Jack," said the Major, huskily, "I've been a darned old fool—forgive me!"

"Jim," said the Colonel, and his voice was also husky, "I was the older, and the darnedest fool of the two! Come home, boy—come home to stay!"

"Ah," smiled Marie, "*Americains* are so funnce—my Jack was so. Call each ozzer ze 'darned fool' because you love each ozzer, is it not?"

In the library came bustling old Sabry, warned by Antony, bearing cordial in thin old glasses that had belonged to the mother of the Nelsons, and poundcake on a silver tray that had borne its burden of "company cake" when they were in the nursery.

The Colonel poured for all—the drink was only berry-juice and harmless for the boy—and stood for a moment, his eyes on his brother's wrinkled old face.

"Jim," said the Colonel, solemnly, "we will drink a toast: 'To Our Country, one and indivisible, now and forever'!"

"Praise de Lord God, Amen!" shouted old Antony, from the doorway, and the hearts of the brothers silently echoed his thanksgiving as they drank—the Nelson feud was ended!



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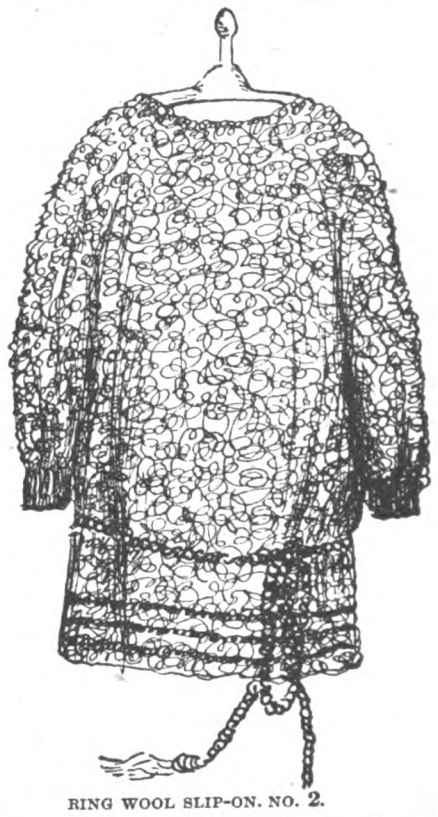
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FROM among the bewildering array of new sweaters we have selected a few which feature some of the latest ideas, and are also practical undertakings for the hand knitter.

The colors this spring are brilliant and the combinations striking.

Wool sweaters of both light and heavy weight hold first place, then the fiber silk and silk which cost more.

Sweaters of one color show allover designs or borders of fancy stitches, or patterns are worked with two or more colors darned into the finished garments. Drop-stitch patterns are popular and a new feature in wool garments are those turned or made of ring or astrakhan wool.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are light weight sweaters.

In No.1 the blocking off may be very easily accomplished by knitting as directed, or if one prefers two or more colors can be run in by hand to form the blocks after the knitting is completed.

Blocks running crosswise to form a diamond design could also be used on such a garment as this.

No. 2 is a very easily made and new slip-on sweater of ring wool with a bordered bottom which can be omitted if one prefers. This model is also very smart worked of white ring wool with black ring wool stripes running around. To make in this way copy sweater No. 1 omitting stripes running up and down.

No. 3 is an easy to slip on and especially pretty sweater featuring a wide collar and cuffs of ring wool.

Brush wool which is also very popular could be substituted as effectively.

Sweater No. 4 is a simple Indian design which can be worked in as the garment is made, or the stripes can be knitted in and the diamonds darned in by hand.

Nos. 5 and 6 on the next page are blouse models, No. 5 being crocheted of fiber silk and No. 6 a knitted drop-stitch pattern which is very pretty.

Blocked Iceland Wool Sweater

Gage: Of materials used count number of stitches given to the inch, garments will be the size given. To make larger add the number of stitches needed for each inch, smaller, drop this number of stitches. For instance in this garment add or drop six stitches for an inch difference in size, 11 sts for two inches.

Materials required—Three balls white Iceland, one ball nile-green, one pair No. 6 amber or celluloid needles, one pair No. 12 steel needles.

Gage 6 sts to inch gives size 36.

With double Iceland cast on 104 sts for back. K plain for 8 ridges or 16 rows.

17th row—Using green k 1 row.

18th row—P 1 row. Break green.

19th row—Pick up white, k 14 sts.

Wind 4 small balls each of 10 yard strands of green to use in strips running up and down. K 1 green st. K 24 white sts, 1 green st 24 white, 1 green, 24 white, 1 green, ending row with 14 white sts.

20th row—P 14 white, * 1 green 24 white, * repeat from * to * twice more, ending row with p 14 white. Repeat these 2 rows 26 more times. Then repeat 17th and 18th rows using green. This completes the pattern.

Work 4 more patterns, making 5 rows of blocks

Cut off 10 strands green of 2 yards each for stripes in sleeves. Cast on 86 sts for each sleeve (unless shorter sleeve is desired), then omit sts for one or more blocks, or a half, just as is needed, measuring length by work already completed.

On the full width now work to the next crosswise stripe of green, and then 14 rows. Now count and mark off with pins the 54 center sts, continue to follow pattern in the next 10 rows, but on the 54 sts k 2, p 2. Next row bind off center 40 sts for neck, slip sts worked on holder. K and p 6 sts, work to end of sleeve. Work 3 rows, always knitting and purling 6 sts at the neck. Work green strip, slip these sts on holder, work other side to correspond. Cast on 40 sts for neck, pick up balance of sts. Continue to follow pattern, knitting 2, purling 2 across front.

Complete b ock and 15 rows of next block, then bind off number of stitches cast on for sleeves. Finish front to match the back.

Cuffs

With steel needles pick up 60 sts on ends of sleeves and k 2, p 2 for 4 inches or desired length, bind off easily.

Sew up sides of sweater from bottom to wrists being careful to match the stripes as perfectly as possible.

Ring Wool Slip-On

Gage: 3 sts to inch, size 36.

Materials required. E ght to nine ounces white ring wool. One ball white and one ball colored Shetland wool or fiber silk. One pair No. 6 needles, one pair No. 12 steel needles.

Using white ring wool cast on 54 sts for back, work loosely to secure soft woolly effect.

Knit 10 rows. * k 1 row of white Shetland, k 2 rows of colored Shetland, 1 row of white Shetland *.

In making the border do not break the yarn at the end of the rows. Drop white Shetland and k 4 rows of ring wool. Drop this and repeat work from * to *.

Then 4 rows ring wool, repeat from * to * again and break Shetland.

With ring wool continue to knit until work measures 16 to 18 inches according to length of sweater desired, measuring from armpits downward.

Cast on 50 sts for sleeve. K across, cast on 50 sts, k for 5½ inches, turn. K 66 sts, hold together on end of needle, bind off 22 sts loosely for neck, continue across row, turn.

On 66 sts k 4 rows. Break wool, join at neck end and k 4 rows on 66 sts on second sleeve. Cast on 26 sts for front of neck, join to other side and continue to knit across full width for 5 inches.

Starting at wrist end bind off 50 sts, k across and bind off 50 sts. Finish front of sweater to correspond with back.

Cuffs

Pick up 45 sts, using white Shetland and steel needles and k 3 sts, p 3 sts for 4 inches, bind off. Sew up seams of sweater with white Shetland.

Girdle

Twist or braid strands of Shetland and finish with tassels of white and the color used in border.

Tuxedo Sweater

Gage: Six stitches to inch, size 36.

Materials required. Ten ounces of Shetland floss, two balls ring wool, one pair No. 6 amber needles, one small crochet hook and two wooden button molds size of a quarter.

Cast on 84 sts for the back, k plain for 10 rows.

11th row—K 1 * k 2 sts tog, o, repeat from * ending row with o, k 1.

12th row—P 5, * k 2, p 10 * repeat from * to * ending row with p 5.

13th row—K 5, * p 2, k 10 * repeat from * to *, ending row with k 5. Repeat these last rows until the back measures 18 inches.

Sleeves

Cast on 19 sts, turn work pattern across and cast on 19 sts. Repeat casting on 19 sts at beginning of next 3 rows, then 27 at beginning of next 3 rows, than 27 at begining of next row, or 65 sts in all for each sleeve.

Work pattern until width is 5 inches at elbow or before 27 sts were added. Turn and work 96 sts, slip on holder or extra needle, bind off 22 sts for neck, work remaining 96 sts for 8 rows.

Now add 1 st every other row at neck for 20 rows (20 added sts), bind off sleeve when it measures same as back of sleeve, by binding off 65 sts loosely.

Continue working pattern on the front until work measures 6 inches from sleeve on under-arm side, then always knit 10 sts on center front to form border, otherwise following the pattern.

Finish with border on bottom of the front to match the back, bind off loosely. Work other side in the same way. Seam up sides.

Collar and Cuffs

These may be of ring wool, brush wool or Shetland wool looped and crocheted on a dark sweater; collar and cuffs of either white or gray wool are especially smart. Of ring wool cast on 18 sts for the collar, using No. 6 needles and knit easily f9r 40 or 45 inches, bind off and sew in place. For cuffs cast on 25 sts, k 10 inch band, sew up and sew to sleeves.

Crocheted Collar

If one wishes to, a soft woolly collar which will be similar in effect, may be made by winding wool around a pencil several times and then crocheting off the loops.

Begin with ch 5 inches long, turn, 1 s c in each st, turn, 1 s c * wind loops, crochet off. 1 s c, repeat from * for length needed.

Loops wound 3 times may be worked into each single, or if more loops are used work in every other st with a plain single between.

Belt

On No. 6 or smaller needles knit belt inch and one-half wide by length desired.

Begin by knitting 10 rows, then k only one-half the sts for 10 rows. K balance sts for 10 rows, slip all together and k to end. Make second buttonhole, k 10 rows and bind off.

For buttons see Drop Stitch Surplice Sweater on the next page.

Navajo Sweater

Gage: 11 sts to two inches, size 36.

Materials required. Seven balls Shetland floss of main color used, 1 ball each of contrasting colors, 1 pair amber needles No. 6.

Sweater illustrated is of tan, with diamonds of scarlet and navy.

Cast on 92 sts for lower edge of back using tan. Knit 20 rows for border. K 1 row, p 1 row for 7 rows before beginning diamond of which there are 7. For these cut 7 strands of scarlet, each 1½ yards long, fold in half. In knitting next row as given k the first st of scarlet forming point of each diamond from the center of a scarlet strand.

8th row—K 6 sts tan, 1 st scarlet *12 sts tan, 1 st scarlet, repeat from * until 7 strands have been worked in, end with 7 tan.

9th row—P 6 tan, 1 scarlet (carrying in front of st), * 1 tan, 1 scarlet using half of first strand, 10 tan, repeat from * each diamond, ending row with 5 tan

10th row—K 4 tan, 1 scarlet, * 3 tan, 1 scarlet, 8 tan, repeat from *.

11th row—Purl, working 5 sts across monds and 6 sts between.

12th row—K 2 tan, 1 scarlet, 3 tan, 7 navy strands ¾ yards each, from each a strand, k 1 navy st, 3 tan, 1 scarlet, * 1 scarlet, 3 tan, 1 navy, 3 tan, 1 scarlet, repeat from * across, ending with 3 tan.

13th row—* P 2 tan, 1 scarlet, 3 tan, 1 tan, 1 navy, 3 tan, 1 scarlet, repeat from across, ending with 1 tan.

14th row—* K 1 scarlet, 3 tan, 1 navy, 1 navy 3 tan, 1 scarlet, repeat from * ending with 1 tan beyond scarlet.

15th row—P 2 tan, 1 scarlet, 3 tan, 1 tan, 1 navy, 3 tan, 1 scarlet. Repeat.

16th row—Same as 12th row.

17th, 18th, 19th and 20th rows—Same as 11th, 10th, 9th and 8th rows, thus completing the first row of diamonds.

Leave loose ends of the colors and completing the knitting, thread each darn in on the wrong side.

Knit and purl 9 rows of tan, k 2 rows scarlet, 2 rows navy, 2 rows scarlet. K and p 9 rows tan.

Work a second row of diamonds, 1 row tan, the knitted rows of scarlet, navy scarlet, 9 rows tan, third row of diamonds to center, then cast on 44 sts on each side sleeves, Complete the diamonds for and sleeves plain of k and p.

Follow diamonds with 9 rows of tan knitted rows of scarlet, navy and scarlet rows of tan.

Next begin another row of diamonds working 1 scarlet in the 13th st, 6 tan diamonds, 12 sts apart, then 31 tan sts, diamonds on second sleeve.

Work 3 more rows across both sleeves, next row work 72 sts, slip on extra needle, bind off 36 sts for the neck, work 72 sts. Work 3 rows on 72 sts, working diamonds as usual. Complete 3 rows on 72 sts on third needle, next row, work 72 sts, cast on 36 sts, work 72 sts. The center row of the 5 diamonds in the sleeves marks one-half of the sweater.

Work the front the same as the back, binding off stitches for the sleeves loosely when these are complete.

Cuffs

Pick up sts in ends of sleeves. K and 4 rows, work 4 diamonds then k 10 rows and bind off.

To finish neck with tan pick up 2 sts on shoulder 36 across front, 2 on shoulder, 14 rows, bind off.

Work across back in same way and join on the shoulder.

Quilt Blocks

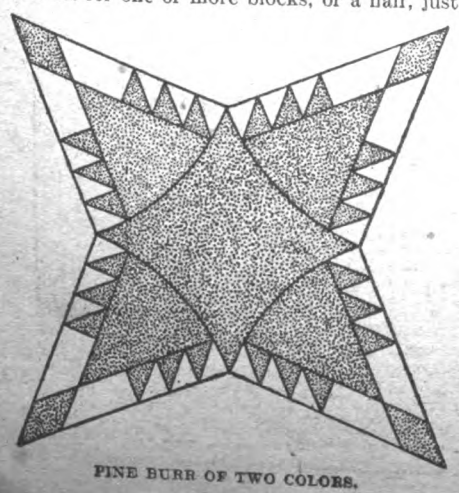
As many of our readers have been unable to cut patterns from looking at the illustrations of the actual work which we have been publishing recently, we hope the drawings which we have had made of a few designs will be clearer.

These illustrations show very definitely the shape of each piece, and indicate the number of colors or different materials which can be used in their making.

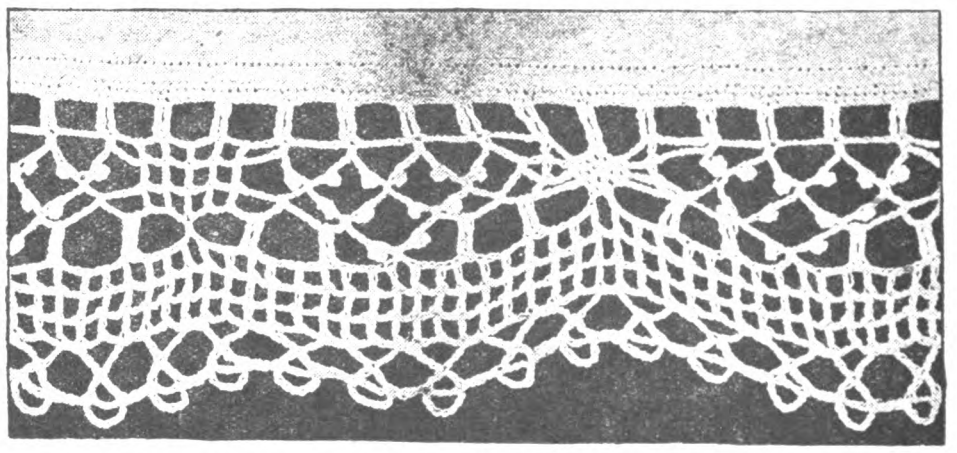
This seems to be the best we can do to assist workers in copying designs as we cannot furnish patterns of any quilt blocks.

Notice

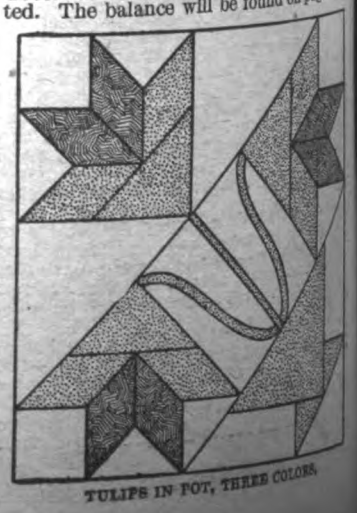
For lack of space last month a part of the directions for the Filet Rose Collar was omitted. The balance will be found on page 19.



PINE BURR OF TWO COLORS.



IMITATION TORCHON LACE. DIRECTIONS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 19.



TULIPS IN POT, THREE COLORS.

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Ed.

Terms Used in Knitting

K, knit plain; o, over; o 2, over twice; n, narrow stitches together; p, purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl, slip a stitch; tog, together; sl and b, p, knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate slip and bind; repetition of work by knitting certain number of times, before proceeding.

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; block, blk, 4 d c preceded and followed by a space; sp, formed by ch between 2 doubles; skip, sk, to miss, omit or not work over a certain number of preceding stitches.

Little Girl's Jumper Dress

Five-year size.

MATERIALS required. Five balls primrose Shetland floss, one bone crochet hook, which will make 15 sts in chaining to the inch.

This little dress is as easily made as it is attractive and practical. The finished dress worked with these materials not loosely, but with an easy tension will measure about as follows: Length from shoulder 23 inches. Width across front at bottom of yoke 18 inches. Width around bottom 40 inches.

A larger or smaller dress can be easily



LITTLE GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS.

planned by allowing a difference of 5 sts for each inch.

Begin by ch 101 sts for bottom of the back of the dress.

1st row—1 d c in 3rd st from hook, 6 d c in next sts, * ch 3, 1 d c in 4th st, ch 3, 1 d c in 4th st, 6 d c in next 6 sts, repeat from * ending with 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on d c. ch 3, 7 d c on 7 d c, repeat across, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 d c on 4th d c, ch 3, 1 d c on 7th d c, * 2 d c under ch 3, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c under next ch 3, 1 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 d c on 4th d c, ch 3, 1 d c on 7th d c, repeat from * across, ch 3, turn.

4th row—7 d c, 2 blks, over blks.

5th and 6th rows—Same as 1st and 2nd rows.

7th row—2 chs, 3 sts over each group of 7 doubles and 2 chs 3 over each group of 2 blocks, ch 3, turn.

8th row—1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c under next ch, always ch 3 at end of each row, turn. Repeat last row until work measures without stretching 15 inches including the border.

About 4 rows of chs should count to the inch. Now count the chains in the next row, work to center ch, ch 3, turn. 1 s c under last ch, work back and forth on this half of the work until this side measures 19 inches.

In the next row work starting from the side edge and working towards the center, ch to within 5 chs of the center edge or in other words do not work over 5 chs counting in from the center edge, turn work to side edge, turn work over same chs as in last row, then 7 d c over 2 of the 5 chs, 2 blks over next 2 chs, 4 d c over 5th ch. This brings one to the center edge in the middle of the back, ch 3, turn.

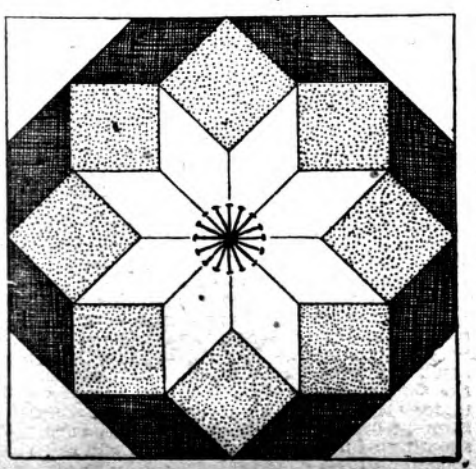
Next row—4 d c, 2 blks, 7 d c, chs to end. Now as will be seen extra rows of chs have to be worked to equal 1 row of the border.

Across the shoulder now work on the chs and over 7 d c of the border work 2 blks, then 7 d c and 2 more blks. This brings one to the 2 blks on the side above the front border.

Work the other side of the back in the same way to this point. After working the 2 blks in the border, ch 21 sts and join to the neck side of blks on the first side completed.

Now work from side to side of the work, completing the square neck with 7 d c, 2 blks, 7 d c, 2 blks, 7 d c for two rows.

When front equals length of back, work the block border.



DESIGN FOR LIGHT AND DARK PIECES.



CROCHETED SILK BLOUSE.



DROP STITCH SLIP-ON.

Sleeves

Folding the dress together evenly, measure from the shoulders downward on the side edges. Mark these points of both the front and back of the dress. Along the 12-inch space on each side the sleeves are worked.

Join the wool at point marked, ch 3, 1 s c in end chains on edge, repeat working extra chains across top of shoulder to give added fullness to the little puff sleeves.

Ch back and forth for three inches, in next row only ch to within three inches of edge, then turn and work back.

Work three full rows. Next row work to within three inches of edge, turn, work to within three inches of opposite edge.

Turn work to within 3 inches of edge, work 1 full row, work 1 row skipping chs enough to make the number 42, turn work, 1 blk, 7 d c, 2 blks, 7 d c, 2 blks, 7 d c, 1 blk, repeat, making second sleeve in exactly the same way.

Tie little dress together by lacing up the back with a cord finished with small tassels.

It is as well to make this dress a little short rather than just the length as it will grow in length from one to two inches with wear. Seam up sides and sleeves being careful to match row to row of the border.

Crocheted Silk Blouse

Size 36-38.

Material required. One pound fiber or sweater silk, one No. 2 crochet hook.

First work the band of insertion which may be of any pattern one fancies. To copy work shown—begin with ch 26, turn, sl st into 9th st from hook, ch 5, sl st into next 4th st, repeat making 5 loops in all. Ch 5, turn.

2nd row—Sl st into 1st loop, ch 5, repeat, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—Sl st into 1st loop, ch 5, 1 shell, 5 d c, in center st next loop, ch 1, 1 shell in next loop, ch 5, sl st in next loop, ch 5, sl st last loop, ch 5, turn.

4th row—Sl st into 1st loop, ch 5, sl st in next loop, ch 5, 1 shell under ch 1 between shells in last row, ch 5, sl st in next loop, ch 5, sl st in last loop, ch 5, turn.

Repeat from 1st row for 23-inch strip. Make a second strip of insertion 25 or more inches long for the front.

Back

Along top edge of insertion work 1 s c, ch 2, 1 d c in end ch of insertion, ch 2, 1 s c, ch 2, 1 d c, repeat. In center of back work singles and doubles nearer together to give a bit of fullness to the upper part of the blouse.

2nd row—Chs of 2, with a single on a double in the 1st row a double on a single. Always turn with ch 5, when ending a row with a single.

Work until back measures 10 inches. Ch 55 sts for sleeve. Break silk, ch 55 sts from opposite. Break thread. Join at beginning of a ch. If st on back was a single ch 2 and work 1 double or vice versa. Break thread. Work pattern on second ch, turn and work across the full width until work measures eight to nine inches.

Fold and mark center of the back; from this point measure three and one-half inches toward sleeves. Mark these points. From edge of sleeve work back and forth to one of these points until work measures six inches from shoulder.

1st row of increase—On neck edge after last s c or d c, ch 5, turn (if st was a double work a single on it), complete row as usual.

2nd row—On neck edge, work last st under end ch 5, ch 5, turn. Work 1 st on st under the ch 5 in 1st row of increase. Repeat the last two rows until one-half the number of chs across the back of the neck, plus 4 chs have been added. For example: If neck counts 18 to 20 chs add 9 or 10 plus 4.

Work until front of sleeve equals back of sleeve to shoulder, then omit sleeve chs and work on front until work measures 14 inches from shoulder. Complete other side to this point. Finish front allow it from one to two inches longer than back. Sew to front band of insertion arranging any fullness to the sides of the center front. Sew up sides.

Work one row of singles around lower edge of insertion.

Sleeve Finish

1 row of s c, ch 2, turn.
2nd row—1 s c, ch 1, skip 1, 1 s c.
3rd row—Same as 2nd row.

Neck Finish

1 row chains 2 with 1 s c in end chains of rows, being careful not to draw the work up too much. Just work the singles where they come best to make a straight even neck line.

2nd row—1 s c in each st.
3rd row—1 s c, ch 1, skip 1, 1 s c.
4th row—Same as 3rd row.

Drop Stitch Surplice Sweater

Use 5 sts to inch. Size 36-38.

Materials required. Six balls Shetland floss or nine ounces fiber silk, 1 pair No. 3 knitting needles.

The open work stripes which run lengthwise are made by dropping a stitch and letting it run down the entire length of the work.

Begin by casting on 55 sts of Shetland or 65 of silk, for the back, this will of course be wider when the stitches are dropped and pulled out.

Knit plain until back measures 10 or 12 inches according to how long garment should be from armpit to waist.

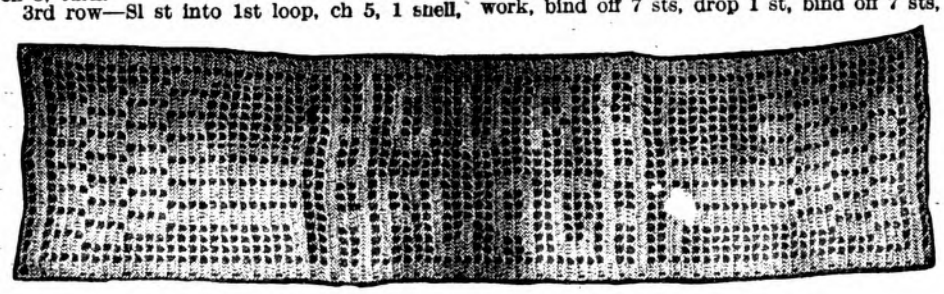
Cast on 40 sts (50 of silk), for sleeves. K across, cast on for second sleeve. K for 22 ridges, turn, k 60 sts and slip on extra needle, bind off 3 sts, drop 1 st off the needle, bind off 7 sts (this marks center of the back), drop 1 st, bind off 3 sts, k remaining 60 sts. Turn.

Work 4 ridges (8 rows) on 60 sts. Now increase 1 st at the neck edge for 22 ridges.

Next row starting at the sleeve end of work bind off 7 sts, drop 1 st, bind off 7 sts, drop 1 st, bind off 7 sts, drop 1 st, bind off 7 sts, drop 1 st. Work on the remaining sts for 40 ridges adding 1 st every other row at neck edge.

Last row, starting on under arm edge of work, bind off 7 sts, drop 1 st, bind off 7 sts, drop 1, bind off remaining sts. Knit the other side in exactly the same way.

After the garment is complete, pull each of the dropped stitches out through the entire length of the work.



FILET FLAG DESIGN.

Belt

Cast on 24 sts and knit 28 to 30 inches long. When practically long enough make 2 buttonholes as follows: K 5 sts, bind off 5 sts, k 5, bind off 5, k 4.

Next row—K 4, cast on 5 sts, k 5, cast on 5, k 5, K 5 ridges, bind off.

Buttons

Ch 3, join in ring, fill ring with singles, work round and round, adding sts as needed. Slip over wooden button mold. Work a couple of rounds skipping every third st to draw covering in, break thread leaving an end to finish with and sew button in place.

Filet Flag Design

Begin with ch 63 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th, 5th and 6th sts from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (1 sp), 17 more sps, 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on each d c, 2 d c under each ch 2, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—Same as 1st row.

4th row—1 blk, 1 sp, repeat 7 times, then 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th and 6th row—Blks and sps over blks and sps in 4th row.

7th row—1 blk, 3 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat from * 6 times, then 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th, 9th and 10th rows—Blks and sps over those in 7th row.

11th row—1 blk, 2 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat from * 6 times, then 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th, 13th and 14th rows—Blks and sps over those in 11th row.

15th row—1 blk, * 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat from * 6 times, 4 sps, 1 blk.

16th, 17th and 18th rows—Blks and sps over those in 15th row.

19th row—1 blk, ch 2 (2 d c, ch 1, 1 d c), over next sp, 5 sps (2 d c, ch 1, 1 d c), over next sp, 1 sp, * 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat from * twice, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

In 7 next rows work blks and sps over those in 19th row, making 2 doubles in 2nd and 8th sps.

27th row—1 blk, 9 sps worked as in last row. 1 blk, 1 sp. 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

Next 2 rows same as 3rd row, then 1 row same as the 2nd row.

31st row—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk.

32nd row—Blks and sps over those in last row.

33rd row—Same as 30th row.

34th row—Same as 29th row.

35th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

36th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk.

37th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk.

38th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk.

39th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk.

40th row—1 blk, 11 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk

41st row—1 blk, 10 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

42nd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk.

43rd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk.

44th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk.



BOY'S KNICKER SUIT.

45th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk.

46th row—1 blk, 11 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

47th row—1 blk, 13 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

48th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk.

49th row—Blks and sps over those in last row.

50th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

51st row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk.

52nd row—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk.

53rd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk.

54th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk.

55th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk.

Next 7 rows the same as 33rd to 27th rows. Then repeat flag working the pattern in reverse order as is shown in our illustration.

Boy's Knicker Suit

Five-year size.

Materials required: Three hanks of heather mixture Scotch knitting yarn, 4 ounces plain color for bands, 1 pair No. 2 amber needles, 1 pair No. 5 amber and 1 pair No. 12 steel needles, 2 small wooden button molds.

For the Knickers

Cast on 80 sts using No. 2 needles. Make knitted band which will fit closely about the waist by k 2, p 2 for 2 inches. Then k 1 row p 1 row using No. 5 needles for 10 rows. Now increase 1 st at the beginning of each row until 10 sts have been added to each side. K and p until one has 50 rows below the ribbing.

Mark each edge of the work with a thread at this point.

One now begins to decrease to get the width for the leg.

1st row of decrease—Bind off 2 sts, work across.

2nd row—Bind off 2 sts, work across. After 4 sts have been bound off on each side, decrease 1 st on each side until only 70 sts remain on needles.

Continue to k 1 row and p 1 row until work measures 12 inches or more in length from the first row. With No. 2 needles, k 2 sts, p 2 sts and repeat to make 1 inch of ribbing.

With plain wool on No. 5 needles, k 16 rows and bind off easily. These bands are rolled back over the ribbing which fit about the leg snugly.

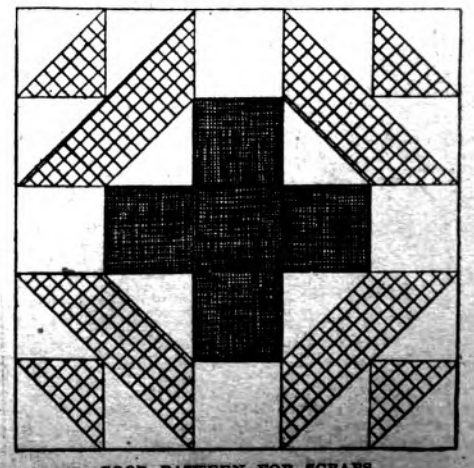
Repeat work from 1st row once. Seam up legs from the bottom to point marked for decreasing. Then seam the two sides from the ribbing in the back to the center and up to the top of the ribbing in the front.

Slip-On Sweater

Cast 70 sts on No. 5 needles, k and p until work measures 8 to 9 inches, cast on 50 sts for sleeves, work across cast on 50 sts for second sleeve.

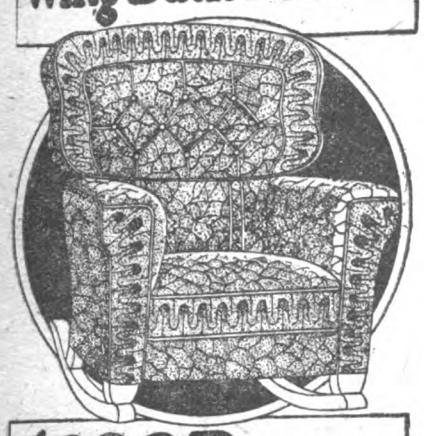
Work until sleeves measure 5½ inches. From wrist k 75 sts, bind off 20 sts for the neck.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



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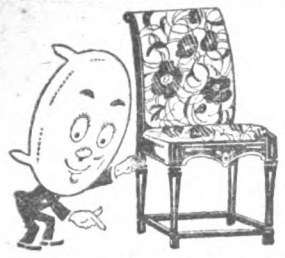
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Novel and Decorative Fly Chaser

By Felix J. Koch

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YES, of course, flies are a nuisance,—they're unsanitary and *so* a menace to health,—and so on and on!

Particularly when one is serving sweets,—candies, cakes, soft drinks, other things of that sort,—out-of-doors do flies become a pest indeed!

Proprietors of permanent lunch-stands, candy-booths at street-intersections and places of that sort, usually make provision against the insects by mounting electric fans, or installing fine-mesh screening.

But parties opening booths and tables for some one brief occasion,—a church fair, a bazaar for some war-orphan charity, or what it may be,—can hardly adopt such measures as these. Simple, inexpensive improvisations must be resorted to, and the accompanying photograph goes to show one of the most picturesque and attractive of the sort we've met with anywhere.

Down Cincinnati way the patrons of a great Old People's Home hold an annual outdoor supper and bazaar for its benefit.

At this "fete" as it's always called, all manner of good things to eat and to drink are sold from booths and tables outdoors.

Naturally the flies are not behindhand in discovering the *Al Fresco* banquet, and naturally the flies would very soon descend in untold legions on everything exposed where they might light.

At a recent meeting of committeemen in charge of these food stands the matter came up for serious consideration.

The photograph serves to show the result.

Even the layman to vegetable-growing need not be told that the familiar asparagus-bed yields its succulent and toothsome shoots in the early springtime. Growers proceed to cut these as they will.

The bed finally exhausted of its crop of table asparagus, the plants in the tract are allowed to send up their improvised "Christmas-trees"; and these broad, delicate, airy and certainly far from unsightly bushings are permitted to flourish, die, and their stocks go to waste.



ASPARAGUS TIPS HUNG FROM TREE OVER FOOD STAND.

Time immemorial, country folk in particular have hung the bunches of feathery asparagus tops in this corner or that, or from the base of the hanging lamps of their sitting-room,—and this in order to attract, and so to divert, the flies from other points.

At this especial fairing, the good committee-folk improved on this basic idea:

Short sections of ordinary brown twine, camouflaging with the wood of the tree in point, were stretched, very much as so many ribs to a parasol might be, from the given tree trunk to whatever bough, or twig, might be necessary to make their angles uniform.

Upon these lines of cord then, bushes of asparagus were hung, each one close beside its neighbor, but not so close but that it might sway gently with every breeze that passed.

The tree-bowl converted to a great umbrella of asparagus in this way, other lines of cord were circled at appropriate intervals about the trunk. On these, more of the asparagus plants were hung.

A little touch here and a little touch there, for the sake of symmetry, and, lo, the big tree, about which there was placed the improvised table with the candy, or beneath which one had the booth of soft drinks or cakes, might have been some tall, bearded Southern cypress, except that the Southern moss was replaced here by the asparagus, than which, the experts tell us, there is absolutely no *better* panacea against the flies!

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ing along at my side, her pretty face flushed and radiating careless happiness. My brothers all love her, too, but I don't think they understand her as I do. Did any of your mothers ever confide in *you?* It gives one a wonderful feeling that is impossible to describe. There is a rule in our League: "Be a comfort to one's parents." I think if all the girls would be more chummy and confidential with their mothers, and the boys more sociable with their fathers, these things would be the most comfort of all to them. And the parents would have less cause for worry over their children.

I am rather lonesome this evening (mother has a headache and is lying down), and I have been reading over your good chummy talks with each other. I could not resist writing. I wish more girls lived close around here, for it would be such fun to have parties and other entertainments.

I guess I will describe myself as other cousins do: I am five feet, four inches in height; have brown hair—not the beautiful curly kind, but the plain kind that must be waved on "curlers"—and I have brown eyes and *not* a fair complexion. I am rather dark, but, thank Providence, my skin is smooth! My features are regular, but certainly not *dazzling.* With all, I'm just a common western girl, not beautiful nor, thank you, ugly! I'll admit I have lots of admirers, but that's because I'm the only young female to admire within a radius of ten miles, perhaps.

Please, Uncle Lisha, do not let Billy, the nasty thing, get this, for I would like some of the cousins to write to me. Good by!

Your niece,

PAULINE BOYD

Pauline, your words about having a mother who is a good pal are well worth reading. You and your mother are to be congratulated in your happiness. That more parents are not comrades and companions to their children is the real cause of the separation—I mean a mental one of heart and brain—that thus occurs when their boy or girl reaches an age when they think about life for themselves and become individuals. Usually parents seek only to *control* their children and to make them think as they do. The sure result is that control cannot last forever, and that in trying to make the child think their thoughts, they finish by being left unable to know what the child is actually thinking. Feeling too much of disparity in outlook and experience, the child—a boy more than a girl, perhaps—shuts up the innermost of her being and the fatal separation has occurred—a separation that is impossible to bridge. Of course, parents have wisdom and the fruits of experience which entitle them to a belief that they can control for the best the thoughts and actions of their children, but the mistake in outlook is that experience cannot be thus passed on. This is unhappy, but true—as a look at the history of mankind shows us. Youth must have its own experience—and is eager for this. The sun is bright over young heads and life will not be lived vicariously at such times. The boy or girl, not obstinately, but instinctively, insists upon thinking his or her own thoughts—thoughts gathered from experience which, as it comes a generation later, is rather certain to be differently brain-rooted than that of parents, unless these parents have exceptional vision and a wisdom born of the truest and most unselfish of loves.

And so when things exist as I have written, uneasy relationships enter into the home. Parents say: "I can't see what is getting into "Tom"—"Mary". Of course what is getting into them is Life—and their parents have not held to a relationship that brings confidence. Again and again we see where a boy or girl will talk openly with an older outsider concerning things they would never think of mentioning to a father or mother. This should not be, but as things are it is inevitable.

You, Pauline, have a wise mother who has kept your confidence and love; and so you can bring to her, and not to any outsider, your hopes and your dream castles—being sure of her ears and heart in sympathy. A boy and girl should take it from this Uncle that it is one of the hardest and rarest things in the world for an older person to understand youth's viewpoint and to think sympathetically with youth's thoughts. For I yield to no one in my love of youth and my belief that I can think with them more than most. Yet in all humility I say here that I have erred again and again. I have hurt where I have meant to help. I have been unconsciously and serenely cruel where I aimed at kindness, and I have cried "selfishness" when I have been most selfish myself. My only advantage is that I can at least see where some of my faults have been, while I have known too many parents who have remained blind in self-satisfaction.

Pauline, your letter is a happy instance. I hope to hear from other girls who can write the same story, or get a letter from some boy who has been comraded by his father and found one of his best pals right at home.

POMEROY, 207 WETZGALL STREET, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Greetings from a new cousin. I hope the much-discussed (and probably cussed) Billy does not like my brand of ink and paper.

First, I will describe myself. Please take note of my originality. I notice that the other cousins usually leave the description until the last. I am fourteen years young and about five feet, ten inches short. I have black hair, *a la pompadour,* black eyes, one hundred and fifty pounds heavy—and I have one of the ugliest mugs in Meigs county. Maybe you think I am small for fourteen years, but we raise them that way here.

I read the letters of Ruth and Inez in a recent COMFORT and I thought that as long as it was a free-for-all discussion I might as well have my say and be done with it now, because I dearly love an argument and it is bound to be out sooner or later.

I live in a town of about four thousand people; and I'll bet we have some females here who think that Theda Bara is a piker compared to them. About the method that Inez would use, I don't think she would get started on some of the girls around here before she would be stifled by the wonderful (?) scent of the powder and perfume they use. I believe that powder is all right if it is used correctly I use it myself. Also some creams for the face are good, too, for faces that chap easily.

Maybe you think a fellow has to be thoroughly bad to play pool. Well, if anybody accuses me of being a cigarette smoking, low-down corner masher, he had better have his life insured; but I like to shoot pool. Also I like to dance. I don't give a hang for the modern combination hula-hula fox-trot, muscle wiggling dances, but you should see me waltz or do a Virginia Reel. I do not deny there are some boys that are a disgrace to the race. I know one who failed a year at school because he sat and looked at an empty-headed girl. They are both bad examples. Oh, by the way, I was going to slap the vanity cases and perfume bottles some girls carry. I used to work at one of the largest dry goods stores in town. The money came up to the cashier's desk in a money box system and when I'd open the little cars the perfume in some of the bills would nearly knock me over.

As to Ruth, I think she will have to be a hypocrite if she could ever make such a case-hardened powder-and-paint-slamming fellow as Jack so she was sweet, even in a dark corner and with a whole five minutes.

Personally I don't think that the young people of today are any worse than some of the older ages. I'll bet if you could get some old person from each generation back to Noah, they would all say that the younger generation of their day were worse than *they* were when *they* were children. How about it? Also I think that first of all we ourselves are as good as we can be. Do you remember that when the people brought a woman before Christ and accused her of a crime, He said, "Let the one among you who is without sin cast the first stone at her."

So much for the frivolous young people of today. But if any of you wish to argue with me (if I am good enough to pass Billy), I will discuss anything from whether the egg or the hen came first to the Einstein Theory. I might say also that I can't sell a bale of cotton for stamps as can Cousin Alvin Anderson—so please enclose a two cent if you write.

I might mention that my favorite sports are basket ball and reading. I am a sub on the high school team, but as I am only a Freshie there are lots ahead of me.

Well, I fear I must close. We have to commit Mark Antony's speech for a class tomorrow and I must cease.

Your loving cousin,

MARION LIETHLER.

P. S. If you can't pronounce my name try gargling it. And if anybody possesses the same I hope he or she will write to me.

Marion, you surely send in a large description and must be a good specimen of the wild if they raise 'em *a la pompadour* out in Ohio. No, I don't think any of our Family is going to believe a fellow thoroughly bad because he shoots pool, but he might be open to censure if he spends more time in playing pool than in making other more necessary shots in the Game of Life he is beginning. As you probably know, Marion, some boys make a billiard and pool room a sort of permanent headquarters, when they would be much better off to split up their time more and make their pool playing a *recreation* and not an *occupation.* You are a wise young pompadoured guy, Marion, old boy, and I know you'll agree with what I say—which is meant not for you so much as for other poolful and perhaps foolful nephews. A too small evil joined to too much pool playing, the time spent in bad air, tobacco smoke and under electric lights. I'm pretty certain that sunlight and the out-of-doors should keep the shooting of pool as occasional fun and not too much of a good thing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Imitation Crocheted Torchon Lace

See illustration on Page 16

This unusual pattern worked up of No. 30 hite mercerized crochet cotton can be used n either scarf, pillow-slip or towel ends. As shown one row of singles is worked over raw edge, then follow two rows of singles, orked through both loops of each stitch. 3rd row—Ch 4 to turn, 1 d c in first s c, ch 5, ip 5 sts, 2 d c repeat to end, finishing with d c. To make the pattern come out right this row one must have an even number 12 groups of doubles plus 1; for example groups of 1 : doubles make 48 doubles plus gives 49, six groups of 12, plus 1 give 73 oups of 2 d c each.

4th row—Ch 5 to turn, 1 d c under first, 5, ch 5, 1 s c, on next doubles, ch 5, sl st in d st to form picot, ch 5, form p, ch 2, 1 s c on d group of doubles. 1 p, ch, 1 s c on doubles, p, ch, 1 s c on doubles, ch 5, 1 d c on next ubles. *Ch 3, 2 s c under ch 5, 2 s c on d c, s c under next ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c on next doubles, 5, 1 s c on next doubles, 3 p, chs with 1 s c tween each on next 3 groups of doubles. h 5, 1 d c under ch between groups of doubles, 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c under next ch, ch 1 d c on d c, ch 2 1 d c under next ch. This mpletes 1 row of groups of 4 spaces, e illustration. Ch 5, 1 s c on doubles, 3 p, s, ch 5, 1 d c on double, repeat pattern from * e number of times necessary. After the last oup of 3 p chs, there should only remain group of doubles not worked over. After , ch 5, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, 1 d c on d c. Should more doubles remain work 2 more aces, ch 5, turn.

5th row—Sps over sps, * ch 5, 1 s c between cots of first ch, 2 p chs with 1 s c between, 5, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c on d c, ch 3 gles over singles, ch 3, 1 d c on d c, ch 5, 1 s c, p chs, ch 5, 4 sps. Repeat pattern from * ding with sps. Ch 5, turn.

6th row—Sps over sps, * ch 5, 1 s c under 5, ch 5, 1 s c between picots, 1 p ch, ch 5, s c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 3 singles on gles, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 5, s c between picots, 1 p ch, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, s on sps. Repeat pattern from * ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 d c under ch 5, ch 5, 2 d c under 5, ch 5, 1 s c between picots, ch 5, 2 d c, ch 5, d c, ch 5, 2 s c on 2 center singles, ch 5, 2 d c der ch. Ch 5, 2 d c, ch 5, 1 s c, repeat work this way over each group ending with 1 d c, 5, turn.

7th row—1 d c under ch, ch 2, 1 d c under me ch, ch 2, 1 d c on doubles. Repeat rking 2 d c under each ch and 1 d c on each c.

Next 2 rows—Sps over sps.

10th row—2 s c over 1st sp, ch 5, sk 1 sp, s c in 3rd sp. Repeat, turn with ch 7.

11th row—1 d c in 3rd st of ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c same st. * Ch 3, 1 d c in 3rd st next ch, 3, 1 d c in same st, repeat from *.

12th row—3 s c under chains before the 2 ubles, ch 5 over ch 3 between the doubles. peat the entire length.

Slip-On Sweater

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Slip 75 sts on a holder, k 75 remaining sts. ork 10 rows without increasing. Next 4 ws increase 1 st on the neck edge. Next w cast on 2 sts and in the next row 4 sts on neck edge. Work on 85 sts now on needles til front of sleeve measures 5½ inches, fold- work on line with top of the back. From the wrist bind off 50 sts loosely. Work posite side in the same way to this point. Having last rows both worked in the same ections, join by slipping sts onto one needle l finish front to measure the same as the back. Add border of plain color knitting for 18 ws. Bind off loosely and turn the band up.

Cuffs

With steel needles pick up 40 sts on ends sleeves and k 2, p 2 for 2 or 3 inches. Bind . Sew up seams.

Collar

Pick up 70 sts around neck on No. 2 needles, 2 rows.

3rd row—K 5 sts, bind off 5 sts, k to within sts of the other end, bind off 5 sts, k 5 sts.

4th row—K 5 sts, cast on 5 sts, k to other d, cast on 5 sts, k 5 sts, k 30 rows and bind loosely.

Buttons

Ch 3, join in ring, fill with singles, work und and round, cover mold, sewing edges gether. Make 2 buttons and join by a ch sts.

Plain knitting can be substituted in making is little suit if preferred and in following rections given, the back can be worked to e neck then the stitches picked up on the les and the sleeves knitted crosswise instead being cast on and worked in the length, if u would rather have a knitted in sleeve.

Filet Rose Collar

Continued from April

37th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 ks, 1 sp, 3 blks, * 43 sps, reverse from *, ch 5 rn.

38th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, * 43 sps, reverse om *, ch 5, turn.

39th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 lks, *, 43 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

40th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 lks, * 45 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

41st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 lk, 1 sp 2 blks, * 47 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, rn.

42nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 lk, 1 sp, 2 blks, * 49 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, rn.

43rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 lk, * 55 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

44th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, * 7 sps, everse from *, ch 5, turn.

45th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 lks, * 53 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

46th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 lks, * 51 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

47th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 lks, * 51 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

48th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 2 lks, * 51 sps, reverse from *, ch 5, turn.

49th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, h 1, 1 d c on next d c in last row, ch 3, turn.

50th row—1 d c on double between 17th and 8th sps, 17 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, urn.

To shape the neck.

51st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 14 sps, ch 1, 1 d c on next d c, ch 3, turn.

52nd row—1 d c on d c between last 2 sps, 15 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

53rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 4 blks, 12 sps, ch 1, 1 d c on next d c, ch 3, turn.

54th row—1 d c on d c between last 2 sps, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

55th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 1, 1 d c on next d c, ch 5, turn.

One is now beginning the 3rd rose on the side which is the same as the other 2, with the exception of being 1 sp nearer the border.

56th row—4 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

57th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

58th row—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

59th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 5, turn.

Now continue to work on this width until this rose, the leaves and another rose are completed to a row the same as the 39th row, considering the difference of the pattern being 1 sp nearer the border. Next or 87th row, being worked from the outside edge; 2 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

88th row—5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

89th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

90th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

91st row—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

92nd row—3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

93rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

94th row—3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

95th row—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 1, 1 d c on next dc, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

96th row—2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, over sps, 1 sp over blk, thus shortening width by 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

97th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on next d c, 5 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

98th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps over sp, 1 sp over blk, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

99th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on next d c, 6 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

100th row—7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 d c on first d c in blk in last row, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

101th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on d c, 4 sps over sps, thus shortening 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

102nd row—4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 2, 1 blk in sp beyond blk in last row, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

103rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on next d c, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

104th row—4 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp as in row before the last, ch 5, turn.

105th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on next d c, 11 sps. This is the first row of sps below the point of the front of the collar.

To Form the Point

Continue to decrease, as in the last few rows making 8 more rows of sps and the border. The 8th row being 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 d c on next d c, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 blk over 2nd sp in last row, 1 sp with a ch, 1 blk in sp, beyond blk in last row, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Last row, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk. Break thread.

Work the other side of the collar in exactly the same manner.

After completing this, finish the neck by working 3 s c in each sp.

Border of Collar

Beginning at the neck or inside edge of a point work 4 s c over blk, ch 5, turn, 1 sl st in first s c, *, ch 1, turn, 2 s c under ch 5, ch 3, sl st to form picot, 1 s c, 1 p, 1 s c, 1 p, 1 s c, 1 p, 2 s c. This completes 1 picot loop. 6 s c over next sp and block, ch 5, turn, sl st in first s c over blk. Repeat from *.

Continue around edge of collar, working 1 p loop over every other space.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

HORSE CAVE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am one of the oldest sisters and past fifty and homely. Have taken COMFORT many years and think it is a wonderful paper.

How many sisters have visited their state capitol? I had that pleasure not long ago and surely enjoyed it. It is said to be one of the most beautiful buildings in the United States. At the south end of the grass lot in the center of State Street, stands a bronze statue of Senator William Goebel, mounted upon a pedestal of granite. It is the work of Charles Henry Niehaus of New York and cost the state $20,000.00.

The face work of the building is constructed of colitic limestone from Bedford, Indiana, with a Vermont granite base and rests upon a concrete foundation as solid as the everlasting hills. It is surrounded by an architectural stone terrace with concrete floors covered with vitrified brick. The outer walls of the building are ornamented with seventy Ionic columns, thirty-two on the front, four on either side and thirty on the back. All of them are monoliths, twenty-seven feet, ten inches tall and weigh about 18 tons each. In the center of the rotunda, under the dome, upon a massive pedestal of green serpentine marble, from Easton, Penn., rests a magnificent bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln. It is of heroic size, fourteen feet from base to top of statue and is the work of the accomplished sculptor, Mr. A. A. Weinman of New York, pupil of Augustus St. Gaudens who did the celebrated Lincoln statue which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. This was presented to the state by Mr. J. B. Speed of Louisville, Ky., at a cost of nearly $40,000.00 and is pronounced by experts to be more perfect than the Chicago statue.

The reception-room is one of the most beautiful in the building, the design being of the Louis XVI. period and resembles very much the Public Reception room of Queen Marie Antoniette in the Palace of the Grand Trainon at Versailles, France. It is handsomely furnished with hand-carved circassian walnut. The walls are decorated with hand-painted copies of the Gobelin tapestry. The floor is covered with a rug manufactured especially for the purpose, costing $1,800.00 and woven in Austria, the work requiring four months' time and it is so heavy, weighing 1027 pounds, that the loom was broken three times. It is said to be one of the largest specially designed rugs ever woven and the most perfect specimen of the Louis XVI. period extant in the United States.

The Chamber of the Court of Appeals is indeed handsome, perhaps more so than any other court room in the United States. The walls are panelled in solid Honduras mahogany, the ceiling is Dutch metal leaf, lacquered to represent old bronze, panelled with egg-and-dart mould effect and the furniture of mahogany is upholstered in olive green leather. The light fixtures are of brush brass, satin finish, and are exceedingly beautiful.

In the room of the Secretary of State, and much can be learned there of the early history of Kentucky, are the executive papers on file of every governor from Isaac Shelby to Governor Morrow; bound volumes of enrolled bills passed by the Legislatures from 1792 down to date. It is interesting to see the signatures of the earlier governors and note the splendid penmanship of the days of quill pens and hand-made paper.

It is rather a dangerous task to reach the lantern on top of the dome. The elevator is taken to the fourth floor and a flight of steps leads to the dome where you enter a shaft four feet, six inches in diameter and wind around a flight of spiral stairs, seventy-eight steps, and straight up a ladder of fifty rungs and then crawl through a small opening in the floor of the lantern.

The view is splendid but the height makes the average person dizzy.

Next time I will tell you of the grandeurs of the Mammoth Cave.

Good luck to all.

A LOVER OF COMFORT.

McCUNE, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have thought about writing but your corner has always been full, even though I weigh only 125 pounds. I am five feet, three inches tall, with brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and 24 years old. We have one child, a boy, four years old. His picture was taken the day he was one year old. His name is Lee Edgar. We are going to send him to school next fall. I think too many mothers make the mistake of waiting too long before starting their children in school. We live three-quarters of a mile from the schoolhouse. I am going to let him go in the morning and stay until noon, sending a lunch for recess. Then he can come home for his dinner and stay home the



LEE EDGAR LOVELADY.

remainder of the day as he always takes a two-hours' nap in the afternoon. This is for the first year.

I am a farmer's wife and like farm life although I think the farmer has been getting the "hard end of the deal" the last few years. We have Farm Organizations in our county and think them a great help. If the farmers would all pull together they could do much better. We also have a Home Makers' Club and a club for the young married people, names "Social X". I think it makes the community more lively.

Love to all.

GERTIE LOVELADY.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

The 13th annual convention of the Vegetable Growers' Association of America assembled in the Washington Armory at Albany, New York, November 1st to 5th. I am glad I had the pleasure of being among the number, it was time well spent.

I would like to paint the picture as flowery as it really was but my mind could not grasp and retain one-half of what I saw and heard so I will only touch on the margin as I hurry along.

Most beautiful of all, to my mind, was the mountain scenery of West Virginia through which I passed on the first day. It was the time of year when Nature had decked them in every imaginable color. The trees seemed to be out on dress parade with the clusters of evergreen here and there to add to the effect. As I looked upon this lovely mountainside my mind went back to childhood days for I have a warm, clinging affection for hills and woods and I could almost imagine I could hear the tinkle, tinkle of Old Brindle's bell in the distance.

Next came the Alleghany mountains which were somber and more elevated, stretching their proud heads toward the sky. The Blue Ridge Mountains have a bluish cast from which I suppose the name is derived.

"I have seen the mighty mountains,
With their fair heads in the skies,
I have seen their lofty summits,
Which in rugged beauty rise."

We darted in and pulled out of many tunnels but I could see no beauty in them. Some of them were from one-half to one mile long.

We passed through Virginia, Maryland, Penn. and N. J. at night and reached New York City the next morning at eight o'clock and transferred from one depot to another by subway. The depots are very large and difficult to get through. I was soon on my train, going up the Hudson River. Passenger boats had stopped running because of the lateness of the season. The night boat was still making trips from Albany to New York City: This trip, I am told, is a very pleasant one earlier in the season when the nights are warm and the moon is shining. I saw several large two-story concrete lighthouses in the middle of the river. They were built like farmhouses and were from one-half to one mile apart. I understand it is a very lonely life in the service of the Lighthouse Department of Uncle Sam, even for one season. Indeed it seems mournful as the winds sigh and howl around the house.

I reached Albany at noon and went to the Armory where discussions were made on greenhouse work and truck growing. You may think these conventions would not interest the women but they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



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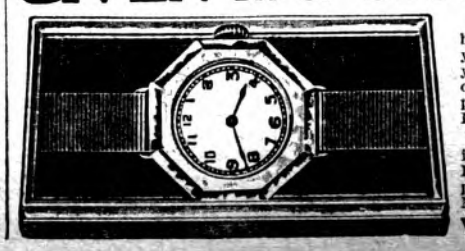
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May, the Planting Month

MAY, with her softly smiling skies, her showers, her flower-bedecked bowers—not half her glories have ever been woven into songs or poetry. May is the month of promise, the month of awakening, the month of planting. But, pleasant as the weather may be, and joyous the opportunity of those so fortunate as to have garden work (rightfully it should be called play at this season) to do, May marches rapidly; seeds planted today seem to sprout over night and magically appear on the morrow; weeds greet the eye where yesterday the ground was newly hoed; everything is fairly bursting with pent-up energy and life. May, for the gardener, is the hurry-up month—the month when his annual battle starts with insects and weeds. Much is to be done in crowded time that is all too short for its accomplishment.

Early Garden Pests

Is there a farmer or gardener living who has not at some time or other grumbled to himself or declared to the world at large: "Just as soon as a bud opens on a tree or a green shoot pokes its nose above ground, there is a bug of some kind waiting to make a meal off it!" Perhaps more is said on this subject, but for good and sufficient reasons we are leaving it unwritten.

Space does not permit us to enumerate all of the troublesome insects that make their first appearance in May, nor would that tedious chore be fruitful. It is sufficient to say that if "the pesky critters" are severely and promptly dealt with when they first make their appearance a lot of future trouble will be avoided. Remember that most of these early season bugs are the mature or adult insects that have managed to survive the rigors of winter in hibernation; now coming forth to lay eggs for the new "crop". By destroying either the insects or their eggs—or both is better—we may escape the ravage of the next generation that will appear in myriads about midsummer.

One of the most troublesome of all garden pests is the cutworm, that naked, dirty grayish or greenish-brown caterpillar that seems to have as its life's work the destruction of tomato and cabbage plants as soon as they are transplanted to the garden, and of corn or anything else that is green, for that matter, as soon as the plants show above ground. The cutworm has been called "the weasel of the insect world", and well it may be so designated. Like the weasel, the cutworm seems to glory in killing more than it needs; one weasel will kill an entire pen of chickens or a newly hatched clutch of young partridge or quail in a single night, not to eat, but to kill and leave, perhaps sucking only a small portion of the blood. When we are greeted in the morning by several rows of new cabbage plants girdled and cut off at the ground, without any of the leaves eaten, we wonder if the cutworm isn't really a worm-weasel after all, a despicable juice-sucking night prowler, for this pest works at night only, burrowing underground in the daytime. For this reason he is seldom if ever caught at work; all we find is the strong evidence. All we can do is replant in his tracks, then poison with bran into which Paris green has been mixed dry at the rate of 1 pound of the latter to 50 pounds of bran. Add molasses sweetened water to make a dry mash that is just sticky enough to stay in lumps. Place spoonfuls on the ground every two yards or less in the rows of cabbage, sweet corn, new strawberry plants or wherever the pests have caused damage. Scatter more around the edges of the garden in the grass and weeds. Then keep the chickens away, for Paris green will poison them just as readily as it will kill the cutworms.

Controlling Onion Maggots

Another bad pest that can be controlled if taken in time is the onion maggot, but if steps are not taken until the maggots appear on the bulbs it is then too late to control them. The maggots hatch from eggs layed by the onion maggot fly in May in the north, or just after the young onion plants come through the ground. If egg-laying is not prevented, maggots will appear later on in the season to eat the bulbs and to induce decay. Sprinkling tobacco dust over the ground around the young onions two or three times at intervals of a week while the onions are still small will help keep the flies away. Another remedy that is widely and successfully used is poisoning with bait made of sodium arsenate and molasses. First dissolve one-fifth ounce of sodium arsenate in a little boiling water. Add one pint of cheap molasses. Mix thoroughly, adding the remainder of a gallon of water. Scatter the liquid bait with an old whisk-broom over the young onion plants and the ground adjoining the rows. The molasses attracts the flies, then the poison gets in its good work. It may be well to keep this poison recipe in mind, for it will be found useful in fighting any fly or moth that is known to "have a sweet tooth".

Remember to reserve some space in the garden for sweet corn and *popcorn*. Plant sweet corn at one side of the garden and popcorn as a border at the other side in a place where it will not be in the way if left to mature and dry out on the stalks. Plant one row of some good yellow variety of sweet corn and another row of some white variety that will mature later in the season. Golden Bantam is a yellow favorite; Evergreen is widely grown as a late white. Then consider the kiddies likes, remember the pleasant evenings with a popcorn popper when you yourself were young, and plant a row or two of popcorn. It is hardy, grows well in moist soils, and yields bountifully. Plan now for pleasant winter evenings around the fireplace or kitchen stove "poppin' corn and eatin' it".

Bordeaux Mixture Formula

Notwithstanding the fact that full instructions for making and using Bordeaux have been published in the past in these columns, each spring brings the urgent request "How is Bordeaux mixture made?" from our ever increasing family of readers. For that reason we anticipate the need of instructions on this important subject, and giving full instructions before we are asked to do so.

There are a number of formulae for preparing Bordeaux mixture, each of which has its own desirable qualities, but the following has met every test and is giving satisfaction under different conditions in various parts of the country.

Blue vitriol (Copper sulphate)	8 pounds
Lime	8 pounds
Water, to make	100 gallons

At times it may be found desirable to use only 6 pounds each of copper sulphate and lime, but we will explain this later. Dissolve the copper sulphate in a wooden barrel and dilute to make 50 gallons. Slake the lime, being careful to avoid "drowning" or "burning." When thoroughly slaked, dilute to make 50 gallons, using a wooden barrel as for the blue vitriol (blue stone). Dip from the two barrels alternately, and pour through a gunny sack or other strainer into the spare tank or barrel. When a large number of trees are to be sprayed, it will be found best to prepare large quantities of the material at one time. This may be done with safety, provided they are not mixed until the spraying is to be done, for let it be remembered that Bordeaux mixture loses some if its "strength" when allowed to stand mixed for long. These stock solutions may be prepared as follows:

Suspend 40 pounds of copper sulphate in a burlap sack in 40 gallons of water. Hang it well up from the bottom of the barrel. In about five hours the crystals will be dissolved. One gallon of this stock solution equals one pound of the copper sulphate crystals. Do not allow this solution to stand in tin or iron receptacles. Keep the barrel tightly covered to avoid losses by evaporation; mark the height of the liquid in the barrel, if it is to be allowed to stand for long, so that it shrinks by evaporation, then bring it up to this point again when used by adding more water.

To make a stock solution of lime, proceed as follows: Slake 40 pounds of lime. Add about two pailfuls of water at first, and then allow lime to heat well before stirring. When hot add more water slowly as it is absorbed, and stir thoroughly. The hot lime improves by standing about one hour if stirred frequently. Add water to make 40 gallons. One gallon of stock then equals one pound of unslaked lime.

These stock solutions can be kept separately for considerable periods and mixed together as desired. To prepare 100 gallons of Bordeaux, stir the stock solution thoroughly, measure 8 gallons of the copper sulphate solution into a 50 gallon barrel and fill with water. Measure 8 gallons of lime stock solution into another barrel and fill this with water also. Stir both thoroughly. Strain equal amounts of each solution at the same time through a gunny sack or strainer into a third barrel, two men pouring, or run the mixture through a trough or spout into the spray tank. Occasionally it is best to use a somewhat weaker solution for spraying very tender foliage; in this case measure out only 6 pounds or gallons of the lime and blue stone instead of 8 pounds or gallons.

Bordeaux should be tested before using. This may be done by adding a drop of solution prepared by dissolving a few crystals of potassium ferro-cyanide in a small amount of water to a small quantity of the Bordeaux. If a brown discoloration occurs when the drop of ferro-cyanide mixes with the Bordeaux, more lime should be added to equalize the excess of copper sulphate.

Potassium ferro-cyanide is very poisonous. Have a poison label on the bottle and be careful.

Preventing Wildfire of Tobacco

On farms where the comparatively new "wildfire" disease of tobacco has occurred, the grower should take precautions to reduce the danger of introducing the disease into the plant beds by following the six precautions or control measures listed below:

1. Locate beds a considerable distance from where tobacco beds or fields were located last year, and away from tobacco sheds.
2. Do not use refuse from tobacco sheds or stripping room for fertilizer in seed beds or field, but preferably rake up all such refuse and destroy it before the beds are started.
3. Use new frame boards or disinfect old boards by sprinkling or painting with some good disinfecting solution such as 1 part of formalin to 25 parts of water.
4. Use new seed bed covers, or sterilize the old ones by boiling for one hour.
5. Use seed known to come from uninfested districts or seed that has been disinfected. Seed may be treated most safely by using corrosive sublimate (1 part to 1,000 parts of water) into which the seed contained in a cheesecloth bag is dropped for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse thoroughly with pure water and dry as rapidly as possible. Corrosive sublimate is a strong poison but will not affect the hands. It does corrode metal, and for that reason a glass or wooden vessel should be used for holding the solution.
6. As a final measure the grower may have to resort to spraying or dusting the beds with Bordeaux mixture if the disease becomes sufficiently serious in spite of all other precautions. Spraying or dusting should be done once a week from the time the leaves are as large as a dime until the pulling of the plants is completed. Such treatment may be found to be efficient in preventing heavy spread infection throughout the bed.

Poisoning Gophers

While the land is being prepared for the best time to poison the striped and gray gophers. If steps are taken at this the mature gophers will be killed young gophers will never grow to maturity damage farmer's crops.

Dissolve one-eighth ounce of strychnine gallon of hot water and allow to cool as much corn as the solution will cover. for 18 to 24 hours. In this time the corn have absorbed all of the liquid, or at enough to make it highly effective. If the solution remains, add more corn and to soak.

Place the poisoned corn in gopher found in the field, around its borders and hard-packed dirt of roads and driveways gophers like to burrow. In pasture bait far enough down the holes to be the reach of farm animals. Do not poisoned corn broadcast at any time. the hens do not range far enough afield and eat it, turkeys no doubt will. Place in the burrows and be on the safe side.

Sweet Cream Butter

Creamerymen are slowly coming to that the best butter to make is the sweet butter, as it is the commodity for which consumer is willing to pay the best Sweet cream butter has been kept in storage for a year and at the end of that tested higher than the average fresh made from unpasteurized cream or from teurized ripened cream. Moreover, it scores highest on the market.

The market for sweet cream butter is created. At prevailing market prices cream nets the farmer about 20 to 25 cents a hundred pounds of milk than would average quality. The big thing in the facture of sweet cream butter is cooperation the farmer with the creamery man is that clean, sweet cream is brought to the

New Zealand manufactures sweet cream ter only. So do parts of Canada. Legis tion makes this compulsory in these The consumer likes the product better and more of it, paying willingly a fancy price what he likes. Therefore the farmer can afford to give thought to the likes and dislikes of the purchaser—even if more care must be exercised to keep cream sweet and thereby earn the fancy prices. This high-grade, well-keeping, palatable butter will eventually dominate our markets, we are told by our dairy experts. Already consumers are demanding more and more of it. Every dairyman should for these reasons, acquaint himself with sweet cream butter, the steps necessary for its production, and the benefits that will accrue to himself, for the time is fast approaching when he will be required to play his part in its production.

A Simple Limestone Analysis

Grinding limestone found on or near the home farm, then spreading it upon the land, is a practice that is fast becoming more popular as a cheap means of increasing productivity by correcting soil acidity. Until recently, however, farmers have been compelled either to send their limestone samples to their state agricultural college chemists for analysis or to use the limestone without analysis and "take a chance" that its lime content is high enough to make it really useful. This is no longer necessary. Due to a simple analysis that any farmer can perform, tests may be made right on the farm without going to any expense for equipment. Prof. C. G. Hopkins of the Illinois Agricultural College, has made this possible, and here is how it is done:

Take two ordinary bottles that will hold about as much as water glasses. Wash them thoroughly, then allow them to dry inside and out. Fill one nearly full of dilute hydrochloric acid made by mixing strong hydrochloric acid with an equal volume of water. If it foams profusely, add a few drops of lubricating oil. In the second bottle place 22½ grams of the crushed limestone to be tested. Weigh both bottles together and write down the combined weight. (If no scale is at hand, have the weighing done for you at some store in town where an apothecary's scale is available.) Set the bottle containing the limestone in water to keep it cool when the acid is added. Gradually pour part of the acid upon the limestone, stirring it gently in the meantime, then add more acid little by little until no more foaming takes place when acid is added. Stop when this point is reached. Blow the gas out of the bottles, wipe dry, and then weigh the bottles again together.

For every gram loss in weight the relative purity is 10 per cent. To illustrate: If the two bottles together weigh 937 grams before the reaction, and 927 grams after foaming ceases, the loss in weight is 10 grams. Since each gram lost indicates 10 per cent. of purity, and we have found a total loss of 10 grams, the sample tested has a purity of 10 times 10, or 100 per cent. If the loss in weight is only 3 grams, then the relative purity is 3 times 10, or 30 per cent. If the loss in weight is 4½ grams, the relative purity is 45 per cent., etc.

The loss in weight when the acid is added is due to the escape of carbon dioxide gas. The same gas is driven out of the limestone in the lime kiln when the stone is burned, only the lighter quick lime remaining.

Seedless Snow Apples

An apple without either seed or core sounds impossible; still, such an apple has been accidentally produced by a Quebec, Canada, apple grower. A basket of perfect fruit from the "freak" tree was recently exhibited at the winter show of the Quebec Fruit Growing Society, where it attracted wide attention.

The apples are of the Fameuse variety with the typical coloring and shape characteristic of the family except that at either end they have just a slight mark instead of the usual depression that indicates the core. The "blossom end" is therefore more smooth and round than in core-bearing apples. The coreless and seedless apples come from an orchard of 100 Fameuse trees that have just come into bearing for the first time. Unfortunately the fruit apples were not noticed by the pickers but were discovered because of their odd shape by the packers only when all the fruit had been removed from the trees. Therefore it was impossible to trace them to the one or more trees from which they originated, and this point will not be settled until next fall when they again bear fruit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Baby Turks—Guineas and Squabs

THERE are so many things I want to call attention to this month that really I hardly know where to begin, but as several readers have written me asking me to give them information about ising young turkeys and guineas, I suppose e shall have to let them have the right of way, ough squabs and goslings ought to have some tention.

To begin with turkeys. I generally steal ie first ten eggs from each nest and set them ider hens However many a turkey lays ter that, she is allowed to keep and hatch iem. It takes them twenty-nine days to itch, and large, motherly old hens should be iosen from the chicken-house to do the inibating. It is not safe to put more than 'e such eggs under an ordinary hen.

When the hatch is over, put the hen into brood coop, and in front of it put a box out nine inches deep and large enough to rm a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is, course, necessary to remove part or the whole the end of the box which joins the front of ie coop, so that the little ones can run in and it. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse nd and put a small drinking fountain in one orner. Thus the babies will have a safe ace to play the first few days of infancy, hen they must be kept dry. After that the ox can be removed and the coop moved a w feet every day for the sake of cleanliness.

When Mrs. Turkey's brood hatches, we eat them in the same way, only the brood oop is specially made and is much larger than ie ordinary hencoop. The first feed the abies have is stale home-made bread soaked scalded milk, which is squeezed out of it efore it is fed. Like little chicks, they must ave nothing for twenty-four hours; then little nd often must be the rule.

Never leave food in front of little turkeys, for they are very apt to overeat. After two weeks they need only be fed four times a day: after the fourth week three times a day. After the first two days add a little hard boiled egg which has been chopped fine without removing the shell, and a few days later pinhead oatmeal and ground charcoal; about a teaspoonful of the latter to a cupful of bread and oatmeal.

By the end of two weeks gradually reduce the bread and increase the oatmeal, which should be cooked half an hour and allowed to dry out, so it is easily crumbled when cool.

After the fourth week, ordinary ground oats, just moistened with scalding milk, may be used. Half boiled liver, chopped fine, is the best animal food to give. When that is not practicable, use the best brand of commercial ground beef; no more than one teaspoonful to a quart of meal, because it is very strong, and liable to produce diarrhea, a disease which attacks young turkeys almost sooner than any other young bird. Watch carefully, and at the first sign of any looseness of the bowels give boiled rice to eat and rice water or cold tea to drink.

Watch newly hatched babies for a few days at feed time, for there is often one or more that needs to be taught how to eat. This is especially so when they are with common hens. But a little patience in crumbling close in front of them and coaxing them to pick it up will overcome the difficulty. After they are eight weeks old we take them from the hens and put them into the third yard, which is kept exclusively for young stock.

At night they are driven into the shed, the front of which is always kept covered with wire netting, so that they can be closed in until they get accustomed to roosting. Of course, the perches in this shed are put nearer the ground and are much smaller than those intended for grown birds. About October 1st they are allowed the free range of the farm and are fed on corn at night and given all the milk they will drink, to get them into good killing condition before Thanksgiving, when they are all sold off, except perhaps a few extra good ones, which we may keep for stock. The old birds are also allowed free range from October until February, but they are fed in the yards at night and are shut in so that they don't form any bad, wandering habits.

I utilized a poor strip of brush land which had good natural drainage, and made three inclosures, each one hundred feet wide and three hundred feet long. An open shed twelve feet long and ten feet wide was built on each. They were just rough shelters built out of slabs, and the only fittings were perches made out of sassafras poles, none of them less than nine inches in circumference. This is one of the important items in fixing a place for turkeys. Being heavy, large-footed birds, they are uncomfortable and positively suffer if confined themselves on slight perches such as are used for chicken-houses.

If you are only going to keep a few birds, say a trial of five hens and a gobbler—large yards are not necessary, but a shed over which netting can be put should always be set apart for their use, so that they can be fed and shut up at night. Never, under any circumstances, keep any of the pullets you raise, unless you change your gobbler. Don't let two gobblers run with the flock at the same time. If you want to increase your number of birds you must keep the toms in separate yards, and turn in two or three hens at a time, leaving them there for two or three days. One service is all that is necessary for each clutch of eggs, or use large inclosures as we do.

Guinea fowl are very profitable stock on a farm, or where they can have plenty of range, for guinea fowl will find the larger part of their feed. Even when the eggs are hatched under hens, the hen can be released at the end of four weeks, and the youngsters will come up at night with full crops, and until marketed in the fall, they need have nothing but a little cracked corn at night, just to bring then home regularly and keep them tame.

Guinea fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree, or fence post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth, and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guineas seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure there being no telltale clew left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicions.

When you have fifteen stolen eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on its side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box, two and one-half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rain-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guineas are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks and crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for crawling through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knothole or some depression in the ground has escaped your notice and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated two or three times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under some tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread-crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M. —Millet seed.

Third feed, 11.30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of cornmeal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumblingly.

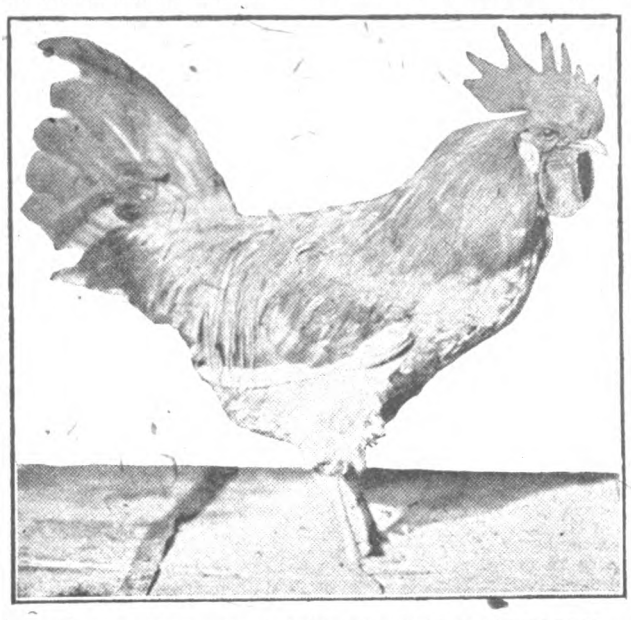
Fourth feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than when it is bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread-crumbs moistened with milk, hard boiled eggs; but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard seed crushed and fed in soft wood. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will only allow the beak to get wet.

Pigeons

The parent birds take all the trouble and responsibility of feeding the young and raising them right up to the time they are ready for market. The hen bird lays two eggs, with one day intervening, which take eighteen days to incubate. After the eggs are hatched, both birds devote their entire energies to feeding the youngsters for about two weeks, for both have the power to secrete the predigested substance often called pigeon's milk, on which nestlings are exclusively fed for the first few days. At the end of two weeks the hen has usually laid more eggs in the second nest, so that by the time the squabs in the first nest are ready for market, the second eggs are ready to hatch. It is this double family which necessitates two nests for each pair of birds.



A PERFECT TYPE. NOTE COMB AND SPACE BETWEEN LEGS.

If you start with a few pairs of birds, the best way to increase the number is to sell the squabs, and use the money to buy mature birds, for it takes pigeons six months to reach maturity, and it is necessary to have two houses in which to keep the growing birds, as they should not be allowed to remain in the regular brood pen. If, however, you have specially mated birds, and desire to raise their progeny, you must watch the nests, and as soon as the young ones get out on the floor (the old ones generally push them out when the eggs in the second nest hatch), they can fend for themselves, and should be removed to a nursery house, where all feed should be cracked to the size of rice for several weeks. When one desires to build up size and good points, it is necessary to have two nursery houses, and so be in a position to select the best birds from different parentages to mate.

To illustrate: The nestlings from one side of the house should go into nursery number one, nestlings from the other side into nursery number two. Our nurseries are only seven by ten feet, so we never have more than twenty birds in each, and they can be taken within a few days of each other, in this way making very little difference in age when it comes to mating time. When the younger ones in the nurseries are between six and seven months old, we take a bird from each and put them into a mating cage, which is really a coop, four feet long, two and one-half feet deep and two feet high, which is fastened up in a corner of the feed house. The coop is divided into two compartments. If they are male and female, they will commence within a week or two to coo and talk to each other through the wire, at which time the compartment is fastened up to the top of the cage, and they are allowed to have the run of the coop for three or four days, after which they are put into a regular breeding house where they will soon take possession of the nest. If, however, the birds chosen simply ignore each other after they are put into the mating cage, one of them is removed to another cage, and two more birds are taken from the nursery house and put into the two compartments. In this way we go through the nests until we have them all paired.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

T. V.—The coal oil probably killed the mites which caused scaly leg, but to remove the rough appearance you must soak the bird's feet and shanks in warm soapy water for about ten or fifteen minutes, then scrape with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Dry with a soft rag, and then anoint with carbolic vaseline or coal oil. As a means of prevention you had better clean the perches, and disinfect them, as these mites are very apt to take possession of the cracks and crevices to breed in, and so spread the trouble to the rest of the flock.

R. A.—Please read the first part of the department this month.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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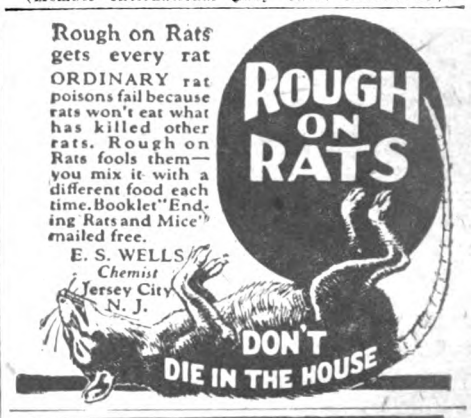
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Circuits Best Adapted to Broadcast Receiver

MUCH has been said regarding the different circuits best for broadcast receivers; at the present time there are hundreds of circuits in use, and nearly all of them are good. However, there are some that are much better than others, and the newcomer in Radio is often puzzled to know which to use in building his set.

The three-circuit tuner and the single circuit regenerative circuit seem to be the prevailing ones at the present time, and we will confine this article to a discussion of the relative merits of these two circuits.

Simplicity of operation, good loud signals and economy seem to be the chief factors to take into consideration when making plans for a radio receiver. Selectivity is also a big advantage and must not be overlooked. Which is the more important it is hard to say, but if we recognize the fact that almost all the larger radio manufacturing concerns who employ the finest engineers to develop their Radio sets in accordance with the public demand are using the circuit which allows simplicity, loud signals and economy, we must consider that the single circuit is best for radio broadcast reception.

A three-circuit tuner will no doubt give greater selectivity than the single circuit

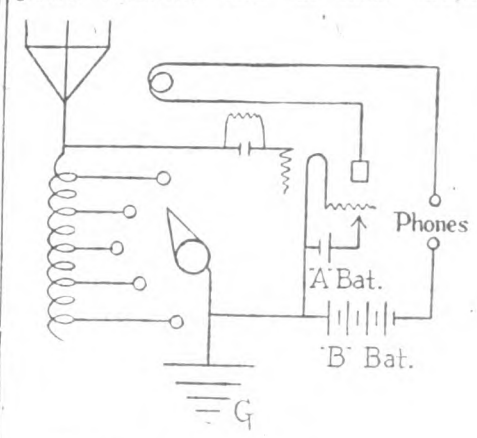


Fig. 1 - Single Circuit

and allow the owner to tune out stations that interfere with other stations working on a wave very nearly the same, but it is impossible to separate two stations working on the same wave length either with a three-circuit tuner or any other. The only solution to that problem is for the government to allot different wave lengths to the numerous stations instead of allowing a hundred or more to send on the same wave length. The operation of the three-circuit tuner is more complicated than the single circuit and unless the owner is more or less familiar with the principles of Radio he will probably experience some difficulty in tuning in the various stations and clearing up the voice or music.

Much has also been said relative to the sending out of a wave by certain sets using regenerative principles, and it is true that if the detector tube of a regenerative receiver is allowed to burn too brightly or the tickler coil is advanced too far the tube will oscillate, causing a wave to be sent out from the aerial which other receiving sets within a short distance will hear; and it is very disagreeable to listen to. This wave is sent out from any regenerative set whether it is a single circuit or a three circuit, and it is up to every Radio fan to be careful not to let his tube oscillate.

Aside from the above mentioned facts the economy of making a single circuit tuner also appeals to the average person. It is much

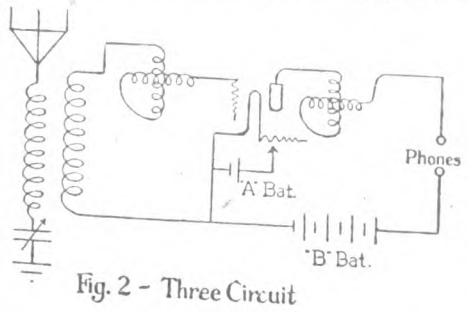


Fig. 2 - Three Circuit

cheaper to build a single circuit set than a three circuit. The variometers of the three-circuit set cannot be made easily by an inexperienced workman, and to buy them is quite a little expense.

Selectivity may be obtained on the single circuit tuner if care is taken in selecting the proper aerial. For fine tuning the aerial should not be too high. A low aerial is also better for short range reception, and when the broadcasting station is only a few miles off it is well to use a separate aerial not more than forty feet long to get the best results. For long distance reception however, a longer aerial is necessary. Seventy to one hundred feet is the average length of a long distance aerial. These facts are very important and many sets are blamed for being broad when in reality the aerial is at fault.

In figure 1 the single circuit tuner is shown, and figure 2 gives the three-circuit arrangement. It is not difficult for even the newcomer in Radio to see that the three-circuit tuner is far more complicated and consequently more selective than the single circuit, and it is also obvious that the single circuit is simpler and naturally more economical. The greater volume in the single circuit is accounted for by the fact that the energy from the aerial goes direct to the detector tube.

There are many arrangements for the single circuit but regardless of the arrangement, the radio fan contemplating building his own set will be far more successful if he uses one arrangement of the single circuit.

Questions and Answers

Q.—In your November issue you state that bevelled head screws 2 inches long must be used. I have been unable to find screws of this length. Is it possible to use shorter ones? (b) I also do not know how to fasten the ends of the wire when wrapping the coils so they will not loosen till I have wound wire on. (c) Do the holes in the tubes go through both sides of the tube, and why are the holes to be smaller on one side than the other? O. W. M., Dalton, Ohio.

A.—(a) Shorter screws cannot be used at this point. (b) When taking off taps one of the easiest ways to keep the wire tight is to twist the wire into a loop about 6 inches long at the point desired; then continue winding and take off all other taps in a similar manner. The loops are later snipped separately and the wire soldered together close to the coil. This leaves the tap in the form of a single wire about 12 inches long running from the face of the coil, and is to be soldered to the proper switch point when assembling the set. (c) The holes in the tube on the side facing the panel are made larger in order to accommodate the large coil-support screws, while the ones on the opposite side serve merely to carry the bearing screws and need not be of such heavy gauge.

Q—I am building one of your regenerative sets and cannot find a coil with eight taps, and would like to know what kind of a coil and tickler is best to use if there are so many kinds and most coils have 10 or 14 taps. M. O., Tracy, Minn.

A.—In case you do not care to build your own coil any standard variocoupler may be used regardless of number of taps. However, there is a coil on the market known as the PRL tuner, and you can obtain one by writing direct to the Portland Radio Laboratory, 52½ Temple St., Portland, Me.

Q.—After reading your Radio Flashes I have decided to make the set. In winding the antenna coil will a coat of paraffin do in place of shellac? (b) In the wiring diagram you have an instrument labelled Grid Cond. Grid Leak. You also stated capacity of same as .0005 M. F. Will a grid cond. of .002 M. F. take the place of the one mentioned, with same results? What has the grid leak to do with it? Is it contained in all grid condensers? (c) Where does the ground wire connect to the Antenna Coil? (d) In the wiring diagram there is an instrument labelled "Tickler bulb". Is this the tickler coil contained in the antenna coil? What position should this coil be in when placing the dial on shaft? L. H., Wingate, Ind.

A.—(a) Paraffin could be used as you suggest, but the shellac will make a much neater job of it. (b) No, the condenser mentioned is of much too large a capacity and would be useful only as a phone condenser. The proper value will vary somewhat with the tube used but in all probability no larger value than .0005 M. F. should be used with this set. The grid-leak is very essential; and when ordering grid condenser from a dealer be sure to specify that leak be included. Otherwise a plain grid condenser without leak will probably be sent you. (c) Ground wire connects to the switch arm and negative filament lead. This is a misprint and should read Tickler Ball. Yes this is the Tickler coil mentioned as being inside the antenna coil. The tickler should be at right angles to the antenna coil at the zero position of dial.

Q.—Please send me plans to make a simple receiving set that I could hear about 160 miles. C. B., Fort Cobb, Okla.

A.—We suggest that you build the set described in the December and February numbers of COMFORT.

NOTE.—Many questions similar to the above have been sent in and we must refer each of them to the above answer to conserve space. We do not supply plans separate from the magazine. Plans may be obtained from any radio dealer, however.

Please, Thank You, and Excuse Me

By A. L. Crabb

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A GENTLEMAN came out of the office of the manager of a mercantile establishment. He had been a welcome visitor for he had placed an order for thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of goods. In the waiting-room, he took his overcoat from the rack and put it on. The office boy, who sat reading, made no move to help him. As the customer was leaving, the boy, springing up suddenly to answer a call, bumped unceremoniously into him. Growling and glaring back over his shoulder, the boy disappeared in the direction of the summoning gong.

The man opened the door and went out. On the street, he paused, wavered irresolutely, and then went back into the manager's office.

"I like your goods," he said to the manager, after he had related the occurrence in the waiting-room, "but I also like the common decencies of life. Perhaps I am foolishly prejudiced, but I believe that rudeness on the part of any employee of an institution like yours manifests a general weakness; and on the strength of that belief I am cancelling the order I gave you. Good-morning."

The manager's first impulse was to fire the office boy and kick him out of the building, but he didn't do it. Instead, he seriously considered the matter for several minutes. Then, he summoned the boy.

"Bob," he said, "you have caused this company to lose a large and profitable order."

"How's that?"

The manager explained.

"What'd he expect me to do," demanded Bob, derisively, "kiss his hand?"

"Bob," said his superior, gravely, "there is just one reason why I didn't chase you out of here right off the reel, and that is I deserve to be fired myself. I really deserve to for having demanded plain, every-day courtesy every one connected with this firm. I've been too busy with other things. But this gentleman was right. From time on, courtesy is the general order, and will take me considerably less than two weeks to fire the first violator. Now, remember, Bob."

It is of record that Robert's memory has been excellent.

Undoubtedly, politeness pays in business, but it also pays elsewhere, and pays well. If it pays in dollars and cents or not. In some of things most desirable it is one of the great of dividend producers.

Judged from many viewpoints, the English language has no finer term than, "Excuse me", "Thank you", and "Please". They should be a part of the equipment of every boy. They are not "weasel words", and neither are they effeminate. They are certainly no less appropriate in the mouth of a robust, virile youth than in that of a sissy. They may be spoken obsequiously, but they are not obsequious words. They are wholesome, brief, sunshiny words. They make life richer and better for both user and hearer. Says Montaigue, the great French essayist, "Whenever a savage becomes polite he is no longer a savage. He has crossed over the boundary into civilization."

The case of the office boy, mentioned at the outset, brings to mind the statement of a well-known police judge in a high school address:

"There is, as I see it, no essential difference in the attitude of a boy who bumps into me on the street, or in a store, and fails to apologize, and the automobilist who hits me and refuses to stop to see whether I am injured."

Consider for yourself the meaning of these two instances taken verbatim from life:

"Harold," called his mother, "there's an apple for you on the dining-room table."

"Well," snarled Harold, "why didn't you say so before?"

Ray's mother overtook him at the front door: "I wish you wouldn't go out to play yet. There isn't a stick of kindling or a scuttle of coal in the house. If you will attend to that now you may play until supper."

"Thank you, mother," said Ray, as he started to bring in the required fuel.

The impolite boy is but the forerunner of the middle-aged cynic and the old-aged grouch. *Thank you, excuse me, and please*, fitly spoken by a boy merely suggests that a refined and manly man is coming along presently.

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33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
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Tires

IT is frequently stated that tires are the greatest expense in connection with the operation of a car. While this is probably true to a certain extent it cannot be denied that the present pneumatic tire has been developed to a point where very satisfactory service is assured providing the driver will do his part. Nothing which the writer can think of will give continued service if the owner xpects all service and in return will give no care. Stand for a few minutes on any well traveled highway and notice the drivers drop the tires into ruts, hit stones, skid, etc., and t e observer will marvel that tires can withstand such abuse.

The maintaining of the proper air pressure is the first important matter for which the driver only is responsible. Find out the air pressure recommended by the tire manufacturer and keep a tire gauge handy so that the pressure can be definitely determined and not left to guess. Cord and fabric tires of the same size do not require the same air pressure; so if both kinds are being used do not inflate all tires to the same pressure. The tire manufacturers' recommended pressure is the only safe one to follow. The alignment of the front wheels is also up to the driver to watch.

Coming into sharp contact with the curbstone or other obstructions is liable to bend the steering spindle slightly but sufficiently to throw the wheels out of alignment, a condition commonly referred to as "not tracking." When the treads on the front tires wear out quickly the indication is that the front wheels are not tracking, and they should be adjusted. The instruction book furnished with the car usually treats on this subject and gives directions for adjusting the wheels.

Most everyone is familiar with puncture. It is caused by a nail or other sharp article piercing the tire and breaking through the tube. When a puncture is experienced the cause of it should be ascertained. Run the hand slowly along the inside of the casing and feel for a protruding nail, piece of glass, etc. Sometimes a minute inspection of the casing is necessary to find the cause of the puncture, but it is generally time wasted to repair and replace the tube without first finding and removing the cause.

A condition referred to as a stone bruise is caused by driving over stones or hitting them at high speeds so that a portion of the rubber tread is knocked off, usually exposing the fabric. A vulcanized repair on the casing is about the best remedy.

If the tear or hole is not repaired, one or more large lumps may appear on the sides of the casing. This condition is generally termed "sand blister." It is due to dirt and water having worked in the cut to the fabric or cords with deteriorating effect. When the blisters appear the usefulness of the tire is on the decline and the condition could have been averted if the gash or cut had been vulcanized at an earlier date.

Rim cut is due to underinflation, and no one but the driver is responsible. The rim has run on the side walls of the tire and cut into the rubber and fabric. After being rim cut the life of the tire is problematical and a blowout is to be expected at an early date.

A blow-out is a condition where a portion of the tire collapses and the tube comes through. Usually the tire is ruined although in a fabric tire a new section may be put in by an expert tire man. The life of such a repair may be of short or long duration and the casing will always be unreliable. The average blow-out is the result of the casing not receiving the proper attention when first cut.

Bear in mind that the outside rubber covering of the tire does not hold pressure. The fabric or cords take the pressure and must be sealed from dirt, water, etc., by a complete rubber covering. If this covering is allowed to become cut and not repaired, the seal is broken and the outside elements start to have their deteriorating effects upon the real body of the tire.

Maintain a correct pressure and keep the tread whole, and satisfaction will be obtained from the present day pneumatic tire.

Only Tube Blows Out

When only the tube blows out and the outer casing remains intact, the indication is that the tube was pinched when being mounted on the rim. A good plan is to inflate the tube just a trifle after placing it in the casing and before mounting on the rim. This method will smooth out the tube and place it in proper position in the casing, and guards against pinching or otherwise injuring the tube when mounting.

Leaky Tire Valve

Should a car or truck be placed in the garage at night with all tires inflated and should you find one tire flat or almost flat in the morning, it is good policy before jumping at the conclusion that the tire is punctured to test the valve. Jack up the wheel and pump a little air into the tire. Remove t e pump, wet the finger in the mouth and rub the well wetted finger over the mouth of the valve stem. If bubbles appear, try screwing the valve down using the slotted end of the valve cap for this purpose. Again test the valve as above suggested and if bubbles still appear, a new valve is needed. If however, the test shows the valve to be tight, then the tire should be removed from the rim and an inspection made for puncture or pinched tube.

Gasolene Tank Location

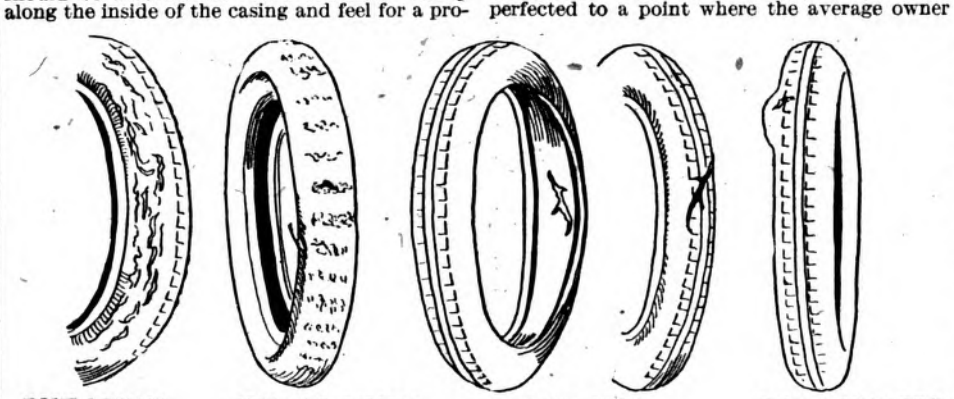
When automobiles were first brought out the gasolene tank was usually to be found under the front seat. While some manufacturers still produce cars with the tank in this location, a gasolene tank suspended at the rear of the chassis has gained public favor and is the location used by the majority of car manufacturers today.

There are several objections to the gasolene t nk under the seat: One is that a low front seat over a tank is almost impossible. The space unde the seat is almost entirely gone when the gas tank is installed there. When the tank is being replenished with fuel, the occupants of the front seat must get out of the car or at least take a very uncomfortable position so that the cushion may be raised to get at the tank. S ould the tank b filled to overflowing there is danger of the gasolene running on th car body and injuring the finish.

Still another objection which favored the changing of the location is that tanks, when placed under the front seat, feed the fuel by gravity to the carbureter. If the fuel is allowed to become low in the tank and the car is perated on a long steep grade there may not be enough head to the gasolene to flow by gravity to the carbureter.

When the tank is located at the rear of the chassis, the vacuum system is usually adopted for the transferring of the gasolene to an auxiliary tank which is elevated very close to the carbureter. The vacuum system has been perfected to a point where the average owner does not know the meanin of trouble with this feed. It can surely be said to be reliable. The front seat can be dropped to any point desired and still there is always a space under t for the carrying of tools, curtains, etc.

The one chief objection to the tank in the rear, as the writer sees it, is that a rear end c llision may dent or break the tank unless a bumpe is used to protect it. There appear to be few accidents of this kind, and for passenger cars, the tank suspended at the rear of the chassis is well loacted.



RUT-WORN CHAIN INJURY BLOWOUT SAND-BLISTER

Answers to Inquiries

WORN CYLINDERS.—My 1917 Ford has a piston slat. Could I remedy this by taking a used piston, sawing it in two from top to bottom, putting in a spring to make the halves press against the cylinder wall, and use it thus with valve-grinding compound to grind the cylinders to a larger bore and true circle? Could I get good results from such a job?
J. F. H., Grainfield, Kansas.

A.—I certainly am not in favor of the repair method outlined by you as it sounds more like a makeshift than a permanent cure. If t e cylinders have worn oval shape they should be reground and new oversize pistons and rings installed. The price of new pistons and rings is trivial when the assured service which they would render i taken into consideration.

ONE PISTON KNOCKS.—My 1914 model 32 Hupmobile uses too much oil. It is equipped with Leith carburetor and oil lead on opposite side. Is there any way to regulate the oil consumption? (2) Also one piston knocks, although I have new pistons and wrist pins, but one bushing is worn and thinner than the others. Is it possible that this causes the knocks, although all are tight?
T. J. M., Ingomar, Mont.

A.—You do not state the mileage you are receiving to the quart of oil and therefore it is impossible for me to state what remedy is needed. The expression "excess of oil" can refer to the consumption of a quart of oil every 25 miles or every 100 miles depending on the mileage which the owner expects to receive to the quart of oil. You also do not refer to any irregular engine operation due to the excessive use of oil and you will therefore appreciate the impossible of proffering suggestions. Regarding the knock which you believe is caused by Nos. 1 and 2 pistons, you state that new pisto s and wrist pins have been installed. If the w rk was not properly handled the installation of new parts will not correct the condition. If the cylinder bores were worn oval shape you will probably agree that a new round piston will not adop this shape and will continue to slap. Before instalIing new pistons, the cylinder bores should be carefully measured as regrinding may be necessary. Also if the cylinder bores were round they may be a trifle oversize and require larger pistons than the standard size. Regarding the bushings, this can only be determined by measurement. If a bushing is worn it should of course be replaced with a new one and reamed to the proper size.

CAN FORD BE DRIVEN SLOWLY IN HIGH?—My 1922 Ford touring car has had good care and is in good condition. I sometimes have to drive it through congested city streets, behind high-priced cars that go very slowly, and, of course, it is difficult to run a Ford in high at such a slow pace. In order to drive a Ford as slowly as possible in high: (1) Should the spark-plug gap be any wider or narrower than usual? (2) Should the gas mixture be richer than for greater speed? (3) Could one drive slower on the battery, without engine missing, than on the magneto? H. L. M., Siloam Springs, Ark.

A.—You are almost going out of your class in aspiring to do something in which the owner of a high priced car delights. Idling down smoothly in high is a condition which requires that a combination of parts must function perfectly. The ignition spark must be hot, the carburetor accurately set, the valves and pistons compression tight, etc. It is the proper functioning of a number of el ments together and no one particular part which brings about this desirable condition. I am not trying to establish the impression that your car will not operate smoothly when idled way down on high but bring out the fact that a car must be tuned up finely for a performance of this kind. When you are running on magneto at slow speed the current is the weakest and naturally the spark is not as hot as when running at a higher speed. For slow speed work, I believe the battery would give the hotter spark. I do not believe that you will benefit any by changing the spark plug gap. A slightly richer mixture is desirable for slow speed. You have probably noticed whe making a long run at an average speed that it is possible to cut down on the carburetor without effecting the engine operation.

FUNCTION OF GOVERNOR ON TRUCK.—Will a Nash or International auto-truck, or one of any other make, pull as well without a governor as it will with a governor? If not, please explain why.
G. J., Grand Ridge, Florida.

A.—A governor is not placed on an engine with intent to have any effect on the pulling power. The governor is installed so that the truck cannot be operated in excess to a certain predetermined speed. Being mounted on solid tires, the manufacturer knows that the truck will be jolted to pieces if it is operated at high speeds. There are several types of governors some of which govern the engine speed while others govern the truck speed. If the governor is on the engine the speed of the engine is limited It cannot be operated in excess to a certain number of revolutions per minute. If the engine is capable of a greater speed, a governor may prove detrimental to power. On a hard pull and operating in low gear speeding up the engine would produce greater power. If, however, the engine is governed the speed cannot be increased beyond the point where the governor is effective. When the governor controls the speed of the truck rather than the speed of the engine, the engine may be run at any speed desired so long as it does not drive the truck at a rate where the governor would be effective.

SUBSTITUTED MAGNETO FOR BATTERY.—As I run my 1918 model Maxwell only a few months in the summer, the battery proved unsatisfactory and I run on a Bosch magneto. What are my chances for lights? When my batteries gave out I put on the Bosch and failed to ground the generator; so I think it is out of order. Could I have it repaired and get lights from it as a Ford does from its magneto? R. H., Wetumpka, Ala.

A.—The installation of a magneto and the elimination of the battery has deprived you of the lighting source. Inasmuch as you failed to short the generator after removing the battery, the chances are that the armature is burned out. An expensive repair will probably be needed to fix up this instrument. You cannot run directly from the generator to the lights. You are making backward strides in endeavoring to do away with electrical equipment which is far superior to that used when the automobile industry was in its infancy. You could, of course, install acetylene head lamps, kerosene tail lamp, use the hand crank for starting, etc. My recommendation would be that you have the generator repaired, install a new battery and enjoy some of the features which are present day advantages. If you have your battery properly cared for during the idle period, it will give satisfactory service for many seasons.

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31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
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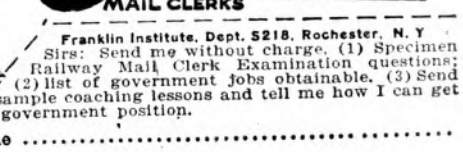
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THERE are so many questions this month that I've just time to say "Howdy girls," instead of the long, long lecture I had planned to give you. It's too bad 'cause by next month I'll have forgotten all that I was going to say. Perhaps it is just as well, I never did like lectures myself and doubtless you feel the same way, and the knowledge that I believe in each one of you and want you to do the right thing, is better than a dozen lectures.

ELINOR, WASHINGTON.—Yes, Elinor, I agree with you: it is a hard old world for a girl. As the Staley Journal so aptly puts it—

"If you love a man, he isn't worth it.
If you don't love him, you don't know what you want.
If you lead him on, you're a flirt.
If you ignore him, you're heartless.
If he has money, you're mercenary.
If he hasn't any money, you're foolish.
If he's old, you're robbing the grave.
If he's young, you're robbing the cradle.
If you stay at home, you're an old maid.
If you don't, you're a rounder.
For the love of Mike—what's a poor girl to do?"

TWO GIRLS, OKLAHOMA.—If you are "modest and a little bit bashful" please stay that way. A modest, bashful girl is such a rarity nowadays. Tell your parents and the young men they want you to marry that you consider yourselves too young and that you want the privilege of looking about a bit before committing yourselves for life. And don't start this tour of inspection for five years at least. You appear to be sensible little girls with every promise of becoming sensible women. Don't get side-tracked.

TROUBLED MARY, TENNESSEE.—There's something the matter with your head I fear, to be in love with a man who is wild, lazy, a spendthrift and a drunkard. Aside from these faults he is not so bad, if you don't mind a little dishonorable thing like making love to you while married to another. And it isn't so honorable of you to let him, come to think about it. Why do you care if he loves you now, or if he ever did? If he had he wouldn't have married another. You should thank your lucky stars that your parents made you wait. If he had married you the chances are he would be making love to some other girl now. Brace up, Mary, take a tuck in your spine and forget all about such a worthless person. Don't let him kiss you any more. Tell him that if he hasn't any honor or decency, you have.

BROWN EYES, ARIZONA.—Serves you right, you can't expect to go on telling a real he-man to stay away, and get away with it every time. If you were at fault, admit it and ask him to come back, or, rather, ask him to come back first and do your explaining afterwards. He will help you out.

HAPPY VIRGINIAN.—It was a shock, but a pleasant shock, to know that one girl in the world is glad that her parents are strict with her. You are fortunate to have such parents. I'm holding you up as an example to other girls. They'll dislike you, I know, but it is for a good cause and I'm sure you won't mind.

UNDECIDED BROWNIE.—It would be better to talk with your brother, I should think, and enlist his aid. He could then find some excuse for no longer employing this man to whom your father objects. Thus you would not be compelled to see him as often as you must now that he is employed by your brother and living in the same house with you. What are brothers for if not to help sisters?

CATHERINE.—Your letter has been sent to the Home Lawyer. Look in that department for answer.

UNDECIDED.—(Another one.) Because of the way you have used him you can't expect him to think you care for him, and he is doubtless tired telling you how much he cares for you. If you love him and think he still loves you (I don't know why he should), don't be too "independent" to show that you care. People pride themselves upon being independent when they are just plain stubborn and pig-headed. When I advise you to show that you care for him it is with the proviso that he is a suitable person in every way, so far as family, position and morals are concerned, and all the other requisites that go to make up a good husband.

TRAILING ARBUTUS, TENNESSEE.—If he let you read letters from other girls it is only reasonable to suppose that he would let other girls read your letters. It wasn't an honorable thing for him to have done and for that matter it wasn't so honorable of you to read the letters from other girls. Why bother with him, particularly as you aren't in love with him. Be careful what you write in all future letters.

TROUBLED SWEETHEART, TEXAS.—My dear girl, you can't afford *not* to give up your position if your employer has such an influence over you as you say he has. He is married and his protested love for you is selfish and dishonorable and will lead to worse than unhappiness for you if allowed to go on. As for his threat to make trouble for you if you marry anyone else, that's only cowardly talk. He wouldn't dare to do it because at the same time he would be making more trouble for himself with his wife. Would your country sweetheart (I like him) understand if you told him all? I wish you would, and that he would go in and give your employer the beating up of his life, and I'd like to be there to see it. Now you know what nationality I am!

LONELY BROWN EYES, TENN.—Why do you want him back? Hasn't he caused you enough trouble and worry already? Of course if you like to be upset and worried all the time, take him back.

HAPPY KID.—Quit a fellow because he didn't come to see you when you had the mumps? I should say not! Hang onto him. He possessed delicacy and tactfulness to a marked degree. Maybe you were good looking when you had the mumps, but if you were you are an exception to the general rule. (2) You can't force an old school chum to write to you unless he wants to; so there isn't much you can do about it unless you give him the mumps just to get even with him. (3) It isn't fair to say a girl is an old maid when she reaches a certain age I've seen some old maids of twenty and young girls of thirty and married women who were old maids at heart. Figure it out for yourself.

JOYOUS GIRL, TEXAS.—It would seem that two jealous natured people should get along nicely together. I've always been sorry for the jealous person who is married to one who isn't a bit jealous and can't understand how terrible it is. You can sympathize with each other and help each other to overcome this trait. The chances are good that you'll quarrel less after marriage than before. Be sensible about this jealousy and help each other to overcome it just as you would help each other to overcome any other disease that threatened your happiness.

BROWN EYES AND CURLY HAIR, BRISTOL.—You should have invited him to call again, just as you should invite anybody who comes to your home. That's just being polite. But it seems that he would have found some excuse for calling during the two years since his first call, if he really wanted to come again. (3) No reason in the world why a brother and sister shouldn't marry a sister and brother, provided they aren't cousins.

HEART BROKEN KID, ARKANSAS.—If everyone says he is "no account" and a do-nothing, you'd better investigate matters thoroughly before marrying him. There must be some reason for these remarks. (2) Finish school by all means.

G. M., MISSOURI.—There is no reason why, under the circumstances, you shouldn't write a friendly letter to him. If he still cares it will give him an excuse for coming back to you. You couldn't really expect him to write after all the discouraging things you said to him. He may be like lots of other men—thinks a woman means what she says.

BROWN EYES, MISSOURI.—This is what she writes: "Has I have wroten you and never got any answer, I've got me a nice bowe." Now that you've got a nice bowe you'd better get yourself a nice spelling book and a nice little grammar and study them. After a year's study write to me again and I'll give you my honest opinion as to whether this nice bowe, or another one, loves you or not.

BLONDIE, CONN.—It is all very well to say that "the sea is deep and there are lots of fishes," but remember, fish don't bite if the bait is stale. I'm glad the good looking fellow is conceited and stingy. You deserve it for dancing with him when you had promised to dance with another fellow. You owe him an apology.

BRUNETTE, CONN.—Human nature is a funny thing; we want what we can't have and don't want what we can have. You want this certain fellow, and he knows it and doesn't want you. If he thought you didn't care for him he might be more interested in you; but is he really worth the effort? If you and your chum, at the mature age of sixteen years, think there is no harm in going to dances unchaperoned and in letting fellows kiss you, there's nothing more for me to say. I, at many years older than sixteen, think differently.

DIMPLES, OKLAHOMA.—Surely there could be no harm in a girl of eighteen kissing a man of fifty, a nice daughterly kiss, with other people present, but as for marrying him—that's different. I don't approve of that at all.

UGLY BETTY, OKLAHOMA.—Don't marry him on the strength of his promise to stop drinking after you are married. They seldom do, and you would be laying up a choice assortment of trouble and unhappiness for yourself. (3) If it is too stormy or rainy for your sweetheart to go home, your father and mother should ask him to stay all night. The invitation should come from them and not from you.

Good by Girls,

COUSIN MARION.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and Kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

LAND OF FLOWERS, Florida.—In setting a table for your home dinner for six persons, you should first of all give thought to the convenience of serving your guests—as you are without servant to assist. For this reason we think you should avoid the serving of a soup and have your meal consist for its principal courses of a roast, potatoes in some form, such vegetables as you may prefer, a salad, a simple dessert and coffee. Of course you may make the additions of any homemade jelly, conserve, relishes or pickles which your pantry or cellar offers. We give no specific menu because you did not ask for this. By arranging your meal as above, you could have all food except the dessert on the table when your guests seat themselves, and you would only have to disturb things by rising once—at the time of clearing the board for the arrival of the dessert and coffee. If your husband is not at the table, you should have the roast placed before you to serve. You will find it convenient to have a portion of this already sliced so that you will not have to carve at the table. It is best to ask some member of your family or a guest, who is an intimate friend, to aid you by serving and passing the vegetables and other dishes.

Knives are placed at the right of the service plate in setting your table, and forks and spoons on the left. If you have bread and butter plates, a convenient custom, the napkin can be placed on this with a roll, biscuit or slice of bread folded within it. This will aid by doing away with the first passing of whatever bread stuff you serve. It will help, also, to have a glass already filled with water at each place. Use some not too large green plant or fern for a centerpiece to your table, or better yet such flowers as may be seasonable or convenient for your purpose. Aid the pleasure and ease of your guests and of yourself by a simple and sincere desire to avoid "style" and ceremony in serving your meal. Let them feel that it is a pleasant occasion for you and not a burden of additional labor to have them as your guests. (2) The leaves of lettuce which are the accompaniment of a salad are meant to be eaten as well as the other parts of the salad as served and for which the lettuce is used as base. You should eat your salad with a fork.

A LOVESICK GIRL, Grundy, Va.—What is the use of trying to hate this boy when you say you "love him dearer than a boy was ever loved?" Love and hate can not be mixed, or traded about in this way. We think the real difficulty is that this boy looks upon you as a "kid" and so doesn't take your affection seriously. And isn't he right about his view of you? You are but a child yet, though we do not overlook the fact that children can love. Try and forget your worship of this boy for about four years. Then if he still means the same to you, it is very likely you may mean something to him. At any rate you will not be the child to him that you must seem now when he sees you with older girls nearer his own age.

BLUE EYES OF ALABAMA.—The cigarette is a form of tobacco that has made a complete invasion, and a boy can smoke one when with a girl, or when in her home. He must, however, consider her wishes in the matter, and should ask her first if he may smoke, or if she "minds" the cigarette. He should also observe what might be the prejudices of the girl's parents against tobacco. All persons do not like tobacco smoke, and habituated smokers are often forgetful of this, or cheerfully disregard possible objection. Personally we object to the odor of tobacco while we are eating. We do not consider either tobacco or smoke as proper flavors for food. Yet smoking in public eating places is almost universal. The votes and influence of women can help in this evil we believe.

A BRIDE-TO-BE, Kansas.—At a home wedding, such as you describe, a bride should remove her veil after the ceremony and before she partakes of the supper which is to be served. (2) Yes, you should send announcements to friends and near-relatives whom you have not invited or who might be prevented in some way from attending the ceremony.

L. C., Mayfield, Ky.—The constancy or inconstancy of the heart of an eighteen-year-old boy is a variable thing and not a proper subject for serious analysis, we fear. Haven't you been out before with other eighteen-year-old boys? And it is perfectly possible for the veriest novice to love two girls at once and swear to each that she alone is his heart's desire! It is quite probable that this boy's affections are wandering afield a little so that his calls with you have dropped from three a week to one. This you can record as a fall in Love's barometer. And yet the change in the wind of young affection may swing back to you. There's no telling. Just be nice to him and don't be too jealous of the other girl—and wait for the change in the weather-vane.

M. P., Charlevoix, Mich.—Read our answer to L. C. Mayfield, Ky. You can not possess a young boy's heart in his days of youth and dalliance. Are you sure that you do not like to have more than one boy come to see you? How can he tell that he likes you best unless he has a chance to compare you with other girls? If he "speaks as if nothing had happened," we advise you to speak as if nothing had happened also. "Least said is soonest mended"—even hearts which are easily damaged and often must be repaired.

BROWN EYES, Pennsylvania.—As to the finger on which a gentleman should wear his wedding ring, we answer that it is most proper that he wear no wedding ring at all. This is a point best left for the bride alone, we think. If you have a quiet home wedding with only immediate relatives present, you should not attempt to serve any wedding breakfast. You can, however, serve refreshments in a simple manner by having the table on which these are arranged—leaving your guests to help themselves, the men waiting on the ladies, etc.

The Pretty Girls

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

n the water. Immediately the electric current shoots through. When the hair is dead, you take your fingers out of the water and then slowly draws the needle. It is through being careful about having the current on while the needle is being put in and taken out that scary sensation results, and the pain is greater. So pay strict attention to your operator and be perfectly still as she uses the needle. For home treatment of superfluous hair, try using ammonia on the hairy patch, and peroxide the next day, letting the liquid dry on. The peroxide will bleach the hair, and the ammonia dries it up and kills it in time. It is a slow process and takes patience and perseverance. If the skin gets irritated at any time from the applications, stop them for a few days and rub on cold cream.

TENNESSEE—The quickest way to get rid of blackheads is to bathe daily, and to rub on a little cold cream, massaging the face throughly especially where the blackheads are. This softens and loosens them. Then with a soft cloth about each finger, press the blackhead between them and squeeze it out. When you have removed all that will come out, dab the face with oatmeal which has been made into paste with peroxide of hydrogen. Let it stay on a few minutes, then wash off with warm water. Massage the face with cold cream, to keep the skin soft and the blackheads loosened. When you take your bath daily, friction the skin of the body with a towel to stimulate the circulation and induce the pores to throw off their contents. For a dark skin, use not a white powder but either a brunette powder or flesh color—a "brunette powder" is of the standard brands you see advertised in the good magazines—then after wiping off the face with a pad of cotton until there is no trace of cream, apply the powder. If you will do this every time before using powder, it will be good for the skin. The preparation you mention is all right for shampooing, and so is a liquid soap by shaving half a bar of white household soap in a quart of boiling water and letting it dissolve on the stove. After wetting the hair thoroughly pour a little of this liquid on at a time, and work rinsing afterwards most carefully.

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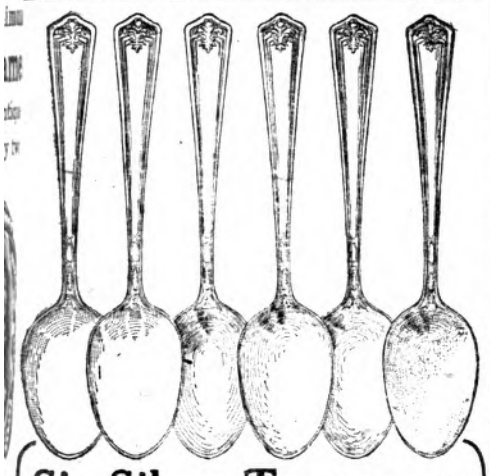
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Pressed close against the window pane was a wan, white face.

The pathos of this story sweeps all before it. It touches the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this story that deep down under the cold, hard strata of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Righteous indignation is aroused toward Silas Lockwood, her relentless and unnatural father. The heart's emotions like a great ocean billow, rolls on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 20 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 17 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 45 years old. The years of continued service of its writers show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for 25 cents is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper 12 cents.

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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. H. H., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, and no parent, the surviving widow would be entitled to receive the whole estate, subject to the payment of his debts and the expenses of administration.

Mrs. L. D. B., Maine.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the parents of the child you mention are entitled to the custody of their child, provided they are fit persons to have such custody, and that you have only a civil claim against them for the amount due you for taking care of the child, of course, if you can substantiate by the proper evidence that the parents are unfit persons to have the custody of the child, the courts might award such custody to you upon the proper showing. We think if you own the property you live in you are entitled to continue to hold same.

Mrs. L. A., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that it was the duty of the landlord to put you in possession of the property you leased from him, and upon his default thereof he became liable to you for such damages as you can prove you suffered by reason thereof, provided you have not subsequently waived your claim for damages.

E. J. M., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that twenty years adverse possession gives title to land.

Mrs. S. E., California.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that all ordinary actions for the recovery of real estate must be brought within fifteen years, and that no disability whatever can extend the time longer than thirty years; action to recover property sold for taxes should be brought within five years.

Mrs. A. W., Ohio.—If the will you mention was legally drawn and executed and if the testator, at the time of making the will, possessed testamentary capacity and was not under undue influence, we think it would be valid regardless of how long a time elapsed between its execution and the death of the testator. We think if the witnesses are dead it will be necessary to prove their handwriting.

Mrs. G. H. B., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children as his heirs at law and next of kin, his widow would receive one-third of the real and personal estate, subject to the payment of his debts and the expenses of administration, regardless of whether she was a first or second wife, and the right of his children would not depend upon whether they were children of the widow, or children of a former marriage. (2) We think if you are the only child of your widowed mother, you would receive her whole estate, subject to payment of debts and expenses, provided you survive her and she died without a will, but that if she possesses testamentary capacity and no undue influence is exercised upon her she can disinherit you by will or otherwise dispose of her property as she may see fit.

Mrs. M. E. B., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the wife of the man you mention refuses to join in the deed of the property and if she did join in the mortgage you hold upon this property, it may be advisable for you to foreclose your mortgage in order to procure a good and marketable title to the property.

Mrs. M. A. B., Washington.—We do not think you can now substantiate any interest in either of the properties you mention if you have neglected to prosecute your claim for a period of thirty-three or more years.

Mrs. L. A. T., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against an action brought upon a specialty, agreement, contract, or promise in writing in five years, but that the statute ceases to operate in such actions while the plaintiff operates under a legal disability, or while defendant absents or conceals himself, and that the payment of any part of the principal or interest, or any acknowledgment of an existing liability, debt or claim, or any promise to pay the same in writing revives the liability. (2) We think an examination of the deed you mention would be necessary in order to determine your rights thereunder.

Mrs. C. W. B., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your grandmother had a legal right to deed her property to her son, without your consent, provided she, at the time, possessed mental capacity and was not under undue influence of some other person.

J. C., Oklahoma.—If your friend has neglected to prosecute his claim for the recovery of the property you mention for a long period of years we think he could not now establish any right or interest in same.

L. E. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal property which any woman in your state may own at the time of her marriage and all the income thereon together with any property she may thereafter receive by descent, devise, or bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, shall remain her sole and separate property, notwithstanding her marriage, and not be subject to the disposal of her husband or liable for his debts, and that she may, while married, carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services, on her sole and separate account, and the earnings therefrom shall be her sole and separate property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name, but that she is not entitled to pay for services performed by her for her husband, and her husband is entitled to hold and own such of her property as she may voluntarily turn over to him; during the marriage she has no interest in his property except that she is entitled to be supported by him, and is entitled to inheritance rights from his estate.

Mrs. M. E. D., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman has, during the marriage, absolute control of her separate property, and in dealing with her husband she may take title directly from him and may loan him money and take transfers of property in payment from him, but that such property as she voluntarily presents him becomes his property. We think if you advanced the money for the purchase of the property you mention from your separate property, the title to same should run direct to you and not to your husband.

Mrs. G. J., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against actions brought to enforce the payment for goods bought upon an open account within six years from the time of the last purchase or payment on account or other evidence of indebtedness. We do not think that a woman's marriage relieves her from the payment of her debts.

L. B., Nebraska.—We think a marriage license must be procured in the state where the same is issued.

Miss H. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents are entitled to the custody and control of their minor children.

Mrs. C. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and children, her estate would go to such husband and children, the husband receiving one-third if he is the parent of all of the children of the deceased and one-fourth in case she leaves children by two or more marriages, but that children of the husband by a former marriage would have no interest in her estate, except that in turn they might become entitled to share in such portion of the property as the father inherited from their stepmother.

Mrs. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his widow is entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of the personal estate, absolutely, the balance of the estate going to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. L. S., Illinois.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that if your husband has no property, it will be necessary for you to locate him before you can enforce your claim against him for your support and for the support of your small child.

L. M. P., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of the second mortgage you mention would have a legal right to foreclose same upon any default thereunder, but that any sale of the property under the foreclosure of such second mortgage would be subject and subordinate to the lien of the first mortgage property.

B. G., Missouri.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that married women have all the property rights of unmarried ones, except that they must be joined by the husband in the conveyance of the homestead when owned by them.

M. N. S., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an examination of the deed or will would be necessary to determine the disposition of the remainder interest in the property you mention, if such instrument directs that the remainder interest in the property shall go to the children of the life tenant, living at the time of his death, it would seem to include his children by both marriages.

A. W. M., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow after payment of debts and expenses, and in addition to certain small allowances, would receive dower of one-half of the real estate, and one-half of the personal property absolutely, if the estate be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs, but as against creditors, one-third, if the estate is ancestral she would receive one-third of the personalty, absolutely, and one-third of the real estate for life.

R. H., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention all belonged to your father, you acquired no interest therein upon the death of your mother as it would have been necessary for her to have survived him in order to have acquired a vested inheritance right in his property.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

According to a statement issued by Prof. F. C. Sears, of Amherst Agricultural College, in Massachusetts, the apples are in every way perfect specimens of a previously unknown seedless and coreless type that is highly desirable. According to this authority, there is little doubt but that the new apples can be propagated by extensive grafting, once the parent tree or trees are located. Should this be the case, the advent of a coreless and seedless apple on the market may have a profound effect upon the whole apple-growing industry. Already it is reported that the discoverer has received large offers from nurserymen for the exclusive rights to the new apple, and another year should prove its worth beyond a doubt.

Fence Building Hints

Fences often need attention in the spring after frost has left the ground. Sometimes it is found that, what with frost heaving of posts and wear and tear of old age, a new fence must be built in place of an old one that has served for a number of years. There is no greater aggravation to the farmer than a fence—especially if it happens to be a neighbor's neglected one—which permits "breachy" stock free access to growing crops, nor is there any other one thing about the farm that causes more lawsuits beginning with lost temper and ending with lost friendship. Therefore we believe that a few fence building hints are timely.

The life and usefulness of a fence depends fully as much upon the way it is built as upon the material of which it is made. Likewise, the same materials properly used will last longer than if haphazardly handled. In choosing woven wire it has been found that the heavier grades, even though they cost more, are less expensive in the long run. They outlast the lighter grades, stand stretching better and the galvanizing holds much better. For general purposes wire not smaller than No. 9 will be the best to buy.

Manufacturers of every kind of fence-wire from barbed wire to "bull proof" woven wire, specify that wire must be stretched tight. There lies the great trouble, for the farmer's idea of *tight* falls far below the amount of stretching the manufacturer had in mind. A tight fence needs at least a pull of a thousand pounds; several thousand will be better, and there is little danger that it will be injured by getting it too tight. For a 42-inch woven-wire fence a pull of 5,000 pounds can safely be applied, with a really well-built fence as the result. Of course, this requires strong, well-anchored corner posts that will not "give" under the strain. This "high-tension" stretching may be obtained with special stretchers, with a team or tractor hitched to the end of the wire, or with a block and tackle. A fence that is stretched tightly enough will sing in a high-pitched key when tapped with the hammer or "plucked" with the hand. Stretched in this manner, securely stapled to good posts well set, and with anchored or braced corner posts to withstand the stretching strain, there will be little further need for fence worries.

A word about gates. An otherwise good fence may be a failure because of poor gates, or because the posts at each side have not been well set and side-braced, permitting sagging. Remember that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link," nor is a fence any stronger than its weakest spot. Therefore see that posts on either side of gates are big and strong and well braced—as sturdy as the corner posts, for gate supports must bear almost as heavy a strain as corner posts. Frequently it will be found that a gate or two can be done away with; new field arrangement of placing of fences makes them superfluous. Where this can be done it results in a saving, as gates cost more than the section of fence they replace. Do away with gates wherever you can, then when you buy or build one see that it is *good*.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

WHICH CLOVER YIELDS BEST?—Please tell me which kind of clover yields best, as I am interested in growing the very best possible yielders. I have both low land and hilly land on my farm, so perhaps two kinds would be most suitable.

R. R. N., Ohio.

A.—Without knowing positively the kinds of soil your farm consists of, it is hardly possible to state definitely which kind of clover will give you the biggest crop. As you no doubt know, alsike clover is best adapted to lower land where there is often an excess of moisture; medium red will do well on higher land, even if the soil is inclined to be sandy and is subject to summer drought. As to comparative yields, a recent experiment, just completed, by the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, and based upon tests ranging over a ten-year period in several parts of your state, may prove of value. The surprising thing in these results is that alsike heads the list even outyielding common sweet clover. The fact that figures are based upon a single cutting perhaps partly explains the failure of red clover to equal alsike yields, for it is well known that the second cutting of red clover is larger than that of others. Alsike yielded 2.64 tons per acre; white sweet clover yielded 2.60 tons; mammoth red yielded 2.29 tons; yellow sweet yielded 2.12 tons; and medium red yielded 2.02 tons. In the ten years covered by the tests, alsike headed the list 7 times and tied once; red clover won out two seasons. Alsike also showed far greater disease resistance than other clovers.

CONTROLLING PEACH TREE BORER.—Is there anything that I can use to keep the peach borers from getting into the trunks of my young peach trees? Large trees in this neighborhood have been almost ruined by borers, but so far mine have escaped.

A.—The following plan of protecting peach trees from borer atacks has been used successfully in South Carolina.

Lump lime	20 pounds.
Soap (whale oil, laundry soap, or homemade will do)	3 pounds.
Sulphur	4 pounds.
Water	20 gallons.

Shave the soap finely and dissolve in three gallons of hot water. Make a thin paste of the sulphur and add to the soap solution. Start lime slaking in a half-barrel. While it is slaking, pour the solution of soap and sulphur over it. When lime is completely slaked, dilute to take up to 25 gallons. This is enough to protect 200 to 300 trees, six to eight years old. This wash is very inexpensive as well as effective as a borer repellent, and is readily applied by using an old paint brush. Begin at the ground level and paint up to the first branches, then slightly hill up the earth around the base of the trunk. Painting branches is not necessary, as the adult moth which lays the eggs from which the borers develop always lays its eggs on the lower portion of the trunk.

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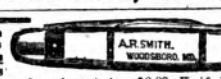
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It is amazing—the amount of work that can be done with this practical Hand Sewing Awl. Anyone can use it. The needles, which come in different shapes and sizes, are diamond point and will cut through the thickest leather. They make a lockstitch just like a sewing machine. This Awl can be used to mend harnesses, saddles, pulley belts, guncases, suit cases, grain bags, carpets, rugs, tents, awnings, sails, canvas of all kinds, shoes gloves—in fact almost anything made of heavy material. It is also used to sew up wire cuts and other wounds on horses and cattle.

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With this Awl comes a complete assortment of needles, both straight and curved, which are contained within the hollow handle, also a good supply of waxed thread. We can supply you with additional spools of waxed thread. We can supply you can use any kind of thread you prefer.

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Full directions for operating included in each package. Securely packed in individual boxes. "A stitch in time saves nine." Why not send for your awl today?

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By the aid of this profusely illustrated 32-page book with its easily understood directions you can make beautiful applique and patchwork designs in bedspreads, shams, breakfast cloths, luncheon sets, scarfs, curtains, pillows, quilts, etc., also blocks and sections for borders and conventional designs which can be used as appliques for various purposes, among which are birds, tulips, daffodils, roses, lilies, baskets, morning glories, fleur de lis, sunflower, star and crescent and others too numerous to mention. You will marvel at the beautiful work you can do with this book as your guide. The designs are attractive yet simple and easy to make, and as they were submitted by our own readers they are entirely different from any others you may have seen.



Beautify Your Home With These Magnificent Ever-Blooming Roses!

THERE'S no place like home—and no home as beautiful in summer as when surrounded with fragrant, luxuriously blooming roses. Why not plant some around **your** home this spring? Even if you now have a garden, you can find room for the five splendid bushes offered here—and they will cost you nothing. We buy these roses from the largest rose growers in the world. They are the finest that can be obtained. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each is absolutely the **prize** of its class, producing **every month in the season** an amazing profusion of large, magnificent blossoms, delightful in fragrance and of the most radiant colors. The bushes are **one year old,** strong, healthy, with well-formed roots. No matter where you live you will receive them at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five varieties given you on this offer. And please remember that with the bushes we are also going to send you complete directions for their planting and culture.

You Get One Each Of These Five Prize Beauties!

Mrs. Charles Bell One of the most beautiful and fragrant **shell-pink** roses ever introduced. It is a strong, vigorous grower and one of the hardiest of all bloomers. The flowers are faultlessly formed, extra large and double, and the abundance of bloom produced in one season is simply astounding.

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W. C. Gaunt A rose of unusual individuality. Its color is a brilliant, velvety **vermillion** tipped with scarlet. The buds are medium long and pointed, the stems rigid, habit branching, with large, oval beech-green foliage. The fragrance of this rose is like tea and it is a rapid, vigorous grower

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Our Free Offer For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described five rose bushes (one each of the five varieties) free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.** They will be mailed to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

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If this bar pin were made of platinum and set with genuine diamonds it could not be more beautiful in appearance than this exquisitely designed piece of jewelry. Six imitation flashing diamonds are mounted in solitaire settings and five more are set in the diamond-shaped design. The design is given just a touch of color by a delicate blue enamel. The pin is patterned after the most costly designs produced by the silversmith's art. It is finished in white which closely resembles the fabulously expensive platinum pins.

Wear a Lucky Sheik Ring They're All The Rage



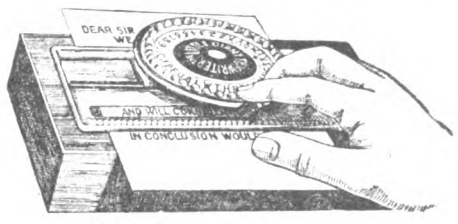
Gift No. 1622

Given for Two Subscriptions

The ancient Egyptians were fond of wearing lucky charms and rings. Among the most frequently used charms was the entwined serpent as illustrated. The serpent was the emblem of power. The sheik's head is the emblem of love triumphant. The design of this ring combines those elements of luck and love which make it the favorite ring of the year. The head of the sheik in our ring is securely mounted on jade-green crystal which gives a colorful harmony to the design.

In every way this is a handsome ring which you will delight in wearing and which you will be proud to exhibit to your friends.

A Real Typewriter

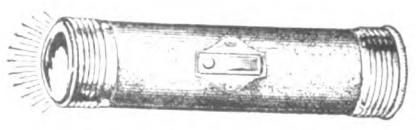


Gift No. 1202

Given for TWO Subscriptions

This is a practical, satisfactory machine that writes very distinctly. It has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from one to ten, and the punctuation marks. You can use any size letter paper on it up to five inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work very well. It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. Sent with full directions for operating and a good supply of the best quality copying ink, packed in a strong, compact box.

Every Home Needs a Handy Flashlight



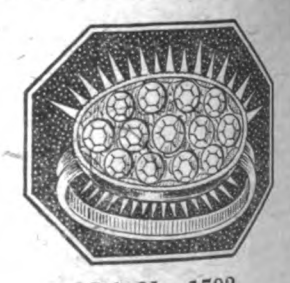
Gift No. 1212

Given for TWO Subscription



Don't stumble around the house or barn in the dark or by the uncertain aid of dangerous matches or lanterns. A flashlight like this will throw a penetrating beam of light far in front of you or wherever you want it. This flashlight is 6 inches long, 1 1-4 inches in diameter and is equipped with a powerful battery that will last many weeks. Always ready—a simple pressure of the thumb turns the light on or off as desired. Absolutely safe. Can't blow up or blow out or set anything afire.

Charming Ring For Little Finger

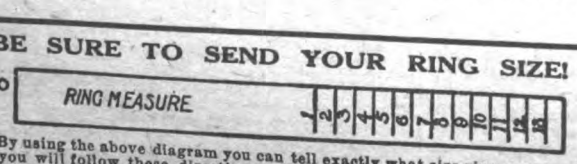


Gift No. 1592

Given for TWO Subscriptions

To give you a better idea of its general style and design this charming ring is shown several times its actual size. It is designed for a little finger ring and makes a most attractive and unusual ring. Thirteen brilliantly flashing synthetic diamonds are set close together in an oval shaped design which gives the effect of a lustrous stone of exceptional size. The exclusive and high toned jewelry shops are showing fashionable designs like this in platinum and diamonds but the price, of course, is often a thousand dollars or more. Our model can be had for only two subscriptions.

BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!



By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line O and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.

Gift No. 1572

Pair of Pearly Earrings

Given for TWO Subscriptions

Styles may come and styles may go but earrings are always popular and always worn.

If you could take this pair of eardrops in your hand you would marvel at the creamy luster of this exquisitely beautiful simulated jewel and wonder how it is possible to imitate so closely the wonders of the natural pearl. You would exclaim, too, over the delicacy of the finely wrought 10-K gold filled chain from which the pearl is suspended. Illustration is full size. For unpierced ears.

Everything Given To You

You can have any gift on this page if you will send us the required number of subscriptions. Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us the number of yearly subscriptions called for at 50c a year. If a gift calls for only one subscription that subscription can not be your own. Your own subscription, though, counts one in any club of two or more. All gifts sent free and prepaid.

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30x3½	8.45	1.15
32x3½	9.95	1.25
31x4	10.65	1.35
32x4	11.85	1.40
33x4	12.45	1.45
34x4	13.25	1.50
32x4½	16.25	1.75
33x4½	16.95	1.80
34x4½	18.60	1.85
35x4½	18.95	1.90
33x5	22.05	2.10
36x5	24.95	2.25

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Note Special Price on Two Tires, Same Size

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28 x 3	$ 6.75	$ 9.85	34 x 4	$13.95	$21.95
30 x 3	7.45	12.45	32 x 4½	14.45	22.45
30 x 3½	8.45	14.45	33 x 4½	14.95	22.95
32 x 3½	9.85	15.95	34 x 4½	15.45	23.45
31 x 4	10.95	17.45	35 x 4½	16.95	24.90
32 x 4	12.85	19.85	35 x 5	16.45	26.45
33 x 4	13.45	20.95	37 x 5	16.55	27.45

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With Saddle and Bridle
FREE For You
I have given many Shetland Ponies away to boys and girls and I am going to give these three to some other boys or girls who write me promptly and do just as I say. I will give the ponies and saddles and bridles. They are all certainly beauties so gentle and bright—as playful as a kitten. Could you think of anything finer? And you can have one of these ponies with a fine saddle and bridle without spending one cent of your own money.
HUNDREDS OF OTHER FREE PRESENTS
Yes Sir-ee. I'm going to give away hundreds of other fine presents absolutely FREE. When I say FREE—I mean just what I say—You can have them as a present from *me!* I want you to send your name right now—that's all—not even a stamp.
Don't Send a Cent a post card will do—just say "I want one of the Shetland Ponies which you are giving away". Write right now—I like prompt boys and girls.
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RUSH your name and address and we will tell you HOW you can get this Baseball Outfit, consisting of Baseball Suit, Cap, Fielder's Glove, Live League Baseball, Catcher's Mitt ABSOLUTELY FREE. Write at once for FREE Baseball Outfit.
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The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.
Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. A J., Wilbur, Oregon,—Deafness as a rule is due to a catarrhal condition of the nose and throat causing obstruction to the Eustachian tube. Head-noises are also as a rule caused by the same condition. Better consult some good ear-surgeon and be treated for your deafness.

Mrs. N. J., Ozark, Mo.—From your symptoms it would seem advisable to have the ovaries removed. Of course if this is done you will be sterile thereafter.

Mrs. V. G., Strafford, Mo.—Take your son to some Southern state, or have him examined by some good doctor who can or will find out if there is any toxin causing his asthmatic condition. In the meantime you can have him take a half-teaspoonful of pertussin after meals.

Mrs. W. B., Penn Run, Pa.—The only sure and safe way of removing superfluous hair is by use of the electric needle in competent hands.

Mrs. H. S. S., Spokane, Wash.—May be you have some kidneys trouble similiar to the liver trouble. Drink plenty of water and take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin. You might also have the bladder washed out two or three times a week.

Mrs. W. H. J., Orpha, Wyoming.—If the lump in the breast is attached to the overlying skin have it removed at once. The pain in the side is probably neuralgic. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium.

Mrs. I. S., Pelahatchie, Miss.—You are probably anemic and need a good tonic. Take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted.

Mrs. J. A. S., Hillsboro, N. C.—Take for the constipation two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada well diluted morning and night. The floating kidney should be re-attached by operation, or you should wear a supporting belt.

Mrs. T. F. B., Maysville, Okla.—You seem to have a malarial condition. Take after meals a teaspoonful of Warburg's mixture well diluted. For the vaginal discharge douche the vagina with a hot saline solution. Use about a teaspoonful of salt to the quart of hot water.

Mr. R. P., Gore, Pa.—Dyspepsia will cause a red-nose. Steam the nose and apply lotto alba at night.

Mrs. C H., Monticello, Ark.—Brain-fag probably. Take after meals a teaspoonful of Worburg's mixture, well diluted.

Miss L. A., Buffalo, S. D.—If your teeth are sound, and the gums in good condition, the trouble with your breath may be due to diseased tonsils. Try Dobell's solution as a mouth wash and gargle. Your head-ache is probably due to eye-strain. Have your eyes examined for correcting lenses.

Miss E. L., Blackfoot, Idaho.—Hemorrhoids are due, as a rule, to chronic constipation. In your case the only cure for you is to be found in a radical operation.

Miss H. B., Salem, Ill.—"Itching spots" under the arm are probably due to local infection. After cleansing the parts, apply Lasar's paste

Mrs. S. M. C., Baron, Okla.—The only remedy for your constipation, is fluid extract of cascara sagrada. Take two teaspoonfuls, if necessary, morning and night.

Mrs. M. E. C., Lonaconing, Md.—For your run-down condition, take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture after meals. For your constipation take two teaspoonfuls of cascara sagrada-fluid extract, morning and night.

Mrs. W. B. B., Shubert, Neb.—Cramps in the legs and feet may be due to the diabetic condition of patient. Have patient soak feet in a hot bath of Epson salts at night. Of course this presumes that the patient is on a proper diet and having the attention of a physician.

Mrs. O. S., Ricketts, Pa.—The brown spot on thigh is not malignant. Apply to the spot at night, Lasar's paste. Have your husband go to the hospital for an X-ray examination of his lungs.

Mrs. N C M., Spokane, Wash.—Pain in the breasts and fullness of same prior to menstruation is normal, and needs no treatment of any kind.

Mr. G. J. P., Berlington, Ind.—Warburg's tincture can be obtained at any drug store.

Mrs F. T., Rice, Va.—Have your sister take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture after meals. Her mental and physical condition may both be due to malaria.

Miss B. P., McCredie, Mo.—Just forget softening your flesh. Hard and sound flesh is very desirable and to be encouraged. I would continue to take the Nujol. For the gas, take after meals, one compound bicarbonate of soda tablet. Of course avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. Your irregular periods will have no bearing on becoming pregnant after marriage. You should control your appetite and eat only three times a day; not between meals.

Mrs. E. J. M., Peculiar, Mo.—You were probably lacerated during confinement. You should be examined and, if the parts have been torn, have them restored to normal by operation.

Mrs. H. Y., Napolan, Mo.—Do not bother with your son's condition in any way. For yourself, you can take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract cascara sagrada, morning and night. This remedy will not affect your nursing baby.

Mrs. J. F. P., Hinsdale, Mont.—Your son may be suffering from enlarged tonsils or adenoids. If so, an operation is indicated. May be also he needs circumcision

Mrs D M. W., Hamlet, N. C.—For the stomach indigestion take after meals one compound bicarbonate of soda tablet. For your chronic constipation take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada at night well diluted.

Miss M C., Ransomville, N. Y.—Better have your eyes examined for glasses. Your entire stomach trouble may be due to eye-strain.

Mrs. M C M., Laclede, Idaho.—You should have the moles, both in your case and your daughter's removed by electricity.

Mrs O. B. C., Md.—If your husband is drinking excessively no treatment will be of any use in his case.

Mrs. S. W., Dixfield, Maine.—The cause of goiter is a tuxic condition of some form. Try ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium after meals, well diluted, and avoid meats of all kinds.

Miss B. E., East Jewett, N. Y.—Your irregular periods are due to your physical condition. Take a tablespoon of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mr. B. D., Browning, Mo.—You can have your druggist send your urine to any large city near you for report on condition. The pressure is due to your high blood pressure no doubt. The white spots are due to exudate in the retina of the eye. Irregularity of pupil may be normal for you.

Mrs. M. T.,—Gall stones are formed in the gall bladder. Have no direct connection with the pancreas. No relation to symptoms of pregnancy and disease of the pancreas.

Miss B. K., Macomb, Okla.—Your condition has no relation to cancer. Gargle the throat with Dobell's solution three or four times a day. Have your teeth looked after and see if the teeth are not causing some of your trouble.

Other Girls Had Dozens of Fellows—I Was a Wall Flower

My Cheeks Were Pale and Sallow, My Neck Scrawny, My Lips Colorless: Today I Am As Popular As Any of the Other Girls Because I Have Learned the Secret of Radiant Health and Beauty and Have a Well-Rounded Face and Figure.

Try making this slight change in YOUR MEALS for two weeks and watch for the astonishing results it so often gives.

For years I was so unattractive that I almost cried when I looked at myself in the mirror. Oh, how I envied other girls, whose dance cards were always filled and who were always popular and sought after by boys, who would not look at me twice. Just two weeks ago I read an article in the paper which told of a slight change in the daily diet which often changed women who had been thin, pale and unnattractive, in some cases even for years, so that they got back that magnetic charm of radiant health. This article stated that the most imporant element in building a strong, beautiful body full of grace and magnetism with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks was a peculiar fom of iron found in the husks of grain and the peels and skins of certain fruits and vegetables. But modern methods of cooking throw these important things away so that probably 19 people out of 20 lack 100% in their blood. I tried mixing a little of iron this peculiar form of iron with my meals for two weeks. I feel and look years younger, with natural color in my lips and cheeks.

The above is a typical hypothetical case. It would seem that every woman whose attractiveness is impaired by lack of that magnetic charm that comes only with radiant health, would try adding a little of this newer form of iron to her daily food. It is comparatively inexpensive and may be obtained from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron, which should be mixed with your food as directed on each package. Amazing results are often secured in only two weeks' time. For sale by all druggists.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

de to those whose husbands are engaged in that work. That is why I was there. The exhibits were not so extensive last year as at other meetings. The purpose of these conventions is to broaden the minds of men engaged in this line of work, a kind of training school, with able instructors. The local hostess took care of the visiting ladies. A tea was given at the Ten Eyck Hotel at four o'clock, with about sixty-five present, music by orchestra, refreshments served.

We were taken through the New York Capitol building. B. A Pyrke of the State Dept. of Foods and Markets addressed the company. We visited the Educational Building and the Museum, the second largest in the world. Here I saw many odd things. I believe the Indians were looked upon with the greatest wonder, sheltered as they were beneath the leafy forest trees in their crude wigwams. A papoose strapped on the back of the squaw as she bent over her daily toil, a camp fire burning and a deer thrown over the shoulder of the old warrior. They looked as if they were thinking of their ill treatment by the white men.

A photograph of the company was taken on the steps of the Capitol Building.

The annual banquet was held Friday afternoon. Five hundred sat down at the chicken dinner, served in the basement of the Armory.

For some reason unknown to us, the weather man did not behave nicely for the sun did not smile on us during our visit. Returning home I saw that Jack Frost has almost finished his mischief and the beauty of the mountains had faded and had put on a pale grey appearance and the loveliest season of the year had gone.

EDITH NORRIS.

BOONVILLE, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Mary Jane, I think you did quite right not to make the affair publicly known as that would not have lessened the crime one bit. However, I think you made a mistake, when your husband suggested moving away, in not consenting. Being near and seeing this girl will help to keep the jealousy stirred in your heart. You say you believe your husband will make good if you can hold out to help him. If he is still willing to move away go with him where there are new interests. I am sure you will find it easier to forgive him and to help him. Pray God to direct you aright and help you to forget your trouble. I think you should make a confidant of this girl's mother and tell her all. The secret will be as safe with her as with you, and she will understand the coolness which you say she has noticed. And she may be able to help her daughter back to the right path. I think it wrong to keep the secret from her.

I am blessed with a good kind husband and three dear children, two boys and a girl. I realize the responsibility of rearing children. It is my earnest desire to bring up my little ones in the way they should go.

I raise Brown Leghorn chickens and sell eggs for spending money and never have to call on my husband for money. I buy most of our clothes with my egg money and have a bank account of my own besides.

Letters will be appreciated.

MRS. J. O MILLER.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Let me tell you how to prevent broken buttons. Take the buttons off the shirt front and in their place, make buttonholes. Then stitch the buttons to a broad piece of tape and slip them through the buttonholes. They may then be removed for washing and the one set of buttons will serve for several shirts, if the buttonholes are the same distance apart.

Before fastening a meat chopper onto the table, place a piece of sandpaper under both clamps, with the rough side next to the table. This will prevent it slipping.

When crocheting, keep a safety pin handy. Catch this in the stitch when you lay your work down and it will not ravel.

Nice, soft towels for baby's use can be made of two or three thicknesses of cheese-cloth. Cut the desired size, baste evenly together and stitch close to the edge; then work around over the stitching with double crochet or buttonhole stitch, using pink, blue or white thread. These towels do not irritate the tender skin of a baby. Wash-cloths to match can be made.

Add a little bluing to your dish-water and see how your glassware will sparkle.

Egg stains on silverware may be removed by rubbing with damp salt.

Mrs. Margaret Penncok, Livonia, Box 110, N. Y.

When making underwaists for children, take a pair of eyelets from the back of an old corset and sew on to fasten the hose supporters to, and save tearing the cloth.—Mrs. Carl Clark, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Soap that never fails. Five and one-half pounds of cracklings, three cans of lye and four quarts of water. Stir all together well, set on back of stove for three or four hours, stirring every little while. Remove and beat or stir hard to make it white, the more it is beaten the whiter will be the soap. Margaret Baldon, Bartlett, Neb.

Requests

Would like to hear from sisters living in For Smith and Excelsior, Ark.—MRS. A. H. SETZLER, Atlanta, 813 No. Boulevard, Ga.

I wish to correspond with persons interested in physical culture.—MR. R. C. MORGAN, Crescent City, Box 247, Calif.

I would like to correspond with someone living at Elroy, Ky.—MRS. F. E. OLIVER, Cransfordville, Ind.

Would like to receive cards and letters. Am sick and unable to do my work or go anywhere.—MRS. HARRY C. NELSON, Critz, Va.



7.55 SEND NO MONEY
7.25 Importer's Sale
We are large importers of fine watches. Save over 50 per cent. of market price by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either high grade watch. No. 1, octagon or round case, 14Kt. gold-filled, 20 yr. case with 20 yr. gold-filled link bracelet, 10 jewels. Stem wind and set. Adjusted and regulated. $16 value, our price ONLY $7.25 prepaid. No. 2. 14Kt. White gold-filled, 25 yr. case. Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled clasp. Beautiful white dial. Sapphire crown, tonneau shape, 10 jewels. Regulated, adjusted. Fully guaranteed. $18 value. Our special price ONLY $7.55 prepaid. Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded promptly.
SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CORP.
Dept. 418, 434 Broadway, New York

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Stop worrying about that Ugly, Disgusting, Painful Hump. *PED-O*, my new combination treatment has amazed and delighted thousands. No Pads, no Plasters, no Clumsy Appliances. *PED-O* sent on trial at my risk. If results are satisfactory, costs $2.00. If not, costs nothing. Order *PED-O* today.
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Song: "Nearer Home," MISS MINNIE G. MEYER, Ableman, Wis.

I wish to secure the following songs: 'Pride of the Ball," "When Daddy Sings the Little Ones to Sleep," and "My Wild Irish Rose". MRS. ARCH G. EEDES, Lookout, P. O. Box 35, Calif.

Wanted, an old book called "Off the Rocks." Author unknown. MRS. GEORGE GREVIOUS, Markville, Minn.

Wanted—"A Girl in a Thousand." MRS. JOHN LONNIG, Jitney, Montana.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first as only one copy is desired. MRS. CHINIE HEADLEY, Searls, P. O. Box 148, Ala. Feb. March, April, May, June and July 1922.

Mrs. Sibyl Williams, O'Brien, R. R. 1, Texas. July, September and October, 1921.

Miss Marie Shields, Buena Vista, Star Route, Ohio, August 1922.

Edith E. Wells, Kenmore, 184 N. 17th St., Ohio, June and July, 1922.

Mrs. R. R. Brown, Ewing, R. R. 1, Mo., December, 1920; Feb. 1921; January, 1922. (Also books, "St. Elmo," "Heiress of Dunleigh" and "Rich Midway's Two Loves".)

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!



EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



How Beautiful!

These New Beads Are All The Rage

Gift No 1562

WALK down Fifth Avenue, New York, attend a Chicago opera, ride on the Pullman cars or frequent the most exclusive society places—there you will find a predominating number of women decked in these new rainbow colored beads.

TWO 46-INCH STRINGS FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS

When worn in pairs of different colors these beads give the most stunning appearance imaginable. They come in pearl gray, red, green, orange and silver gray. They are made of light weight metal and strung on fine stout wire. If you like to wear attractive neck ornaments here is the sensation of the year.

Our offer includes two long 46-inch strings of these beads in pretty contrasting color combinations. You'll be delighted with what you receive.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you free and prepaid two 46-inch strings of colored beads. **Reward No. 1562. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Wear a Gold Pencil Around Your Neck

Reward No. 1532.

The height of style and utmost convenience are embodied in this new gold-filled self-sharpening pencil with its long neck ribbon.

Everyone who has used a self-sharpening pencil knows how convenient it is to have an ever sharp point with the simple turn of the barrel of the pencil. You have it in this attractive pencil and in addition you have a pencil that not only pushes out the lead but pulls it back, so it will not break. Our offer also includes a dozen extra leads in a handy little metal box.

Given for Two Subscriptions

The pencil itself is gold-filled and handsomely chased as shown in the illustration. The illustration is full size.

The ribbon, which is attached to the pencil with a firm snap catch, is 34 inches long, selvaged edges and of exceedingly good quality silk finish. The gold-filled ornament shown on the ribbon can be moved to any desired position.

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THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

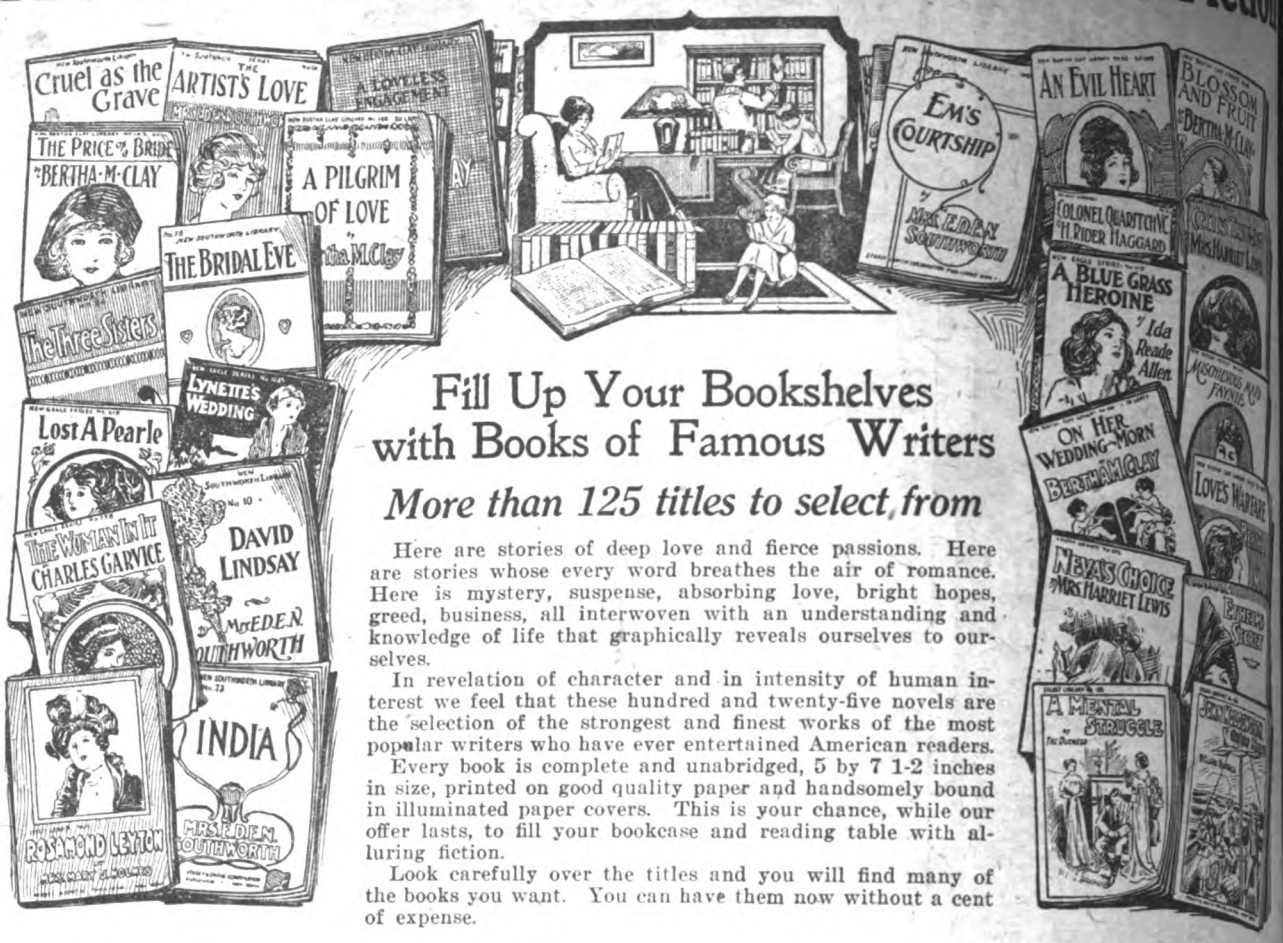
The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 8½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

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C 123 The Hidden Sin
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C 130 A Loveless Engagement
C 133 The Chains of Jealousy
C 138 When Love and Hate Conflict
C 140 A Pilgrim of Love
C 142 Lost for Love
C 147 A Fateful Passion
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S 141 Lady Valworth's Diamonds
S 134 A Modern Circe

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E 1062 The Curse of Beauty.
E 1043 Love That Was Cursed

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E 136 The Unseen Bridegroom
E 9 The Virginia Heiress

Wenona Gilman

E 1087 The Tide of Fate
E 1070 Evelyn the Actress

Charles Garvice

E 17 Leslie's Loyalty
E 50 Her Ransom
E 84 Imogene
E 95 A Wilful Maid
E 250 A Woman's Soul
E 272 So Fair, So False
E 304 Stanch as a Woman
E 305 Led by Love. Sequel to "Stanch as a Woman"
E 635 A Coronet of Shame
E 655 Linked by Fate
E 758 The Woman in It

H. Rider Haggard

S 152 Colonel Quaritch, V. C.
S 108 Allan Quartermain
S 80 King Solomon Mines
S 75 She

Mary J. Holmes

S 2 Rosamond Leyton
S 216 Georgie's Secret
S 230 The Unloved Husband

Rudyard Kipling

S 166 The Phantom Rickshaw
S 72 Plain Tales From the Hills
S 31 The Light That Failed

Laura J. Libbey

E 1112 Mischievous Maid Faynie
E 136 A Fatal Wooing

Mrs. Harriet Lewis

E 213 The Heiress of Egremont
S 232 Neva's Choice
S 221 Sundered Hearts
S 213 Cecil's Triumph

Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller

E 1085 Lynette's Wedding
E 1078 The Shadow Between Them
E 1050 Married in Error

W. Clark Russell

S 143 John Holdsworth, Chief Mate
S 129 Love and Shipwreck

Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

E 7 Two Keys
E 1 Queen Bess
E 44 That Dowdy
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E 133 Max
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E 177 A True Aristocrat
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E 266 The Wellfleet Mystery
E 415 Trixy
E 511 The Golden Key
E 512 A Heritage of Love. Sequel to "The Golden Key"
E 519 The Magic Cameo
E 520 The Heatherford Fortune. Sequel to "The Magic Cameo"
E 676 My Lady Beth

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

4 Em's Courtship. Sequel to "Em"
10 David Lindsay. "Sequel to "Gloria"
22 A Leap in the Dark
23 The Mysterious Marriage. Sequel to "A Leap in the Dark"
24 Her Mother's Secret
29 The Unloved Wife
30 When the Shadow Darkens
31 Lilith. Sequel to "When the Shadow Darkens"
44 The Changed Brides, or "Winning Her Way"
45 The Bride's Fate. Sequel to "The Changed Brides"
48 Cruel as the Grave, or "The Hallowe'en Mystery"
49 Tried for Her Life. Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave"
73 India, or "The Pearl of Pearle River"
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S 149 The Suicide Club
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Miscellaneous

E 1100 An Angel of Evil, *Effie Adelaide Rowlands*
E 1096 A Bachelor Girl, *Lucy May Russell*
S 78 Beyond the City, *A. Conan Doyle*
S 51 Camille *Alexandre Dumas*
S 67 The Cruise of the Cachalot," *Frank T. Bullen*
E 1127 Daredevil Betty, *Evelyn Malcolm*
S 147 The Dead Secret, *Wilkie Collins*
S 60 Dead Man's Rock, *"Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch)*
S 14 East Lynne, *Mrs. Henry Wood*
S 138 Elsie Venner *Oliver Wendell Holmes*
E 1084 Ethel's Secret, *Charlotte M. Stanley*
E 1088 Her Husband's Other Wife, *Emma Garrison Jones*
E 1128 Her Life's Dark Cloud, *Lillian R. Bryan*
S 35 Inez, *Augusta J. Evans*
S 61 The Iron Pirate, *Max Pemberton*
S 117 John Halifax, Gentleman, *Miss Mulock*
E 1083 Lola Dunbar's Cure, *Barbara Hume*
S 63 Lorna Doone, *R. D. Blackmore*
S 69 The Last Days of Pompeii, *Sir Bulwer Lytton*
S 100 Led Astray, *Octave Feuillet*
S 131 Lady Audley's Secret, *Miss M. E. Braddon*
S 89 A Perilous Secret, *Charles Reade*
S 148 Ships That Pass in the Night, *Beatrice Harraden*
S 81 She's All the World to Me, *Hall Caine*
S 126 The Toilers of the Sea, *Victor Hugo*
S 118 The Tragedy in the Rue de la Paix, *Adolphe Belot*
S 53 Uncle Tom's Cabin, *Harriet Beecher Stowe*
S 27 Under Two Flags, *Ouida*

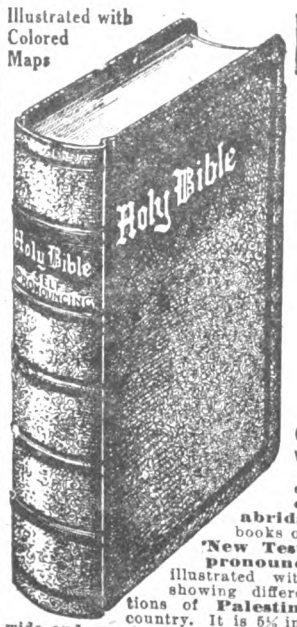
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SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket or hand bag, yet **complete and unabridged** containing full books of both the **Old and New Testaments**, is **self-pronouncing** and handsomely illustrated with **colored maps** showing different interesting portions of **Palestine** and surrounding country. It is 5½ inches long, 3¾ inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a **thousand pages** finished with round corners and red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact **all Bible students** at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 8793.**

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This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamertations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

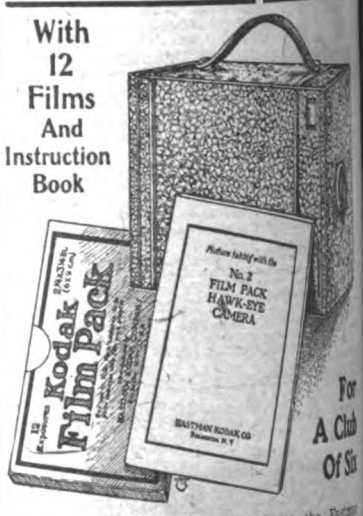
City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

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Hawk-Eye Camera

With 12 Films And Instruction Book



For A Club Of Six

THE "Hawk-Eye" is made by the Eastman Kodak Co., so it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a **high-grade** camera—one that you can **depend** upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The "Hawk-Eye" takes a picture 2¼x3¼ inches, is fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snapshots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. It uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out **in broad daylight**, thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real good camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give away thousands of these "Hawk-Eyes" as club rewards. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also one film pack containing **twelve films** and an instruction book telling you all about picture-taking from A to Z.

Given To You! For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this new "Hawk-Eye" Camera with one Film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7985.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ew Way to Rid Poultry of Lice

. G. R. Mente Tells of Amazing Discovery Which Keeps Hens and Chicks Free From Vermin

w Drops of Liquid in Drinking Water Does It—No More Dusting, Spraying or Greasing

I have used your remarkable Lice and Mite edy with fine results," writes Rev. G. R. te, Methodist Parsonage, New Washington, . "Mentioned this at a Farmer's Institute w weeks ago. Consequently, farmers by the n have been after me ever since to find out re and how they could get it. It has put a to the poultry losses in this community. You a great benefactor to poultry raisers."

Lice and Mites Go Like Magic



This amazing new discovery which Rev. G. R. Mente used is Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy. Easy and simple to use. Comes in condensed liquid form, to be used in fowls' drinking water, a few drops at a time.

Makes Lice, Mites, Ticks, Fleas, Blue Bugs and other vermin positively leave fowls like magic. Renders entire flock, old and young, immune to these expensive pests. Equally good for Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Pigeons. Guaranteed not to affect eggs or flesh of fowls in any way. Makes Hens, Pullets and Chicks healthier, sturdier and grow faster. A ndid summer egg tonic and blood purifier. More 100,000 Poultry Raisers now keeping their flocks from vermin, this new easy way.

You Can Get Yours Free
(Regular $1.00 Size Bottle)

nperial Laboratories, the manufacturers, are now ting a Special Introductory Offer whereby you can in, absolutely free, a season's supply, for the rage size flock, of this amazing new Lice and Mite edy.

END NO MONEY. Just your name and address mperial Laboratories, Dept. 7699, Kansas City, Mo., they will send you by return mail, two regular $1.00 les of Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy (double ngth). When the package containing the regular 0 quantity arrives, pay the postman only $1.00 a few cents postage. Use one yourself to rid your flock of these pests, and sell the other to a neigh—thus getting yours free. Or, a large size Trial tle for only 50c.

f you have a large flock, or have neighbors who h to go in with you, this Special Introductory r applies on 4 of the regular $1.00 size bottles, an additional saving. Just state you want the ular $4.00 quantity, for only $1.75. Readers risk money, as Imperial Laboratories are fully respone and nationally known distributors of poultry edies. They will refund the cost on any of the ve quantities ordered, promptly on request, any e within 30 days.

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Buy right! Cut your tire cost in two and get a **reliner with each tire FREE.** We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and **Your Money Back** if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 6000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires, known as the double thread and reconstructed tires.

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Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	34x4	$8.15	$2.35
30x3	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.50
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32x3½	6.45	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	8.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	8.75	3.10
33x4	7.85	2.25	37x5	8.95	3.25

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

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For quick relief try Piso's—a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens e "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.
To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of serting three-line notices in this column if they will secure ly one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you ish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a ree-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column r securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer otice is required send one 50c subscription for each adtional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of William Seck, last heard of in Jackson, Michigan, on January 9, 1922. Blue eyes, fair complexion, mustache, bout six feet tall and fifty-nine years of age. lease write to Mrs. Hannah Hellon, Lewiston, Mo.

Anyone knowing the address of J. R. Sanders ast heard of in Pennington, New Mexico, please rite to Mrs. W. T. Ogle, Mt. Dora, New Mexico.

Would like to hear from Dave, Edd, or Charles Brewer, who left Summitville, Tenn., years ago to o to Texas, Okla., or Ala. Write to Mrs. Willie mith, Genoa, Route 1, Box 39, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of D. R. McCoy ince April 1922, please write 1137 West Nichols t., Springfield, Mo. Be rewarded.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of my sisters nga and Caroline Olson last heard of in Osage, owa. Please write to their brother Edward Olson, ummings, N. Dak.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ed and Sadie Walton last heard of in Hutchins, Texas, indly write to Mrs. Eva Bitsko, Mound Valley, Kansas.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Gabe Roby, ast heard of somewhere in Indiana will please notify Mrs. Fred A. Cooper, Davis, W. Va.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Newton Wade, last heard from at Cullman, Ala., 14 years ago. Age now about 35. Please write to Mrs. F. Lovell, Addison, R. R. 2, Ala.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Preventing Warble Fly Attacks

MANY different preparations have been recommended for the purpose of keeping ox-warble flies from depositing their eggs on pasturing cattle and with the object of preventing grubs from forming in "boils" under the skin of the animal's back in late winter and spring. Perhaps a majority of farmers still believe that the fly deposits her eggs in the skin at the place where the grubs usually form and therefore apply repellents to the region of the loins. Scientists of the Bureau of Animal Industry, however, have shown that the eggs are deposited about the heels or below the knees and hocks and are then licked off by the animal. Then after penetrating the esophagus or gullet and migrating in the connective tissues the embryo larvæ eventually reach their favorite location along the backbone or at the loins and there develop into mature grubs. To keep the flies off, the Bureau investigators recommend, after thorough comparative tests of various preparations, a two per cent. solution of coal-tar creosote dip as most effective. They have found the wading tank method of application highly promising. The experiments made thus far indicate that cattle having their legs protected below the knees and hocks by the application of incesticidal or fly-repellent substances during the fly season have few if any grubs during the following winter. If further trial proves that the wading method is effective in controlling ox-warble infestation it is considered probable that suitable adaptations can be devised to meet practical requirements in treating range cattle. Meanwhile we wish to emphasize the importance of extraction and destruction of every mature grub by every owner of cattle and that can readily be handled, for by so doing the number of flies would be considerably reduced annually and in time the grub nuisance might be made far less prevalent.

Questions and Answers

DEATH OF SHEEP.—I have some sheep well and fat. About a week ago some of them refused to eat. They began to froth at the nose and shake their head and in a few days died. An examination after death, at the beginning of the small intestine I found it spotted with running sores, for about twelve inches, then scattered to the end.

MRS. B. B.

A.—You say little bunches or nodes characteristic of nodular disease of the intestines (vulgarly termed knotty guts), which are found present in thousands of fat sheep killed in the great abaitoirs of the cities during the winter season affected your sheep. There is no remedy for the disease which is the cystic stage of the life cycle of the worm known as Esophagotoma Columbanum. Your sheep probably were killed by self poisoning or auto-intoxication from constipation and disease of the liver caused by prolonged excessive feeding of coarse dry roughage and lack of exercise. Make sheep walk two or three miles every day to get clover or alfalfa hay scattered in a distant field. Also give each of them two pounds of roots or sound silage and feed oats and bran instead of corn.

SHRINK IN MILK.—My cow freshened three days ago, and gives about one glass of milk a day. She is four or five years old and before freshening she gave three quarts each day. If you will, please tell me what is the matter with her. J. M.

A.—Every dairy cow should be dried off, six weeks or more before calving otherwise she will, like the one in question, be likely to give little milk three times daily; massage the udder well each time and feed generously, or allow calf to nurse. It is unlikely, however, that the cow will give a profitable yield of milk before another freshening and it rarely pays to keep such a cow for that length of time. Better feed her for the butcher.

ROBBER COW.—One of my cows suckles one of the other cows when they are together. I have tried several things and so far all that has stopped it is a fence between. Mrs. J. S. G.

A.—Keep a straight bar bit in the cow's mouth or put a bull ring in her nose, hang one from that and if necessary a third ring from the second one. A spiked muzzle may serve the purpose but is liable to cause damage.

RICKETS.—I had a four-year-old sow that was hurt last summer, having two ribs broken. I put her in the pen January first. She fattened well, eating heartily until the middle of the month when she got down and couldn't walk. I killed her. I could break the bones like straw with my fingers. J. C. W.

A.—The sow robbed her own bones of mineral matter not being adequately and completely fed rations that would supply all of the necessary elements for perfect support of the body. In future make every hog take active outdoor exercise every day and feed clover or alfalfa hay, tankage and mixed meals rather than an exclusive ration of corn. Do not feed cottonseed meal and hulls to swine. Allow free access to salt, ground lime, stone and wood ashes or bone meal at all times. Allow growing pigs skim-milk.

COLIC.—My mare nine years old stays fat all the time. She has sick spells when she will stretch out as far as she can, then gallop a little ways and then lie down. Sometimes she will roll, but not every time. When standing she will roll her head around to the side and seems to be in pain. What should I do for her? E. E.

A.—At time of attack give the mare one pint of raw linseed oil containing one ounce of pure turpentine and one teaspoonful of fluid extract of nux vomica and a teaspoonful or two of tincture of ginger slowly and carefully as a drench from a bottle. Do not feed or water her when hot and tired or work her immediately after a meal. Feed from a big shallow box if she bolts her feed, add one-ninth part of wheat bran by weight to her oats. Carrots would be good for her.

BLACK TONGUE.—Can you send me a remedy for black tongue or sore mouth in dogs? I have lost four from this trouble. F. L. N.

A.—Feed dogs sound food at home and provide pure drinking water. Keep them from eating garbage or carrion, of any kind. If a case occurs give a teaspoonful of the following medicine every two hours until improvement occurs. Then every three or four hours; specific tincture of rhus toxicodendron, 15 drops; specific tincture of echinacia, one-half ounce; glycerine, one-half ounce add water to make four ounces; mix.

LAME MARE.—My mare, twelve years old is lame in her fore feet. When she gets up from lying down she can hardly stand. She will rest one foot, then the other. Can it be cured? MRS. H. F.

A.—The mare probably has been foundered. Some improvement may follow if you have her shod with flat thin-heeled wide-webbed bar shoes over dressing of sheep's wool fat (lanolin), oakum and leather pads and then blister the hoof-pads several times, one at a time with the following mixture. Biniodide of mercury, two drams, powdered cantharides, two drams, lard three ounces. Rub in for fifteen minutes and tie mare short. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours, then apply a little lard daily. Blister the second foot two or three days after washing the blister from the one first treated. Repeat the blistering at intervals of two or three weeks.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a cow and one of her teats appears to have a small outlet for the milk. I can get only the smallest stream, no matter how hard I press. It hurts, causing her to kick. Is there any remedy? G. S. B.

A.—It would be best to have a veterinarian slit down through the stricture in four different directions with a teat bistoury and then strip away a little milk frequently during the healing process. If you cannot have that done try to enlarge the opening by several times daily inserting a lead probe of gradually increased size.

Five Wheel Chairs in April

684 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

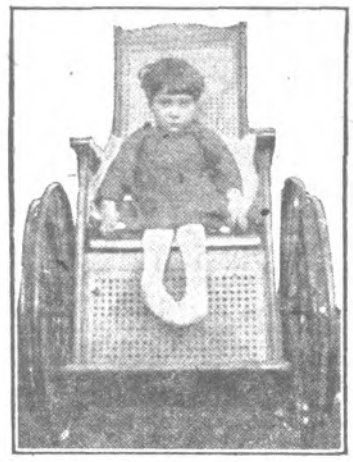
The recipients of the five April wheel chairs are Adam Peterson, for his three sisters, Eva, Emma and Elsie, Declo, Idaho, 150; Miss Bessie Croft, Salem, Ark., 102; Mrs. F. E. Wise, Jewel Ridge, Va., 87; Hermon W. Staples, Ruleville, Miss., 83; Mariah Jefferson, R 1, Box 3, Woodlawn, Tenn., 45. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them.

The entire list of 150 subscriptions for the Peterson chair came, all in one club, from O. C. Lott, a neighbor, from whose letter I will quote: "Please send a wheel chair to Adam Peterson, Declo, Idaho. The chair is for his three helpless sisters, Eva aged 40, Emma aged 36 and Elsie aged 25. These girls cannot walk without help. Their father and mother are dead. This brother, Adam, and a sister, about 28 years old, take care of them. These girls have been helpless for 15 years and have never had a wheel chair."

Miss Bessie Croft, age 27, is paralyzed from her knees down resulting from an attack of infantile paralysis when two years old. Of course she is unable to get about and is dependent on her father, mother and brother for care.

I have no information of Mrs. F. E. Wise, as Mrs. W. L. A. Kiser, who sent in the subscriptions, did not describe her friend's condition and circumstances.

Hermon W. Staples, age 12, lost the use of his legs about a year ago; they are weak and drawn up so that he can not walk or even stand. The cause of his disability is not known but the doctor suspects



MARY ARLEEN MILLER ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

tuberculosis, as the boy's father died of that disease. This wheel chair will be a joy to the crippled, helpless lad, and a great help to his widowed mother in caring for him.

Moriah Jefferson is a little motherless girl who is crippled in her lower limbs so that she can not walk or stand. Her pastor, Rev. James Ransom, has been chiefly instrumental in obtaining the subscriptions for her wheel chair.

I thank you, my good friends, for helping me to make the April wheel chairs five, which is two more than the March number, and I hope you will boost the number up to seven for May.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little easter each month than you do yours

Much Pleased with Her Comfort Wheel Chair

Ray, Ohio, Box 7.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Enclosed you will find a photo of our little daughter, Mary Arleen Miller, in her COMFORT wheel chair with which we are much pleased. It gives her great pleasure as well as being a help. The night we received it she stayed up until ten o'clock, running it about the room; and then she had her wheel chair placed close to her bed so she could look at it, and the first thing in the morning she was in it again. We thank you and all who helped us to procure the chair.

Truly yours,
Mrs. George Miller.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

O. C. Lott, Idaho, 150 subs. for Eva Elsie Peterson; Mr. D. M. Phillips, Ark., for Bessie Croft, 76 subs; Mrs. W. L. A. Kiser, Va., for Mrs. F. E. Wise, 29 subs; Mrs. G. C. Martindale, Texas, for Reba Martindale, 25 subs; Mrs. Geo. Staples, Miss., for Hermon Staples, 41 subs; Mrs. A. L McAbee, S. C., for Sam McAbee, 20 subs; Mrs. Ida Johnson, for Hazel Johnson, 20 subs; Mrs. J. M. Davis, Ark., for Aubrey Davis, 16 subs; Mrs. Nettie Mitchell, Texas, for Annie M. Carpenter, 16 subs; Mrs. I. A. Pounders, Ark., for Herman Staples, 15 subs; Ruth Honeycutt, Ark., for Ethel Long, 11 subs; Mrs. Fannie Crocker, S. C., for Charley Scales, 11 subs; Mrs. Caroline Roots, Mont., for Geo. Ash, 11 subs; Ruth Honeycutt, Ark., for Ethel Long, 11 subs; Mrs. Mary Jackson, Ohio, for General, 10 subs; Mrs. Ella Burkdall, Mo., for Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, 8 subs; Mrs. Roy I. Palmer, Mont., for Geo. Ash, 8 subs; Mrs. W. L. A. Kiser, Va. for Mrs. F. E. Wise, 8 subs; Mrs. Ruth Lambert, Texas, for Mrs. J. C. Davidson, 8 subs; D. M. Phillips, Ark., for Bessie Croft, 7 subs; Mrs. A. L. McAbee for Sam McAbee, 6 subs; Mrs. Robert Ivy, Miss., for Hermon Staples, 5 subs; D. M. Phillips, Ark., for Bessie Croft, 5 subs; Frankie Owens, Tenn., for Robert Owens, 7 subs and $3.00; Mrs. Ruth Harrison, Mo., for General, $1.00; Larina Gingerich, Mo., for General, $1.00; Mrs. Annie Hippensteel, Pa., for General, $1.00.

Science's Discovery Routs Chicken Lice

Mineralized Water Gets Rid of Dusting or Spraying — Birds Delouse Themselves. Fine for Baby Chicks and All Poultry.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the commonly accepted methods for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful product keeps the poultry always lice-free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this remarkable lice remedy, is dropped in the chickens drinking water. Taken into the system of the bird, it comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It is guaranteed to help the hatchability of the eggs and cannot injure the flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little added to the drinking water each month is all that is necessary.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 311, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A card will do. Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Lice-Go will get rid of every louse or mite that he will send you two large double strength $1.00 packages for the price of one. When they arrive, pay postman only $1.00 and postage. Sell one to your neighbor and get yours free. If you are not absolutely satisfied after 30 days trial, your money will be refunded. This offer is guaranteed by two big Chicago banks, who say that Mr. Hick will do exactly as he agrees without question or argument. Write today before this remarkable trial offer is withdrawn.

QUALITY CHICKS
14 Purebred Varieties
Best Laying strains. We incubate 20,000 eggs daily, giving prompt service and low prices. Pleased customers in 46 states. 11th season. Big catalog free. Write today!
BOOTH FARMS, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

FERRIS WHITE LEGHORNS Will Make Big Profits For You
$5.24 per hen official net profit at 5 National Egg Contests. Pedigreed and trapnested 23 years. Guaranteed by world's largest Leghorn Farms. Eggs, chicks, pullets, hens, make C.O.D. at bargain prices. FREE CATALOG TELLS ALL
GEO. B. FERRIS, 963 UNION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

$1 Brings postpaid **15 Selected EGGS** for Hatching, from **Heavy Laying EGG BRED ENGLISH WHITE LEGHORNS or S. C. ANCONAS.** Order yours today. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Van Bree Farms, Box 26, Zeeland, Mich.**

CHIX 8c UP 40,000 every week. 12 varieties, healthy, Purebred chicks from best laying strains. Prompt service. Catalog free.
MISSOURI CHICKERIES, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

EGGS-CHICKS Leading Varieties. Low Prices. Won over 5,000 Prizes. Furnished U. S. Government & Schools. Pleased them. Can You. **Sterling Poultry Farms, Box 90, Sterling, Ill.**

Extra Fine Singing Canaries, TALKING PARROTS and other birds. Also a full line of cages and supplies. Retail and wholesale. We ship anywhere. Cold weather does not affect shipping. Send for new free catalog. **SAM MEYER & CO., 24 W. Washington St., Dept. 10, Chicago, Ill.**

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

E. L.—The April issue of COMFORT will already have answered your questions.

A. B. J.—Possibly the birds have not had enough food. Hens must have animal and vegetable food during the winter, or they can't lay eggs. At this season of the year they will be able to find insects and green stuff for themselves if they are on free range, so conditions should improve. Next fall, start in early, cull your stock, and follow the instructions which you will find in this department during the fall months.

V. L. B.—In my February article I gave the prices as quoted in the New York paper for nearby strictly new laid eggs. I cannot furnish dealers' names. Personally, I have received from customers during November, December and January, $1.15 a dozen.

G. R. H.—The birds have what is known as black rot, a disease which authorities differ about very widely. Some say it is caused by a sudden chill, others say it is only the outward symptom of an intestinal desease. Treatment is rarely successful. You may save some of them by painting the comb twice a day with the following: To one ounce of water add one-half ounce of glycerine and two grains of carbolic acid crystals, also put one-half teaspoonful of muriate of ammonia in each pint of drinking water.

F. O. L.—The condition of the droppings may be caused by the fat and vinegar in the table scraps, or the introduction of the bran into their daily rations. Yes, it is quite usual to boil and use the infertile eggs for your young chicks.

F. T. B.—As a general thing, it is best not to use a rooster for breeding after he is five years of age, but sometimes, in the case of an especially good bird, he may be used for two or three years longer, if he is mated with not more than two or three hens. You can keep the same male bird with the same hens for years, or you can mate him with pullets of the same variety, but not related in any way. It is also perfectly safe to mate him with his own pullets, but not to the progeny of that mating, and you can use cockerals from the original old birds to mate back to the old hens without any fear of bad results from inbreeding.

F. I. H.—I advise you not to breed from hens which have been sick, especially as this is the second time they have been attacked in the same way, for I imagine from your description that they must come from roupy stock. Leghorns are just as healthy as any other variety of fowl. The birds of any variety that have been bred from stock that was sick would have a tendency to contract diseases.

O. C. B.—Unless you have a large incubator especially constructed for duck eggs, it is not very safe to try incubating goose eggs. They are too large for the egg chamber in an ordinary machine. However, if you want to try it, run your machine at the same temperature as you would for hens' eggs, but sprinkle the eggs with warm water every day, or keep a damp sponge in the machine.

A. P. S.—There is no difference between the White and Buff Leghorns except their plumage. I think you would find Wyandottes a better breed for small quarters as they stand confinement well.

E. E. F.—I should think from your description that the birds had very bad cases of canker. Your treatment was as good as anything I could have recommended.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this, so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1302-L, 220 W. 42nd St., New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.

Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of **doctors** recommend it.

Cure Yourself At Home



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 45,000 cases.

Philo Burt Company, 334-5 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups of faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR APRIL 1, 1923.

State of Maine,..... } ss.
County of Kennebec,... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders: Gannett Publishing Co. (incorporated), Augusta, Maine, William H. Gannett, Guy P. Gannett, Horace Colburn, all of Augusta, Maine, and Post Office address of all, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1923.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. E. J., Georgia.—No; the old Waverly magazine is no longer published. We agree with your mother that it used to print some good stories. We remember them well, also. (2) Mrs. Margaret Sanger may be addressed at 104 Fifth avenue, New York City. This is the office of the Birth Control Review of which Mrs. Sanger is editor.

F. W., Ithaca, N. Y.—As to the existence of life upon Mars, Venus, and other planets, we think the majority of modern scientific opinion rather favors the possibility of such life existing. However, you must remember that this life need not be the same as our own or reaching the form of man. Conditions upon Venus are thought to be distinctly favorable for animate life, as the atmosphere of the planet is much like that of our earth. As science chooses to consider that living organisms develop over a sufficient interval of time where conditions are favorable, it thus believes that it is highly probable that Venus, and possibly Mars, bear animate life today in some form. However, the small size of Mars and its distance from the sun handicap the planet compared to Venus in the question of life-possibilities. Too, it is thought probable that among the thousands of millions of stars there may exist in such a great cosmic sowing other planets here and there which might conform to the requirements for the development of animal life. And it is interesting to consider that there are chances for some of these unknown life phenomena to exceed in complexity and quality such as have developed upon our earth. In its simplest form, it can be said in answer to your inquiry, that the matter of habitable planets is mainly a question of the existence of water in liquid form and sufficient quantity. This is the prime necessity for the formation of such life as our own world holds. Neither the day nor the night of a planet must be so long that the existence of liquid water is prevented. When these conditions exist, science considers that life cannot also exist. Some water is thought to be upon Mars, but in the opinion of today's science it would be insufficient in amount to account for the existence of so highly developed a being as man—even in the stage of development said man had reached up to August, 1914.

N. H., Williamsville, Mo.—There are two common causes why a house plant such as your fern does not grow well: first, it may be root-bound, that is the pot is too small for the root growth; and second, there may be worms of some sort feeding upon the roots. In any event, we advise that you remove your fern from the pot and carefully crumble away the earth from its roots, noting if any worms exist and, if so, removing them. Then re-pot the fern, using new earth and a larger pot, if the last seems necessary. What florists call leaf-mould, which you can obtain from the top soil in deep, moist woodlands, is the best sort of earth for the purpose of re-potting your fern. Be sure and sift your new earth carefully to prevent any worms remaining. See that you have a few pebbles or bits of broken china in the bottom of the pot to establish proper drainage. An occasional sprinkling of bone meal is a good fertilizer for any house plant. Water regularly, but not too much at a time, and be sure that the fern receives sufficient, but not too strong, sunlight, and not too violent changes in temperature during the cold months.

Z. M. V., Greentown, Pa.—When you ask "Is a dog intelligent or educated?" we believe you mean us to tell you if the almost human traits some dogs display are the result of instinct, reason, or training. As is usually the case, we find scientists going two ways on this question of how much, if any, a dog reasons. John Burroughs, the famous naturalist, was up to the time of his death a firm upholder in print of the theory that all actions of animals might be attributed to instinct. Other natural observers have as strongly taken the other side. Through his long association with man the dog has become the most intelligent of animals, and this inherited intelligence can be largely increased by education in particular cases. It is undoubtedly the case that dogs coming from a line of kennel-bred ancestry are far less intelligent than those dogs whose parents for several generations back have been family pets. We think any one who has ever owned a dog will know this. Personally we are on the side of those who grant to the dog considerable brain power. A dog will plainly show sorrow and joy. He will dream. He will carry remembrances over long periods and will often show what appears to be a good quality of reasoning in overcoming difficulties. Our own experience has been that there is hardly any limit to the amount of words and conversation an intelligent dog can be taught to understand. Of course some dogs have less intelligence and act more from animal instincts than do others of their race. And this is so with their masters. A dog could never have become such a companion for human beings if he had not in his make-up many and most of human traits. But he still manifests some of the mean and vile traits of his wolf ancestors.

R. J., Kansas.—The state flowers are as follows: Ala., Goldenrod; Ariz., Sahuaro Cactus; Ark., Apple Blossom; Calif., Golden Poppy; Colo., Columbine; Conn., Mountain Laurel; Del., Peach Blossom; Dist. of Col., No choice made; Fla., Orange Blossom; Ga., Cherokee Rose; Idaho, Syringa; Ill., Wood Violet; Ind., Carnation; Iowa, Wild Rose; Kan., Sunflower; Ky., Trumpet Vine; La., Magnolia; Me., Pine Cone and Tassel; Md., Black-eyed Susan; Mass., Mayflower; Mich., Apple Blossom; Minn., Moccasin Flower; Miss., Magnolia; Mo., No choice made; Mont., Bitter Root; Neb., Goldenrod; Nev., Sagebrush; N. H., Purple Lilac; N. J., Violet; N. Mex., Cactus; N. Y. Rose; N. C., Goldenrod; N. Dak., Wild Prairie Rose; Ohio, Scarlet Carnation; Okla., Mistletoe; Ore., Oregon Grape; Pa., No choice made; R. I., Violet; S. C., No choice made; S. Dak., Pasque Flower; Tenn., Passion Flower; Tex., Bluebonnet; Utah, Sego Lily; Vt., Red Clover; Va., America Dogwood; Wash., Rhododendron; W. Va., Rhododendron; Wis., Violet; Wyo., Indian Paintbrush. Although Congress has often been petitioned to adopt a National Flower, our legislators have so far taken no action toward this end.

Mrs. A. M. W., Texas.—Joseph Guarnerius was a member of a noted family of violin makers of Cremona, Italy. Joseph was a nephew of Andres Guarnerius who had learned his art from Nicola Amati in 1650-65. Nephew Joseph became the most famous member of this family of craftsmen, and was for a time a pupil of the great Stradivarius. Experts regard the work of Joseph Guarnerius as varying greatly—the instruments made during his last years being for some reason far inferior to those of his middle life. He was born in 1687 and died in 1745. Most of the violins authenticatedly his work are now in the hands of collectors or in museum cases. We cannot tell you if he worked at his craft during the time he was a prisoner but we doubt if this was so. It does not seem likely that he could have had at his disposal the tools and other materials needed for his craft.

M. B. M., Flatonia, Tex.—A thermometer is an instrument whose degrees were arbitrarily fixed by man. Zero on the centigrade scale is the temperature of melting ice, while on the scale originated by Gabriel Fahrenheit he placed his zero point 32 degrees lower. Both centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers are divided into degrees according to the variation between the freezing point of water and the point at which the same liquid boils. On a centigrade thermometer there are 100 degrees between its zero (the freezing point) and the point at which water boils. On a Fahrenheit thermometer this distance has been divided into 180 degrees, and the space between its zero (32 degrees between freezing) and the 212 boiling point of water scales 212 degrees. As you doubtless know, it is the Fahrenheit scale which is used on the ordinary household instruments that tell us when it is too cold to put the cat out.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

I like your good, sane, normal young reaction against too much perfume, Marion. It's bad when it becomes a *smell* and not the *faint fragrance* it is properly meant to be. There's a lot of difference! But as for your cashier objection, Marion, I really believe I had just as soon accept a ten dollar bill that fairly reeked of lilac, as I would to pocket a five spot that had only a nice clean Treasury smell to its credit. How about it?

You're a perfect young Daniel in your judgment on the young people question, Marion, and if our boys and girls *are wrong*, it's because somebody older than they are *were wrong first*. A generation is the resulting product of tendencies set going in the previous one, or takes its cue from conditions sponsored perhaps by the very older critics who sit in judgment. You quote Scripture, Marion, and I'll suggest, too, that when the parents have eaten sour grapes it is a pretty safe thing that the children's teeth are going to be on edge. But I think that your teeth are O. K., Marion, and that when you do bite, you take hold with a sure grip of hard young sense. I'm for you and your kind strong. Welcome to Our Bunch!

KEYSTONE IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am so interested in the League of Cousins I thought I, too, must write. Oh, that trip through the Oregon caves and never being asked for fare, and a voyage to Australia also. I do wish Cousin Marjorie would write us from Australia and tell about her birds there.

My study is entomology and I wish I may hear from some of the "bug students" in the South. I wish to get the Zebra and Tiger butterflies. I have a lovely collection in my dining-room. I'll do what I can in return. I embroider and paint from some of these beauties. I raised some moths last year.

I love animal painting too. Dogs especially, also sceneries. It is this that always brings my Christmas money. I also painted stationery with initials in gold and water colors.

I was much interested in the letter of "A Mother in Need," in the Sisters' Corner of the November COMFORT. I wish that she would write me and I might be able to help.

Your niece,
MRS. HUGO THEISSEN.

I'm glad you like us, Mrs. Theissen, and I hope you get your wished-for Zebra and Tiger butterflies for your Bug Zoo. The Elephant and Rhinoceros butterflies are also delightful specimens, although they are rather heavy to mount in the ordinary collection. Even a twenty-penny nail is rather light for the job.

It is lots of fun to raise moths, isn't it? And really not so much trouble if you start right. I usually raise quite a large quantity myself each year, Mrs. Theissen, so you see I speak from experience. I have found it quite profitable to sell them in the raw state to a moth ball factory at Greenpoint. Any old overcoat, the thicker the better, will do to commence operations on a small scale, although many successful moth raisers state that only new garments should be used if the largest crops are looked for. Place a few crumbs of pound cake (the twelve egg sort, frosted or unfrosted) in each pocket of the coat and sprinkle well with a solution made from one tablespoonful of molasses dissolved in a cup of warm water. The coat should then be hung in a warm dark closet and left absolutely undisturbed for six months before any attempt is made to harvest the moths. Several overcoats, and even expensive wool blankets, can be started at one time, if a large number of moths are desired to be raised. I have found that ten pounds of adult moths can be relied upon to make four pounds of moth balls. There is, of course, a large waste in rolling and in evaporation.

Buffalo bugs are also easily cultivated, although these bugs do not grow well in all portions of the country. Old carpets make a good soil for these interesting creatures. In these times when the real buffalo is almost extinct, a few buffalo bugs should be raised by every family. I heard of a woman in Texas who raised enough of the tame and useful fur-bearing insects to make a robe for her automobile.

The painting of animals is a valuable use of art, Mrs. Theissen, and I'm glad you do a lot of it. There is altogether too much sameness in the landscaping of our barnyards and pastures, and a little paint applied with taste is a great help toward scenic beauty. A few old conservative farmers might object to red and green horses and refuse to let you apply the first coat to their teams, but as we have red and green automobiles there should be no logical objection. I think green horses would go best with a red lumber wagon, and vice versa. And there is a great field for your work among domestic pets. These everlasting yellow cats, for instance, of which there are so many—these could be decorated in a variety of pastel shades, and a litter of brown puppies could be painted in interesting ways that would delight any fond mother. A pale blue puppy, with a pink bow tied below his left ear, would be perfectly delightful. The tails could all be done in contrasting colors, if preferred, and if you can make them stop wagging long enough to apply the color. Possibly they might be stapled to a board until thoroughly dry. I am enthusiastic about your work of painting the animals of Iowa, Mrs. Theissen, and I hope you will keep your brush busy.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done in unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Chicken Lice Vanish In Twenty-Four Hours

Science Finds That Mineralized Water Banishes Vermin, Makes Fowls Grow, Lay More Eggs and Improves Health of Flock.

Lice, chiggers, fleas, mites, etc., probably rob one-third to one-half of the poultry raiser's profits by sucking the very life blood from the flock. But there is no longer any reason why you should suffer this loss since the perfection of a remarkable new mineral formula by science.

Not only does this wonderful method do away with the bother and trouble of greasing, dusting and spraying, but it practically assures doubling your profits, because you get more eggs and faster broilers.



With this simple, scientific system, you merely drop a few mineral tablets in the fowls' drinking water. The tablets quickly dissolve and within a day or two after the fowls drink the water the lice, fleas, etc., leave for good. For instance, J. H. Veach, of Logansport, La., writes "The lice left my flock like a swarm of gnats on a hot try morning."

This wonderful mineral compound simply puts elements into the fowl's blood which the lice cannot stand, yet is warranted not to harm the eggs or meat in any way.

Over 150,000 poultry raisers have used the formula known as Paratabs with great success. Many say they would not think of doing without it.

If you would like to try it, you can do so on the understanding that it will not cost you a penny if it does not rout your lice, and make your poultry healthier and more profitable in every way.

Simply address a post card or letter to W. J. Smith, 3709 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Don't send any money at all. Mr. Smith will immediately send you two large $1.00 packages (enough for a season) at a special introductory price of only $1.00. **Pay the postman** only $1.00 **and postage.** You can easily sell one package to a friend and thus get yours free. Try Paratabs 10 days. If the lice are not all gone, your hens laying more eggs, and strutting around full of life and pep—if for any reason you are not satisfied, **simply say so and your money will be returned.**

This is a special introductory offer good for only a short time and should be accepted at once as a big bank says Mr. Smith does as he agrees, furthermore, your money is fully protected by ample bank deposits.

Mrs. L. P. Jennings, Gage, Okla. Here is an aid asked by Mrs. Jennings that her little girl of eight years can have an operation for contracted so that she may see again. Glasses are everything be finer than to grant this child sight. Money could do nothing better. Mrs. Neal Deal, R. 5, Stuart, Va. An aged and crippled woman looking for aid to make her days easier. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, Va. The widowed mother of four children whose ages range from eight to twelve. Mrs. Curry needs clothing and cash. She makes a good light and deserves help. Mrs. Walter Pendleton, Hamlet, N. C. This young wife has a husband in the hospital for a second serious operation, while she is left with a two-year-old child and a number of debts. If she is helped through this, brighter days may come. Carry her through the trouble. George Miller, 466 8th St., Benton Harbor, Mich. Here is a man who can help know what it is to lie straight in bed. He has been crippled for ten years and cannot care for himself in any way. He asks for cheer letters and postcards. He is particularly fond of poetry. Laura Jones, Cambria, Va. A cripple and with no means of support, this worthy woman is forced to ask for financial aid. Was recommended. Miss Carrie Hall, Stroud, N. C. Asks for clothing, cheering reading matter, and any financial aid that can be given. A deserving cripple and help given will count here. Mrs. R. M. Saenz, Clear Creek, N. Mex. A widow with three small children, one five, one seven, and the youngest but six months. Clothing will greatly aid this struggling family. Also quilt pieces and a baby's crib.

Spring is here once more. The skies are blue, the sun is warm, and the grass is green. Yet there remain shadowed homes, dark rooms, shut-in and pain-racked bodies, and hungry children lacking food and clothing. You who are happy, who can lead active lives of labor and love, help these sufferers who are shut away from aiding themselves. The helpless need must come to them. They cannot seek it themselves.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers. It costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C." on it, a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, and after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year. If you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members is undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people in the world.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

AGENTS WANTED

ents—Steady Income. Large Manu- rer of soaps, perfumes, toilet articles and food products, etc., wishes representa- in each locality. Manufacturer direct to mer. Big Profits Honest goods. Whole are time. Cash or credit. Send at once articulars. American Products Co., 8048 rican Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Start You In Business, furnishing thing; men and women, $30 to $100 ly operating our "New System Candy ories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. er Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

ents—Write for big soap offer. Quick r, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 st St., St. Louis, Mo.

Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex- s, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un- sary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

ents: $40 a week selling guaranteed hos- or men, women and children. Must wear nths or replaced free. Write for sample Thomas Mfg Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

ents—Clean up $100 weekly with y Nine." Weekly average 100 sales- profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 com-coaxers. All daily necessities. l brings our unique plans. Davis Pro- Co., Dept. 505 Chicago.

ents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales— uto Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium to every customer. Simply show our iful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle y Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver ollect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., adison St., Dept. 32-M, Chicago.

ents—Send for sworn proof of $5 to $15 introducing New Style Guaranteed ry 57 styles, 17 colors—No capital or ience required. Just write orders. We and collect. Your pay daily, also ly bonus. Complete outfit furnished. olors—grades including silks. Mac-O- Mills Co., Desk 2065, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Profit:—Easy seller. Kleanrite. es clothes without rubbing. Samples free. er Prod. Co., 1947-A Irving Park, Chicago

rge Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents ll complete line of shirts direct to wearer. sive patterns. Big values. Free samples. son Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

ents! A sale in every home for our beau- Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard s. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book er 1000 handsome fabric samples fur- d to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

ents Make $10 Daily—Big line guar- d Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, t Goods, Household Necessities. No cap- r experience needed. Free Sample Case instructions. Write for amazing offer. ns Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

ents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, mes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

ents Sell **Harper's Household Cleaning** Washes and dries windows, mops, scrubs, s walls, hangs paper, sweeps, etc. Com- ser sells for less than $3. Over 100% profit. er Brush Works, 103 A St., Fairfield, Ia.

k a winner! Sell Vegetable Marvel w wonder soap. Sale in every home. ake to anyone interested. Lynas Co., ogansport, Ind.

ake Big Money selling delicious pud- s, polishing cloth, stain remover, 100 tiptop sellers. Equipment Free. Write, on Co., 9 Main, Newark, N. Y.

e Samples Rolly's Washday Wonder. neral dirt solvent. Harmless. No rubbing. profits. Rolly Company, A5, Hastings, Nebr.

ents: Housewives everywhere delighted new article which removes stains from ing, table linen, etc. Write quick; terri- nd sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, nion, Newark, N Y.

gents—$10 daily on side. Factory, Of- employees—milk, grocery, laundry, butter ers—collectors, sell soaps, flavoring, goods. Experience unnecessary. Bick 1190 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

oto Medallion Salesmen Earn $100 00 every week selling P. & G. Photo Me- ons. No Investment—Free Equipment. nteed 4 day service. Send for Sales and Free 1923 Catalogue with 102 beauti- designs including clock and religious me- ons. Pudlin & Goldstein, 259 Bowery, t. "O", New York.

gents—Get our big sample assortment coffee, extracts, spices, big line of foods, ry and toilet soaps; things people eat use daily; everything furnished. Send l quick. Dept. A-83, Harley Company, ton, Ohio.

art Your Own Business as our sole t, selling 100 famous home products. All spare time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. Lynchburg, Va.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

New Wonderful Seller, 96c profit every dollar Sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. No competition. Sample Free. Mission, Factory C, 2421 Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Make $25 to $30 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

$60—$200 a week. Gold Letters for store windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 437 N. Clark, Chicago.

Agents. Biggest money taking orders for newest style written guaranteed hosiery. Complete line men, women, children, including silks. No competition. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and write order. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily in advance. No experience necessary. Spare time satisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 823, Dayton, Ohio.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

Agents—Make Big Money taking orders for Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage, any tire, old or new. Old worn out casings give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Use over and over again. Low priced. Big demand. One customer brings four others. Big money saver. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-620 Cincinnati, O.

A Business of Your Own. Make Sparkling Glass Name Plates, Numbers, Checkerboards, Medallions, Signs. Big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 503, Wooster, Ohio.

Men, Women—Self-threading Needles sell easy. Send for prices. Sample 10c. L. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Agents—New Discovery Makes Jelly "Jell." Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 807 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every Owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Sell full line Interlock guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All styles, colors. 12 months demand. Satisfaction or money back guarantee. Full or spare time. Samples to start you. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 517, Dayton, Ohio.

Orangeade, in powder—just add cold water—most delicious drink you ever tasted. Fine for home, parties, picnics, dances, etc. Start in this business—big money easily made. Send dime for ten glass package postpaid. 7 kinds, Cherry, Grape, Lemon, Strawberry, etc. For 70 glasses, only 50c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 4415-17 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Manufacturer of rubber goods specialties for women makes it possible for Agents to sell every home. $10 to $15 daily. Free catalog. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents—Household necessities galore, food products, toilet preparations, extracts, remedies, soaps; two big lines; Cat. free. Western Products, 606 N. Oakley, Dept. BC, Chicago.

Agents—Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sandford Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

Greatest Sensation! Eleven Piece Toilet Article Set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmakers shears free to each customer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., 73 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

Ladies: $5 to $10 daily easy selling Beauty Clay. Reap benefit of big advertising campaign. No experience required. Sure sale where shown. Write quick for full information. Belle Plaine & Co., 1440 Belle Plaine Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: $5 per hour taking orders for our Union Made raincoats. Outfit and coat $2.98. We deliver and collect. Particulars free. Eagle Raincoat Co., 324 Lees Bldg., Chicago.

Raincoats. Everybody Wants One. Write for Agency. Raincoat to workers. World Raincoat Co., 659-M Morris Park Ave., New York.

Everybody can sell small article, which every Poultryman and Farmer needs. In full time or as side line. Pleasant, easy work. Sales price one Dollar. Big commission, no risk. Herman Zerweck, 505 Michigan City, Ind.

$2.00 an hour. Sell Peck's Rivets. Instantly mend Kitchen utensils. Other fast sellers. Sample 10c. Peck Co., Dept. KI, Medina, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Increase Your Family income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 858-S. Hudson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

POST CARD CLUBS

Exchange Letters and Postcards. Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhaven, N. Y. (Stamp).

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Railway Mail Clerks, Postoffice, other help, wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

Look! Men—Women, 18 up. U. S. Government Jobs. $1140—$1800. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S12, Rochester, N. Y.

Start Silvering Mirrors, Headlights, Tableware. Replate, stoves, jewelry. Dependable plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Women—Girls, 18 up. Get U. S. Government positions. $1140—$1800 year. Steady work. Paid vacation. Common education. List positions obtainable—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S9, Rochester, N. Y.

We Pay Big Money for painting pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Women—Girls. Learn Gown Making. Dress better—half cost. Earn $35 week. Experience unnecessary. Fascinating. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S. 501, Rochester, N. Y.

$200 Month salary paid women after taking "Nurses Training" School Course. Apply for details of Free scholarships covering 3 years Board, Room, Tuition, etc., in Free Chicago or N. Y. City schools. American Schools Ass'n, 159 N. State St., Chicago, or 1103 Times Bldg., New York.

Women—Girls. Learn Millinery at home. Make own hats. Many Spring positions. $125 month. Experience unnecessary. Franklin Institute, Dept. S. 800, Rochester, N. Y.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

INSTRUCTION

Sell Us Your Spare Time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home. No canvassing, pleasant profitable profession, easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system, artistic ability unnecessary, we instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.

Used Correspondence courses bought, sold. Bargain list free. Students' Exchange, 45 West 42nd St., New York.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-I, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn up to $400 Monthly, living expenses paid, in Hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. We have more than we can fill. 80,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet. Standard Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Wanted:—Local Manager in each county for outdoor advertising. Big Pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. National Co., 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150-$260 monthly. (Which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks, for Sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and Pure Bred. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 a week. Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. 1 doz. Articles free. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

TRICK CARTOONING

23 Trick Drawings with Chalk Talk Instructions, $1.00. Particulars free. Balda Art Service, D. Z, Oshkosh, Wis.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Only $98 Starts you in this business with complete outfit. No experience needed. Details Free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 724 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 61, Chicago.

BOOKS

The Master Key! Wonderful to Success (all occupations). 410 pages $2.50. Phipps, 1014 Belmont, Chicago.

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted:—Mail us your Discarded Jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges, Watches, Diamonds, Silver, Platinum, and Old False Teeth. Money sent by return mail. Packages returned at our expense if offer is refused. U. S. Smelting Works, (The Old Reliable), Dept. 8, Chicago.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

SALESMEN WANTED

Auto Owners: Get your Tires Free. Be our Factory Agent. Big spare time money-maker. Sample tires furnished. No capital or experience needed. Write today. Armour Tire & Rubber Co., Desk 43A, Dayton, Ohio

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

$$$ For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 941 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

PHOTO FINISHING

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Better Pictures; I Make Them. A trial will prove it. Roll developed and six snappy prints 20cts. W. E. Ogden, Box A, Wallingford, Ky.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c, Prints 3c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

A $500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where Is Your Smile"? Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2573 Eighth Ave., New York.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Works on all Sewing Machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. New. Fits any sewing machine. $2.00 prepaid or C. O. D. for limited time to introduce. Fully guaranteed. Literature free. Local agents wanted. LeFlesh Hemst Co., Sedalia, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

California State Land Board has for sale 87 irrigated farms, 10 to 50 acres at Ballico, in San Joaquin Valley, only requiring five per cent down; remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36½ years with five per cent interest. Money advanced for improvements and dairy stock. You can farm all year in California; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa paying crop. Ideal conditions stock and poultry. Nowhere else such a combination of winterless climate, sunshine, fertile valleys, paved highways, efficient marketing associations, excellent schools. Illustrated folders free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

$500 Secures Equipped Farm. 102 Acres Handy City. Fruit: 2-story 8-room house, barn, poultry house; only $1200, furniture, cow, implements included, part cash. Page 152 Bargain Catalog. Address me personally. E. A. Strout, Pres., Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Farm Lands! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts near hustling city in lower Mich.; $10 to $50 down; bal. long time. Write today for free illustrated booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1248 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FARM LANDS

Land—Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H.W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mr. Edison's Ancestors

cording to a newspaper published in ico City, Thomas Alva Edison is de- ded from an Aztec ruler who lorded er the city of Teotihuacan which is famous for its buried ruins and the pyramids on the American conti- t. "The family name," we are told, fore the conquest was Ixtlixochitl. mas, founder of the family, was bap- d by the Duke of Alva, taking the e of Thomas de Alva Ixtlixochitl. nty-five sons were born to Thomas, third son being the grandfather of American Edison." The only trouble the story appears to be that it is true.

seems that the Wizard of Menlo Park Scotch and Dutch descent, although once in a while some tale of his ged Spanish or Mexican blood gets ted, thanks to his middle name of va." However, it is no wonder that ico wants to claim him. It never tuced anyone like him and if it could ex him it would be greatly to the onal credit.—*Editorial, Providence I.) Journal.*

Hint to Housewives Who Cook with Gas

w housewives are aware that violent ing does not accelerate the speed of king, but only evaporates the water needlessly with an equivalent waste of gas.

Tests made by the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C., have established a number of important facts that housewives can do well to remember:

1. Violent boiling, with the lid on the utensil, gas on full, consumes about nine times more gas than is necessary to maintain gentle boiling.

2. For gentle boiling, about five times as much gas is used with the lid off as would be required if the lid were on the utensil.

3. When violently boiled, water evaporates at about the same rate with the lid on as with the lid off.

Postal Savings Deposits

There are fourteen cities having postal savings deposits of more than $100,000. The Post Office Department names them as follows: Sioux City, Iowa; Tonopah, Nevada; Chester, Pa.; Hurley, Wis.; East Pittsburgh, Pa.; Augusta, Ga.; Raymond, Washington; Fall River, Mass.; Boise, Idaho; Norwich, Conn.; Export, Pa.; Miami, Fla.; Masontown, Pa.; Barre, Vt.

The National Parks

A total of 1,216,490 persons were reported visitors to the national parks and monuments during the past year, an increase of 44,493 persons over the record travel of last year. Last year's total shows an increase of 881,691 persons more than there were recorded in the parks seven years ago in 1915.

Stock-Raising Homestead Lands

The U. S. General Land Office passed entries which amount to 7,070,175 acres under the stock-raising homestead act, during the past year. The area patented during the year was 12,904,821 acres, being a very substantial increase over the previous year.

Fires in the National Forest

Nearly 6,000 forest fires were started in the national forests of the country during 1921, is the statement of Chief Forester William B. Greeley in his annual report of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. One-fourth of these fires are caused by lightning and one-third directly attributable to the carelessness of campers.

Driven to It

Although John and his wife had been married thirty years, it was said about town that they had never been known to agree upon anything—exept once. John bought a car, and in due course learned to run it—in a way. So he invited Mrs. John for her first ride. All went merrily for exactly two city blocks, when John decided to turn a corner.

"John!" screamed his wife, grasping his arm, "You're going to hit that pole!"

"I know it," said John. And he did.

—*Judge.*

Dante, Please Note

"My idea of Hades," writes a motorist, "is a continual detour through a mire, with a good road in full view the other side of the fence.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Word to the Wise

D is for Driver who lets his car run wild.
E is for Excuses made when an auto hits a child.
A is for Ambulance that gathers up the scraps.
T is for the speedy Turn, where many meet mishaps.
H is for little Hearse, for those who meet the worst.
It all spells DEATH for those who don't stick close to SAFETY FIRST.

—*Touring Topics.*

The Word Wanted

A man walked into a garage where his car was being repaired and was heard to reprimand the garage owner for telling him how to run his own car, saying: "This is my car, and what I say goes."

A moment later a tired, greasy mechanic looked up from under the car and said: "For goodness' sake, say 'engine'!"

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

All Dogs Take Notice

Notice—All dogs that have not been licensed for the year 1923, be sure and go to your banker, or some notary public and have them made out, as they have the supplies and will be glad to get this fixed up, and save you the penalty, which will be $1.75. We will publish a list of the delinquent dogs.—F. W. Stamp, county auditor.

(Advt. in Lemers, Ia., Globe Post.)

The Man with Two Maids

When Jimmie takes his sister out
A-riding in his flivver,
He uses both his arms to steer
And drives without a quiver.

But when he has his fav-rite gal
Beside him in his Lizzie,
One arm is on the steering wheel—
The other one is busy.

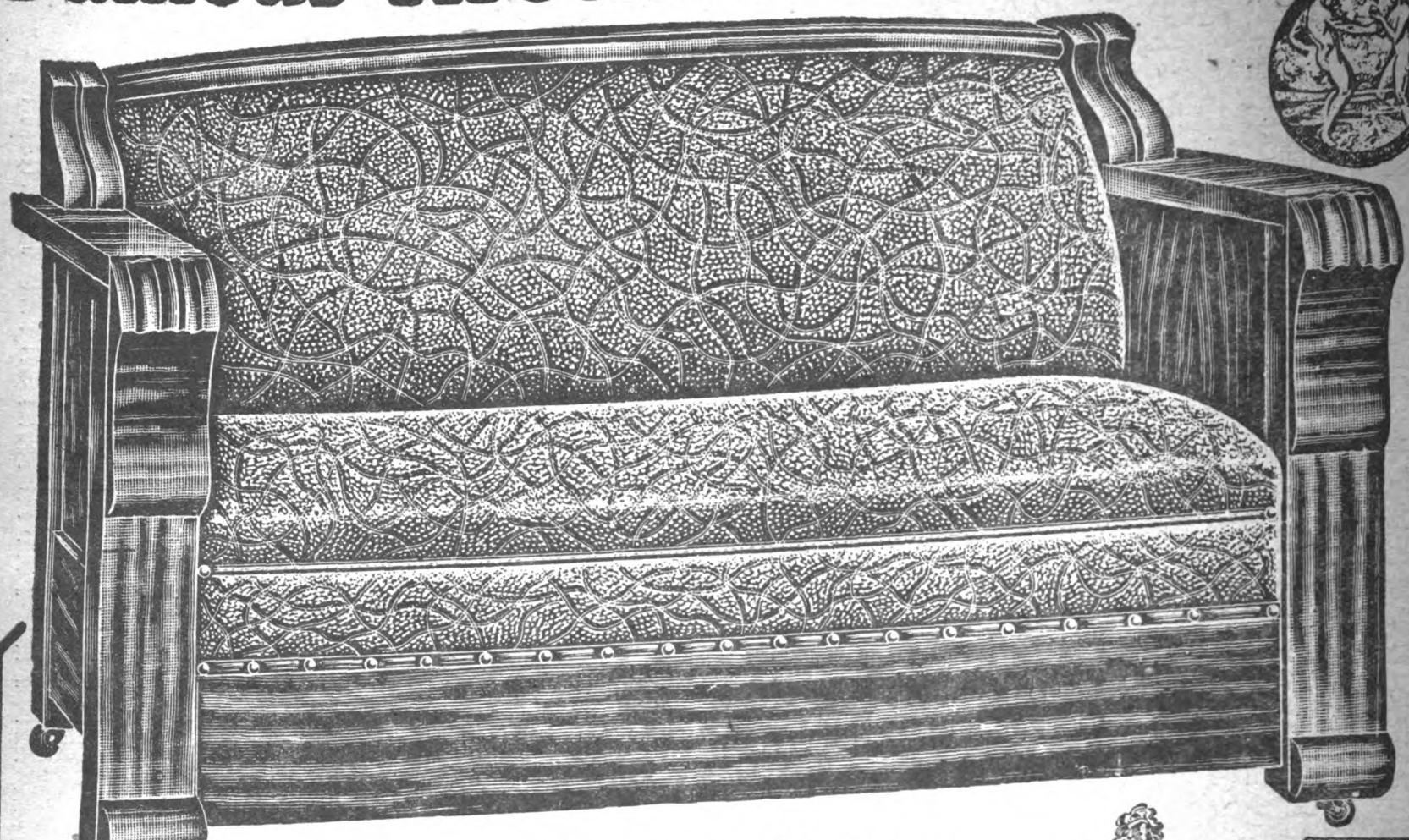
—*The Automobilist.*

Speaking by the Card

"Did the patient respond to your treatment, Doc?"

"No, he still owes me money."

Famous Kroehler BED-Davenport





Winner of the Gold Medal

The above is a facsimile of the *Gold Medal* awarded the Famous Kroehler Bed Davenport at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. The Kroehler is acknowledged supreme for comfort, for convenience, for construction. If you are to have a Bed Davenport in your home, don't be satisfied with anything less than the best—the *Kroehler*, with all its special features and extra conveniences.

$1.00 Down

Madam, this is one of the most sensational offers ever made by Straus & Schram. Read every word of this offer.

You've always wished for a bed-davenport: for the beauty, convenience and extra sleeping capacity it brings. And now we bring you the opportunity to own the famous Kroehler bed-davenport (known and acknowledged the best of all bed-davenports) on a perfectly amazing, price-smashing offer. Look at the illustration. It gives only a small idea of what a handsome, massive and comfortable piece of furniture it is. But you don't have to *imagine* how it would look in your home; on this special offer we'll send it right to your house on approval upon receipt of the coupon with only $1.00 deposit!

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A Luxurious Divan by Day—A Full Size Bed at Night!

The large illustration shows the Bed-Davenport closed. Just see that heavily padded, luxurious upholstery. Note the massive construction, the elegant Colonial design. What a decoration to your home.

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Price Slashed Send NOW

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Straus & Schram, Dept. 3045 Chicago, Ill.

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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See story, "Dale's Commencement Gown" on page 3

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High and Rising Cost of Crime—Rogues Got away with More than Three Billions of Loot Last Year

DESPITE the extension of organized uplift work, for the support and promotion of which so many millions of dollars have been expended during the past decade, there has been an alarming increase of crime grossly out of proportion to the gain in population in this country in the same period. By 1918 it had attained a magnitude and prevalence that attracted public attention as a menace that required drastic treatment. At that time it was called a "wave of crime," and was generally attributed to the demoralization due to war. Had this diagnosis been correct the crest of the wave should have broken and begun to recede ere now, as the war ended more than four and a half years ago. It was not a wave caused by war's social upheaval, but a current previously set in motion by other, deeper causes and was already running strong when the occurrence of war merely gave it additional impetus. Rolling on in an ever rising flood it has submerged the cities in a reign of terror and is spreading with deleterious consequences into the rural sections. This growth of lawlessness, although manifest in all species of offenses, has developed mostly in those classes of crimes the commission of which is induced by avaricious motives.

According to conservative estimates based on reliable information the great army of burglars, highwaymen train robbers, thieves, forgers, embezzlers, swindlers and other crooks, by their nefarious operations in the United States in the year 1922 gathered in and safely got away with plunder to the value of at least three and one-third billion and probably as much as four billion dollars. This is a gigantic business that the crime guild does; its enormous annual revenue extorted from the people by force and fraud is a heavy tax on the honest industry and thrift of the nation; and some idea of how heavy it is may be gathered from the fact that it about equals the total annual revenues of the U. S. Government derived from all sources of taxation.

The police departments of the larger cities keep a fairly complete and accurate record of crimes within their precincts reported for official investigation. In 28 cities, with only one-seventh of the country's population, 37,554 automobiles were stolen in 1921. The police record of New York City for 1921 shows 41,056 crimes committed against property reported, of which 1,175 were embezzlements, 1,197 robberies, 6,558 burglaries, 320 forgeries, 30,900 thefts including 6,808 automobiles stolen. The jewelers of that city lost more than a million dollars in 1922 by burglaries and robberies, many of which were committed audaciously during business hours in the daytime. The representative of a large marine insurance agency says that the booty gathered by pirates in New York harbor and docks amounts to fifty million dollars a year and probably half as much in other seaports of the country Last year the railroads paid more than twelve million dollars in settlement of claims for freight stolen in transit. In the thirteen months between April 1, 1920 and May 1, 1921, ten mail train holdups and twenty mail truck robberies yielded the robbers more than three million in cash and securities that were being transported as registered mail.

Boldness to an astonishing degree is a characteristic feature of these robberies and burglaries which in many cases have been accomplished by murdering the guard, clerk or owner in charge of the money or goods at the time of the theft—such trifling regard have present-day criminals for human life that stands in their way! Passing now to the class of offenders who employ fraudulent instead of forcible means in the unlawful acquisition of cash, goods, securities or lands belonging to others, we find a host of artful swindlers using every imaginable device and scheme to induce the credulous or unwary to part with their valuables for a share in an alluring get-rich-quick proposition that promises enormous profits. The President of the New York Stock Exchange, who devotes his best energies to preventing not only worthless but even suspected stock from being listed on the "board" and dealt in through the Exchange, estimates the fraudulent stock loss in New York City at a hundred millions a year.

The figures that we have cited for certain large cities were extracted from official records and reports that presumably are reliable. While exact accuracy is not claimed for the figures given for the entire country they are believed to be conservative and well within the bounds of actuality, for although in part the result of estimate where definite data were not obtainable the calculation was made by experts familiar with the problems involved and having at their command the experience and statistics gathered by the insurance companies. Property losses through crime have grown to such proportions that within the last few years insurance against burglary and theft has become an important line of business. Many commercial and manufacturing concerns have found it prudent to carry this class of insurance and, of course, include the cost thereof in the cost of production which the consumer has to pay. Many carry burglary insurance on jewelry and other valuables in their homes, and it is a common practice among automobile owners to insure their cars against theft. The premium rates for such insurance are based on the risk; with regard to automobiles the risk of theft is large with small chance of recovery, and the insurance rate is correspondingly high.

Few if any communities are free from vicious and criminally inclined persons, but the crime centers are in the cities which are infested with professional criminals who make their living principally or exclusively by criminal practices, operating mostly in the larger places but frequently extending their depredations into the small towns and even to the farms and country byways. Most of the robberies, burglaries, thefts and swindles are contrived and perpetrated by these professionals who are not only known as such to the police but are pictured in the rogues' galleries and duly classified according to the species of crime in which they specialize, and as a rule they have court or prison records. Why, then, are these human wolves allowed to go at large and prey on the innocent?

It is the assiduous propaganda of misguided philanthropists who cherish an unwarrantable and sickly commiseration for evil-doers that has softened the penalties and crippled the administration of our criminal statutes to a degree that has transformed the United States into a happy hunting-ground for the lawless. The courts experience increased difficulty in procuring conviction of the guilty, judges are adversely criticised if they impose sentences of adequate severity, and governors are too prone to pardon offenders or to mitigate the penalties imposed by the courts, and the probation officers and parol boards (all recent creations for easing the path of the trangressor) are overactive in obtaining suspension of sentence or diminution of penalty. The situation is aptly epitomized in the remark of the *Wall Street Journal* that "there was less crime when it was the practice to suspend the criminal instead of suspending sentence."

Were it not a matter of such serious consequence it would seem a ghastly joke for thousands of known habitual criminals to be plying their noxious trades in defiance of law and decency and to the terror of the community. In some localities the deluge of crime has become so menacing as to cause a revulsion of public opinion in favor of sterner and more effective measures for suppression, notably in New York City where the police force, largely augmented for the purpose, is making a vigorous effort to round up the criminals, and the courts and district attorney are assisting in the attempted clean-up by speeding up trials of the accused and imposing stiff prison sentences on the convicts. The general situation demands similar administrative action throughout the country, also legislation to put a wholesome fear of the law into all who are criminally inclined by authorizing more severe penalties for all offenders and requiring long sentences for habitual criminals. In due consideration of the rights and interests of the community the safest best place for the habitual criminal is in prison.

Housewives Fight Sugar Speculators with Consumers' Boycott

THE country is facing a repetition of speculative cornering of sugar such as raised the price of that commodity to unprecedented heights in the spring and summer of 1920. Then, as now, a world shortage of sugar was asserted, currently reported and generally believed, and speculators took advantage of the situation as an opportunity to extort unconscionable profits from consumers by buying the available stocks of sugar in this country and Cuba, which is our chief source of supply, and raising the price regardless of every consideration except their insatiable greed. Our people easily fell victims to these robbers and unwittingly aided in the consummation of the wicked scheme, for in their panicky efforts to provide against the threatened sugar famine they bought heavily and hoarded as the price rose, even following it up to thirty cents a pound. But the speculators overplayed their hand by raising the price to a figure that attracted large shipments from remote regions, so that by mid-summer the market showed signs of being glutted and sugar from South America and the East Indies was underselling the speculators in the United States; their corner was broken, their control of the American market ended; it suddenly developed that instead of the supposed scarcity there was a surplus of sugar in the country, and thenceforth through the ensuing months of that year and the next the price dropped rapidly at first and then gradually until it nearly reached the pre-war level. Many of the speculators who were holding on for higher prices were caught overstocked with high-cost sugar when the slump came and were ruined financially by the collapse of their own device. This result which actual and threatened criminal prosecution by the Government had failed to accomplish, came about automatically through the action of the natural law of supply and demand.

When it became known last February that the recently harvested Cuban sugar crop was considerably smaller than the island's average production in latter years, the prediction of another world sugar-shortage was industriously circulated by speculators who were again trying to control the sugar market and have since boosted the price outrageously. The Tariff Commissioners' special report to the President in effect attributes the present exorbitant price of sugar to pernicious speculation, and the Federal Government has initiated and is prosecuting such action as is authorized by law to punish and restrain the offenders, but with little or no effect, as was the case in 1920, for the sugar gamblers are defiantly persistent and appear determined to profiteer to the extent of their ability. Enlightened by their experience in 1920 the people, and especially the women, in various parts of the country have started a movement for a general boycott to reduce, so far as possible, the purchase and consumption of sugar, and particularly to discourage hoarding, as the most effective means of bringing the speculators to their knees and forcing a substantial reduction in price. This movement is heartily approved and supported by prominent Federal, State and city officials and leading citizens in the belief that, if made a nation-wide uprising, it will speedily accomplish the desired purpose. Eugene C. Hultman, Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Necessaries of Life, enthusiastically indorses the consumers' boycott and points out that, as seventy per cent. of the sugar consumed in the country is used in the homes, the housewives hold the key to the situation.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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)ale's Commencement Gown

By Joseph F. Novak

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See front cover illustration.

A GROUP of girls was gathered in Melita Grandin's room in the dormitory. Where there are women, there is talk that eventually will turn to the subject of dress.

t had already reached that stage at this conation, and the girls were deep in the dision of the gowns they were to wear on aduation Day, only two days away.

'Since your cousin, Milton, is to attend the rcises, I shall put on the dog!" exclaimed nnie Preston. "Are you sure, Melita, that s your first cousin? There's no danger of ı having been adopted in his babyhood or thing like that to lessen our chances with ı? He's certainly the most loverlike cousin en he's with you!"

'He is irrevocably my first cousin, so go to girls, and may the best dressed win!" laughed lita. "Though I don't know that he looks that exclusively, Winnie. He likes a cerı amount of intelligence."

A concerted shriek greeted this, for Winifred ston had graduated "by the skin of her th." as the vulgar saying is. But Winnie ays admitted her deficiency with perfect od humor, and making a wry face, she eximed:

'In such case, we mught just as well pass honors to Dale!"

'As if he'd care anything for a confirmed ool ma'am!" exclaimed Dale Treadwell. , indeed, girls, count me out on that. I ll make myself as inconspicuous as possible en we all blossom out of the chrysalis of)-and-gown."

'You'll probably look better than a great ny of us with all our agony, Dale," laughed lita, who bore the distinction of being the althiest girl of the class as well as first cousin the much discussed Milton Youngfoot. "I ieve you could wear burlap and get away h it. And further, I expressly forbid you erting the crowd on Graduation Day."

The girls all knew something of Dale Treadll's history. She had come to the University ietly, unostentatiously, but by her personal arm she drew to herself the best girls of the ". She made no pretentions, and when a v inquisitive ones sought outside informan regarding her, they found she had dended from first families.

Now, when graduation approached, she prered for it in her usual simple way, and was ieved of the makeshifts others had to prace because of their former pretentions, so, ile the other girls spoke of "radium crepe," rocaded crepe de chine," "embroidered rsian crepe," and the like, she planned a uple silk mull to be fashioned by her own nds, for she could not give the order, "send bill to father."

But though Dale spoke cheerfully, there re pangs in her heart. She was, after all, st a girl, like the rest of them, and though e did not crave a gown such as Melita Granı would wear (rumor had it that it was to st five hundred dollars, though, Melita's e breeding kept her from telling the price), r such as Valerie Perok would display (Vale frankly told that her dress would cost ree hundred dollars—but then, Valerie figurculture by the financial yard), still Dale l long to have one of the pretty gowns which d been advertised during the past weeks the big shops of the city of which the unirsity town was a suburb.

As they chatted, another girl came into the om.

"Hello, bunch!" she greeted. "I'm looking r Dale Treadwell. Here's a letter from a agazine. 'By their stamps shall ye know em.' It's not a returned manuscript, so is most likely a check. What sort of a story d you send them? 'Mary Ann's Lover'?" id with a flip, the merry-hearted girl aeroaned the letter to Dale, who caught it, her art a-flutter.

She ripped it open.

"Oh, girls! It *is* a check! And for fifty ollars! I wonder if some kind angel didn't hisper to that editor that by accepting the ory he would help a poor college girl secure er graduation gown!"

The girls crowded about Dale and rejoiced ith her, for all could point to some favor or ind act Dale had done for them in some unbtrusive way. Even Melita Grandin, the ovely and wealthy, had such a debt, and as or the *noveau riche* Valerie Perok, she would ave gone down on her knees to Dale, had Dale demanded it, she was so obligated.

"When shall you go to town for your dress, Dale?" asked Melita.

"This afternoon, for the day after tomorrow s graduation day," returned Dale, and with heart dancing, she sprang up, and prepared to atch the 2.15 into town.

On her way an array of gowns passed before ier mind's eye. The nice part of it was that he could spend the whole fifty dollars for he dress. She had been quietly preparing or graduation since early in the year and had ecured white silk pumps, silk stockings and ll the other little trappings that a modern, well-dressed girl needs.

The city was reached, and leaving the train, Dale walked rapidly into the great waiting-room.

As she hurried along, she suddenly noticed a girl, apparently in distress. The girl looked so young, so inexperienced and so frightened that she could not, somehow, conscientiously leave her to her troubles.

Still for a moment Dale hesitated, disliking to—as one might indignantly say—"butt in", and yet feeling that by not inquiring, she might be neglecting a Christian duty.

So she approached the girl.

"You seem to be in trouble, dear," she began. "May I help you? Are you sick?"

As she spoke, Dale was relieved to see that her inquiry was taken in the right spirit, for the girl looked up, and gratitude showed in her scared eyes.

"I'm not sick, Miss," the girl replied, "except *homesick* and scared. I am in dreadful trouble, though I don't think you will care to help me when you hear what I have done."

"If you need help, I'm sure I'll be glad to assist you," Dale replied in her sympathetic voice, for the girl looked scarce more than nineteen years. "Perhaps what you have done isn't so dreadful as it seems to you."

"Oh, but it is, it is!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears. "I've run away from my husband!"

"You ran away from your husband!" exclaimed Dale. "Why, that is dreadful, surely, but even that can be condoned sometimes. What did he do to cause you to do such a thing?"

"Oh, he did nothing to cause me to do it. I've been a silly little fool, and thought he wasn't in sympathy with me and didn't appreciate my talent and all that," the girl replied.

Her incoherent words didn't mean anything to Dale, but she was astute enough to see that there had been a sad mistake committed by the young wife, so seating herself beside the girl on the bench which, fortunately, was otherwise unoccupied and screened from observation by the other tiers of benches, she said:

"Suppose you tell me all about the matter, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, it will be such a relief to tell someone my troubles. Strangers sometimes understand so much better than friends and relatives, don't they? I'll tell you all about it. I live in Westbury. Westbury is a small town, but we have nice times there. I belonged to the Westbury Dramatic Club and I always made a hit in the plays we produced. But I wanted to do bigger and better things and I longed to go into the movies."

The girl paused. Dale did not interrupt, but through her mind flashed the decision: "*Movie-struck!*"

"I always told Jasper that I felt I was destined to become a great actress," the girl resumed, "but he'd only laugh and say that friends' criticism which made allowances for our being amateurs was no criterion to judge one's fitness for the commercial stage."

"Verily, Jasper is a pretty level-headed husband," thought Dale, but she only said: "There is truth in what he says, of course, but still he might be wrong."

"So I thought, and I determined to find out. I sent my picture to a booking agency and they wrote and said I photographed well and advised me to come to the city and that they would procure me a place as an extra at once, and if I made good, they would take me on as a regular. You know how all the stars began. Their stories read like the most wonderful imagination."

"And most likely are," Dale mentally supplemented.

Again the young woman paused. Then she continued:

"But now that I have taken the step, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, dear?" asked Dale. "These people have promised you a position as an extra, and a regular place shortly. Your career seems to be laid out for you. Why, then, should you regret it? Go ahead and finish the course you have taken. It may cost you your husband, but then a public career like this demands a sacrifice, and surely no sacrifice is too great to shine among the movie stars!"

"Oh, I reasoned that way, but I find I can't make it. I love my husband and I want to go home!"

Dale put her arm about the girl's shoulders.

"That's what I wanted you to say, dear. Well, then, there is just one course left for you to pursue. Go straight back home, tell your husband and I'm sure he'll forgive you."

"Oh, I would but now I am afraid, for if the people of Westbury find out it would disgrace Jasper forever."

"They need not know. You did not tell them?"

"No. I wrote a note to Jasper (who is now in Omaha on a business trip) telling him what I was doing, but if I went straight back home, I'd get home before he will. And to the neighbors I merely said that I was going to visit my sister in Red Wing. If I come back directly, they'll never know what I have done. But I'm afraid because these people have my picture and letters?

"What difference does that make?" queried Dale. "You wrote to a reliable booking agency did you not?"

"I don't know anything about them. I—I—supposed they were all right. Yet, as I came down, all sorts of doubts crept into my mind, and I recalled all the dreadful things that I have heard happen to women who came alone to strange cities."

"Was someone from the agency to meet you here?" asked Dale.

"Yes," the girl replied.

"Well, then, you'd better go right back home and when they call, they'll not find you."

"I—I can't. I haven't the money," sobbed the girl.

"You came without money!" exclaimed Dale.

"Yes. I didn't think it right to take any of Jasper's money for this purpose. My railroad fare and what I'd need for incidentals I saved from special work I did at home in my spare time and it was honestly earned and entirely mine. These poeple wrote that I would make expenses right from the start so I didn't think I'd need anything beyond a few dollars. And the fare back to Westbury is over thirty dollars!"

Thirty dollars!

Dale involuntarily clutched at her purse. Since she had befriended the girl, it seemed logical that she should supply the money for the young woman to return home. To do that, however, would mean to forfeit her own graduation dress. Yet, after all, what was a mere gown compared with the saving of a broken home and the girl from a fate that made her shudder to think of it. She intuitively confirmed the girl's suspicions.

She was brought to sudden decision by the approach of a man. He was big physically and, though a trifle loudly dressed, appeared, offhand, perfectly respectable.

He scanned every woman as he came along, and finally reached Dale and her companion. The girl paled.

"Oh, how'do. You are Mrs. Madge Evans?" he began.

The girl nodded, but shrank closer to Dale's side.

"You are——Dale began.

"Jack Whitney," the man replied.

"Oh, yes. I don't really know what you'll think, Mr. Whitney, when I tell you why I am here. I am Madge's dearest friend, and when she confided to me that you were going to put her into the movies, I begged her to let me go along. Will you try and get me a place, too?"

"Sure, Miss, sure. What's your name?"

"Mine? Oh, I won't tell you my real name, but the one I'd like to have in the movies. You may call me Merlina Travels. Wouldn't that look well on the screen?"

"Very," returned Mr. Jack Whitney. "But let's go. I'm in a hurry."

"But, Mr. Whitney! You haven't identified yourself, and you know a girl cannot be too careful when she comes alone to a great city."

"Oh, I'm all right. Here's Mrs. Evans's picture, and three letters she sent us."

Dale extended her hand with perfect confidence and received the letters and photographs. She looked compassionately at the sweet, but brainless beauty that looked back at her from the photograph, then drew the letters from their envelopes.

"These are the letters you wrote, Madge, are they not?" she queried.

"Yes," gasped the girl, apparently frightened at the high hand with which Dale was handling the matter.

"You sent three?" continued Dale.

"Here, what's the question?" demanded Whitney. "It's all right, ain't it? Them's the letters you sent and the picture. I guess I'm all right, I am. Let's go!"

"Let's do nothing of the kind. Mr. Whitney," said Dale. "You may, but we remain."

"You——" he began with a fearful oath, and making to snatch the picture and letters from her. But Dale thrust them behind her back.

"Be careful, sir! You are violating the law——"

Mr. Whitney backed—and backed into the arms of a stranger, who, however, seemed to know his quarry.

"Come along, Jack! We're looking for you. Was he annoying you, ladies?"

"No," Dale replied, "but," and she smiled archly into the eyes of the detective, "I think he was on the verge of it."

"In that case, then, you need not appear against him, but we have enough of *the goods* on him without your testimony," the man said, tightening his grip on Mr. Whitney's shoulder.

It was too much for poor Mrs. Evans. She fainted.

A crowd gathered, and from it came a man, refinement and good breeding in his every movement. He brought a paper cup filled with water, which he extended to Dale, who held it to the girl's lips.

Then there was a dazzling flash! An enterprising young newspaper reporter photographed the scence for his newspaper. Mrs. Evans's face was hidden, but Dale got the full benefit of the flashlight.

Then the reporter disappeared.

Now there would be publicity! But hoping that she would not be recognized, Dale let it pass; there was nothing else to do.

The crowd dwindled away; the refined young man disappeared likewise, and soon the two girls were left alone.

"Do you feel better, dear?" queried Dale.

"Yes, but it seems as if I were dreaming," returned Madge. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"You'll go home on the next train, and I'll see you safely aboard."

"But the money," wailed Madge.

"I'll buy your ticket," Dale said calmly.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Madge, thinking, no doubt, that Dale was well endowed with this world's wealth. And, indeed, she did give that impression. "Mr. Evans will send it back to you right off, and if he shouldn't forgive me, I'll work so hard and pay it up myself. Do you think Mr. Evans will forgive me?" she interpolated wistfully.

"Surely I do," returned Dale, and we might say here, that Dale judged Jasper Evans correctly.

"How did you know that man was such a fraud?" continued Mrs. Evans.

"I didn't *know*," Dale returned, "but I suspected it and determined to act as if I were sure of myself. His kind would have attempted blackmail if he had gotten away. Here is your picture and the letters. Show the letters to your husband so that he will know that, to you, this whole matter was a strictly business proposition."

Dale then purchased the girl's ticket, also a berth in the Pullman and pressed the balance of the money for incidental expenses, and then they sat talking until it neared train time. Dale then saw the girl safely aboard and sighed with relief when the train pulled out of the train-shed.

Then she sought the suburban train, and picked up the evening edition of the paper. There was the story in scare-heads.

Fortunately no names were mentioned, and while Dale was recognizable in the picture had one been so intent, casually she would escape recognition.

She reached the "U" and went directly to the dormitory.

"What kind of a dress did you get, Dale?" was the one question she got above the Babel.

"Lost my money," she replied nonchalantly.

"Not really!" It seemed as if the girls spoke as one.

"Yes, really," she smiled back. "I guess I was destined to wear my plain gown," and with the words, Dale quite indifferently took off her hat and tossed down the evening paper.

Estelle Clayton seized it, and the wild headlines attracted her at once.

"My gracious! How dreadful!" she exclaimed reading the article aloud.

"Dear me, Dale, that girl in the picture looks like you. Doesn't it, girls?" queried Winnie Preston.

"And she's ordinarily so stupid!" thought Dale.

The picture was duly examined.

"It resembles Dale, that's all," said Melita—and that was final.

Graduation Day dawned a most lovely day. Something was scheduled for the entire day so the girls dressed early.

They received their diplomas in cap and gown and as valedictorian, Dale delivered her address thus garbed.

But when cap and gown were doffed and the girls bloomed out in their wonderful creations, Dale was seen only in fleeting glances, and when almost forcibly detained, she excused herself as soon as she could.

This was not at all to the liking of Melita Grandin, now piloting her handsome cousin Milton Youngfoot.

"I want you to meet Dale Treadwell so much, Milton," Melita said. "She's a perfect dear."

"I quite believe you," Milton answered.

"How do you know?" demanded Melita mischievously, for woman-like, seeing he intended to agree with her, she questioned his decision.

"I heard her in her valedictory address this morning, you must not forget," he returned saucily.

"Oh," returned Melita, then spying Dale with a group of the girls, she suddenly seized him by the arm and before Dale could escape, the introduction was made.

But why should she blush and drop her eyes? The girls all wondered. Was it that she was ashamed of her gown? Because she alone among them wore a simple gown that might be duplicated for a few dollars? Yet why should she? Men judge only by appearance and Dale looked lovely with the folds of her simple gown falling so softly about her, and the sheaf of pansies at her waist, so sweet, so brilliant and yet so modest and fresh (for Dale had cleverly bound damp tissue paper about the stems and held in the moisture with tin-foil—a florist's trick), added the color needed. Her trim heels and graceful ankles could be rivaled by none. Why then did she burn as if with humiliation?

Thus thought the girls.

Dale was not blushing because of her gown. Ah, no! It was because the elegant and charming Milton Youngfoot was no other than the refined young man at the railroad station who brought a cup of water to the fainting Mrs. Evans.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Treadwell, *alfresco* as it were, the day before yesterday. You all know, of course, that she was instrumental in causing the arrest of that notorious Jack Whitney," and while the girls shrieked with astonishment he went on to detail the story.

"Dale Treadwell! Is that what you did with that fifty dollars? And you never said a word except that you had lost your money—you darling!" and Melita caught her in her arms.

Dale nodded, but her face was grave, then excusing herself, she left the group.

In the evening there was a farewell dance and to this Dale was obliged to go. But she avoided everyone.

During a dance, she wandered away to the banks of a little brook that flowed through the college grounds. Sitting there musing, she felt her cheeks flame anew. What must Mr. Youngfoot think of her? A bold, brazen hussy who wasn't afraid to accost a villain of the Jack Whitney type.

She did not hear a step approaching nor did she look up until Milton Youngfoot stood before her. He was immaculate in evening dress, every little detail carried to the finest point of nicety, and yet there was no suggestion of the dandy about him.

"Why do you avoid me Miss Treadwell?" he queried gently. "The girls all speak so highly of you that I—I rather thought I'd like to know you."

"You ask why?" Dale exclaimed, determined to tell him and have it over. "Because I am ashamed of my actions that day in the railroad station and I am sorry you betrayed me to the girls. You know how bold and brazen it was!"

"Bold! Brazen!" he exclaimed, looking at her, his eyes shining. Somehow that look shot a thrill of indefinable sweetness through her.

"Why, my dear girl!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you think your act of the other day bold, brazen? My word, what a funny little girl you are! You deprive yourself of a graduation gown, help a runaway wife to return to the protection of a home saved from being broken and are instrumental in causing the arrest of a notorious character and then you feel hurt and offended because your noble work is published to the world. Another would have sought laurels for it, and you think I think you brazen! No, no! I think you are the most wonderful woman I ever met. And do you know that you did me a great service?"

"I did you a great service?" queried Dale, amazed at the turn of events.

"Yes. It is truly wonderful how things come about. Madge Evans is a sister to a very dear friend of mine who lives in Westbury. When Jasper Evans went to Omaha, quite by chance Paul Overton (Madge's brother) went to their house. Finding no one at home, he let himself in to see if everything was all right, for perhaps you know that people in small towns are more free with their homes than city people are. Paul discovered Madge's note and, vaguely disturbed, he determined to open it, and thus learned what she had done. He hurried to telegraph but recollecting that he would thus betray his sister, he jumped into an automobile and drove to a distant town where he telegraphed me asking me to intercept Madge if I could. I arrived after you had the situation in hand, and then I sought the detective who arrived so opportunely. Then I disappeared again, because I did not want to embarrass Madge, though I stayed around until you saw her safely aboard her train. Then I followed you and finding that you returned to the University I knew that you were a college girl and that I could get Melita to introduce me."

Youngfoot paused for a few moments, then continued:

"I love Paul Overton like a brother and would do anything for him. If I had failed to intercept Madge and you saved her without my assistance, as you really did, don't you see it would make me feel as if you had done me a service?"

Dale was silent. During his entire explanation her head was whirling and her heart beating uncommonly fast. She did not know whether an answer was expected to his question and she gave none.

"I'm sorry if you didn't want the matter to be known, but believe me, Miss Treadwell, it has clothed you in a garment far more beautiful than any commencement gown you could have worn—the Christly mantle of the Good Samaritan. It has raised you above all other women in my eyes. Since that day, I could not wait until I met you to tell you of my admiration for you——"

"Mr. Youngfoot!" Dale exclaimed, shocked to her feet by the intimacy the conversation had taken. "You are forgetting yourself!"

"Oh, no I am not, Miss Treadwell," he answered very steadily, and Dale again thrilled. "A woman who could make such a sacrifice is the woman I want for a life-partner. I shall not ask you how you regard me, but I am going to try and win your love for you have won mine."

Was she dreaming? Was it possible that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



I said chickens always come home to roost she snapped in reply.



The whole space which they had just traversed was swept from their sight as if by magic.



Better that than I should not have come at all he returned passionately

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment wiring hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who wins her love, and in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language, and would she teach. She would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D., who recommends her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to ask her, to enter her room and from under lock and key take her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave he offers her the love and care that will protect. She refuses. Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isabel gives a wrong impression and their pain in learning she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Peasewell's party, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and returning a year later remarked it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge coming back to New York, Lady Randal invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall. Walking with Sir Charles, Isabel hears a voice of unusual sweetness and later Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young lady meets her eyes with dread.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST!"

THE next day cards were received at Vallinham Hall for the family and all guests, soliciting their presence at a grand state dinner, to be given by his lordship, the Earl of Dunforth, at his country residence at East Malling, about five miles from the west village.

A great deal of excitement prevailed in anticipation of this event, for all recognized the honor conferred by this invitation, as the earl occupied a high position in the world, and owned almost the whole township of East Malling, where Dunforth Castle was situated.

"What shall I wear, mamma?" Isabel asked, when they were talking over the event in their own room.

"That light blue velvet, with the pipings of white satin, and the stomacher of pearls, which came from Worth's last week, will be the most suitable, I think," returned Mrs. Coolidge, reflectively.

"That is the one I had in mind. It will be very becoming and with those coral ornaments, and a few flowers, it will be a very lovely costume," assented the dutiful daughter.

"I want you to look uncommonly well, Isabel, for I heard today that any one who is received by the Earl of Dunforth needs no better voucher in the first circles of London. Besides, he is a relative of the family, and it will be wise for you to secure their favor. By the way, has Sir Charles asked you to name the day yet?"

"No, and I've played my very prettiest to him this week, hoping he would. I've visited all those dirty cottages and hovels, and helped him plan a hundred disagreeable things for suffering humanity around us; but, apparently, he is so bound up in the woes of others that he cannot stop to consider things of such minor importance as his own happiness," replied Isabel, with bitter scorn, and with an ugly frown upon her brow.

"You must have patience, my dear. A great deal has been accomplished in his proposing to you, and in your acknowledged engagement."

"Patience! I feel as if I should go wild at times, with the constant restraint which I put upon myself."

"I know; you are behavmg beautifully," said Mrs. Coolidge, soothingly, who lived in constant fear lest there should be an outbreak. "Lady Randal," she went on, "thinks you are just about perfect; even the servants are all enthusiastic in your praise."

"If only the prize was secure," muttered Isabel, moodily.

"Only go on a little longer as you have begun and it will be, I am sure," purred her mother.

The day of the dinner party arrived.

A half hour before the Vallingham company were to start, Lady Randal knocked at Isabel's door.

"Excuse me, dear," she said, "but I wanted to see how you look before we start. I am particularly anxious that Lord and Lady Dunforth should be pleased with you. You know he is a relative of the family," she concluded, with an accent of pride.

"I heard something to that effect," responded Isabel; "but how is he connected?"

"His lordship and I are own cousins," explained Lady Randal, while her face clouded for a moment, as if from some painful thought.

Then suddenly changing the subject, she exclaimed:

"But I need not have been anxious about your appearance, for you are just lovely. You have exquisite taste, my love, and I shall feel quite proud when you are my daughter. This blue velvet is charming, and your hair is very becomingly arranged, while that stomacher of pearls is superb. But"—and she started suddenly, while her face grew crimson—"but where did you get those coral ornaments?" and her eyes were fixed in utter astonishment, and with something of terror in them, upon the elegant coral and diamond cross, and butterfly hair ornament, which Isabel has just fastened in her hair, and clasped about her neck.

Isabel colored violently at the question.

Could she never wear those things without some one's remarking them particularly, and continually reminding her that they were not her own?

Lady Randal marked her confusion, and feeling it might have appeared a rude question, hastened to add:

"Pardon me, but they are so like some that I once saw a long time ago, that I could not help exclaiming at the moment."

"Ah!" said Isabel, regaining her self-possession, and striving to speak indifferently; "I did not suppose there was another set like them in the world—they were made to order," and the lie slipped off her tongue without a quaver.

"It is a singular coincidence, surely," murmured Lady Randal, absently. "Did you ever know—" she began again, then suddenly checking herself, she added: "But, of course, you did not, for she must be over sixty if she is living now. It is strange, though. I could have sworn they are the same."

"What were you saying?" asked Isabel, who had not distinctly understood what she said last.

"Never mind, dear; but a lady whom I used to know had some ornaments very like these. Have you nothing else which will do to go with this costume?"

She seemed to dislike the idea of her wearing them.

"Oh, yes; I have plenty of others, but these look best with this light blue—they give a dash of color which it seems to need, and I prefer them."

"Well, never mind; you do look very nice, and," she added, partly to herself, "perhaps he will not notice."

Isabel created quite a sensation upon entering the great drawing-room at Dunforth, for there were many people present whom she had never met before, and all were quite anxious to see the bride Sir Charles had chosen.

His lordship was very gracious to her, and seemed desirous to atone for his rudeness on the night of Lady Peasewell's drawing-room, though Isabel noticed that a spasm of pain contracted his face when his eye first fell upon her as she was presented.

He introduced her to Lady Dunforth, who completely surprised her by turning to a gentleman at her side, and saying:

Miss Coolidge, allow me to present my grandson, Mr. Dredmond."

She looked up astonished, and the color flamed into her cheeks at his cold salutation and the well-remembered, scornful curl of his lips, as his critical eye took in every item of her costume from head to foot.

He, too, had recognized those lovely corals, with their diamond garnishings, and he longed to wrest them from her hair and bosom, and denounce her as the false-hearted woman he knew she was.

He, then, was the grandson of the Earl of Dunforth.

Isabel had known all along that he was heir to an earldom, but supposing it to be a nobleman by the name of Dredmond, she had never made any inquiries about the matter.

A feeling of chagrin came over her that she had not played her cards differently, for she knew the Dunforth wealth far exceeded that of the Randals.

A sense of fear, too, arose in her heart lest he should strive to influence Sir Charles against her.

Lady Randal had told her that she and Lord Dunforth were cousins, consequently Sir Charles and Adrian were connected and might he not tell him what he knew?

Later in the evening she was introduced to Lady Ruxley, whose acquaintance she had long desired to make, and whose favor she was most anxious to secure.

The old lady had arrived at the castle that morning by especial invitation, and was to remain a few days to visit Lady Dunforth, who was a favorite with her.

She was a very peculiar body, this old lady of eighty, with her wrinkled, withered face, her scant, wiry, gray hair, her restless black eyes keen and sharp as a briar. She was bent nearly double, and walked with a cane, and when she tried to talk to or look at anybody she twisted her neck and shoulders into all manner of contortions. She was little as well as old—she could not have weighed over ninety pounds—and in her straight, old-fashioned black satin gown she made Isabel think of some witch or sprite of evil.

She felt anything but comfortable beneath those keen, bright eyes, which seemed to read her through and through at a glance, and her blunt way of asking questions disconcerted her not a little.

"False as fair; false as fair!" and "chickens always come home to roost!" muttered the "old crone," as she watched the handsome couple move away.

"What were you saying, aunt?" asked Lady Randal, sharply.

She had been standing near, and saw the distrustful expression on her face, and heard the muttered tones.

"I said, 'chickens always come home to roost', " she snapped in reply.

"What do you mean by it? I don't understand you."

"I mean that you are going to get your pay through her for some of your own evil deeds in the past," she answered, pointing her shaking finger at Isabel.

"Don't be a fool, aunt," Lady Randal said, sharply, yet growing a shade paler than usual. "What have I done that is so very wicked?"

"Ah, ha! your memory doesn't serve you as well as mine, for all I am in my dotage," and the old woman gave a cracked, spiteful laugh.

"I haven't forgotten how, when you were yonder girl's age, you played a game upon his lordship in my house which nearly broke his heart, and without accomplishing your purpose, too; and now I say you're going to get your pay for it."

"That was years and years ago, and I'm sure I don't see what it can have to do with Sir Charles or my affairs today. Don't you like Miss Coolidge? I think her very striking in appearance."

"She has a stately presence, truly; but mark my words, Helen Capel, if you live long enough, you will find that she can plot as cunningly as you did when you admitted Count de Lusan to my parlors to ruin the happiness of an innocent and beautiful girl."

"Pshaw! what has put those absurd [illegible] and memories into your head tonight?" asked Lady Randal tried to laugh, though she shuddered at the same time.

"Laugh away, my lady, while you can," snapped the old woman, viciously, "but you will change your tune before long. I never would have forgave you for that night's work, Helen Capel; it was the first time such a man ever disgraced my house, to say nothing about her coming to such grief there. But, ah! that was more than forty years ago. I wonder whatever became of her! I am sorry for Charles, though—he is a noble fellow, and ought to have a good wife," and Lady Ruxley heaved a sigh of regret.

"Then you don't approve of his choice, aunt; I'm sorry. She is certainly fine looking, and then she belongs to a very wealthy family."

"That's it; that's it, you were never satisfied with what you had," was the impatient interruption. "You always want to hear the jingle of gold. I'd rather the boy would marry a girl like my companion, without a penny, than forty such stately, false-hearted dames, with a million apiece."

"You continue to like the girl as well as ever, then," said Lady Randal, glad to change the subject.

"Like her! There isn't her equal here tonight, for all you were so sure I'd be taken in. I tell you, Helen, these eyes of mine are good yet, if they have been well used for eighty years."

"Where is she tonight?"

"Upstairs, reading; she would not come down, though I tried hard enough to make her. But go along to your friends, an old woman like me is not worth minding, besides, I'm going to bed presently."

She waved her hand the same as she had to Isabel, and Lady Randal moved away, feeling anxious and miserable, despite her assumed indifference.

Unpleasant memories had been rudely aroused tonight, and the sting of conscience, mingled with remorse, was severe.

"Whatever could have made her rake up those old times?" she muttered, uneasily, as she glanced at her son, who was hovering about Isabel like a moth about a candle. "Can it be that she also noticed those jewels? It is lucky for me that Lord Dunforth never discovered the part I played in that tragedy—he never would have forgiven it. I wonder what I did with that note—destroyed it, I suppose. Oh, dear! what a memory Aunt Ruxley has, it is as keen as her tongue, and she has made me exceedingly uncomfortable; for I would not offend her for anything, on Charles's account. I do hope he will be happy, and that he has chosen wisely; he is too good to be deceived— he is like his father, poor man! Ah, me! how many men have been taken in by the girls they have married; however, it is too late to be helped now."

Such were Lady Randal's reflections after leaving her aunt.

Doubtless she has been recognized before this as being the girl of whom Miss Mehetabel Douglas had told Brownie as having been the cause of her lifelong misery.

Yes, Lady Randal was that same Helen Capel. Finding, after she has accomplished her foul purpose, that she could not console her cousin, Lord Dunforth, for his loss, she turned her charms in another direction, and at last succeeded in winning a good and true man, Sir Ralph Randal, for a husband.

She had not lived the pleasantest life in the world with the baronet, or rather, it should be said, that he had discovered his mistake when it was too late.

She could not deceive him always, and after the irrevocable step had been taken he found that instead of a true, loving, and domestic wife, he had been entrapped into marrying a vain, frivolous girl, who cared more for fashion and society than she did for her family. His death had not seemed to break her heart, for after the year of mourning expired, she returned to society with as much zest as ever.

But when her eldest son was taken from her she felt the blow more keenly, and it seemed to change her.

Charles, the younger son, had always been the favorite, and she feared lest she should lose him, too, and from that time she devoted herself to him, and during her later years bound herself

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE COMFORT Sisters' Pin, given to the sender of the best recipe, is awarded this month to Mrs. Mickey Reynolds of Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Reynold's recipes required no corrections or rewriting as she gave the exact quantity of everything used and the method of combining the different ingredients. This is most important to the inexperienced cook and constitutes a "best recipe."

RICE PERLOW.—One-quarter pound of salt pork, chopped fine, one large onion, chopped very fine, one can of tomatoes (size 2) and one cup of washed uncooked rice. Put salt pork in skillet and render until a golden brown. Keep it hot, then add the onion and cook until onion is light yellow color. Add the entire can of tomatoes and let all boil for five minutes, then put mixture into a saucepan and add the uncooked rice. Cook it with a constant stirring for twenty minutes or until rice is done (each grain of rice should be separate). If tomato liquid should all be used before rice is thoroughly cooked add three tablespoons of water and stir. Salt and pepper to be added after serving, as the salt pork sometimes is enough.—MRS. MICKEY REYNOLDS, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave., M., N. Y.

SULTANA DAINTIES.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter, gradually beat in one-half cup of sugar, add one beaten egg, two teaspoons of milk, one-half teaspoon of vanilla, and one rounding cup of flour



SULTANA DAINTIES.

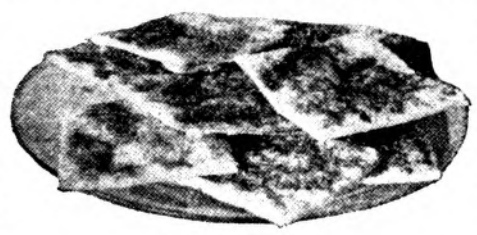
sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder. Add more flour if necessary. Cut into rounds, using a cutter with scalloped edge. Line fancy individual tins, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. Remove from tins and cool.

FILLING.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until a light yellow, gradually add one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-third teaspoon of nutmeg, three tablespoons of finely rolled cracker-crumbs, one cup of thick sour cream and one and one-third cup of clean Sultana raisins. Stir until well blended, then cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Fill the shells, and top with the beaten whites of the eggs to which two tablespoons of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla have been added. Two tablespoons of strained honey in place of the sugar and vanilla make a delicious combination.

BERRY PIE.—Sift together two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of salt. Rub in one-fourth cup of butter or rendered chicken fat. Beat one egg, add one scant cup of milk and beat into the dry ingredients. Bake in a biscuit oven in a round tin until brown. Split, butter, and fill with mashed and sweetened berries. Spread the top with white of egg beaten with enough strained honey to sweeten, with whipped cream, and decorate with whole berries. This same dough can be made into a thin cake spread with quarters of fresh peaches or apple, sprinkled with sugar and baked in an oven not quite so hot.

TAMALI PIE.—Two pounds round steak and a small piece of suet cut into two-inch cubes. Cover with water and boil one hour. Then add twenty olives, twenty raisins, salt to taste, one clove of garlic, one tablespoon ground chili pepper. Just before it is cooked, thicken with two tablespoons of cornmeal. For the crust, use three-quarters cup of butter melted in one quart of salted boiling water. Stir in corn meal to make a thick mush, then pour into shallow pan to cool. When cold, line sides of baking pan, pour in the meat mixture and cover top with mush and bake slowly one hour.—MRS. A. J. HAVERLAND, Santa Barbara, R. R. 1, Calif.

PASTRY SQUARES.—These are made of pastry that has a small amount of leavening so as to resemble butter crackers. One cup of sifted flour, again sifted with one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work into the flour one-third cup of butter until it is of a mealy consistency. With a knife gradually work in three tablespoons of cold water. Lightly make into a ball with floured hands, and roll thin. Cut



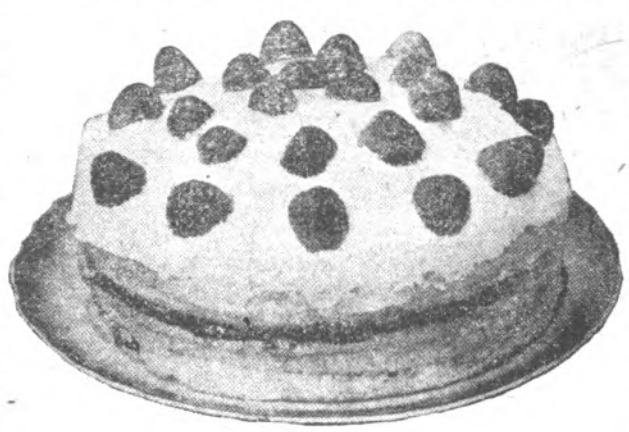
PASTRY SQUARES.

into squares and place in biscuit tins. Spread lightly with any kind of firm jelly, or dust with mixed cinnamon and sugar, or sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven, taking care they do not burn.

NUT POUND CAKE.—Place in a mixing bowl, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, three-quarters cup of butter and yolks of five eggs. Cream well and then add three cups of flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup of nuts, chopped fine, and one cup of sweet milk. Beat to a smooth mixture. Beat the whites left from the five yolks to a stiff froth and fold them into the smooth mixture. Turn all into a large pan with tube in center. Have pan greased well and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven for fifty minutes.—MRS. MICKEY REYNOLDS, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave. M., New York.

BEEF LOAF.—Two pounds of beef, one and one-half pounds of veal, three-quarters pound salt pork, two eggs, one small cup of cracker-crumbs, one small cup of cold water, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Put meats through food chopper, add other ingredients and stir until well mixed. Put into mold. I use a long bread tin for mold. Turn out in roaster and add one cup of hot water. Put thin slices of onion on top of loaf with bits of butter. Bake two hours in oven, or until well cooked and brown.—MRS. LUCY MIDDAUGH, Johnson City, 18 Roberts St., N. Y.

SALMON LOAF.—Drain juice from one can of salmon, free from bones and rub smooth with two tablespoons of butter. Add three-quarters cup cracker-crumbs, rolled fine. Moisten with one-half cup sweet milk. Season with one-half teaspoon each salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well



BERRY PIE.

and add last. Bake in buttered pan one hour.—MRS. JESSIE CHEDSTER, Castana, Iowa.

PEANUT SOUP.—Heat two cups of milk in double boiler, add four tablespoons of peanut butter and season to taste. Serve with crisped crackers.—MRS. MAMIE WILLIAMS, Ipe, Tenn.

DROP BISCUITS.—Two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Have melted two tablespoons of lard, mix it with one tablespoon of sugar and stir in one cup of milk, then sift in the flour, salt and baking powder. Use more flour if necessary as it must be a stiff batter to drop from the spoon. Mix and beat well. Drop on a greased baking pan and bake in hot oven until brown. Before putting in oven brush with milk. These can be had on short notice.—MRS. LOUIS R. IAGER, Ellicott City, Md.

BUTTERLESS, EGGLESS, MILKLESS CAKE.—Cook one cup of raisins twenty minutes with enough water to make a cup of juice when done. Remove raisins from juice and to hot juice add one tablespoon of lard and set aside to cool. When cool, add one teaspoon soda, one cup of white or brown sugar, a pinch of nutmeg, one level teaspoon allspice, one level teaspoon cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoon cloves, using ground spices; a pinch of salt, two cups of flour and add raisins last. Bake in moderate oven one hour.—HAPPY HOMESTEADER, Moorcroft, Box 83, Wyo.

MOCK SAUSAGE.—Soak one cup of lima beans over night, slip the skins, cover with cold water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain and save the juice. Mash the beans and add one and one-half cup of soft bread-crumbs, one cup of rich hot milk, one tablespoon of sausage or bacon fat, one egg beaten a very little, salt, pepper and one-fourth teaspoon of ground sage. Mix well, adding enough of the bean juice to handle. Poultry



MOCK SAUSAGE.

dressing may be used for flavoring. Shape into rolls, fry in deep fat or bake on a greased tin. Serve with potatoes prepared as follows: Peel and cut into eighths, soak one hour in cold water, toss in a little salad oil or bacon fat, sprinkle with salt and bake in a hot oven, stirring occasionally.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup each of sugar and sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoon of butter, two cups of flour sifted with two tablespoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt and lemon extract to flavor. Bake in layers. I use caramel filling as follows: One cup of brown sugar, one-half tablespoon of butter and one-half cup of cream. Boil until soft ball stage is reached, then beat until cool enough to spread between layers and on cake.

DOUGHNUTS.—This is the best recipe for doughnuts I have ever tried and the least expensive. Made this way they seldom tear or soak fat. Beat well together one egg and one cup of granulated sugar, add one-half pint sweet milk. Sift one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg together and add to liquid mixture. Beat well, then add enough more flour to make a soft dough. Roll out one-quarter inch thick, cut in rings or small balls. Have ready a kettle with enough smoking-hot fat to cover doughnuts well. I use old-fashioned iron kettle and save the fat. Be sure fat is hot enough, if it is, a piece of dough dropped into it will immediately rise to the surface. Have a long fork and turn each one as it rises. Let brown. This recipe usually makes about three dozen doughnuts. When done, doughnuts may be drained and rolled in powdered sugar if desired. The main thing to remember is to have the grease hot and not put in too many doughnuts at a time.—MRS. WASH. G. LEE, Sparta, Tenn.

CREAMED SALT SALMON.—One and one-half pounds of salt salmon soaked in fresh water over night or the same amount of fresh salmon soaked in salt water over night. When ready to cook drain this water off and put in fresh water to cover well. Simmer slowly one hour. I buy my fish sliced one inch thick and when cooked I take it out with a skimmer carefully to keep from breaking. Thicken the liquid with one-half cup of flour mixed with milk. Add rich milk to make it about the thickness of cream. Pour over fish, garnish with home canned boiled beets, or in place of beets use hard boiled eggs. The beets should be quite tart to make the right combination.—MRS. LEON H. FRINK, Plainfield, Conn.

SINCE the appearance of Ruby Nelson's letter, in February issue, on The Ideal Husband, and my suggestion for more letters on the same subject, eighty-two have been received, dealing with husbands, ideal and otherwise. The reading of these letters has been most interesting, as well amusing in some instances, and as many as there is space for are printed below. Some other month, if these are favorably received, more will be printed. Since reading these letters I've gone back to a belief in Santa Claus.—Ed.

VANCOUVER, R. R. 2, BOX 70, WASH.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON AND COMFORT FOLKS:

Please let me come in again for I am in difficulty since my letter was printed in February. You see, I signed my name without its title "Mrs." and a lot of the young men reading it took it for granted I was a "Miss" and wrote to tell me their views on the subject, also their qualifications as an ideal husband. It keeps me busy setting them right. Some of them think my ideals a little too high and not to be found on this mundane sphere, or, if to be found, very rare indeed. Others have ideals of a wife that are as high but claim they've never met one. One and all agree that a husband such as I described would be ideal. I know personally several ideal husbands; so know they are possible.

Now I am not an inexperienced girl, but a widow 41 years old, with four children, two boys and two girls, ranging in age from seven to eighteen years of age. My husband died from consumption in October, 1921 at the age of fifty-two years. Although he was not in all ways my ideal, our marriage of twenty-two years was as happy as the average. Therefore, I did not write to make you married sisters discontented with the choice you made, for love overlooks many faults. The only way for any one to get along is to use Christian forbearance. But I write rather to the girls and widows and I say, cling to your high ideals. The higher they are the more chance we have of growing better. Thank God, it is possible to "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior." Sisters, I believe good, honest, clean, industrious Christian boys and men are not as scarce as they would have us believe. Come on girls, write to our corner and let's show these brothers that we care for higher things than a "good time". To be a wife in the truest sense is to be the best thing on earth. Next to purity and goodness of heart, good sense is the best dowry any woman can have. We should study to make ourselves worthy of a good mate. Cultivate all those graces that make a happy home. It is not so much the accomplishments, or physical characteristics, or external considerations, as it is the character that makes home happy. The beautiful in heart is a million times more successful in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

Mrs. Wilkinson, have you closed our corner to the men? They would like to express their ideas on this subject and it would be both helpful and interesting to hear how they regard ideals. One man wrote me suggesting there wouldn't be many marriages if all girls kept to such high ideals. Is not that another way of saying we shouldn't expect our husbands to be better than the average? I say it is time to bring up the average rather than lowering it by asking less. It is because women condone tobacco using that so many men use it. A man should have as noble aspirations as a woman. A noble woman wants to look up to a husband; how can she if she realizes his ideals are lower than her own? "What fellowship has light with darkness?" St. Paul admonishes, "See that the wife reverence her husband," and he also says, "A widow may marry whom she will, only in the Lord," and again "A husband should love his wife as his own body." I belong to the Dunkard Progressive Brethren Church and we believe in divorce for the cause Jesus gave, and take the New Testament as our rule of faith and practice.

As my children and I own our home of 128 acres, four miles from Vancouver, and my father lives with us, you may be sure I can well afford to wait until I see that ideal before I marry again. Mrs. McVey and Mrs. Rockstroh, I am sure we all love to hear of romances like yours.

If my letter is not already too long I will give a short description of this part of Washington. It is a lovely country, still covered with plenty of fir and cedar timber, also oak, hickory, willow and dogwood. The woods have a succession of wild flowers. First in the spring we have the white trilliums and red currant blossoms, the yellow blossoms of Oregon grapes, then violets, flag lilies, lilacs, spirea, hawthorne and dogwood, ferns, Scotch bloom, lady's slippers, goldenrod and many more. Rhododendron is our state flower.

The country generally is level, but with some hills. Springs are common and our rivers are full of salmon and smelt. The soil is fertile, varying from gravelly loam to beaverdam. The climate is wet with cool summers and mild winters. Prune raising and dairying are the two most important sources of our wealth but Clarke County also raises commercially, potatoes, onions, cabbage, strawberries, apples, pears and chickens. Lumbering is an important industry here, too.

Folks, when you write to me I will do my best to answer anyway, but will appreciate a stamp. I am an amateur photographer and will exchange snapshots. I am interested in so many things that life is never dull to me—children, home, farming, flowers, books, music, fancywork, the W. C. T. U., and Club Work, Sunday Schools and most of all, the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

God bless all the members of COMFORT's big family. Your loving sister,

MRS. RUBY C. NELSON.

NEW YORK, 467 W 159th ST., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if you will welcome a young girl from a big city to your COMFORT Sisters' Corner. I really do find comfort in reading the varied ideas of people in different walks of life. It is when one sees the pros and cons of different topics so closely discussed that one can pick the right and wrong of it at a glance. That is where the comfort comes in.

I was very much interested in Ruby C. Nelson's Ideal Husband. I too, think it promises to be a very interesting discussion. Would you like to hear what my ideal is like? To begin with, I don't expect him to be anywhere near perfect. Don't you find that sometimes you like people for their faults instead, in spite of them? Well, I'm not going to discuss faults. I want to tell you what qualities in a man I admire most.

My ideal husband is broad-minded. He is a devoted lover of music and of nature. He is intellectually inclined; for that is the road that leads to broad-mindedness which you will note is my first condition. By this I do not mean that his brain is so much of a storehouse for extracts from philosophy—but I do mean that in order to be a kindred spirit of mine, he must understand and take an interest in the fundamentals of life (that is, to have formed his opinions on religion, politics, human and spiritual life.) He is gentle and especially considerate of the old and feeble. He is of a loving and sympathetic nature—yet a man in every sense of the word. I do not agree with Ruby on her second point of total abstinence from tobacco and desiring her ideal husband to be a teetotaler. In fact, a Morris chair and a *pipe* have always been part of my dream of happy married life. Then again, I see no harm in an occasional glass of beer with the meals. But with the present prohibition law we need hardly argue on that point. Of course my ideal husband must love me above everything else in the world. I meant to make that my first condition. Then, I might add that I have always pictured him as being dark complexioned with black hair and brown eyes.

I would love to have someone write me about their life in the country. I would reciprocate by telling of mine in the city. Do you know, I simply detest the city. My earnest desire is that some day I shall be able to live in Nature's own beautiful country.

I notice that you all describe yourself, so here goes—I'm 19, but not the flapper type, five feet two inches slim, brown hair, hazel eyes. I'm not dark enough for a brunette nor light enough for a blonde. I hope I'll pass your censorship, sisters.

Very sincerely,

FRIEDA ROBINSON.

SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

You left the latch-string out, a signal for a welcome, and here I am. COMFORT, dear old COMFORT, came yesterday and everyone, including Daddy Mine, reads it with delight and watches for its coming. It has been in our home ever since I was knee high to a duck. Hurrah! Three cheers for "The Key to Happiness." Long live COMFORT!

The discussion proposed by a sister for our Corner to tell of our ideal husband will be very interesting and heaps of fun sure. That "sure" betrays me. Yes, I am Irish, but don't begin to imagine a beauty. You'll miss me by a mile if you do. I have dark curls, eyes that are big and brown and look straight through things, but I forgot to kiss the Blarney Stone.

Now for my ideal. Here's what I'd ask for in that dream man o' mine. Not to be as handsome as Apollo and as wise as—" you know the rest of that quotation, but just to be a real pal and in every sense of the word a man. Faults—why, of course, he'd have them. He wouldn't be a man if he didn't. I don't want an angel, wings and all. Just give me a man with an honest face, frank ways, a loving, generous heart, brave and true, "For the bravest are the tenderest." These are the things I'd ask of the man I marry and which he must possess.

Mrs. Wilkinson, after the sisters are through, give the brothers a chance to tell their ideal of a wife and see how many of us measure up to it.

Thank you, it was dear of you to give me space.

So long, everybody,

MABEL CLARE.

Mabel Clare—One whole issue of the Sisters' Corner will be given over to the men, provided enough of them write, and, anyway, as many letters as are received will be printed. It is only fair to give them a chance to tell of their Ideal Wife.—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

May I came in? Friends, isn't our dear old COMFORT paper just grand? It is indeed a comfort and isn't Mrs. Wilkinson the best ever?

May I say a few words to some of you married folks? First I want to repeat a story. It is about a woman who had been speaking of her husband who had just died. She said, "Frank always thought the best of me so I had to give him the best there was in me. It would have amazed him so to find out I could be petty and mean and little, that I had to be big. It would have horrified him to see me give way to my temper, so I learned to control myself. I learned how to do everything possible and became thrifty and economical because he married me under the delusion that I would be a good manager and run my end of the partnership as well as he ran his. He always made me feel that he expected great things of me, that I would always do the right thing in every situation; that I would have the courage, wisdom and patience and I tried not to disappoint him."

"He always thought the best of me and so I gave him the best there was in me." Friends, I wonder if that is not the real secret of how to make marriage a success. Some husbands and wives seem to believe the worst of each other and to call forth what is most disagreeable in each other's natures.

The average married couple lives in a state of perpetual bickering over trifles. No one ever expects the other to do the right thing under any circumstances, and they spend their time dwelling on each other's shortcomings.

Secretly, the husband may still admire his wife but he would die before he would tell her so. At the bottom of her heart a woman may think her husband a giant among other men, but wild horses could not drag admission from her. The man says, "What's the use of trying to be a good husband and a good provider for my family when all the thanks I get at home is criticism; because I don't do better." The woman says, "What's the use of me denying myself things that I want in order to save, and of cooking and sewing to make a comfortable home, when all the reward I get is a knock from my husband?"

Now a word to the jealous ones. The wife who is always watching her husband and who reads wrong his most innocent relations with other women will inevitably drive him into justifying her belief of him.

The man who will not give his wife a dollar to spend, or trust her out of his sight may rest assured that in the end she will outwit him and deceive him and be as false as he expects her to be. But there are not many men and women who do not repay faith with faith and who are not true to those who trust them.

We all try to be what people expect us to be, we give the best to those who expect the best. This is worth remembering, married people. As for the one who carries the pocketbook, I will say that if some women I know carried it it would always be empty.

Everyone is looking this way. They must be wondering who this chatterbox is. I'm just a fun-loving girlie with dark brown hair and eyes and am in my early twenties.

GIRLIE.

Girlie.—If you call yourself a chatterbox, then I hope we have more like you. Your matter is about the most worth while of anything I've heard for some time.—Ed.

REIDSVILLE, R. R. 4, BOX 182, N. C.

DEAR SISTERS, ONE AND ALL:

Even though I've been a constant reader of COMFORT all my life, this is my first attempt to gain admittance.

Ruby Nelson, you spoke my sentiments along the line of an ideal husband. Here's what I have to say about one. First of all, a man should be a Christian, regardless of his occupation. Second, industrious, clean-minded and honest. Third, in disposition loving and sympathetic. A man willing to take as well as give. Fourth, he should be intelligent and progressive, always ready to work until he has accomplished what he sets out to do.

I would be glad if my husband could like the things I like, because people thinking and believing the same can work together in greater harmony and accomplish more than those who never agree. I know people argue that the opposite always attracts but I don't believe it is the lasting attraction that holds people like those who have things in common.

I also think that lovers should talk over all things related to their future life. By so doing they learn to appreciate and respect each other more and you know that respect is the keynote of love. I know of a man and wife who perfectly understand each other and their life has been one long honeymoon. Both are working toward the same goal.

I would be glad to hear from all who care to write and will try to answer all.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I am

Very sincerely,

MARY SCOTT.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

When I read Ruby Nelson's letter regarding her ideal husband, I had to laugh. It reminded me of the time, when I was about sixteen, that I wrote a list of my ideal husband's qualifications (or perfections), to wit:

First, he must be at leat ten years older than myself, six feet in height, black hair and eyes, manly, straightforward and gentlemanly. Must refrain from intoxicants and tobacco in any form, must be a Presbyterian and an earnest Christian, and lastly, must have plenty of money.

Well, I measured my gentlemen friends by that standard until I was twenty-three years of age. Then, Mr. Right came along and the look into his bright blue eyes went straight to my heart and five weeks later we were married. Never once did I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



Lesard smiled wickedly as his hard hand closed on the money.



The two sank down on a pile of bricks behind a boarding.



The man let her pass him, took a quick stride, and had her in his arms with one hand heavy on her mouth.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman; but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. Mrs. Gibbs tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." She gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky late in the evening slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls, "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. She has found the other way and someone is coming out from an opening in the wall which is well concealed by ivy and at the foot is a deep dark pool. It is Lesard. Jacky crawls in—the stones are undisturbed. Going out, she hears Gillian call, "Marchmont is back." He has seen the detective. Unless Lesard fails him he is safe. Gill and Jacky decide to get out at once. Jacky means to take the jewels. Lesard decides to have his share and starts for Hamilton Place. Jacky finds the jewels and is staggered by the weight. She fastens the belt around her body. In the collection is a necklace of stones clear and black. She hears someone coming. It is Lesard. Brookes, suspicious of him, goes with Marchmont to the cellar where he meets with an accident. Lesard, unconscious of Marchmont's presence, secures the black diamonds. Marchmont asks what he is doing and finding the belt gone grasps Lesard and feels a package under his shirt. He denies having the belt but something better—the black diamonds. Marchmont declares he has never touched the belt and if Lesard will put the necklace back he will share with him. Lesard attempts to leave. If he moves, Marchmont threatens to kill. There is the sound of a leap and Marchmont is dead. Jacky, kneeling beside him, leaves a bloody print of her left hand. The sisters make their escape in the dark and take the wrong road, finding a deserted hut, where they seek shelter and after resting they keep on to Colchester and take a train to London. Sir Charles Vivian is told of Marchmont's death by Lady Wellford who is afraid Gillian Hamilton did it and going to Hamilton Place learns that Mrs. Gibbs swears that Gillian murdered Marchmont. During the inquest the jury and coroner visit the secret passage and on the margin of the stream is the bloody imprint of a girl's hand. The jury and witnesses dismissed, Mrs. Gibbs returning to her room sees Lesard, and it is not the man she knows. He claims I am Lesard and will tell that Mary Gibbs is the same person as Mary Gresham as the man now is and yet is not Lesard who stands here, and all I care to know why you say those girls killed Marchmont. Jacky might be anything but he loves her. Gillian and Jacky read The Mystery of His Death Solved. Jacky going out walks to the house of the Red Mouse and seeing the necklace of black diamonds, upon her neck, declares that she buys them from Lesard who she knows is in London, and if he goes free she must hang.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLACK DIAMONDS.

IT was curious how the thought of that shabby girl in the street clung to the Red Mouse that night.

She found herself fingering the gorgeous stones that lay on her white breast almost nervously. She, the Red Mouse, who had never been nervous in her life. How did that pale girl who looked at her so queerly come to be loitering at her door the very first time she wore those diamonds, and how did she know they were bought from Lesard?

The Red Mouse clutched the necklace hard as she sat in her rose-colored and rose-scented drawing-room, where the scattered green tables were arranged as for an ordinary card-party.

The faces round the tables were those of men quiet and impassive outwardly. Now and then one got up and went away, and if he had lost he wasted no time on farewells to his hostess. It was not expected of him; the Red Mouse had no time for unlucky people.

Tonight it was only from habit that she kept a keen eye on the settling up. She took her gains mechanically

Suppose there was something wrong about those diamonds, that must be famous for a girl like that to have known them! Could Lesard have passed off stolen goods on her, taken her money for jewels that any day the police might take from her without redress!

When the last player had left the woman went to her own room with no lightness in her feet. She had been ready to sell all she owned to buy that necklace, and tonight she wished she had never seen it. Money was the god of the Red Mouse, and there was an inexplicable uneasiness growing on her that perhaps she might lose some day that necklace and all she had paid for it.

She looked up sharply as she entered her own boudoir, where none of her visitors ever set foot but on her invitation. A man sat comfortably stretched out in her own chair, the smoke from his cigarette circling up to the shaded lamp on the table by his elbow.

"Lesard!" she stopped short. "What on earth are you doing here? Why did you come to this room instead of the drawing-room?"

But his unlooked-for presence had reassured instead of displeasing her. If there had been anything wrong about those black diamonds she fancied she knew her man well enough to be certain he would have kept out of her way instead of seeking her.

"Why shouldn't I come here?" he lifted his lean, dark face and laughed. "I often do. And you know I never play in your menagerie and never add to your exchequer with"—he laughed again—"my widower's mite!"

"I don't want you. I'm dead tired." She was gazing at him curiously. How handsome he was—and what a devil!

"You tired!" his eyes flashed with amusement. "Get me a better reason, and I'll go home."

"You needn't go for a minute," she spoke thoughtfully, and with her back to him as she touched a bell. "You can go to bed, both of you," she said as her head maid appeared. "I will undress myself. Bring me my bouillon here, and——" she had been about to say whiskey and soda, when she saw it was already in the room. Lesard had made himself at home, then, while he waited! What could he want?

"You look very handsome tonight," he said languidly, when the maid had gone. He fixed his eyes on the Red Mouse as she sat opposite him tinkling a gold spoon against the thin china of the cup that held her bouillon. "Those things would make any other woman look overloaded, but they suit you. I wish you wouldn't wear so much rouge—you don't need it, and it's not—artistic!" with a shrug.

"You didn't come here to talk of my complexion," sharply, "or to pay me doubtful compliments!"

"No, nor real ones," he returned calmly. "You know I never make love to you. That is why we have been allies."

Something in his glance brought back the odd idea that had been haunting her all the evening; odd, indeed, for she had no inkling that Lesard was anything but what he seemed—a bird of passage, gay, reckless, untrustworthy; here today and gone tomorrow.

She put her cup down softly on the table nearest her, and with both hands behind the nape of her lovely neck unfastened the strange necklace for which she had given so much. She laid it slowly, carefully, on her lap, and sat looking at it. On her white satin gown it shone more fiercely than ever, dazzling her eyes. She remembered the day she had first seen it, flashing from blood-red fire to azure, paling to green and sulfur sparks, black and dead every now and then only for the crystalline, starry centers of the great stones, where stayed a luster almost unbearable.

Very evil, very wicked for all their glory, those stones had shone, till the Red Mouse coveted them as she had never coveted anything in the world. Lesard had laughed when she begged for them, and put them back into his pocket.

"Only money will get those!" he said; and money had got them only that day. They had been collected for a wicked woman, they belonged to a wicked woman now; but to one whose perceptions had been blunted by the dissipation which she watched and used to her own ends, but never shared. The Red Mouse lived by her wits; next to her money, she relied on her intuition, which thus far had never failed her. Its familiar voice was loud in her ears now.

"Did you come about these?" she asked suddenly, and tapped the lovely, glowing things on her knee.

"I did," he returned. "Oh, I don't want them back again. You needn't clutch them."

"Where did you get them?" she demanded, her hard, blue eyes watching each shadow on his face, for there were shadows there, as well as a covert exultation.

"Where?" Lesard blew a light ring of smoke far out into the room. "From a connection of—my wife's!" and the hidden truth of his words misled even her acuteness.

"Bah, you never had a wife! No woman on earth is rich enough to afford to marry you," she commented cynically. "And it is no concern of mine—unless you stole them."

The shaft struck home, but the man only laughed with a queer enjoyment.

"I got them in exchange—for a lot of other things," he averred lazily. "You own them now, when I'm paid."

"What do you mean? I paid you this afternoon."

"In part, my dear Mouse; only in part. These," he pulled two checks from his pocket, "were returned dishonored from the bank."

She glanced at them. It had taken a huge slice of her bank-account to pay Lesard. Rather than draw out all she needed, she had given him two checks drawn in her favor by a man whose money she borrowed with both hands. She remembered the checks perfectly—one was for two hundred pounds, one for five hundred—and drew in her breath sharply. A check dishonored meant to her an admirer to be cast off.

"Well," she cried angrily, "that is no concern of mine! I had nothing to do with it. It is you who are out that much, not I!"

"I am never out." His face darkened as he saw her lips set determinedly. "Give me that seven hundred in hard cash tonight and you keep the necklace. Otherwise"—he flicked the ash from his cigarette—"I am afraid it is you who will be left lamenting. I will have all my money, or——" he nodded significantly at the necklace till her fingers instinctively tightened their hold on it.

But she said nothing for a long moment, while she measured his strength with her eyes. If he dared he could do it, strong as she was. Well, he must not dare!

"You have had far more than the things are worth without that seven hundred," she said coolly. "I won't give you another penny."

"Unless I—make you!" his head flung back; he looked at her, a threatening devil in his half-closed eyes.

"You can't," she returned steadily, shifting her chair a little, "not while I have my foot on an electric bell!" with a sudden vicious energy. "You don't dare make a scandal."

"There would be no scandal—that would concern you!" but the cold threat in his voice never troubled the woman who had fought her own battles all her life.

"Stop that rot!" she said contemptuously; "I believe these diamonds are far too well known to have any fuss about. You take what you've got, and be thankful, for you won't get any more from me; not while you sell me things that a little working girl in the streets knows the minute she looks at them. I believe you've been playing a low game on me, somehow, when a girl cries out at the very sight of my necklace that I got it from you."

The sullen threat left Lesard's eyes as a flame is extinguished. His hawk face seemed to grow thin and hard as steel under her eyes.

"A girl—what sort of girl?" he demanded. "And when?" And this time she knew there was no safety in defying him.

"A slip of a thing, pale, with big eyes—in the street at my door tonight. She was standing there as I got out of the carriage."

"She couldn't see through your cloak!"

"It was hanging off me. I felt too warm." For once Lesard made no answer.

He was back again in that cave at Hamilton Place, looking at that hidden receptacle that was half-empty instead of full. Marchmont had said he had not got the belt—and now the man who had stabbed him knew it was true. He had known, in truth, since he had read that evening's papers, and cursed softly in the reading, though he laughed, too. But now he knew something more than that. Marchmont and he had quarreled for nothing. It was for nothing that he had done what might yet bring him to the gallows. For, of course, it was Gillian who had taken those jewels that had been so easily carried off from Wellford House, Gillian who had been mad enough to restore them to the police. Gillian who had left that damning trace of her presence in the cave and might yet pay the penalty for her husband's work.

But would she? It was not a feeling of security that made him breathe with narrowed nostrils, sitting opposite to the Mouse and her ill-gotten gewgaw.

He sucked thoughtfully at his lower lip, forgetful for once that the woman opposite was keen-eyed as he.

Gillian Hamilton to have taken that canvas belt might have been in the cave at any time. To know that Lesard had those black diamonds she must have seen Marchmont die—and where was his safety then?

He felt certain as if he had seen her that it had been Gillian at the Red Mouse's door, for, of course, she was in London. She knew no other place to go.

"Well," said the Mouse, tired of [illegible] "who was the girl? You must know."

He nodded, wishing he did not know. [illegible] fate that had sent her to see those diamonds he had thought it such a piece of luck to [illegible] might even now be leading the hounds of [illegible] on his track. Unless—he pulled himself together and met the Mouse's eyes with his confident smile. For the only person he had fear was the girl who had loved him to [illegible] Manlike, he was sure that she did so still—getting that even a woman will not always everything a man puts on her.

He had married her for a passing [illegible] thrown her aside for pure weariness; kept [illegible] fully out of her sight at Hamilton Place [illegible] Marchmont had unfolded "Tom Hamilton's scheme" and his adoption of the daughter he never dreamed had been Lesard's wife. Many a night before Jacky came to Hamilton Place had Lesard sat there, playing cards or laughing to himself as he thought of the [illegible] up-stairs and how little Marchmont knew [illegible] why she had been willing to find a home in his house. She had been a toy to Lesard. He would have cursed his own stupidity if he had known how easily love of him would have fashioned her into a tool for his own ends. Unconsciously, she had helped Marchmont; unconsciously, she would have made us really begot fortune for Lesard. But even now when he feared her, that was the only thought that did not occur to him.

"What on earth are you mooning about?" the strident voice with the hoarse thread in it shattered his musing for the second time. "How did that street girl know those diamonds and why did she gasp at the sight of them? If you came by them in any way that's going to get me into trouble you can take [illegible] this minute and return me my money."

Lesard threw back his head and laughed with keen enjoyment. The low, rich note of it was the richer for the thought of how completely he had taken in the sharpest adventuress in London. If she only knew!

"By George! you do say outrageous things," he cried, in the middle of his laughter. "That girl had excellent reason to know those diamonds. She's my wife! She must have seen me coming here lately and hung around your door in hopes of catching me. No wonder she gasped when she saw you wearing that necklace."

Not a word of not having seen his wife for months escaped him. It was a godsend to make the Mouse think jealousy had brought Gillian to her door, not the pure chance the man was old enough to know it for. But that lost seven hundred was a cheap price to pay for the knowledge that any living being had seen him take the black necklace. Forewarned was forearmed, and Lesard would run no chances. Those dishonored checks had been a stroke of luck, indeed, for nothing else would have brought him back to the Red Mouse after she had been fool enough to buy his bauble. But nothing was farther from his thought than to show them.

"Keep calm, my dear," he said leeringly. "Your complexion won't stand the strain if you keep permanently to evil imaginings. Pay me up, now, and I'll go home."

"I haven't got seven hundred between my fingers," relieved, yet sulky. "I wouldn't give it to you if I had."

"You'll give me all you got tonight!" He was suddenly her master, standing lean, fit, and brutal at her shoulder. "Hand it out of your pocket, or I'll take it and the necklace, too. What the devil do you think I care for your servants, if you do ring? Give me the money!"

Sullen, furious, cowed in spite of herself, the woman drew out a roll of notes, a handful of gold.

Lesard smiled wickedly as his hard hand closed on it. He could be gentler than silk to a woman while he loved her, but this was cold business.

"Ta, ta!" he remarked gaily, "and consider yourself well out of it."

"You devil!" said the Red Mouse slowly. "If I find you've made me pay my money for nothing, you can look out for yourself."

But he only laughed again as he went lightly from the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT."

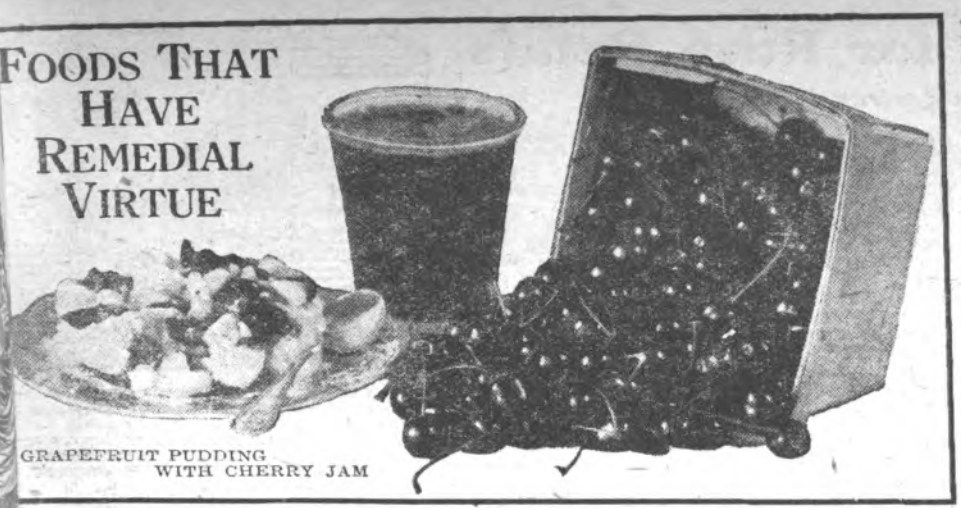
With feet that scarcely felt the dirty pavement Jacky Hamilton walked swiftly away from that house to whose owner Lesard had sold the black diamonds.

He was in London! He was all ready to profit by the helpless witnesses of his crime.

"He sha'n't, he sha'n't!" the girl panted, as she walked. "Not if I go to the police tomorrow—not if Gillian goes on her knees to save him!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

FOODS THAT HAVE REMEDIAL VIRTUE



GRAPEFRUIT PUDDING WITH CHERRY JAM

By Violet Marsh

Assisting Nature Through Right Eating

THE great majority of sufferers from constipation can find relief through right eating if each will study carefully his or her own case.

There are cases where constipation caused by some organic trouble, but in neral it is due to a low nervous state and reless eating and drinking. It takes patience overcome what has often reached a chronic age, but unless it is early conquered, other gans will be injuriously affected and the neral health will be impaired.

As a rule drugs afford but temporary relief chronic constipation and in time become effective even in increased doses; hence the sirability of regulating the bowels in the tural way, by a diet which tends to effect permanent cure. For this purpose the undation of a day's food should be coarse, tire wheat or brown bread, cereals, whole ilk, roots and leaves. and fruits in season.

offee and tea are nstipating and parcularly so if they ve stood on the ounds over four inutes. Tea that steeps" is extremely jurious because of e large content of nnin t us extracted om the leaves.

If you use a metal apot. throw it away d make your tea in n earthen one or in pitcher, pouring fresh oiling water over the aves, and at once placing it on the table to draw" the four minutes.

This season of the year is the heyday for gulating the diet to bodily needs. There e many who do not suffer from constipation, ut do from rheumatism, sluggish liver, sour d weak stomach, all of which are greatly lieved through healthful eating. Meat and sh, while entirely wholesome, should be aten sparingly in the above mentioned conitions, and during the months of fresh fruits d vegetables not at all. Other foods to be voided by people having such tendencies are veets and pastries, while eggs should not e eaten more frequently than twice a week.

As habit plays an important part in the igestive function, a glass of water should be aken one hour before meals, an hour and a alf after meals, and before retiring at night. little lemon or fresh lime juice taken in the ater cures many a headache caused by a luggish liver. The watery fruits such as ranges, grapefruit, melons, plums, peaches, ears and rapes will act irectly on the iver and bowls if eaten as ong as possible before breakfast, beween meals and before going to bed.

As all vegetables contain in varied proportions the mineral elements requisite to health, they are of great value in our meals, being especially important in the building of bone, teeth, other tissues and blood. Stews made of fresh vegetables should be eaten frequently because cook d in this way, there is no loss of mineral constituents, as there is when the vegetables are boiled and the water thrown away. With a little planning, much of these valuable vegetable juices may be used in soups, chowders and gravies, and at the same time a very pleasing flavor obtained.

With plenty of fruit eaten at proper times, milk and whole wheat bread eaten together and slowly for two meals out of the three, have alone relieved cases of nervous indigestion and constipation. Milk should never be drunk as a beverage with other foods, excepting bread. Only a strong digestion can take care of a glass of milk rapidly drunk.

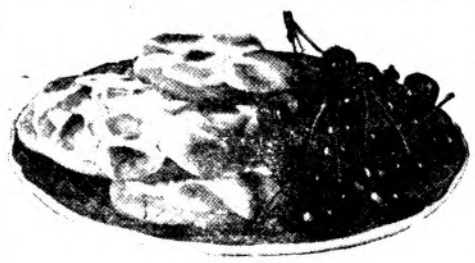
It is essential to health that the blood contain a certain percentage of iron, and as this vital element is continually being used and eliminated, its loss must be continually supplied. Health languishes as iron in the blood falls below normal, and so will constipation increase. Lacking sufficient iron the rosy child becomes pale. The vegetables which contain the largest amount of iron are spinach, lettuce, carrots, corn, potatoes, turnips and peanuts, dried beans and peas.

The new potatoes should be scrubbed clean, roasted and eaten with cream or butter without peeling. Spinach, turnip and beet tops, asparagus, and other watery vegetables should be steam cooked in as little water as possible.

Cherries in Season

The months of June and July are the cherry season throughout the country. Everybody enjoys canned cherries, but it is not so generally understood that drying offers a simple and economical method for preserving cherries when canning is inconvenient. Sweet cherries of the solid-fleshed varieties may be employed for the same purposes as raisins. Canned cherries make a delicious and appetizing pie in winter, and for tarts and cake fillings the cherry jam is unexcelled. Fresh cherries may be eaten freely, providing they are not taken with milk and starchy foods. All cherries contain a tonic element. The wild choke-cherry is unwholesome because of its high content of tannin.

CANNED CHERRIES.—Stew and remove pits. If a cherry stoner cannot be obtained, a little practice with an ordinary hairpin, held by the open end while the loop end is inserted at the point of the attachment of the stem and used to pull out the pit, will enable the work to be done quickly and with minimum injury to the appearance of the fruit. Try to save the lost juice by having everything clean. Many do not object to the flavor of the stones, but if they are not removed the amount of sugar should be increased. Where a slight amount of cherry bitter is desired, a few of the stones may be put into the bottom of each jar.

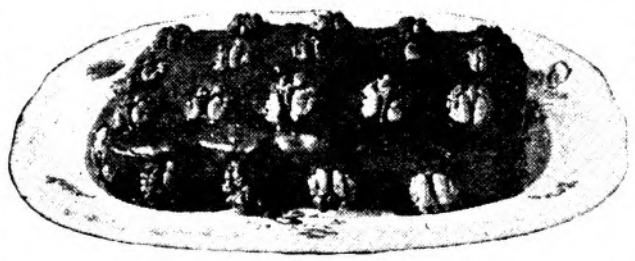


MARGUERITES.

Fill sterilized jars with fruit, and then to overflowing with a hot syrup made by boiling three parts sugar and two parts water for ten minutes. Adjust sterilized rubbers and tops, practically tighten covers, and set in a boiler with hot water coming about three-fourths way up the side of jars. After the water begins to boil, cook sixteen minutes, remove from water, seal and set in a cool dry place after the fruit is cold.

CHERRY JAM.—Pit and weigh fruit. Use two parts sugar to three parts cherries. Put together in a porcelain-lined kettle and cook uncovered until the right consistency is obtained. For added bitter, tie most of the stones in cheese-cloth, cook with the fruit and then remove. Fill jars and when cool, cover with a half-inch of hot paraffin. Keep dry and cool.

DRIED CHERRIES.—The fruit should be thoroughly ripened on the tree. Remove any cherries that show imperfections. Small or medium-sized cherries may be dried without pitting. Sun-dried fruit is the best, and should each day be taken indoors before the sun is too low, or any dampness is observed. Spread in a single layer in the trays and start the drying with the dryer at a temperature not greater than 120 degrees, raising it cautiously to 145 or 150 degrees as the fruit approaches dryness. Properly dried cherries have an elastic "rubbery" feel, and it is impossible to press any juice out of the stone cavity when the fruit is squeezed between the fingers.



LILY CAKE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE.

Use a good-sized box, lined with paper and provided with a muslin cover to keep out insects, as a temporary receptacle for the fruit while it is being aftercured or conditioned. As new lots are added to the box, stir the whole, and continue the stirring at intervals of a day or two for two weeks after the last batch is added. When the fruit is to be put into permanent containers, return it to the drier, spreading it rather deeply on the trays; and heat up to 180 degrees for two or three minutes, or place in baking tins in the oven of the range, to destroy any eggs of fruit-destroying insects which may be present.

CHERRY PIE.—Fill a deep plate with pitted cherries. Mix one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of flour and one-eighth teaspoon of salt and pour it over the cherries. Add one tablespoon of butter cut into bits. After lining the plate with pastry, sprinkle with flour before putting in the fruit. The top is covered with lattice crust. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is crisp and brown.



CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD.

CHERRY SURPRISES.—Line round gem tins with good pastry and sprinkle with flour. Cut one cup of cherries into small pieces, add one-half cup of sugar, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir and pour into the pastry. Bake in moderate oven. When done top with the egg whites beaten stiff and dry and mixed with two tablespoons of sugar. Brown in oven.

CHERRY JUICE.—Break and mash unpitted cherries, cover with cold water and cook as for jelly. Strain. To each measure of juice add three-fourths as much sugar. Cook twenty minutes and seal in sterilized jars. To use as a beverage, dilute with ice water and add lemon and orange juice.

CHERRY CONSERVE.—Two quarts of sour pitted cherries, one pint of fresh chopped pineapple, one quart of chopped apple and seven cups of sugar. Cook all together until thick and clear, turn into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

Dishes You Will Like

CREAM OF LETTUCE SOUP.—Shred two good-sized heads of lettuce. Slowly brown one thin slice of onion in two tablespoons of butter, chopping it as it cooks. Add lettuce, one quart of white stock, and three tablespoons of washed rice. Cook until the rice is soft. Beat the yolk of one egg, add one-third cup of heavy cream, a little salt and paprika and stir it into the soup. Cook one minute, adding more seasoning to taste. A little chopped parsley is liked by many.

STUFFED STEAK WITH NEW TURNIP.—Mix one and one-half cup of boiled rice with two tablespoons of minced onion, one-half cup of new chopped carrot, four tablespoons of melted butter, two-thirds teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. Pound steak, at the same time working a little dry flour into it. Spread with the above mixture, roll and tie, and place in a deep baking dish with about one cup of water. Cover closely and bake three hours in a very slow oven. After two hours, sprinkle lightly with salt and add a little more water if necessary to make the required amount of gravy. If the steak has plenty of water for steam, it is better to add more after the meat is done. Pare new white turnips, put into a steamer over boiling water and cook until soft.

SWEET POTATOES.—To bake, place the well-scrubbed potatoes in a moderate oven, cook until soft when pierced with a fork, and then half an hour longer that the potato may be creamy and fine flavored. If the skin turns dark and thick, it is because the oven was too hot.

SOUTHERN SWEET POTATOES.—Pare and cut potatoes lengthwise into slices about one inch thick. To three tablespoons of butter add two tablespoons of sugar and melt together in a frying pan. In this lightly brown the potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add boiling water to cover the bottom of the pan. Cover closely and set back where the potatoes will slowly cook until done. Turn the potatoes occasionally. They should be a rich brown when done. Many like pork fat in place of butter.

BAKED ASPARAGUS OMELET.—One cup of cooked asparagus cut up fine. In a saucepan melt two tablespoons of butter and add one even tablespoon of dry flour, smooth and gradually add one cup of hot milk. Cook slowly while stirring until creamy, add the asparagus and four lightly beaten eggs. Stir well together, pour into a well-buttered omelet pan and as soon as it lightly browns on the bottom set in a moderate oven to finish cooking. Cut down through the center, fold over and turn onto hot platter.

CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD.—Quite the most attractive way to serve this salad is pictured on this page. Peel the cucumber and soak whole in cold water until crisp. Cut into thin slices, holding the cucumber so it will not fall apart. Arrange a bed of lettuce leaves, lay the cucumber in the center with sliced tomatoes at each end. Just before serving pour over a dressing made as follows: Mix one-third cup of salad oil with three tablespoons of lemon juice, one teaspoon of scraped onion, one-third teaspoon of powdered sugar, one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley, four tiny red peppers, or a mixture of cayenne and paprika, and one scant teaspoon of salt. Let stand two hours and then beat before using.

PRUNE WHIP.—Steam one cup of prunes that have been washed and soaked one hour in cold water. When they have fully puffed and are soft when pierced with a toothpick they are done. Cool, remove the skins and seeds and mash fine. Beat three egg whites until very stiff, gradually add one-half cup of sugar and then fold in the mashed prunes and two tablespoons of lemon juice. Serve at once with sponge cakes.

GRAPEFRUIT PUDDING.—Soften two tablespoons of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water, add one cup of boiling water and one and one-fourth cup of sugar, stirring until dissolved. Add one-half cup of grapefruit juice and one-third cup of orange juice, and set away to slightly stiffen, then beat in the whites of two eggs that have been beaten until stiff and dry. The mixture should be white and creamy. Turn into moulds and set in a cool place to stiffen. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Bring two cups of milk to scald in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of the two eggs until light colored, add three tablespoons of sugar mixed with one teaspoon of corn-starch, beat and pour the hot milk into the eggs, stir and return to boiler. Cook and continue stirring until the custard thickens. Do not overcook. The custard will continue thickening as it cools. Just before serving flavor with either vanilla, crushed banana, or mashed strawberries. For variety lightly break the pudding and combine with cherry jam.

LILY CAKE WITH CARAMEL FROSTING.—Cream one-half cup of butter and gradually add one cup of sugar. Beat in one-fourth cup of flour. Sift together three times one-half cup of corn-starch, three-fourths cup of flour and two teaspoons of baking powder, and add this alternately to the butter mixture with one-half cup of milk and one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat until smooth, then fold in the whites of six eggs beaten stiff and dry. Bake in a slow oven.

FROSTING.—Boil three-fourths cup of thin cream with one-third tablespoon of butter and one and one-half cup of brown sugar until a little dropped in cold water can be formed into a ball. Beat until thick enough to spread. Decorate with half walnut meats.

MARGUERITES.—Boil three-fourths cup of sugar with one-fourth cup of water until it threads. Add four marshmallows cut into pieces and pour them slowly over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, and add one-third cup of chopped nut meats and a very little flavoring. Spread on milk crackers and lightly brown.



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Delightful Uses for Rose Petals

By Nelle Rortrey

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EVERY one loves the scent of roses and for years the rose petals from many a beautiful California lawn have been a source of profit to the owners, who made them into dainty beads, for which we women of the middle west pay exorbitant prices, thinking it is impossible to make them for ourselves. Every year, during late May and early June, our lawn in the Ozarks was a mass of delicately scented color. I had dozens of times lamented the fact the bushels of rose petals were going to waste, but it never occurred to me that I might utilize them for the purpose of making some of the beautiful flower beads for which my soul yearned. Then one day a California cousin wrote me a letter, and in it she mentioned the fact that she had finished half-a-dozen strands of rosebeads that week. "For my gift box," she said; and for a while I occupied my time wishing that I might be one to be remembered with such a gift. And then I thought of my own petals going to waste, and I immediately sat down to write a "hurry-up letter" to my cousin asking for the directions for making a strand of the delicately perfumed neck-wear.

I shall copy the reply to that letter as she perhaps made the directions plainer than I could.

"You need not think that just because you have only half-a-dozen rose bushes, it is impossible to save enough petals for a strand of beads. A couple of bushes that bloom profusely will furnish enough blooms to be worth while saving.

Gather the petals in the early morning, and pick only those that would drop or wilt before another morning. Spread them out on a cloth to dry. A sunny upstairs bedroom is ideal for this. Keep them well stirred or they will mould. It is not necessary to keep the different colors separate, for they will all be the same dull black when they are done.

"After you have about half a bushel of petals saved you are ready to start your beads. Run them through the food grinder and pour all the oil that runs out, back on the petals. Run them through at least three times, using the finest blade. After they are ground, put them in an iron pot or skillet and leave them in a cool place over night. It is this leaving in the black iron that gives them the desirable black tint. Repeat the grinding process every day for eight days. By this time they will be a soft smooth dough; and then they are ready to be made into beads. To each half cup of dough, add five drops of oil of roses. Mix this in thoroughly and begin moulding the beads. Pinch off a small portion of the mass and roll till round, between the palms of the hands. If you have never had practice at this sort of work, you had best put the first few back, and do them over, as they will not be apt to be of uniform size.

"When they are moulded to your satisfaction, run them on a hatpin or fine knitting needle. With the rounding end of a fine wire hairpin, make fine indentations over the surface of each bead while still moist. This gives them the Oriental appearance that is so much admired.

"After they are perfectly dry, rub them with vaseline or olive oil. And then they are ready to be strung. They are most attractive when strung between dull, old gold beads—preferably two gold ones between each pair of black ones."

I made the beads according to her directions, and though that was three years ago, they are still things of beauty, and the delicate odor has never left them.

The same year I saved enough petals for a rose jar. These were very popular in our mother's day, and are just as desirable now as then. The containers may be bought at any department store, and many of them are indeed things of beauty. But any sort of a jar will do, providing it has a tight lid.

Pick the petals every morning and on top of each picking, drop three drops of attar of roses. Shake well and replace the cover. After the jar is full, empty them out onto a platter and add a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ground cloves, six drops each of oil of lavender and rosemary and an ounce of orris root. Mix all together well, and pack the leaves back into the jar. About once a month turn the jar upside down and leave so over night.

This mixture will last for years without losing its fragrance. Never leave the jar open for more than a few minutes at a time. That will be sufficient to scent the whole room for all day.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

apparently the self-sacrificing and loving mother.

All her hopes now centered in him, and she bent all her energies toward carving out a brilliant future for him. And yet there were times when she seemed so troubled and melancholy that for days, and even weeks, she would be unlike herself, and as if brooding over some hidden grief or sin.

She had long since banished the memories of those deeds of her early life.

They were not pleasant to recall.

But tonight those homely old proverbs, "Chickens always come home to roost," "You'll get your pay," as uttered by Lady Ruxley, seemed to possess a strange significance and sounded like uncanny prophecies in her ears.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Adrian Dredmond was indeed the grandson and heir of Lord Dunforth, the former lover of Miss Mehetabel Douglas.

He had married, as she told Brownie, five years after the terrible disappointment which had well-nigh ruined both their lives.

His wife was a sweet-tempered, gentle little body, and she loved him with her whole heart.

He liked her well enough, and respected her thoroughly, but the one love of his life had been that proud, fair-haired girl who had broken his heart. It had been a deathless love, as could easily be seen by his rambling talk the night he met Isabel at Lady Pease-well's.

When he finally married he had done so to please his father, and in order to perpetuate the name.

But another disappointment awaited him, for only a daughter blessed their union, and there was no heir to take the title. At the age of sixteen she fell in love with a colonel in the English army—a widower nearly twice her age.

Her father, whose life had been such a failure, would not doom her to a like fate, and so consented to the marriage, although he did not fully approve of it, both on account of his daughter's youth and the profession of Colonel Dredmond, since, in all probability, it would eventually separate him from his only child.

But the fair young girl bride only lived one short year, and died soon after the birth of their only child—a fine boy, whom his father named Adrian.

Colonel Dredmond was soon after ordered into active service, and was killed fighting like the brave man he was.

Henceforth Adrian became his grandfather's sole joy and comfort, and he lavished upon him all the love which his bruised heart was capable of feeling.

The boy inherited all his father's bravery, together with his grandfather's honor and nobility of character, and bade fair to make the declining years of Lord and Lady Dunforth the best and happiest of their lives.

During the last few weeks he had been very unhappy and depressed.

His anxiety regarding Brownie, in whom he had at last acknowledged he had more than an ordinary interest, rendered him gloomy and absent-minded.

He did not enjoy company, it irritated and angered him to look around and see others so gay, when, perhaps, the one whom he now knew he loved more than his own life, was friendless and maybe suffering.

He had come down to Dunforth Castle to be present at the dinner party to please his grandmother, but he told her, upon his arrival, that he must return to London upon the next day, as he had important business which would not allow of his absence.

That business was his constant and almost hopeless search for Brownie Douglas. His meeting with Isabel tonight made his trouble seem more bitter than ever, and for the first time in his life he felt, as if he almost hated a human being.

He regretted exceedingly her engagement to Sir Charles, for he was warmly attached to the young man; but he felt that he was powerless to save him from what he feared his future would be with such a vain and selfish girl as he knew Miss Coolidge to be.

As soon as dinner was over, feeling weary and gloomy, he lighted a cigar, and went out by himself into the cool night air.

The sky was somewhat overcast, but not dark, for there was a full moon, which every now and then burst out gloriously from behind the clouds, and he could distinguish objects quite plainly.

About a quarter of a mile from the castle the ground arose very abruptly for a short distance, and suddenly terminated in a high precipice, which shelved out over a deep and swift-running river.

This was accounted a very dangerous spot by people in that vicinity, for the continual dropping and caving away of the rocks and earth had left the hill above but a mere shell or shelf, hanging out over the river a hundred feet below, and which, it was predicted, was liable to be precipitated into it at any moment, since an ugly seam had appeared about twenty feet from the brink, and the spot was shunned by every one, although it used to be much frequented on account of the lovely view which it commanded.

To any one unacquainted with the path which led up this ascent, it was like tempting Providence to try to reach the top, for there were pitfalls on every side, and the path was winding and uneven.

But Adrian knew every step of the ground, for during his boyhood he had explored every inch many a time, and he clambered on now, still thinking gloomily of his own affairs.

He had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance, and he could hear the restless surging of the river, as its waters rushed over its rocky bed, when the moon came sailing out from behind a white-edged cloud, and flooded the whole landscape with its yellow light.

He looked up and swept his eye over the hill. He started, and an exclamation of horror broke from him as he did so.

He had seen some one standing on the very edge of the dangerous precipice, and gazing down into the valley beyond.

It was a woman, and the breeze made her dark, flowing garments sweep out behind her in graceful folds, and now she lifted her head, and he could faintly distinguish the outline of her face as the moonlight fell upon it.

He dare not call out to her for fear the sound of his voice would startle her, and she would be precipitated into the boiling river below. For a moment the strength all went out of his body, as he thought he should never be able to reach and save her—that his extra weight upon that frail shelf must bring death to them both.

Then, without a second thought of self, he sprang forward with swift, noiseless steps.

Surely, whoever she was, she could not realize the horrible danger of that moment, and the young man's heart fairly ceased its beating, as with a few rapid strides he was at her side, and laying a firm hand upon her arm, he said, in tones thrilling with anxiety:

"Madam, do you know that you are tempting death? This portion of the hill is liable to cave at any moment."

Then, without releasing his strong hold of her, he drew her quickly back from the spot, farther and yet farther from the sound of those roaring waters, which seemed hungering for their prey, until they reached the fatal seam, which Adrian saw was now wider than ever before.

Just then a sudden shock seemed to strike him, then a rattling, rolling, horrible sound reached his ears, and a sensation of swaying and dizziness crept over him.

He knew what it meant—death!

Only one thought was in his heart now, and it rent his soul with its silent agony.

"Brownie, my Brownie, I shall never see you again!"

The next instant—he never knew how he did it—but he caught the form at his side in his arms, and sprang forward, all his strength and energies gathered into that leap for life.

Not an instant too soon, however, for the whole space which they had just traversed was swept from their sight as if by magic, and went crashing and tumbling down into the fearful depths below, leaving that noble man and trembling woman faint, dizzy, and with the thought of the horrible death which they had so narrowly escaped, and clinging wildly to each other in horrified silence.

Then, keeping his hold upon her to support her he led her still farther away from the yawning chasm, saying, gently:

"Sit down upon this rock under this tree for a few moments until you regain your strength."

She obeyed, and he bent down to look into her face.

"Are you faint? Shall I go for some water?" he asked; then suddenly dropping upon his knees before her he exclaimed:

"Just Heaven! is it you that I have saved from that? Oh! if I had not come!" came from him in a startled, almost anguished cry.

His voice shook like an old man's with horror, his face, as the moonlight struck it, was ashen in its hue, and for the moment he was more completely unnerved that the girl whom he had rescued from such imminent danger. Her hands lay white and limp in her lap.

He gathered them up in his strong clasp and pressed his lips again and again upon them, while his breast heaved with the fierce, frightened throbbings of his heart. Not only Heaven knew the horrible yet rapturous sensations of that moment, when he discovered that she whom he had just saved from a terrible death, was none other than Brownie Douglas whom he had given up in long sorrowing!

"Yes, it is I whom you have saved, Mr. Dredmond; but for you I should now be lying crushed, and bruised, and dead at the bottom of yonder stream," was the low reply, in those sweet tones, which he would have recognized at the ends of the earth.

"I little thought to find you here. I have searched something of your trouble, and I have searched everywhere for you in London, Miss Douglas, for the last two months, and it was with reluctance that I relinquished my quest long enough to obey a summons hither," he said, when he began to recover himself a little.

He did not stop to think that she might deem it singular that he, almost a stranger, should be searching so earnestly for her.

"How strange," he went on, "that I should have come hither to save you from even worse than what I feared might have happened to you? It was dreadful for you to be there, and my brain grows dizzy with the thought of what must have been if I had not come. Did you know of that perilous shelf? Has no one told you?"

"No, Mr. Dredmond, I only came to Dunforth Castle today. I was sad and lonely tonight, and being freed from my duties I came out for a stroll in the moonlight. I saw this hill, and heard the dashing of the stream, and thinking a delightful view might be obtained from the top, I clambered up. It was like being suddenly awakened from a beautiful dream, when you seized and bore me from the place."

Adrian shuddered.

"I expected that both of us would be dashed in pieces when I saw the earth giving way, and heard that dreadful noise," she added, in trembling tones.

"Better that, than that you should not have come at all," he returned, passionately.

His tone seemed to recall her suddenly to herself, and she tried to release her hands which he still held tightly clasped in his.

He was almost unconscious that he still held them, but at the effort she made he looked up at her and saw that her face had grown crimson with blushes, while her eyes dropped shyly beneath his gaze.

"I beg your pardon," he said, releasing them at once, and rising to his feet. "You will think me presuming, but my gratitude that you were safe made me forget myself. Did I understand you that you are staying at the castle?" he asked, changing the subject to relieve his embarrassment.

"I am there for a few days."

"Indeed! and so am I," he replied, much pleased, and forgetting that he had told his grandmother he could not possibly remain longer than over one night. "You are cold," he added, as he saw her shiver; "shall I take you back now to the castle?"

"Thank you; yes."

Then, with a tenderness which thrilled her through and through, yet with a courtly deference which made him seem more grand and noble than ever before, he supported her faltering steps down the steep path, and led her back to the castle.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 35 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

UNE of all months shows the eternal vigor and youth of the eart . Those of us who have shivered in the northern states through an over-long winter now look upon a very different world from the -buried, icebound one of a hundred days Nature, with the perfection of her re- nt fulfillment, is a bulwark of all faith, all mism. The best of hopes, the surest of f, must be looked for in those who live in ral ways nearest to the natural world; and can blend with its changes as do the child, savage, and those who dwell upon the land draw nurture therefrom.

oo much of our social theorizing, too much ur law-making and governing, are being e today by men who look out upon the ld and their fellows with a disillusion, a imism, as dark and icebound as a New land February. They have no belief in world that man might make beautiful in aps a hundred years—as Nature has just e in a hundred days. When some of these smile, their lips move. That is all. And nothing was ever done without faith and usiasm. Even the trees of June clap r hands before a shower!

f course, the pessimism of the old is largely to the illusion of Time. Man, not having accomplished in his own short span all had hoped, feeling his slow relinquishment world he has not seen molded to his heart's re, comes to believe no change possible and ws hope into the discard. To such the ld becomes all February—with the prob- ities of a bad March! And it is hard n men thinking in these ways influence govern a world in which youth is to live where it comes hopefully trooping.

hen there is the other and darker pessimism n is bred of life in large cities and under the ky shadow and clanking sound of our hined industrialism. I believe it not an ggeration to say that no sane thinking— king with life, hope and heart in it—is pos- e where industry has free play with its ormal blight. Man's heart and brain were de many centuries before steel and coal l oil were kings of thought and action. es fine and innate parts of man do not ction best to the beat of a maching nor risa on the breath of bitumen and petro- m.

And yet it is chiefly from such thinking and uences as I have shortly paragraphed that tendencies of government arise today. cause I believe this, I have come to turn my n hopes of the world's and our country's ure two ways: to youth, whose faith is sh with enthusiasm and green with the sap life; and to the dwellers upon the land who , when they choose, see clearly through and ove our present mass of laws and law-makers. this connection, too, it is interesting to con- er that our agricultural population suffers lay the burden of many strange statutes— st of which have come into being to deal th conditions city born and bred.

In any man or men who are facing the world nstructively, who wish to act on behalf of eir fellows, convictions and independence of ought are needed first of all. This indepen- nce, these convictions, can develop on the nd (they have always developed there), but ver can they come strong and finely sane om servants of machine and organization, oken atoms of our modern industrial living. In our cities wealth and power grow as fast the power of machinery and organization ve grown. There these really ephemeral ths are worshiped as never before. Again r a time it is forgotten that aloof and sh Nature stands above and beyond all stitutions of organizing, machine-tending an,—her government ancient and immutable nd all the scratches of man's civilization upon r but passing scars. And forgetting this, e worship and service of science-aided wealth nd industry becomes a faith to replace older impler beliefs which might have proved hecks to modern tendencies. Our great city hurches, even, grow to be centers of power, iches and organization, but not, I think, enters of a richness of faith, a power of the pirit, an organizing for true brotherhood. The reason for these things is simply that all spects of civilization, all forms of social action, esult as a product mirroring our means of pro- uctive life—of which they are the growth. t is the old story of the figs and thistles.

From age, from discouraged experiences of ife, from our machine-made products of our machine-molded world, spring the thought that finds reflection in world government to- lay. The instinctive tendency is with check and counter-check to hold our over-organized life closer within the bounds of organization— the very system and tendency the Germans followed to a given end. Only here and there is a little tinge of faith or constructive action. I would like to have clipped from the metro- politan press the numerous allusions made to "the next war." Is it for this our youth is to make ready and our old men plan? I think not. There is a June as well as a February.

The truth is that our modern world is really the victim of machines which have formed conditions that are tearing out the best of our life. We are liable to die by dynamo with science feeling our pulse and prescribing nar- cotics to the last. Modern industrialism is coming to represent for man a separation from God, Nature and that true Art which is a man- ifestation of a love for, and a belief in, Nature and God. Our hope must be in youth, not yet a slave to machine, organization or estab- lished modes of thought, and in the land- dweller, who can be practically free from the evil influences and abnormal results of our overwrought civilization and its effect upon thought and life. From these faiths and sani- ties our help must come.

All civilization is a top-heavy growth, be- ginning from the land and supported from this base. It is from the earth-centered roots that the leaves of our plant of civilized government draw nourishment. Let us remember this when we look upon the green leaves of the young summer. Not Birmingham, not Pitts- burgh, not New York, Chicago, St. Louis or Sa Francisco are our country. No, thank God and June!

And now for the letters:

HOWARD, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Billy must have eaten my first letter, as it did not make its appearance in COMFORT. Before I go any further I will tell you what I look like: I am six feet and three-quarters of an inch tall. I have brown eyes, brown hair, and I weigh be- tween 115 and 125 pounds. You can see from this description that I am not very fat. I was seventeen years old last September.

I live on a ranch of 122 acres. Our ranch is located in Pleasant Valley. The chief crops we raise here are alfalfa, potatoes, and a little corn. There are not any watermelons grown here be- cause the season is too short. Colorado's water- melons are grown in the eastern part of the state. Some melons are grown at Canon City, about fifty miles from us. We grow a good many apples in this part of the state, also quite a few cherries and plums. Corn does not do very well here because the nights are too cool.

We are about 7,000 feet above sea level, and we can see mountains from our place that are more than 13,000 feet high. When it comes to scenery, Colorado can't be beat. The average number of clear days we have in a year are about 320. An- other advantage of living in Colorado is that we have cool nights in the summer. The coldest it got here during the past winter was 18 below zero.

I agree with Cousin Augustus Trick about the powder and rouge, but I believe that if the girls are determined to use 'em, let them do as they please and keep on to their heart's content. But I do know that a girl looks horrible when she uses too much powder and rouge. Uncle, I agree with you on this bobbed-hair question. Of course we boys are not angels by any means. We have our faults the same as the girls.

Uncle, I will try to tell you what a chinquapin is. It is a small acorn. Ask Billy, he can tell you what chinquapins are, for goats like chinquapins pretty well. In case you don't know what an acorn is, I will get you some samples and send them to you.

There are four in our family. I have one sister. I am not a cowboy, as most of you will think, per- haps. I can ride in a big wagon without falling out, but there must be sideboards on it then. So you see I am not much of a broncho buster.

Well, I had better quit for this time. Won't the cousins please write to me? I will answer every letter.

Your new cousin,
RAYMOND WINTERS.

P. S. Gus, if you come through Howard on your Grand Tour, stop long enough and I will play you a game of horseshoes. Uncle, did you ever play horseshoes?

Thanks for the information about the chin- quapins, Raymond. I have filed this away in my two-legged portable encyclopedia. Of course Billy could have told me what ch nquapins were. He knows everything. The trouble is the way he tells you. That's why I pref- fer to look to the Family or elsewhere to have my ignorance remedied, rather than to be too tartly reminded of my lacking mentality by a whisker-filtered vocabulary on stilts (I hope he reads this!)

Raymond, you want to know if I ever play horseshoes. Now I don't want to brag, Ray, but it is only justice and truth to declare that the only reason that youngster out in Iowa is pro- claimed champion is because he never met me. I can fling horseshoes with the regularity and accuracy of a six-cylinder cash register count- ing up ice-cream sodas on a July day. I once made three ringers in one game. My horse- shoe moves through the air in a perfect arc and descends to nestle flatly and permanently closer to the stake than that of any other shoe shooter. Did I ever play horseshoes, Ray- mond? That's one sport I don't do anything better. If I had my deserts, I would have awarded to me a solid gold horseshoe with dia- mond nail heads three-eighths of an inch a- cross. I would be regarded and photographed and movied as the International Champ- pion of the Twin Stakes. No six-footed, lone- winged Coloradian could make three points against me in six games—not after I got my collar off and my coat laid away under a handy maple tree. Did I ever play horse- shoes, Raymond? Ask me again!

BOX 476 HARVARD NEBRASKA.

DEAR UNCLE LISRA AND COUSINS:

I have been a silent reader of your paper for several years, so now will try my luck in making friends with Billy. I am so anxious to see my let- ter in print. I have never seen any letters from Nebraska in COMFORT yet—is it that the cousins don't write, or that you don't like us Nebraskans, Uncle?

I have read where so many cousins tell in COM- FORT of their beautiful scenery of falls, mountains, etc. We have nothing like that here; everythin is level ground and all the country is well-populated I wish I could write as good letters as many of the cousins do, but maybe some day when I get to be an old grandma I will be able to!

In July or August I am going to tour some of the western states. I will travel through Wyoming, Idaho and California. I will stay in Sandpoint, Idaho, for a month or more, so if any of the cousins live there I will be delighted to see them. If any of the cousins dwell in Rohnerville, Reedley, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California, I would be also pleased to hear from them, for no doubt I will visit these towns.

I am a very lonely girl, so I hope the cousins will write and also favor me with snapshots of them- selves, for I want to start a COMFORT Album.

I suppose you are wondering what I look like; I am very jolly (only not now, for I am down with the flu!), and I have medium brown hair, not bob- bed. I have blue-gray eyes, a fair complexion, a few freckles, very even teeth, and I am five feet, three inches tall. I weigh 110 pounds. That's nuff 'bout that.

Let us all give three cheers for Uncle Lisha and the wonderful work he is doing! I hope all the cousins will write. I'll answer as many as I can.

Your loving niece and cousin,
ANNA L. NEWFIELD.

Anna, I think it is true that the Nebraska cousins are not numerous as letter writers—at least they are no such prolific penpushers as the proud Missourians and the talented Texans. Bill once lived for three days on the output of one Texas county. But you must not think I don't like the Nebraska branch of the Family, Anna. I love 'em all just as I do you!

You'll surely meet a lot of the Big Bunch on your western tour. You will come back with your list of relatives extended by many miles and faces. After your return you must write to let me know just how widespread you found our Family tree in the states of Wyoming, Idaho and California. We have a nice little crowd of cousins in Los Angeles county, Anna, as you may find when you get in that movie territory. Take along a camera and make your own album as you go. I wish I might be sitting in the rear seat with you and keeping track on an adding machine of the cousins we pass!

OKATUPPA, ALABAMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I do hope that Billy don't get this letter. He got one of mine, but I was glad of it for it was so silly. I enjoy reading COMFORT—the stories are so interesting, and oh, how I do enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your wise comments on them. I like to read letters where the cousins describe their homes and farms.

I live on a farm of about fifty acres. That is, there are about that many in cultivation. Papa owns three hundred acres of land. We have one horse, one mule, a small bunch of cattle, a nice bunch of hogs (I have three to sell), and the finest of all, a big bunch of goats. This is a fine country for goats at all times of the year. In the summer they can eat oak leaves and in the winter they eat acorns. After you get this letter in print, Uncle, ask Billy if he wants to come down here and eat leaves and acorns. Uncle Lisha, is he as bad to eat salt as our goats, do you suppose?

We rent out a lot of our swamp land. The rent- ers make some fine corn crops too.

If any of you cousins, and Uncle Lisha, too, get too hot next summer, come down and we will go in swimming. There is a creek right behind our field and I have some fun in it with the other boys.

I am going to describe myself: I am a boy nearly sixteen years old. I have light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a sun-tanned face. I weigh about 140 pounds and am five and one-half feet tall. I am in the eighth grade at school and have to walk over two miles to get there. We play basket ball at school, and surely do have a good time playing it, too.

If you print this, Uncle Lisha, I will send you one of my pictures—if you want the ugly thing.

All of you cousins write to me—girls, too—and I will try and answer all that I can.

Your nephew,
JAMES A. BELL, JR.

Jim, it is getting near to swimming-hole time now, and you can expect to see me 'most any day. We'll cut 'cross lots for the creek double quick. I'll show you my new alligator dive and my belly whopper back flip. I'm some diver, James, and no matter how deep the bot- tom, I can always bring up a mouthful of mud or an empty salmon tin. Jim, I think you and I would get on pretty well as we sat on the bank in the sun and dug our toes in the Oka- tuppa mud, but I might have to disagree with you a little about it being such a fine thing to have "a big bunch of goats." Of course all of our judgments and prejudices, Jim, are affected by past experience, and it may be true that Alabama goats are a companionable lot of acorn eaters. But I know my own present feeling is that a bunch of goats would be just too awful for words. How many times one is a bunch, Jim?

I hope you sold your three hogs, Jim, Jr. I shall be careful to ask always for Okatuppa bacon in the future, and so try to boost the price of any other pork carriers you have to sell. Of course you know how the Irish pro- duce such fine bacon? They only feed their hogs every other day, and so their bacon has those nice even streaks of fat and lean which fit so well around the teeth.

Jim, I think you are wise in renting out so much of your farm. If I owned three hundred acres, I should be careful to rent out 299½. I should want to retain a half acre to hold a swimming hole and a spring board, and I should want a little piece of swamp land where I could raise a few hills of swamp violets and bloodroot. We'll talk about this when I come down, Jim,—in between swims.

BUFORD, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Tap, tap! Admit another niece, please, Uncle. She admits there's no such fine bunch of cousins anywhere.

Ruth, you sure are a fine writer. So was that boy who told the doubting swains to chuck their girls into the creek for a paint and powder test. But this seemed too much like caveman times.

Every paper you pick up nowadays has some- thing in it about old King Tut. I wonder if in years hence some one of us—Uncle Lisha, for in- stance—will be brought out of his tomb and shown to a gaping crowd of the cousins of that time? Anyway Uncle will sure need rest after reading this and so many other letters!

I'll make this one short and describe myself. I am tall and slender, have dark brown hair and eyes, and am seventeen years old. All cousins who like to write, let the letters fly to

Your niece and cousin,
RUBYE WALL.

I was struck by the picture your letter sug- gested, Rubye,—that of my being excavated from a Tut-like tomb some thousands of years hence. Think of me laid away surrounded, as was Egypt's young King, with various imple- ments of daily living. There would be disin- terred for eager eyes my beautifully designed bath robe and my gold safety razor; my expen- sive celluloid soap box and the carved and enamelled comb and brush with which I had so many centuries ago arranged my seven re- maining hairs. By my side would be my faith- ful emerald-studded typewriter, my ruby-crus- ted fountain pen and my sapphire-knobbed blue pencil. On a rack at my feet would be placed my embossed storm rubbers and my embroidered Regal shoes, and as a weight upon my linen-swathed chest would rest Billy's Album open at page 976 of the Blonde Section.

King Tut-Ankh-Amen had trays of food placed in his tomb to last him on his journey through the Paths of the Dead. I would thus have a dozen Northern Spy apples, six square feet of soft gingerbread, some corn muffins, a five gallon jug of buttermilk, and a juicy Camenbert cheese.

On one side of the tomb would be a solid wall of letters, twelve feet high and three feet thick. The letters of the Red-haired Division would be arranged above to give the effect of a colored fresco border, and a tiny mummied mule would be on guard over the tiers of Mis- souri missives.

By the time my tomb would be opened, Rubye, our League would have grown, of course, to several millions of Cousins and there would have been several dynasties of Uncles reaching down from the dim days of Uncle Lisha the First. How the committee of exca- vating cousins would crowd about to see the relics of my reign! How the graphics and movies of that time would feature the splen- dors of my resting place and the beauty of my high-nosed peaceful self—an Uncle unwithered by the touch of Time! It is all delightful to think about, Rubye, but there is one adaman- tine obstacle that must leave it all but a dream: Billy, of course, would have to be entombed with me, and no power of man could convert Bill into a Mummy Goat. And then think of me locked up with him in a tomb for three thousand years. O Rubye, Rubye!

HEGINS, PENN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hello, everybody! Look who's here—Cousin "Billy"! Oh, I know it's nothing to make a fuss about, but I simply can't help it. When Billy saw my name he became tickled all over, and—well, here I am to relieve the monotony. Ta! Ta! Billy, you be-whiskered rascal, au revoir! Cheek? Well, perhaps.

My description? Well, an artist's description will be inadvisable since many of the fair Cousins would most assuredly be injured in the rush—I am so handsome and magnetic—maybe! How- ever, a brief outline may prove interesting. My age is just over the 'teens, height sixty-eight in- ches, features clean-cut, complexion light, and hair very dark. Now what have we—a paragon? Hardly. Why an ordinary fellow of course. I'll tell you a secret; but don't dare to breathe a word. According to repute I'm not the least bashful or shy—when no girls are near! Sh! not a peep! But on the contrary, I really love to associate with girls who are vivacious, but retain the sense of propriety—like Cousin Ruth for instance. Ha! Ha!

Hegins is a town of approximately 800 popula- tion situated in a beautiful valley in western Schuyl- kill county. It is about twenty miles east of the Susquehanna river, and the scenery is said to be as beautiful as any in the state. The numerous towns and villages scattered throughout the valley are attractive; the people active and prosperous; and there are ample means of recreation. The girls naturally cater to such styles and fads as bobbed hair, dresses that display their shapely er, ah—limbs, too much make-up, etc. Yes, Lykens val- ley is a great place in which to live.

Now for a few words with a disturber of the masculine peace of mind. Ruth, you certainly are breezy—is it due to your exalted position? I presume so. I'll admit your defense of the use of cosmetics was worthy of credit—but wasn't the argument presented by Gus rather sweeping? I think it was. One cannot condemn a cosmetic sim- ply because a *few* girls use it so as to make them- selves look like fools—those using it to advantage must also be considered. So you're all set for an argument on abbreviated hair? Good! I've a paragraph on that subject, and I don't expect to recant either. Goodness! Ruth. Your passes at Jack convince us that Cleopatra must have seemed like a spurious cent in comparison. You must be *some* girl, I'll say. But why not vamp Gus when he calls on you during his wanderings? Eh—what? Jack is absolutely hopeless—he likes you—*not!* How provoking. Ruth, ma cherie, you may be a terrible flirt—but we like you just the same—don't we fellows?

Bobbed hair—how stylish, how beautiful, "and oh! the blessed freedom of it"—no combing, no fussing required. It sounds fine, doesn't it? Won- derful! Ah, but consider the other side of the ques- tion. After the war, parents dropped all restraint, and the flapper needed something unusual to cele- brate the new freedom—consequently bobbed hair, etc. Now it's become a mania. Style? Doubtful! When several millions of our leading club women, and millions of other oppose the new fad, we may consider it a doubtful style—temporary at its best. Oh, I know there are many who favor bobbed hair, but they form only a very small minority. Beautiful? In some cases—yes; but as a general rule—*no!* One girl has hair sleek as that of a diver; another fluffy or tousled like a ball of down which it resembles not a little. Beautiful—indeed! It's too bad many girls have spoiled one of their finest charms. Bobbed hair *may* be all right for the girl athlete, or for thin scraggly hair when *there* is nothing else to do with it; but it is wrong most of the time. And as to *freedom*, why not clip the pretty locks; or better still shave them off? I am positive this would result in ab- solute freedom. It would not even be necessary to run one's fingers through it. I realize that long hair requires considerable attention and work, but results more than recompense the time and *energy* expended. Finally, bobbed hair seems to be the flappers' chief means of advertising that they are flappers with knee-length dresses, and a loudly proclaimed ambition to lead their own *lives*. How foolish!

Now Cousins—although I should like to write a great deal more—I must close and leave you to your varied emotions.

It is quite likely that some of you may wish to express your thoughts. Go to it! You cannot make *me* angry.

My best regards to all the cousins, Uncle Lisha, and Billy.

COUSIN "BILLY"
(WILLIAM MAYER)

Well, Billy of Hegins, Pa., you seem to be a cheerful person—much more full of cheer than your Brooklyn namesake who, I assure you, was not at all "tickled" by your letter. It was like your optimistic disposition to feel this way about it, but if letters could tickle Billy he would dwell in a state of perpetual ticklement. I need hardly state that this is far from being his condition of disposition. "Picklement" would more aptly describe it. Bill's "sweet- ness and light" are more often eatness and blight! And your letter tried to tickle him in the latest part of the late Spring. That it survived at all was due to the blackness of your typewriter ribbon, I imagine. And speak- ing of this, if you are not the paragon you modestly deny being, Bill, your letter was surely a paragon of correct typing. If I could tease a typewriter like that, I'd be a Happier Uncle than I am—and I keep fairly cheerful around the edges as it is! Your sentences, Cousin Namesake, were as neatly made as your clean-cut and described features!

It's too bad, Billy, that when Lykens valley is so nice, all the girls seem to be just as un- nice as in less lovely living places. I certainly never thought so many critics of young femi- ninity existed! Yet I have a shrewd notion this criticism is always delivered at long range. Just try telling some Lykens valley girl her hair is tousled, thin and scraggly. Bill! Be- lieve me, Old Namesake, your own head-cover- ing is likely to be much thinner and more scrag- gled a few minutes after. It is just as well, perhaps, that Pennsylvania and Minne- sota are separated by many miles and post offices.

DE QUEEN, R. 3. ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Will you let an Arkansawyer join your happy band? Please, Uncle, I hope you'll print this, as I want to fool my other uncle with whom I live. He thinks I can't spell well enough to write to the League of Cousins. He says he used to take COM- FORT when Uncle Charlie was head of the League, back in the early nineties and before I was born.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to use Stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them!

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 33 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 50c and $1 sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package. Write for free booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets." The Stillman Company, 59 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"
and free perfume offer



Free Trial

Forget Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair stringy or streaky, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Faded hair or hair discolored by unsatisfactory dyes restored just as safely and surely as naturally gray hair.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which I perfected many years ago to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray haired to prove its worth by sending for my special patented Free Trial package.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, inclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman,
28F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Street..... City.....

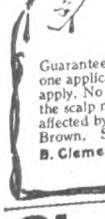
FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



GRAY HAIR BANISHED

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade, Jet Black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2 postpaid.

B. Clement, 67 West 49th Street, New York, N.Y
Consultation and booklet free

Clear Your Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **FREE** Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years.

$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.
E. S. GIVENS, 306 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 116-A, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FRECKLES fade and disappear when you use "MURILLO" SUPREME FRECKLE CREAM a sure remedy. Let us prove it. Send 10ct for trial package and three other beauty preparations.
MURILLO CHEM. CO., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Simple Hair Dressing

THE question of what to do with our hair is always an important one, as we have all discovered. Beautiful hair or abundant hair may be dressed in such an unbecoming way as to lose all its value as a beauty asset. And scanty locks, on the other hand, may be so cleverly disposed as to give the impression of beautiful hair.

Elaborate coiffures, stiff marcelles, and all other forms of hairdressing which look as if one had spent a great amount of time in bedecking one's self, are never attractive. A marcelle



FIRST STEP! LEFT HALF WITH ENDS TUCKED UNDER.

rarely looks its best when first put in. The hair is most attractive and most natural after the third day, for then it begins to take on some of the personality of the wearer. Huge bunches of hair over the ears are unbeautiful because unnatural, if for no other reason. The woman whose hair is well-dressed is she who sees that it is immaculately shampooed, carefully brushed, simply put up, but great attention paid to becoming lines.

Most women look best with a slight wave in the hair, though there are exceptions. Study your own face and head, and find out if smooth hair, burnished by much brushing, and disposed with a wavy line on the forehead is more becoming to you than waved hair. If the waved hair is most attractive, then plan to have it waved about once in two weeks. Enough of the wave stays in to be effective.

A simple and becoming way to do the hair is accomplished by parting the hair a little to the left of the middle of the forehead. The hair should first be waved, or should have a slight wave left in it from previous wavings.

While the forehead part leaves most of the hair on the right side, the back hair should be separated in two sections by parting it at about the middle of the back. The left section of the hair should then be gathered loosely down over the tip of the ear and back in a curve to the back of the head, where the ends should be tucked under in a mass extending from the crown of the head to the neck. Do not draw the hair tight, yet pin the back hair securely.

The next step is equally simple. Gather the right section of the hair and draw it back, not down, holding it loosely enough so that it will still cover the tip of the right ear. Grasping the hair at the nape of the neck in such a way as to fluff the hair out loosely from the head, twist the ends firmly and turn them under just at the nape of the neck, fastening the hair securely.

As the left section of the hair has formed a pad down the middle of the back of the head, the right section comes back over this pad and covers it, and there is no part visible anywhere except a very short one at the forehead line and running back a few inches.

This sounds more complicated than it is. The hair can really be put up with about seven motions; exclusive of putting in the hairpins, first, the part, then the separating of the back hair, the drawing down and back of the left section, the tucking under of the ends, the drawing back of the right section, the twisting of the ends, the tucking under.

This is a most attractive way of dressing the hair, but depends for its success upon the hair being frequently shampooed, and wavy, so that it will be fluffy and never oily. In fact, hair is never attractive if it is not carefully shampooed at regular intervals, for it begins to "slink," to look oily, to refuse to obey the coaxing of our fingers as we try to fluff it out at the sides of the head or where it touches the forehead line. So, Pretty Girls, pin your faith to the shampoo once in two weeks—three if the hair is inclined to be dry, not oily—and the first essential of attractive hairdressing will be yours.

Questions and Answers

SOUTH CAROLINA.—My dear, at your age, you should not use "so much powder" and rouge. No wonder your skin looks "yellow and funny" when you go without it. What you are doing is to give no real attention to your skin but to cover it up. The result will be that before you are twenty you will look like an old hag. Now, let's stop this unwise treatment of what would otherwise be, no doubt, a perfectly good skin. It is now clogged with impurities, and prevented from clearing itself through its pores, as it should. Will you take my advice for a month, as one who knows something about what makes a pretty face, and who wants you to look pretty just as much as you can want it yourself. Believe me, you are going the wrong way about it and will be sorry for it in the future, when it is too late to repair your mistake. First, take a good body bath each day, even if it can only consist of rubbing off the body vigorously with a wet towel. Friction the skin gently as you do this to stimulate it to act. Every night before going to bed, wash the face thoroughly in warm soapy water. You can buy a camel's-hair complexion brush at your druggist, for about 25 cents—don't take anything but camel's hair, as stiffer brushes injure the skin. With this scrub the face gently with plenty of the warm soapy water. Do not rub soap on the face but dissolve it in the water. Scrub behind the ears, in the folds of the neck, everywhere, until you are spotlessly clean. Then rinse the face with the brush and warm clear water, then with cool water, and finally dash cold water on the skin to bring the blood to the surface and stimulate the pores to action. In the morning, bathe the face in tepid water, which as you know is water which is just a little warmer than cool. If you use any powder at all, and I wish you would not, rub a little cold cream all over the face before applying. Wipe off the cold cream thoroughly with a bit of cotton or a soft cloth, then dust on just the tiniest bit of powder, smoothing it with a puff of cotton or a soft cloth. Do not use any rouge. You don't want to be unfashionable do you, but more like the girls of the big and wealthy families who live in the large cities? They are not allowed to use rouge or cosmetics until they are old enough to "come out", and even then very sparingly. Cosmetics of this kind are reserved for the older woman who may reasonably be supposed to need some additions to her complexion. The secret of a good complexion is keeping the skin of the face, and the body as well, scrupulously clean. Do not eat between meals, eat sparingly of sweets, as too many sweets would tend to make your complexion yellow. Drink plenty of water, and you know that means at least eight glasses a day. Eat fruits. Keep the bowels regular and open, by exercise, proper food, plenty of fruit, but not by cathartics. Don't forget that exercise is essential to bodily beauty as well as bodily health. You need exercise. You might increase your height by constant daily exercises, persisted in and practiced vigorously. Do all the outdoor things you can, as well.

M. K.—At your age it is unlikely that you can increase your height, but by choosing long lines in your clothes, instead of well-marked waistlines, you will make yourself look taller. You do not tell me height or weight or anything about yourself except the color of your hair, so I am somewhat at sea as to how to advise you. To gain in weight, however, you must eat the fat-building foods, which are potatoes, rice, cream, milk, butter, white bread, macaroni, fat meats, etc. But to get fat-building materials out of your food, you must chew your food thoroughly and digest it. Hot breads, griddle cakes, etc., pork, veal, are difficult of digestion. It is better to eat foods that do not require so much of our stomachs. We get more nourishment out of them. So if you will eat fruit, first, for breakfast—an orange, grapefruit, apple baked or raw, stewed prunes soaked over night and stewed gently for an hour or more, etc.; next, a big bowl of cereal with cream, and some thin, hot buttered toast, then one or two soft-boiled eggs, you will not only have plenty of nourishment but you will have fat-building as well as strength-building elements given to the body. For dinner eat baked potatoes, rather than boiled. Fried potatoes are hard to digest, and do not give you the same nourishment, and we must think of that if we are trying to gain in weight or health Eat any kind of fish, fowl, rare roasted, broiled beef, mutton and lamb. Round steak put through the grinder, made into balls and broiled, is good food for you, though not fattening. Your potato, white bread and butter, adds the fattening element. For desserts, custards, ice-cream, blanc mange, boiled rice with sugar and cream, berries with cream and sugar, rice pudding, cornmeal pudding, with cream or milk, tapioca pudding, are all good. Pies are not good for you, and cake should be eaten in moderation, and only at meals. Before going to bed, if you do not retire for two or more hours after supper, eat a dish of rice, sugar and cream. Of course the milk diet is a very desirable way of gaining weight. One must for the first week, cut out all solid food except a six o'clock supper of simple foods, and drink a glass of milk every hour from about seven-thirty until three-thirty. This is assuming that you rise at seven, drink two glasses of hot water on rising, and that you do not swallow your milk rapidly but sip it. For the following weeks, all solid food must be given up, and a glass and a half of milk taken every hour from seven-thirty until six-thirty. Weigh on the afternoon of each week, of course weighing on the morning of the day you begin your milk diet. The bowels should be perfectly free, and if you will put to soak half-a-dozen prunes at night in a tumbler of warm water, and eat them in the morning, chewing them until liquid and drinking the water as well, this will help. But before starting on the treatment, you should live for one day on fruit and water, to give the bowels a chance to clear themselves. The "small lumps" you speak of are caused, I judge, by imperfect action of the pores, showing that you need daily exercises night and morning, or by foods that do not agree with you. In either case, you should at once start simple exercises daily, night and morining,



SECOND STEP! TWISTING THE ENDS OF RIGHT HALF.

while in your nightclothes, with fresh air in the room, practicing them for ten or fifteen minutes, changing from one kind of exercise to another before it tires you; and you should use the wisest judgment about your diet. As I said earlier in this answer to your questions, dresses of long lines are most suitable to your figure. For colors, with medium brown hair, assuming that your eyes are brown or hazel, good colors are olive green, mahogany, wine color, seal brown, with touches of yellow or turquoise blue with the green, of dark moss green with the wine color, or old rose or sage green with the mahogany, and of orange with the brown. You can also wear a dark pinkish tan, mousegray, dark bronze, navy blue, black, maltese gray.

KEWPIE.—You have lots of troubles, haven't you? Well, let us see what we can do for them. Read my answer to "M. K." about increasing weight A good exercise for the flat chest and prominent collar bone is as follows:

To Develop a Flat Chest

Stand with heels together, toes slightly pointed out, drop the shoulders and elevate the chest as much as possible, letting the arms hang loosely at the sides. Now stretch them out on a level with the shoulders, at each side. Tense the body, and force the hands toward each other as if something were holding back the arms from doing this. Keep the arms always on the shoulder level and the elbows rigid. Bring the hands together in this manner in front of the body. Now throw the arms back forcibly as far as possible, still on shoulder level. Inhale as you do this, and as you force the hands together in front exhale. You can develop your chest the best by breathing, so all exercises must be accompanied by inhaling and exhaling.

For a breathing exercise, stand erect, as before, shoulders dropped and chest up and breathe in through the nose slowly while you mentally count six; then exhale very slowly counting six. When you can, increase the count to seven, then to eight, then to ten, but it will no doubt take you some time to do this if your chest is inactive. If you will practice breathing exercises ten minutes at a time,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Any Woman May Now Be Beautiful

By Madame Maree



The slow tedious methods now commonly employed in trying to acquire beauty should be forgotten and in their place these few formulas should be used faithfully for results which you have so long sought.

For Promoting Hair Growth

The open secret of really forcing hair to grow is the proper stimulation, not merely of the scalp, but of the hair roots. This is done scientifically, and in a really wonderful way too, by a mixture which you can easily make up yourself at home, consisting of one ounce of beta-quinol, one ounce of glycerine and one pint of water. This makes up a full pint of the best hair-grower I have ever known. The hair should be washed at least every week or ten. The very best shampoo one can get is to dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in a cup of hot water.

To Have a Spotless Complexion

You will find that the sallowness, red spots, freckles and other blemishes of the face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders will promptly disappear, and in their place you may have as exquisite a complexion as you could ever hope for, by simply mixing together one ounce of purpurin obtainable at any drug store, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and half pint of water. Apply frequently and liberally as a cream.

You May Look Years Younger

Remarkable success has been obtained in removing crows' feet, deep and shallow wrinkles, lines of age and sagging cheeks by the use of my following formula. It makes the skin more vigorous and plump and the change to youthfulness is striking. Simply mix two ounces of spirit, which you can get at your druggists, with half pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerin. Use this every day.

Removes Muddiness in Few Minutes

It sounds very remarkable to say that one may get rid of blackheads, big ones and little ones, in only a few minutes, but such is the case if the following method is used. Sprinkle some peroxin powder on a sponge made wet with hot water and rub this on the blackheads. The result is surprising, every blackhead and skin pore impurity is dissolved away instantly.

Best Way to Treat Superfluous Hair

Superfluous hair should be dissolved away, instead of burned off, as is now so commonly done. The only thing I have ever known that would "dissolve" superfluous hair is simple sulfo ess tion. By applying this, even the stiffest hairs on very tender portions of the body are removed without leaving the slighest mark, red spots or irritation. It is ideal.

If your druggist should be out of any of these famous beautifiers you can get them by writing to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 650 Thompson Bldg. Chicago, Ill. Select the beautifier you feel the most need of, enclose $1.00 and they will send include a regular 50 cent box of their wonderful face powder. But try the druggist first.

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hen No Meant Yes

by John R. Robertson



ight, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

ATHER would never forgive me should I disobey him," protested Stella Cassidy, suspended between the wild desire to break loose from the rigid paternal shackles and the fear of consequences that w would follow such a rash act. "I'm As much as I would like to stay on dance I feel it is my duty to go home noon as I promised."

s about an hour before sundown on day of Melcena Bradshaw's house Everything was in readiness for the all which was to terminate the week y-making at the Bradshaw country

my sake," pleaded Billy Woodward, s in love with Stella, "please stay! nit your father is away from home, ll never know——"

I'm afraid——"

ell you what—I'll take you home in after the dance, and we'll get there night," suggested Billy eagerly. The t he would have to motor over thirty unknown road did not daunt him. er isn't home, it's true," mused Stella; rhaps we could——"

s face brightened, hopefully. "Then ou stay—for my sake?" he implored. your sake!" sighed Stella with a sadok of adolescent mooniness.

nusic of a waltz was sounding rhythwhen Stella Cassidy and Billy Woodrolled into the garden that evening. andered around the graveled paths rows of flowers and shrubbery, presentg down on a small, rustic bench whose re obscured by dense banks of roses. vens were lit with myriads of stars. off in the southwest were continual f lightning.

, dear," said Stella tenderly, after a 'you've given me such a wonderful s week—the happiest week I've ever nd I'm so glad it fell your lot to be f companion to me. Perhaps that is f me, and no doubt you have had a e, but I never could have stood some 'flappers' with all their silly flirting e-making. I don't se how any girl hat stuff. You and I have been jolly ven't we, and had so much more fun g, playing tennis, and all those things, would have, had we sat around and ' all the time?"

bet, we have had the best sort of greed Billy, not so sure now that he ave the courage to tell her what he olved to, earlier in the evening.

you have been so—so wonderful—ow I've never been allowed friendships ung men; and Father would have a e knew about you. He has always unreasonably strict—especially since died. You know most of the older s are strict with their children's morals, her is certainly a preacher of the 'old "

you're getting old enough—Maybe change his mind," said Billy.

never! I doubt if he will ever let me *here* after this!" There was a touch ing in her soft voice as she continued: isobeyed him by staying tonight, and is out, he will never forgive me. When d to let me visit Melcena I had to tell I told him that there would be no men arty. Also I had to promise faithfully ome on the seven o'clock train this . So it looks as if I were doomed—e had *one* happy week in spite of everyand I owe it to you, Billy. You've —so good!"

spoke in a soft, pensive tone, that traight to Billy's heart. With his habit of accurate observation, he had d during the week that his charming ion was just awakening to all the s and joys of youth, from which her had always tried to suppress her. Now at listening to her speech—half-musing lt a sort of longing, a need, such as he t even thought of before.

sorry about your father," he said to oughtfully. "He just doesn't under-Do you suppose he would allow me on you at your home?"

no! Never!" she exclaimed, as though he suggestion frightened her.

how I'm to take you home tonight——"

—yes!" Her voice sounded more cheerTonight. Our last night together. t Father isn't home tonight—he is at yville, where he preaches tomorrow—'re safe this one time."

a long moment the girl sat silent, as thing were weighing on her mind. Billy se by her side, thinking a great deal

"You know," she said presently, "I'll never be contented again to be shut in at home, and deprived of all the pleasures other girls my age have. Why can't I dance, and have parties, and have young men call on me, like other girls? Oh, I get so blue at times that I begin to think that *nobody* loves me——"

Her eyes suddenly drooped with tears, the discovery of which affected Billy deeply. He leaned close to her.

"Stella, *I* love you!" he whispered.

"Why, no! Of course not! You haven't known me long enough——"

"I've known you a thousand years!" he declared boldly.

This brought a sigh to her lips, so irresistible that Billy caught her in his arms and, before she could have realized what was happening, kissed her.

"How dare you!" she cried indignantly. Her lips began to tremble, and tears flowed freely from her eyes. "I thought you were a friend."

This brought compunction to Billy; he drew away guiltily, and tried to apologize.

"I—I'm sorry," he murmured; "I couldn't help it. I am sincere when I say I love you. I have wanted to tell you all the week, but you wouldn't let me. And when a fellow loves a girl he can't help wanting to kiss her—especially when she is as sweet and pretty as you are."

Her indignation melted away at this, and with a winsome little laugh she leaned shyly to him. "I'm not angry, Billy," she confessed; "but you frightened me. It is the very first time in all my life I've ever been kissed——"

"Then, dear, won't you tell me you love me?"

"I don't know," she faltered, "I've never had a lover."

"But you have one now! *Won't you* say——"

She snuggled her red head against Billy's shoulder and murmured: "Kiss me again!"

It was a quarter past eleven when Billy and Stella started on their thirty-mile journey to Stella's home. Billy was blissfully unaware of what lay ahead of him. A little spin of thirty miles was not unusual, even at 11:15 P. M. The unusual part of it all was the girl at his side. He was wrapped in ecstatic thought about her; and the night air, or something, had produced quietness in her. They were several miles out of town before either spoke.

"Oh, was that lightning?" Stella gave a little cry at sight of a flash in the far distance.

"It's just heat-lightning," explained Billy.

Before they had gone much farther, however, the lightning became more distinct; a heavy thunder cloud came rolling out of the southwest with a fury and a suddenness more suggestive of a cyclone than of a summer rain. The girl was plainly frightened. Billy's little car had no top, or protection, and he began to speed up in an effort to reach shelter before the storm began. They had not gotten far when the good road came abruptly to an end. The car plunged into a stretch of impassable mud and the engine went dead.

"We're stuck," announced Billy with a groan, stepping out into the deep slush.

"Oh, surely not!" Stella exclaimed disconcertedly.

And then the heavens opened and the rain descended. Lightning wrought havoc without warning. The thunder boomed overhead with a tremendous roar, trees snapped and fell with a crash, and the two young people huddled together, driven into distraction with fright, and drenched. The rain continued to come down in torrents for what seemed to be an eternity. When finally it ceased the couple was almost insensible with cold and fear.

"It's over," Billy managed to murmur between clattering teeth; "but we'll never get away from here."

And Stella regained sensibility sufficient to cry.

By and by Billy heard a low, rumbling sound and he perked up his ears. It was a wagon approaching.

"Hey there!" called Billy as loudly as he could to the traveler.

"Whoa!" he heard a voice. "Halloa! Wall, I'll be—What in thunderation's this!"

"We're stuck in the mud, and most drowned," explained Billy through the darkness. "Can you give us a lift?"

"Ho, ho, ho-ho;" came a harsh, vulgar laugh that made the young man want to wring the owner's neck. "Yer some of them autymobilists, I take it," jeered the voice.

"Can you help us?" persisted Billy.

"Autymobilists,—wall, I reckon not! Giddap!"

"Wait, wait!" cried Billy. "There's a lady——"

"Whoa! A lady, eh? Wall, if it's help fer yer autymobile, I can't see ye, sonny; but the lady—I reckon I c'n take her on to Crumleyville. That's fer as I go."

"Both of us?" implored Billy.

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the countryman. Come on an' crawl in behind."

Billy and Stella groped their way through the mud to the one-horse wagon and managed to find room in the back.

Soaked, cold, numb, and terrified, they rambled on through the pit-black night to the country village.

Presently they heard their benefactor say, "Whoa!" and they saw that he was stopping in front of a house.

"I reckon ye'd better put up here fer the rest of the night," he said. "This is 'bout as fer as I go."

"Yes, yes," assented Billy.

"H'lo!" called the man in a stentorian voice, and they saw a door open and a lantern appear.

"Seth Howton, I got some custom fer ye," explained the man. "A couple e-lopers, I take it, who got stuck with their autymobile. I reckon they'll be wantin' ye to hunt up the parson in th' mornin' maybe."

"I'll take care of 'em," said the innkeeper.

They followed him into the crude country inn. He turned to Billy and said, winking one eye: "E-lopers, eh?"

Billy was too weary to resent insults or make explanations, so he merely muttered, "Show us our rooms."

The night of horror finally passed on into a beautiful Sabbath morning. The couple that met in the upstairs corridor that morning presented a ludicrous contrast to the summer glory outside. That their clothes had been dried during the night was their only solace. Disheveled, disheartened, despaired, they marched down the stairs, facing frantically the coming catastrophe.

"Wall, here's the e-lopers!" greeted the innkeeper. "An' I've got a parson on hand—he spent the night here——"

As their eyes followed his indication they saw a tall, lanky, old gentleman standing in the doorway, his eyes sternly fixed on the girl.

"It's Father!" she whispered, taking a reluctant step toward him.

The clergyman approached his unlucky daughter, his face fixed, his eyes fiery.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"They want to git married," chirped in the innkeeper.

"No, no," faltered Stella.

"Who is this man?" her father asked, nodding his head toward Billy.

"This—this is Billy—Mr. Woodward—a friend of Melcena's," stammered Stella, pink and trembling.

Billy met the minister, offering him his hand, and trying to appear calm. The old man ignored his approach, however, "Are you really attempting to marry this man?" he snapped at his daughter. "But surely there can be no other reason——"

"Father, let me explain——"

"No use to try to explain. You—my daughter—broke her promise. My own daughter! A disgrace! What can I do? What *have* I done? My own daughter here, spending the night in a public inn—with a strange man! O Lord!" he cried, lifting his eyes, "why hast Thou forsaken me!" He stopped suddenly, lowered his voice and said, "I know! I must save my own child! 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!'"

"Father, please!" supplicated Stella. "Don't take on like that! I don't understand you. Everything is all right. Let me explain!"

The old man turned his eyes, half-closed, to Billy. "Young man," he said slowly; "do you wish to marry my daughter?"

"No sir."

"I thought not! Well, you *will!* This day—understand?"

"Yes sir."

"But Father!" protested Stella, highly excited.

"Be calm, daughter! It is the only way to save the honor of the family."

And Stella was calm.

The minister went out in search of the proper official to issue a marriage license, leaving the astounded couple under the guardianship of the innkeeper.

They mechanically drew together at the window.

"Stella," said Billy softly, "Last night you told me you loved me—and I kissed you. We can escape while he is gone—or, do you love me enough to marry me like this?"

"Oh, Billy!" she whispered, her eyes beaming. "Don't you dare interfere! This is the happiest moment of my life."

The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

three times a day, and will remember to keep the shoulders drooped and to consciously throw out the chest without forcing the shoulders back, you will soon notice an improvement not only in your chest measurement but in your health and your appearance. Take a tapemeasure and measure your chest carefully, then at the end of a month of persistent breathing exercises and arm exercises, measure it again. Another arm exercise is as follows:

Another Exercise

Standing in correct position, outstretch the arms with the fingers just slightly curved so they will not be tense. Now raise the arms above the head, palms forward, muscles rigid, inhaling as you do so. Lower the arms slowly to the sides, exhaling. Repeat many times.

I couldn't tell you whether a crooked nose could be straightened by a nose brace. I should rather doubt it. As to the yellow teeth, try rubbing them with a bit of cotton dipped in peroxide and fastened to an orange-wood stick. Bowlegs at sixteen are probably pretty "set in their ways". Your friend might try practicing for ten minutes night and morning the following exercise.

With legs about ten inches apart, bend them inward until the foot is resting on its inner side. Then back to normal, then in, back, in, back. The body should be held erect, shoulders dropped, chest up.

As to your hair, if you want to wear it hanging, the only way to dress it is to part it on the side, gather a portion of the hair back from the face just above ear and fasten with a barette. The only object of this is to keep the loose hair from falling on the face. If you wanted to wear it in some other fashion, I should think you might comb the hair until it was just about midway of the back of the head, tie, then pin your curls in a simple loosened mass at that point. Not in a knot, you understand, but just as loose curls held in position here and there with pins. At your age you do not need to bleach the face except through bathing and food. If your face needs bleaching, begin to eat fruit in quantities, take a daily body bath, and drink lots of water. This will clear the skin, besides making it more beautiful. Tell your friend with the yellow teeth to brush them five times a day, on rising, with a good toothpaste, after breakfast, after lunch, after supper, and before going to bed. A good exercise for the thighs is as follows:

To Develop the Thighs

Standing erect, chest out, head up, back straight, knees rigid, throw the arms above the head, palms out, elbows stiff. Now throw them out and down, trying to touch the floor with the tips of the fingers. You may not be able to do this to begin with, but make the effort. Practice every day, night and morning, and in time you will be able to touch the floor. Remember the knees must be kept stiff. Another exercise is to place the left foot about eighteen inches ahead of the right foot, throw the arms above the head, then down and attempt to touch the floor just in front of the right toe. The right knee should be stiff, but the left one may be slightly bent. Now for your last question. Here is a good recipe for a hand-whitening lotion:

To Whiten the Hands

Orange-flower water two ounces; Rosewater two ounces; borax one-quarter of a dram; spirits of benzoin one-half dram; bruised almonds one-half ounce. Add the almonds to the orange-flower water and the rosewater, let stand for twenty-four hours, add the borax, shake until dissolved, then drop by drop add the benzoin, while constantly stirring or shaking. Before using this, wash the hands thoroughly, then apply the lotion and a tiny bit of strained honey, massaging the mixture into the skin. Do this several times in one evening, then coat the hands with lanolin, draw on a pair of very loose cotton gloves and go to bed with the assurance that your hands will be much improved before morning.

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Feeding Baby

FOR this month's talk we hope to be able to offer some helpful suggestions in regard to feeding baby. We shall not try to tell you about the calorics, or heat units in the different foods, or use any scientific terms, but use terms that can be understood by everyone. In the first place every healthy mother should nurse her baby, as there is something in the mother's milk that no chemist has been able to imitate.

Mother's milk first and always is the proper food for a baby, and the cemeteries and the statistics with the high death rate of young babies bear witness to the truth of this statement.

There is no doubt that infants nursed at the breast have a lower deathrate, and resist sickness better than bottle fed babies.

One can hardly believe that a mother who is healthy and able to nurse her offspring would refuse to do so, yet it is true now and has been for centuries.

Cæsar reproached the Roman women for not nursing their babies and moralists of all epochs have taken the same stand.

Unfortunately many women can not nurse their babies on account of undeveloped breasts, or a gland that does not secrete anything, or nipples that a baby cannot grasp, or the condition of the mother's health,—tuberculosis for example. These things, of course, make nursing impossible, and in these cases artificial feeding must be substituted.

The contraindications to a mother's nursing baby are, general poor health from tuberculosis, severe anæmia, advanced Bright's disease, diabetes, diseases of breast, as an abscess or severe inflammation, absence of nipples, inverted nipples, and when you are positive that the mother's milk does not agree with baby.

We say when you are *positive* that the mother's milk does not agree with baby, and we mean by this when the nursing mother uses good judgment about her own diet and keeps her own bowels and digestion in a normal condition, and yet her milk does not agree with her baby.

If the mother eats anything and everything at all times, has gas and indigestion, of course her milk will not agree with baby.

A mistake has been made in a great many cases of giving up nursing baby, thinking the milk did not agree with baby, when the milk or baby were not at fault at all, but the mother's poor judgment about her own digestion.

The newborn baby should be put to the breast as soon as the mother is rested, in ordinary cases in about eight hours, then every four hours until the milk comes, then every two hours during the day and every four hours during the night.

Once a day baby's mouth should be washed out with boracic acid solution or Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, also the nipples should be washed.

At first you may have to give baby a little warm water, but do not give over six ounces in a day in a bottle with nipple. Do not allow baby to lie all night with the nipple in its mouth or you will have started a bad habit, and with babies it is far easier to start a bad habit than it is to stop the same.

You may have trouble at first getting baby to nurse, and if you do, put some hot wet compresses on the breasts, which brings the milk to the surface, then squeeze a little of the milk into its mouth. The first few days the baby does not get anything but colostrum, which acts as a laxative on the bowels.

You can give baby a tablespoonful of warm water, and if this does not seem to satisfy and baby acts hungry, put a teaspoonful of cream in an ounce of water, or an ounce of cow's milk diluted one half with warm water.

If the mother does not seem to have milk enough she should drink lots of liquids, milk, cocoa, broths, gruels, and oyster stews.

Cow's milk is the next best food if mother can not nurse baby, but it has to be modified a little to make it more like mother's milk.

To do this you must dilute it, as the curd of cow's milk can not be digested by baby, also add a little sugar to milk as mother's milk contains more sugar than cow's milk.

Of course, when you dilute the cow's milk you lessen the amount of fat and must add cream to bring this up to the proper percentage.

This is called modifying milk, which is simply diluting cow's milk and adding the things needed to make it as near mother's milk as possible.

Would suggest the following to feed baby during the first two weeks, cream 2½ ounces, water 17 ounces, lime water one ounce, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, this gives ten feedings of two ounces at a feeding. For 3rd and 4th weeks cream 5 ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, lime water two ounces, water 24, this gives ten feedings of three ounces at a feeding.

The daily amount of food required by a baby is as follows: 3rd to 7th day 10 ounces, 2nd to 5th week 15 to 30 ounces, 6th week to 3rd month 28 to 36 ounces, 3rd to 6th month 30 to 38 ounces, 9th to 12th month 32 to 45 ounces.

A small baby will not require as much as the above and a large baby will need more. A baby should be fed as much as it can digest properly, but the mother must use good judgment in regard to this as a baby may be crying from colic, and the mother, thinking it is hungry, gives it more food, which it takes quickly as if hungry, when as a matter of fact it has already taken too much food, and you are adding to its trouble. The mother can not depend on the baby being hungry when it cries, as there are many things besides hunger that makes baby cry.

The subject for our next month's talk will be, *Feeding Baby*, CONTINUED.

Questions and Answers

WEANING BABY.—My baby girl is two years old and I am writing to ask if I had better wean her now or wait until Fall, after green vegetable are gone? What can I give her to eat and what shall I give her for constipation?

MRS. H. M., Tawas City, Mich.

MRS. A. B., Bunney, Ark. Please read.

A.—Wean baby at once; as a rule babies should be weaned when they are eleven months. Her diet should consist of milk, one quart per day, coddled eggs, baked potato, oatmeal, cream of wheat, molasses cookies, orange juice, prune juice.

I think her diet will relieve the constipation, but if it does not, give her teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular.

WORMS OR ADENOIDS.—My three-year-old boy has enlarged tonsils and adenoids, is nervous, fretful, picks his nose, screams in his sleep, is sometimes constipated, but will feel well all day until just before supper when he will vomit, then have fever all night. Sometimes he will have cramps in his stomach. Are these conditions due to the tonsils and adenoids, or has he worms?

MRS. L. P. M., Everett, Wash.

A.—Your boy certainly has indigestion, which may be caused by errors in diet, eating too fast or too often, or eating things his stomach is not strong enough to digest. Keep his bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, given in milk, and give him simple foods like cooked cereals, coddled eggs, custards, broths and a little baked potato once a day.

Get some tablets containing one-half grain each of calomel and santonin, and give him one every three hours until bowels move freely, and examine the stools for worms.

In regard to enlarged tonsils and adenoids, they affect a child to just the extent they impose on its breathing and swallowing, and sooner or later should have them removed.

FEEDING BABY.—Tell me what to feed my eleven-months-old baby; can not get fresh milk but can get condensed milk, or malted milk. Baby is constipated.

MRS. J. M., Cheat Bridge, W. Va.

A.—The cow's milk is better, but you can use either the condensed milk or malted milk, cooked cereals, coddled eggs, baked potato, custards, molasses cookies, stale wheat bread toasted; give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often to keep bowels free.

COLD.—What can I do for my three-year-old baby who has had a cold in her chest all winter? Her hands and feet are cold most of the time.

MRS. C. I., New Leipzig, N. Dak.

A.—Build up her general health with good, nourishing food; also give her Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, keep chest protected with flannels, rubbing on a little camphorated oil. Get her out of doors all you can, well protected with clothes.

Give her three drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—What can I do for my four-months-old nursing baby, as her bowels move only every second or third day?

Her navel never healed properly, and when she cries out it bleeds. MRS. F. W., Eaton, Colo.

A.—Get your own bowels regular and your nursing baby's will be the same. Eat lots of fruit, apples, oranges, prunes, and if needed take two teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada once a day.

For the sore navel would suggest that you touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, then dusting on a little powdered sulphur.

If this does not heal it up, take your baby to a surgeon for an examination, as a bleeding navel should not be allowed to go untreated.

IRRITATING URINE.—What can I do for my four-year-old girl, as her urine has a bad odor, and she is so irritated that she can hardly stand it?

MRS. J. M., Taylorsville, Ky.

A.—I think you would find on examination that she had a highly acid urine, which causes the irritation.

Put her on a milk diet, adding tablespoonful of lime water to every four ounces.

Dissolve teaspoonful of Cream of Tarter in glass of water, and get her to take two glasses of this every day.

Have her sit in Sitz bath while urinating, you can do this by small bath tub, or large wash bowl nearly filled with warm water.

Oxide of Zinc Ointment will heal up the irritated surface, but you must remove the cause.

WORMS.—How can I find out if my six-year-old boy has worms? MRS. E. S., Bullard, Oregon.

A.—Get a tablet or powder from your druggist containing one-half grain each of Calomel and Santonin, and give him one of them every three hours, until bowels move freely, and examine stools for worms. If worms are found, repeat two or three times allowing two days between treatments.

DIET DURING PREGNANCY.—BABY'S CLOTHES.—What should I eat during pregnancy, and what clothes does a baby born in September or October need?

MRS. W. M. M., Crescent, Okla.

MRS. C. E. S., Winston-Salem, N. C.

A.—Eat anything you wish during pregnancy, keeping bowels and kidneys in normal condition.

An Autumn baby should have the following: One flannel receiving blanket; three flannel abdominal bands, 18 inches long and five inches wide, pinked not hemmed; three shirts; pinning blanket of outing flannel; three night dresses of outing flannel; three dozen diapers made out of cheesecloth or cotton diaper cloth.

A baby's wardrobe varies of course, like an adult's, depending on the amount of money one can afford to invest, but these things mentioned are the needed things.

SORE NAVEL.—My baby is three months old and the navel has not healed. Is there any danger of hemorrhage? MRS. H. E. M., Tarkio, Mo.

A.—Yes there is danger of hemorrhage, also danger of an umbilical rupture. Touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, and then dust on a little powdered sulphur, or boracic acid powder. Do this two or three times a week, or dust on powder every day, but use the Nitrate of Silver two or three times a week until it heals up.

If you are not successful in this treatment, consult a surgeon, do not wait for baby to outgrow this condition.

DECAYED TEETH.—What causes my thirteen-months-old baby girl's teeth to decay? They begin to crumble and decay as soon as they come through the gums. MRS. G. W. A., Oneonta, Ala.

MRS. M. A. J. Waltham, Maine,, MRS. G. J. S., Please read.

A.—This is caused by a hyperacidity of the secretions of the mouth.

Give baby two or three ounces of lime water a day in her milk, teaspoonful doses once a day of milk of magnesia.

Rinse out mouth with Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water.

BIRTHMARK.—My sixteen-months-old baby girl has a birthmark on her left hip, that has increased from the size of a dime to the size of a fifty cent piece; seems sore and is swollen as if it would bleed. If she is cold the spot turns purple.

MRS. C. H., McComb, Miss.

A.—While we do not believe in birthmarks, there are many marks on babies that are unexplainable, but without much doubt are caused by pressure in utero interfering with normal cell growth, and development.

If unsightly, or annoys in any way, have it removed, which is a simple operation.

Here it is, Mother
— just what Baby needs!

AT LAST, a safe and sensible nurser with a pure-gum nipple. Soft as a natural breast. A godsend to mothers and to nursing babies.



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Through a special arrangement we are able to offer to the readers of COMFORT the 10th revised and enlarged edition of... book, containing his revisions to date, and four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, all for... each. If you prefer to pay cash we will send you Dr. Holt's book for $1.25. Address Ward No. 8284.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

think of my ideal husband. All I knew was that I was hopelessly in love with him and that he reciprocated. After more than five years of married life, such happiness of which I never dreamed, we are more in love than ever, being blessed with two sweet children. So I know that love and happiness can come with someone far from your ideal. My husband is thirteen years older than I am, five feet, eight inches in height, blond hair and blue eyes and —a cigarette fiend. Claims to be a Baptist, but has been to church less than a half-a-dozen times since we were married, but really is a true gentleman, lives clean and upright morally and loves the Lord. When we were married we had less than one hundred dollars between us and the world. Have known poverty too well, but we are gradually paying for our home and it is furnished nicely. But the greatest thing in both our lives was our great love for each other, our home and our babies.

So Ruby, when Mr. Right comes along you may be sure that you will do just as I did,—love and marry without thinking of your ideal. Hence the laugh!

May you all be as happy as I am.

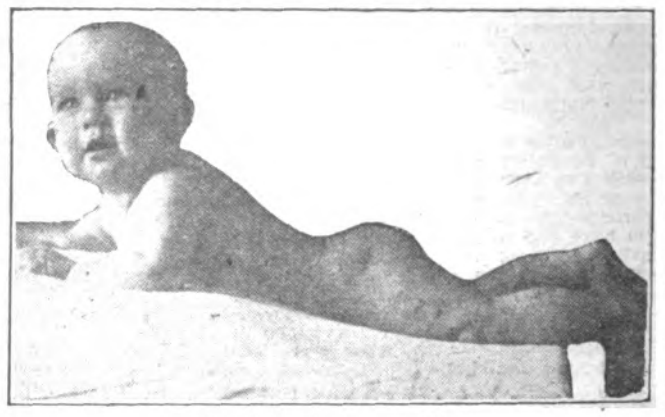
MRS. JIM.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR SISTERS AND EVERYBODY:

I will describe my ideal husband,—not the one I have but the one I would like to have. The one I have never did suit me because I never liked his disposition.

First of all, my husband should love me. Second, he should be kind to me when I am sick, willing to wait on me and give me something for a sick person to eat and never leave me alone for a whole day at a time when I am sick in bed. Third, he must be a Christian and have a clean character. He should not swear or use tobacco. Fourth, he should not mistreat me in any way, choke, kick, or hit me on the head. I should like my husband to take me out in public with him, to church and other places. He must be a home-loving man and do his part toward making the living. I believe in both sharing alike and helping one another. He should not



RICHARD NEWTON LINGER.

quarrel with me all the time. He should protect and stand by me, never siding in with his relations if they should not like or mistreat me. Love is the great essential. Oh, yes, my ideal husband should be willing to take a bath once in a while and never go to bed with dirty feet, and with his dirty shirt on.

I wonder if I will ever have an ideal husband?

MRS. IDA.

"Our Ideal Man"

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight.
Give us a man with shoes not so tight;
With toes made for pencils if one wished to write.
Give us the man with a coat that just fits
Minus fancy pinch backs and up-the-back splits,
Oh give us a man who is liberal with pelf.
Who can talk for an hour and not mention himself.
Oh, give us the man though his shirt's like a rag,
Yet does not resemble a Bolshevik flag.
Yes give us a man with a tie not so loud.
That he looks like a comic as he walks through the crowd,
Oh, give us the man who's impartial to drink,
Who don't use "hooch" whiskey to muddle his think.
Yes, give us the man with untainted breath,
Minus filthy tobacco which brings on his death,
Pray give us the man no matter what age;
Who would submit his past unashamed to the stage.
Yes give us the man who can act a *man's* part.
The man long departed with honor and heart,
Oh, where is the honor which men once did boast?
It expired with knighthood and left not its ghost.
Oh, send us a man who will women protect,
And not stare at them to find some defect,
In their dress, ways, or manners so he may jeer
The down-trodden sex with some cruel sneer.
Give us the man wherever he roams,
He can think of his mother and sisters at home.
And when he would sneer at some wayward defect
He remembers all women are sisters in sex.
Give us the man without a defect
Yet can see the mistakes of his own wayward sex;
And remedy them and there'll be fewer groans
About how women dress abroad and at home.
Yes backward turn backward O Time if you can,
Efface all these blackguards and send us—a man.

Sent by E. H. Anderson, Birchleaf, Va.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and have wished to write for some time but the article on the Ideal Husband has put that wish into action so here I am.

This is my ideal.

He must be clean and neat, not necessarily handsome. He must be free from the habits of smoking, drinking, gambling and using profane language. He must be patient and cheerful, optimistic and courteous. He must be as pure as the girl ... or whom he hopes will be his wife.

He must love his home and children best of ...

Last, but not least, he must be a consistent Christian.

DO I hear you say, "there ain't no such creature"? Come down in the southern part of Indiana to ... me and I will introduce you to a six-foot, ... headed specimen of humanity who fills every ... quirement I have set forth.

Sisters, if we, as pure women, would demand ... same moral qualities in men that they require ... the world would have cleaner homes than it ... today. We should bring up our boys to be as pure as our girls.

I am 34 years old, five feet, four inches tall ... weigh 130 pounds. Have light brown curly ... blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am the mother of six children, four boys and two girls. One little girl has gone to her home in Heaven and we are ... trying to live so as to meet her there. I have been ... twelve years to one of the best men in the world and I hope to be an ideal wife to him.

HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER.

BUCKHANNON, West Virginia.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for many, many years. It was my first visit and I came with me my little grandson, ... that his bright eyes can ... back at me from the ... Corner of COMFORT. The ... is Richard Newton Linger. The picture was taken when he was five months old.

I do so much enjoy the ... letters and receive many ... suggestions from them. It is great to read of so many ... "making good" with what ... things they have at their command. When I commenced housekeeping, almost thirty-five years ago, most of the furnishings in our little log cabin were made from boxes and I am glad that it is not altogether a lost art, for such things can be very conveniently arranged until better ones can be bought.

I am very much interested in ... children and flowers.

MRS. G. TEXAS.

HELLO FRIENDS:

I notice the editor's suggestion of a subject for February number of COMFORT. "My Ideal Husband" is a good subject and deserves careful consideration. Girls, we can't be too careful in selecting our life companion. I wish to describe my ideal husband.

He, first of all, must be a Christian, in the true sense of the word, of the same religious belief as myself. He must be a man superior to myself in some respects in order that I may look up to and honor him. A man who marries a woman inferior to himself lifts her to his level but a woman who marries beneath herself is dragged to her husband's level. He must be a man of honor, with a good character as well as a good reputation. He must be educated to value the things that are worth while in this life and the life to come. He must be a companion to me, one who will bear, suffer and enjoy with me everything that life would bring to me. He must have a congenial spirit and be near my age; opinions, tastes, habits and thoughts should be similar to my own. He should enjoy what I enjoy, dislike what I dislike, approve of what I approve of and condemn what I condemn; not for the purpose of agreeing with me but of his own free will. He must be competent to advise me. He must have so lived his life that I can have unlimited trust and faith in him. He must have kept himself free and pure, waiting for the right one. I have very little patience with the boys and girls who have no regard for the sacredness of love. My ideal husband has always known there was one and only one for him and he has been content to await her coming, without flirting with other girls. No, I'm not jealous for when one is completely there is no room for jealousy. He must be proud, grateful and content with my love for him, my voice should be his sweetest music, my smile his brightest joy. He must conduct himself well in society and be always willing to help when help is needed. I should prefer him to be a farmer. It seems to me we are more free and more likely to find internal peace in the free, pure air of the country; also that it is the natural associate of good morals. I care nothing for the ... looking for the painted, powdered, let-mother-do-the-work girl. I don't want the boy who ... the street corner all day watching such girls. He must be industrious and not use intoxicants. Last,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes glittering ith the fire that scorched her heart. The emory of each tender, lying word he had ever aid to her rose up and added fuel to that flame f eager vengeance. He had ruined Gillian's fe, he had killed all mercy and forgiveness in acky; he stood clear while they two must uffer and hide, going in terror of their lives.

"Oh, no!" said the girl who hated him, with quick clenching of her tender hands. "Oh, o, he sha'n't!"

Her lips were set as no woman's ever should e as she opened the door of her poor lodging nd stole in gently, not to waken Gillian.

Her caution was wasted. Gillian, fully ressed, pale, half-frantic, sat on the edge of heir bed.

"Come here," she whispered, and clutched t Jacky passionately. "Oh! where have you een? Why did you leave me like that? I've led a hundred deaths!" Great tears slipped own her anguished face.

"I've been——" Gillian's hand was on her ister's burning lips.

"Hush! Don't speak above your breath. Ve've been mad ever to talk aloud in this ouse. Tell me, did any one see you go out r in?"

"No one. It wouldn't matter if they did," hortly.

"Everything matters—when you're hunted!" ith a sharp catch of her breath.

"But we're not—not yet."

Gillian, her tears on her white cheeks, drew loser and began to speak so softly that Jacky ad to watch her lips not to lose the words.

"I was asleep. I woke up and listened to ee if you were sleeping in your chair and I eard talking. Hush, don't answer! It was n the next room—the man and his wife—I eard them say 'Hamilton,' and that it 'looked s if we might be the girls in the paper.'"

Jacky's hands were clasped hard on her knee. ot a sound of reproach escaped her, though it ad been Gillian's carelessness that had let lip their real name when they took their room nd might ruin them now.

"He's going to tell the ponce we're here; she lidn't want him to, but he talked her round."

"Why?" breathed Jacky, and at Gillian's nswer her face contracted.

"Because there's a reward offered for who-ver killed Marchmont!"

"We didn't do it. It can't matter to us!" Jacky said, in a queer, strangled voice.

But Gillian only shook her head hopelessly. They could not prove their innocence. Marchmont was dead, and they need not look to Lesard for comfort.

She sat on the bed watching Jacky stuff their pitifully few belongings into their bag.

She dared not rise and help her, for fear of the added stir waking the sleepers whose snores came through the thin wall of the attic room. But the same unspoken thought was in her mind that was in Jacky's; they must be far away from this by the morning.

Today was Thursday; the woman was paid in advance till the end of the week! it was they who would lose, not she, by their flitting. But Gillian would have liked to leave all her small store of money on the table in gratitude. If it had not been for his wife, the man of the house would have told the police about them by this time. But six shillings was six shillings, and she dared not spare a penny. She bowed her head on her hands and did not see that Jacky sat writing something on some paper and envelopes found among Tom Hamilton's old papers that they had not dared to leave behind, and had had no chance to destroy. She had bought two stamps on her way home, and she put them on the letters, that she thrust into her pocket.

Toward one o'clock, when there was no passing in the street except for an occasional hansom, the two stole down-stairs in their stocking-feet and plunged into the darkness to a side street. As Gillian stooped to put on her shoes, Jacky leaned against a pillar post and lifted her hand. Something fell into the box with a dull flat sound, but Gillian noticed neither that nor the covert action. Furtive, cautious, glancing from side to side like hunted things, they slipped from one shadow to the next. Skirting dark houses, slinking swiftly past each gas-lamp, Tom Hamilton's daughters went out into the nightmare streets of London. Bad father as he had been, he must have turned in his grave had he seen them now, hurrying in the friendly darkness they knew not where.

When they had put a mile of winding streets between them and the house they had left, Jacky drew Gillian aside to where some half-built houses stood a little off the street.

"Gill, where are we going?" she said. "We can't go this way. We're getting into a suburb, and suburban people notice everything."

"I don't know where it would be any better." The flat, indifferent voice told Gillian's despair.

"Wait, sit down! We must think," said Jacky. And oh, if she had known where their thinking was to lead them!

The two sank down on a pile of bricks behind a boarding, scarcely daring to whisper lest a stray policeman might come around the corner, or a night watchman flash his lantern on their weary huddled figures. If they had known it they were safer on their pile of bricks than they had been for a week, for the street was up for repairs and absolutely deserted.

It had begun to rain, though, and the chill which comes before night verges to morning pierced their thin clothing. Jacky felt Gillian shiver.

"Come," she said authoritatively, "there's only one place for us to go. It mayn't be safe to stay there, but it's all we can do tonight."

"Where? We can't try to get a lodging at this time of night. No one would take us in."

"No one will know anything about us," coolly, "except one girl, and she's a good soul. I can make her do anything. Get up, Gill; we'll catch our deaths here! And it's idiotic when I have the latch-key of my old rooms in my pocket."

"Oh, Jacky! Dare we go there? They—they may be watching it."

"I don't see how they—if you mean the police—could know anything about it," thoughtfully. "No one at Hamilton Place knew where I lived, no chance policeman would think of a girl with smooth, red hair when he saw me going out and in. I believe we were fools not to go there at once. We needn't show up in the day, and six shillings will buy us food for a fortnight, if I go out after dark, when things are cheap. Come on. There's no sense in sitting here. If we're going to figure in the police reports"—with a bitter little smile Gillian could not see—"it can't be avoided by having pneumonia."

"If they do know anything about the rooms being yours," Gillian said almost joyfully, for Jacky's mood was catching, "by this time they must be pretty sure you aren't in them."

"They can't know any such thing. Oh, I wish my legs weren't so tired!"

"You were out before. I forgot that! Where did you go?"

"I went——" she stopped, afraid to go on. The less Gillian heard of Lesard the better. "I don't know exactly where I went," she finished lamely. "I wanted air. I couldn't breathe in that dirty garret. Hurry, Gill! We're miles out in West Kinsington, and we've got to get to Bloomsbury."

Through the quiet streets, back to the deserted thoroughfares where the only passers-by were men going home to comfortable beds, or ragged human wolves who had no beds to go to, the two girls hurried in silence; hand in hand, sometimes, when the terror of the streets, that is like no other terror, came on them.

A man spoke to them, and laughed as they ran by in silence. A dreadful old woman stopped their way and whined for money—cursing them when they did not answer. Gillian, to get the sound of that hoarse voice out of her ears, flung sixpence into the dirty hand.

"She was so old, and she was a woman," she said to excuse herself. Already the horror of London she had dreaded was upon her. Would Jacky and she ever turn into things like that just for want of a helping hand, a few beggarly coins? Better to die, than live a thing to shudder at! She held Jacky's hand for courage and hurried on.

Jacky trudged in silence, absorbed in fierce exultation at what she had done without telling Gillian. Surely God would help them, and not let them pay for Lesard's sins; and yet it seemed as if even in heaven there was neither thought nor pity for Tom Hamilton's daughters.

"Jacky, aren't we nearly there?" Gillian spoke for the second time, for Jacky was dead to outside things, and her impatient voice was loud in the quiet street.

Jacky looked round her searchingly. They were crossing the foot of the street where the Red Mouse lived, and a church clock somewhere was striking four. Startled, she quickened her pace.

"No, almost two miles," she returned. "I'm afraid the daylight will catch us."

The sweet, high voices that were so much alike, were clearly audible. A man, who had stopped just around the corner of the street they were crossing to turn up his trousers clear of the London mud, stood motionless at the sound. As the light steps passed on he stood up, careless that one immaculate trousers hem had not been rolled up like the other.

For one instant he listened to the quick fall of those girlish steps, and then dropped a newly lit cigar into the gutter before he went noiselessly, delicately in their wake.

Only a girl's voice in a silent street; and girls' voices were as like as two peas often enough. He might well be mistaken, and yet he knew he was not.

With easy, noiseless strides he kept drawing nearer to his unconscious quarry ahead. He was not Canadian born for nothing, had not spent years of his youth in the wilderness without learning how to track things he meant to kill. Under a street-lamp he saw those two fleeing figures, clearly, and knew one was Gillian and the other certain to be her sister; he quickened his pace, yet not enough to come up with them. Even he could not manage two girls in the open street.

And so he dogged them to the end of their journey, till they reached the door of the shabby old house in Blake Street that was all let out in rooms, of which the only caretaker was a slipshod old woman who cared nothing how her lodgers went and came so that their rent was paid. Most of her tenants were girls, and did their own cooking on oil-stoves; often their landlady did not know if they were there or not. Whether a locked door hid an empty room was nothing to her so long as her months' money clinked in her pocket.

The unseen watcher saw Jacky Hamilton fit her long-disused latch-key into the door and push her sister in. He had run them to earth, the only witnesses of what must never be told, and he moved close to the door to make sure of the number.

He could make his secret safe now, and he paused a moment gloating over it, then stepped back into the shadow of the next house quickly.

The door had opened again.

Jacky Hamilton had come out with sixpence in her hand to buy hot potatoes from a stall at the corner of the next street. For her rooms were empty, and a note left for her by her roommate said the latter was gone to do some work in the country. And breakfast Jacky must procure.

The man let her pass him, took a quick stride, and had her in his arms with one hand heavy on her mouth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dale's Commencement Gown

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Milton Youngfoot, whom everyone was angling for, should come to her thus unsolicited.

He sat for a moment silent, sincere and earnest. Then he spoke, extending his hand: "May I, Miss Treadwell?"

The shapely hand was hers to take or disregard as she chose. He bound her by no promise, but he bound himself. It was very fair. She thrilled with his worthiness.

How could one resist such a man?

"I don't think a girl ever more sincerely said, "This is so sudden," Mr. Youngfoot." Dale turned to him and looked straight into his honest eyes, then placed her hand in his. "Melita has always given you the very highest rating, and a true gentlemen is never displeasing to a girl. I think I may give you the permission you crave."

More than one-third of the total area of Holland lies below the level of the sea which is kept back by means of dikes.



Have RESINOL ready to stop that itching torment

Don't spend another sleepless night tossing about—tortured by the burning itch of eczema. Insure restful sleep by the application of soothing, healing Resinol Ointment. Its comforting medication cools the inflamed surfaces and stops the itching almost instantly.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. In addition to being so effective for itching skin troubles, they help to clear away blotches, redness, roughness and other complexion defects. Write today for free sample.

Dept. 7-I, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

but not least, he should love me as I should love him.

Do I hear someone say, "There is no one so near perfection as you describe." I believe there is and I don't believe I could ever be content with anything less. I prefer to live my life in single blessedness rather than marry the average man of today.

BROWNIE.

JET, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a wife and the mother of three children, a girl six, a boy eight and a foster daughter of sixteen. I have been a reader of COMFORT for a great many years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner immensely I am looking forward with interest to a lively discussion on our ideal husband. But sisters, let us remember and not expect our ideals to reach a higher standard than we ourselves are willing to measure up to. Now for my ideal. He should be a Christian, of good habits. He should have a good disposition and easy to get along with, willing to come half way if in so doing he need not sacrifice principle. He should be sympathetic when sympathy is needed also possess a certain sense of humor. My ideal should be a well read man and not lazy. And he must love children, and respect motherhood. Then, too, he should not be ashamed to be seen with his wife in public or become so negligent of her that he does not think of her pleasure and recreation as well as his own. He should not go off to lectures, shows, summer resorts, etc., by himself while she stays at home and cares for the kiddies. If both can't go at the same time, turn about is fair play. I also believe there is more agreement when the ages are nearly alike, though there are many ideal couples whose ages differ greatly.

MRS. ELLA MADELYN MILLER.

ANTHON, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Ruby Nelson has told about her ideal husband. I will tell of mine. I think I married my ideal man. My man is good natured, a good provider, a good father and an ideal husband. I think this talking about being near the same age is just in the way a person thinks. My husband is fourteen years older than I am but he doesn't show his age. When a person is cross and scolding all the time, that is what makes them old.

FATTIE.

LOGAN, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I was interested in Ruby Nelson's letter giving her qualifications for an ideal husband. I have a sort of mania for ideals, Ruby, and your ideal would pass my examination but in addition to these qualifications he must be large and strong, have regular features, beautiful auburn hair and velvety brown eyes. Also he must be an affectionate husband and father. And this wonderful man must be able to provide for me an ideal home, a modern bungalow somewhere in a beautiful mountainous country where I could have flower gardens, vegetables, a few pure-bred chickens, a Jersey cow, and anything I'd want for pets. But I'm wandering and had better come back to earth. But say, life would be one grand sweet song if I could have just such an earthly Paradise.

Of course there are many such ideal husbands who can and do furnish their wives with just what they desire but it has not been my good fortune to possess one. I've never met the man who would measure up to my standard of ideal, nor do I ever expect to.

No, good people, I shall not be a bachelor girl until I meet my ideal,—for I have a wonderfully good husband, even though he hasn't auburn hair and brown eyes and he just will smoke and say cuss words sometimes. But he has so many virtues I am very fond of him in spite of these facts. Our married life is almost equal to the domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. McVey, I say "almost" because judging from her letter, they never even so much as disagree, while I admit we do occasionally. I don't mean that we quarrel, we both hate that, we merely disagree. We've been married several years and are just as good friends and pals as ever and always shall be.

Lina Beck asks that the subject of dancing be discussed. A girl friend of mine who strayed from the straight and narrow way told me that she owed her downfall to the fact that her mother insisted she learn to dance. If one girl falls below the moral standard through dancing, is it not possible that many others will.

In my opinion, modern dances are degrading.

I am twenty-one and a half years of age, five feet, two inches tall, weigh about 110 pounds. Have an abbreviated crop of brown hair, grey eyes and a fair complexion.

MRS. C. W. RIDGEWAY.

AVERY, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I expect Ruby Nelson has started something that will keep you busy, yet I feel sure you'll get lots of enjoyment from it too. And to swell the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

MAKE GAS IN ANY STOVE



Cook in a Cool Kitchen

The Instant-Gas Oil Burner makes summer cooking a pleasure. Gives you gas anywhere, everywhere, in any stove or range. Everybody knows gas means cleaner, cheaper cooking and a cooler kitchen. Saves hours of time and loads of dirt. Start your stove with a turn of the wrist, turn high or low to suit and stop with another turn of the wrist.

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No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

THREE DIFFERENT HAND-MADE SPORT MODELS.

Knit a Sport Dress

TO knit a sport dress or skirt to go with a sweater is not such an undertaking as one might suppose, and it may be accomplished very successfully if one will bear in mind a few general directions.

First of all one must remember that a piece of material is being knitted instead of being cut to a particular shape. While the lines are very simple, still to secure a satisfactory result, your personal measurements must be considered, as knitwear will not look well if loose enough to be sloppy or tight enough to be too clinging.

As different weight wools and sizes of needles make considerable difference, and also the tension or way in which one works, the only safe rule to follow is to do a little experimenting with the materials selected, before starting the actual work. Although this involves a little time it will well repay one. Cast on some 30 to 40 sts and knit a few inches. If a pattern is new, work it out in this sample. Measure the work, counting the number of stitches to an inch and also to 6 or 12 inches. In this way can be found just the number of stitches needed for a given length.

In the three variations of hand-made models illustrated above, the first is simplicity itself, both in line and trimming.

The second features a one-piece garment, which gives the impression of a skirt and plain sweater.

An actually separate skirt and a sweater blouse, is shown in the third model.

Any of these are most convenient garments, suitable for any season, and admirably adapted to active sport or general use, as they are garments which will stand lots of hard wear.

Knitted sweaters have become so indispensable that it is not surprising that from the making of them we have come to the making of whole frocks, which seem to bid fair to be equally as popular.

In going by the direction given also be guided by the measures of a one-piece dress which is a good fit, work all length shorter by from 1 to 2 inches to allow for stretching.

The needle gauge here shown will be a guide to size of needle used.

Model No. 1 is a combination of knitting and crocheting, made as follows:

Knitted One-Piece Sport Dress

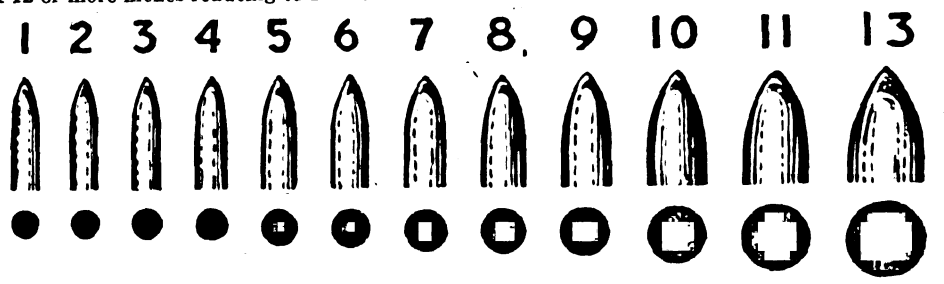
Size 36 inches.

Materials. 24 ounces white silk and wool mixture (or any yarn weight of four-ply Germantown) 12 ounces each of Quaker grey and Bulgarian yellow Shetland floss, 1 pair celluloid needles No. 6, 1 pair No. 12 steel needles, 1 medium-size crochet hook.

Knitting should count 5 sts to the inch. Length of skirt 28 inches, length of dress 44 to 46 inches, one-half width of skirt at hem 28 inches.

Begin at bottom of back of skirt. Cast on 95 sts.

Knit plain garter st (k 1 row, p 1 row) until work measures 20 inches, or comes to one's hip line, allowing 5 inches for the crocheted border. At this point the width should be 22 or 24 inches, secured by knitting 2 sts tog at ends of both needles every 3 inches or so. K 12 or more inches reducing to 20-inch width.



AS NEEDLES, MADE BY MANY FIRMS ARE NUMBERED VERY DIFFERENTLY THERE IS NO STANDARD NEEDLE GAUGE, BUT THE SIZE AS GIVEN ABOVE WILL BE A GUIDE TO THE WORKER.

For arm-size; on next row bind off 5 sts, k across, bind off last 5 sts, next row the same, then decrease 1 st each end every row until 10 sts have been taken off each side.

From arm-size point knit until work measures 6 inches. Then on the 60 or so sts on needles k 15 sts, slip on holder, bind off 30 or more sts for neck, k last 15 sts, k on 15 sts for 9 inches for right front. The neck is purposely left large to allow for the crocheted border.

In next row on the center edge cast on 25 sts for square neck, keep this edge straight. On opposite edge for arm-size cast on 1 st at end of each row until 12 sts have been added. Next 2 rows cast on 5 sts. From here knit to hip line increasing as necessary. From the under arm points work until front equals the back. Bind off loosely.

Pick up stitches on left shoulder and same number of rows to where 25 sts were cast on the right side, then increase on arm-size as on right and on center edge increase 1 st every other row until 5 sts have been added.

On under arm seam increase as on right side, knit to length and bind off.

Sleeves

Pick up 75 sts around arm-size, k and p for 2 inches. Then k 2 sts tog, at each side, every 2 inches until 60 sts remain for a short sleeve or 52 for a long sleeve. Finish long sleeve by ribbing on the steel needles. Crochet roll back cuff to match border.

Short sleeve should just be finished with crochet band or roll back cuff as preferred.

To Press Knitted Work

After knitting is completed pin out, right side down onto a clean sheet, cover with a damp cloth and press lightly or steam by holding iron as near as possible. Leave in position until thoroughly dry. Seam up carefully.

Border

With gray wool, beginning at bottom corner of left-hand side, on the right side, work 1 row of singles around the bottom, up the left front, making 3 s c in each corner st around the neck and down to the starting point.

With yellow wool beginning in the same place work all around, always working 3 sts in the bottom and top corner of the left front, and skipping the corner stitches of the 3 inside corners of the square neck. Work down the left front to a point 5 inches before where left front meets right, ch 1, turn. Work back to starting point, ch 1, turn.

Repeat until 4 rows are completed, in 5th row, 4 inches from top of square neck, ch 5, skip 5 s c, work 7 s c, ch 5, skip 5 s c. Continue around to starting point. Work 9 rows of yellow, then 9 rows of grey. See detail of border and also crocheted buttons on next page.

Girdle

With yellow ch 7, turn. 6 s c, ch 1, turn. Repeat until 38 inches or more, after last row. Ch 6, 1 s c on opposite edge, turn, cover ch with singles and fasten securely. On opposite end of belt sew button.

Buttons

Using gray wool crochet circles large enough to cover 1½ wooden mold. With white wool work lazy-daisy stitches from the center, finishing with yellow centers. See illustration No. 2 on opposite page.

The model sketched in No. 2 has a skirt of block design, combined with a plain waist, which is relieved by an effective girdle and neck and sleeve finish, shown in detail on the opposite page.

Janet Tennis Jumper

16 to 18 year size.

Materials. 40 ounces white Shetland floss, 4 ounces yellow floss, 2 pair celluloid needles size 4, 1 fine crochet hook.

Length of skirt 28 inches, total length from shoulder 44 inches.

For one-half of skirt—knitting should count 5 sts to inch. Cast on 120 sts. K 1 row through back loops, then for right side work.

2nd row—K 5, * p 2, k 10, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd row—Knit plain.

4th row—Same as 2nd row.

Repeat these 2 rows until 7 ridges are complete.

A new pattern is always started on the wrong side, or after a row of knitting.

For second pattern, k 12, * p 2, k 10, repeat from* to end of row.

Next row knit plain.

Repeat these 2 rows until 7 ridges are complete.

This completes border of the skirt.

1st row of block pattern of skirt, see detail No. 1 on next page. K 5, p 11, * k 11, p 11, repeat from *. Knit back. Repeat these 2 rows until 5 ridges are complete. Then k 3 rows.

2nd block pattern, k 8, p 11, * k 11, p 11, repeat from *. Repeat these 2 rows until 5 ridges are complete. K 3 rows.

3rd block pattern. K 11, p 11, repeat. Complete the blocks the same as before.

4th block pattern—P 2, * k 11, p 11, repeat from *. Complete blocks.

5th block pattern—P 5, * k 11, p 11, repeat from *. Complete blocks.

6th block pattern—P 8, * k 11, p 11, repeat from *. Complete blocks.

7th block pattern—P 11, k 11, repeat. Complete blocks.

8th block pattern—K 2, * p 11, k 11, repeat from *. Complete blocks.

9th block pattern—Same as 1st blocks.

Knit in this way repeating pattern until work measures 24 inches. Work front of the skirt in the same way but 2 blocks narrower. Seam together.

To Knit to Jumper

Cast on 75 sts, work 14 rows plain. Then k 1 row, p 1 row for 16 inches. Work over 25 sts, bind off 25 sts for the neck, 25 sts, slip last 25 sts on a holder.

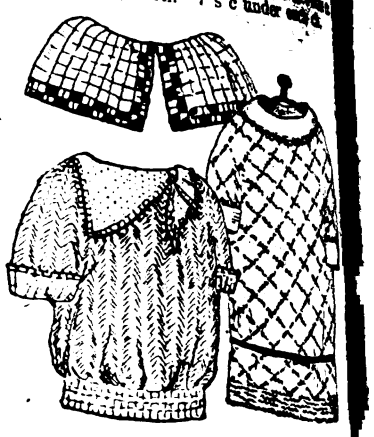
Knit on 25 sts for 3 inches, then cast st at neck end of every other row until have been added. K other side to this slip on one, complete the front, edge knitted border. Sew skirt and jumper

Sleeves

Pick up 70 sts, k and p. Reduce total length of knitting on sleeve 6 inches

Edging of Neck and Sleeves

On the wrong side of edge of 1 row of singles using white floss. Work 1 row of spaces. Ch 5, turn. second space, ch 5, skip 1 sp, 1 s c repeat. Next row 7 s c under each yellow ch 5, 1 s c in center of 4 s c Ch 5, repeat, turn. 7 s c under each



CROCHETED BERTHA, WOOL-DARNED AND DIAMOND OPEN-WORK SWEATER.

Work another row each of white and yellow chains. See pattern in detail. The neck is finished with 1 row of 1 row of white chains and 1 row of chains.

Girdle

Braid several strands of yellow wool the ends in the front and run through made as follows:

With white ch 9, join. Filling with Join. 1 round of singles of yellow, of singles of white, 1 round of yellow, ends of the girdle with tassels.

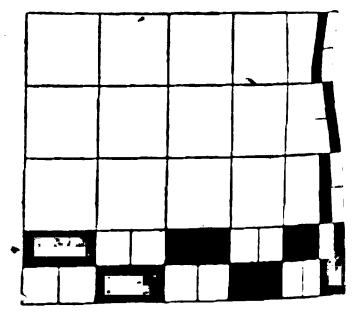
In model No. 3 both the skirt and separate blouse slip-on are trimmed bands of plain knitting.

There might be any one of several combinations used in such a design or mixture of wool and silk of yellow, black and white, green and two shades of one color work up very effectively.

A separate skirt in this novelty knit would most useful as it can be used with slip-ons.

Sport Skirt and Blouse Sweater

Materials. 20-22 ounces Shetland 1 pair No. 2 and 1 pair No. 4 celluloid



DETAIL OF DESIGN USED IN CROCHETED BERTHA

The skirt is made in 2 pieces of No. 4 Length of skirt 28 inches, width of one inches.

Begin at bottom of back of the skirt casting on 108 sts.

1st row—Knit plain.

2nd row—K 5 sts, p 2 sts, * k 10 sts, p repeat from * 7 times, ending with k

Repeat these 2 rows until 15 ridges rows are complete. After knitting a start the second pattern.

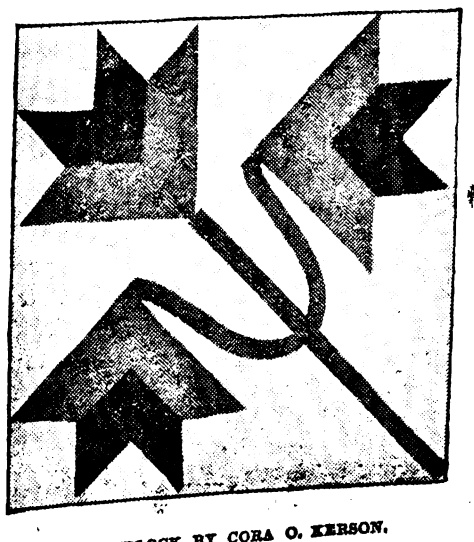
1st row—K 4 sts, p 2 sts, * k 10 sts, p repeat from *.

2nd row—Knit plain. Repeat these 2 rows for 15 ridges. Then repeat the first pattern. After the 3 blocked border, k 1 row, p 1 row until skirt measures 24 inches. On needles knit a 2-inch band of ribbing of p 2 sts, bind off.

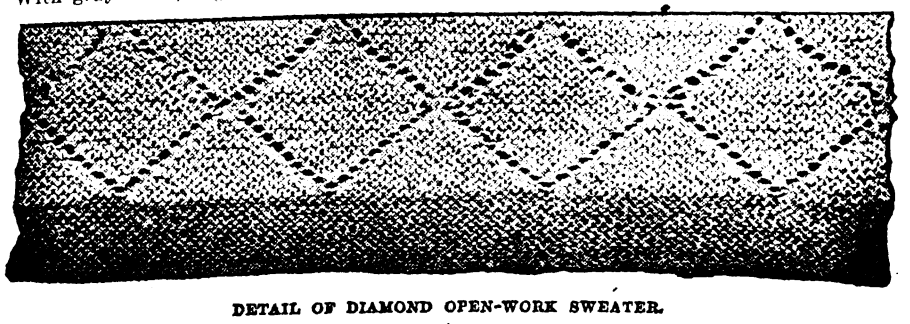
Make the front of the skirt in the same way. Press out and seam up, being careful to match the border as accurately as possible.

Slip-on Blouse Sweater

Materials required. 6 balls Shetland floss



TULIP BLOCK BY CORA O. KERSON.



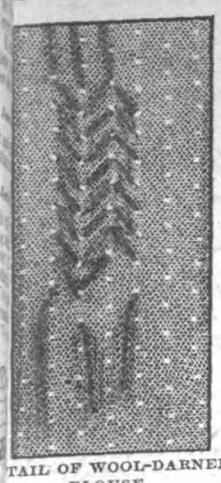
DETAIL OF DIAMOND OPEN-WORK SWEATER.



APPLIQUE OF TWO COLORS BY MRS. M. E. WADDELL.

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TAIL OF WOOL-DARNED BLOUSE.

On No. 4 needles cast on 65 sts, k plain for 27 ridges (about 5 inches).

In the next row k 2 sts, o, * k 3 sts, o, k 3 sts, repeat from * until 20 sts have been added. K back having 85 sts on the needles.

Sweater is now knitted to match skirt. K 1 row, p 1 row for 17 inches. K plain for 1½ inches for yoke. K 32 sts, slip on holder, bind off 21 sts for the neck. K 32 sts for 15 ridges. Then cast on 15 sts at neck end for front, k 8 rows.

In next row k 5 sts, bind off 5 sts for buttonhole. K to end, turn. K, cast 5 sts to correspond with cast off sts. K 5 sts, K 2½ inches. Next row from center edge) sts *, p 3 sts, o, p 3 sts, o, repeat until 5 sts ve been added. K 1 row, turn. K 9 sts, to end of row.

Continue to alternate k and p rows for 3 hes, keeping the 9 sts at center edge knit in for border. Work the other front to tch, to this point, join. Work for 1 inch ays knitting the 18 center sts, with alterte k and p rows on balance of sts on either e of the center. This completes yoke. and p front from this point, adding 1 st at e end of each row, until 5 sts have been ded for each arm-size.

When front equals length of the back, fold- at the neck line, k 1 row, decreasing 20 , by knitting every 3rd and 4th sts together, ish with plain knit band. Bind off.

Sleeves

Pick up 60 sts work for 2 inches, decrease 1 st each end of needle for 10 sts, then crease 1 st every inch until 36 sts remain. Work k and p rows until sleeve measures or more inches in length.

Cuffs

Knit plain for 3 inches. Bind off.

Crochet covering for two buttons and join back with short chain. Sew button on ght-hand side of the yoke in place.

Crocheted Bertha

An open work collar which follows the popu- bertha lines is sketched, and the pattern is



LITTLE GIRL'S KNITTED COAT.

hown in detail in diagram on opposite page.

Using No. 50 white or ecru mercerized crohet cotton and No. 13 steel crochet hook, ch 8 sts.

One works on the width of the collar and rom the top to the bottom.

1st row—1 d c in 6th st from the hook, 6 l c in next 6 sts, * ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2, 7 d c, repeat from * alternating 2 blks and 2 sps and ending with 2 sps, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks over the 2 sps, 2 sps over the 2 blks, repeat, ending with 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 8, turn.

3rd row—1 tr c on 4th double in last row, ch 5, 1 tr c on first double of 2 blocks in last row, this makes 1 large space, 12 more large spaces, worked over every 2 blks or sps as shown in diagram. Ch 8, 1 d c on last double of 2 corner sps, 3 more d c making 1 blk over 1 sp in lower corner. Then work 1 sp, ch 5, turn. 1 blk over blk, 1 sl st into 5th ch of large sp, ch 5, turn. Now work to edge again, make 1 blk over sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk over blk, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 tr c on tr c, 13 more large sps, ch 3, 1 tr c making one-half a large sp, ch 8, turn.

5th row—Same as the 3rd row. Work edge as directed in reversing the blks and sps as shown.

Repeat until collar measures 38 to 40 inches. Finish the opposite end same as the first.

Work around the filet bordered sides with one row of singles.

Diamond Open Work Sweater

Gage—5 stitches to inch.

Materials required. Five balls white Shetland floss, one ball colored, one pair amber needles No. 4.

Cast on 85 sts, using colored, k 9 ridges for border.

19th row—K 9 sts, k 2 tog, * wool over needle, k 2 tog, k 17 sts, k 2 tog. Repeat from * twice, ending with wool o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts. K next row and every even row.

21st row—K 8 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 1 st, repeat from * ending with thread o, k 1, o, k 2 tog, k 8 sts.

23rd row—K 7 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * ending with thread o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts.

25th row—K 6 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * ending as usual. then k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 6 sts.

27th row—K 5 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts.

29th row—K 4 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 4 sts.

31st row—K 3 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts.

33rd row—K 2 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 2 sts.

35th row—K 1 st, k 2 tog, * o, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1 st.

37th row—K 2 tog, * o, k 17 sts, o, k 3 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 17 sts, o, k 2 tog.

39th row—K 1 st, * o, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st.

41st row—K 2 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 2 sts.

43rd row—K 3 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 5 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts.

45th row—K 4 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 4 sts.

47th row—K 5 sts, * k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 9 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 5 sts.

49th row—K 6 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 11 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 6 sts.

51st row—K 7 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 13 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts.

53rd row—K 8 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 15 sts. Repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 8 sts.

55th row—K 9 sts, * o, k 3 tog, o, k 17 sts. Repeat from * as usual, k 3 tog, o, k 9 sts.

The pattern is now complete. Repeat from the 21st row until the back is from 12 to 14 inches according to length desired. Cast on 30 sts on each side from short, or 60 for long sleeves.

Knit one and one-half diamonds for width of sleeve.

Shoulder

Fold and mark center of the back. From bottom of a sleeve work to within 17 sts of center, slip these sts, the center st and 17 sts more (35) on a pin. Knit the remaining, work back, cast on 35 sts, work to end of row. Knit one and one-half diamonds to complete sleeves. Bind off the number of stitches cast on for sleeves.

Knit front to correspond with back, finishing with border of color in plain knitting. Bind off neck. Slip stitches on back at neck on needles, bind off 1, on 34 sts, k 2 sts, p 2 sts for 6 rows. Bind off easily. Pick up 38 sts on front of neck, p 2 sts, k 2 sts for six rows, bind off, join at either side to ribbing of the back.

Wool-Darned Blouse

For this novel little slip-on one will need two yards of white point de-esprit, which is a finely dotted net, one ball of blue, pink or canary Shetland floss, a darning needle and bone crochet hook.

To avoid unnecessary darning, lay a blouse pattern on the net and indicate the outline with a colored baste thread, then just the portion to be used need be worked.

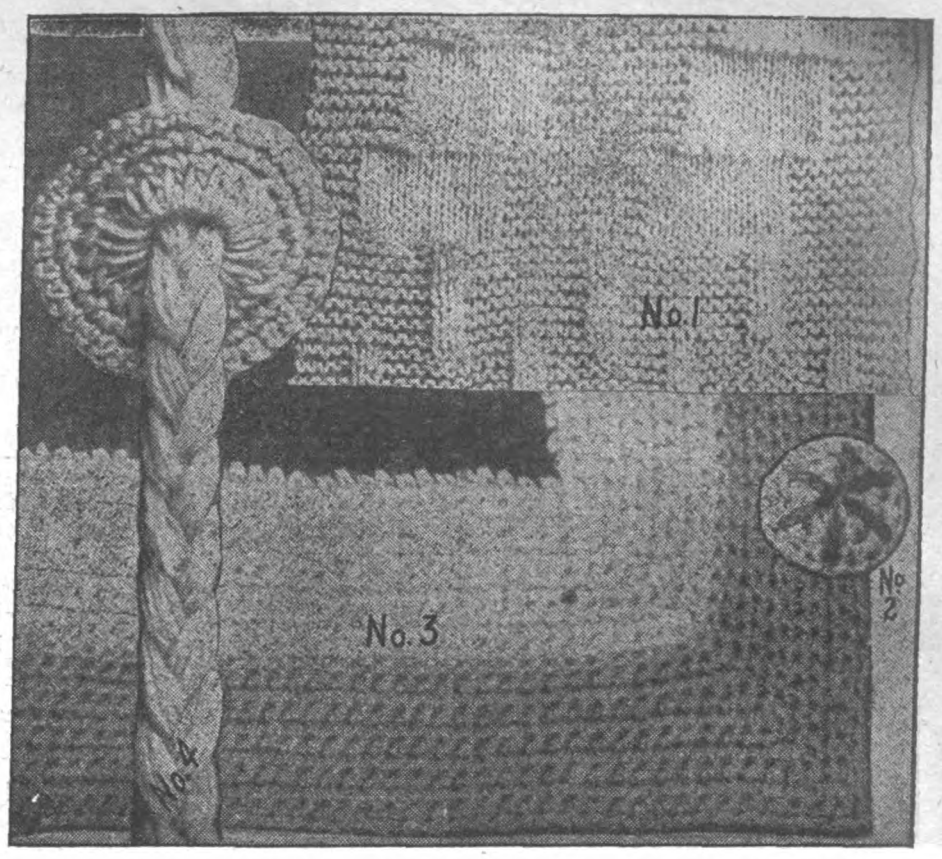
The net is dotted in rows with the dots alternating rather than opposite each other. To make the method of work clear, consider these in the first row numbered 1, 3, 5, and in the second row 2, 4, 6 etc.

Using a couple of yards of wool, start darning by working under dot No. 1 in first row, cross diagonally and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in first row, under dots 6 and 8 in second row, back and under dots 7 and 9 in first row. Repeat working in this way which results in a row of diagonal stitches of wool on the right side of the net.

Be very careful in darning not to pull the wool too tight and neither should it be loose, but just of easy tension which will lie flatly on the material.

In the second row as will be seen in detail of diagram, notice that the stitches are run in at an angle to those in the first row.

Beginning to work as in the first row, run under dot No. 1 in third row of dots, cross



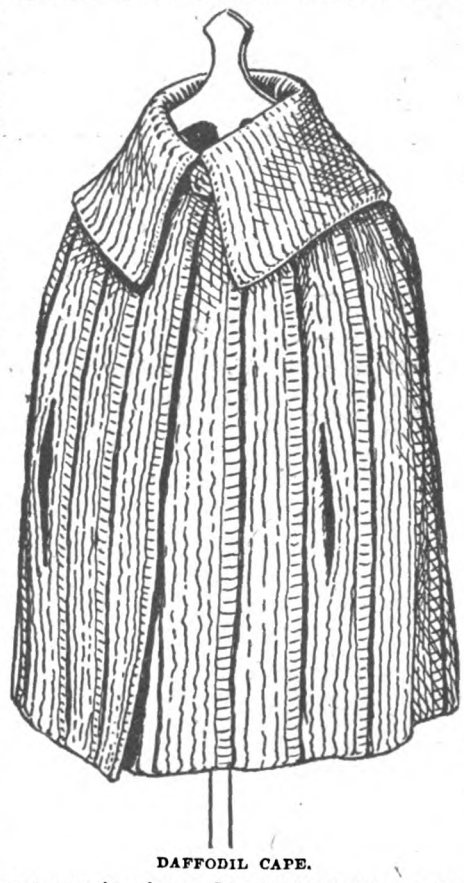
NO. 1. DETAIL OF BLOCK PATTERN USED IN MODEL NO. 2 ON OPPOSITE PAGE. NOS. 2 AND 3 CORNER OF BORDER AND BUTTON IN MODEL NO. 1. NO. 4. GIRDLE ON MODEL NO. 2.

and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in third row. Repeat. The third row is the same as the first row, working under dots in the third and fourth rows on the net.

After the darning is completed, pull the net evenly and pin edge out, right side up, on a sheet.

See that the wool stitches are not too loose or tight in place. Turn net over and press under a damp cloth.

Make up, full bottom of blouse, bind with net. Work a wool band for the bottom as follows: Ch 28 sts, turn. 1 d c in 8th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, 5 more sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat making sps over sps until band is of sufficient length. Join ends together



DAFFODIL CAPE.

and sew in place. Finish the bottom with 1 row of singles with ch 3 picot in every other space.

The handkerchief collar which is half of a 24-inch square of the net, undarned, and the up turning ruffles on the sleeves, having a finish of the wool. Crochet one row of spaces into the net, after first turning the edges and whipping with wool. Follow spaces with one row of singles and ch 3 picot in every other space.

Little Girl's Knitted Coat

Three-year size

Materials required. Five to six balls Scotch knitting, one pair No. 5 needles, one pair No. 12 steel needles.

Size—Length of coat about 18 inches, length of sleeves, 8½ inches.

Cast on 70 to 75 sts for bottom of back which should measure without stretching about 18 inches. K 3 rows plain.

4th row—K 9 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 33 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 9 sts.

5th row—K plain.

Repeat these 2 rows decreasing 1 st at the end of each needle in every 20th row, until 65 sts remain on needles. Work until back measures 18 inches.

Shoulder

K 22 sts. Bind off 21 sts for the neck, k 22 sts, turn. K 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 6 sts.

Alternate knit purled and plain rows for one inch, then increase 1 st at the end of each row on the front or center edge of the coat until 15 sts have been added. Knit all stitches excepting the two purled strips of 4 sts each. Work until front measures 4 inches from the neck line, then on the seam edge of the front, casting on 1 st at the end of every other row until 6 stitches have been added for the arm-hole.

Make front one-half inch longer than back and bind off loosely.

Work the second side to correspond.

Sleeves

Holding the right side of the back towards one, 4 inches below the shoulder, pick up 1 st between each ridge, along the edge, to the under-arm edge of the right front. K plain for 2 inches, then decrease 1 st every 3rd ridge until 32 sts remain.

Cuffs

With steel needles rib for 5 inches by k 2, p 2, bind off easily.

Collar

Holding wrong side of coat toward you, pick up 22 sts across back of the neck, k 2 rows, pick up 4 sts on the front, k across, pick up 4 sts on opposite front. Turn. Knit back, pick up 2 sts, k across, pick up 2 sts.

Continue to pick up 2 sts, or more sts, on each side if the collar is growing too wide until the edge of the front is reached. Bind off very loosely so edge of collar will not pull.

Plan to finish on the edge of the right-hand front, then without breaking wool, with crochet hook, ch 5, 1 s c in edge, turn, fill ch with singles, fasten off securely.

Five inches below make a second buttonhole loop.

Buttons

Crochet over button-molds or make knitted square of k 1 row, p 1 row large enough to cover molds, as preferred.

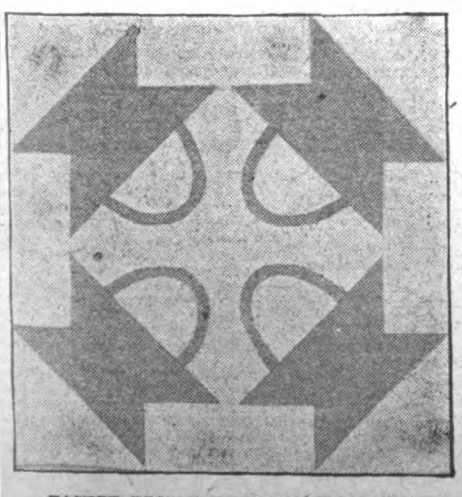
Collar rolls back and cuffs turn up half way, after coat has been sewed up on the sides.

Daffodil Cape

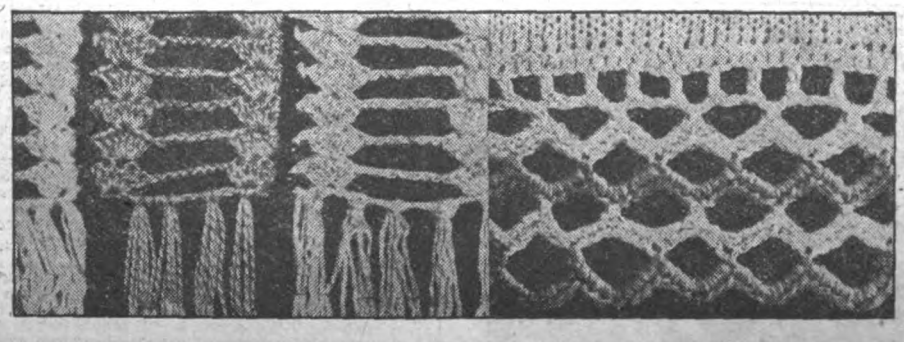
Four to five years' size

Materials required. Ten balls yellow Shet-

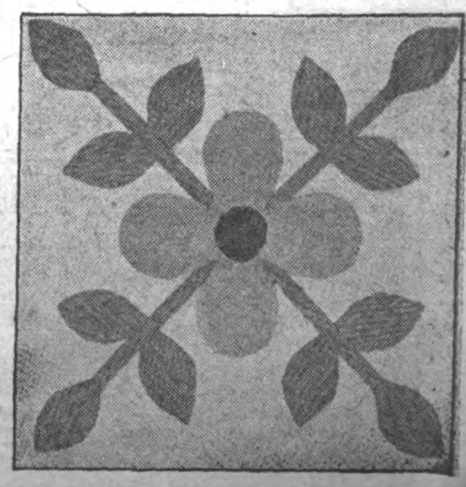
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

Daffodil Cape

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

land floss or silk mixture, one pair No. 3 needles.

Size. Length from neck, 26 inches; width at bottom 50 inches. Collar 8 inches.

Cast on 130 sts, k 1 row in back loops. K plain for 14 ridges, then work following rows. K 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row. Repeat 14 ridges and k and p rows once.

K 7 ridges, turn, k 46 sts, bind off 30 sts, k to end of row (this is the neck edge), turn, k 54 sts, cast on 30 sts, k 46 sts. Complete the 14 ridges.

Work 9 more patterns after 12th k and p rows, k 7 ridges, turn. In next 2 rows bind off and cast on for 2nd arm-hole as before. Complete this pattern, work 2 more, ending with k and p rows. Bind off easily.

Collar

On the top or neck edge of the work, pick up a loop at the end of 11 ridges, skip over purling with 1 loop.

Do this on right side of the work. Having an even number of sts, k 2, p 2, repeat 3 times.

On right-hand front of cape k 2, p 2, bind off 4 sts for buttonhole. Complete row and in next row cast on 4 sts on this edge. K 2, p 2, turn. Work until collar measures 8 inches.

Crocheted Openwork Scarf

See Illustration on Page 15

A very attractive summer scarf can be rapidly made of odds and ends of bright wool which have such a way of accumulating.

This is just the season to work up all your scraps as vivid color combinations are the style.

The scarf is of crocheted strips of shells with chains between as shown in illustration.

These strips may be each of one color throughout, or of a combination of different short length. If the latter, knot your wools arranging the colors, then in working, try to have all knots come in the shells, then the ends can be nicely covered.

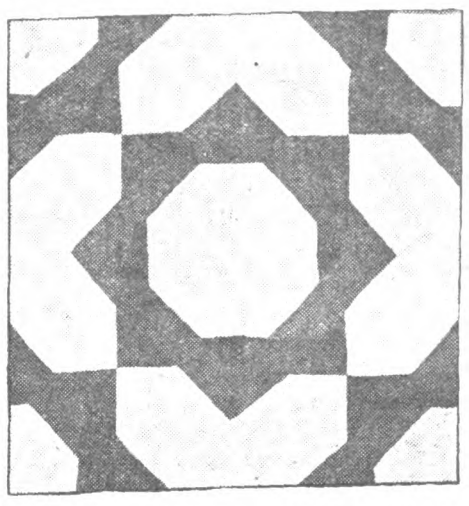
Begin a strip by ch 15, turn. 1 shell of 5 d c in 5 st from hook. Ch 7, 1 shell 3rd st from end, 1 d c in first st, turn. 1 shell on 3rd d c of 2nd shell, ch 7, 1 shell on shell, 1 d c under beyond shell, ch 3, turn. Repeat until work is 50 to 55 inches.

Make 5 strips for a scarf, join by crocheting together with black wool, by working singles under chs beyond shells. Finish the ends with tied-in fringe.

A Good Quilt-Making Suggestion

From a Westerner's long and interesting letter we are glad to be able to quote the following good ideas. She says:

"In our household we always have several quilts as we say, on the go for where there



THREE COLOR DESIGN WHICH MAKES A CONTINUOUS PATTERN BY MRS. M. A. DOULBEY.

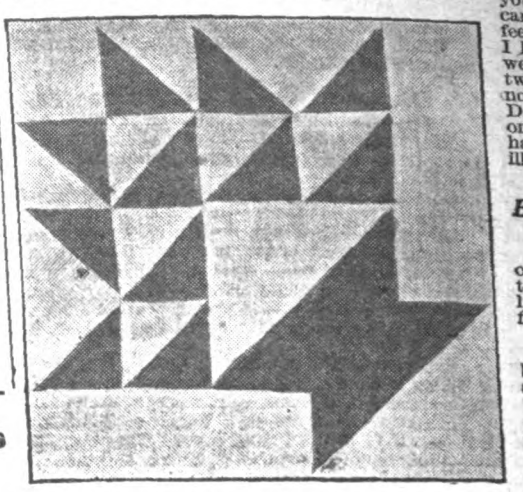
are several girls there is sure to be many scraps which can be utilized to advantage.

"Being interested in patchwork I have throughly enjoyed the many artistic and historic patterns which COMFORT has given us the past few months.

"Quilting is an art which the modern girls should, and I find would be interested in, if mothers would take the same amount of time and patience in teaching that our mothers did.

"So I suggest that a little girl's first lesson in plain sewing be on a simple patch.

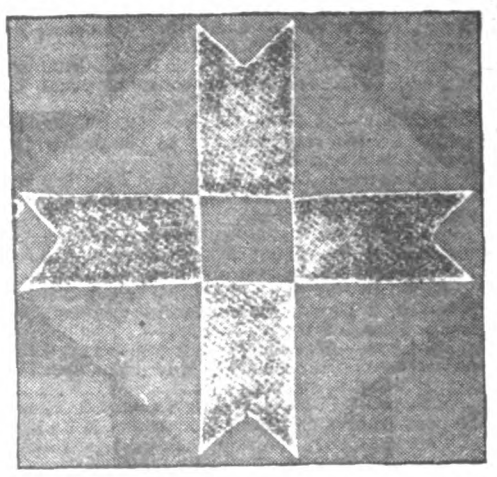
"Give her a four-block square, two blocks of her light apron and two of her dark dress and note how anxious she is to finish it at one sitting. "Help her to calculate how many squares will be required for a quilt top for her bed. "Children really love to accomplish something and 'I help my girls to plan out ways and means. If a certain piece of work drags, suggest using plain squares between.



CAKE BASKET BY MRS. ANNA WALTERS.

"Even boys I think can be interested in quilts. If they want to run your machine just to see it go give them something to go on. They will accomplish something, if not, then have them let the machine alone. This scheme does not always work I admit as sometimes wasted time turned to account loses its charm.

"Quilt making in youth, is a putting together many memories as well as materials, which in after years bring back to us a flood of thoughts of other days. So I love the work



THREE COLOR QUILT DESIGN BY AGNES SHULER.

for what it is and what it suggests; each old quilt stirs so many memories that they truly are priceless.

"A quilt and COMFORT lover. "Mrs. J. Behrend."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

pile of letters a little more. I'm going to tell you sisters about my ideal man (so far undiscovered). First, of course, he should be a Christian, but my sermons I get from the biggest church of all, the great outdoors and Mother Nature. So it would please me much if the Ideal Man was a student of Mother Nature, and to be my ideal he must be. Art, music and the greatest lessons are taught there, we have only to study and understand.

Yes, he would be a teetotaler, never chew or smoke cigarettes, but one picture I see in my mind's eye, is a cozy old fireplace, an overstuffed rocker, comfortable slippers and a pipe! Another is books, books, books, well used and the best, also a violin and piano looking as though they were accustomed to daily use. To me the ideal man is a lover of good literature and a musician. In fact, Ruby Nelson's ideal just about fits mine, not lazy, not overambitious, but yet able to support a wife and family easily enough that business worries would not make him cross and irritable. I don't admire a sissy but it is a pleasnt sight to see a man who is clean and neat. A man who is kind and gentle with animals and who loves birds is one to be trusted.

You dear people who have read Gene Stratton Porter's "Harvester" and "Laddie" know the sort of man who is my ideal. Don't throw up your hands and say "Impossible", for there is nothing that is impossible to be or become if one has the will power and brains. The sermon "Harvester" preached to those doctors was what I call "the essence of right living and thinking." No matter what a man works at, where he lives or who he is, if he is a "Harvester" or a "Laddie" then he is my ideal man. Some people may say he is just a man in a book and books are not true to real life. Right here I differ. Some people in books are impossible but I have yet to find one in Gene Stratton Porter's books that is impossible. She peoples her books with the finest, big-hearted, most understanding, lovable people ever could be. I would rather read her sermons any day than go to church and hear some of the ministers of today for Mrs. Porter teaches all things necessary to a Christian life.

I think it is our mutual likes that draw us together in more perfect harmony with one another. It seems that sometimes people let worry and trouble take all the fun and joy out of life. I like to see folks who can be jolly most any time. What we *are* counts most and what we look like is going to have a lot to do with folks' opinion of us, so it's a pity to spoil our looks, don't you think so?

I am just a plain country woman, five feet, nine inches tall and weigh about 175 pounds. Have black hair, brown eyes and a more or less tanned complexion, but I do not try to cover it with paint or powder, at least, not very much powder. I love fresh air and I fancy my skin likes to get some of it too.

I am one of the unfortunates though that is separated from the far from ideal man. I don't believe in marrying carelessly and then getting a divorce if we don't get along well. Personally, I prefer one happy, contented marriage, but fate sometimes, and youth very often, makes quite a mess of things.

LILLIAN PENNYWELL.
STANBERRY, MISSOURI.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a score or more of years but never found courage to write until I read Ruby C. Nelson's letter about the ideal husband. We agree on all points except my ideal—whom I married, of course—he doesn't care so much about books and hasn't a college education, but our religion and politics are the same. He the same care-free boy I married, twenty years never too tired or busy to be jolly. I made great mistake to marry a man to reform him, ward. I used to think my ideal did not exi most of the young men of my acquaintance smoked, or swore, or were indifferent as to the of company they kept, or did not care for relig were cruel or sissies, perhaps shallow brained too high tempered. My mind was made up an old maid until one day a fine, clean, Chris young man of portly build and honest, steady came along and I was completely swept off feet. After a courtship of two years, during I learned to idolize him for his sterling char we were married, and are lovers still. In twenty years we have never had a quarrel. notonous, did someone say? Don't you think Despite misfortune, illness and the thousand one things that we have had to contend with have always said "Good night" with no shadow ill to mar our perfect happiness.

WEALTHY COUNTRY.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Washing Fluid.—Dissolve one ounce of sal of Tartar, one ounce of carbonate of ammonia, ten-cent package of borax and a ten-cent can lye in a gallon of water. I use one-half cup of fluid to a tub of water. Soak the clothes over night.
LILLIE THOMAS, Linden, Tenn.

Place a folded Turkish towel beneath your broidered doilies and similar articles when ironing and the pattern will be brought out, better.

When shaking rugs, take both ends firmly your hands and there will be no whipping out ravelling.

If you are a young mother and dread giving baby his bath, try this plan. Place two large pillows on table, near the center, cover with rubber cloth or oilcloth, then with folded, warm quilt. Nearby place two basins of water, soap, powder, towels, change of clothing, etc., and give baby his bath on table instead of holding in your lap.—Mrs. A. H. Warrell, Foster Falls, Virginia.

I covered the shelf where I cook and wash dishes with a piece of metal roofing. This is much better than oil cloth.

This is how I fix my fireplace. In the spring after the fires are out, brush down all soot and clean interior of fireplace, then wash it with a mixture of lime and water, colored with red ink to give a pinkish tint. On special occasions I adorn with a potted plant or a large bouquet of flowers.—Mrs. Annie Cravey, Green Bay, Ala.

Here is a new kind of elastic; use worn out inner tubes, cut either in strips or round as you prefer. This does not have to be removed when boiling a garment.

When ants are troublesome in the cupboard, use oil of sassafras, applied by feather or small brush to edge of lower shelf. The odor is not unpleasant and is strong enough to keep ants away for a couple of weeks.

Paint the interior of your henhouse with coal tar and you will be rid of mites. This drives them so do not let chickens in while it is wet or it will blister their feet.

Always shrink gingham before making up. Soak in salty water and hang up to dry without wringing.

In washing wool or silk, never hang in the sunshine to dry as the sun causes it to turn yellow. Wash silk, roll up and put away a few hours before ironing.

White cotton goods that have become yellow may be bleached by soaking in water containing one tablespoonful of cream of tartar to one quart of water. Then put in the sunshine. Either lemon juice and salt or cream of tartar and salt, moistened and rubbed on rust spots and the cloth laid out in the bright sunshine, will remove rust spots. Sometimes a couple of applications are necessary.
Mrs. Tillie Withroder, Bonham, Kans.

Requests

Anyone having an old style Milward crochet needle in sizes nine to twelve, please write to Mrs. Henry T. Fields, Route B, Henrietta, Texas. The needles are square where average needle is flat and has carved handle.

Process for canning milk and cream.

How to crochet petticoat, the kind that were in vogue twenty to thirty years ago with pointed edge and stripes of another color.
MRS. ED. CLOVER, Zamora, Box 64, Calif.

We have an old Columbia Graphophone that plays cylinder records. The needle broke off and we have never been able to get another. Has anyone an old machine they are not using and would sell us the needle.—MARY COOK, R.R.1, Box 30, Okla.

Poem: "Backward Turn Backward, O Time in Thy Flight."—Miss A. E. THOMPSON, Greenville, 304 Anderson St., South Carolina.

I have a page from an old number of COMFORT, August, page 4, containing parrot in cross-stitch, the directions for which are too badly torn to use. Can anyone send me this number. I do not have the year.—Miss MARY WNERFF, Kimmswick, R. R. 2, Box 63, Mo.

Poem: "Beautiful Snow" and "Your Mother's Last Prayer."—Mrs. SHERMAN WOODS, Cloquet, Box 65, Wash.

How to distinguish the good mushrooms from the poisonous, also how to make use of pine needles.
Mrs. THERESA BEST, New Bedford, 329 So. Second St., Mass.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. A. B. Hanson, Whitlash, Montana, November, 1922.

Mrs. T. N. Head, Woden, Texas, October, November and December, 1922.

Mrs. G. A. Miller, Longstreet, R. R. 1, La. Oct. and November, 1922.

Miss Martha S. Meyn, Hanover, R. R. 1, Kans. June, August and September, 1922.

Mrs. C. W Littleton, Bluemont, Virginia, Box 44. Sept., Oct., November and December, 1922.

Mrs. E. C. Phillips, Oxford, R. R. 2, Pa. October, 1922.

Ida Lee Ward, Sedalia, Missouri, November, 1922.

Mrs. T. F. Clifton, Durham, Calif., November and December, 1922.

Mrs. Thetford, Houston, Box 363F, Park Place, Texas, October and November, 1922.

Mrs. T. T. Mydland, High River, Alta., Canada, August, September and October, November, 1922.

Gladys Sullivan, Streator, R. R. 8, Ill., Nov. 1922.

Martha E. Clague, Galva, S. E. 5th Ave., Illinois, November, 1922.

Mrs. Chas. M. Anderson, Ft. Pierce, P. O. Box 605, Fla., January, 1923.

Mrs. W. Garrett Loney, St. Morrell Sta., 2145 Market St., Md., Oct. and Nov. 1922.

Mrs. Ray J. Kellen, Faulkston, Box 364, S. Dak., Sept. Oct. and November 1922.

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Tribulations of Tourists in Europe

By Eugene Crowther

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ARE you going to Europe?

If you are, here are a few notes from my own recent experiences:

The main thing is the passport. It is the best friend and the biggest nuisance in the world. It has to be guarded as the most valuable possession. With it one can wade through the maize of red tape of the big and petty governments that infest the Continent; without it, one is stuck. In the latter case, our old friend (?), the American Consul, may prove a friend in need. If, after using the tactics of a Philadelphia lawyer, one succeeds in convincing him that the passport was actually lost, one may be favored with an emergency passport.

Another combination of friend and nuisance is baggage. The less, the better. If it were not for being called a tramp, I should be tempted to travel on the Continent baggage-free, that is, without any at all, except perhaps what my pockets would hold.

Two favorite pastimes of the high and mighty petty officials whose duty it is to carefully scrutinize every victim who has the temerity to go from one country to another consists in seeing if they cannot have the thrill of detecting something wrong with a passport, or finding some forbidden article. (If they find several things of this character, their elation baffles description.) I often wonder what they do with the big, fat Havana cigars which they confiscate. There is such a gleam of delight in their eyes on such occasions, that I am tempted to believe that the cigars go the same route as those of a father who has several boys in high school. The supreme delight of these minor dignitaries consists in keeping a train standing a couple of hours on each side of the border, while the harassed tourists wait for their passports to get decorated with more rubber stamps, and wonder if they are ever going to get the precious documents back again.

And how they expect people to travel without money is beyond me. Ever since I saw them take five hundred good American dollars from a fat individual without giving him a signed receipt, I have been glad I brought traveler's checks along, even if it is a nuisance to find someone with brains enough to accept them. I saw the fat individual about three weeks later.

"Have you recovered your money yet?" I inquired.

"Not a penny," he replied. "Our Legation told me they thought they could recover it in a few weeks; that the ordinary routine in foreign governments required about six months for anything to get through; but they hoped to get it done quicker through direct channels."

I should be gorgeously decorated for having slain so many European bedbugs. The hotel owners are very ungrateful. I had to bribe them for the privilege. They can afford to be independent. For every room there are a dozen applicants. Elegant people are often found in third-rate hotels, because it is either that or the park-bench.

Pocketbooks will soon go out of fashion in several countries. They have only paper money in circulation and it is becoming so worthless that it may become necessary to carry it around in baskets. I heard of a Swiss brewer who economized by dispensing with the usual printed labels for his bottles and substituting Austrian one-crown notes.

I am not a pessimist, but it does make one feel "fed-up" after having stood in line for a train-seat, standing room in a street-car, and a theater ticket, to have to wait an hour in a restuarant before the man in dress-suit finally succeeds in getting the cook to understand what them "furreners" want, and ventures in with a bowl of dishwater which he calls soup.

Please don't take me for a confirmed grouch, for I am planning to take another trip when my nerves get soothed sufficiently.

Note.—Mr. Crowther is in the Diplomatic Service of the United States, and at present is attached to the American Legation at Belgrade, capital of Jugo Slavia.—EDITOR.

Easter Wedding in Mid-Ocean



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Now they're calling the S. S. President Polk, of the United States Lines, "the Honeymoon Special", for two "deep-sea weddings" have taken place aboard it.

This photo shows the marriage, on Easter Sunday, 1923, of Mr. Bart Doyle, of Old Orchard, Maine, and Miss Edith Lockhart, of England, with Captain W. L. McLean, skipper of the Polk, reading the service.

After the marriage a new flag was flown by the vessel—a "honeymoon banner" consisting of two huge red hearts transfixed by a red Cupid's arrow, on a white ground.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

We came here from Texas so we could own a home, as land was cheap here. Land that cost $12 to $15 an acre will grow much finer strawberries, fruit and truck than the $200 land of Texas. We live in the foothills of the beautiful southern Ozarks and have many springs of soft water and such nice fish. If you will come down this summer, we will go fishing on Rolling Fork river, which is one of the most beautiful mountain streams in Arkansas.

We live in the adjoining county to the largest peach orchard in the world. Listen, cousins: Arkansas has the largest single spring in the world, one of the most luxurious bath houses in the world, the largest canning factory in the world, and the most beautiful state capitol in the world. This last was built in 1826 and is said to be one of the finest examples of Doric architecture in the U. S. Arkansas grows almost every conceivable fruit that can be grown in the temperate zone. Arkansas takes first place in apples, both as to quality and quantity, and has won first prize with these at all great expositions for the past twenty years. Out of the 10,000 acres of canteloupes that are grown in Arkansas, Sevier county in which we live produces almost half. Uncle, if you could eat one fresh from the vine, I know you would agree with Commissioner Ferguson who, s id: "Ripened in the sunshine of an Ozark summer, the Arkansas canteloupe needs only to be sliced in half and sprinkled with crushed ice to make a feast fit for a king—two kings! The flavor of its rich yellow meat combines the sweetness of the strawberry with the lusciousness of the peach,—suggesting a dash of grape fruit and pinches or rare spices. It is both a food and a delicacy, the most pleasing, welcome and nourishing of all breakfast fruits."

No, I will not describe myself or tell my age—since I will vote in the next presidential election.

Everybody be good and some one please write to me, as I get lonely.

Lovingly your niece and cousin,

MAUDE PARKER.

All right, Maude, you fooled your Other Uncle! Here's your Hymn of Arkansas plain as print I think you are a darn good speller in spite of all your Other Uncle may say. I'll bet this Other Uncle isn't nearly as nice a relative as I am.

I wish you hadn't written so enthusiastically about Arkansas, Maude. I had just got my mind all settled as to living in Missouri, when here you come and get it all unsettled again with your alluring statistics. Think of having the largest single spring in the world on which to rest one's mattress and vertebræ! I always find the springs too narrow on most single beds. Then, after a morning tub in the finest of bath mansions, I could have for my breakfast, 365 days in the year, a big, luscious, spicy, icy, Arkansas canteloupe. Gosh, Maudie, but it looks bad for Missouri just now. Do you think you could stand two Uncles in De Queen? But perhaps I can compromise and build my house right across the state line—spending my mornings in Arkansas and my afternoons in Missouri. I would have to be in your state for breakfast, of course, or how could I sink my teeth in a juice-drowning, Ozark-ripened, Sevier county globe of lusciousness! What are the prices of building lots, with fishing rights, along the Rolling Fork river, Maude? I may want to roll in some day, and if I should read your letter over once more I'd probably start rolling at once.

SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Have just finished reading the last issue of COMFORT and it was impossible to resist answering the many interesting letters on our good old page. Especially Cousin Jeff's appeal for a chance for us brunette readers to express our intellectual ideas, which same I have been trying to impress on Uncle Lisha for lo! how many years? Now Uncle, please don't squelch me so completely this time even if my effort is rather a sorry one, for the order was for brunettes, and, as O. Roy Cohen says, "among which I am whom." This is about my seventh letter, so you see I am nothing if not persistent.

Cousin Ruth is all right! When I read her letter I felt like saying, "Them's my sentiments, sister." Gus and Jack are not really as disgusted with the feminine population of our United States as their recent attacks would indicate. They are only misguided—only misguided. I think they were temporarily soured on girls in general as the result of the unreasonableness of some one girl in particular. True they may have had a sneaky suspicion 'way down in their hearts that all was not well with a goodly (or badly?) portion of the unfair sex, but would have kept right on saying nothing if some gentle little thing hadn't trampled all over tender feelings and caused them to hop right into a rage and flay us all so recklessly. Personally I was as amused as Cousin Ruth and didn't get the least bit angry, for, says I, if a fellow can't express his true feelings on the page its purpose will have been defeated, and besides, when one has up that much steam it has to be blown off or something is going to *bust!*

Uncle Lisha, when my COMFORT arrives the first place I turn to is the Cousins' Page, and the first thing I read is your editorial before I even glance at the letters.

In my late lamented letter, whose tomb was Uncle Lisha's own waste-basket, I told of a 400-mile, cross-Texas trip that I made all by myself in an automobile last June, but it must have been too exciting for print, for it did not pass muster at the Desk. I had another experience that I meant to tell—about being lost all night on a lonely, strange beach; in a wet bathing suit and nothing else. This was on the Texas coast near Point Isabel where the wilderness of prairie-grass, cactus and mesquite grow down almost to the water's edge. I nearly froze to death, though it was July, but the worst was that I was frightened out of my wits. The coyotes howled entirely too close for my peace of mind, and the seabirds cried and circled and cried. Maybe I cried a little myself, but I'm not telling. The moon helped out all she could by shining her brightest, but it was the dear old sun I longed most to see. When dawn came I wasn't nearly so badly lost as I thought. A searching party in a Ford found me, alive and whole, when the best they expected was my mangled remains. Then someone wants to know how come that gray hair on my fair temple and I only twenty-one years old last month!

My description to prove I'm brunette before I go. Maybe I am robust enough for Cousin Jeff! I am five feet, seven inches tall; weigh a hundred and thirty-five pounds and wear size five shoes. My hair is black, of the type known as "patent-leather hair" when it is smoothly brushed; eyes, dark brown; complexion that would be called olive in fiction, but which I call just plain tan. All the olives I ever saw were green, anyhow, so I prefer some other shade, myself. I love games and outdoor sports, music and everything nice. In fact I am quite normal in most ways. Now I'll tell you what I am and what I want to be. I am a telephone operator, and—oh, hush laughing now, and let me finish, or I'll argue with you all day! My ambition is to write. Short stories and poems occupy my spare time pretty well, but I have never given an editor the chance to send me his nicely regretful rejection slip yet. For I know enough to admit what I can't do anything worth while until my education is more complete and all the other things that a successful author must have. My father says I have talent in that direction, but he may be a trifle prejudiced, seein' as how I'm the only one of his five daughters that resembles him in appearance and tastes, (we are both "book-worms").

Your niece and cousin,

GRACE CASAL.

Grace, you shake a lively typewriter and it surely is a shame you had to wiggle the keys until the lucky seventh time before I would take any notice. Now I wonder if I really have been showing partiality to blondes as Cousin Jeff boldly declared! Mebbe I have, but I know I didn't mean to; honest Injun, I didn't. Anyway hair is so variable nowadays that it is a wise man who keeps an open mind and color card. I shall try and do this in the future.

I'm deeply grieved, Grace, that you got so much lost in the frigid Texas climate that your hair turned a bit gray from wandering about and crying with the seabirds and coyotes. But by being so robust a brunette, of the true Cousin Jeff Brand, you see you survived the experience and proved yourself difficult to lose. One of those little pocket edition blondes might have been gnawed by coyotes and sand fleas long ago.

You have the correct idea, Grace. If you want to write, read and learn all that you can, so that you may have an inner well from which to draw. For your reading stick to the best that has been thought and said—the best thought said in the best way. Hold a lively, observing interest in men and things and keep a human sympathy always bubbling above your lavalliere. Gain enough of the technique of the game to express what you have to say correctly—and then go to it and write. If you have anything in your mental well worth bringing to the surface it will come out. And it will help you to be persistent enough not to mind rejection slips and to knock even to seven times—just as you have at the door behind which I have enjoyed your other letters—which Billy positively devoured with deep admiration.

PEEBLES, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have been reading the interesting letters of the cousins in COMFORT—which I have been borrowing, but now I have a chance to write, and maybe read, one of my own. To be brief about it: I have joined the League.

I live on a farm just two miles from the famous Serpent Mound, one of the great works of the Mound Builders, so if some of the cousins will write to me, I'll give them all the news about the mound.

For my own description: I am sixteen years old, five feet, ten inches in height; have brown hair, clear blue eyes—and am Irish from head to foot. I am a junior in high school and have spent six weeks in college.

Now, cousins, don't be backward and forget about me away down here in the jungle. Just write me a letter and see if I will not answer it!

Your new nephew,

JACK MASON.

Jack, we are glad to be joined by one of the original Mound Builders—even if you refuse to tell us anything about that old Earth Serpent which was shovelled together so many centuries ago. Science doesn't seem to know just why the big mound was built, but, shucks! there are lots of things we are building now that scientists of a few thousand years ahead will have to puzzle over. So that makes it square Some Professor Adolphus Doodlebury, in the year 4689, perhaps, will dig up some well-preserved Ford and decide that it may be the skeleton of a mammoth Armored Land Crab.

For your father's sake, Jack, I'm glad you only spent six weeks in college. Many fellows have spent six or seven thousand dollars there. Why did you go back to your mound building after only a month and a half of academic life? I trust you did not disagree with your professors so that they restored you to the jungle and the Serpent of your Ohio Eden! The next time you write, Jack, tell us how many mounds should be arranged in an acre of well-hilled potatoes.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



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8. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Aggravatin' Papa (Shean
9. Tomorrow
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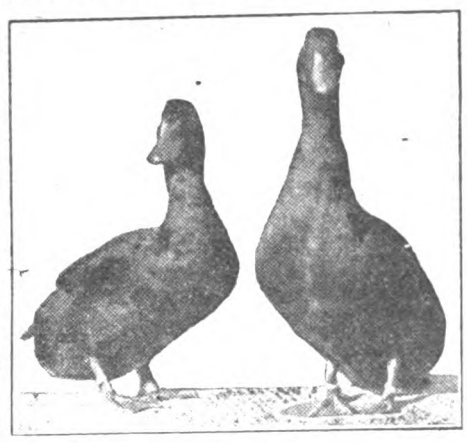


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Raising Wild Duck and Pheasants

BREEDING game birds, such as pheasants, quail and wild duck, to sell for stocking gentlemen's large estates, has become such a profitable occupation that it is well worth attention. In the past I have gone into the subject of raising pheasants and quail, and now I am in a position to take up wild ducks, for I have had several years' experience, and know that raising them in captivity is both practicable and profitable.

A friend who stayed with us one summer, whilst wandering about on a marshy strip of land the other side of the woods, returned with a much mutilated duck in one hand, and six eggs in his hat. Of course, it was against the game laws to keep eggs, but as the mother bird was lying dead beside the nest, our friend thought it no crime to bring the eggs home. I



DOMESTICATED WILD DUCKS.

set them under a broody hen; then I drove to the game warden's, showed him the dead bird, explained how she had been found, and gained his absolution.

In twenty-three days the eggs hatched, and the ducklings were as strong and contented with the mother hen as a brood of Pekins would have been. At first, they had the same custard and rice feed as the other young game birds, supplemented by water from the marshy land. A pan was sunk in the ground near the brood coop, and filled up at each feeding time. A fresh supply being brought up night and morning, it contained innumerable water creatures and some duckweed, which the little fellows devoured eagerly.

The hen was kept imprisoned in the brood coop for two weeks, after which she was allowed to walk out on the lawn with her charges from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Being an old hen with strong maternal instincts, she continued to breed the foster family for eight weeks. After that we made a cage like enclosure of wire netting at the end of the orchard, and extended it into the river, put a rough shelter at one corner, and imprisoned one pair of birds.

In the marshy land much further from the house and buildings, another inclosure was made, six feet high, having no wire over the top, as we wanted to try the experiment of giving the birds their liberty when old enough to safely protect themselves. Before they attempted flight, a natural wild duck was found in the yard one morning. Attracted by the cry of the young ones, it had evidently flown in over the top of the wire netting, which had confused and prevented its escape, for the poor thing was lying, half stunned, in a corner. It was captured, and transferred to the inclosure in the orchard, where it soon became nearly as tame as the others.

Late in the season, the young duck was removed, leaving the farm-raised with the wild duck. They were not allowed their liberty until the next spring, and subsequently they nested in the old winter shelter, rearing their brood without any assistance from us.

The wire was entirely removed from around the shelter in the marshy land early in the fall, but one feed a day was still provided. The birds became friendly with others of their kind, and at one time we thought they had deserted us, but in the early spring they returned to their old feeding ground, accompanied by several wild birds.

Stealthy watching and hunting revealed eight nests that year. Eighteen eggs were stolen in all, and set under two hens, and sixteen young ones raised. Eight were sold for ten dollars a pair, to a gentleman who owned a large estate in Rockland County, and desired to establish a breeding ground on marshy land near a lake.

The demand for live birds has outstripped our capacity each year, so I am sure any one going into the business will find it very profitable.

Pheasants will lay in any sheltered corner on the ground rather than in any made nest, and the male birds are really cannibals. If they catch sight of an egg they devour it immediately, so it is well to sneak round the yards, locate the nests, and steal the eggs as frequently as possible. Pheasants are never very good setters or mothers, especially in captivity, so the best plan is to use a bantam or small Leghorn hen to set the eggs under. When you have stolen nine eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on one side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box two and one-half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of one-half inch mesh wire netting, for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby pheasants are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nestboxes, and even when they are on the grass run you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks or crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for getting through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knothole or depression in the ground has escaped your vigilance, and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient.

It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may hunt all day with little success.

Feed for Young Pheasants

Give the usual nothing for twenty-four hours; then stale cornmeal bread, crumbled (half a cupful), one tablespoonful of silver sand, one tablespoonful of crushed mustard seed, one teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), one-half boiled egg chopped fine. Mix all together and feed every two hours between 6 A. M. and 4 P. M. for three days, after which milk curds, crushed wheat, pinhead oatmeal, chopped lettuce, green onions and boiled liver can be added to the bill of fare.

A change of diet sharpens appetite, so use discretion in alternating the latter dainties. Meat, vegetables or fruit are all necessaries to these birds, and when possible should be supplied in the more natural form of grubs, insects and berries. Ants' eggs are among their favorite foods, and are easily obtained by digging into the middle of an ant hill. Meal grubs can also be created by slightly moistening meal, then keeping it in a moderately warm place.

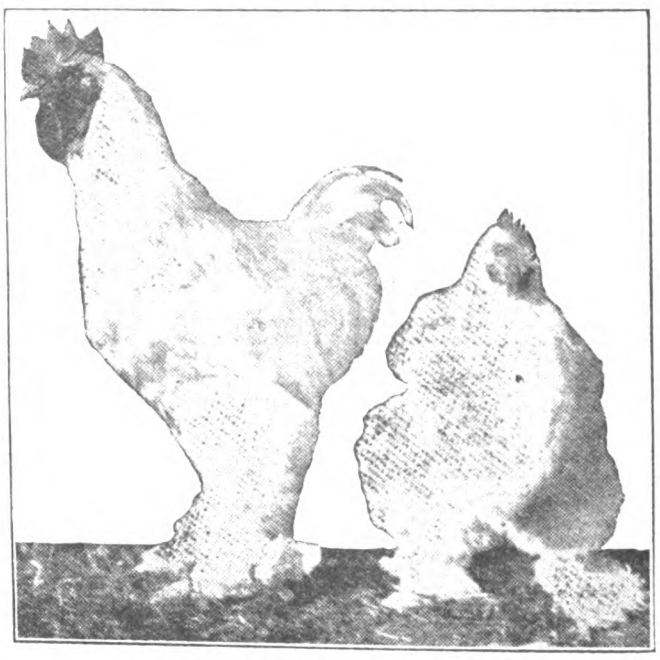
After the eighth week, cracked corn, wheat, barley, Kafir corn, rape—in fact, all the small grains, are staple food for the rest of their lives, and can always be left before them in self-feeding boxes, for they are not gluttons and never eat too much.

Once a day a crumbly mash containing meat and green stuff of some sort should be fed if the birds are to be kept in good breeding condition.

Bacillary White Diarrhea in Chickens

At least half the letters I receive at this season of the year have to do with the loss among newly hatched chicks, and majority of which have been caused by white diarrhea, so I decided on taking that disease as my text for this month's talk, instead of answering letters individually in a correspondence column, where restricted space prevents me from giving a full description of the disease. For the last few years I have kept in touch with all the research work done in Connecticut, and other experiment stations in regard to the scourge amongst newly hatched chicks, and also have given much time to studying the symptoms and sources of infection on my own farm.

The Storrs College has made a very exhaustive study, and done a great deal of experimental work testing laying hens, fresh and partly incubated eggs: and their work has proved conclusively that the disease is readily transferred from bird to bird and the eggs laid by the infected birds contain the germ of the disease. As in most all other diseases, the symptoms, and appearance of the intestinal organs after death vary considerably, and in very few cases are all the symptoms to be found. But I must of course enumerate all the symptoms, and, as clearly as I can, the conditions, to enable you to recognize those you may meet in different cases. But, remember, you are not likely to find each sufferer carrying all the earmarks of the disease. The earliest deaths may occur within a very short time after hatching, without any prominent symptoms, except-ing, perhaps, weakness and lack of vitality. The characteristic whitish discharge from the vent, makes its appearance in the flock, the time depending without doubt, upon the virulence of the organism and the modeof infection. The discharge may be slight or profuse, in color white or creamy, sometimes mixed with brown. The voided matter has a more or less



PRIZE WHITE COCHIN FOWLS.

sticky or glairy character. It may simply streak the down below the vent, or may cling to the down in sufficient quantity to seal up the vent. This is the condition that poultrymen designate as "pasting up behind." This latter condition, however, is not necessarily indicative of white diarrhea.

The chicks soon become listless and sleepy, inclined to huddle together and remain under the hover much of the time. They seem to have no appetite and do not eat much. Frequently when they attempt to take food the action is more or less mechanical. The wings begin to droop or project slightly from the body, with feathers ruffled. In acute cases the eyes are closed, and the chicks become indifferent to everything that goes on about them. Many of the chicks peep or chirp constantly, the sound being shrill or weak according to the strength of the individual. Frequently when endeavoring to void the excreta the chick utters a shrill twitter, apparently a cry of pain. The breathing may be labored, the abdomen heaving with each breath. Occasionally one may note a certain amount of gasping or gaping.

During the progress of the disease the chick may die suddenly, while still fairly strong. When the disease is prolonged the chicken gradually waste away, becoming more and weaker until scarcely able to support their own weight. In this stage they will often be seen to rest against foreign objects for support, standing with legs braced apart, squatting or lying, utterly helpless.

Frequently the chicks take on the appearance which poultrymen call "short backed." The back seems to shorten and the abdomen to protrude out of proportion, causing the chick to look "stilty" as compared with one of normal development. This condition Woods accurately describes as follows:

"The weakling is almost big bellied, the abdomen protruding to the rear so that it bunches out behind, well out of line with the vent, with the result that the chick looks as if the tailpiece and backbone had been pushed forward and in just above the vent."

With few exceptions, the deaths from typical bacillary white diarrhea occur while the chicks are under one month of age. After this a few straggling deaths may be expected, and if complications set in, a high mortality may be observed. The chicks which have had the bacillary white diarrhea seem to be greatly weakened in constitution, and fall an easy prey to disorders which would be resisted easily by normal chicks.

Those which survive remain more or less stunted in their development. Frequently they are misshapen, with long beaks and "crow heads," and with imperfect feathering. In every way they impress one as being weak and lacking in vitality. This condition may persist indefinitely, or the bird may slowly regain vigor and vitality, and finally make satisfactory development.

The usual method of autopsy has been followed, the bird being placed on its back on a board, the outstretched wings and legs tacked in position, the skin covering the breast and abdomen removed, and the internal organs exposed to view by the removal of the entire breastbone. In typical cases the following conditions are found:

Crop—Empty, or partially filled with slimy fluid or with food.

Lungs—Apparently normal.

Liver—Pale, with streaks and patches of red. The congested areas are usually large in size. Occasionally epidemics will be met with in which the liver is more or less congested throughout. In such cases, the portion of the stomach lying in contact with the liver is inflamed.

Kidney and Spleen—Apparently normal.

Intestines—Pale, and for the greater part empty. A small amount of dark grayish or brownish matter frequently present.

Ceca—With but few exceptions but partly filled with a grayish soft material. Only occasional cheesy or firm contents.

Unabsorbed Yolk—Usually present, varying in size from a pea to a full-sized yolk. The color may vary from a yellow to brownish green or nearly black. In consistency there is also much variation. It may appear perfectly normal, distinctly gelatinous, or watery. Frequently it looks like custard, and again it is more or less dry and firm. Unless the chick has been dead some time the yolk is not putrid, but merely stale.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

EASY NOW TO RID YOUR PLACE OF FLIES

Widely Known Scientist Discovers Wonderful Chemical that is Fatal to Flies. Not a Poison—Harmless to Stock.

Flies are one of the most dangerous and annoying things with which the farmer has to contend. Now, through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, widely known scientist, you can rid your house and barns and livestock of these pests almost instantly, and with no trouble at all. This discovery is in the form of an organic chemical that is fatal to flies, and similar pests, such as chiggers, mosquitoes and fleas.



This new discovery, which is called Alexander's Rid-O-Fly, is not a poison. Though it kills flies like magic, farm animals and human beings are not affected by it at all. In addition to killing these insects, Rid-O-Fly is a strong repellent. Flies will not come near stock or buildings where Rid-O-Fly has been used. Rid-o-Fly is particularly valuable for cows and horses, as it is a known fact that flies do untold harm to these animals.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that his discovery will rid your house, barns and live stock of these pests that he offers to send a $3.00 supply for only $1.25 on the guarantee that if Rid-O-Fly does not solve your fly problems it will cost you nothing. Two big Kansas City Banks guarantee the reliability of this offer.

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address to the Alexander Laboratories, 1305 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and this introductory offer will be mailed at once.



June—Month of Perfection

The Gardener's Busiest Season

UNE is the serene month of all the year; the month of birds and flowers and verdant foliage; the month of smiling skies and smiling brides. Truly "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world" June, but she lavishes the bounties of Na-e for only a short time, then becomes only ond memory. The gardener must follow advice of Robert Herrick, if he is to enjoy e to the fullest extent, given in the lines:

"Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying."

Good advice, that, whether it be applied the time spent in the flower garden or with or sprinkling can or trowel among the etables. Early and late in the garden is rule in June, but we will not call the long irs *work;* after the long winter that is past, before the arrival of the hot days of toil come, garden work now is *play*, a pleasure be enjoyed to the fullest.

Keep the garden working by planting a cession of the vegetables you like best. is is the very best way to lengthen the sea- of productiveness. Plant spinach, beans, rots, peas, corn, radishes, beets, lettuce kohlrabi at intervals of two to three weeks. dry regions radishes and late peas may not vive summer drought, so others must be sen. The main thing is to see that no und is allowed to remain idle. Beans may alternated with cucumbers in the row, then bean plants pulled up after they have shed bearing, making ample room for the umbers to spread.

Do not forget squash and pumpkins. They ive best if planted when the ground is warm, they must be given room to spread. In shade of the sweet corn rows is a fine place both, if the corn is cut and removed after as produced. Two new varieties of dwarf ash are worthy of the attention of garden-

These are suited to any location where larger squashes will thrive, but are more irable because of their smaller size and re- tion of waste when prepared for the table. is a small edition of the well-known Hub- d, developed by inbreeding by the Minne- a Experiment Station. On the market it best known as "Kitchenette", is dark green olor and fully equal to the larger Hubbards lavor. Average size is less than 5 pounds. s uniform in size, attractive in appearance, keeps perfectly in storage. The fact that natures one to two weeks earlier than the er kinds is an added inducement. The er new dwarf squash is especially adapted Minnesota and Iowa, where it originated, should do well in other regions when it ives a trial. It is even earlier than the rf Hubbard, and averages even smaller ize. It is dark green and smooth, or free n the "warts" common to Hubbards, but en stored it ripens to a bright golden color. Pumpkins need little or no care after plant- and are doubly deserving of garden space, we have yet to find anyone who does not pumpkin pie—and the children just can't ebrate Hallowe'en without Jack o' lanterns. e small pie pumpkins have the call over big, coarse varieties, as any housewife ows. They store better, have thinner skins, cker and better flavored flesh. Plant a hills of pumpkins, then leave their care Nature.

Dust Mulch Is Valuable

Good advice for the gardener is contained the lines "Who would have a fine garden ist look well to the soil thereof, that it be t cumbered with tares and other greedy eds that do rob the worthy flowers or fruit." e of the most important factors in the suc- s of a vegetable garden is the maintenance what experienced gardeners know as the ust mulch." This is nothing more nor less an a coating of dry, very fine earth covering e soil of the planted area to a depth of one wo inches. It is created and maintained frequent cultivation with a common hoe, uffle-hoe, wheel hoe or rake, the work being ne as soon as the water has soaked into the ound after a shower or the use of hose or rinkling can.

The principles of the dust mulch are sim- city itself. Normally there is constant aporation of soil moisture during dry weath- the moisture working up through to the face. This is brought about by what is led "capillary attraction"; each grain of htly packed soil is surrounded by a very in film of moisture, and the soil particles ing in close contact enables the water film move upwards as if "drawn by the sun". is constant evaporation from the soil, of urse, exhausts the moisture supply around e roots of plants. When it is remembered at the feeding roots of plants can take food ly in *liquid* form, it is easily seen that unless e moisture content of the soil is maintained e food elements contained in the soil cannot utilized and the plants cannot thrive.

Now, the dust mulch checks evaporation breaking up the innumerable little columns water before they reach the surface and ake their escape into the air. Hence it acts a most effective conserver of soil moisture—sort of "insulater" that prevents evaporation. garden that is carefully dust mulched will ok quite dry on the surface, but by digging wn a couple of inches it will be found to be mp and cool, even on the hottest day. Here- lies full proof that the roots are well nourish-

Another advantage of the dust mulch is at the cultivation necessary to maintain it bound to hold the weeds in check—and we ve yet to find a garden that hasn't some eds that need checking. The recipe for e truly weedless garden has not yet been discovered, we must sadly admit, but constant care will go far in the right direction.

Nicotine Dust for Insect Control

A comparatively new method of insect control has recently been announced by the Bureau of Entomology, following extended tests in which this method has surpassed any other known method of controlling such important truck-crop pests as onion thrips, cucumber beetles, melon aphis and pea aphis. Nicotine dust has several advantages over a liquid spray of nicotine sulphate. Dusting requires much less weight of material per acre than spraying, and may be done in a much shorter time with a lighter and less expensive machine. The tiny particles of dust reach many insects that would escape the most carefully applied sprays. Dust may be applied with hand dusters, horse-drawn machines or power-operated outfits, according to the size of the farm or garden.

Nicotine dust is a nicotine sulphate solution mixed in correct proportions with a dust carrier. Lime alone is usually used for the carrier, but the addition of sulphur to the lime makes the material more effective against most insects. Several thorough applications are necessary; these should be made when the insect pests first appear, but before they have done serious damage. The dust is most effective at temperatures above 65 degrees Far., and when the air is still. It loses strength if held for any great length of time or if not put up in airtight containers. Several forms of chewing insects attacking vegetable crops can be controlled by adding 10 per cent. of powdered lead arsenate to the nicotine dust used against aphis or thrips, and it should also be used in this combination when dusting small plants for cucumber beetles.

Be Ready for Rose Chafers

About this time of the year when grapes, roses and many garden flowers and vines are in blossom, long-legged beetles about one-third of an inch in length appear suddenly in great swarms in some parts of the country. These beetles are usually a light ocher or yellowish brown in color, and are variously known as rose chafers or "rose bugs". In northern states they make their appearance after the middle of June; in the South they come two or three weeks earlier. For some three to six weeks they remain to strip bushes and vines of blossoms and foliage, overrun the garden, vineyard, orchard and nursery, overlooking little that is green, then disappearing almost as suddenly as they came. As the pests do not confine their ravages to any one particular part of a plant, but consume blossoms, leaves, fruit and green stems with equal relish, they leave desolation behind them in regions and years of worst infestation.

The rose chafer is not only a serious pest; it is one of the most difficult of all our insects to combat successfully. If the insects are present in great numbers no effective remedy is known.

Every insect in the garden or on the rose bushes may be killed one day; the next day the plants will again be completely covered with a new horde of hungry eaters, perhaps a new brood or perhaps insects that have migrated from elsewhere. Therefore, to be of any value whatever, spraying must be almost continuous, and this is impossible in large areas. None of the common sprays are of any value; compounds of copper, lime, kerosene, pyrethrum, hot water, tobacco, quassia, as well as solutions of alum, hellebore and the proprietary remedies prove absolutely useless. Paris green damages the flowers but unless frequently applied does little good. Arsenate of lead comes closest to being effective, both as a repellent and a poison, but it works slowly and leaves a whitish deposit on leaves and stems of plants. However, if applied when the pests first make their appearance, it does help to some extent, and is here advised for the want of anything better. Hand picking, the good old-fashioned remedy, is of service when the pests infest rose bushes, grapes and other low growing plants, but in years of heavy infestation this method does little good. The best time to hand pick is in the early morning or the evening *every day*. *Occasional* picking is useless.

Transplanting Suggestions

Hot weather often arrives before transplanting is completed, and when this is the case results are likely to be unsatisfactory unless the work is carefully done. Earlier in the season wilting seldom causes damage; in the hot days of June it often proves fatal. Therefore, to assure satisfactory results, wilting should be reduced to a minimum in both extent and duration. To prevent it entirely is out of the question. Plants will wilt despite all that can be done; but if wilting is slight, and is not allowed to last so long that drying and shriveling results, the chances of recovery are good.

When young plants are dug from starting beds preparatory to transplanting, have handy sized boxes or trays ready to receive them. These trays should be partly filled with loose earth, not clay but loam, for clay will pack and "puddle" when soaked with water. As the plants are dug and placed in the tray, soak the soil with water and press it down around the roots. Do not dig plants, place them in a basket without earth, then take them to the garden and expect them to thrive. This probably may work in earlier and cooler times, but not when the sun is hot and the soil dry.

Many market gardeners do this: They use a large umbrella with a sharpened handle. This is kept over the trays as they are carried or hauled to the garden. It is then stuck into the ground and moved along the row as transplanting progresses. This plan is particularly useful when sunshades or screens are to be left to protect each plant.

Young plants wilt mainly because they need water—and do not get it. If it is supplied liberally the death rate is greatly reduced. Keep a sprinkling can (from which the perforated nozzle has been removed) handy throughout the transplanting operation. As the hole for each plant is made with a dibble, pour it full of water. This will quickly be absorbed, if the soil is dry; repeat the filling until the soil for three inches on all sides is thoroughly saturated. This may sound like a rather slow and tedious operation, and one that will require a deal of water carrying, but it will guarantee better results—and that makes it well worth while. After the soil has been saturated in three or four holes, quickly set the plants with the root well covered. Shallow planting is unsatisfactory. Press the earth firmly down all around, using a small handful of dry soil to finish with. This helps to reduce evaporation by preserving a dust mulch.

If sunshades are to be used, they should be set out now; to delay the placing of shades, where they are needed, is little better than to go without them. For handiness and cheapness, old shingles serve nicely. Stick them into the ground on the south side of each plant, letting each shingle slant so that the top comes directly above the plant. This will give good shade during the hottest and brightest time of the day.

Making Alfalfa Hay

June usually finds hay-making well under way in every region where alfalfa is grown. Though the number of cuttings may vary from one or two in the north, or in semi-arid districts, to six or even eight in irrigated sections of the southwest, and though soil, climate and variety of other conditions have a direct bearing on the crop wherever grown. June everywhere is "alfalfa month". It is then that most of the hay is made; it is then, too, that mistakes in hay-making occur, and they are by no means uncommon.

Alfalfa should be cut when the plants are well in bloom. Cutting at an earlier state of growth gives hay of a higher protein content, but the strands are maintained in better condition if cut when nearer full bloom. In the east, alfalfa sometimes blooms very sparingly when the season is too wet or too dry, so it is very difficult to determine the stage of maturity by the number of blossoms. When this is the case it becomes necessary to watch the basal shoots and cut when they are well started. As the leaves contain about two-thirds of the feeding value of the plant, an effort should be made to get the hay into the stack or mow with as little loss of leaves as possible. This can be accomplished only by handling as little and as carefully as possible after the hay begins to dry. The hay should be raked before it becomes brittle, and most of the curing should be done in the cock; in this respect the process differs from that employed for timothy hay. In humid sections hay caps, each consisting of a piece of canvas about a yard square, help greatly in making hay of good quality but they increase the cost and labor. Where the weather is uncertain the farmer may be justified in hastening the process by doing more curing in the swath and finishing in the windrow. By this method the hay is exposed for a shorter time between cutting and storing, and while some leaves are lost the actual loss in feeding value may be less than would result from unfavorable weather even if the hay were put up in cocks.

Sudan Grass and Soy Beans for Hay

Sudan grass grown alone, or in combination with soy beans, has been discussed briefly in these columns in the past, but we take the chance of repeating here because of the importance of the subject. Experimental work and farm reports both bear out the fact that broadcasting or drilling sudan grass, when alone, at the rate of 20 to 25 pounds to the acre gives best results. This rate of seeding seems to be best for hay production, giving a close stand of finer stemmed grass. Sudan grass has the special advantage of making a fine stand of hay when seeded as late as the first of July, and as a "smother crop" it has never been excelled when employed to choke out quack grass or other noxious weeds.

Sudan grass grown in combination with soy beans has plainly demonstrated in many trials its fitness as an emergency hay crop, slightly outyielding any other plant in hay crop, such as peas and oats, or soy beans alone, when grown under favorable conditions. Seeding at a rate of 10 pounds of sudan grass and 1½ to 2 bushels of soy beans per acre gives most satisfactory results.

Tests made by the Wisconsin Experiment Station in various parts of the state under widely different conditions of soil, climate and rainfall gave the following yields of peas and oats, soy beans alone, and sudan grass sown with soy beans. Under all conditions, as the records show, the sudan grass soy bean combination proved the heaviest yielding emergency hay crop.

1½ bu. Canada peas with 1½ bu. oats	3.69 tons
2 bu. Canada peas with 1½ bu. oats	3.34 "
2 bu. Marrowfat peas with 1½ bu. oats	3.11 "
1½ bu. Scotch peas with 1½ bu. oats	3.10 "
1½ bu. Wis. peas with 1½ bu. oats	3.32 "
1½ bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone	4.00 tons
2 bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone	3.91 tons
2½ bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone	3.85 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 1½ bu. Black Eyebrows	3.46 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Black Eyebrows	4.04 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2½ bu. Black Eyebrows	4.00 tons

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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A Simply Constructed "Flivver" Set

THE following is a description of a set of the "flivver" variety which the author recently constructed with very gratifying results. The feedback effect is obtained in the same way as the familiar DeForest Ultra-audion circuit and does not require a separate tickler coil as in all the other sets previously described in this column. It will be found that the set regenerates very well on practically any wavelength adjustment and, as there is but one control, after the filament and switch are set the outfit will be very easy to tune. The list of parts necessary in constructing set are listed below:

1 Panel of wood, Bakelite, hard rubber, asbestos board etc., 7½ inches by 7½, by three sixteenth of an inch.

1 .0005 M. F. variable condenser must be small size. Vernier attachment preferred.

1 Switcharm 1 inch radius.

4 Switch Points.

2 Switch stops.

1 dial 3 inches diameter.

1 Rheostat with vernier attachment.

1 cardboard tube 3½ inches diameter 4 inches long, one-eighth of an inch thick.

1 V. T. socket for UV200 bulb or WD11 as desired.

½ lb spool No. 22 wire.

8 binding posts.

1 Baseboard, 7½ inches by 6, by five-eighths inch.

The layout of the panel is shown in Fig. 1 which also shows the various controls in their proper places. The set consists of but one variable condenser, a tapped inductance with the necessary switch, and the audion controlling unit.

The centers for the switch, variable condenser, audion sight holes and rheostat are each located at a distance of 2 inches from all edges and are to be prickpunched first. The holes for mounting screws for the condenser and rheostat can not be shown as these instruments will vary in *make* according to the discretion of the builder; therefore centers only can be given. This will be found to be a very simple matter and need not be gone into at length. The switch arm may be conveniently of 1 inch radius and the four points are spaced off on the large circle about five sixteenths of an inch apart and opposite each end point a one-eighth inch hole is drilled to accommodate a stop pin. This prevents the switcharm from sliding off the points. The audion sight holes are laid out by first striking a circle from the prickpunched center with a five-eighth inch radius, and, using the same setting of the compass, divide the circle into 6 equal parts. The intersections of the circle are now carefully spotted with the prickpunch and they are ready to drill.

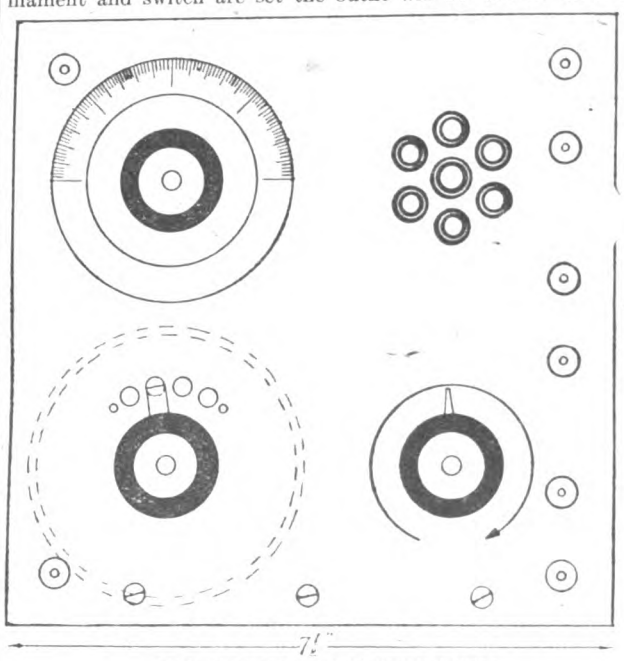


Fig 1. Baseboard not shown in this drawing.

The Antenna and Ground binding posts are located on a line five-eighths of an inch from the left-hand edge of panel and five-eighths of an inch from the lower and upper edges respectively. The extreme outer binding posts on the opposite side of panel are located in an exactly similar manner and the balance are measured from them. The two top posts are for the phones and are one inch between centers. The same is true of the two lower posts which are for the A Battery connections, while the middle pair are located from the center line of panel and are also one inch apart. These are for the B Battery.

The panel is now ready for drilling and we start with the smallest sizes first which will be the holes for the switch points. These should be made with a one-eighth inch drill and care should be taken that they exactly split the line or the switch will present a very poor appearance. It would be well to use this same drill to start all the other holes on the panel and "chase" it with larger sizes as a more accurate job will result. Bakelite, particularly, is peculiar material to drill and the drill is all too liable to "creep".

All shaft holes should be made ¼ inch, also the audion sight holes. The latter will also look more businesslike if they are deeply countersunk and possibly a further improvement may be made by making the center hole a little larger than the others. This is largely a matter of taste and may be safely left to the builder.

When all holes are drilled the next procedure is to lightly touch the edges of all the holes with a countersink or drill of large diameter in order to remove all burrs.

If desired the panel may then be rubbed down with a piece of medium sandpaper and given a satin finish which is preferred by many experimenters. The panel is then laid, face down, on a table and the capacity screen is applied before any of the various instruments are mounted. This consists of a large piece of tin or copper foil which has previously been rolled out perfectly flat and free from wrinkles. The panel is given a good coat of shellac and a match is immediately touched to it in order to burn off all the excess alcohol and water. This leaves the remaining shellac in a very sticky state and before it has a chance to dry further the foil is applied and rolled down hard and even with a smooth roller. The foil is then rubbed hard with the fingers until all the holes which have been drilled show up in sharp relief through the foil which is then cut away neatly in such a way that no metallic contact may be made with any of the instruments or wires. The foil immediately surrounding the ground binding post, however, is left untouched and serves to ground the screen effectively.

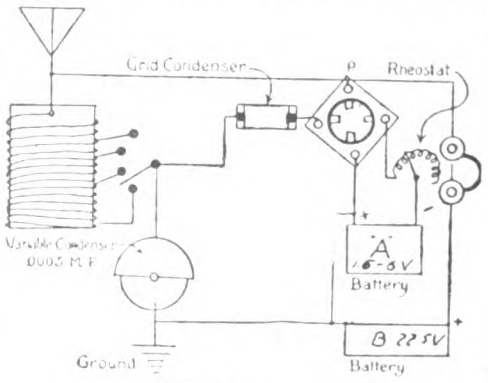


Figure 3.

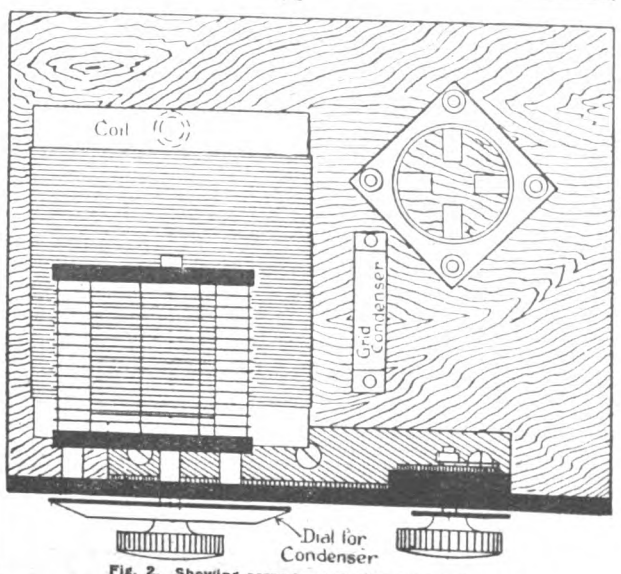


Fig. 2. Showing arrangement of various instruments.

Winding the Inductance

The inductance is wound on a cardboard tube 3½ inches in diameter and about 4 inches long. The winding should be of No. 22 single covered copper wire and, if made exactly as described, should tune to the following wave-lengths.

Point 1. Tapped at 22nd turn, Waverange 150 to 240 meters.

Point 2. Tapped at 35th turn, Waverange 212 to 339 meters.

Point 3. Tapped at 61st turn, Waverange 315 to 506 meters.

Point 4. Tapped at 99th turn, Waverange 446 to 715 meters.

The method of winding is as follows:

Starting ½ inch from one end of tube, 22 turns are wound tightly and evenly together and in order to give the correct wavelength range as shown above the actual length of coil thus far wound should be exactly 7 inches. If wire used is double covered probably it will be necessary to use about one turn less. The wire is now given a single loose turn back over the coil thus far wound and the end of the turn brought back to the point where it left the coil. Winding is then continued until the coil is exactly 1.1 inch long. This should be taken exactly at the 35th turn. A tap is taken at this point by again making one loose turn back over the already wound section of the coil. The remaining taps are taken off at 1.9 inches and 3.1 inches as shown above and the winding is finished. It should be noted here that there are many sets being advertised on the market which seem to have been "designed" as a vehicle for advertising switch points. Most of these sets have been built with little regard to efficient tuning and can hardly be expected to deliver the same results as can a set which has been really designed. The above described coil shows that a very few points on a series antenna condenser will give tuning over a considerable range.

The baseboard is next in line to receive attention and may be a piece of birch, quarter oak or other wood which will take a good finish. Soft wood such as pine or boxwood should not be used. The coil is mounted on the baseboard in such a position as to be close to the rear of the switch and directly under the variable condenser. The leads from the coil which were left as loops around it, are now cut and the two ends twisted and soldered together in each case leaving four long connections which are later soldered to the proper points. The panel is fastened to the baseboard by means of a 5 inch length of ½ inch angle brass and six screws. Three of these are flat head eight-thirtysecond machine screws and the others small wood screws. The audion socket is next mounted in place on the baseboard directly in line with sight holes in panel, and set is ready to wire. The wiring diagram, Fig. 3, will doubtless be self explanatory and we believe that no one should have the smallest difficulty in making the various connections. The grid condenser may be of .00025 M. F. 0005 M. F. according to taste used. If WD11 tube is used the only difference in connecting up set will be the A Battery which should be 1.5 Volts instead of 6 Volts as for UV200 tubes. We shall be very glad to hear from any of our readers who make up this set and to learn what results they get with it. A later article will describe a two stage amplifier to be used in connection with this set.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What wave length does N A A send on? A. J. L., Paris, Ill.

A.—N. A. A. sends on a wave length of 710 meters.

Q.—Can I use a dry cell instead of a storage battery for my crystal set? O. H. R., Ironia, Wis.

A.—It is not necessary to use any battery at all on a crystal set if Galena crystal is used, and as this is the best type of crystal for music reception you need not worry over a battery.

Q.—Could I use a vacuum tube or a three cir mounting to improve my set? If used separately which would give the best results?

A. G., Denver, Colo.

A.—A vacuum tube would certainly improve your set but it is hard to tell whether a three cir mounting would benefit you or not as we do not know what you are using now.

Q.—Which gives the best service, insulated or bare wire for an aerial? How much does a vacuum tube cost? B. B., Revil, Ky.

A.—It makes no difference whether the aerial wire is bare or covered. A vacuum tube for detector costs $5.00 and for an amplifier costs $6.50.

Q.—Can a WD-11 tube be used on the set described in the COMFORT?

A.—Yes. In case this type of tube is used it is best to use the WD-11 tube socket.

Q.—Is it possible to use a loud speaker on a crystal set if the sending station is located close by?

A.—No. It requires a Vacuum tube to work a loud speaker and there should be at least one step of amplification.

NOTE.—We are informed by the publisher of Q S T magazine that the March, 1922 issue of QST, which contained the improved Reinartz tuner article, is completely sold out. The March QST Reinartz article was reproduced exactly in the October, 1922 issue of the Modulator, Room 205, 120 Liberty St., New York City, where copy can be obtained for 10 cents.—EDITOR.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"You have not yet told me, nor will I ask you tonight, how you happened to leave London so suddenly. Wilbur Coolidge told me that I should find you at the Washington," he said, as he drew near the door.

"Yes, I did tell him that I should be there for a few days, but an accident prevented my ever going to the hotel at all. I am now with Lady Ruxley, at her cottage near Willingham Hall."

"Zounds! She has got right back into that Coolidge nest again, poor thing! I wonder if she knows it, or has seen them yet?" was Adrian's inward comment; then he said aloud: "If you remain her a few days I shall probably see you again."

Then, as he clasped her hand, he continued, with a smile:

"Now, good-night; and, Miss Douglas, do not go wandering off by yourself again in the night to places you know nothing of."

Again she thrilled at his touch, and the fire leaped into her cheeks at his words.

"I will not," she promised, with a little answering smile, though he saw the tears were dropping from her eyes, as she added: "But Mr. Dredmond, I have not been able to find words adequate to express my feelings for what you have done for me tonight; but surely you will not deem me ungrateful."

"No, no, dar—" He nearly said it in spite of himself, but quickly checking the word, he exclaimed: "Great Heaven! how it unmans me even now to think of it; but I pray you go to rest, and try to forget it if you can."

He led her up the steps to a side door, where she could enter unseen, let her in, then wandered away by himself again into the park, his soul stirred to its very depths by the events of the last half hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Our big volume business enables us to sell *brand new Cord* tires at lowest prices. Don't miss this Sale. Every Cord guaranteed first quality and new. Order your season's supply now and cut your tire cost in two. Thousands of steady customers getting **10,000 Miles** full mileage and you, too, can get

Size	Cords	Tubes	Size	Cords	Tubes
30x3	$5.95	$1.05	34x4	$11.75	$1.65
30x3½	6.90	1.25	32x4½	13.70	2.00
32x3½	7.25	1.30	33x4½	14.40	2.10
31x4	9.90	1.40	34x4½	14.90	2.15
32x4	10.65	1.45	35x4½	15.40	2.25
33x4	11.20	1.50	33x5	20.00	2.50

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Sensational Cut in Standard Tire Prices!

Here is another of our record-breaking sales! **Two tires for less than the usual cost of one, and a free inner tube with each tire!** *No double tread or sewed tires.* Thousands of steady customers are getting full mileage out of these tires and you, too, can get **12,000 Miles**

You can see the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it, but order now! Supply limited and going fast!

Note Big Saving on Orders for Two Tires

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	$6.95	$ 9.45	34x4	$13.25	$21.95
30x3	7.25	11.95	32x4½	13.45	22.45
30x3½	8.25	13.95	33x4½	13.95	22.95
32x3½	9.45	15.95	34x4½	14.45	23.45
31x4	10.65	17.45	35x4½	14.95	24.90
32x4	11.85	19.75	35x5	15.90	26.45
33x4	12.45	20.90	37x5	16.45	27.45

SEND NO MONEY We require no deposit. Shipment C. O. D. subject to examination and approval. Return same at our expense if not fully satisfied. **You take no risk whatever.**

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
1504 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 30F, Chicago, Illinois

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Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous Diamond-Treaded Tires — **as illustrated** — at less than ½. Made of **NEW LIVE RUBBER** and built on the best carcases money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

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During this cut-price sale, we give you **absolutely Free** a Standard, brand new tube with every tire! 2 tubes free with 2 Tires! Be sure to state if **straight side or clincher** is wanted.

FREE Examination

Send deposit of $1 for each tire ordered. Send only $2 if you order 2 tires. We ship C. O. D. for balance and allow examination. If not absolutely satisfied, return unused and we'll refund every cent of your deposit! You take no risk whatever! If you prefer to remit with order, deduct 5 per cent. **Money-Back Guarantee**

Size	1 Tire & 1 Tube	2 Tires & 2 Tubes
28x3	$ 6.50	$ 9.30
30x3	6.70	10.65
30x3½	7.40	12.55
32x3½	8.95	14.50
31x4	10.15	16.40
32x4	10.30	17.35
33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
32x4½	12.55	20.10
33x4½	13.10	21.10
34x4½	13.40	21.90
35x4½	13.90	22.95
35x5	14.90	24.85
37x5	15.10	25.65

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30x3½	5.85	.85
32x3½	6.85	1.05
31x4	9.95	1.10
32x4	10.45	1.15
33x4	11.10	1.20
34x4	11.90	1.25
32x4½	16.50	1.45
33x4½	16.75	1.50
34x4½	17.05	1.55
35x5	19.95	1.75
36x5	20.10	1.80

30X3½ $6.85 Send No Money

Write us and tell us the size of your tires and how many you want. Shipped C. O. D. with section unwrapped for inspection. If not satisfied return tire unused and money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

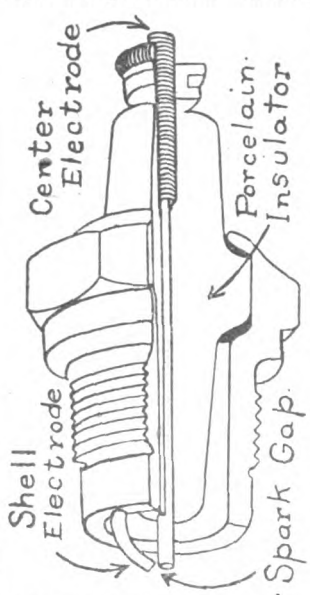
Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Spark Plug

THE spark plug is placed in the cylinder to ignite the charge of gasolene and air. The plug consists of two electrodes. One of these electrodes is a part of the metal shell which screws into the cylinder. The other, or center electrode, is insulated, usually in porcelain, and connects to the high tension cable through which the current for ignition purposes is furnished. The electrical current travels down the insulated center electrode and in order to obtain a ground or return is compelled to jump the gap which exists between the center and shell electrode. As above stated, the latter electrode is a part of the shell which screws into the cylinder and after jumping the gap the current finds a return through the engine and frame to the coil.

To obtain the best results from a spark plug, the proper space must exist between the two electrodes. If the spark is too great, the engine will have a tendency to miss on heavy pulls and if the setting is too close the engine will miss under light loads. In the absence of the manufacturer's gauge for setting the gap, adjust for a space of about the thickness of a smooth dime. When setting the gap, never bend the center electrode as it is insulated and a strain may cause the porcelain to crack. Always make the adjustment by bending the electrode attached to the shell, which screws into the cylinder.

When a cylinder is not firing, first determine the cylinder by short circuiting the spark plug. Use a screw-driver so that the hand comes in contact with the wooden handle only. Place the screw-driver so that the end contacts with the cylinder or some other metal part which fastens to the cylinder. With the metal shank of the screw-driver touch the top of the center electrode of the plug. If, when testing the plug action in this manner, the operation of the engine changes, it indicates that this plug is in proper firing condition. Should, however, you short a plug and not change the engine operation, it indicates that you have found the cylinder that has not been firing.



Spark Plug Cut Open to Show Interior Parts.

First make certain that current is being delivered to the plug. Instead of touching the center electrode with the shank of the screw-driver, move the shank away from the electrode about a one-thirty-second of an inch. If current is being delivered, it will jump the gap between the electrode and the screw-driver shank. Do not move the point of the screw-driver away from contact with the cylinder or other metal part.

Remove the plug that is not firing and note if there is an accumulation of oil or soot on the electrodes. Wipe off the soot or soil and clean the electrodes with fine emery cloth or sandpaper.

Some plugs are so constructed that the center electrode can be removed. When the plug is of this construction, it should be taken apart and cleaned thoroughly. If the examination discloses that the porcelain insulator is cracked, the plug should be discarded and a new one installed.

However, when it cannot be determined if the insulator is cracked or otherwise defective, the plug should be shorted on the outside of the cylinder. After being cleaned as thoroughly as possible, it should be connected to the high tension cable and the engine started. If the current jumps the gap between the two electrodes, one can be reasonably sure that the plug will fire when installed. A good way to clean a dirty plug is to wash it in alcohol.

Healthful Pointers

Adjusting Brakes

It is the usual practice for the manufacturer to provide means for adjusting the car brakes. The owner should read the instruction book provided so as to gain an understanding of the working principle of the brake and the manner in which they are adjusted. Too often the owner will shorten the pull rods or cables to obtain better brake action. This is sometimes necessary for internal expanding brakes but for the external contracting type, in the majority of cases, the adjustment should not be made by shortening the cables. Usually the proper procedure is to adjust the band so that it has the proper clearance from the brake drum. One or more adjustments are usually provided for this purpose. Shortening the pull cables changes the position of the lever which operates the brakes and limits the brake action. The proper method is to compensate for the brake lining wear and not to shorten the brake action.

Straightening Parts

The highest grades of alloy steels are used in the construction of the modern automobile. These steels, after being shaped into useful parts, are oftentimes scientifically heat treated to give the greatest amount of strength and durability. By careful tests, the manufacturer has determined the kind of treatment to give the different parts to insure the maximum service. Should an accident cause a treated part to become bent, the safe plan is to replace it with a new one obtained from the manufacturer. Should an attempt be made to straighten the part by heating and bending it is almost impossible to heat treat the part so that it will have its original strength. There is a chance of the part being under treated and soft or treated too hard so that it becomes brittle. Likewise, it is not safe to purchase parts from firms which manufacture parts for certain makes of cars. The manufacturer makes and treats the parts, using formulæ which were made after exhaustive experimental work. As a rule, the outside parts manufacturer does not know the manufacturer's formulæ and usually an inferior product is purchased, the inducement being a few cents saved on the purchase price. The one safe way is to purchase parts direct from the car manufacturer or from an authorized service station.

Adjusting Bearings

Taper roller bearings such as used for front wheels, rear axles, etc., should not be adjusted too tightly. These bearings will run even when adjusted in that manner but with an injurious result. If after making an adjustment it is found that the locking device cannot be set in place without tightening on the adjustment a trifle more, slack off on the adjustment rather than tighten it. These bearings should have running clearance and a slight amount of play is more desirable than a tight fit.

Springs

The car springs are so located that they receive water, dirt, mud, etc., depending on the condition of the road. These foreign matters gradually work in between the spring leaves forming rust and resistance to the spring action. About every 500 miles it is a good plan to scrub the dirt and other foreign matter from the sides of the spring and with a brush coat the edges of the leaves with a light cylinder oil. Lubricant that has been drained from the motor crankcase is excellent for this purpose. The natural action of the spring, when the car is in motion, will allow a certain portion of the oil to work in between the leaves and provide the needed lubrication for the leaves to slide.

Headlight Reflectors

A great many headlight reflectors are silvered and much care must be exercised not to scratch them when cleaning. Frequent cleaning is not recommended. However, when it becomes necessary to do so it is well to use powdered dry rouge and a clean soft chamois skin. Polish lightly and avoid hard rubbing.

Carbon Monoxide

At this season of the year, the owner is apt to spend considerable time tuning the engine. At least once a year, these columns contain the warning against the running of the engine in a garage or room that is not amply ventilated. The exhaust of a gasolene engine contains a deadly poisonous gas known as carbon monoxide. It has been claimed by some that the presence of the gas to an injurious extent is manifested by the workman experiencing a nauseous sensation. However, there are cases where it would appear that the workman experienced no personal discomfiture until it was too late for him to help himself or summon aid. Unless the garage doors and windows are thrown wide open so as to completely ventilate the room, the one safe plan, if the engine is to run for a length of time, is to first run the car outside and make the adjustments in the open.

Starter Trouble

Many cars are equipped with a starting arrangement which includes a pinion which slides along a spiral into engagement with teeth on the flywheel. Should the pinion become stuck on the spiral and refuse to mesh with the teeth on the flywheel, it should be cleaned thoroughly with kerosene and then lubricated well.

Vacuum Tank Care

Should you be tinkering around the car and in the course of events your attention become focused on the vacuum tank, pass on. Do not allow your imagination to lead you to believe that some adjustment or cleaning will give better operation. Unless gasolene is not being delivered to the carburetor leave the tank absolutely alone. The tank is of durable construction and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when gasolene does not flow to the carburetor, the trouble is due to a loose connection, clogged or broken pipe, rather than in the tank.

Easing a Jolt

When driving across a raised track or cross walk, the jolt can be reduced to the minimum if the car is driven diagonally across rather than to allow both wheels to strike the track or walk at the same time.

Cleaning Upholstery

The upholstery of the car can be brightened by wiping with a chamois wrung out of clear water. Do not use gasolene for this purpose.

Cleaning Commutator

When necessary to clean the commutator of a generator or starting motor use a very fine sand paper. Never use emery cloth.

Washing Car

When washing the car, use an abundance of water. Remove the nozzle from the hose and use a gently flowing stream. Direct the water on the body until it softens the dust and dirt. With the water constantly directed in front of a clean sponge, proceed to gently wash the car. Do not rub with the sponge as there is danger of scratching the finish. After the body has been cleaned in this manner, again shower the car with water after which polish with a clean chamois wrung out of clear water. Do not use the same sponge on the chassis as used on the body. Usually the chassis is spotted at points with oil and grease and for this reason it is well to keep a separate sponge for chassis cleaning.

Answers to Questions

VACUUM TANK BALKS.—My Elgin six, 1919 model, touring car, which is equipped with a Stromberg carbureter and Steward vacuum tank, is in fine condition otherwise than that the vacuum tank will not pump any gas. Yet there seems to be nothing wrong with the vacuum tank or carbureter. Where should I look for the trouble?

Can a 12-volt switch from a Dodge car be used successfully on a light Overland four which is equipped with a 6-volt system?

Mrs. R. K. B., Flasher, N. Dak.

A.—If the vacuum tank has been allowed to stand without gasolene in it for a long time, the tank should be primed by removing the plug in top of the tank and pouring in a supply of gasolene. If, however, you have been driving the car and the trouble but recently appeared, you should look for loose or broken connections. Make certain that the suction pipe connection is tight at the intake manifold. Examine the connection where the pipe line enters the gasolene tank. The connection may be loose or the pipe line broken. Cases have been known where the short pipe in the gasolene tank has been broken off. A careful check of the pipe lines and connections should readily disclose your trouble. Voltage does not enter into the selection of a switch. If the switch you have in mind can be installed and connected, it should operate satisfactorily.

SLIPPING CLUTCH.—The engine of my 1922 Ford roadster runs fine, but when I shift from low into high the engine will run a long time before it takes hold. What is the trouble?—A. L. J., Decatur, Ind.

A.—The trouble is undoubtedly due to a slipping clutch. Remove the plate on the transmission cover under the floor boards at the driver's feet. Remove the cotter key on the first clutch finger and move the set screw from one-half to a complete turn to the right. Adjust the remaining clutch fingers in like manner, being certain to turn each set screw the same distance. Do not fail to replace the cotters. Be careful you do not drop small tools or other articles into the transmission case as it is almost impossible to recover them without taking off the transmission cover.

Ford Runs 57 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

A new automatic Vaporizer and Decarbonizer, which in actual test has increased the power and mileage of Fords from 25 to 50 per cent and at the same time removed every particle of carbon from the cylinders is the proud achievement of John A. Stransky, 3831 South Main Street, Pukwana, South Dakota. A remarkable feature of this simple and inexpensive device is that its action is governed entirely by the motor. It is slipped between the carburetor and intake manifold and can be installed by anyone in five minutes without drilling or tapping. With it attached, Ford cars have made from 40 to 57 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Mr. Stransky wants to place a few of these devices on cars in this territory and has a very liberal offer to make to anyone who is able to handle the business which is sure to be created wherever this marvelous little device is demonstrated. If you want to try one entirely at his risk send him your name and address today.—Adv.

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Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. **Agents Wanted.**

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Lowest Wholesale Prices in America. Shipped prepaid on approval. Make big money all or part time. No capital or experience. Sample sections furnished.

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Mrs. E. M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has sufficient means to provide for her own support; we think the wife's right of support can be enforced against any property the husband may own in case he leaves the state and a court order cannot be enforced against him personally.

Mrs. A. M., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that no woman while married may by will bequeath more than two-thirds of her property away from her husband, that all except noncupative wills must be subscribed at the end thereof by the testator or testatrix, and must be signed in the presence of the attesting witnesses or acknowledged by the testator to them, and that the testator must at the time acknowledge such instrument to be his last will and testament, and that there must be two attesting witnesses who should sign the will as such witnesses in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other. We think you should employ a local lawyer to attend to the drawing of the will and to see that the same is properly signed.

Mrs. R. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters depending upon who is left, if he leaves no kindred within the degrees capable of inheriting the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Miss K. A. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that detail brought to enforce the payment of a promissory note, not under seal, must be brought within three years after the last payment thereon, or other evidence of indebtedness, except in cases where the holder thereof is under legal disability, or in cases where the debtor absents himself from the state.

E. H. J., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, her surviving husband would receive one-half of the real and personal estate belonging to her at her death absolutely, subject to the payment of her debts; if she desires him to receive the whole estate, she should make a will.

Z. P., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, survivor takes one-half of the community property, and that in the absence of a will, in addition thereto one-half of the decedant's separate property if decedent leaves but one child, but if there is more than one child then the children take two-thirds of each separate estate. The children or descendants of a deceased child taking by representation, and step-children having no interest in their step-parent's estate, unless some provision is made for them by will, and except that in turn they may inherit from their own parent such portion as he or she may receive from decendant's estate.

Mrs. I. L., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, subject to the payments of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow.

M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow would, in addition to certain small allowances, receive one-third of the real and personal estate, subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to his child or children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the appointment of an administrator would be necessary for the settlement of the estate, and the widow would be entitled to such appointment.

Mrs. J. W. L., Texas.—Under the laws of Alabama, we do not think you can now recover any portion of your property in that state sold by your father 30 years ago.

Mrs. G. W. D., Texas.—We do not think a child born to a bigamous marriage would have any inheritance rights from the father's estate, unless some provision was made for such child by will. We think the marriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he was not divorced, was a bigamous and illegal marriage and that he could be punished for contracting such a marriage.

Miss C. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the taxes upon the property left by your father is assessed against the property and in default of payment your local tax authorities have power to sell the property for such non-payment of taxes; we think if you pay your brother and sisters' share of these taxes you will be entitled to recover from them their share of such taxes.

A. S., Wisconsin.—If the stories your husband's relatives tell about you constitute slander you would, of course, have a legal right to proceed against them, but if the matter is just a family quarrel it might be better to pay no attention to their stories, as if your conduct is beyond reproach you may be sure your neighbors will sympathize with you, and their stories will do you no real harm.

Mrs. B. W., Kansas.—If the Company from whom you purchased the chickens you mention refuse to either send you the chickens or return your money, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against them to enforce your rights in the matter.

J. F., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow in addition to certain allowances, would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate, and one-third of the personal estate, absolutely subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; we think the widow can dispose of her share of the estate in any manner she may see fit, but that as above stated her dower in the real estate is only a life estate.

Miss A. B., Illinois.—If as you state your grandfather has sufficient means to provide for his support we think it proper if you take care of him and support him that you should be paid; we think you should have a definite agreement as to the amount of your pay.

Mrs. B. S., Washington.—If you wish to adopt your deceased sister's children now living with your parents, we think you should make your application to the court setting up all the facts in your petition, and procuring the consent of the children's father, and the consent of your parents if the children now reside with them.

Mrs. M. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow is entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of the personal estate, absolutely, and if there be no child nor descendant she would receive dower of one-half own right, if the state be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs, but as against creditors one-third; if the estate be ancestral, to one-third of the personalty absolutely, and a one-third life estate in lands.

Mrs. M. A. J., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal property of a married woman shall, so long as she may choose, be and remain her separate property and under her control, and not subject to the debts of her husband; from your statements we think you would be very foolish to turn any of your property over to your husband.

Mrs. P. W. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real estate must be brought within fifteen years, except that in cases of existing disabilities this time is extended for various periods depending upon the nature and extent of such disabilities, but in no case is such time extended beyond thirty years; In the case, however, of land which has been abandoned by its record owner a valid title can be acquired in much less time through tax sales of the same.

Mrs. T. S., North Dakota.—It is not the policy of this magazine to answer questions on divorce matters.

Mrs. E. S., Kentucky.—If, as we understand from your communication, the title of the real estate you mention stands in the name of the widow you mention, she can dispose of same as she may see fit without the consent of her children as the use of the words "heirs" in the deed to her only extends to such heirs a right to inherit the land from her in case they survive her and she does not dispose of the property during her lifetime, and dies without a will disposing of same.

H. E., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, without a will, and leaving no child nor descendant the whole of the community property, and the whole of the separate personal estate goes to the survivor, but that such survivor would inherit only one-half of the separate real estate, the balance of such real estate going to decedent's parents, brothers, sisters or other heirs depending upon who is left.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. E. L. P., Marshville, N. C.—Have the birthmark removed by use of carbon dioxide snow. Of course your local doctor must apply the snow. The result will be all that you can desire.

Mrs. E. C. S., Needville, Texas.—Probably both you and your husband are suffering from malaria. Both of you take after meals two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted. Also keep your bowels free and avoid sweets of all kinds.

Mrs. L. W., Upland, Ind.—The swelling of breasts at the period or a few days before is physiological (a harmless expression of Nature) and needs no treatment.

Miss G. L., Bristow, Okla.—One of the most frequent symptoms of highblood pressure is vertigo. Also fullness in the head with a feeling of pressure. If you have any doubt of your having a high-blood pressure have your blood-pressure taken, by your local doctor.

Miss V. Y., Green Ridge, Mo.—Apply Sloan's liniment to the shoulder. It is a neuritis. You can also use a hot flatiron applied over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard-water.

Miss D. B., Blue Rapids, Kansas.—Ulcer of the womb may be due to a chronic discharge. Better be treated locally and be cured.

Mrs. B. A., Aberdeen, South Dak.—For your rheumatic condition, take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water.

Miss M. J., Brilliant, Ohio.—Asthma is a spasmodic trouble, and resembles the symptoms you give. You can take after meals a teaspoonful of pertussin well diluted.

Mrs. A. P. S., Wasco, Oregon.—You better take ten drops of syrup of iodide of iron well diluted after meals. This remedy will act favorably on the goitre that you seem to have.

Mrs F. M., Spring, W. Va.—Roaring in the ears is due as a rule to beginning catarrhal deafness. Have your mother consult some good aurist and be treated both for the catarrh and the head-noises.

Mrs. F. S., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Of course a change to a dry climate will aid your catarrhal condition and indirectly help cure your ear trouble, which is undoubtedly due to catarrh of the nasal passages.

Miss H. M., Connersville, Ind.—The bladder condition has no relation to the hemorrhoidal condition. For the former take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin and drink plenty of water.

Mr. F. M, Spokane, Wash.—Have the prostate gland massaged. You can also take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin. If the prostate gland has become too large and there is constantly retention of urine an operation is indicated as the only way of obtaining permanent relief.

Mrs. C. W. M., Marion, N. Y.—You may have been torn during confinement. In this case you should consult some good surgeon and have the parts restored to normal. In the meantime you can take a tablespoonful of the following remedy; Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. J. L. P., Sparenburg, Texas.—A not uncommon accident during a difficult labor is a fracture of the coccyx-tip bone of the spine. This may be the case in your case. Have the coccyx examined and find out. If this is so, a small operation will help you. In the meantime have the spine and legs massaged as you have been doing.

Mrs. E. S., Altoona, Kansas.—Cure your catarrhal condition by using a spray of Dobell's solution three or four times a day. You can also use the same solution on the child's tongue and mouth.

Mr. A. E. K., Atkins, Texas.—If your wife has hemorrhoids that still trouble her have them removed by operation. If the lump in the breast is hard it should also be treated surgically.

Mrs. N. M. H., Petersburg, Va.—There is no sure cure for rheumatism of joints or other forms of rheumatism. You can apply to the joints a saturated solution of Epsom salts, and take after meals ten drops of a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium well diluted. Of course you must avoid sweets of all kinds and pastries as well.

For your constipation take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada well diluted. You should also drink plenty of water, not less than two quarts a day.

Mrs. C. D., Lenox, Mass.—For the massage use cocoa butter and continue the supports as you have been doing. Size of the child causes laceration of the parts at birth, both external and internal. Operation is the only remedy for lacerations of the womb at confinement, or other parts. No tonic will be of any use, if there is a laceration. You can continue the tonic; but you should consult some good surgeon with a view of having the parts restored to normal—the sooner the better. Probably you have only symptoms due to laceration and not ovarian trouble; at least the ovarian trouble may be secondary.



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Conducted by Cousin Marion

writing this department always sign your e name and give your address; if not, your let- will receive no attention. Name will not be blished.

WE hear and read about June brides but there is never a word about June bridegrooms and I'm sure there must be just as many of them as there are brides. Apropos of brideoms here is a little nonsense-poem I shamely borrowed from the Ladies' Home Jour-, just because it amused me and because nought it might amuse someone else.

"Said a bridegroom, a trifle blase,
'I wonder if marriage will pay.'
"Well," he thought with a smile,
As he walked up the aisle,
"Twill break in my new shoes anyway."

—*Carolyn Wells.*

. G., KENTUCKY.—I can't advise you to act trary to your mother's wishes but neither could lame you if you did. She promised her consent your marriage if you would wait one year and months, and she should keep her promise. You y have antagonized (much nicer word than riled) by talking too much about it. Let the matter p until the end of that time and see if she doesn't d gracefully, provided you are still of the same d. But don't get married if you are only sixn or seventeen years old. You didn't give your

UFFERING WIFE, NEW JERSEY.—My dear wo-n, haven't you ever heard that "there is no fool an old fool?" No, I'm not calling your hus-d a fool; I'd get myself disliked if I did, but r and wiser men than he have fallen for flattery n a young woman. Middle and old age has a uliar effect upon some people. Perhaps if I e a psychologist I might explain it, but I'm not. ist know that it does. A permanent wave or a petticoat suffices for some women while others a step further and indulge in a wild love affair, ally with a young man, all depending upon the re time and circumstances of each individual. len hate to admit, even to themselves, that y are growing old and their vanity is so great t even a little attention from a young woman conces them they are regular young fellows, one the boys, when all the time their rheumatism ps telling them differently, but what's rheuman to a final fling at youth? Of course your hus-d loves you, the years together of your married proves that. Don't take him so seriously but gh at him and with him over his flirtation and thankful that it is no worse. Remember, "men only boys grown tall," and you wouldn't have ded if your little boy, or any little boy, made eve he was a soldier or anything else, would ? Your husband was just making believe he young and fascinating. Any woman could e flattered him while he was in that frame of d, and he wasn't a bit in love with this particuwoman but just in love with himself. Don't it worry you any more. Be glad that he has it out of his system and can settle down to a sible old age.

NNIE, NORTH CAROLINA.—Are you the "GenAnnie" of springtime fame? So glad to know . It is unfortunate that you told this girl so y of your secrets and now that she isn't your nd any more, she should tell them to others. an't be helped, only to teach you a lesson. Reber this:

"Never get too intimate
With your friends,
They may some day
Be your enemies;
Never be too hard
On your enemies,
They may some day
Be your friends."

. R., ARKANSAS.—If you are five feet tall and gh 125 pounds, you weigh enough and shouldn't any fatter unless you are ambitious to be a fat y in a circus. You really weigh too much now. wever, I can send you a list of fattening foods ou insist. (2). It is customary to wait until receive a reply before writing again but if you e reason to believe your first letter was never eived, it would be proper to write again. A boy be a Christian without being a goody-good. you dislike that kind why do you write to him?

MARJORIE, TENNESSEE.—It is impossible for to fathom the workings of this boy's mind but m of the opinion that if he cared very much for he would call again and not be content to get information second hand. A warmed over love ist be something like a warmed over popover, t it may be that he has never ceased to love you. nether or not you receive the attentions of anher man during the absence of your fiance is nething you and he will have to decide for yourves. I'm a firm believer in equal rights myself. es he go around with other girls when is is away m you?

ARBUTUS, PA.—Since he worries you by being untruthful you had better put him out of your mind. Worry means ill health and wrinkles, and no man is worth either. (2). There are ways of changing the shapes of noses—so the advertisements say—but I can't vouch for them personally. I'm not so keen about the shape of my own nose but so long as it continues to smell for me and doesn't sneeze too often, I'll let it remain as it is. Better leave yours alone. I like turned up noses; they are so religious, always looking toward Heaven.

SWEET WILLIAM, GEORGIA.—Thanks for the kind wishes, but I don't want a nice bachelor or widower to bring me a box of candy Sunday or any other day. I might consider a string of pearls, or an automobile or a diamond ring or some trifle like that, but no man is going to waste my time talking about himself and expect to make it right with a box of candy. I can get all the candy I want in the five and ten cent stores and besides, it makes me fat and I don't eat it anyway. You are too anxious to get a man and thus frighten him away. Try being indifferent, a little diffident, retiring, and see if the men will follow you; they like to chase. It won't drive them away as quickly as being too sweet to them. It is the man that counts, not how near or how far away he is. I hope there isn't any chance of a man from a matrimonial agency coming to see you. You'll get yourself in a fine mess if you fool around with matrimonial agencies.

MILDRED, WISCONSIN.—Bashfulness may be an obstacle, as you say, but it is one you are not likely to encounter. I don't know what you mean by "stepping" but whatever it is I don't approve of it if you have to meet a boy secretly in order to "step." Why all the secrecy if your mother has no objection to you having boy callers at your home? You are years too young, but if she thinks it is all right I don't suppose I can say anything. Don't fool yourself into thinking that "mother" will like you because "son" does. When mother's heart is set on another girl for son, and you take her place, she isn't going to receive you with open arms, take you to her heart and all that sort of thing that we read about but seldom see. She may grow to like you. If you were older I would say have nothing more to do with him until he was willing to brave his mother's displeasure and meet you openly, but because of your extreme youth the affair is likely to be a thing of the past by the time this is printed.

BLACKIE AND BROWNIE, NEW MEXICO.—I wish girls would give the nationality of the man involved when they ask about marrying foreigners. There are foreigners and foreigners. The men you mention seem all right, on paper, but I'd want to know more about them before advising you further. At any rate don't act hastily. Better to wait a year or two and be sure than to marry soon and be sorry ever after.

PAT, N. CAROLINA.—I realize that, living in a small town, you will get yourself talked about if you go around with more than one fellow, but that is to be preferred rather than marrying the wrong man just because he got to be a habit. You needn't overdo the matter by having a different one every night, but just enough to keep you from settling down to one until you find the right one.

DADDY'S PET, VIRGINIA.—You asked seven questions,—too many, so I'll answer the one that interested me most. "Is it proper for a girl to love her fellow's neck while he is driving the car or let him love her while she drives?" I can understand loving a fellow's eyes or his wavy hair or his collar or chin, but his neck—ugh—with a horrid Adam's Apple playing tag with itself all up and down it! There's no accounting for tastes, and if you do show such poor judgment as to love his neck, why not be constant in your misplaced affections and love it when he isn't driving or can't you see it so well when the car is in motion? As for the girl driving while the fellow makes love to her, it is dangerous. Better stop the car,—that may be dangerous too, but it doesn't involve the lives of pedestrians and other automobilists. By the way, the accent is on the "mo" and not the "bil" as so many people say it. (2) A boy sits beside a girl, not beside of her. Be more careful of your grammar as well as of your morals.

LUCY, ARK; L. C. W., KY; FRECKLES, MO; BLUE BIRD, KY, AND BARBARA, VIVIAN AND SHIRLEY, TEXAS.—Your questions have been forwarded to the Etiquette Department for answer. That's where they belong. I'm long on morals but short on some of the finer points of etiquette. I always remember to say, "Thank You" though.

ETHEL, ILLINOIS.—Three moves in three weeks would mean a delay in mail, unless you were most careful about giving forwarding addresses. It would be proper to write a short letter explaining the situation.

I, NORTH CAROLINA.—You are too young to get married, and even if you were older you shouldn't marry a man in whom you have so little faith. A number of wives lose faith in their husbands after marriage, but think how sad it must be not to have any to lose. Think of all the pleasures you'd lose by not being able to be miserable.

MATTIE, ARK.—It is difficult to drive any man, and a husband most of all, but most of them can be led if it is gone about in the right way. If he won't go out with you, talk to him kindly and effect a compromise. If a man is wise he will go out with his wife if she wants him to. It doesn't take long for her to get so she doesn't care whether he goes or not.

DEWDROP, HAWAII.—If you really love him and he has apologized sufficiently, don't let your foolish pride stand in the way of your happiness. Take him back and marry him if you find he is worth while. But don't get the idea that you aren't worthy of him. That's all nonsense. Imagine sending advice to Hawaii. I wish I could send myself instead. Have always wanted to go there. Maybe I shall someday. Who knows?

BLUE AND BROWN EYES, WYOMING.—Most assuredly it isn't worth while trying to regain the love of a man who deserts you two months before your marriage to him. Be thankful it happened two months before and not two months after.

Sincerely yours,
COUSIN MARION.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted the address of any of the Henry Doyle family last heard of in Colorado. Please notify Mrs. John W. Doyle, Ray, Indiana.

Will someone who knows the whereabouts of my brother Arnold Dertinger, please write to his sister Anna. Mrs. Mike Domincak, Pukwana, S. D.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Samuel Packingham, aged 76, from Celina, Ohio, please notify his sister Elizabeth Packinham White, Eugene, 593 West 8th Ave., Oregon.

Would like to find my father Ned Halson, or any of my mother's people. She was a Sullivan and was adopted in 1882 or 1883 by F. C. Farnam of Chicago. Please notify Mrs. Lizzie Susson, Los Angeles, 1308 W. 74th Street, Calif.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Gann last heard of during the Civil War, please notify his daughter Mrs. Sarah Daffron, Huntington, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lou DeLancey, who left Greensboro, or proximity, Dec., 1921, please notify his mother Mrs. W. P. DeLancey, Greensboro, N. C.

James O. Smith disappeared from Plain City, Ohio, before the Civil War. Information of him or his descendants will be appreciated. Kindly notify Montie Hood, Hendersonville, Box 736, N. C.

Big trouble with a lot of fellows is that they go through life on the cafeteria plan—they're interested first, last, always and only in serving themselves.—*The Pathfinder.*

The Famous WING

Founded 1868 *Richest in Tone* 55th Year

At Factory Price — Direct To You!

$345 Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Sept. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save $150 to $300. 40 year guarantee. 38 styles of Wing Pianos and Players to choose from. Thousands in use throughout U.S. We will refer to owners near you. Easy terms, or—unusual savings for cash besides the savings of dealer's profits and his expense. Write at once for our offer of free trial in your home till Sept. 1, 1923, and The Book of Complete Information about Pianos sent you FREE. 140 pages (16 in full colors). Write now and get it free; with our reduced, bedrock, factory prices and free trial offer.

LARGE SAVINGS for CASH After Trial

FREE TRIAL TILL SEPT.



One of our 38 styles Also Player Pianos and Grands

WING & SON, Dept. A-370 9th Avenue and 13th St. New York



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. W. L. G., Inman, S. C.—If sisters' children are first cousins, you will readily see that the children of these first cousins will bear to each other the relationship of second cousins. The next generation would be third cousins, and so on down the years.

L. D., Trion, Ga.—As your violin is stamped "German Manufacture," you can feel certain that it is not the work of that old master fiddle maker of Italy, Stradivarius. The inscription placed on the inside of the instrument is doubtless playfully or fraudulently inserted to give an appearance of age to the violin and delude the inexpert or credulous buyer.

Mrs. R. G., Beaumont, Texas.—You live in a large and thriving city, and we feel sure that the laboratory f oone of your local high schools would be able to pass upon any stone or pebble you wish identified as to its composition and value. Ask the principal of the school about this. If your specimen is beyond the school's range in mineralogy, he will be able to tell you where to send your specimen.

Mrs. M. P. R., South Carolina.—You may address Henry Ford at Dearborn, Michigan. (2) Because of his advanced age, John D. Rockefeller spends the greater part of his time in seclusion at his country place at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. A letter so addressed will reach him, or rather the hands of his secretary.

Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa.—Your Commissioner of Charities in your state, or other like official, would be the proper authority from whom to obtain a list of the children's homes in your section of our big country.

Mrs. C. H. T., Geddes, S. D.—As we have often stated here, there has developed a flourishing trade in the making of fraudulent "old violins." These are marked with an inscription which is calculated to make the credulous buyer believe he is obtaining an instrument which is the handiwork of one of the old masters of violin-making. As the famous Italian maker Stradivarius is the best-known of these old-time craftsmen, it is his name which most often appears. The fact is that there are only about thirty genuine Strads remaining in existence, and these are all in the hands of collectors and museums. We believe that your violin is only another of the many faked instruments concerning which we hear every month from some of COMFORT's readers.

Mrs. N. A., Melissa, Texas.—Our present method of reckoning time, known as the Gregorian Calendar, was introduced into England and her colonies in 1752. There is now a difference of thirteen days between the new way of reckoning and the old Julian Calendar. This variation was but eleven days when the change was made in 1752, and September 3 was called September 14 by the new time-fixers. We are unable to tell you where you might obtain a copy of a calendar bearing the old reckoning. These are doubtless rather scarce articles today. (2) February 22, 1790, was a Monday.

E. J. M., Okemah, Okla.—See reply to Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa, in this column.

Mrs. G. E. J., Elva, Ky.—You could not be successful in "painting a glass" and making by this means a homemade mirror. The silvering of a mirror is a difficult job requiring expert hands and the use of expensive materials. This is why a good quality looking-glass cannot be cheaply purchased.

LITTLE BOY, PONTOTOC, Miss.—Of the four states you mention, Arkansas is the only one having any vacant public land at this time. There are some 257,000 acres of this, but none of these acres are the location you wish. The U. S. Land Office controlling the land nearest your requirements is located at Harrison, Arkansas. Write to the Register there for rules governing entry of such lands by homesteaders.

A Subscriber, Broadlands, Ill. As you mailed this watch, as you say, by *insured* parcel post, and you still have your receipt given by the postmaster at the time of mailing, you should be able to recover on the lost package. Have you taken this matter up with your local post office in the way we state. We cannot understand how your postmaster can say he "can do nothing", if you mailed your package insured. If he will not help you, write to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. L. R., Mexia, Texas.—We think your newly organized sewing club can dispense with the appointing of a chairman at *meeting* when the president of the club is present and could preside. In such an informal organization as your social club will really be, the president's duties would be slight. She would preside over the meetings, announce future places and times of gatherings, would offer topics affecting the club for discussion and vote, etc. The secretary's duties would amount to little more than sending out notices of meetings, and if these are arranged for at a previous gathering this will become almost superfluous. We are taking for granted that no minutes of your meeting will be kept, as your club is one of handiwork. You would need a treasurer, however, if you are to have a system of dues and fines, as your letter states. We think your initiation fee rather small, and also the sum you have decided upon as a fine for absence. Surely a treasurer's duties would be slight if you hold to these small amounts! Accumulated funds might be dispensed, we think, in some social gathering the club might give, or they could be used for charitable purposes. Your club is a good idea; you are undertaking its organization in a businesslike manner, and we wish you success.

T. L., Indian Mound, Tenn.—The small pearls often found in the eating of oysters are of little or no value. Probably the frying of your pearl accounts for its smoky hue. Any jeweler could tell you if your cooked gem was of any marketable value—which we doubt.

Mrs. G. L. D., Airy, Ga.—See reply to Mrs. G. E. J., Elva, Ky., in this issue.

Mrs. D. Mc C., Fairpoint, S. Dak.—A judge of violins would have to pass upon your fifty year old instrument with inspection and test before its value and real age could be established. See reply to Mrs. C. H. T., Geddes, S. D., in this issue.

M. B., Columbus, Ind.—There is not much to choose between a St. Bernard and a Newfoundland dog as a farm pet in a home where there are two children. Both breeds are gentle. The St. Bernard runs slightly heavier and the rough-coated is preferable, we think, to the smooth-haired variety of the breed. Personally we believe the St. Bernard to be a little slower in action and not as good to look at as a Newfoundland. The latter has an inherited fondness for water and has a coat which is resistant to moisture. We think your children might be better pleased with a Newfoundland, all things considered. The Whitestar Kennels, Long Branch, N. J., raise both these breeds of dogs for sale.

C. R., Aliceville, Ala.—Our old and playful enemy the bedbug, is able to stick around old houses indefinitely. Coal strikes and absence of furnace heat do not trouble the enduring *cimex lectularius*, as scientists have dignifiedly called him. Also when there is nothing to eat, the bedbug is again enduring and long suffering. He tightens up his belt end, camps beneath a bit of wall paper until a bite comes along after a year or two. We received this unwelcome guest from Europe many decades ago, a route from which other evils have reached our once happier shores. Remove the old paper from the walls of this house and burn it. Go over all walls, woodwork and floors with a liberal brushing of gasolene—being careful of fire while using this inflammable liquid. It would be helpful in the extermination of the pest if you painted your walls—leaving any papering for another year. Diluted corrosive sublimate is also useful as a remedy, and pyrethrum powder can be used locally in beds and on bedding. In cases where the infestation is a serious one, the rooms may be fumigated with sulphur, or with bisulphide of carbon. Thoroughness is of importance, as the young of the lively insect hatch in eight days. Any missed mean a new generation in a short time.

Mrs. G. W., West Bowdoin, Me.—In checkers a man can jump a king at any time the opportunity offers—it being understood, of course, that the man must make the jump in his own proper direction, and that he cannot jump backwards, as in the privilege of a king. (2) Technically A can pick up B's man when B has had the opportunity to jump and has not done so, but in actual play it's customary to call the opponent's attention to the fact that he must make the jump if he has failed to notice the proximity of the pieces.

An Everpointed Pencil For Only One Subscription



Reward No. 8851

The American public and COMFORT's million readers have waited a long time for this perfect writing pencil. Without hesitation we can pronounce the Everpointed, the newest product of the American Pencil Company, the most superior self-pointing pencil on the market.

In appearance it looks like solid gold but is not gold nor is it brass. It is "gilt nickle," the latest metallic substance. The more you carry it the brighter it gets. It cannot wear out nor can it wear off. With its delicate chasing and flashing jeweled top it makes one of the most beautiful pencils you ever saw.

It is as useful as it is beautiful. If you carry an Everpointed your lead is always sharp. No more soiled fingers. No more whittling. The Everpointed is always ready for use. Nothing to get out of order. It writes right every time. A slight turn and a fresh lead is ever ready.

Twelve perfect universal size leads—sixteen inches of lead in all—are contained in the magazine under the top—enough for a year's ordinary use. New leads are simply pushed in from the front, as illustrated. A convenient eraser is also concealed under the cap.

The Everpointed comes in two lengths, one of 5½ inches for men, with a safety clip; the other 4 inches for women. Specify which model you prefer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you an Everpointed pencil by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8851.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Pay $7 a Day



taking orders for new Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and satisfy or new hose free.

MEN OR WOMEN

Year round position. No lay-offs. Regular customers and repeat orders make you a steady income and a big paying business. Big money for spare time. No experience is necessary. Write for complete line of samples.

JENNINGS MFG. CO.
Hose-136 Dayton, Ohio



WANTED—Railway Postal Clerks

$133 to $192 A MONTH

Travel—See the Country. Send Coupon Today Sure

Men—Boys 18 Up.

Franklin Institute, Dept. T239, Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, [1] specimen Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions; [2] list of Government jobs obtainable; [3] Tell me how to get a position.

Coupon

Name .....

Address .....

Three Sauce Pans of Pure Aluminum



Reward No. 9183

For Only Three Subscriptions

COMFORT's host of housewives and cooks who like the clean, silver-bright appearance of aluminum will delight in preparing their meals with this handsome three-piece set of pure aluminum sauce or cooking pans.

No housewife ever seems to have too many sauce pans around the kitchen and with such useful sizes as **1½ and 2 quart**—she will hardly get a meal in which she does not use one or more of them.

Everyone knows how light in weight pure aluminum is but how obstinately it resists wear. The aluminum in this three-piece Set which we illustrate weighs less than a pound but it is heavy enough and thick enough to give years of steady service. They are seamless, sanitary, and easy to keep clean, and will not crackle, chip, or peel.

You will like the handles too. Notice how convenient they are and how firmly they are riveted to the pan.

It will take you but a few minutes to get this reward. You will enjoy using it for years. The following special offer makes it easy for you.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you free by parcel post prepaid, three Aluminum Sauce Pans. **Reward No. 9183.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



GIFT NO. 7625

Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because **we are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.**

Sterling Silver Ring!



Set With Your Own Birthstone. Your Choice For A Club Of Only Two!

Jan. 1272
Feb. 1282
Mar. 1292
April 1302
May 1312
June 1322
July 1332
Aug. 1342
Sept. 1352
Oct. 1362
Nov. 1372
Dec. 1382

THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The imt. gems are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different gems and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Sardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send you your choice of these rings if you will send us two subscriptions.

How would *you* like to have some of the Presents shown on this page?

Every year COMFORT sends out thousands of presents like these shown on this page to people who send in subscriptions for the magazine.

Have you ever received presents like these? Anyone can get them. It is so easy, so pleasant, so interesting! You can do it yourself. Today.

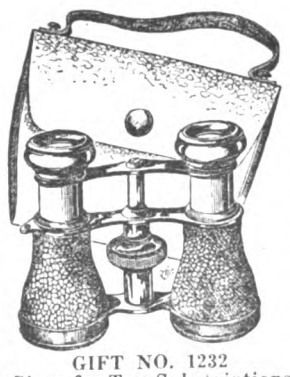
Look over the gifts pictured; pick out something you need or would like to have for your home or family and then ask a few friends to subscribe to COMFORT. Show them the magazine. Tell them what in it appeals to you. Collect 50c for each year's subscription. Subscribe for it yourself.

Send us 50c for each subscription which you take. We, in return, will send COMFORT for a full year to each subscriber and we will send you your choice of any gift to which the number of your subscriptions entitles you.

There, that is all you need to do. You too, can be one of the thousands who profit by our rewards. Why not start a club today before some one else gets ahead of you?

ADDRESS COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

P. S. We have just issued a new Gift Book containing a complete list of all our rewards for club raisers. It's free. Send for a copy.



Opera or Field Glasses

GIFT NO. 1232
Given for Two Subscriptions.

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible.

The Latest Vanity Case



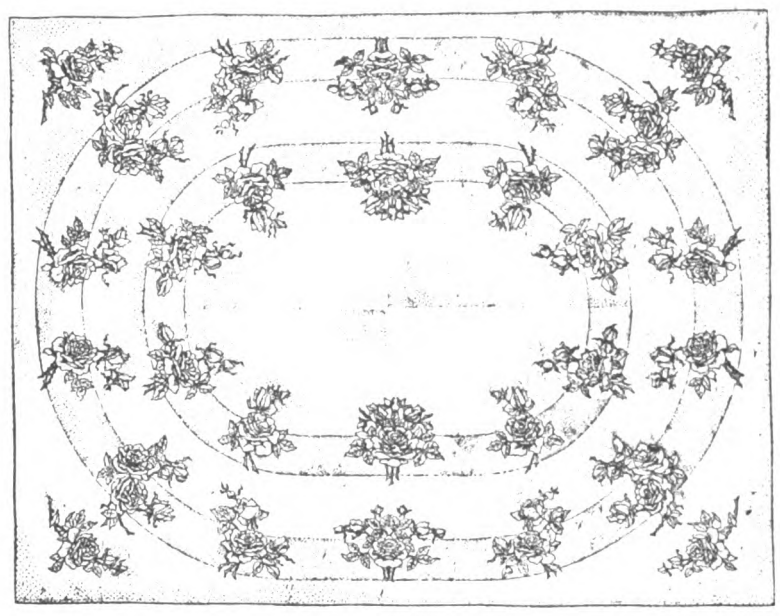
Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers.

Serviceable Linen Finish Table Cloth

Extra Large Size—72x90 inches

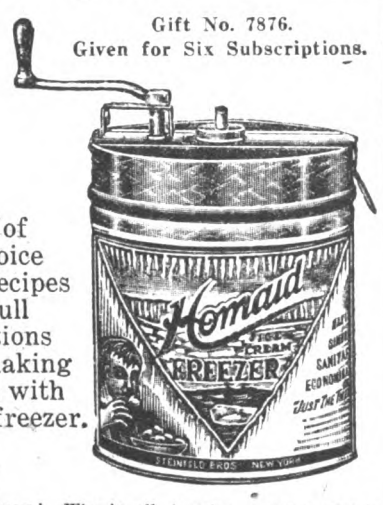


GIFT NO. 73712 GIVEN FOR TWELVE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In these days when the price of cotton is jumping up 10 and 20 per cent. over night our club raisers will find great satisfaction in getting, through our generous club offer, one of these handsome rose-design table cloths. This cloth has been satin-finished so that it not only looks like linen but actually feels and hangs like linen. And this finish will last, too. The cloth is compactly woven of strong cotton yarns bleached to a snowy whiteness. Size is 72-90 inches. Can be used on square or round tables. Selvaged edges on two long sides.

Make Your Own Ice Cream
Two Quart Freezer

Gift No. 7876.
Given for Six Subscriptions.



Book of 21 choice iced recipes and full directions for making comes with each freezer.

Ice Cream! Who in all America—summer or winter—doesn't relish a heaping dish of sweet, cool, velvety ice cream? And Sherbet! Just think of the pleasure of having all you want and whenever you want it. You can. This compact two-quart freezer will make enough cream in five or ten minutes to appease that ice cream hankering of a dozen hungry mouths. Really it's no trouble to make ices with this freezer.

Ice Pail is made of heavily galvanized iron. Cream container and dasher are of retinned steel. Capacity two quarts. Rapid. Simple. Sanitary. Economical. Send for it today. Enjoy it for years.

Sterling Silver Thimble

Gift No. 1552

Given for Two Subscriptions



Every woman who uses a needle needs one of these sterling silver thimbles. Long wear and service are wrought into every one. Comes in sizes from 5 to 11. Take a look at some old thimble and tell us what size you want. Surely there's a place for a bright new thimble in your workbasket.

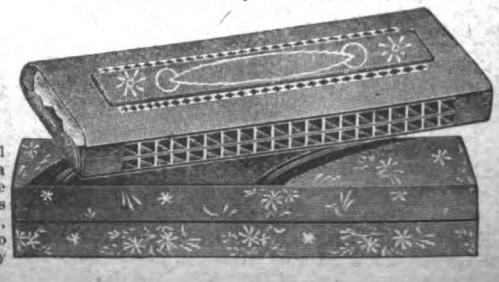
Full concert-toned HARMONICA

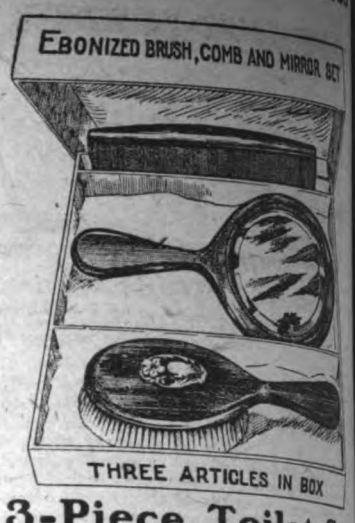
Gift No. 1662

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Every boy, and many of the men folks, too, will get pecks of fun and entertainment from this extra full-toned mouth organ. Each side has 24 double holes—48 bronze reeds. Really it is two harmonicas in one with a different key on each side. At parties, dances and in your own family circle you can have no end of enjoyment with it. Length 6 1-2 inches. Heavy nickel sides. Packed in fancy box.

TWO HARMONICAS IN ONE.
A Different Key on Either Side.





3-Piece Toilet Set

Gift No. 7635
GIVEN FOR FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS

THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this ebonized **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 6½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a fine inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silvered **shield on the back for monogram or initials.**

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will send us the five subscriptions required.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case

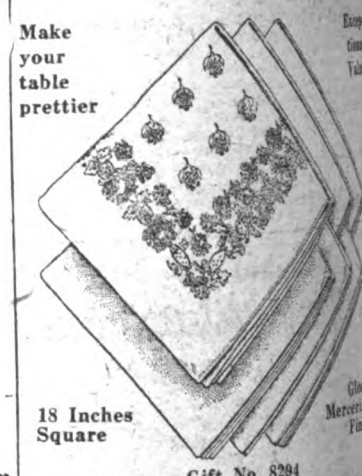
Gift No. 1132
GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS



EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x14 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. The case contains the newest Rapid Needle Threader which will help you to thread the finest needle quickly and easily.

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Before selecting these napkins for our club raisers we compared price and quality of several big cotton mills to be sure to get only the finest grade and most serviceable quality. In this gift our club raisers will find a napkin that is good enough for those happy occasions when they bring out the best dishes, the most precious silverware and the cherished china; yet a every-day, hard-usage napkin is wanted—here it is. They are made of carefully selected bleached cotton yarns compactly woven with a beautiful floral design. Each napkin when cut and finished will measure 18 inches square. Two sides come with the selvage edges. We do not know how long we can continue to offer these six napkins on such liberal terms so we recommend that you send in your order at once.

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Rev. G. R. Mente Tells of Amazing Discovery Which Keeps Hens and Chicks Free From All Vermin

"I have used your remarkable Lice and Mite Remedy with fine results," writes Rev. G. R. Mente, Methodist Parsonage, New Washington, Ohio. "It has put a stop to the poultry losses in ths community. You are a great benefactor to poultry raisers."

Lice and Mites Go Like Magic



This amazing new discovery is Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy. Comes in condensed liquid form, to be used in fowls' drinking water, a few drops at a time. No more Dusting, Spraying or Greasing.

Makes Lice, Mites, Ticks, Fleas, Blue Bugs and other vermin positively leave fowls like magic. Renders entire flock, old and young, immune to these expensive pests. Equally good for Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Pigeons. Guaranteed not to affect eggs or flesh of fowls in any way. Makes Hens, Pullets and Chicks healthier, sturdier and grow faster. A splendid summer egg tonic and blood purifier. More than 100,000 Poultry Raisers now keeping their flocks free from vermin, this new easy way.

You Can Get Yours Free
(Regular $1.00 Size Bottle)

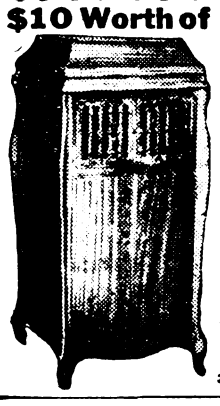
Imperial Laboratories, the manufacturers, are now making a Special Introductory Offer whereby you can obtain, absolutely free, a season's supply, for the average size flock, of this amazing new Lice and Mite Remedy.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address to Imperial Laboratories, Dept. 7698, Kansas City, Mo., and they will send you by return mail, two regular $1.00 bottles of Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy (double strength). When the package containing the regular $2.00 quantity arrives, pay the postman only $1.00 and a few cents postage. Use one yourself to rid your own flock of these pests, and sell the other to a neighbor—thus getting yours free. Or, a large size Trial Bottle for only 50c.

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If you have a large flock, or have neighbors who wish to go in with you, this Special Introductory Offer applies on 4 of the regular $1.00 size bottles, at an additional saving. A large size Trial Package of Imperial White Diarrhea Tablets, included Free. Just state you want the regular $4.00 quantity, for only $1.75. Readers risk no money, as Imperial Laboratories are fully responsible and nationally known distributors of poultry remedies. They will refund the cost on any of the above quantities ordered, promptly on request, any time within 30 days.

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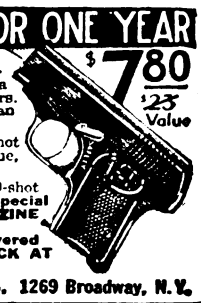
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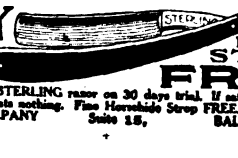
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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

The chick as a whole appears more or less anæmic and emaciated, the muscles of the wings, breast and legs may be almost completely wasted away.

Summary of Points to be Remembered

1—The original source of infection is the ovary of the mother hen.

2—Eggs from infected hens contain the organism in the yolks.

3—Chicks produced from infected eggs have the disease when hatched.

4—The disease may be spread through the medium of infected food and water. Hence normal chicks may acquire it by picking up infected droppings, or food contaminated thereby.

5—Infection from chick to chick cannot, apparently, take place after they are three or four days of age.

6—As a rule, infected chicks make less satisfactory growth than those that are apparently normal. For some time they appear stunted and weak, but may eventually undergo more or less complete development.

7—The female chicks which survive often harbor the infection and may become bacillus carriers. Infection in the breeding pens is perpetuated in this manner.

8—In all probability infection does not pass from adult to adult.

9—Infected hens are apparently poor layers, especially in their second and subsequent laying periods.

Practical Suggestions

It is of the greatest importance that the poultryman learns to recognize bacillary white diarrhea, both through external symptoms and post-mortem appearances of diseased chicks. The mere discharge of whitish material from the vent is not in itself proof that the chicks are affected with this special disorder.

Infected hens should be eliminated from the breeding pens. Such elimination is made possible by pedigree records of chicks. If the eggs from the different pens are hatched separately, and the chicks segregated for the first few days, it will soon be made apparent from the condition of the chicks, which pens contain infected hens. This may prove effectual in cases where infection has not become general. To determine which individual hens are infected, the trap nest should be used, and the same general producer followed.

Another possible means of determining infection of breeding hens is the direct examination of the ovaries. It is entirely practicable through an opening in the side of the bird similar to that made in caponizing. Where the abnormal condition is marked it may be easily detected.

In case infection exists, and it is not practicable to determine the breeders which are infected, the entire flock should be discarded for breeding purposes, and eggs for hatching secured from flocks which have been tested and found free from disease.

As to the means of preventing infection from chick to chick, keep the incubator dark from the time the chicks commence to hatch, as that will prevent them picking at the droppings, and then keep the chicks in small flocks for the first four days.

Since infected chicks make unsatisfactory development for the first few weeks, and may later regain vigor and make fair growth, it is advisable to select at an early age those intended for breeding purposes. The selection may be made when the chickens are from eight to ten weeks of age, reserving only those which show the greatest vigor and development.

Food and water should be supplied in such a manner as to prevent contamination from infected droppings. The use of fine absorptive litter in the brooder, especially for the first few days, is also advisable.

The feeding of sour milk may prove very effective as a preventive measure. The milk must be fed early, or during the infection stage. After the white diarrhea organism has entered the general circulation such treatment is of little or no value. Hence, sour milk should not be looked on as a cure, but only as a possible preventive.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. M.—This is a very odd case. You say that each time you have brought a fresh lot of hens on the place, their eggs would be all right for a time, but that later they have all laid eggs with such an offensive odor that you could not use them. You don't tell me what you feed. Is it possible that you have been using fish or meat scraps which have been kept too long? Perhaps, as the birds have been on free range, they find some strong scented weed. Is there any great quantity of wild onion on the farm? Does the outbreak of bad eggs always occur at the same season of the year? If so, it may be caused by some commercial fertilizer that you are using on the land. I should like very much to hear from you again. Try and give me some general information about how you feed, and what drinking water the birds have access to when at large.

J. R. M.—Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in a quart of water. Stir until dissolved, and keep in a bottle for use. To treat the birds, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with two tablespoonfuls of water. Bathe the head, and spray the mouth and throat. If you have no means of spraying, take a stiff wing feather, thoroughly wet it with the diluted lotion, and swab out the bird's mouth and throat, allowing some of it to drop into the eyes, and the two small holes at the base of the bill. To prevent contagion spreading, remove all the infected birds and confine them by themselves.

M. W.—I think that this must have been a very severe outbreak of fungoid, which sometimes develop among birds which have been given too much rich, starchy food. Once established, it quickly passes from bird to bird. You were very wise to take the trouble in hand at once, and your treatment was good, though rather severe. If you have any further trouble of a like nature, instead of coal oil, use permanganate of potassium or carbolic vaseline. Read answer to J. R. M.

H. H.—The birds would have been all right for table use, for, without doubt, the small scab which you describe, was nothing but the result of some injury to the outer skin over the crop. As you say that two of the other roosters had the same sort of scabs in about the same position, I advise you to look over the roosts or any place they are in the habit of flying up to that has caused the trouble.

A. F. W.—Clean and whitewash coops, use a good insect powder on the birds themselves. Give them three applications, with three days between each. Read the article at the beginning of the department this month.

F. J.—Very few people try hatching goose eggs in incubators, for it is usually not successful in the ordinary small incubator. It is better to trust the first eggs to a motherly old hen, and let the goose set on the later ones. If, however, you are determined to try the incubator, heat it up the same as for hens' eggs, but the length of time the eggs are cooled each day should be much longer. After the eighteenth day, they should be cooled until a thermometer placed on the eggs will register 85 or even 80. When the eggs begin to pip the temperature in the incubator may run up to 106 or 107, because the animal heat from the goslings' bodies is so much greater than that from chicks. There will be no danger so long as it does not go above 107. Goose eggs require a great deal more moisture. As you have a hygrometer, supply a sufficient amount of moisture to keep it from one to two degrees higher than when incubating hens' eggs. When the machine is filled with hens' eggs, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees of moisture the first week; the second week 70 or a little under; third week from 48 to 50 degrees; the nineteenth day about 44 degrees.

R. S. D.—Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks are all good general purpose birds. I cannot recommend breeders in this column.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Hollybroods.....4.30 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Manchus.....4.69 tons

Judging from these tests, it is apparent that when the seeding rate for either soy beans or peas is increased to more than 2 bushels per acre, the hay crop shows a decrease of from one-fourth to one-half a ton or more. Seeding 2 bushels or slightly less gives the highest yields. From the standpoint of economy lighter seeding is also best.

How Much Feed?

The cost of feeding farm animals is a subject discussed wherever and whenever farmers get together. Due to varying prices of grain and hay in different parts of the country, and at different seasons of the year it is impossible to give accurate data in dollars. But it is possible to give facts relative to the amounts of feed required to fatten a carload of cattle, hogs or sheep, for example. This matter has received the careful attention of the Department of Agriculture, which has issued the following statement:

Six hundred bushels of corn and seventeen tons of hay fatten 250 lambs weighing 55 pounds each, bringing them to an average selling weight of 80 pounds. A double deck carload holds 250 lambs.

The amount of feed required to increase the weight of 70 hogs—a carload—from 100 pounds to 200 pounds is 450 bushels of corn and 2,750 pounds of tankage or fish meal.

To fatten an average carload of 20 steers, weighing 850 pounds, 1,100 bushels of corn, ten tons of alfalfa hay and five tons of straw are required to make an average gain of 325 pounds in 180 days.

Grow More Mangles

Heavy yields of succulence of fine quality entitle mangels to far more attention than they now receive on the part of farmers who have cattle to carry over winter. Poultry keepers also can well afford to raise them for winter feed, to be cut in half lengthwise and stuck on spikes in the scratch house where fowls may help themselves in a manner not so wasteful as is the case when fed chopped.

Mangels will grow on any land that will grow potatoes, corn or any of the small grain crops, provided the soil is reasonably fertile and well drained. It is essential that the ground be thoroughly prepared and the field disked and harrowed before planting. The seed is usually sown at the rate of 5 pounds to the acre. When the seed germinates and the plantlets can be seen in the rows, harrow lengthwise of the rows, tilting the teeth of a fine tooth harrow back so that the soil is lightly stirred and the weeds killed without injuring the little plants.

Later thin out the plants to leave one plant every 10 to 12 inches in the row. The work of thinning is very important and should be done when plants have six or eight leaves. Cultivation is important; frequent cultivation is necessary to keep weeds under control and to maintain a loose and friable surface soil that will retain moisture. If grown on a small scale, mangels may be planted in the kitchen garden and handled much the same as table beets, then stored in the cellar or in an empty stall in the barn until needed for use in the poultry house or for cattle feed. As a supplementary succulent feed for dairy cows, sliced mangels will take the place of corn silage almost pound for pound. They are palatable, create appetite, promote good digestion and serve to tone up the entire system. From 20 to 25 per day is an average ration, fed twice daily sprinkled with bran or ground oats or some other concentrate.

Beware of Exhaust Gases

It is quite generally known that the exhaust gases from internal combustion engines are poisonous. Yet we frequently read in the newspapers reports that somebody has been asphyxiated by remaining in a closed garage or other building while the engine of their automobile was running; exhaust gases, finding no ready outlet through open door or windows, soon make the confined air deadly for those who breathe it. Recently we saw a particularly sad report of the death of a father and little child. The little one went to the garage to "He'p Daddy fis a tar". Half an hour later, when the work should have been completed, the man's wife went to the garage to investigate into the cause of the delay. On opening the door she found her husband and child already beyond help—the mute proof of the deadliness of exhaust fumes.

Every owner of a stationary engine or tractor also should know of the dangerous nature of exhaust gases. For real safety, no engine should ever be operated where the gases are exhausted inside a building. They are not only deadly to human beings, but to farm animals as well. Cases are on record where livestock confined in barns have been killed by the fumes from internal combustion engines used for grinding feed or similar purposes, simply because the engine seemed small and harmless, and the owner had not gone to the trouble of connecting the exhaust pipe to the outside.

The remedy in all cases is simple and easy, for all that is necessary is to extend the exhaust pipe through the side of the building and let the gases escape into the open air. Where that plan is not practicable, ample ventilation should be provided by opening doors and windows whenever the engine is used; but the latter method does not always give sufficient ventilation, as a small percentage of the gas is deadly.

The poisonous gas from engine exhaust is usually carbon monoxide. This quick acting and deadly gas has no odor to indicate its presence, if pure; only when exhaust fumes also contain smoke from burning lubricating oil does the air become offensive. Many owners or operators of automobiles, tractors or stationary engines owe a great debt to smoky exhaust fumes, for they perhaps would have been overcome but for the stifling smoke. When carbon monoxide is being exhausted pure and unmixed with smoke into an unventilated building the victim usually does not know that he is being overcome until he feels himself fainting. Then it is usually too late to reach fresh air or even call for help. Death follows promptly.

Keep these facts in mind. Safeguard the lives of children and farm hands, as well as your own, by seeing that exhaust fumes are always piped to exhaust in the open air.

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Mineralized Water Gets Rid of Dusting & Spraying — Birds Delouse Themselves. Fine for Baby Chicks and All Poultry.

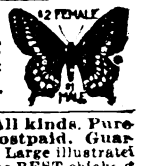
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Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this remarkable lice remedy, is dropped in the chicks' drinking water. Taken into the system of the bird, it comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It is guaranteed to help the hatchability of the eggs and cannot injure the flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little added to the drinking water each month is all that is necessary.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 311, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A card will do. Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Lice-Go will get rid of every louse or mite that he will send you two large double strength $1.00 packages for the price of one. When they arrive, pay postman only $1.00 and postage. Sell one to your neighbor and get yours free. If you are not absolutely satisfied after 30 days trial, your money will be refunded. This offer is guaranteed by two big Chicago banks, who say that Mr. Hick will do exactly as he agrees without question or argument. Write today before this remarkable trial offer is withdrawn.

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Questions and Answers

PRUNING FLOWERING SHRUBS.—Some of my flowering bushes, lilacs, bridal wreath, spirea, etc., will need to be pruned this year as they are growing too large. How and when should the work be done? E. E. T., W. Va.

A.—Nurserymen tell us to "Prune all flowering shrubs as soon as the blossoms fall, provided they bloom before the First of June." This rule is a good one to follow. Avoid topping except for roses. Never prune with the idea of restricting the normal growth of the plant, but rather to *encourage* natural development in both form and size. Better transplant to a new location next year, where there is ample room, than attempt to make a large grower remain small. Cut out the old wood of shrubs that have flowered already; do this early in June. By cutting the old wood about four inches above ground, and leaving the new wood untouched, next year's crop of blossoms will not be curtailed. Early pruning is advised for the simple reason that, if pruning is delayed until fall, it is difficult to tell the old wood from the new. If fall or winter pruning is attempted, there is always serious danger that the new wood will be cut out and the chances for heavy blossoming removed.

RASPBERRY CANE MANAGEMENT.—My blackberry and raspberry bushes are now three and four years old, and this year they seem to be making a very heavy growth of new wood. The canes are some of them four feet or more long. What shall I do with these canes? When should cutting back be done, or should it be done at all?
MRS. A. C. G. Mich.

A.—The new canes or shoots now growing so fast will bear next season's fruit, and they must be carefully handled as they are soft and tender and easily injured. By rights they should be pinched back—the end bud on each cane pinched off—while the canes are about two feet long. This makes the bushes more compact by stimulating the development of lateral shoots, reduces the danger from winter injury, and makes the bushes more productive. Keep pinching back the terminal buds until about the first of July, then stop. Pinching back after this date, as lateral branches produced late in the season seldom reach maturity, and are subject to winter injury. By going over the bushes once a week until July, they will be kept in good condition. Any canes that have grown too long either before the work is started, or after real hot weather arrives, should be left until next spring, then cut back to the desired height before before spring growth starts.

PREVENTING CABBAGE WORMS.—Please tell me the best and safest way to keep cabbage protected from worms and bugs. They cause damage in my garden every year. MRS. E. B. B., N. J.

A.—Use dry lead arsenic with equal amount of air-slaked lime, or dry calcium arsenate at the rate of one part calcium arsenate to three parts of lime. This may be applied in the kitchen garden with a small and inexpensive dusting machine. Where only a few plants are to be treated, any can such as a baking powder can, with holes poked in it, may be used like a salt shaker. Start dusting the plants when they are still quite small, and continue until the heads are well formed and solid, after which there is no danger of damage from cabbage worms.



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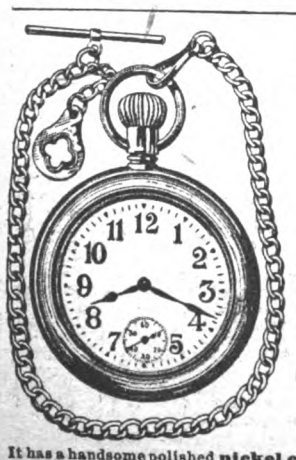
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Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

IT is a fundamental principle of successful horse production to conserve by all means possible flesh a foal puts on while suckling its dam. The most profitable gain is made in the first12 months of life. If a foal be stunted then it never makes up the loss. A draft-bred colt that is to make a ton horse must be made to weigh practically 1,000 pounds by the time it is 12 months old. To that end the mare must not be allowed to work too hard, furnish "heated" milk to her foal or dry up before the foal has learned to eat oats and bran, besides good grass or fine hay. It pays to generously feed the nursing mare and as early as possible have the foal learn to eat oatmeal. Then add a little wheat bran and gradually increase the feed, substituting crushed oat for oatmeal and later allowing sound, whole oats. Don't let the foal run with the mare when she is at work in the field or being driven on the road. Let the mare eat a pound or two of hay when cooling off at noon and strip her udder almost dry at that time before the foal is allowed to nurse.

A good ration for growing purebred draft foals is composed of ground oats, 60 parts; corn meal, 15 parts, bran, 10, and cut alfalfa hay, 15 parts. Of this let the foals clean up all they care to take. Blood worms also cause lack of thrift and more loss of foal flesh than poor feed or inadequate feeding. To prevent them from invading the intestines or doing harm should they gain entrance let the foals help themselves to a mixture of two parts of table salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron, flowers of sulphur and ground gentian and fenugreke, by weight. Here is an even better "lick" to which foals and calves or sheep and lambs may be allowed free access: Salt, 280 parts; dried sulphate of iron, 16 parts; powdered wood charcoal, 12 parts; flowers of sulphur, 8 parts, by weight. Mix and place where it will not be wetted by rain. If the growth of the bony frame of the colts is poor add to the other feed daily two or three ounces of digester tankage containing ground bone, or one ounce of ground bone, ground rock phosphate (floats) or precipitated phosphate of lime. Feed clover or alfalfa hay in preference to other roughage.

BALKY HORSE.—What would you advise one to do for a balky and kicking horse? H. E.

A.—There is no certain remedy for balking or kicking. It is usually best to get rid of such horses as life is too short to waste time bothering with them. Detracting the horse's attention is most effective for balking. Pick up a foot and pound lightly on the shoe with a stone or hammer or put one ear under the brow band of the bridle for a time. In bad cases casting and hogtying the balking horse and letting him lie there for an hour or so is an effective remedy. Buckle a 10-inch piece of trace chain to the pastern of the leg with which he does the kicking and he may then quit the vice.

EYE TROUBLE.—I would like to know what to do for my sheep. She has a white skum all over her eyeball. E. D. C.

A.—Confine the sheep in a darkened stable. Two or three times daily bathe the eye with a saturated solution of boric acid and in the evening put a little bit of one per cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment in the eye and also smear some on the upper eyelid. Remove any chaff or other foreign object that may have lodged under the eyelid.

STOCKED LEG.—Will you tell me what to do for my horse that was wire cut on hind leg, just at knee and the hair has not grown in again. When he stands in the stable for a week his leg stocks up as though it was full of pus. D. A.

A.—Never let any horse stand for a single day without taking active exercise when there is no work for him to do. Allow the horse a roomy box stall when in the stable, or turn him loose in the shed when not at work. Twice daily rub some 10 per cent. iodine petrogen or vesogen into the swollen joint. If that does not prove remedial use a proprietary reducing preparation which you can buy at a drug store.

THIN MILK.—I have a cow five years old, that freshened four weeks ago. Her milk doesn't sour, but turns to water after the cream rises. It tastes all right while sweet. She miscarried two calves between the first and last. She eats well and was on the range all winter, until just before the calf came. Can you tell me what is wrong with her milk? I milked her until she became pregnant with this last calf. E. W.

A.—The cow absolutely exhausted her stored up materials from which milk is manufactured by being milked up to calfing time, and not being generously fed mixed meals and clover or alfalfa hay. She may improve if so fed now, but we fear she has tuberculosis which is incurable and contagious and makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. Have the tuberculin test applied by a qualified veterinarian and if she reacts dispose of her in the manner prescribed by state law.

WART.—I have a six-year-old mare that has a wart on her nose as large around as one dollar and twice as thick. It cracks and bleeds sometimes. I would like to know of some strong acid that will burn it off. F. H.

A.—Do not apply dilute nitric acid or any strong caustic unless that proves necessary. First try the effects of a thick paste of equal quantities of cold pressed castor oil, salt and flowers of sulphur applied two or three times daily. If that fails, after a thorough trial, rub with a lunar caustic pencil two or three times a week, removing the scab each time it loosens. Apply the acid twice a week as a last resort. After applying lard around the part, or have the growth dissected out by a surgeon.

PIG-EATING SOW.—When my sow, ten months old brought pigs she ate them. I moved the pig bed. Could that cause her to eat them and is she likely to do this the next time? A. B.

A.—Such a sow should be fattened for slaughter as she will be likely to eat her pigs again. Do not allow a sow to eat the afterbirth. That induces an appetite for flesh and the pigs may then be killed and eaten. Allow the sow all the salt she cares to take when she starts to kill her pigs. Feeding salt pork is the popular remedy. Moving the pig bed would not cause it.

GAS CYSTS.—What causes air bubbles on the intestines of hogs and what is the remedy for them? In butchering I have found little air bubbles on the intestines. W. H. P.

A.—This condition is common in hogs and does not seem to cause any inconvenience. It is caused by bacteria and there is no specific remedy. Keep hogs in sanitary pens and yards and keep them free from intestinal parasites.

WORMS OF HOGS.—Please tell me what is the best home remedy for worms in hogs. Do you think lye is good for hogs, or do you think copperas is better? I don't think it pays to give high-priced medicine to hogs. I would rather give home remedies. L. L.

A.—Do not give concentrated lye to hogs. A good mixture, when expensive worm remedies cannot be given is, powdered wood charcoal, 25 pounds, salt, eight pounds, ground rock phosphate, four pounds ground limestone, four pounds, flowers of sulphur, four pounds, powdered copperas, one pound. Keep it in a self feeder to which allow hogs access at all times. It is a good mineral tonic, conditioner and worm preventive.

LAME MARE.—My mare, six years old, was lame in her left front foot all winter. Her foot seems sound. All I can find is a small ridge about an inch above her hoof.

A.—Wash the part clean: then keep cold wet swabs of felt or cotton waste constantly upon the hoof-head for one month. If the lameness then persists clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister it two or three times, if necessary, with a mixture of one dram of powdered cantharides, one dram of biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it in for fifteen minutes, then tie the mare up short. Wash the blister off in forty-eight hours. Then apply a little lard daily. Repeat blisterings in two or three weeks.

OFF-FLAVORED MILK.—Will you tell me what to do for my cow. She appears to be in good health, but there is a disagreeable odor to her milk and at times her breath is offensive. The milk is slimy. J. L.

A.—The milk is unfit for any purpose. Garget of the udder probably is present and is due to germ infection. The cow may also be affected with tuberculosis. To determine that you should have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. If she does not react it would be best to dry off the milk secretion and fit her for the butcher.

GARGET.—I want information about one of my cows. She will freshen in June. For two months has been unfit for use. It milks ropy and lumpy, some of it like clabber and for the last week or two I find she has a hard lump in one side of the udder. L. A. D.

A.—Germ-infection of a quarter has caused manmitis (garget) and, at the present stage, it is incurable. The lump is a tumor also due to garget. Strip the affected quarter clean every two hours during the day and in the evening rub in a mixture of equal quantities of camphorated oil, carbolized oil, and compound soap liniment. When she "freshens" better let the calf nurse. The affected quarter may be even more severely diseased after the next calfing. Such a cow should be kept isolated and milked last as the infection may be spread by the milker's hand to sound cows.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

LULU PEARL, Minnesota.—Of course the blunder is not yours, when a boy to whom you are not engaged sends you costly gifts. Whether you choose to return such presents or not depends upon the character of the gifts and if you think their retention might embarrass you in any way. We think the best method would be to thank the boy, at the same time telling him pleasantly that he must not make you such valuable presents. You might soften the words by saying you appreciate his friendship and that this is sufficient without his offering expensive evidence of it.

E. B., North Carolina.—Surely you do not enjoy having the earache! It is pretty certain that your mother is right in believing the wearing of your hair over your ears has made those hearing appendages more sensitive to your painful trouble. So there are two reasons for arranging your hair differently: the first, that a sixteen-year-old girl should certainly comply willingly with her mother's wishes; and the second, that it is certainly much better that you should be free from earache, than that your hair should be fixed "just like the other girls." Some day you will know that it is good to be "different," —particularly when the being different is good for you!

B. M. S., Rising Sun, Md.—A girl should not have to suggest the time of a young man's departure from an evening call; he should know enough to take his leave at a suitable and convenient hour for the girl's household. But if he sticks too long, it is certainly correct for you to give him a going-away hint as pleasantly as you can. Blame it on your parents if you like or on yourself, and make some excuse of early rising the next morning. (2) A girl does not rise when a young man is introduced to her, although she would rise in the case of a much older man, or some gentleman who might be a guest of honor.

WORRIED, Sapulpa, Okla.—It is not a very serious breach of etiquette that your card sent with flowers to a sick friend carried no message or word of greeting. It would have been pleasanter to have written upon the card: "Hoping you may soon be well," or, "With best wishes for your speedy recovery." But the flowers themselves were a message of sympathy, and you need not worry about the matter.

B. M., Sanford, Fla.—It would be quite correct for you to have a simple and quiet wedding at your church, with only immediate relatives and close friends present. If you wish, you may invite other less intimate friends to a reception after the ceremony. (2). A grey or blue serge or homespun might be appropriately made and plainly tailored for your going-away gown. These colors would be suitable to your type and coloring, as would be the lighter shades of brown—most popular now. You have our best wishes for your future happiness.

BASHFUL JOHNNY, Texas.—We think the best method of consuming the deliciousness of an ice-cream soda, is to eat the ice-cream first from the glass with a spoon, and then either drink the balance of the liquid or imbibe it luxuriously from a straw. In the case of hot drinks, such as cocoa, chocolate, coffee, etc., these may be drunk from the glass or cup. It would seem strange to drink coffee through a straw, although, at a soda fountain, it might be done without making etiquette totter.

F. F., Ransom, Kansas.—"Oh, Promise Me," the song you mention, and other like music, may be given before the bride and bridegroom arrive in the room for this home wedding and the music should last until the couple have taken their places before the altar. There would be no particular limit to be set upon the amount of this pre-ceremony music, but the rendition of one number should suffice and would seem to us best. (2). We think the rehearsing of a wedding ceremony is always a sensible custom, especially when it is wished that the formal parts of the ceremony be accomplished without hitch or embarrassment. Being married is something in which one is not apt to gain much practice before arriving at the altar! Courage wishes you the best of happiness.

Miss G. M., Sumner, Ill.—The technique of etiquette has established that only the bridegroom is congratulated, while the bride is offered wishes for her happiness. Yet to wish happiness for two is sufficient, and the most reasonable thing, we believe. (2). Thanks and smiles are the sincere and proper responses made by a happy and newly married couple to the wishes and congratulations of friends.

B. Z., Floresville, Texas.—It was an older and more formal time that required a man to stand with his hat off while talking to ladies whom he had just met. Today's etiquette does not demand this although it is yet a correct and happy manner of showing respect—provided no sneezes are forthcoming as an after result of courtesy! (2). A boy may think just what he likes about a girl who will not return his letters and presents after he has asked her to do so. And whatever he thinks, we feel rather sure the girl won't mind a bit. Really are delivered letters the property of the one receiving them? And the same as to gifts—which are not usually sent with any string attached to pull them back. Boys must remember this in these times which so sadly occur now and then. They may want letters and presents back, but, as to legitimately demanding them—that is quite another question. Possession is nine points of the law, and does not change with hearts.

GRAY EYES, Nebo, Ky.—It is rather sure that this boy comes to see you and not your brother and other relatives. We think that it would be sympathetic of them to give up the room to you and your caller after first greetings are over. (2). If you are "not quite sure" that you love this boy, we can tell you that it is *sure* you do not love him. For if there is one thing about which there is no doubt, it is the spell cast by Cupid. That active little rascal leaves marks as certain as chicken pox, and physical disturbances as overpowering as the flu. A girl of eighteen or nineteen might marry a man some years her senior, but we think a boy of nineteen is much too young to marry. We believe a boy should be old enough to step to the ballot box before he walks up the aisle to the tune of a wedding march. It takes most boys some time to grow up. Haven't you noticed this?

GOLDEN HAIR, Boatwright, Ky.—A boy is supposed to be capable of getting into his overcoat, and a girl should not offer to assist him. On the other hand, etiquette demands that he should aid the girl in putting on her wrap. (2). Yes, you should shake hands with your boy caller when you meet him at the door of your home.

D. S. and T. H., Mississippi.—Yes, it is permitted that your fiance kiss you and you may send him your photograph. It is best that a girl should not distribute her photos among boys who are no more to her than friends or acquaintances, although there is no objection to small and informal snapshots being shared among friends of both sexes. (2) The decorating of a house for a home wedding is affected by the time of year the ceremony is to take place. In the winter one is restricted to green things and potted plants, while in the summer flowers of all sorts may be used to advantage being careful of clashes or color that would be inharmonious. Much can be done at an autumn wedding by the use of foliage, goldenrod, asters, and other natural beauties of the fall of the year. An improvised altar may be most charmingly banked for an autumn wedding ceremony.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Mary L. Mallett, Whitehouse, Ky. With an invalid husband, partly blind, this poor woman struggles along on a hard road with her family of five children. Clothes, shoes and cash are badly needed. James Gallday, Quicksburg, Va. This man and wife have six children and illness has prevented their earning proper support for such a big and hungry family. Give them real help over a sorrowful time. Martha Coppell, care of Robert Muring, R 3, Stuart, Va. Here is an old woman who has nobody to help her get the clothes and shoes she needs, to say nothing of food and other comforts. A deserving case. Mrs. M. R. Culver, Roxbury, Vt., sends earnest words of gratitude to all those who sent her clothes and gifts. Also Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C., writes a letter of thanks to the Cousins, and particularly to the unknown friend that so generously contributed ten dollars from Salina, Kansas. Good for the Sunflower State!

"June stands for Joy! Let us make this true as much as we can for these and other of our League's shut-in and needy members. To know that somebody is thinking of them and wants to help them, means as much as the help itself to such as these who are sorrowfully shut off from helping themselves. Look about you in this first glad month of the opening summer—and then start right in distributing some of June's sunlight in places so dark and full of pain that they need a little joy as a shadow-chaser!

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, after you have once joined all you have to do—to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year. If you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members is doubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Some Difference

Chauffeur: "Say, Bub, how far is it to Lewisville?"

Boy: "Well, mister, the way you are going now it is just 24,996 miles, but if you turn around it is only four miles."

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How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

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ur Wheel Chairs in May
3 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

he recipients of the four May wheel irs are: Reba Martindale, Jasper, as, 134; George Ash, Roundup, Mont., Jessie P. Thornton, Bowling Green, rida, 51; Johnie C. McDaniel, Stid-



LEO COPPLE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

n, Okla., 50. The figures following ir respective names indicate the num- of subscriptions sent in by these ap- cants or by their friends for them. frs. G. E. Martindale, of Jasper, xas, sent in the subscriptions for the air for Reba Martindale but did not state the invalid's age, physical condition or cause of her disability.

George Ash, age 38, has been an invalid from early childhood and now is so crippled in both legs that he cannot walk. He is dependent on his aged mother and stepfather, who are poor and infirm. Mrs. Roy Palmer, who with the assistance of other friends has obtained the subscriptions for this chair, writes that it will afford George much pleasure and be a great help to his mother in caring for him, and she adds that this friendly service has been rendered without the knowledge of the Ash family, and so the wheel chair will come to them as a happy surprise.

Jessie P. Thornton, aged 34, is entirely helpless, due to total paralysis, and dependent on his brother for care and support except for $5.00 a month pension lately granted him by the county.

Johnie C. McDaniel, age 4, is entirely helpless; she cannot sit up or even raise her head which has grown excessively large since she suffered the attack of a disease of unknown nature that caused her crippled condition. She is unable to talk or take any food that requires to be chewed.

Remember the poor shut-ins who are suffering for a wheel chair which they cannot buy because of their poverty. The only hope of many of them ever obtaining one is through COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club. Help its good work which has already carried the blessing of a wheel chair to nearly seven hundred cripples.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. for the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Little Crippled Girl Made Happy by Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Hillsboro, Ill.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose picture of our little Cleo enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. Words cannot express how thankful we are for the chair. She surely enjoys it, and it makes her very happy. We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness in helping to get the chair for her.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) L. S. Copple.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. G. E. Martindale, Texas, for Reba Martindale, 109 subs; Mrs. Earl Deen, Okla., for Eugene Pinney, 40; Mrs. Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary A. Miller, 39; Mrs. Ida E. Johnson, S. Dak., for Hazel Anna Johnson, 23; Mrs. Sarah Weekly, Mont., for George Ash, 22 subs and $5.50; Mrs. Earl Hartman, Texas, for Herman W. Staples, 21; Mrs. J. R. Tidwell, Miss., for Sherman Tidwell, 21; Mrs. J. W. Long, Ark., for Ethel Long, 20; Mrs. R. J. Carter, Ark., for Herman W. Staples, 19; Mrs. A. L. McAbee, S. C., for Sam J. McAbee, 13; Mrs. Ollie McDaniel, Okla., for Johnie McDaniel, 13; Mrs. J. G. Smathers, N. C., for her little boy, 12; Mrs. Willie N. Levister, S. C., for James Scales, 11; Mrs. Fannie Hill, S. C., for Mr. J. M. Scales, 10; Mrs. Fanny Crocker, S. C., for J. M. Scales, 10; Mrs. May Martin, Va., for E. S. Mitchell, 10; J. M. Davis, Ark., for Aubrey Davis, 9; Jeannette Deskins, for own chair, 8; Mrs. G. B. Newton, Okla., for Aubrey Davis, 8; Mrs. Frank Hellums, Miss., for Sherman Tidwell, 8; Miss Clara B. Cole, Okla., for own chair, 7; Mrs. Mary Denton, Okla., for Lee Roy Denton, 7; Virsie Mases, Ark., for Ethel Long, 6; Mrs. Ella A. Burkdall, Mo., for Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, 6; Mrs. Harvey O. Ernest, D. C., for George Ash, 6; Mrs. J. H. Burns, Texas, for general, 5; Mrs. A. G. DeShazo, Ark., for general, 5; Mrs. W. C. Gallup, Mo., for George Ash, 2 subs and $5.00; Kate Sorensen, Ill., for general, 1 sub and $1.00; A Florida Friend, for general, $9.00; Mrs. Sinda Bennett, Mo., for general, $2.00; Mrs. H. Jensen, Calif., for general, $2.00; Mrs. Chas. H. Church, for general, $1.30; Mrs. Lewis Rattles, Ind., for general, $1.00; M. Priest, Ore., for general, $1.00; A Friend, for Hazel Johnson, $1.00; Mary M. Kasper, Mich., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Michael Euser, N. Y., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Emma Clifford, Mo., for general, $1.00; Mrs. John Mouser, N. J., for Hazel Anna Johnson, $1.00; John H. Gettemy, Pa., for general, $1.00; Maude Alexander, Tenn., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Adam Lampkowski, Pa., for general, $1.00.

A Ford Gas Attack

The government has waged extensive campaigns with sulphur and carbon disulphide in efforts to kill off prairie dogs by suffocating them in their burrows; the process is expensive and cumbersome. The progressive western farmer, however, now knows that the exhaust gases from a running automobile will speedily poison a man in a closed garage. He applys the principle by slipping a piece of rubber hose over his Ford exhaust pipe; a funnel is slipped into the other end. Backing up to a dog burrow, he claps the funnel over it and runs his engine for a few minutes with a good rich mixture. When he leaves, the dog is dead and buried.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Something to See

William was thirsty for knowledge and interesting facts shone like jewels in his brain.

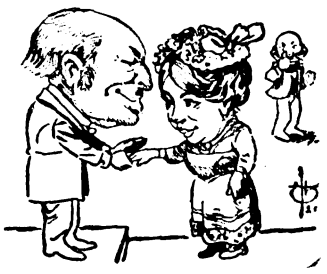
"I read today," he said to Michael, "of the wonderful progress made in aviation. Men can now do anything—absolutely anything—a bird can do."

But Michael was tired of wonders—he was more matter of fact.

"Is that so?" he answered. "Well, when you see an airman fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, I'll come and have a look!"—*New York Mail.*

She Had a Man

The minister was shaking hands with a new member of his congregation, a girl fresh from Sweden, and said, cor-



dially; "I would like to know your address, so I can call on you."

"Oh," said the girl innocently, "I have a man."—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Essential

"And so," read Bess from her book, "they were married and lived happily ever after."

"They did?" exclaimed Mary, eagerly. "Oh, Bess, does it say what kind of a car he bought?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Cubby Bear Tries Something New

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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ONE evening in midsummer Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear were sitting on the doorstep of their little house, resting after the heat of the day.

Cubby's head was bent forward dejectedly, and Mamma Bruin almost thought he was asleep, until he gave a doleful sigh.

"Why, Cubby Bear!" she exclaimed. "What is the trouble?"

"Oh, I am thinking," he answered, "that there is nothing new to be done—nothing! I have done everything a little bear *can* do! I have been to Wise Owl's school, I have played all the games any of my friends ever heard about; I have been to the seashore, and climbed the big mountain, and seen a waterfall, and listened to the echoes in the great cave, and had a ride in a merry-go-round. I have fallen into the river, I have been in the misty white fog in the lowlands, I have helped to celebrate every holiday I know of, and I have had every kind of a party there *is* to have; and there is nothing left to do!"

"There is always plenty to do," said Mamma Bruin. "Plenty of play, and plenty of work (which is play, too, if we are wise enough to make it so), and plenty of wonderful things to see and to hear, and plenty of kind things to do for our friends! And plenty of happiness to enjoy, if only we look for it."

"Perhaps so," sighed Cubby, "but I wish I knew something pleasant to do this very minute."

"Take a look around, and see what you can see," advised Mamma Bruin. "As for me, it is happiness enough to be sitting here on my own doorstep, with my own little Cubby Bear, smelling the sweetness of the Pleasant Forest, and hearing the evening breezes rustle the leaves on the trees."

Cubby Bear sniffed the sweet summer air, and looked up at the bright stars, which twinkled at him cheerfully. Then, like little stars on earth, he saw bright fireflies darting about.

He sprang to his feet, and clapped his paws as a new thought came to him.

"Oh, Mamma Bruin!" he cried. "Just listen! You see those twinkly fireflies, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mamma Bruin, smiling, "And I saw them before, when you were feeling so dismal. Why do you ask?"

"I have thought of something new to do!" said Cubby. "You have been near the village in the night time—near enough to see that there were lights shining all along the streets. I saw them twice—once when we went for a ride on the merry-go-round, and once when we celebrated the Fourth of July. I liked those light on the streets! They were pretty and we could see things so plainly! Why couldn't we catch fireflies—oh, a great, great many of them, and put them in the trees and bushes to light our Pleasant Forest and have an evening party?"

"Talk it over with some of your friends tomorrow," Mamma Bruin told him. "You can have some fun trying it whether it works well or not. But come, it is time to go in now. Grandma Bear has been in bed an hour or more."

Next day, Cubby Bear found Wise Owl, Racky Coon, Shinyblack Crow, Busy Beaver and Chirpy Chipmunk, and told them of his new idea.

"Don't bother to do it for me," said Wise Owl indifferently. "If you all had as good eyes as mine, you could see even better in the dark than in the light."

"I think I would rather see well in the daytime," Cubby told him, "when everything is bright and cheery."

"I am inclined to think your plan may be a good one," said Shinyblack Crow, "and I wish you would light up the forest while my brother is here."

"Oh, is your brother coming to see you?" asked Cubby. "I did not know you had a brother."

"Oh, yes, and his name is Simeon. He lives in the far West. While he is here I shall invite you all to meet him, and hear him tell stories of the West."

"Oh, get him to tell the stories in the evening, and we will have the fireflies then, for lighting," said Cubby eagerly.

"A grand thing it would be," declared Busy Beaver. "Oh, grand and stylish! I will help catch the lights, Cubby Bear. When is your brother coming, Shinyblack Crow?"

"I expect him the day after tomorrow."

"That very evening we will have our lights. But where can we put our fireflies as we catch them, so that they will not all fly away again—and where could we find enough of them any way?"

"My big covered basket will be just the thing to keep them in," offered Racky Coon, "and there are more fireflies in Blue Bittern's swamp than we should need. I have been there at night, and I know."

"Then we will go there this very night, and again tomorrow night," said Busy Beaver. "Of course we shall have to catch them after it begins to grow dark. Will you all go to help? And we must ask others, too!"

Chirpy Chipmunk was whisking his plumy tail about nervously.

"I don't like to refuse," he began. "*Maybe* I will go with the others—*maybe* I will—but I can't say I like the idea very well, plunging around in the mud of the swamp, all in the dark!"

Quite a party of the little woods people started for Blue Bittern's swamp that night, Cubby Bear kindly giving Chirpy Chipmunk and Tillie Turtle a ride in Racky Coon's big basket.

A lively time they had, and not altogether a happy one, for the swamp was very muddy, as Chirpy had feared, and the night was dark.

"I never worked so hard in all my life before!" grumbled Wollie Woodchuck, "the creatures won't stay still to be caught!"

"No," agreed Racky Coon, "and just when you think you're going to put your paw on one, his light goes out, and you can't find him at all!"

As Racky spoke, he sprang after a firefly, but the next moment cried out, "Ow! I've bumped my head against a tree!"

"You have not!" cried an indignant voice in the darkness. "You bumped it against *my* head, and knocked me down!" It was Minnie Mink.

"Suppose we go home now," said Cubby Bear. "It is too dark to do much, and we can catch more tomorrow night."

"Not in this swamp!" declared Racky Coon firmly.



THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ALL DID BETTER.

"Where's the basket?" asked Wise Ow... "I've got my claws *full* of fireflies! I w... your eyes were all as good as mine!"

"We can all see fireflies, I should think," said Wollie Woodchuck rather crossly. "... least, we can until they turn off their light...

"Yes, but I can get around without bumping into things," answered Wise Owl.

The next night they did better, and w... Simeon Crow arrived to visit his brother Shinyblack, everything was in readiness.

A pleasant spot near the Big Brook had been chosen for the story-telling, and Cubby and his friends had taken their fireflies from the basket and carefully placed them on bushes and the branches of trees.

The fireflies did not stay where they were put, but flitted all about.

"How pretty, how pretty they look!" ... mired Cubby, eying them with delight. "Like twinkly little stars, coming and going everywhere!"

Then he hurried home to brush his coat and put on his collar and tie, leaving Racky Coon and Busy Beaver in charge.

He was on his way back, with Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear, who wanted to hear Simeon Crow's Western stories ... when he saw Wollie Woodchuck coming toward him.

"Hurry up, Cubby Bear!" called W... beckoning to him wildly.

"Oh, are we late?" asked Cubby. "Have the stories commenced?"

"No. Simeon Crow has not come yet, ... Shinyblack, either. But something ... is happening!"

"Oh, what, what?"

"The bats!" answered Wollie, in a ... tone. "Bats have come—oh, many of them—and they are *eating our lights!*"

"O-o-o-oh!" wailed Cubby. "This ... never do! Why does not Wise Owl drive the bats away?"

"He is not there, nor any other bird except little Chickadee Chirrupee, and he is so small the bats only laugh at him and are not afraid."

"Oh, run for Wise Owl!" begged C...

"Run for him yourself!" answered Wo... "I have worked hard enough over this ... business already! Just a piece of foolishness from the start, I call it! I don't believe in being too stylish myself!"

Cubby Bear did not wait to hear W... grumblings, but hurried on, leaving Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear to follow ... slowly.

Quite a crowd of animals and birds ... collected by now, but the lights for which ... Cubby had worked so hard, and in which ... had taken such pride, were nearly gone. ... two or three fireflies were left to shine on the scene.

A familiar "Caw" was heard near by.

"The crows are coming!" said Minnie M... but Shinyblack alone flew into their ...

"Oh, Shinyblack Crow, I am so sor... was Cubby's greeting. "The bats have put out our lights, and your brother will have to tell his stories in the dark. There is no light, even, for the night *is* cloudy," and Cubby wiped away a tear.

"There will be no stories tonight, ... said Shinyblack Crow, "so it is just as ... I feel so ashamed to disappoint you a... Simeon was tired from his journey, and ... gone to sleep. I could not budge him! ... a story tonight!' said Simeon. 'They ... be dull and dry if I tried. But you ... your friends to meet me in the morning ... I am fresh and rested, and I will spin ... yarns for them all day long if ... listen, and will bring me my dinner."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Redtop ... tossing his red cap into the air.

"I am glad!" said Bunny Rabbit. "... babies are half asleep now. They could have listened to the stories tonight, but ... love to hear them in the morning."

"Cheer up, Cubby Bear, and Shinyblack Crow, too," said Racky Coon, "'All's well that ends well,' and neither one of you ... badly. The clouds are breaking in the ... for I see stars shining through, and we ... have a glorious story-day tomorrow."

But Wise Owl moped, for he loved the ... and they left him sitting there alone, ... stories all to himself, in the dark.

Cubby Bear in Book Form

Cubby Bear and his friends of the forest are ... so dear to millions of readers of COMFORT that ... decided to immortalize their names by publishing ... form Cubby's most amusing adventures with ... friends of the forest.

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JULY COMFORT

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"A World of Boys" A glimpse within Girard College, that unique school for orphan boys the portals of which no clergyman is permitted to enter.

"Our Mutual Friend, the Subway" Loneliness of a big city where it takes an incident to start a romance, and an accident to bring it to a climax.

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June, 1923.

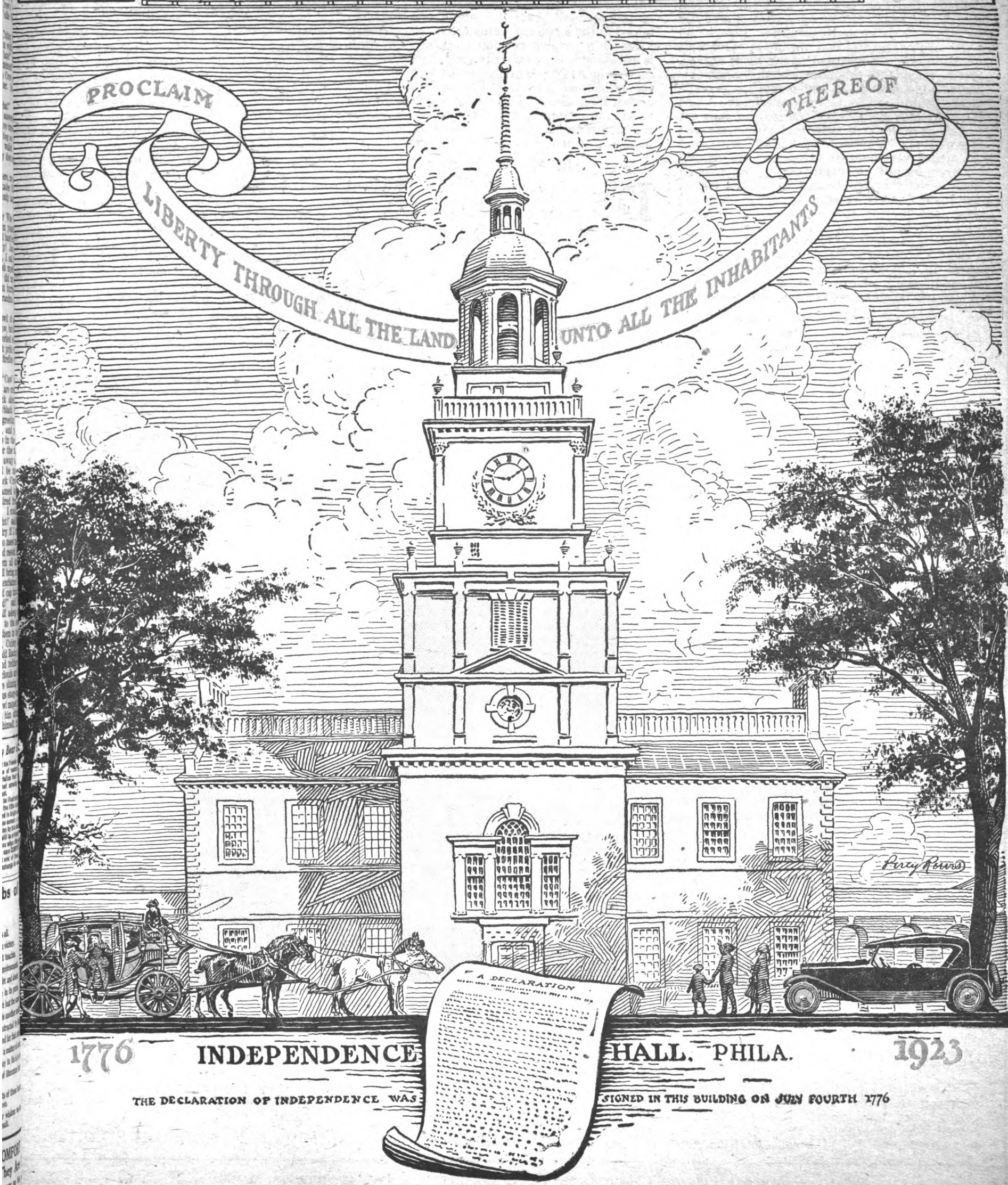
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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED IN THIS BUILDING ON JULY FOURTH 1776

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The Centennial of the Declaration of the Monroe Doctrine Finds All America Enjoying Peace and Prosperity

WHILE celebrating the glorious Fourth of July in the usual holiday fashion with sports and amusements, let us also take occasion to consider seriously the momentous events and distinctive policies that have not only shaped our country's wonderful progress but also influenced largely the destiny of all other peoples in the Western Hemisphere. First let us be reverently thankful that we are at peace with all the world. Then extending our vision abroad, remark the mighty significance of the great, outstanding fact that peace and prosperity pervade North, Central and South America from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, while Europe and Asia are a seething cauldron of strife and misery through international jealousies and hatreds, wars and threatened wars, internal dissentions and revolutionary uprisings. Without boasting we may be justly proud that the United States has blazed the way and rendered effective aid in bringing about the present status of peaceful security which, founded on international good will, is prevalent throughout the New World. Let us examine and get a clear understanding of the means by which this happy result has been attained, for it is all-important that we resolutely pursue the same undeviating course in the future

By promulgating and making good the Declaration of Independence our forefathers lighted the torch of liberty on these shores 147 years ago. It shone as a beacon guiding and inspiring all other peoples on the American continent to demand and obtain liberty through absolute independence or by concession of self-government to an extent practically amounting, as in the case of Canada, to full liberty. The sorely oppressed Spanish colonies, comprising Mexico and the greater part of Central and South America, in due time followed our example by revolting against their mother country and establishing their independence by force of arms, and in so doing they had the sympathy of our people and our Government, although the latter observed strict neutrality during their wars for independence. This happened in the early part of the past century, and more than a hundred years ago our government recognized their independence and welcomed them to the family of independent American republics.

Washington's Foreign Policy

PRESIDENT Washington, in the fall of 1796, shortly before his retirement from office, issued his famous Farewell Address to the American people for the purpose of warning them, in the interest of their general welfare and for the permanent success of the Government which he had been so largely instrumental in establishing, to avoid certain dangers from which he had steered clear during his administration and which he foresaw with prophetic wisdom would be perpetually recurrent As among the most perilous pitfalls to be shunned he strenuously admonished that we, as a nation, should avoid all foreign alliances and especially with European nations. Regarding the latter he said:

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her policies, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. * * * Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity, in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; * * * "

The profound impression which the Farewell Address made on the people at large when first published has deepened and strengthened from generation to generation as the test of time has demonstrated the eternal soundness of the principles which it enunciates. In order that our national law-makers may keep in mind and heed its counsel it is customary for Congress to commemorate Washington's Birthday on each succeeding anniversary by suspending the regular order of business while the members listen to the reading of the Farewell Address. And the advice contained in the foregoing extract has always been followed in shaping our foreign policy, to which is attributable our present peace and our previous success in having kept out of all except two of the numerous wars that have afflicted Europe almost incessantly. This advice, which has saved us so much trouble, may be epitomized as the common-sense proposition to mind our own business and keep out of other peoples' affairs.

The Monroe Doctrine

DURING Washington's lifetime the United States was the only independent nation on this side of the Atlantic, but soon after his death, which occurred in 1799, the Spanish colonies south of us began their successful struggles for independence, as previously explained, and Brazil, a former Portuguese colony, also cut loose from her European mother in 1822. In the following year Spain asked her associates in the "Holy Alliance" (the then existing league which included all the Christian nations of Europe except Great Britain) to render her and Portugal armed assistance in an attempt to reconquer their lost American colonies. So favorable was the sentiment of continental Europe to this audacious proposal that it seemed likely to be accepted and put in execution. Our statesmen of that day foresaw that European aggression and conquest once begun on the American continent would sooner or later endanger our peace and security.

In order to meet and ward off this menace at the very start President Monroe, on December 2nd, 1823, in his annual message to Congress called attention to the gravity of the situation as it concerned our vital interests, and announced it to be the policy of the United States not to tolerate the conquest or colonization of any independent American country by a European Power. Such, in brief, is the substance and origin of the famous Monroe Doctrine which, ever since it was promulgated, has been resolutely maintained as our national policy to be upheld even by war, if necessary. While it has served our own interests it has been the means of protecting the other American republics from aggression and absorption by European Powers. It may seem strange that a league so powerful and arrogant as was the "Holy Alliance" should have been awed by the defiance of a nation so comparatively weak as was the United States a hundred years ago; but President Monroe's pronouncement was no idle threat, for Great Britain, whose navy ruled the seas, had assured him of her support of our side of the controversy because it was advantageous to her commercial interests to have the Spanish-American republics remain independent. As such they had opened their ports to all nations to trade on equal terms. But if again subjected to Spanish dominion they would be compelled by preferential laws to trade mostly with Spain, as had been the case during their colonial status.

The Monroe Doctrine is not a departure from Washington's injunction to mind our own business and avoid entanglement in European difficulties, but is its corollary in requiring Europe to keep hands off America. In various parts of the country preparations are being made to celebrate the centennial of President Monroe's announcement of the policy that bears his name, notably in Los Angeles, where there will be a Monroe Exposition, and in New York where a committee has been formed to buy the house in which Monroe died, and preserve it as a historical museum. We believe that the great majority of our people are still as strongly as ever in favor of both the Washington and Monroe policies, but an aggressive agitation and propaganda is being promoted by certain interests for the abandonment of both these policies and for entangling us in the multiplicity of strifes that are rending and wrecking Europe and Asia, by having our country join the League of Nations.

Present League of Nations as Unholy as the "Holy Alliance."

FOLLOWING on the heels of the World War the League of Nations when first proposed was generally approved in this country because it was represented by its sponsors to be a sure preventive of war and a safe and rational means of settling international controversies, which, of course, everybody earnestly desired. But public sentiment was reversed as the subsequent discussion of the terms of the treaty in the Senate, leading up to its rejection by that body, showed it to be a very different proposition that instead of safeguarding our peace it would make our Government subservient to a foreign super-government with power to force us to participate in wars that do not concern us and, contrary to the Constitution, without the consent of Congress; also that it would subject our foreign policy and even our domestic laws to possible supervision, revision or annulment by an alien tribunal. After rejection by the Senate, the proposal for us to join the League of Nations was made the issue in the Presidential campaign of 1920 and was turned down by an overwhelming majority at the polls.

The sound judgment of the Senate in rejecting, and of the people in disapproving the League of Nations has been fully demonstrated by the shameful course of events in Europe due to the continual distrust, bickering and strife among members of the League during the past three years. Had we joined we should have been involved in their quarrels. Though the declared purposes of the League of Nations are exalted and benevolent it has failed dismally because of the insincerity, greed and malevolence of its members as did its predecessor, which arrogated to itself all the Christian virtues implied in the sublime name of "Holy Alliance" by which it chose to call itself. Like the present League, the "Holy Alliance" was formed in Paris immediately after a world war (that which ended in the final overthrow of Emperor Napoleon in 1815), and, as previously stated, included all the Christian nations of Europe except Great Britain. Its avowed purposes were "that, in accordance with the precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the principles of justice, charity and peace should be the basis of their internal administration, and of their international relations and the happiness and religious welfare of their subjects should be their great object." Could any expression be higher or nobler? Yet the real design which this beautiful declaration camouflaged was purely selfish, as is well illustrated by its proposed aggression against America. Despite its sanctimonious profession of peaceful intentions the "Holy Alliance" was broken up in 1846 by wars between its members.

"The Christ of the Andes"

THROUGH twenty-five centuries war has been the outstanding feature of the history of Europe, and she has not had enough of it yet, for she is still an armed camp and is ruining herself supporting millions of soldiers. We are asked to join the League of Nations and help pacify Europe. Doubtless in such case we should suffer by getting into bad company but we could not help bring Europe round to peace. Her only possible help must come by a change of heart and a reform of her ways. Let Europe gaze on peaceful America and draw inspiration from "The Christ of the Andes", the bronze statue of Jesus erected on the boundary between Argentena and Chile as a mutual pledge of perpetual peace after these two nations had settled their boundary dispute by arbitration instead of by war for which both had prepared.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Before she had time to analyze her own feelings she became concious of a presence near her.



"Who are you? What's your name?"



He took from his pocket as he spoke an elegant sleeve button.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

rownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centen- l Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an inti- e friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel brings her up to remember she is a direct de- ndant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up ostly cuff button with a large D, studded with bril- nts and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That t Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by en Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to nt de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her sal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, en Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her seri- illness, her coming to America, where her father mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, uding her engagement ring, coral cross and all other s from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and up- the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the e of her aunt's property admits using and losing ey entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all ts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hun- d dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment ng hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who s her love, and in the public library Brownie, read- to her in French, attracts the attention of an elder- gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks other language, and would she teach. She would mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is em- yed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, D., who recommends her to his son-in-law, Mr. lidge, as being competent to superintend the educa- n of his two younger daughters and to be a com- ion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. ng to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the st daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The h fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved n an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur re- es him of further care and takes her to his mother sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. rian Dredmond overhears their determination to pre- t Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they e a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur s tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Doug- shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian edmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to ownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envi- s of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a lk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her wels takes them to her mother, who requests that ownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks ownie if she has anything in her possession not gally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and thing. Brownie questions her right to ask her, to ter her room and from under lock and key take her wels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. olidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for eir return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his ther's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is leave he offers her the love and care that will pro- t. She refuses. Wilbur orders a cab and directs at Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian edmond calls; requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isa- l gives a wrong impression and their pain in learn- g she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does t know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wil- r sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" ils to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective with- t success. Going to Lady Peasewell's party, Isabel ears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Ran- l, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing ord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where e got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are irlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. ey were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and ord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. wo years after Sir Charles's birth there was a pros- ct of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was aveling and returning a year later remarked it was ard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to ew York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a ousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Vall- gham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isa- l walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the m of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given y the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his randson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn nd recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to ady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel oolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TAKEN BY STORM.

ADRIAN had been obliged to exert the sternest self-control in order to keep back the wild words which were burning upon his lips for utterance after saving Brownie.

He loved her, he knew he loved her, and he longed to pour out the fullness of his heart to her.

But how could he presume to do so, when she was comparatively a stranger to him?

Only twice before had he met her, and he reasoned that it could not be possible that she had any thought of love for him, although he had worshiped her from afar for the last six months.

He felt that he must tell her ere long. He had almost betrayed it tonight, and the hot blood surged into his face as he thought of it, and wondered how she regarded him.

Would she not feel that he was presuming upon the service which he had just rendered her if he should confess it?

And yet, in his heart, he exulted over the event, even while he trembled and grew faint as he realized how near he had come to losing her forever.

The danger and the escape from it had brought them nearer to each other than ever before. She had trusted him, leaned upon him, and even allowed his arm to clasp her unshrinkingly when she could not stand alone.

And now she was under the same roof with him, and would remain several days, she said.

It seemed too much happiness, after all his discouragements and disappointments in seeking her.

Of course, he would not return to London now; of what use would it be, when the object of his search there was found?

No, he would stay here and win her if he could; and when she was his wife, how proud he would be to introduce her to Isabel Coolidge and her mother as the future Lady of Dunforth!

And Brownie!

Who shall describe the tumult that was in her heart, as she sought Lady Ruxley's apartments?

She could not misinterpret Adrian's manner toward her. Had not he almost called her darling? Had not his every tone and look been fraught with that magnetic influence which could not be mistaken?

Did not his horror, when he had found it was she who had been in such peril, bespeak a deeper interest than that of a mere friend?

Ah, yes! and her hands burned with his passionate kisses even now.

How precious—how doubly precious the boon of life would seem to her hereafter, since it had been bestowed upon her by him!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I will know my fate this day," said Adrian, the next morning, as he rose from his almost sleepless couch and descended to the breakfast parlor.

For the past six months Brownie had been so continually in his thoughts that she had grown to seem almost a part of himself, and now it seemed to him as if, in the great horror of the night previous, when they had stood so near to death, and together had caught a glimpse, so to speak, of the darkness and gloom of mysterious eternity, it seemed, I say, as if they had tacitly acknowledged and felt that they belonged to each other.

"How now," said his grandfather, as he entered the room; "must you be off today? I was hoping that you would spend several weeks with us."

"I'm sure I cannot see what there is so important to call you back to London," put in Lady Dunforth, reproachfully.

"Do you take it so much at heart? Well, then suppose I compromise the matter, and say that I will remain a few days," Adrian replied, laughingly, though he colored a conscious crimson as he altered his plans.

His lordship gave him a searching glance, as if he did not exactly understand this change; he had been so positive last night about returning.

Lady Dunforth, however, was delighted, and other guests entering at that moment, she imparted the good news, and then all sat down to breakfast.

Adrian was on the watch all day for Brownie, but late hours did not agree with Lady Ruxley, and she did not rise until very late. Then, being in rather a more exacting mood than usual, she kept her companion in constant attendance upon her all day.

It was not until late in the afternoon that Brownie was free to take a stroll by herself; then, her ladyship having fallen into a doze, she donned her hat and shawl and stole out.

She had a strange desire to visit again the spot where she had so nearly lost her life, and view by daylight the havoc which had been wrought.

Walking rapidly, she soon gained the top of the hill, and, turning from the narrow path, she ere long stood upon the precipice where the great shelf of earth had crumbled away.

"Strange that he should be here! Strange that he should have saved me a second time," she murmured to herself, and the rosy color flashed over her beautiful face, as she recalled that scene upon the boat in connection with the events of the night previous.

She could not forget the clinging clasp of his arm; she could not forget his upturned, anxious face, as he dropped upon his knees, nor the burning passionate kisses which he had pressed upon her hands; the horror in his voice when he realized that it was she who had been in such danger; the intense thankfulness which quivered in his tones at her deliverance and the pathos with which he had said it would have been better for them both to have perished beneath that falling mass than that he had not come to save her.

He had told her, too, of his long and anxious search for her in London; and now she lived over again, every moment, and recalled it all, with that beautiful color deepening upon her cheek, and those lovely eyes glowing with a deep tenderness and joy.

She knew it could only be accounted for in one way; he loved her! Her whole being thrilled with the thought.

A strange, rapturous joy surged through her heart, for she knew, despite the difference in their position—for she had heard that he would one day inherit a title, although she had no idea that he was connected with Lord Dunforth—that it was an honorable and deathless love which he bore her.

She would as soon have doubted her own purity as his manliness and truth. And she? Did she love him in return?

Before she had time to analyze her own feelings, she became conscious of a presence near her, though she had heard no step, and looking up, she beheld the object of her thoughts at her side, regarding her with grave, earnest eyes.

"Are you fascinated by the horror of this place, Miss Douglas?" Adrian asked, holding out his hand to her

"I came to see by daylight from what I had been saved," she replied, coloring vividly as she laid her own within it.

"It is even more dreadful than it seemed in the night," he said, shuddering, as he looked below and took in the dizzy depth, while his clasp grew stronger over the little hand, as if he feared to let it go.

"This place," he resumed after a moment, "has been regarded with dread for years. I can remember when I was a little boy of seeing the smallest crack in the earth here, and I was told never to step near it. Every year, as the trees and shrubs growing upon it have become larger, the seam has widened and deepened, until the crash has been expected for a long time. I suppose our extra weight upon it last night was all that was needed to complete the dreadful work. I am glad, though, that it is over with, for everybody as been in suspense about it for so long; but—but do you know, darling, that if it had buried you beneath its cruel weight that the world would have been a blank to me today?"

He paused a moment, just glancing at her, his face growing pale and anxious with his emotion; then he went on rapidly:

"You know now, dear, what I want to say to you. I love you—I love you, my darling, and I want you for my own, my cherished wife.

"I fear you will think me presuming," he hastened to say, as he saw the rich color flash over cheek, neck, and even to the tips of her delicate fingers, "for you have only met me two or three times; but you cannot know how, for the last six months, I have sought you continually, this love growing in my heart all the while.

"Yes," he added, as she gave a slight start of surprise, "I met you first last September, though you were not conscious of the fact, and I meant then to make your acquaintance. But your aunt died, and you went away somewhere, and I, deeply disappointed, lost sight of you entirely. You can judge of my surprise and pleasure when you came aboard the steamer at New York, although you cannot judge of my feelings when you stumbled, and I caught and held you, just a moment, in my arms. I had been thinking of you continually; your bright face dwelt in my heart like a picture, but at that moment I became conscious that you, and you alone, could make life worth the living to me.

"I resolved then that I would know you before the voyage was finished; but you were sick all the time, and I only caught glimpses of you when they bore you from your stateroom to the coach. Then I saw you in London at the opera, and the long-desired introduction took place. I resolved to cultivate the acquaintance, and called at Mr. Coolidge's the day you—you went away.

"They told me you had gone," he resumed, after a pause," though they could not or would not tell me where. Afterward young Coolidge said I would find you at the 'Washington'. I haunted the hotel for a week, and I have searched the city over for you since. But, dearest," he said, clasping the little hand closer,"I have found you now, and can you give me the one precious boon I crave—your priceless love?"

He bent eagerly toward her, his noble, handsome face flushed and hopeful, for her attitude was one of sweet and modest confusion, and she had not even sought to withdraw the hand he was holding.

"Will you, Brownie?" he pleaded, softly.

She flashed one quick look at him from her beautiful eyes as he called her that, and he saw in their clear depths all that he wished or hoped.

She loved him! Her soul answered to his, and clasping her close to his heart, he murmured:

"You are mine, darling—I have won you by the mighty power of my silent, magnetic love, and you will be my wife?"

She lifted her head, which had been resting against his bosom, quickly at these last words, and said, with drooping lashes and quivering lips:

"Mr. Dredmond, you have taken me by storm."

"Yes, and I mean to hold you," he interrupted, gayly, as he noticed her excessive embarrassment; then added, more earnestly: "Brownie, do you, can you love me?"

She smiled faintly at his first words, then with modest frankness gave him the honest answer which she knew was his due.

"If I am truthful, I must confess that my heart does respond to yours; but knowing so little of you, I should have deemed it unmaidenly to have confessed it, even to myself."

"But you do confess it now—you do love me?" he interrupted again, eagerly, and impatient for a more definite reply.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And you will be my wife?" he asked, as his lips met hers.

"Yes, God willing," in tones of solemn sweetness.

"Darling, God has given you to me; I acknowledge the giver as I take the gift. From that first moment when I met you in the Art Gallery in Philadelphia until now this mighty love has been growing within me."

"In the Art Gallery?" questioned Brownie, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, when your friend, Miss Huntington, met with such a series of accidents."

"Oh, was that you with Mr. Gordon?" she demanded, her face dimpling at the remembrance, and she eagerly searched his face. "I remember now; it has haunted me like a strange dream ever since I met you on the boat, where I had seen you before. Now it all comes back to me," she said.

"I found something that day which belongs to you, but not in season to return it to you then," Adrian said.

He took from his pocket as he spoke the elegant sleeve button, which he had always carried with him since.

Brownie exclaimed, joyously, as he saw it:

"Oh, how glad I am to get it—I never thought to see it again; and you have had it all this time?"

"Yes, darling—my Brownie—how I have longed to say it—and I vowed then that I would only yield it up into your own little hands."

"It belonged to auntie once," she explained,"and there are associations connected with it which make it very dear to me."

"And now come to yonder rock and sit down. I want to know all that has happened to you since you left the Coolidges; there has been some mystery connected with it which I could never understand," Adrian said, leading her to a sheltered seat, and sitting down beside her.

And Brownie feeling that she was now no longer alone, but that instead she had a host in him to battle for her, poured forth all the story of her wrongs about the jewels, and the abuse and insult which she had received from Isabel and her mother.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

When Brownie, in her despair and desolation, bade farewell to Wilbur and drove away from the Coolidge mansion, it was her intention to go directly to the "Washington," and there await, for a few days at least, whatever destiny might send her.

But this plan was overruled in a way she had not thought of.

The man who drove the cab was more than half intoxicated, and upon turning a corner, he ran into a heavily-loaded team. More by luck than by any good wit, he turned quickly aside, and the cab was almost miraculously disengaged from the other vehicle; but the animals had now become unmanageable from excessive fright. They gave a sudden leap into the air, then bounded forward in a mad and furious race.

The cabby was thrown from his seat into the gutter, and in turning another corner, the carriage was upset. Now, wholly beside themselves, the horses kicked themselves free from the *debris*, and plunged out of sight, leaving poor Brownie in a state of insensibility, buried beneath the ruins.

The accident had happened in a quiet, aristocratic street of the city; consequently there were few to witness it, and the young girl escaped the curious gaze of the crowd which always gathers about any such event in the more frequented portions.

The massive door of a grand house swung open, and an old lady of over eighty, very peculiar in appearance—for she was bent nearly double, and walked with a cane—appeared, attended by the gray-haired butler of the house.

"Go and bring her in instantly, James," she was saying, when another woman came forward and seemed to protest against the order in a very emphatic manner.

"I tell you it's inhuman, Helen, to let her lie there, to be carried off to some hospital by the police," cried the old woman, in shrill, almost angry tones.

"But, aunt, the house is full now; and if she is badly injured it will not do to move her from here after she has been once attended to."

"I don't care if there are five hundred in the house; that girl shall not be left there to be carried off by the police I tell you. James, go bring her in this instant. Get some one to help you, and take her up to my bedroom."

"But, aunt——"

"Hold your tongue, Helen. You were always hard-hearted as adamant. Go along, I say!" And she flourished her cane about the grave butler's ears in a way to make him move more quickly to execute her orders than was his wont.

He beckoned to two under-servants, and together they proceeded to the overturned carriage, where Brownie could be seen lying prone against the window, her white face upturned and motionless.

They extricated her, and bore her into an upper room, where, in the presence of the brusque and energetic old woman, she was kindly ministered unto, while awaiting the arrival of the family physician.

For three days she continued very ill, being feverish and somewhat delirious, but after that she began to mend rapidly, and at the end of a week she was able to sit up.

Evidently she could not have fallen into better hands, for she was surrounded by every luxury imaginable, and upon questioning the servant who attended her, she was told that she was in the house of Lady Randal.

She wondered why her ladyship did not come to see her, and then sighed to think that she was only a poor, friendless waif, who had been picked out of the streets and ministered unto for charity's sake.

But one day, upon awaking from a long and refreshing sleep, she found the queerest-looking old lady bending over her and scrutinizing her closely. She was nearly bent double, and held a cane in her hand. She uttered a low grunt as Brownie opened her large brown eyes, giving her a surprised look, and then asked, in a sharp, though not unkindly, tone:

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"My name is Douglas," replied Brownie, quietly, her pale face flushing slightly at the blunt question.

"Eh? What? Oh! Dundas," returned the deformed creature, twisting her neck to get a better view of the delicate face. She was evidently hard of hearing, and did not catch the name correctly; but she continued:

"Mehetabel," the young girl said, with her usual quiet smile whenever she pronounced the obnoxious cognomen.

"Ah! Mabel," replied the old woman, only seeing the motion of her lips, and catching the last syllables. "Mabel Dundas! That is a good-sounding name. Now, how old are you?"

Brownie was upon the point of correcting the mistake regarding her name, when she checked herself.

"What matters it," she breathed, with a sad sigh, "whether I am Mehetabel Douglas or Mabel Dundas? It will be all the same to her, and perhaps help to shield me from my enemies."

"I am nearly nineteen," she replied to the question.

"What? I'm not always so hard of hearing, but I've got a cold today. How old did you say you are?"

"Nearly nineteen," Brownie repeated, speaking louder.

"Do you suffer much?"

"Not very much."

"Where are your friends?"

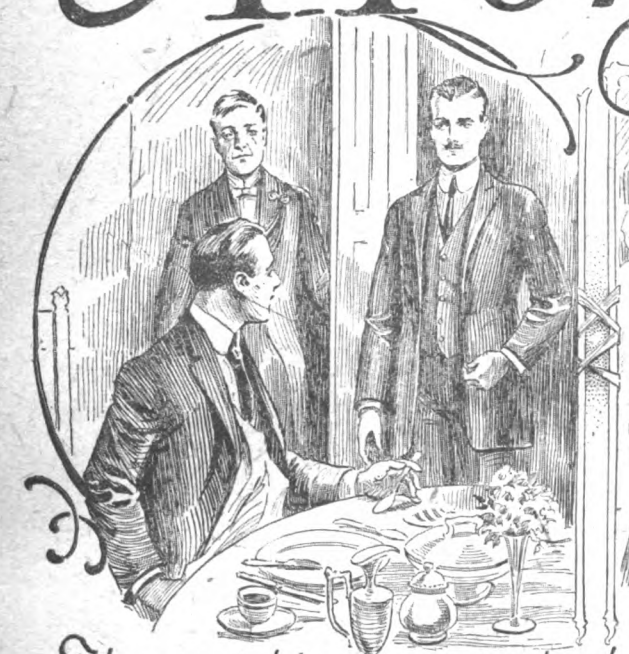
"I have none," and the sad, sweet eyes filled with tears.

"Humph! That's bad for a pretty face like yours. What do you do for a living?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



He expected to see a man rotund, iron-gray and elderly.



That little cuff that he dared not take from Atkins would ruin Jacky.



"You —" but the string of vile names never reached Gillian's ear.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Hamilton dies poor, leaving two daughters, Gillian and Jacqueline, to the care of his father's housekeeper. Mr. Marchmont, in league with his butler, housekeeper and Lesard, buys Hamilton Place and is anxious to adopt both girls that he may gain admittance to the neighboring houses. Jacky refuses; finding Gill in tears begs her not to stay if unwilling. Gill admits there was someone in London and he writes he cannot have her for his wife. She refuses to give his name. Three months later and she wonders why Marchmont adopted her and wishes there had not been the burglary at Lord Hollis's. Lesard, in love with Jacky, will care for her. If alone she would marry him, but she must go to Gill, who is unhappy. Lesard warns her not to go—it is no place for any woman; but asks her to trust him. Mrs. Gibbs, the housekeeper, engages a new maid, Mary James, who is Jacky in disguise. Gill confesses her fears that Marchmont is an impostor and cautions Jacky to avoid him, and Jacky knows Lesard is right. Mrs. Gibbs tells Jacky she is to accompany Gill and Mr. Marchmont to Sir Simon Wellford's, where there is to be a grand party. Jacky, that night, spies three men, Marchmont, a stranger and Lesard, and hears from him, "here's luck to the ball." She gets Gill ready for the visit and at Lady Wellford's has a room next to Gill's. Sir Charles Vivian takes Gill into dinner. The ball follows and Gill smuggles Jacky in dressed in a white domino, where she recognizes Lesard in the guise of a monk and fails to make him reveal his identity, leaving her baffled. Following him and Gill in search of Jacky, they see the robbery and rather than make an outcry Gill admits he is her husband. With the guests at supper a robbery is committed. Mrs. Fareham's jewels are missing and only Gillian's jewel case left. Detectives arrive and Sir Charles Vivian's statements, as to his movements before the dinner, relieve him and Gill of suspicion. Jacky reads his last letter to Gill, and while loathing the man whom she believes has wronged both, she knows they are not strong and brave enough. Marchmont insists that Gillian shall appear at dinner and Jacky late in the evening slips down-stairs, opens a door, standing behind it. She recognizes the voices of Lesard and Brookes and the latter calls, "All clear," and she sees Marchmont, Brookes and Lesard who is bringing the jewels, which he carries in his belt, the stones removed by Marchmont and Lesard laying the canvas belt in the place uncovered. Struggling she gains the passage back, her hands bleeding. Jacky hears Brookes query why Lesard goes out the other way and what will prevent his coming back and taking it. Gillian goes to walk with Sir Charles Vivian and is joined by Jacky. She admits Jacky is her sister. Jacky discovers a flash of light. She has found the other way and someone is coming out from an opening in the wall which is well concealed by ivy and at the foot is a deep dark pool. It is Lesard. Jacky crawls in—the stones are undisturbed. Going out, she hears Gillian call, "Marchmont is back." He has seen the detective. Unless Lesard fails him he is safe. Gill and Jacky decide to get out at once. Jacky means to take the jewels. Lesard decides to have his share and starts for Hamilton Place. Jacky finds the jewels and is staggered by the weight. She fastens the belt around her body. In the collection is a necklace of stones clear and black. She hears someone coming. It is Lesard. Brookes, suspicious of him, goes with Marchmont to the cellar where he meets with an accident. Lesard, unconscious of Marchmont's presence, secures the black diamonds. Marchmont asks what he is doing and finding the belt gone grasps Lesard and feels a package under his shirt. He denies having the belt but something better—the black diamonds. Marchmont declares he has never touched the belt and if Lesard will put the necklace back he will share with him. Lesard attempts to leave. If he moves, Marchmont threatens to kill. There is the sound of a leap and Marchmont is dead. Jacky, kneeling beside him, leaves a bloody print of her left hand. The sisters make their escape in the dar kand take a train. During the inquest the jury and coroner visit the secret passage and on the margin of the stream is the bloody imprint of a girl's hand. Mrs. Gibbs returning to her room sees Lesard, and it is not the man she knows. He claims I am Lesard and will tell that Mary Gibbs is the same person as Mary Gresham as the man now is and yet is not Lesard who stands here, and all I care to know why you say those girls killed Marchmont. Gillian and Jacky read The Mystery of His Death Solved. Jacky, going out, walks to the house of the Red Mouse and seeing the necklace of black diamonds upon her neck, declares that she buys them from Lesard who she knows is in London, and if he goes free she must hang. She goes back to Gillian who overhears there is a reward for whoever killed Marchmont and the two steal out in the night and return to Jacky's old lodging in Bloomsbury. Crossing the street where the Red Mouse lives, they are followed by Lesard who now can conceal his crime. Gillian going in, Jacky returns to buy food, when she is seized and a heavy hand over her mouth stifles her cry.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA."

SIR Charles Vivian was still at breakfast when a man's card was brought in to him.

"Mr. L. V. Lesard," he read. "Now, who the devil is Mr. L. V. Lesard?" Then he saw the address at the bottom of the card, and remembered.

But what did Lesard, the money-lender, the financier, the man who backed wild ventures, who was hand and glove with needy royalties and extorted his interest from princes; who was said to have backed revolutions and known to have in his hands the honor of many a noble house whose heir was but a helpless figurehead; who had risen from being an ordinary adventurer to what he was, a power who could keep cabinet ministers waiting in his offices—what could this man want here?"

"Show him in!" Sir Charles said curtly, after that long two minutes of musing. "Show him in."

He was curious to see the man, though he could not imagine what had brought him. Men like Lesard do not go to visit strangers in the wilds of the country for nothing, and Sir Charles knew it. He had heard the man was as perfectly just in all his dealings as he was hard, and that of all the secrets he held he had never betrayed one, even if the price offered were millions.

But what on earth had brought him to visit Charles Vivian, whose estates were unincumbered and whose tastes were not speculative?

He expected to see a man rotund, iron-gray, elderly, and rose in surprise at seeing one tanned, lean and sinewy, of barely thirty-five years. There was a litheness about the figure of his visitor and a certain nobility in his dark face that made Vivian stare. The man was certainly unlike any of his calling Sir Charles had ever seen, but it was not that. He was convinced that he had seen that easy stride, those hawk eyes, before.

It was even curtly that Louis Lesard apologized for the hour of his visit, not—Vivian noted—for the visit itself. It was with an effort that he entered on his business, after refusing breakfast. Sir Charles had no mind to finish his own when his strange visitor had said his say. It was simple and to the point.

A warrant was out to arrest Gillian and Jacqueline Hamilton for the murder of Paul Marchmont.

"And Jacqueline Hamilton," Lesard ended quietly, "is engaged to be married to me."

Vivian pushed his chair back from the table.

"Why have you come to me? I don't know where they are," he said bluntly.

"I came because I heard you had done your best at the inquest to explain their absence. And because you are the only person who knew Jacqueline was the other girl's sister. In which case," dryly, "it seems to me you might know more."

"I know nothing!" his pleasant face drawn, as he got up to offer his visitor a cigar. "I suppose you know I advised them to go," he blurted out, and I can't understand why you ever allowed your financee to go as lady's maid to that man's house, though of course," hastily, "you couldn't know any more than I did that things were queer there! How queer, I don't know; but——"

"You think that was something behind that murder?" the other man had cut him off shortly. "What could that be but burglary?" and it seemed as though his cool eyes stared Vivian into agreeing with him.

After all, what could there be? Not a word had been spoken by any one to Marchmont's discredit. But it was not for Marchmont's sake that Lesard was keeping up the farce.

"You saw Jacqueline"—the turning of the subject seemed perfectly natural; no one would have imagined the speaker was "between the devil and the deep sea," as he continued, "if the other girl was Jacqueline!"

"There is no doubt," abruptly. "Gillian—Miss Hamilton—told me so. Told me also that her sister had dyed her hair and come in disguise because that was the only way she could get access to her."

Lesard sat perfectly quiet. It was like a blow in the face to him that Jacky had trusted him not at all. Half-a-dozen words from him to Marchmont, and Gillian could have walked out of that ill-omened house in broad daylight, never to return. Ten words telegraphed by Jacky and there would have been no horror like the one that walked with him now by night and day.

He sat with his brows drawn together and could think of nothing that could explain Jacky's silence; could see nothing in the comfortable breakfast-room but the print of Jacky's bloody hand on the granite stone.

If he could only find her! But he knew it was not he who would set finger on the girl he loved, but death, whose hand was cold.

He rose, his face absent, strangely set.

"I won't keep you," he said heavily. "I can only apologize for troubling you. I thought you might help me to find those girls before I am saved the trouble."

He stood leaning against the doorpost, his eyes bent on the other side of the room, his cigar still unlighted in his fingers.

Vivian stared as he saw him.

"I remember you now!" he cried. "I saw you at the Wellford's—at that cursed ball. You were dressed as a monk, you remember? How was it that you did not see Gillian at that ball? She was there."

"A monk! I?" Louis Lesard had caught his breath like a woman. "At that ball, did you say?"

"Certainly! You are not an ordinary-looking man; I should know your walk anywhere after having once seen it. You were leaning against a doorway exactly as you are leaning now, and Gillian, whom I had to leave"—unconscious as yet that it was Jacky—"went over to you. I saw her as I left the room."

"You're wrong—mistaken!" For a man who was telling the truth Lesard was oddly agitated.

"I never was in the Wellford's house. A man like me is not asked to such places. And Gillian would not have gone to speak to me, for I never saw the girl nor she me."

"Then it was some one damned like you," said Sir Charles. "I beg your pardon if it was not you!" His handsome face was red, for, though he believed the man, it was with an effort. His excuse about never being asked to great houses was rot, for Vivian knew he might have been lionized if he had liked.

"It must have been—some one like me," Lesard returned quietly; but his face was livid, his eyes lit with an ugly spark.

Some one like him, who had spoken to Gillian! He saw now for the first time what the reason might have been that had kept Jacky silent. And yet there was no relief in his voice, nothing but black anger.

He had before now cursed the fate that had saddled him with a brother who was his double; had been near to cursing the mother who had loved the father of her two sons so adoringly that she had named both after him—the elder Louis Victor, the younger Victor Louis. For many an ugly trick of Victor Louis had Louis Victor paid. Time and again the elder brother's power had been strained to the utmost to save the younger. But now— he washed his hands of him!

For plain as ink on paper he saw that Victor, for reasons of his own, had been at that ball. What he had said or done was neither here nor there, now. Jacky was lost in London, Victor might be on his way to the Antipodes for all he knew; and one of them, either sweetheart or brother, had killed Paul Marchmont. Mrs. Gibbs certainly had not, nor the cowardly butler. The only ray of comfort was that Victor must have turned Jacky against him, how did not matter.

"The other girl—Jacky—wasn't there?" he asked.

"Maids don't go to balls," dryly.

Lesard nodded. He had forgotten Jacky's disguise.

"What are you going to do?" said Vivian; he fidgeted with a spoon on the tablecloth. "It's no business of mine in a way, but—my God! it makes me sick," he cried sharply. "Two girls like that, alone, with all the world against them, hunted like hares! I'd give all I have to see them cleared. I know they didn't do it, handprint or no handprint, and I don't care," contradicting himself wildly, "if they did. The man was a out-and-out beast. Some one else must have done it—and if I turn the country inside out, I'm going to find out who it was!"

Lesard, leaning against the doorpost, straightened his tall, lean figure like a man who looks death in the face quietly, because his time has come.

"I don't suppose I dare try detectives," the other went on wretchedly.

"Try all the detectives you like," a strange ring in his voice, a strange purpose in his eyes, "the half Scotland Yard is after them now, it can make little difference. You find Jacky," softly, the forgetfully the name crossed his lips, "and I'll find the man who can clear her—and Gillian."

"Then you know?" sharply.

"I know nothing. But I can promise you that I will find the man who can clear them."

His lips were not merely pale as he turned to go, they were utterly bloodless. His fingers groped so carelessly in his pocket were touching a ring from the brother who was his living image; a ring which said merely that he was going abroad for further notice. It was not Victor Lesard who would save Jacky Hamilton's neck. But with there was no longer another shot in the locket, Louis Lesard would be "faithful in his duties."

Yet brave as the man was, he had no words to answer when Sir Charles Vivian asked him to say he was going to London with him.

"By George; I never saw any man so much in love, not even me!" the latter reflected, as he drove his silent companion to the station.

And for once his honest brains worked correctly, "since greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Yet it seemed as if this man's courage failed him, for at the station he let the train go off without him.

Sir Charles, leaning out of the carriage window in amaze, saw the station-master had handed Lesard a telegram; but he was too far off to hear the quick oath that broke from the man as he read it.

He had for once trusted too much in the power of his own heavy hand.

The telegram was from the respectable man in black whom Richardson, the detective, had installed in Hamilton Place, ostensibly as a lawyer's clerk.

Neither Mrs. Gibbs nor Brookes had known that Marchmont had been his own man of business, and Lesard had been quick to prompt the detective to profit by their ignorance. But now it seemed as if it had worked to no end. For the cipher telegram was very simple:

"Gibbs and Brookes gone in the night. Let you know as requested."

Lesard jumped into the station fly and was driven over the long country roads to Hamilton Place. Fool that he had been, he had had his finger on Mary Gresham and had not kept it there! For all he knew, she might even now be in security, laughing in her sleeve and moving heaven and earth against the two girls she had hated.

The time seemed interminable until he stood once more in Hamilton Place, which he had such good reason to hate. He walked up and down the gloomy library as if he were too nervous to sit down, nodding bruskly to the man who had been left in charge so unavailingly.

"Well," he asked sharply, "how did they get away?"

Mr. Atkins, the trusted of Scotland Yard, in his clean-shaven lips, all his meek smugness vanished.

I suppose I muffed it—that's all I can say," he returned almost as sharply as his interlocutor. "I'm not trying to excuse myself, but you must see it was a difficult place. There was absolutely nothing to incriminate those two, and all the instructions I had from my chief were to keep them under surveillance and let him know all their movements. There was no excuse for their arrest, nothing. All the servants were to have been paid off tomorrow and the house taken over by the proper people—for unless some relation of Marchmont's turns up everything will go to the Crown, as he left no will.

"For fear our two friends might possibly leave, I had a man watching each door of the house, the result being that I get up this morning and find them gone in the night—hide, hoof and horn! Of course we shall find them again if they're wanted, but it's the reasons for their going beats me."

It did not beat Lesard, but he cursed his self-confidence that had made him forget that Mary Gresham, mad with sorrow and the thirst for vengeance, was safe only as long as he stood before her an embodied threat. Once she had given him the slip, he could not hope to reckon with her.

"The only thing I can think of is that they knew far more than they admitted, and were frightened of what might come out while they were in the house," Atkins pursued, heedless of his auditor's silence. "But if they had anything to do with the murder, they'll find they've made a mighty bad move."

"I don't think they did it. They'd nothing to gain by it," Lesard spoke at last restlessly. "I suppose you've wired to London?"

"First thing this morning; but I fancy they got the start of me and arrived there last night or one or so."

He got up like a man who is personally and professionally annoyed. As far as his chief was concerned, he had kept to the letter of his orders, and wired the movements of the two missing servants. But he saw there was trouble on Lesard's face, and in his mechanical way Mr. Atkins was sorry. He had owed Lesard a debt of gratitude, and had seized at the chance of repaying it by keeping a tight hold on the two people whom Mr. Lesard seemed to suspect—and had failed like any novice.

"How was it none of the men followed them? the doors were watched?" Lesard said suddenly.

The men saw no one come out of the house all the evening or night, that's the odd part of it. But

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

A MAN'S PRAYER

By Will Thomas Withrow

This famous poem, which has been widely published in the religious and daily press of the United States and Canada, and has brought the author thousands of letters of appreciation, is reproduced in these columns, by special permission of the author.

Lord, if one boon alone, be granted me,
Let me but choose what that one boon shall be;
I shall not ask to live 'mid sheltered bliss,
In soft security—but only this:

Let me be not a coward in the strife
That sweeps across the battle-fields of life;
Let me leave not for other lives to bear,
The burdens that were rightfully my share.

Let me not whine, nor ever seek to shirk,
But cheerfully bear my full load of work,
Then, place a friendly shoulder 'neath the load
Of one who, fainting, falls beside the road.

Let me, O Lord, be clean and unafraid;
Let me go forth to meet life, undismayed;
Until the final hour of life's brief span,
Let me walk upright—let me be A MAN!

Thus, let me live; that when, the day's work done,
I pitch my tent, toward the setting sun,
Lie down to rest, and from my labors cease,
My soul, within its house, shall be at peace!



is Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

r object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

y abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

ase write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

ways give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

ldress MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WE are indebted to Mrs. J. D. Burton of Oakdale, Tenn., for a most interesting account of a safe and sane Fourth of July. The readers of COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner seem to possess an uncanny sense of just what is needed and pply it in time to be of the most good. Mrs. urton's letter came when it was needed the most, r all the safe and sane community picnics that had attended were so dull that the children could ot be blamed for wanting to "whoop 'er up," with ·ecrackers and anything else they could get. The ·ogram, as outlined by Mrs. Burton, contains enty of action, but if your community added to , won't you tell us about it, or anything else that nds to foster a community spirit.—Ed.

atriotic Days in the Sunday School

OAKDALE, TENNESSEE.

EAR MRS WILKINSON:

In looking over the report of the Librarian of Con·ess, for the year 1919, I find on page 143, a record of Liberty Loan Circular issued by the Woman's Liberty oan Committee, of Morgan County, Tennessee, which notes Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in the llowing sentence: "That we here highly resolve at these dead shall not have died in vain."

And following this quotation the circular referred carries the following statement: "An obligation sts upon Morgan County toward the mothers whose arts are broken, and who are watching and waiting see if faith will be kept with their sons who went to ath to end the horrors of a great World War In ese sacrifices generations unborn shall hear the voice a grateful people testifying to the sublime devotion these boys to their country's need, and their unaltering faith in a righteous cause. The fruits of eir noble service are our perpetual heritage."

These words are suggestive of the opportunity and emingly the duty of our Sunday Schools to observe nd thus keep alive the principles for which our soldiers ied. And then there are the heroes who gave their ves for religious freedom. There is a propaganda broad in our land which would nullify every impulse nd public expression which tend to preserve our Naonal ideals and make secure our religious and civil stitutions. It is a thrust at our churches as well as ur government. Any thing therefore that will safeard these principles which are fundamental to the reservation of our form of government are worthy ne consideration of a community.

In keeping with this idea the Oakdale Sunday School ranged a Fourth of July program which proved very tisfactory. That a Sunday School is rendering good mmunity service in directing a patriotic rally of is kind is the opinion of the local leadership.

The town of Oakdale is located in the Tennessee ountains, and it was in a mountain ravine that the rogram was carried out. Mountains rise almost erpendicularly on every side, the Big Emory River uts its way through the hills at this point, and along s banks cling the homes of the inhabitants of Oakdale.

Early on the morning of the Fourth the children, oung people, and adults could be seen emerging from seven hills" of the little town to observe "Independence Day" in a sane manner And after all it was an bservance of the independence of religious liberty ccording to the dictates of the conscience.

The first act of the day was to join in a flag raising t the Railroad Y. M. C. A., of Oakdale, where "Old dory" was floated to the breeze over the association uilding amid the singing of appropriate songs.

From the flag raising the school marched to Rhododendron Falls, on the Morgan County pike, about a alf mile from Oakdale. The waving of small flags y the children enlivened the march to the falls.

The leaders showed good judgment in the selection f a place for the meeting which is very essential for n occasion of this kind. Rhododendron Falls is specially inviting by reason of shade, coolness, and beautiful landscape. A spring of pure water, enclosed in rustic woodwork, is within easy reach of the grounds.

A day or two in advance of the meeting three booths were erected on the grounds by volunteer labor. These were used as follows: in one, flags and novelties were sold; the second served refreshments, such as ice cream and lemonade; and the third disposed of ham, egg, and chicken sandwiches. Young ladies appointed by the school were in charge of the various stands, which were all decorated with our national colors and graced by native ferns as well as the beautiful rhododendron and other wild flowers of the mountains made into bouquets. The amount realized from these sales helped the school to pay its pledges to various enterprises in which it was interested.

The following are some of the numbers which appeared on the program:

10 A. M. Patriotic address.
10.30 Song service and recitations by classes.
11.15 Sack race for boys.
12.00 Basket dinner on the ground and social hour
1.00 P. M. Races on Morgan County pike.
First and second for boys 8 to 12 and 12 to 16
Third and fourth for girls of same ages.
2.00 Races for young men, young women, married men, married women, and stout people.
3.00 Jumping contest;
Standing broad jump.
Running broad jump.
Hop, step, and jump.

People gathered at Rhododendron Falls from many parts of the mountains, and the best of order prevailed. The people of the Community came out to the grounds, enjoyed the day, patronized the booths in charge of the young ladies, and a neighborhood spirit was thereby built up. And it was felt that through these exercises as arranged by the Sunday School, that "faith" had been kept with our country, and that the sacrifices of our soldier "dead were not in vain." Many of the mothers who were present had given up their sons in the great struggle for World freedom, and no doubt were assured by these exercises of the community's appreciation of the sacrifices which were made by their boys. But let us hope and pray that another World catastrophe such as this one may never be repeated. "Flander's Field" is a silent but awful reminder of what happened.

It takes a good deal of thought and preparation to get ready for such a meeting; a month or longer is needed. It is necessary, also, to have a good and safe leader, and to keep uppermost the true objective of the Sunday School. Innocent amusement is all right on days of this kind, but should be carefully planned and wisely directed. See that Christ is honored in the exercises. Many will come who would otherwise attend places more dangerous on the Fourth of July.

Using occasions like this to build up and strengthen Sunday Schools make better communities and should be encouraged wherever local conditions permit.

With best wishes. MRS. J. D. BURTON.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

COMFORT'S Sisters' Pin, awarded as prize for the best recipe, is sent to Mrs. Edward Hingtgan of Bethel, Minn., for her cottage cheese recipes. Send your favorite recipe, taking care that the exact quantities are given. Maybe you'll win the prize next month.—Ed.

COTTAGE CHEESE SAUSAGE.—One cup cottage cheese, one cup dry bread-crumbs (fine), one-quarter cup peanut butter, one-quarter cup chopped peanuts, one-half teaspoon powdered sage, one-half teaspoon thyme, one teaspoon milk, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper (black), one-quarter teaspoon soda, one tablespoon chopped onion. Dissolve soda in milk and work into the cheese. Mix all dry ingredients thoroughly with crumbs, add cheese, form into flat cakes, dust with bread-crumbs or cornmeal and fry a delicate brown.

NUT CHEESE LOAF.—Enough for ten people. Two cups chopped nuts, two cups cottage cheese, two cups dry, fine bread-crumbs, two teaspoons salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-half teaspoon celery salt, two tablespoons chopped onion, two tablespoons lemon juice, two eggs, one-quarter cup milk, three tablespoons bacon fat. Mix all dry ingredients together, then mix with the cheese and crumbs. Beat the eggs and add. Stir in the milk, then the lemon juice and bacon fat. Pour into greased tin and bake in moderate oven thirty minutes

NUT AND RICE LOAF.—Three cups chopped peanuts, three cups cooked rice, one teaspoon celery salt, one teaspoon onion juice, three teaspoons salt, two beaten eggs, one cup sweet milk. Mix thoroughly. Bake half hour in moderate oven.
Mrs. Edward Hingtgan, Bethel, Minn.

SALMON FRESH PEAS AND POTATO.—Scrape and wipe fish, tie in clean white muslin, place in a steamer over boiling water and closely cover. A three-pound piece of fish should steam about 35 minutes.

FRESH PEAS.—Pour boiling water over the peas until it reaches within one inch of the top, or less if the peas are very tender. Too much water ruins the flavor, and only what will practically boil away should be used. Add a teaspoon of sugar to every quart of



SALMON, FRESH PEAS AND POTATOES.

peas. Have a hot fire so that the peas will cook rapidly. Cook until they begin to shrink or crinkle. If they are old, the peas will not have this appearance and are cooked until the centers are soft.

POTATO.—Pare and soak potatoes in cold salted water if they are old but if new they are washed and boiled without peeling. Partly cover potatoes with boiling water and cook rapidly. Drain at once and shake over fire until dry. Mash, add enough hot cream to moisten and beat until light. Season with salt and a little paprika.

If arranged according to illustration, lightly break the salmon into large pieces and arrange in center of a hot platter. Around this arrange the potato and edge with the peas. Use large platter, otherwise it is difficult to serve.

POTATO PUFFS.—Mix together one pint mashed potatoes, one teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon black pepper, yolks of two eggs, one-quarter cup milk or cream, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon onion juice and one cup of walnuts cut fine. Shape in small balls, dip each in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and fry brown in deep fat. One tablespoon of chopped parsly may be added before shaping, if wished.
Mrs. J. B. Grigg, San Diego, 351 So. 38th St., Cal.

FRIED BREAD.—Take one bowl of hard dry bread and cover with hot water and steam until very soft. Then using meat drippings or half drippings and half butter, salt and pepper to taste and fry. Take two large green sweet peppers, chop fine and add to bread before frying. When done, serve with tomato sauce.
Mrs. Ethel Tillotson.

EGGLESS RYE MUFFINS.—Two cups of rye flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons sugar, one cup of milk and one tablespoon melted fat. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk and fat Mix quickly, do not beat. Bake in greased muffin pans twenty minutes. This makes twelve muffins.—DODA, North Dakota.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—Mix in a saucepan one cup of cold water, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of cornstarch or flour and one-quarter cup of butter. Set on stove and cook, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Remove from fire when thick and add one cup of grated pineapple and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs Pour in baked pie shells and cover with meringue made from whites of eggs and two rounding tablespoons of sugar. Set in oven a few minutes to brown meringue. This makes two pies.
MRS. NELL T. NASH, Springdale, Ky.

VINEGAR PIE.—Beat two eggs and one cup of sugar together, add two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup of cream (or milk), and one-half cup of vinegar. Pour into plate lined with pie-crust and bake.—MRS. L. P. VANCE, Bristol, Tenn.

SPANISH RICE.—Put three tablespoons melted bacon grease in an iron frying pan and heat. Wash one heaping cup of rice and drain well, put into the frying pan with one level tablespoon of salt and fry to a golden brown, stir often to keep from burning. When brown add two large onions sliced thin and fry five minutes. Then add one large can of tomatoes and cook until the rice is thoroughly done and rather dry. If more moisture is needed add a little water. The Spanish season this with cayenne pepper but I use black pepper to suit taste.
MRS. JUANITA DIXON, Leonard, Mich.

MOLLASSES CAKE.—One cup sugar and two tablespoons shortening creamed together Add two unbeaten eggs, one cup molasses. Put three cups flour into sifter, also one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, little salt, one teaspoon cream of tartar, two teaspoons soda. Remember more soda than cream of tartar. Mix all together well and at the very last add one cup of sweet milk. This makes two medium-sized loaves. Bake slowly about thirty minutes.
MRS. LEON H. FRINK, Plainfield, Conn.

FANCY COOKIES.—Cream one-third cup of butter and gradually add one cup of sugar. Beat in two tablespoons of heavy cream, two beaten eggs and one-half teaspoon of lemon extract. Stir in two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder and



FANCY COOKIES.

enough more flour to roll. If the dough is mixed and allowed to stand where it is cool several hours before handling, less flour can be used. Decorate the tops with plump raisins, nuts and citron, before baking.

WALNUT AND COCOANUT CAKE.—One cup butter or butter substitute, three-quarters cup sugar, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoons of condensed milk, one-half cup water, one and three-quarters cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, whites of two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla and three-quarters cup of walnut meats. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, well beaten, milk and water, and flour sifted with baking powder. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs, add vanilla and walnut meats. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Frost with cocoanut frosting.
MRS. CLEADUS HELTON, St. Matthews, Ky.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup each of lard and sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon soda and vanilla to flavor. Mix as for cake, add enough flour to roll. Bake light brown. Nuts or raisins are sometimes added.
MRS. LOUISE M. SPENCER, Valley Falls, Kans.

HOMEMADE PREPARED MUSTARD.—One egg, well beaten, one-half cup sugar, one cup vinegar, and six tablespoons ground mustard. Cook well, ten to fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Put in jar.
MRS. LOUIS R. IAGAR, Elliott City, Md.

JELL-O
Ice Cream Powder



What It Is

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder is a powder that makes ice cream by merely stirring it into milk and freezing it. There is nothing else to be added to make the most delicious ice cream, for the sugar and the flavoring are in the powder. It is made in Strawberry, Vanilla, Lemon and Chocolate flavors. It can also be had unflavored if desired.

How to Use It

Stir the contents of one package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder (any flavor) into a quart of milk, or milk and cream, and freeze in the usual way. (See directions on back of package.) Do not cook or heat the milk. Do not add eggs, sugar, flavoring or anything else, as everything is contained in the package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. This will make nearly two quarts of delicious ice cream, and the cost will be only a few cents a quart.

Condensed or evaporated milk, thinned with water, can be used instead of fresh milk, if necessary, and the ice cream made from it will be entirely satisfactory. Use evaporated milk weakened with cold water to the richness of cow's milk; or, if you prefer it very sweet, use condensed milk weakened with cold water to the richness of cow's milk.

PLAIN ICE CREAM

Dissolve the contents of a package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder (any flavor) in a quart of milk, or three-fourths milk and one-fourth cream mixed. Put Jell-O Ice Cream Powder in a dish and pour on it one cup of the fluid, and stir it to a thick smooth paste to avoid lumps; add rest of the fluid and stir till thoroughly dissolved. Freeze in the usual way.

DELICIOUS CREAM PUDDING

Mix a package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder (any flavor) with five level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and a pinch of salt. Dissolve in a little cold milk, taken from a quart, adding the milk, a little at a time, until you have a smooth paste. Put the rest of the quart of milk in a double boiler, heat to scalding point, stir the powder mixture into it, and cook about fifteen minutes.

PEACH ICE CREAM

Dissolve one package of Vanilla Jell-O Ice Cream Powder and two cups of sugar in one quart of milk and cream mixed, and freeze very thick but not hard. Pare and mash a quart of peaches. Stir them quickly into the frozen cream. Turn the crank rapidly five minutes, then remove the dasher and set away two hours to ripen.

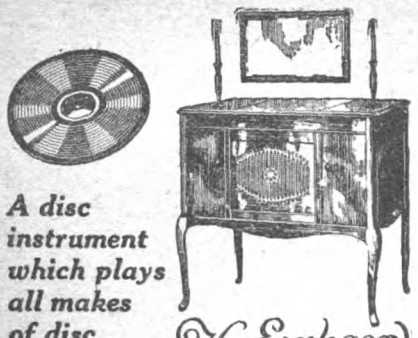
ORANGE SHERBET

Three-quarters of a cup of orange juice and juice of one lemon, two cups of sugar, five cups of water. Grate the rind of two oranges and rub into the sugar. Add the water and boil three minutes. Strain through a cheese cloth. Dissolve in the sugar and water one package of Lemon or Unflavored Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. Add the juice of orange and lemon, and when perfectly cold, freeze. Makes three quarts.

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder is made in four flavors—Vanilla, Strawberry, Lemon and Chocolate. It is also made Unflavored, so the user may add any flavor desired. Sold by grocers and general storekeepers.



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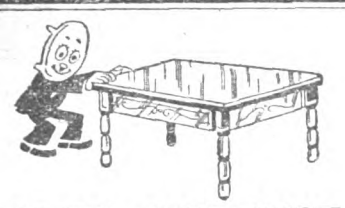
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It Happened On The Fourth

Joseph F. Novak





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"DADDY, Frankie says he's going to shoot me!"

"He did, did he? Well, Sunshine, you tell him that if he's going to shoot you, I'm going to shoot him. But how is he going to do it?"

"With the gun his daddy gave him to celebrate the Fourth of July."

"O, he's going to celebrate by shooting people, is that it?"

"Yes, and Daddy, can't I celebrate too, and won't you buy me some fireworks?"

"What will you do with fireworks?"

"Shoot 'em off, and Daddy, can't I have some *son-of-a-guns?*"

"Babe! BABE!! BABE!!!"

"Well, that's what all the kids call 'em. On'y now they're beginning to call 'em *devil-on-the-walk.*"

"Well, you had better call them that. The other is a dreadfully bad word."

"But you say it sometimes, Daddy!"

"Do I, you little mentor? All right. I promise you I won't say it again. And now, let us go for the *son*—I beg your pardon—the *devil-on-the-walk.*"

Arlene Fenton, languidly swinging in the porch swing, gazed with brimming eyes through the masses of greenery that clustered about the porch and beyond to the figure of the man and child to whose conversation she had listened.

They were such a merry family, those new neighbors and she never tired of watching them for Sunshine, as they called the child was a cunning thing to listen to, Mrs. Vincent seemed a mere girl, though Arlene knew that she was close to thirty, while Mr. Vincent was as care-free as a schoolboy when he was at home and in company with Sunshine. He was an ideal companion to his child and now as he marched through the open country-side, he looked a big boy in his white trousers, white oxfords and silk negligee shirt. Sunshine hopped and he pranced as they made for the improvised store set up under the red and white striped awning in a prairie where the opulent display of fireworks filled the hearts of the little boys who hung about with indescribable longing.

How fortunate some girls were! How fortunate Mrs. Vincent in having such a husband! And others! How deceived! And yet, it was well that she knew of Staunton's perfidy before it was too late!

Arlene's thoughts grew suspiciously melodramatic. She was just a little girl after all, twenty-one is not an age of wisdom—then white is white and black is black. So, naturally, when Arlene saw Staunton Corey in a department store, the day before, shopping with a girl several years (yes, a dozen years!) younger than himself, Arlene felt that the light had gone out of her life forever.

There could be no mistake. First of all, she had seen Staunton with her own eyes. Secondly, she knew his sisters and feminine cousins, and lastly, if the girl were a relative why did he take her shopping to such a cheap, trashy store as was *Deball's?* They carried the cheapest sort of merchandise, no one who was anybody would trade in such a place unless driven to an extremity for some article of which the high grade stores' stock was depleted. It was just such a trick of fate that had brought Arlene to *Deball's* and there she chanced upon her faithless lover.

Arlene's cheeks burned, as she thought of how she had spied upon them, and what she had seen. Staunton had gone to the dress department, the shoe department, even—even—O, it was unthinkable! And he paid for everything, taking the little receipt stubs that accompany all purchases made in large department stores.

Perhaps people, after all, were right. She had heard it said that she was a fool to become engaged to a man so much older than herself (Staunton was thirty-three), but she had attributed it to the envy of those who had made the remarks and felt they did it just to be nasty.

Well, when Staunton came, she would return his ring and tell him to go, but of course, she would not tell him why—it would be too humiliating. To tell her accepted lover that she had seen him buying clothes and—and—well other *wearing apparel* for an attractive young girl, would be revolting. Why should he do it? Arlene could think of the matter only in its baldest sense! If she had been a woman of experience, she might have been able to think in veiled terms, but she could not. Wasn't he buying the stuff as a balm for an injured heart? He had let the girl select the stuff and her selections were gaudy rather than expensive. And no doubt they shopped at *Deball's* rather than at *Marshall's* where the ultra-ultra did their shopping and where they might have been observed.

Again her eyes wearily sought the sunlit stretches of countryside and presently she noted Mr. Vincent and little Sunshine returning. The little girl was loaded down with harmless fireworks, "sparklers," colored lights, torpedoes and a sack which probably contained the discussed *"devil-on-the-walk,"* together with two large flags. Why that indulgent papa purchased more flags when Sunshine had a great American banner swinging across the lawn and numerous other smaller ones everywhere about, is one of those mysteries even that adoring daddies cannot explain.

They came in at the rear gate and then proceeded to make the morning hideous with the "devil-on-the-walk" (a harmless paste made of sulphur and other materials and formed into small cakes which one scratched upon the walk as if striking a match).

Arlene watched their happy, thoughtless pastime, when suddenly her eyes met those of Sunshine, who immediately called out:

"Miss Arlene, don't you want to come and help shoot off my fireworks?"

Arlene smiled, but did not answer immediately. She had paid the Vincents formal calls, but that was all. Now they were having such a good time Arlene's brain ached, so she smiled in acquiesence and leaving the swing, she crossed the lawn and drew through the hedge which separated the pretty suburban bungalow from her father's mansion.

"You can have some of my devil-on-the-walk, Miss Arlene," Sunshine said, handing Arlene several, "look, you do it this way," and she proceeded to demonstrate.

Mr. Vincent gave an encouraging smile, and the three of them continued with the pastime.

During the while, Mrs Vincent came out of the house, looking very girlish and sweet in her neat house dress. The Vincents kept a cook and a maid, but Mrs. Vincent was a true homemaker, and consequently her household was not managed by servants.

She smiled at Arlene.

"I thought you had gone with your family for a day's outing," she began.

"No," Arlene replied. "I had other plans for the day——"

She stopped, hesitating to take anyone into her confidence. How could she tell anyone that Staunton had promised to come early that morning and had not, as yet, even 'phoned?

"Miss Arlene, can't you go with us to the town celebration and see the fireworks tonight?" Sunshine queried. "I wish you would."

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Vincent, "possibly Miss Arlene had other plans."

Perhaps it would be best if she did not see Staunton at all when he came, so she said:

"I'll go with you if you want me, Sunshine."

"O, goody! And can't you have lunch with us, Miss Arlene? Your daddy and mamma aren't home, are they?"

"Would you join us, Arlene?" asked Mrs. Vincent in a voice and with a look that made Arlene surrender at once. She had felt, shortly after her formal call, that she would like to be "chummy" with the Vincents, and this seemed to be the opportunity.

"I shall be delighted," Arlene said, and thereafter she demeaned herself as one of the family.

They had a lovely luncheon, and then they sat on the porch listening to the booming of giant crackers and the noise and racket incidental to the celebration of the Fourth until it was time to go to the town celebration.

A committee of the suburb had made a house-to-house canvass, taxing each family a dollar and with this sum had arranged for a general celebration for the village. Parents know their children's fondness for fireworks and readily fell in with the plan whereby the youngsters might enjoy the beauties of fireworks without being subject to the accompanying danger.

At length it was time to go, and they joined the stream of people coming in all directions toward the open space which was devoted to an improvised race-track.

They secured "ring-side" places beside the track, and sat down. Though this was the first year that Mr. Vincent lived in the suburb, still his genial good-nature had already made him well known to the current politicians, and they pressed him to assist with the arrangements, and obligingly he did so, leaving the girls alone.

"Your husband surely is popular, Mrs. Vincent," Arlene remarked. "And so devoted to you and little Sunshine. But how could he be otherwise when you are so lovely and Sunshine such a darling!"

"There is a little secret to everything, dear, and the secret of our happiness is perfect trust in each other."

Arlene looked up quickly. Was Mrs. Vincent reading her thoughts? But there was nothing in Mrs. Vincent's look to indicate that she had merely made anything but a statement nor that she intended a subtler meaning to her words.

"When one is married," Mrs. Vincent continued, "and one's husband is about his business, there are often circumstances which necessitate his being in various neighborhoods where ordinarily he would not go. I never judge by circumstantial evidence." Mrs. Vincent smiled. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm preaching, my dear, but as you are, I understand, engaged, and as you will, in all probability, marry the man of your choice, this little preachment may not come amiss. You may not find him the hero you thought he was, but you'll find him something better than a hero, just a man. And being just a man means a great deal, for heroes receive the homage of the multitude for their heroic acts, yet the ordinary man who must fight in silence, alone and unhonored except for the worship that his wife accords him. And most men find that if they can win that worship, they have gained the world. Look, they are lining up the little children for the races, and I see Sunshine among them. I want her to be a democratic youngster."

So they were: then followed the other children according to age and size up and on through the sexes. Everyone was happy and jolly, it seemed like a great family and Arlene wondered why they, who had come to the suburb when it was young and most exclusive had not taken part in more of these celebrations. She was beginning to realize that there is more happiness in democracy than in exclusiveness. She knew the Vincents were of good families, yet they had broken the bands of conventionality and stood unshackled, free to pick their friends for worth rather than wealth. It was a kind of independence that they had declared. It was a brave thing to do in the exclusive portion of that community even as it had been a great thing for the Fathers of American Independence to declare their independence of England.

After the races, there were contests of all sorts; sawing wood for the ladies, climbing a greased pole for boys; chasing a greased pig and all the other usual stale contests which, somehow, seem never to lose their attractiveness.

Finally the contests were over, and Mr. Vincent came up. Except for a certain dustiness of his white shoes, he was as neat as was his wont.

"Shall we walk home for a snack, Doris, or shall we have a cup of coffee and *sinkers* at the tent?" He winked at Arlene with the comradeship of a brother, or as if he knew she might be shocked at the suggestion. " What say, Miss Arlene?"

"I should love it!" Arlene exclaimed.

So they went to the tent where coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches and ice-cream were being served, and found a place at one of the long tables. Mr. Vincent beguiled the time with merry quips at the expense of the waitresses, most of them the wives and daughters of the prosperous village.

After they were served, they rose and through the dimming twilight strolled among the trees. The sun was setting in the west in gleaming red-gold.

Little Sunshine clung to her daddy's hand and demonstrated why she didn't win the race in a most persuasive way.

Mrs. Vincent was quiet, and Arlene was busy with her thoughts, for the elevating influence of Mrs. Vincent's words was making its impression.

Perfect trust! she had said. But had she ever been face to face with such a condition as she (Arlene) faced? She said never to judge a matter on circumstantial evidence. Staunton's deflection certainly was not circumstantial evidence. It was the real thing. Could such a performance be explained?

No, her mind said, and yet her heart, that [illegible] which, when we are in love, is superior to the [illegible] said yes. Her reason told her she was a fool [illegible] think it could be explained but she listened to [illegible] heart, and forgave.

All the people who had attended the [illegible] were gradually seating themselves at a point [illegible] vantage to the east of the place where a great [illegible] men were busily setting up great set-pieces [illegible] preparing for the fireworks display.

The Vincents and Arlene found a place and [illegible] themselves. Ere long the spectacle began; [illegible] soon the great rockets were piercing the sky, [illegible] burst scattering stars that rivaled the [illegible] spheres in splendor.

While this was going on, a manly figure crept [illegible] and gently touched Arlene on the shoulder. [illegible] then, a great "flower-pot" erupted, flaring [illegible] Arlene's face as with daylight and she looked [illegible] into Staunton's face. But so happily did she [illegible] that the lines which creased his face disappeared [illegible] as if by magic.

"Sit with Mr. Vincent until the display is [illegible] Staunton," Arlene said, and he did so, sitting [illegible] beside Mr. Vincent who was seated in the [illegible] the ladies.

"You're fortunate to have found us, Mr. Corey," Arlene heard Mr. Vincent say. "There is certainly a mob here," and he waved his hand just as another exploding rocket lit up tiers and tiers of faces, [illegible] eral thousand in all.

"Yes, I was, though I must attribute my [illegible] cess to a face-to-face canvass as it were. I've been wandering up and down for some time. I [illegible] however, that I would find you as the servants [illegible] Arlene had gone with you."

"Rather tough to be obliged to transact [illegible] on a holiday like this," Mr. Vincent went on.

"Yes," Staunton Corey replied, though [illegible] one have read his mind, he would have seen [illegible] Corey wondered if this was how Arlene had [illegible] his absence.

"Yes, it seems hard to oblige one young lady [illegible] the expense of another. Sometimes attorneys are obliged to do the strangest of things. Take, for instance, yesterday. Can you imagine me [illegible] shopping?"

"Shopping!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent.

"Yes—and for a woman, too, or rather, for almost a woman. Such a thoughtless kid to see, I manage the estate of a young girl for [illegible] guardian. The child is an orphan and her [illegible] is not large and consequently every cent that is spent must be rigidly accounted for. Well, she's a working girl and was suddenly told that she must have a vacation commencing today. She was unprepared to go, so she came to my office yesterday morning and asked if I could get her the money for her outfit. Knowing the caliber of her guardian I told her that I could not very well advance the money, but suggested that she go to Marshall's and have the whole account charged and they would make up a bill that I could present to her guardian later, to the court after we had the allowance [illegible]

"She demurred to this stating that Marshall's were too expensive and suggested Deball's. She called them up, but they told me that they sold strictly on a cash basis, as they undersold everybody else. The poor child was so depressed at disappointed that finally, in desperation, I told her I would go shopping with her myself, pay the bills, secure all the check stubbs on her purchases and take a chance on what her guardian would say. So yesterday, you might have found me marching through *Deball's* outfitting my ward. I never knew what a lot of things one girl needed to outfit herself properly. I felt like a daddy as I followed her from department to department, but I comforted myself in the pleasure that she was saving at least 100% on her purchases."

Staunton paused to light a cigar. Then he continued:

"That wasn't the worst of my trouble. The next was to get her railroad ticket and this was done this morning. I agreed to do that for her as she was going to visit some distant relatives. The girl of it again! She got her railroad [illegible] mixed and when we arrived, we were at the wrong one. Then we scurried around to find the right one and missed the train. There I was, with the child on my hands. I couldn't let her go to the depot alone, so I decided to stay with her, even though I would be late for my appointment with Arlene. I 'phoned, but found the 'phone out of order. Your 'phone is also out of order, by the [illegible] cent. You must have atrocious service."

"We have. Naturally though, if the [illegible] 'phone was out of order mine would also [illegible] are on the same line."

"Well, I was stuck, so I just had to wait until I got the girl off safely to her relatives. I hated to disappoint Miss Fenton, yet," and he was sank so low that Arlene hardly heard, "in a not a generous-hearted girl that I knew she would forgive me since I was only doing what she always delights in doing, making another happy."

Arlene's cheeks burned. Here was perfect trust in her good sense. It shamed her, but there was the redeeming thought that she had determined to forgive even before she had heard his explanation. No thought not to believe entered her mind. The manner in which he told his story had all the earmarks of truth, as indeed it was. She was glad that she had by no look betrayed that for some hours back, her trust in him had been shaken.

With a last glorious display of rockets, bursting bombs and a glowing set-piece reading "GOOD NIGHT", the exhibition closed, and there was a general rising, and a start for home. The crowd pressed on all sides, the roar of starting automobiles and their warning horns rose in deafening clamor.

"Take good care of Miss Arlene, Mr Staunton," said Mrs. Vincent, "and may we ask you to stay a bit with us? We'll treat you to some ice-cream and cake," she laughed mischievously, "that is, provided you'll be very good children, and you know the Fourth of July is imperfect without ice-cream."

"And I'll pass it, Miss Arlene," said Sunshine, suddenly awakened to life from her father's shoulder.

"Then we certainly shall, Sunshine," said Arlene happily, as she placed her hand trustingly on Staunton's arm and let his big figure pilot her through the crowd. They followed up Mr. and Mrs. Vincent.

As they went along, Staunton started immediately to explain.

"O, Staunton!" Arlene exclaimed, "that isn't necessary. I heard what you told to Mr. Vincent, and I understand and I am glad that you did what you did for that poor girl," and for a moment her eyes grew misty with pity as she remembered the poor little finery the girl had selected.

"I was disappointed at not hearing from you, but my disappointment was somewhat offset with my lovely afternoon with Mrs. Vincent. She is a wonderful wife and spoke so highly of you. Vincent. She adores him as much now as when they were married—in fact I think even more—I am so glad that I have become intimate with her.

Slowly they walked along and it was not long before they reached home. They then sat on the cool, dark porch, and listened to the sounds of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent within the house as they prepared the ice-cream for serving.

Presently little Sunshine emerged—the animal quite scared away for the present. She proudly served them with quaint courtesy.

"Don't you just love the glorious Fourth, Miss Arlene?" she asked.

"I always have, dear heart, but I shall remember this one more than any other," Arlene said, putting down her plate to hug the youngster. In so doing she spoke far more than any of her auditors guessed.

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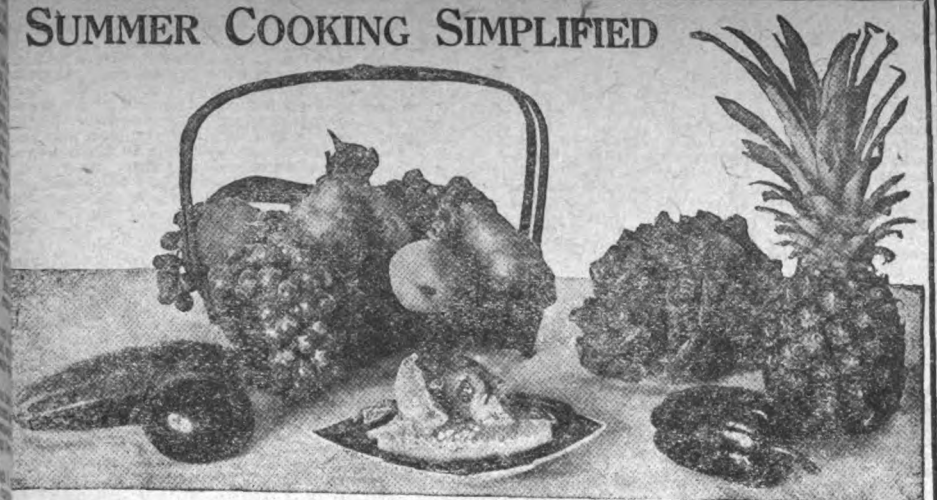
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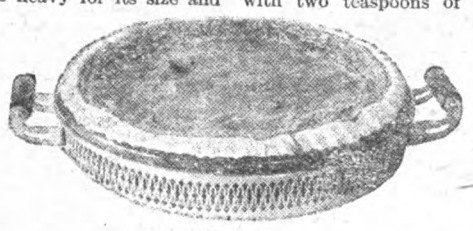


FRUITS AND VEGETABLES—NATURE'S REMEDIES.

By Violet Marsh

THE summer fruits and vegetables offer the housewife a substitute for many a dish that requires long hours of cooking. There is such a long list to choose from, that through variations and combinations the family will not miss the heavier desserts which seem ecessary in the cold months of the year. And then e must not overlook the fact that a veritable ld mine of health lies in cleaning the system of npurities while the foods are at hand which give e body free choice in becoming its own regulator. Beside the dishes that nature gives to us fully pre- ared there are certain foods the housekeeper can ave on hand that will materially assist her in the reparation of meals on hot summer days. Among ese we should put a well-baked ham at the head the list, for it is appetizing and wholesome, every- e likes it, and the last scrap is usable.

In order to prepare this dish to the "King's aste" one must begin by selecting a ham that short and compact, having a small shank, and eighing not over fifteen pounds; twelve is about e best. Compact means heavy for its size and om a young, well-fed imal that has made a pid growth. The skin ill be thin and un- rinkled and the bones nall. Such a ham will ave a liberal layer of t which must never be immed off, for it bastes e ham as it cooks and velops a flavor never tained in a lean ham.



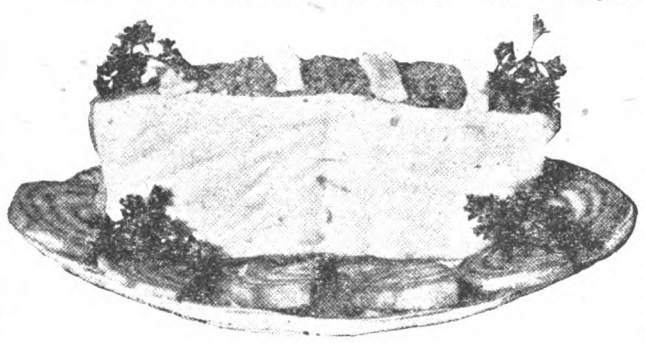
CUSTARD PIE

BAKED HAM.—The en- e process must be slow apid boiling or excessive en heat will spoil the st ham ever grown. Scrub the ham in a pan of ld water to which one teaspoon of cooking soda each quart of water has been added. Now rub in clear water. Trim off the hard skin near e end of bone. Soak several hours in cold water. ace in a large kettle, barely covered with cold ater, and slowly bring to the boiling point. Set ick on the stove where it will slowly simmer two ours after it begins to simmer. Remove from ater and place in a cooker, cover and bake with- t the addition of water in a slow oven for three ours. This time applies to a ham weighing four- en pounds. Remove outside skin, rub liberally ith brown sugar, then with finely rolled cracker umbs, stick with cloves one inch apart, and very owly bake uncovered for one hour.

BOILED HAM.—Prepare the same, simmer about ur hours, partly cool in the water, treat and bake e hour as described above for baked ham.

HAM SANDWICHES.—Cut boiled or baked ham ite thin, quickly and lightly fry brown in ham t, and while hot lay it between buttered slices bread. A lettuce leaf is a desirable addition.

HAM SCRAPS.—Chopped, they make a delicious dition to scrambled eggs, or mixed with left-over ashed potato, then made into cakes and fried brown a little ham t, another ap- tizing break- st dish is pre- ared. Moist- ted with a rich hite sauce and ought to the oking point, ou have a de- ious combina- on to serve on ast or to eat ith baked po- toes.



BAKED HALIBUT.

SUMMER CAKE.—Cream one- urth cup of utter, gradu- lly cream in ne-half cup of ugar and then dd one well- eaten egg. easure one and one-half cup of sifted flour and ift again with two and one-half teaspoons of aking powder. Add this alternately with one- alf cup of milk to the butter mixture. Beat ard. Bake in layers in a moderate oven.

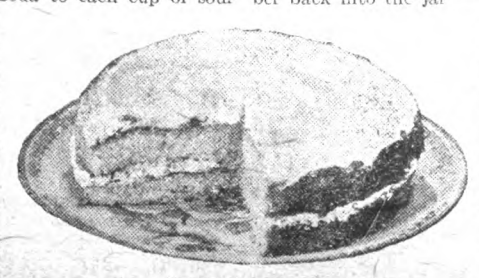
FROSTING.—Beat the whites of two eggs, sweeten nd beat in mashed berries. Spread between ayers and over the top.

Sour Milk and Cream

New uses for sour milk and cream are always cceptable when the season of humidity frequently turns" the fresh supply in such an amazingly hort time.

Many cooks will tell you they prefer sour to weet milk for many purposes, and that the cause f most failures are due to the use of too much soda. Only enough should be used to neutralize the acidity f the milk. The use of soda as a leavening is un- eliable. Freshly soured milk calls for less soda han milk which has been in the clabber stage two r more days. This applies also to buttermilk.

In substituting sour for sweet milk, the same ecipes may be followed by allowing one-quarter o one-half teaspoon of soda to each cup of sour milk or buttermilk (the exact amount depending n the age of milk), and one-half teaspoon of bak- ng powder to each cup f flour. Always sift the baking powder and soda with the flour several times for thorough mix- ing and the prevention of brown spots in the food. Never make the mistake of adding the soda to the milk or dissolving it in water, for as soon as the soda is wet, the gas begins to act, and escape, thus causing the food to be of a soggy consistency.



SUMMER CAKE.

Sour cream makes biscuits, corn bread, muffins, gingerbread and cake very tender and light and add a certain flavor not otherwise obtained. On the farm where cream is plenty, one should learn to use it in place of butter. Some housewives say it is cheaper than butter, even where the market price is paid. In salad dressings and sauces, sour cream is unexcelled for flavor.

SOUR MILK BISCUIT.—Measure two and one-half cups of sifted flour, add three-eighths teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of salt and one teaspoon of baking powder and sift twice again. Work three level tablespoons of butter into the flour, or add four tablespoons of thick sour cream to a scant three-fourths cup of sour milk. If the butter is used, use a full three-fourths cup of milk. Combine the milk with the flour, turn onto a lightly floured board and shape the dough without kneading, and lightly roll one-half inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake twelve minutes in a hot oven. This dough can be dropped into gem tins without handling. If the gem pan is iron, it should be first heated.

SPIDER CORNCAKE.—One cup of corn meal, one-fourth cup of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one tablespoon of sugar, one level teaspoon of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt, twice sifted together. Heat the spider, tip to one side and put in two tablespoons of butter. Beat two eggs, add them to the meal with two cups of well-soured milk and beat well. Add the melted butter, grease the spider with what remains and pour in the mixture. Bake in a fairly hot oven.

SOUR MILK GRIDDLE CAKES.—Measure two and one-half cups of sifted flour and sift twice again with two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt and two-thirds teaspoon of soda. Beat one egg very light, and add with two cups of sour milk to the prepared flour. Beat hard and cook on a hot griddle lightly greased. Cook one side thoroughly before turning.

CREAM CAKE.—Put into the mixing bowl one cup of fine brown sugar, two-thirds cup of thin, well-soured cream and two unbeaten eggs. Beat with a rotary egg beater until the mixture is very creamy and light. Sift one and two-thirds cup of sifted flour with two scant teaspoons of baking powder, one-third teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon each of mace and ginger, and one-half teaspoon of cinnamon. Sift several times and add to the above mixture, beating well. Bake in a shallow cake tin thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

SOUR CREAM FROSTING.—Stir one-half cup of sour cream and one cup of sugar over a very slow heat until dissolved, then slowly bring to the boiling point and cook to the soft-ball stage without stirring. After the boiling starts, take a wet cloth and rapidly push down the sugar adhering to the sides. During the last few minutes of cooking half a cup of broken walnut meats may be added. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and beat until it will spread. Brown sugar may be used.

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING.—Mix together two teaspoons of flour, two teaspoons of sugar, one scant teaspoon of mustard, one teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Slowly add one-third cup of vinegar and the beaten yolk of one egg. Put a rounding teaspoon of butter into a small agate dish and set it into a stewpan of boiling water. Add the above mixture and continually stir until it thickens. When cold, add two-thirds cup of heavy sour cream and beat the mixture with an egg beater until stiff.

Sour cream gives an excellent flavor to bean or pea soup, added just before serving. Boiled cabbage or cauliflower or boiled beets are made richer and a fine flavor added by pouring over hot sour cream to which a little salt and paprika has been added.

Canning of Fruit and Vegetables by the Cold Pack Method

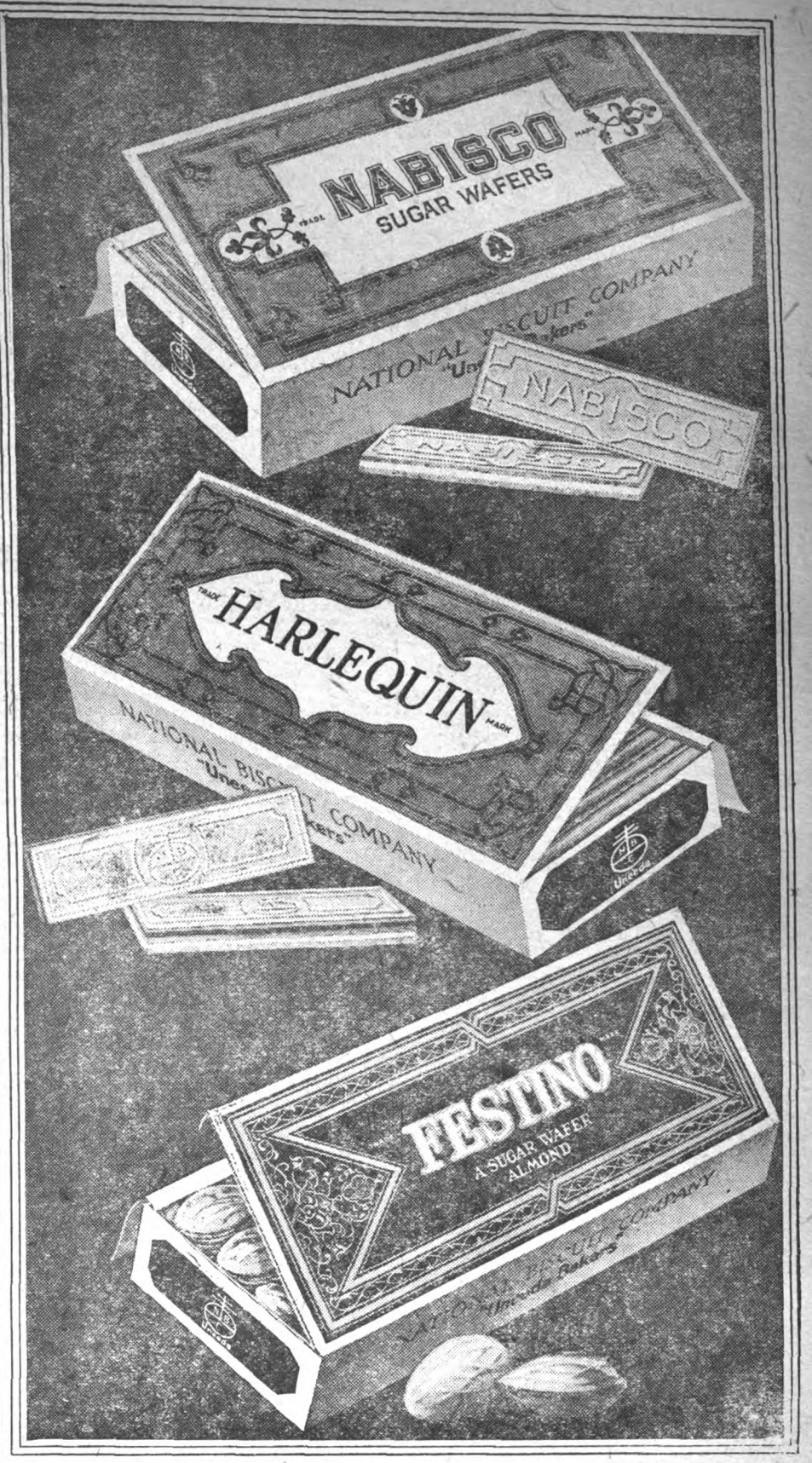
The selection of food for canning purposes is of first importance. It must be of good quality and not over-ripe, for any spots that have reached the point of decay may survive the cooking and cause fermentation to occur in a few days after canning.

The next step of equal importance, is to see that the jars are washed clean and then thoroughly sterilized in boiling water. Jars that are emptied and put away with only a "slick and a promise" of future washing when used again cause many canning failures, for any moisture or stickiness will grow mould spores which will require extra sterilization. The only safe method for handling jars is to wash as soon as emptied, then fill with boiling water, let them stand a few minutes, drain and wipe dry with a clean cloth; or, they may be drained laid on their side and dried in the hot closet. Put top on and partially seal. Never put a used rubber back into the jar

Prepare fruit and vegetables as if they were to be cooked for the table; then, when the can is opened the contents are ready for use. All material for canning must be free from dirt. Vegetables especially should be well washed and rinsed as they are exposed to more foreign substances than are the berries and fruits.

The object of blanching is to remove any foreign matter that has escaped the washing, or any strong flavors that are undesirable when the vegetable is not cooked in water. Berries and soft fruits are not blanched. To blanch with the best results, have a kettle of boiling water with a good fire under it. Tie into a square of cheese-cloth the right amount to fill one jar. Plunge into the boiling water and begin to count from the time the water begins to boil again. If more of the product is put in, it so lowers the temperature that the product wilts and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



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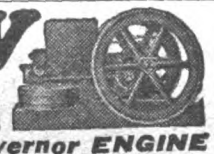
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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Teach."

"Teach what?"

"Almost anything, except the higher classics."

"Ah! indeed! and only nineteen! Perhaps you are one of those reduced gentlewomen, who go out governessing, and pretend to know everything!" snapped the old woman, with a sneer.

Probably she had been taken in some time during her life by some such person as she described, which accounted for her scorn.

"No, madam; I pretend to nothing. I have a good education, therefore teach for a living, and am only a poor girl without home or friends."

Brownie's cheeks were very red now, but her dignity would have done credit to the highest lady in the land.

The strange woman chuckled audibly, nodded her head two or three times, as if much amused, and then went on with her catechising:

"Do you read French?"

"Yes, madam," replied the young girl, inwardly resenting the woman's brusque manner, yet feeling bound to reverence her gray head.

"And German?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you play the piano, and sing?"

"I can."

"Have you an engagement now?"

"No, madam."

"Are you desirous of obtaining a situation?"

"I am."

"Can you produce the 'best of references?' "

This question was also accompanied by a sneer.

"I cannot, madam. I have only my qualifications and my own word to recommend me," Brownie answered, with a good deal of spirit.

Again the old woman chuckled, and distorted her neck to look at her, in a way which made Brownie fear she would dislocate it.

"Where were you last?" she demanded.

Evidently the old lady possessed authority in the house, or she would not have assumed this manner toward her. She was very richly dressed, too, and despite her deformity, had the appearance of nobility about her.

Brownie tried to hide her indignation at being so persistently questioned, for she had been kindly treated, having received every care and kindness, although as yet she was unconscious how much of it was due her present tormentor.

"I taught in an American family," she at last replied.

"Ah! Came over with them, didn't you? And you are an American, too, aren't you?" she asked, with a searching look.

Brownie nodded her head wearily; she was becoming very nervous.

"What was the name of the family, and what did they dismiss you for?"

This was going a little too far, and assuming too much.

"Pardon me, madam," Brownie answered, with proud dignity. "I do not understand your motive in interrogating me thus, and prefer not to reply to any more questions. I will simply say, however, that I was not dismissed from my position, but being unkindly treated, I came away of my own accord."

"Good! good! I like that! Nobody can set their heel upon your neck! You are not fond of the inquisition either, nor afraid to say no. You've got pluck, and I like it; but I'm an old woman, and always have my own way, wherever I am. I'll go now, though, for you look tired; but I shall come to see you again." And the strange character, after twisting her neck to get another view of Brownie's fair face, hobbled from the room, striking her cane upon the floor with a vigorous thump at every step, and nodding her head and muttering to herself all the way out.

The next day Brownie was awakened from her nap the same as on the previous day, and was greeted by that same low grunt as she opened her eyes.

She had no idea how long the woman had been gazing at her, nor how she had entered the room, for she had heard neither the opening nor the shutting of a door, nor the thumping of the cane across the floor.

She held in her left hand today a delicate vase of fretted silver, in which there was a single stalk of hyacinths, with a few sprays of feathery heath.

"Better today?" she questioned, briefly.

Brownie smiled a little, as she answered in the affirmative. She saw that the keen gray eye had a softer, kinder gleam in them than they had yesterday.

"Do you like flowers?" asked the strange old lady, holding out a rose to her.

Brownie sat up, her lovely face flushing all over with delight, and put her hand out to receive it.

"You are very kind. They seem like a ray of sunshine after a cold and dismal storm," she said, bending over them to inhale their fragrance.

"Humph! it takes mighty little to make some people chipper," the old woman returned bluntly; yet there was a note of satisfaction in her shrill voice, as if Brownie's appreciation pleased her.

Then she asked:

"Are you getting stronger? Are you able to walk about the room?"

"Oh, yes; I am quite strong today, and have been thinking I must go away soon."

"What for? Aren't you comfortable?" and the old lady spoke more sharply than usual.

"Yes, indeed; too comfortable, I'm afraid. But then, I am depending on strangers, and I ought to be looking out for myself," Brownie said, her cheeks crimsoning with embarrassment.

"Ahem! you'd like me to think you are one of the industrious kind, wouldn't you?" the old woman said, grimly.

Evidently she did not like anything which seemed like self-praise.

"Oh, no," Brownie answered, with a mischievous smile; "I assure you I do not love drudgery a bit better than other people; but when one has not a penny excepting what one earns, it is necessary to bestir one's self."

"Well, if you want to work, and can walk a few steps, come with me. I'll take you at your word, and set you a task right away," said the old creature.

Much amused, and wondering what was coming next, Brownie arose with alacrity, for she had grown weary of being shut up in one room, and longed for a change.

The old woman led the way half across the room, then stopping short and turning suddenly around, she said:

"Perhaps you'd like to know who I am, since I've managed to find out so much about you and your affairs. I'm Lady Ruxley, and I'm aunt to Lady Randal, in whose house you are. She's a hard-hearted creature—Helen is, but she can't come it over me; no, no, not until I lose more of my wits than I have yet," she concluded, with a triumphant chuckle.

Lady Ruxley! Lady Ruxley! Where had she heard that name before, Brownie wondered.

It sounded familiar, and her thoughts went leaping back into the past.

Then all at once it came to her with a force which made her feel faint and sick, and she caught her breath with almost a sob.

Lady Ruxley was that woman at whose ball in London, more than forty years ago, that tragedy in her aunt's life had occurred, and Lady Randal was, without a doubt, the hard-hearted Helen, and that same Helen Capel whose cruel plotting and intrigue had ruined the life of Miss Mehetabel Douglas.

And she had been receiving, and was still receiving, such heavy obligations from the hands of that wicked woman.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LITTLE MATTER OF BUSINESS.

"What's the matter? You are not strong enough to walk! Go back and sit down," commanded Lady Ruxley, as she saw the young woman first flush a deep crimson, and then grow white as a ghost.

But she quickly recovered herself.

"Thank you, but I am perfectly able to go; I was dizzy for a moment, though it has passed now," she returned, quietly, although a tumult of feelings was raging in her bosom.

Giving her another searching glance, her ladyship passed on, and instead of going out at the door, as Brownie expected she would do, she proceeded toward the opposite side of the room, where a set of heavy satin damask curtains hung suspended from the richly-gilded cornice.

Brownie supposed that they concealed a window, but sweeping them aside, her guide conducted her through a lofty archway into a small vestibule, lighted from above through richly-stained panels of glass to another archway also concealed by curtains.

Passing through this she ushered her companion into the sunniest, pleasantest, airiest room in the world.

It was a sort of parlor, library, and music-room combined, and contained every comfort and luxury which the human heart could suggest.

Leading from this large room was a smaller one, in which Brownie caught sight of a narrow bed, simply draped in white.

She afterward learned that the strange old woman, out of the abundant tenderness of her heart for her in her dangerous condition, had given up her own luxurious chamber to her, and slept upon this small couch in an anteroom.

"Sit down" said Lady Ruxley, indicating by a motion of her head a tempting chair standing near a marble table covered with richly bound books.

Brownie obeyed, while her ladyship seated herself in another opposite.

"There" she said, when, by an ingenious contrivance, she had tipped the chair back so that she could look at her without twisting her neck; "now I'll tell you what I want of you. Three weeks ago I sent away my companion because she neglected me. I suppose it was dull staying with such an old dry-bones as I am; and I've had no one since to read to me, or do anything for my amusement. Now, if you want something to do, won't you please read me something from that 'English Review?' "

"With pleasure," Brownie replied, her pale face brightening again with the thought of contributing thus to the poor lonely old woman's comfort.

It seemed almost like the old times with her own auntie, only it would have appeared more real if Lady Ruxley had not been so blunt and sharp, but a little more lovable, like Miss Mehetabel.

She read an hour in clear, distinct tones, which, although her ladyship was hard of hearing, she had no difficulty in catching every word.

"That was reading worth listening to," she said, heaving a sigh of appreciation. "Now put the book aside, and rest a while."

"I am not weary; let me read you something else," she answered.

"No, no; I'll not listen to any more now; but if you do not mind, I'd like you to sit with me a while longer."

"Yes, certainly, if you wish."

"Nobody cares for an old mummy like me," (how Brownie wished she would not call herself such horrid names), "and I do get lonely staying by myself all the time; though the time was when there were few who were not glad to seek the society of Lady Ruxley. Minnett, my maid, is no company, and I've not been able to find any one who was willing to be a companion to a deaf old woman.

"They try to be polite," she went on, garrulously, "to me when I go down into the drawing-room, because they know I'm rich, and they think it won't do to cross me; but I know my room is better than my company. Nobody but Charles cares for his old aunt; he's Lady Randal's son, and as good as gold. He's always civil, and would give me his arm out to dinner as gallantly as to the handsomest belle in the kingdom. He believes in the old proverb about 'honoring the hoary head,' which is more than most young people nowadays do. How is it, young woman—do you like old folks?"

She had run on in a rambling sort of way, but as she asked this question, she turned to Brownie, and eyed her keenly.

"I had a dear aunt, who was all the friend I had in the world since I was a little baby. She was both father and mother to me, and I shall always feel tenderly toward old people for her sake," Brownie replied, the quick tears springing to her eyes.

"Is she dead?"

"Yes she died the fifth of last September."

"Was she old and ugly and withered like me?"

Poor Brownie! it was a hard question, remembering so vividly as she did Miss Mehetabel's fair, lovely face, set in its framework of clustering, silvery curls.

The comparison was not favorable, to say the least, to this antediluvian before her.

She flushed with embarrassment as she gently replied:

"All old people grow wrinkled, you know, and her hair was much whiter than yours.

Lady Ruxley chuckled merrily over this noncommittal answer.

"Young woman you are as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove," and I'm of the opinion that your aunt might have thought considerable of you. What was her name?"

"I was named for her," the young girl replied, evasively.

"Mabel Dundas. It is a pretty name; I like it."

And the queer old lady looked as if she liked the owner of it, too.

The next morning after the servant who waited upon Brownie had attended to all her wants, and left her, there came a rap upon her door. The next moment a handsome woman of about fifty entered. Brownie arose, bowed courteously, and remained standing till she was addressed.

"Miss Dundas," the lady said, "I must apologize to you for any seeming neglect in not coming to see you before, but I have a house full of company; but I have given orders that you should want for nothing. I am Lady Randal, and I have come to have a few moments' conversation with you."

She seated herself, and motioned for Brownie to do the same, then resumed:

"You have had quite a serious accident, and I am glad to see you are better. Are you quite comfortable, and do the servants attend you properly?" and she put up her eye-glasses to inspect the stranger.

"Thank you, I have been very kindly cared for, and am very grateful for the good Samaritan's charity which has provided for my necessities," Brownie answered, trying to speak heartily, although she felt the greatest repugnance toward this woman, who she believed was guilty of so much wrong.

She had a cold, false eye, and a cunning, cruel expression about her handsome mouth

She was just the kind of a woman to ruin the life of any one who stood in her way, Brownie thought.

She laughed lightly but disagreeably at the young girl's words.

"Oh, I do not claim any merit whatever regarding your comfort or necessities. My house was full, and at first I thought it would be impossible to take you in, but Lady Ruxley, who is very eccentric and willful, insisted upon it, and gave up her own chamber for your accommodation, she sleeping, meanwhile, in her maid's room."

Brownie's fair face grew scarlet as she listened to this, and was made to feel, by the indelicate explanation, that Lady Randal, at least, had regarded her in the light of an intruder.

It explained to her, too, what she had at first considered singular—that the rooms should be connected by archways and curtains instead of doors.

"I regret exceedingly," she returned, with dignity, "that I should have put an aged lady like Lady Ruxley to such inconvenience. I laid my plans yesterday to go to some hotel as soon as I should be able, and remain until I fully recover. If you will allow one of your servants to order a carriage for me, I will put my plan into execution at once."

"No, no, Miss Dundas, that would never do at all, and Aunt Ruxley would berate me soundly if she knew I had told you this. She is a very queer woman, as doubtless you discovered yesterday. She will not be crossed in anything, and when her mind is once made up, you can no more move her than you could one of the seven hills of Rome. But," continued the woman, who had never once taken her eyes from the fair young face before her and had read its every expression with a boldness, which made her odious, "I did not come to tell you this—I came upon a little matter of business."

She paused a moment, and Brownie wondered what business she could have with her.

"Aunt Ruxley has taken a great shine to you, so to speak," she resumed, "and has commissioned me to ask you if you would be willing to remain with her as her companion? Wait, if you please, until I get through, Miss Dundas, before you decide," she said, as Brownie looked up in surprise, and then went on, as if she supposed the young girl possessed of no feeling or delicacy: "I do not approve of the plan myself; I never believed in engaging any one in this way, for she says you have no recommendation or credentials beyond your own word. But she has set her heart upon it, and seems to think you will be willing to remain. It is very difficult to get any one of the right sort who is willing to stay and do for her what she requires on account of her peculiarities. We have had several during the last two years. Now, if you think you would like the place, and would exert yourself to please her, we will overlook your lack of credentials, and I think we can arrange to give you the situation. Your salary would be fifty pounds a year. Of course we do not expect," she hastened to add, "that you can do very much until you get strong, and we will make every allowance for that."

Brownie was disgusted with the woman's coarseness, and felt more like refusing the offer than accepting it, but what could she do?

It seemed like flying in the face of Providence to reject it.

She had no credentials, and no good family having children would engage her without, and she knew she was likely to fare no better, if as well, if she returned to her native land; unless she should acknowledge she had failed in her great undertaking, and fall back upon Mr. Conrad's offer to give her a home.

So, after thinking the matter over carefully she decided to accept Lady Randal's offer.

"Does Lady Ruxley remain in town most of the year?" she asked, before giving her answer.

"Oh, no. I ought to have mentioned that we all leave town in a few weeks for our country seat in Kent County, where Lady Ruxley has a home of her own, preferring to live alone rather than endure the noise and confusion of Vallingham Hall. Do you object to the country?"

"Oh, no, I like it."

This intelligence relieved Brownie greatly, for she felt as if she could scarcely endure to live in the same house with this woman.

"It may be a little lonely for you at first," Lady Randal added, "but aunt frequently pays a visit at the Hall, for she likes to know what is going on in the world, I assure you, if she does live alone with her servants most of the time."

"I will accept this position, Lady Randal, and if I can make Lady Ruxley's life more pleasant than it has been I shall be very thankful." Brownie said, gravely, yet a little proudly.

She did not fancy her visitor's patronizing, almost insolent manner, and inwardly resented her bold, fixed stare.

"Very well, then we will call the matter settled," Lady Randal replied, rising, and infinitely relieved that she had been able to secure a companion for her troublesome aunt, though she thought the girl a "proud minx".

She left her with a cool good-morning, and the young girl seemed to breathe freer the moment the door closed after her.

A month later they were settled in that part of a villa, near Vallingham Hall.

Brownie had fully recovered, and was gaining stronger every day.

She really grew quite attached to the old lady when she became better acquainted with her, and found her, with all her oddities, a much more congenial companion than either Mrs. Coolidge or Isabel had been.

She read a great deal, and practiced several hours a day, so that the time slipped by until Lady Randal and her family came down to Vallingham Hall, the advent of which was to open a new era in Brownie Douglas's life.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

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NOT quite nine years have passed since the beginning in Europe of the Great War in which so many millions of lives were lost and conditions left in the exhausted nations which have affected millions more to death and suffering. Lately, in read- over again Abraham Lincoln's 266 word Gettys- g address, I thought how no comparable speech any like spirit, power and beauty had been ut- ed since the close of Europe's catastrophe. What pelling voice of leadership has said "we here hly resolve that these dead shall not have died vain?" Not to "a new birth of freedom" have broken peoples of Europe been marshalled by se in power, but to a beckoning of new years of dage.

peaking to his hearers at the dedication of the tional Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 3, Abraham Lincoln looked back "fourscore seven years" to the time when our nation was nceived in liberty and dedicated to the propo- on that all men are created equal." Now, as country of Lincoln approaches its 147th birth- , it is well to recall, as he did, the "proposition" which these States were really dedicated by n who fathered them. It is well to look back our birth certificate—the Declaration of Indepen- ce—in this day when so many pens and voices Europe, and many such at home, are endeavor- to lessen the strength of our birthright and us toward ways our forefathers well knew it necessary for us to avoid.

he very restraint and patience of the phrases pted by the Congress in Philadelphia on July 4, 6, attest the strength of spirit behind the mea- ed words: "Nor have we been wanting in at- tions to our British brethern. We have re- ded them of the circumstances of our emigra- and settlement here. . . . . they too have been f to the voice of justice and consanguinity."

only quote these words as a manner of text wing how always, then as now (even after such loody cleansing as the Great War), the ways of opean government have been ways lacking in ice, true-sightedness and national brotherhood. shington knew this, and spoke plainly concern- it in his classic Farewell Address. Lincoln w this, and saw it proven by the attitude of ope toward us during the Civil War. Wood- Wilson knows it today, even if for a time he ught otherwise when he left for France, taking e with hope our own country's ideals of peace, d-justice and open-dealing. Facing united s of Europe's ancient diplomacy, based on fear, nsion of boundaries and greedy rivalries made e bitter by old years and new war, Wilson saw stantly wrested from his plans the principles which originally he had highly stood. Not to e surrendered any of these, but to have turned y from the council table, would have been the er way. I believe he would have then had almost united country behind him. Compro- e was fatal, because it was fatally wrong.

hrough the centuries the Leopard of European omacy has not changed its spot—and they are dy ones. A wise observer, standing above the le, has said: "Because each nation has its own ory of thieving, lies and broken faith, therefore e can only flourish international suspicion and ousy. The nation's bagpipe of righteous in- nation has so often changed its tune according he variation of time and to the grouping of the nces of diplomacy, that it can be enjoyed with usement as the variety performance of the politi- music hall."

n his Farewell Address, Washingto . wrote: rope has a set of primary interests which to ave none, or a very remote relation. . . . .Why our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, nterweaving our destiny with that of any part Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, or and caprice?" These words are as absolute om today as when Washington gravely set n down in 1796. More then all else they be- k his careful parenthood and justify his claim he fatherhood of our country. For indeed our imary interests" are not those of the European ions. Our great democracy is not seeking colo- expansion or the exploitation of subject peoples far lands. Our tax collectors are not armed planes above grain fields of Asia and Africa. are not maintaining and need not maintain ntic military establishments We have no e, overcrowding masses of population hedged narrow bounds which mark old enmities. We not an island empire with far flung lines to pro- . We maintain no expensive trappings of an- t state and we have no caste but that of achieve- t. We have asked no alliances because we e feared no enemies. We need no bulwarking inst any we have harmed, for we have helped, injured, during our country's history.

believe earnestly that the great masses of the ple of the United States thoroughly understand own complete variation from Europe as she is and has been nationally organized, and that are against any entrance of our country into League of Nations, World Court or any other n of political partnership or joint action with ernments whose aims, ambitions and arts of lomatic self-interest now rest, as they have al- s rested, on bases so different from our own. elieve just as earnestly that the time will come n we will have a great International Tribunal, *that time is not yet*. Nine years of death, tur- l and misery, and thirty million dead, should e made a great cleansing and a change of rt in Europe, but there were few casualties little suffering in foreign offices. When our n-handed and clean-historied country takes place on the bench of any World Tribunal, I t to see her companioned by whiter robes and shifty eyes and aims. For the present, I be- e, we can best celebrate our national anniversary a further declaration on independence from cope until what our fathers in 1776 called "na- justice and magnanimity" has come more to er on the other side of the ocean. For Time ches, and with harsh rods to slow learners.

Now for the letters:

TRINIDAD, COLORADO.

AR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

tried to come in through the family entrance once ore, in order to meet more of my cousins from the er side, but alas, I failed. Please let me get one p through those closed doors.

hat I don't understand is why anyone should con- n a beautiful woman just because she is beautiful, active and wants to remain so, and the many others o can and want to improve themselves by the use of e of the many harmless and helpful cosmetics. Please and agree with me, for many are actually eating r hearts out day after day because they lack beauty. haps you will say that this is useless worry, never- ess it is the truth. There are tragedies without hidden behind drawn faces where hopes are fading he bloom dies in cheeks and lines of care become per and deeper. Few know the bitter heartache and the tears shed by the young girl who is left out of many joyous gatherings and pleasures because she is not pretty and popular, and can anyone but the wife who realizes the fading of her beauty understand the misery of facing those long years to come, unlovely and unloved? A woman's greatest advantage is her intelligence and beauty; for so much depends upon these that once they are obtained it helps her to be successful in her other duties of life.

If you should recollect rightly, even the heroines of our popular novels are all more or less pretty, and you love each one of them, now don't you? Suppose that the author was to introduce you to his heroine as "a girl of disputable size and form, considerable balky, with a rough skin, a red shiny complexion, dark circles beneath her eyes and blackheads plainly visible upon her nose and forehead." Would you read even this far? I doubt it. You'd cast the book aside and soon forget about it. Although the girl might have a virgin soul, a kind disposition and good will power, you wouldn't care just what happened to her in the end—now would you? A few would, perhaps; but I believe that even those few, were they choosing for themselvesf would want a girl who besides the last assets listed would have some attraction to the eye.

Gee whiz! I never intended raving half that long;, I wanted to tell you something of myself and my home country. Well, folks, I live in a very pretty town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants and one very happy cousin. The town is built on the side of a very picturesque lone mountain called Fister's Peak. West of us is Prospect Point around which flows the winding Purgatory River. At the north is Simpson's Rest—so named because Mr. Simpson and his daughter, who lived in caves at the top, held the attacking Indians at bay there once until more forces could be gathered to save the then struggling settlement. Over their graves where they were buried on the top of the height, a large electric sign has been placed. It bears the name of Trinidad and can be seen for several miles at night. We are in the center of a prosperous coal mining district and also have some good oil possibilities. There are cattle and sheep raised near here, but few in number.

Do you remember, Uncle, that I mentioned in my other letter that some day I hoped to be a successful author and playwright? I'll just bet you chuckled up your sleeve at the thought; but listen to this; I have sold one photo-play and have two stories out for criticism since you heard from me. Now what do you think of your worthless niece? Do you blame me when I said that I was a very happy cousin?

Dear cousins, I love horses, dogs, nature, and to have my own way—but then who doesn't? I like to write, ride, hike and hunt—also dance. I am five feet, five; weigh 130 pounds, have dark brown hair, blue-black eyes and a light complexion—both before and after I use powder. Like me, huh? I hope so.

What girl cousin would like to hike through to California with me? I want a real girl who knows what companionship means and one who won't back out when something goes wrong.

Say, I'd most forgotten myself. Why, you might have taken me for a married woman, an old maid, or a rival of our proud, young great-grandmother Bishop! But I'm none of these. I'm just seventeen and harmless, in spite of the fact that my hair was bobbed for over a year and that I once wore flapper clothes.

Please write, all who care to. I'd love to hear from everyone, and will swear by old Tut-tat-tat, oh, you know who I mean, the fellow that a sporting Englishman ordered out of his peaceful sleep in Egypt, that I'll answer. I'd love to have pictures, too.

So long—till we meet again,

BETTY MARIE TYRELL

Gosh, Betty, who's condemning any beautiful attractive girl or woman just because she is and wants to remain thus beautiful and attracting? Not I, Bet; I swear it! The more beautiful nieces I have the happier and prouder I am. And so, by the way, thanks for those nice little photographs you sent. But the real question is whether cosmetics are "harmless and helpful" as your letter cheerfully contends—helpful in manufacturing beauty, and harmless in retaining it. I have to register a negative to this question and to some of your other Trinidad statements. If a wife wants to avoid the "misery" of being "unlovely and unloved," she must take decidedly other means to sidetrack the misery than by running off to the corner drug store. No prescriptions or bottled beautifiers solve such a difficulty, Betty. It requires inside treatment of head and heart. This is your Uncle's observatory opinion, and he considers himself, in his weaker moments, a wise guy.

You tell us, Betty, about the manner in which authors always prefer to introduce the persistently pretty heroines we love, but I don't remember any being introduced somewhat as follows: "Her piquant red mouth, open like a Christmas poinsettia, bespoke a liberal use of Greasom's lipstick. Her finely pencilled eyebrows, artfully arched each morn before her mirror, curved in darkly sweet interrogations above her brilliant eyes. Like a Maryland tomato can label against a marble slab of a kitchen cabinet, her pink cheeks, delicately colored by Foolem's rouge, glowed warmly through a smoothly appliqued coating of Dr. Slick's facial enamel and a dainty pale dusting of Puffem's Peerless Powder. 'How beautiful she is!' he murmured. 'How beautiful in all her simple, natural girlish charm!'

No, Betty, you young author and playwright, the great heroines of fiction—Tess and Lorna and Lucy, as instances—are not described in this manner and their creators do not tell us of their having run up any bills at the drug counters of department stores. Try a little of Hardy and Meredith, Bet. Hardy's novel "The Woodlanders" is one of the greatest ever penned.

I hope you get a happy start on your Pacific coast hike, Betty Marie. Wouldn't it be simply awful if you should meet Cousin Gus somewhere near the Great Divide—just as you had taken your vanity case from the hip pocket of your knickerbockers and were about to powder your blistered little sun-tilted nose!

GOLDEN POND, KENTUCKY.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a little boy into your big happy circle? I live on a little farm of 130 acres. I can plan and help father on the farm, but not when I go to school. I am in the fifth grade.

We grow corn, tobacco, oats and hay here. I have no brothers, but have two sisters younger than myself. my birthday is July 28th. How many of the cousins have the same birthday?

Now, Uncle, I hope this will miss the waste-paper basket, for I have a dear aunt in Maryland who I know would be delighted to see a letter in COMFORT from her nephew back home.

I will close now and will try again sometime.

Your loving nephew, MILBURN V. JOINER.

All right, Milburn, old boy, here's your letter in print as a birthday present, and I hope you and your aunt in Maryland and your kid sisters will all be made happy accordingly. It's true that Billy maliciously poked it down in the bottom of the waste-paper basket, but I fished it out from between the cracks with a piece of hay wire. It would be thanks enough if I could see you grin, and you can cut the letter out of COMFORT and pin it to the top of your birthday cake with a hickory toothpick.

I'm glad you draw a strict line between your farmwork and your schoolwork, Milburn. Study hard in your little schoolhouse and work hard on your dad's little farm. Both these things and all well-done duties will go to make, perhaps, a small model of another lad who was born a farm boy in Kentucky 114 years ago. Milburn V., it is not so far from Golden Pond to the White House as it was from Hardin county when your dark-eyed prototype made the trip many years back. How tall are you?—for Abraham Lincoln had long legs, and so could travel all the faster.

HAW RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hello, Uncle dear! If you will let me in for a short stay I'll bring to you not the breezes of Haw River, but a bright and cheering smile. I am terribly lonesome this morning, and it is raining inches, so won't some of the cousins write to me? I will not promise to answer all letters, but I'll answer as many as possible. Also I'll exchange photos, if this green paper, gets by Billy. I read COMFORT every month as soon as it arrives. In my home there is nobody but me and a maiden aunt, so you can see how blue I get sometimes. I like to read all books, and I read all our town and city newspapers.

Dear me! I forgot to say that I am five feet, four inches in height, and have dark brown hair and eyes and medium complexion. I'm known as "Marie of Trodlin Wood."

Your niece and cousin, AGNES M. SYKES.

P. S. Billy, you come to Haw River this summer and we will have some fun swimming and boating. Also I will give you rides in my Essex coupe, and I will promise you all the ice cream and hot dogs you can eat. So come. By-by Bill!

Agnes, your letter gave me a chill of horror. It is surely awful to think of you imprisoned down by the lonely, swirling Haw River, with its dark whirlpools and winds of sighing gloom—and, above all things, a maiden aunt for jailor. Of course I hasten to print your lonely and pitiful appeal. May succor come to you at once.

Yet, as I read further, I see that you must get out once in a while—for your letter mentions an Essex coupe. But I suppose you are granted a few hours of freedom one day a week—but none, of course, on moonlight nights. No, Agnes; Billy thanks you for all your invites, but he says such a damp form of exercise as swimming would affect his lame leg, and a ride with you in the Essex coupe might affect his lame heart. He says to tell you, however, that he is willing to butt in and remonstrate severely with your maiden aunt if she continues her cruel treatment. Something must be done, Agnes, to help you in your sad fate, down in Trodlin Wood by the banks of the Haw.

RACELAND, LOUISIANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Will you let me in? My hand is tired with writing, as this is the fourth letter I have sent to the League of Cousins. Not one have I seen yet. I've never seen a single letter from Louisiana in the COMFORT, although I know there must be a lot of cousins down here.

I'm five feet, nine inches tall; and have a fair complexion, dark brown hair and brown eyes. Who can guess my age?

I live on a farm here in South Louisiana and it is beautiful now. Raceland is only forty miles from New Orleans, known as the "Paris of America." There is a good gravel road that leads there, and the farmers bring their vegetables in trucks to the market. We raise such crops as corn, cane, potatoes and onions—these last being the main crop. Lots of vegetables, too—such as carrots, beans, and so many other things that it would take ten pages to tell you about them. Shallots, a kind of onion that grows in bunches, are selling at $12 a barrel now. These are all shipped north. So much for that.

We have a big theater here, with a capacity of 500. Also a big dancing hall. We have many stores, a big bank, and gravelled roads which run parallel to the Bayou Lafourche. The old Spanish Trail runs through here.

There are many flappers here just as in any other place. Bobbed hair, lipsticks and rouge are very popular—especially with the girls from 12 years to 18.

With good wishes and happiness to the cousins and you, Uncle, I must close.

From a Sunny Dixieland cousin,

OCTAVE VERRET, JR.

Octave, I know well that you have written four letters, but really I should have waited until you had written four more,—for it takes eight notes to make an Octave, doesn't it? How Bill will groan when he reads this! He so hates what he calls my "frivolous tendencies."

I want to see New Orleans more, perhaps, than I do any other of our country's cities, Octave. I'd like to see St. Charles street, the old French Quarter, and browse and stroll about a little in the vicinity where Lafcadio Hearn once earned a meager newspaper livelihood with his remarkable pen and one good eye that saw so much. New Orleans is famous for its restaurants, I have heard, and this ascendency would not make me like the American Paris any less. But I'm more then forty miles from St. Charles street, and there is no stretch of gravelled road to take me from where my subway ticket would leave off working.

I'm not surprised to hear, Octave, that Raceland is a land true to the race in having its quota of 1923 brand flappers. But I hope that these gay young

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Summer Cooking Simplified

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

loses flavor. After removing the product from the boiling water, hold by the cheese-cloth and dip four times in and out of cold water, then turn the product out into a colander to drain. Never allow the product to stand in the water. See table of blanching and cooking below.

Pack the jars as closely as possible without breaking or mashing the product. To each quart jar of vegetables add one teaspoon of salt, and boiling water to within half an inch of the top. Syrups are added according to sweetness of fruits. A light syrup is made by adding one cup of water to each cup and a half of sugar and boiling five minutes. Boil longer for a heavier syrup.

A boiler can be used for sterilizing or cooking the product if a rack is made to fit the bottom and give a level foundation. The water should reach to the shoulders of the jars, and the count for time of cooking to begin when the water is actually boiling. Jars put into the water only partially sealed. The lower lever of the wire seal is left up, and screw-tops are turned about two-thirds down. After cooking is finished, remove jars from hot water at once and complete seal. Set out of drafts to cool. To detect any leaks, turn jars upside down and let them remain over night. Leaks indicate rough surfaces, thin rubbers, or mis-fitted tops. In case any seal is found to be imperfect after remedying the defect, the product must be again sterilized.

Table for Blanching and Cooking

Product	Glass Jar	Blanch	Hot water bath
Asparagus,	Pint,	4 minutes,	3 hours.
String Beans,	Quart,	3 to 5 min.,	3 hours.
Lima Beans,	Pint,	3 to 10 min.,	3 hours.
Beets,	Pt. or Qt	5 to 10 min.,	3 hours,
Berries,	pt. or qt.		15 to 20 min.
Carrots,	pt. or qt.	3 to 5 min.,	2 hours.
Cherries,	pt. or qt.	15 seconds,	25 min.
Gooseberries,	pt or qt.		10 minutes.
Greens,	pt or qt.	4 minutes.	3 hours.
Guavas,	pt. or qt.	20 seconds,	25 minutes.
Loganberries,	pt or qt.		15 to 20 min.
Okra, (No salt)	Pint,	6 to 8 min.,	2 hours,
Peaches,	pt. or qt.	scald 1 min.,	20 minutes,
Pears,	pt or qt.	cook 6 min. in syrup,	15 minutes.
Peas,	pt. or qt.	5 minutes,	3 hours.
Pineapple,	Quart,		30 minutes.
Peppers,	Pint,	8 minutes in oven,	30 minutes.
Pimentoes,	Pint,	8 minutes in oven.	30 minutes.
Plums,	pt. or qt.		25 minutes.
Pumpkin,	pt. or qt.	15 min. in steam,	3 hours.
Raspberries,	pt. or qt.		15 minutes.
Spinach,	pt. or qt.	4 minutes,	3 hours.
Squash,	pt. or qt.	15 in steam,	3 hours.
Strawberries,	pt. or qt.		16 minutes.
Tomatoes,	pt. or qt.	scald one min.	30 minutes.



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How to Make Frozen Desserts

With the proper equipment it is a very simple process to make frozen desserts. Put the ice into a burlap bag and pound with a large wooden mallet until quite fine. Use coarse rock or Liverpool salt. If the mixture freezes too quickly it will be of a granular consistency, so it is of importance to measure salt and ice accurately, three even measures of ice to one measure of salt being the right proportion. Two other points of importance must be observed in order to produce a fine creamy consistency. First the can must never be more than three-fourths full, for in the process of freezing the mixture increases in bulk, and if crowded will be coarse-grained. The second is to let the mixture stand ten minutes after being packed, and then turn the crank with a slow and steady movement.

When the crank begins to turn hard it is an indication that freezing has taken place. It is well to continue turning the crank until the mixture is quite stiff. To pack, remove the dasher, scrape contents into a solid mass, cover and insert a cork stopper into the dash opening. Drain and pack with four parts ice and one of salt. Lay old rug over the freezer.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.—Scald one pint of milk and stir in a little less than one cup of sugar, cool. Whip one pint of cream and add milk and sugar with one and one-half tablespoon of vanilla. Freeze.

FRENCH ICE CREAM.—Mix one even tablespoon of flour one scant cup of sugar, and one-eighth teaspoon of salt, then add one egg slightly beaten and very gradually two cups of scalded milk. Cook in a double-boiler twenty minutes, stirring constantly until it thickens. When cold add one and one-half tablespoon of vanilla, one cup of heavy cream whipped, and two cups of thin cream. Strain through a wire strainer into the freezer. Freeze.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Pour the hot custard of French Ice Cream over two squares of melted unsweetened chocolate and proceed as in above recipe. Or, one and one-half square of melted unsweetened chocolate may be added, to the hot milk and sugar in recipe for Vanilla Ice Cream. Cool, add one tablespoon of vanilla and pint of cream whipped. Freeze.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.—Hull, wash and mash two boxes of ripe strawberries, mix with two cups of sugar and let stand two hours. Strain. Scald one and one-half cups of milk and thicken with one tablespoon of flour mixed with cold milk and then thinned with enough more to make one-half cup. Cook twelve minutes in a double-boiler and strain. Cool, add two pints of thin cream and one pint of heavy cream whipped. Freeze to a mush, add the strawberry juice and sugar and continue freezing.

General Recipes

BAKED HALIBUT.—Spread the bottom of pan under the fish with thin slices of salt pork. Lay on the fish which has been well wiped, cut side down. Mix four tablespoons of butter with four of dry flour and spread it over the top end, then cover generously with fine bread-crumbs. Across the top lay narrow strips of salt pork. Place in a moderately hot oven and bake about one hour, to three or four pounds of fish. Lay on hot platter and surround with slices of buttered beets.

CUSTARD PIE.—Line a deep pie plate with good pastry. Slightly beat three eggs, add four level tablespoons of sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of grated nutmeg, stir and pour one pint of scalding hot milk over the mixture. Stir and pour into the crust. Bake in a moderately hot oven until when a knife is inserted into the custard it will come out clean. If cooked too long, the custard will whey and be honeycombed. Eat while fresh.

CODFISH, CARROT AND BEET BALLS.—One-half cup each of boiled and mashed carrot and beet, two cups of mashed potato, four tablespoons of heavy cream, one beaten egg, a little chopped green pepper or parsley and one eighth teaspoon of pepper, all beaten together. Pick three-fourths cup of salt codfish into fine shreds, soak three hours in cold water, put into fresh cold water and gradually bring to boiling point, but do not boil. Put into fresh boiling water and let stand at simmering point twenty minutes. Stir into above mixture, add salt if necessary, shape into flat cakes half an inch thick, dip in flour and fry in a little pork fat until brown.

MARLBORO PIE.—Four or five new tart apples sliced without peeling or coring and stewed until soft in as little water as possible. Press through a wire strainer and add three tablespoons of butter while hot. Separate three eggs, beat the yolks and add one cup of sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon and beat into the apple mixture. Lastly add the stiffly beaten whites. Line a deep pie plate with thin pastry, pour in the mixture and bake in a moderately hot oven until the crust is done. Cool, cover with whipped cream and serve fresh.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Maidens of Shallots are not every one of 'em violators of the Trick Amendment to the Cosmetic Constitution. It's really not necessary, you know, for an onion diet can give strength and color to complexions that no quality of rouge can equal. And you have plenty of onions—barrels of 'em. Octave, the next time I see any Louisiana shallots in Brooklyn I shall eat a lot of 'em—as a fragrant souvenir of you and Dixie.

LAUPAHOEHOE, HAWAII.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been taking COMFORT for some time now and enjoy every bit of it—especially the letters of the cousins. I have been so interested in them that I thought I would write one myself. It seems so queer not to see in COMFORT letters from Hawaii, nor from this pretty little village. I live in this village near the beach. My favorite pastime is swimming.

Now I'll tell something of myself: I am a brunette. I have dark brown (some say almost black) wavy hair and dark brown eyes. I am in shoes five feet, two inches tall, and I weigh 127 pounds. My age is between 17 and 23.

I love fun and love to play with children. You can't blame me, Uncle, as I have lots of nephews and nieces, and they are all dear little ones.

By the way, Uncle, in Jeff's letter in the February COMFORT he wants some pretty brunette to write to him. Well, Uncle, let me have his address and I'll surely write to Cousin Jeff. If any of the cousins care to write to me I'll be delighted to get their letters. I leave my address with Uncle Lisha.

Best wishes to you, Uncle Lisha, and to the cousins all.

Your niece, BRUNETTE.

Brunette, of course, your favorite pastime is swimming and, although you did not mention it, I'm sure your chief occupation is tickling a guitar or ukelele. It is my firm conviction, based on literature and illustration, that all Hawaiians spend their waking hours equally divided between playing in the waves and playing on melodious strings. Life must be very lovely in Hawaii, Brunette—much more lovely than in Brooklyn. Here we have to get our Hawaiian music canned, like our Hawaiian pineapple. If I can ever learn to play "Three o'clock in the Morning" on a ukelele, and can perfect my at present very imperfect crawl stroke, I am coming out to Hawaii and join the happy throng on the beach at Waikiki.

Brunette, I never think of Hawaiians as covering up their bare and sun-browned toes in shoes, but when they do, I was the more surprised to hear that shoes five feet long were needed. Well, perhaps so much swimming develops the feet as it does with ducks. I hope leather is not scarce and high-priced in beautiful Laupahoehoe. I suppose one could substitute pineapple hide—which always seemed to me to lack uses.

Now, Brunette, I want to say a word here to you and others about Jeff and his address. You are only one of some steen hundred dark-haired cousins that have written asking that I send them news of where Cousin Jeff hangs up his hat and his tanned wishbone. I would like to oblige, but I'm a fearfully busy Uncle with a growing Family. I positively can't write steen hundred letters to fulfill the demands of all the "robust brunettes" who were intrigued by Jeff's charming epistle and more charming description. I have forwarded many letters which have been sent to Jeff in my care, and I will forward all others that may be sent—if they have stamps on 'em, but this is the best I can do. In each instance where a letter may appear in this department without an address, as is the case with your letter, Brunette, the Family must not ask me to send further particulars. Just let 'em send their messages on in my care, and I'll promise to see they go forward as promptly as received. I much prefer that cousins sign their real names and addresses to their letters, and I do not see any legitimate reason for not doing this in cases where the letter does not contain matter of a too personal nature. However, some folks are real bashful, as seems to be the matter with Jeff. But perhaps he'll find that "robust brunette" some day and she will overcome his tanned bashfulness.

SCHAFER, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Now I will write you a few lines from McKenzie county, North Dakota, because I have never seen any letters from this part of the State. The past winter was the longest I have ever seen since I came to Dakota, and I came here in October, 1908. It was the 20th, the day I was born.

We had a good year—the wheat went from 20 to 30 bushels to the acre. What we need here is more farmers, because there is so much vacant land. Land can still be obtained here real cheap, and the best land in the country, too.

Well, now I must write about myself; I will soon be fifteen years old. I have two brothers and two sisters, and I am next to the oldest. My oldest brother is sixteen, and my other brother is six. My sisters are nothing to write about because they are no good. I have for my property, a young pony, a single buggy, a single harness, a saddle, and a bridle. I have also two cows and two little pigs. I have an electric engine that I run with batteries.

I go to Timber Prong school. It stands a little over a half mile from our place. The teacher's name is Mrs. Barrette. I do not like her very good because she is so cross. She says that I am so tricky, but I do not know of any tricks that I do and I only fool the teacher once in a while.

We have had COMFORT over six years and I think it is the best paper published.

We have a phonograph. My mother got it for her birthday present from my father on the 18th of November, 1915.

Well, I must close now, with best wishes. Do not let that old Goat get a holt of this letter because it is the first I've sent to get published and I want to see it in print.

Your new cousin, MARTIN BERG.

There is a firm touch about your letter, Martin, a persuasive, pervading tinge of strength and declarativeness which is rather astounding in so young a person who has only been dwelling in North Dakota since 1908. I'll bet one of my small store of iron men that you'll raise many acres of thirty bushel wheat some day and become a director in the Timber Prong National Bank of Schafer, N. D. You show an exactitude regarding dates which would always make you know when a note was due!

Martin, you are not very polite in your briefly expressed judgment of your two sisters. Are they as bad as all that? You must be careful that they do not send me in their opinion of you and I be tempted to put it in print! What has happened? Did they bust your electric engine? Or borrow your saddle when you wanted to use it?

About that cross teacher, Mart, you say you only fool her "once in a while." Well, my experience has been that it makes a teacher cross to be fooled even that little bit. They are darn particular and don't want to be fooled at all. And I don't know that I blame 'em. But I rather agree with your self-judgment that you are not tricky. Your letter does not sound that way. Far from it. However, Mrs. Barrette is going to be crosser yet, Martin, if she reads your mention of Bill getting "a holt" of your letter. Well, you hard-hearted young wheat raiser, you see he did not get a holt of it—which I think is the better way of saying it, and the better thing to have happened, don't you?

EDMONDS HILL, KEENE, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I'll describe myself first thing and get that over with. I'm just a common looking country girl and look like dozens of others. I've medium brown hair and eyes and common complexion (never gets powder or rouge) to match. I have a pug nose, freckles and a broad grin. Also I wear glasses. I am five feet, two and a half inches tall and am not much bigger than nothing—weighing about 88 pounds. No use telling you to guess my age, 'cause Uncle Lisha would guess that I'm nineteen, so I might as well confess.

Everybody says they love COMFORT, and I must say it, too. I love all the breezy boy letters and all the sweet girl letters.

I live on a hill three miles and a half from the village at present. Keene is surrounded by mountains and mostly made of hills. The neighbors are all so nice to us. My mother teaches school. My father is dead and so is my sister, so there are only mother and I. But mother is the best ever, I think, and tries to make up for father, sister and brothers. I have lots of dear relatives, too. One, an orphan cousin who has been with us a lot, I call sister, and I have a fifteen-year old boy friend whom I call brother.

I'm taking a correspondence school course in dressmaking, tailoring and millinery. It is very interesting and some day I hope to do these things well.

Say, wouldn't I just love to peep over Bill's shaggy shoulder and see his Album! I'm awfully fond of pictures. Billy, old dear, just you let this pass and I'll send you my picture some day to make some of those pretty ones look prettier beside it. Oh, well; I'm not nearly so homely as I sound, Billy, and maybe you admire pugged noses. I have a picture of you, Uncle Lisha, taken out of COMFORT.

I love to read—especially boys' stories and detective stories. They are most of them so lively and wholesome.

I kept a stand last summer and made and sold fudge.

I think it is lovely to send the wheel chairs. I write to four of the crippled ones, to the sister of one and to the daughter of another. They all write me very nice interesting letters.

Oh, it is so beautiful out today, but the scenery here is very lovely at any time. There is a little chickadee cheeping just outside the window as I write.

Well, I guess this is enough from me, but if you let me in this time I'll surely come again (I hope you won't take this as a threat!).

I'd dearly love to hear from any of you cousins, but I have so many letters to write now that I can't promise about answering yours. Love to all.

Your niece and cousin, MARION MOODY.

The Family may not know from your letter, Marion, but I know that you write to us from the Keene Valley, a well-known and beautiful part of New York State's Adirondack mountains. They are nice mountains, too, where you have picked out to live—full of the pines and ponds and peaks that ought to go with mountains, and with a few mosquitoes and black flies thrown in to help keep things from getting too dull. I like mountains, as I have said often before—especially the kind that have the fur left on and have not been too much man-handled by the lumber interests.

Little as you are, Marion, I note that you keep bigly cheerful—with your pug nose set above your grin and just between your two largest freckles. Having a good mother and liking everybody (including relatives!) helps in keeping you happy, I think. And all this makes me like you all the better, too. I'll see that Bill does not drop any photo paste on your pug nose as he inserts your 88 pounds in his Album—and if he does drop any carelessly I'll make him lick it off—and when he does you must be careful not to sneeze!

MALAGA, P. O. BOX 74, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have just been reading the League of Cousins department and have decided to write to you for the first time. COMFORT is a great paper. I read it from cover to cover and find lots of good reading in it. It was just a few days ago that I got my League button and membership certificate. I was surprised when I opened the envelope and found what there was inside. There are a lot of members to our League of Cousins and I believe there would be even more if everybody knew what was in store for them.

Well, Uncle, I suppose when you looked at my letter and saw it was from Washington, you wondered what kind of a place this is. Malaga is a samll town with a post office, depot, two stores, three apple warehouses and several houses. There are lots of fruit orchards around. Malaga is in the Wenatchee Valley, so I will describe this valley in which we live. I am poor with a pencil and worse with a pen, but I'll make an attempt to tell where it is and what it looks like. Also what we do for a living.

Wenatchee is the center port of Washington, on the Columbia river. The Great Nothern railroad is the only road going through the valley. Wenatchee is

A WORLD OF BOYS

By Mary Bradshaw Tyrrell

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WITHIN two miles of the heart of the city of Philadelphia, with a wilderness of brick walls and pavements all around it, is a beautiful breathing space. It is enclosed by a high wall, but through the iron entrance gates there is a glimpse of a noble gray stone Grecian temple with thirty-four massive fluted pillars supporting its wide portico on all sides of the building, the first building and original home of Girard College.

Schoolrooms, residence halls and other structures have sprung up about it, until now on the forty-acre campus is a small city in itself to house this unique institution. Unique it may well be called, for it is safe to say that no other school has such history, such plan and purpose in its foundation, and such forceful wish of the founder transmitted through nearly a century, so that, in very truth, "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Stephen Girard was a citizen of Old Philadelphia, a multimillionaire when such were few in the land, yet he had been a poverty-stricken orphan boy. Born in France, he went to sea in early youth, was first a cabin boy, then master and part owner of a little sailing vessel. He came to Philadelphia at the beginning of the Revolution, a young man of twenty-five, with enough money saved to set up in business, and for more than fifty years he was a leading spirit in all the affairs of the city. Eccentric, miserly, he was called, but in 1814, when his adopted country was almost overwhelmed by its war debts, he advanced it five million dollars to meet the need of the hour.

He died at eighty-one, leaving his wealth to the city he loved, in generous bequests for the improvement of streets and buildings, and to the State of Pennsylvan a for a system of canals, but most of it was to be used to establish a school for "poor, white, male orphans, between the ages of six and ten years when admitted to the institution, giving the preference, first, to those born within the bounds of the City of Philadelph a; secondly, to those born in Pennsylvania; thirdly, to those born in New York, and lastly, to those born in New Orleans." (New Orleans having shown him kindness in his youthful days of povety.)

The picture of the grim old miser fades out as the memory of his own youthful struggle inspires him with the wish to make life easier for other orphan lads.

As he prescribed with such minuteness the choice of students, so he planned for every detail of their upbringing, physical, mental, and spiritual. The will he drew was ironclad, and even now none of his wishes may be set aside. There are supposed to be legal heirs yet living who could claim the estate, originally more than five million dollars, but now increased seven fold, if the City of Philadelphia, trustee of the estate, or the committee appointed to manage it should evade, by carelessness or intention, any of the terms laid down.

The tradition is that he ordered a wall, thirty feet high, to be built all around the college site, which covers some six or more city blocks. That was an evident absurdity, so the trustees fulfilled his wish by digging a trench twenty feet deep, and burying that much of the wall under ground. Ten feet makes the wall high enough to insure privacy, and the rare view of the perfectly kept lawns within are all the more delightful because they are not easily gained.

In 1848, seventeen years after his death, the first buildings were finished, and the school received its earliest students. It has grown with the passing years, other halls have been added, until now nearly sixteen hundred students are in attendance, and more than eight thousand have gone out from the school, trained to the finest manhood.

There is a monument on the campus to the Girard boys that fell in the Civil War, and a fine bronze tablet to those who offered themselves in the World War, but Girard's greatest gift is of those who gave long lives not only for, but to, their country. Could Stephen Girard have made a richer bequest to his commonwealth?

The school, though called Girard College, is hardly a college in the technical sense. The boys must be admitted before they are ten years old, and the course covers only the elementary and high school grades, but each boy learns something well enough to earn a living by it, and is fitted into a suitable occupation when he leaves the school. If he has shown any special aptitude for college training he is helped to find a way to secure it.

Stephen Girard specified that the students should have plain but wholesome food, and their bodies should be clean, so this school city is a model of sanitation and of all the things that make for health.

No child is rejected for an physical defect or mental backwardness unless it is such as to absolutely unfit him to profit by the school life. Whatever he lacks in these early years he can regain by careful training and wise and constant oversight.

The boys are in families, thirty or forty boys in each, the younger ones under house "mothers", the older under masters, whose one care it is to see to the home training of their charges. These house mothers and masters have no schoolroom duties.

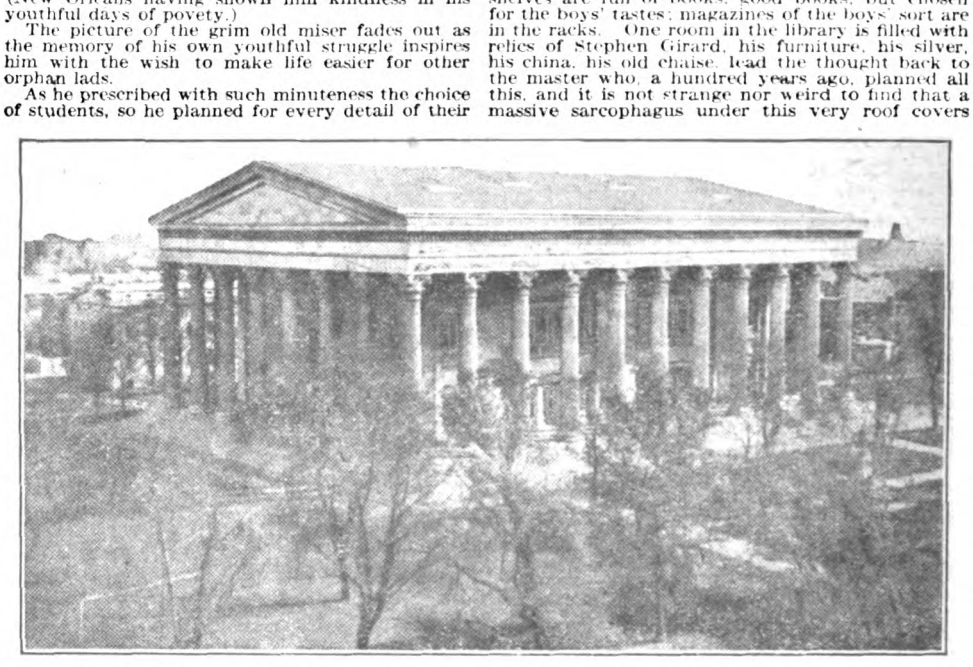
The boys study in the sitting-rooms of their several Homes, furnished in really homelike fashion; the dining halls have well appointed tables set with linen and silver and such as the best homes might offer, and the menus are planned to give real home diet, perfectly adapted to the growing boy.

Each boy in the dormitory has his own bed and washstand, and the head of each family gives their sleeping quarters real home oversight. Health care is unfailing, a physician and corps of nurses direct the infirmary and the slightest illness sends a boy to them for twenty-four hours' rest in bed under close observation, longer if necessary, and many illnesses are thus cut short. Dentists are on the staff to keep the teeth in the best order, a throat specialist looks out for adenoids and tonsils.

Each and every boy has his place on some athletic team, but while his exercise is supervised carefully he has a chance to make play of it in real, hearty boy fashion. He moves through the daily routine, to schoolroom, to workshop, to study hall, to military drill, to playground, and yet life within the Girard wall never loses the fun and spontaneity of the unquenchable boy.

"Movies" of the right sort for boys, educational yet entertaining, are twice-a-week occurrences; good music, the college band, the orchestra, the glee clubs, the big organ, all awaken the boys' love for music; the pictures that line the halls are the ones that will appeal to the boy. Alexander's series on "The Evolution of The Book" from the Congressional Library paintings, Edwin A. Abbey's series of King Arthur and his Round Table Knights are given the boys in fine reproductions.

The original building is now the library. The shelves are full of books, good books, but chosen for the boys' tastes; magazines of the boys' sort are in the racks. One room in the library is filled with relics of Stephen Girard, his furniture, his silver, his china, his old chaise, lead the thought back to the master who, a hundred years ago, planned all this, and it is not strange nor weird to find that a massive sarcophagus under this very roof covers his ashes, while a wonderfully lifelike statue above it looks out on the Girard boys.



GIRARD COLLEGE LIBRARY BUILDING—THE FIRST OF THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

The clause from his will forbidding that "any ecclesiastic, missionary or minister, of any sort whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose or as a visitor within the premises," has been the occasion of some unfriendly comment. The rule is enforced rigidly, even unto this day, as all the provisions of that document must be.

But the will goes on to state that this is "to protect the tender minds of the orphans from the clashing doctrines and sectarian warfare" (so bitter a century ago that it might be well to guard against its blighting influence on any such educational undertaking.)

His expressed wish that the students should "have the principles of morality instilled so that on their entrance into active life they may choose the religious tenets their matured reason enables them to prefer," also is regarded. The teachers are selected for their power of moral leadership. The president of the college, Doctor Cheeseman A. Herrick, is an officer and Bible teacher in one of the down town churches, but his pastor, who loves him, makes it a matter for good-natured jest, that there is one family in his congregation he is not expected to visit.

Many of the boys are widows' sons, so two or three times a year they keep Mothers' Day, and invite their women kin to visit them. These are holidays, gala days, the campus is its gayest, with students and visitors overflowing from Halls to walks and lawns.

It is hard to tell which groups are more pathetic, the mothers who look with wistful eyes at their sons, little lads or manly youth, who have gone from their care and are growing away from them, all eager to show the charms of this school home; or those other boys who stand one side, with careless laugh of bluff bravado, to hide the heart hunger for the mothers they have not—now.

The pathos would press deeper if this were not a home, in very truth, for every lonely lad who enters it.

ur Mutual Friend, the Subway

By Gorton Carruth

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VHEN Culver, his day's work done, put his desk to rights, donned his coat and hat and started for the elevator, he had not the remotest suspicion that within ten minutes he, hitherto entirely heart-whole, would be in love. n Miss Winton covered her typewriter and tosprink in front of the mirror before starting e she had not the slightest idea that within minutes she would, unknown to herself capthe heart for which she would eventually give in exchange.

upid's arrows may not have the muzzle velocity lar's latest projectiles but they are pretty swift the same, and they score one hundred per cent. irect hits.

o, Culver's thoughts were not at all out of the mary. They consisted of stray odds and ends flection engendered by his day's work as manathe New York office of the Kalamazoo Carbtor company. These were rapidly dispelled is entirely customary thought that if he would a little speed he could avoid the worst of the at the Brooklyn Bridge station of the sub-

This idea in turn was modified a trifle by eminding himself that he must not forget to an evening paper on the way to the station. dly in the background of his mind was the zation that he was hungry and the sooner he d get home the better.

there was nothing in his mental condition to din why the little god who had allowed him each the age of twenty-eight without even so h as glancing in his direction should now be g in ambush for him in of all places—the sub during the evening rush hour.

or, as above hinted, could anyone have found liss Winton's thoughts any reason why Cupid ld have chosen her for his confederate just . She was thinking that the boss had been rally pleasant that day, that she was hungry, it was time she bought a spring hat, that one e had a tiny rip in it, that she would buy a pathat Miss Cheever had on more paint than d, and that if she would hurry she could get in the subway. True, she was well aware that etty girl looked back at her from the mirror, that idea was wholesomely subordinate to her r ideas, as it always was.

ut whatever the explanation for it, Cupid was ainly on his job. Culver, unconscious of his , bought his paper, suffered himself to be med into a car by one of the blue coated pasger-packers, sighed, grabbed a strap, drew his r from his pocket and began to read. He was sampling the headlines, however, when his er was struck and crumpled in his hands by an- passenger who was still under the impetus he packing process. Culver, annoyed, raised eyes and looked into the eyes of Miss Winton, that instant Cupid, probably perched on one of fans for there was no other room for him, nged his bow-ping!—and Culver experienced ardiac thrill that subtly and delightfully pertted his whole being.

'or he found himself gazing into the eyes of his al. That is, of his ideal from thence forward. ould not be said that up to that moment he ever had an ideal but it was indubitable that ad one now.

n the eyes of the other people in the car she was doubt less glorified but was still worth looking wice.

I beg your pardon," she said evenly.

It's quite all right," returned Culver with rekable composure, considering that he had just n shot under the fifth rib. "It could hardly be ded in this crush," he added hopefully.

No." She cut the monosyllable so short that arely escaped with its life from between her th. Thereupon she turned her shoulder to him began to read her paper.

This behavior of hers was not due to any natural s of friendliness. It was simply her instinctive ence against the advances of a stranger. Miss ton was not a native New Yorker; she had had ew England upbringing and her code of social uette did not recognize the method of getting uainted which is the only one open to so many w York girls—that is, mutual self-introduction h other wayfarers in the hurrying throngs. She l not the power of discrimination that the New k girl acquires. Then, too the fact that she s unusually pretty brought her so many undeble advances that she feared them all.

'He's another," she thought to herself as she ned to her paper and then she promptly disssed him from her mind.

There was only one thing for Culver to do—reto his own paper—and that he did, ostensibly t if there had been printed on the sheet before eyes the news that he had fallen heir to a million lars he would never have seen it. That was for reasons; first, because when he was looking the paper he saw only a blur of words; and second, ause most of the time he wasn't looking at it stealthily over the top of it at the girl beside n.

Her complexion was her own, he noted, and a y good one. Her eyes were blue, her lashes g and thick, her hair brown and smooth, her n round and firm. She was not chewing gum, was reading the editorial page and not the uty hints or advice to the lovelorn. She was out three inches shorter than he was. She wore simple business suit and a small becoming hat. ere was a general air of neatness and calm welling about her. In fact, the oftener he glanced er the top of his paper at her the more firmly she ame his ideal.

While he was thus pleasantly engaged in conming his first impression, the train stopped at Seventy-second street station, the girl thrust r paper under her arm, turned her back on him d began to edge her way out with the rest of the owd.

Culver, as before hinted, labored under the handip of inexperience in affairs of the heart and he s extremely diffident. Moreover, he had also erited a set of quite correct social principles. when it was borne in upon him that they were going to ride together in that train forever he nply stood in pained surprise while she worked r way out. He was still in that condition when e doors were closed and the train went on again. upid, it would seem, had made a mistake.

For New York city is a big town and if two of its izens meet and wish to know each other they uld better introduce themselves at once, for ey may never meet again, even though they live their lives within a mile of each other. Culver, the train went on, was filled with a sense of irmediable loss and berated himself for allowing e girl to escape without establishing an entente rdiale. But, after all, what was a fellow to do? here was nobody to introduce them and you can't troduce yourself to a girl who is so unmistakably the sort that does not wish you to do so. He could ve followed her, but that went against his grain. esides, what good would that do? The same bjection would remain inside or out of the subway. But a natural buoyancy of spirits and a gift for ading a way soon asserted themselves to cheer up e young man.

"She is apparently an office worker," he reasoned, nd since she got off the train at the Brooklyn ridge station it follows that she is employed near ity Hall Square. I also am employed near City all Square. I try, not very successfully, to get ead of the crowd. So, apparently, does she, nce we took the same train. Hence it follows at if I get to the station promptly after five clock and keep my eyes open I will stand a chance f seeing her again—perhaps tomorrow."

Thus encouraged Culver just saved himself from eing carried by his own station and went to his oarding house in a thoughtful, even abstracted ate of mind. It persisted throughout the evenng and caused his astute landlady, who noted it at e supper table to fear that she was in danger of osing her best paying gentleman boarder.

As for Miss Winton, she went serenely home tterly unconscious of the perturbation she had ft in the breast of one of her fellow passengers. Culver's cheerful hopefulness was considerably dashed when he failed to see her the next afternoon. He reached the station early and scanned the homeward bound throngs eagerly as he pushed his way along the platform, but with no result. He even waited until he had let three express trains go by, and there is something pretty serious the matter with a New York man when he does that.

Indeed it was not until four days later that he saw her again. Then, as he stood on the platform he glimpsed her as she was descending the stairway. With some difficulty he worked his way through the crowd until he was near enough so he could enter the same car that she did. Chance favored him, as he thought, and he found himself clinging to a strap beside her again.

Their eyes met and he smiled. The smile was more an involuntary expression of pure pleasure at seeing her again than it was a predetermined effort at friendliness. But Miss Winton's social code did not give her intuition a chance. She encountered the smile with a level, freezing gaze that informed the young man that he was far less interesting to her than the advertising placards above his head. Then she turned her back as before and began to read her paper.

Her thoughts, however, were not as deadly as her look. "Now where have I seen him before?" she wondered, and surprised herself by adding, "he's not at all bad looking." But after a few minutes' effort to place him she gave it up and, as before, dismissed him from her mind. She was not going to allow herself to become interested in a strange young man just because he had smiled at her and was good looking. Not she!

Culver's smile had been severely frostbitten and he discarded it as unornamental.

"Br-r-r-r," he shivered to himself. "And yet some people complain that the subway is hot!"

All the rest of the way he was lost in the contemplation of the difficu ty of the problem before him. How was he going to achieve a socially correct introduction to the girl of his dreams so long as the only place he could meet her was in the subway?

The result of his meditation was the decision to try the effect of continued, but silent, propinquity. So every day he assiduously searched for the girl in the crowd and each time that he located her he maneuvered to ride uptown in the same car and as near her as possible. But often he did not look at her during the whole trip and when by chance their eyes met his glance was as casual and indifferent as hers. Now and then, however, when he thought she wasn't looking, he observed her over the top of his paper and was more and more convinced that she was the only girl in the world for him. Once she surprised him in one of his stealthy observations of her and as before she registered cold rebuff.

Nevertheless, his strategy began in some degree to work. She recognized him from the first as the man who had once smiled at her and who, she had decided, was good-looking. Further observations confirmed her in that opinion. She soon realized that it was not chance that brought them so often together in the same car, and she began to look for him each evening.

"He seems to be a gentleman," she told herself. "He's never rude and he doesn't try to follow me. I wonder—perhaps I could——"

But against her half-formed wish arose a conventional restraint as rock-ribbed as her native state. Consequently the outlook was very dubious for the manager of the Kalamazoo Carburetor Company. After two months of the silent-propinquity tactics he was unable to detect any alteration in the young woman's demeanor that would warrant his even so much as smiling again in her direction.

"This affair may be going by express in one sense," he grumbled to himself, "but it certainly isn't making very swift progress in the way I'd like to see it. A couple of Egyptian mummies could show more speed. Isn't New York the dickens of a town anyhow? Why, if she were living in Podunk and I drifted into town I could get myself invited to a church sociable or a straw ride or a picnic or something like that and get acquainted in no time."

Then Fate took a hand. They were riding uptown clinging to adjacent straps as usual when the train came to a sudden stop. A smell of smoke began to pervade the cars. In a moment the sense of uneasiness that always stirs a carful of subway passengers when the train stops between stations had increased to genuine alarm. Total strangers began to question one another; women and girls giggled and laughed nervously; everywhere people tried to peer out of the windows. It grew warmer and warmer in the packed cars. The air was breathless and stifling for the fans had stopped. Slowly the odor of smoke grew stronger. A woman fainted in the car where Culver and the girl were.

The crowd was panic-ripe and as usual there was the fool to start the panic. There were some blinding flashes of flame outside a car towards the head of the train. Somebody shouted "Fire!" and the stampede was on.

Just before it got under way however, Culver reached Miss Winton's side. She was white-faced and trembling but was doing her best to quiet a nervous woman in the seat before her. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Culver to touch her shoulder and speak reassuringly and for her to accept his protection with a deep sense of relief. The rock-ribbed, New England social principles vanished before the curling wisps of smoke.

"What shall we do?" she asked quietly.

"Nothing just now except watch out for the crowd," he said. "I don't think there's any other danger."

Then the rush began. In an instant they were torn fron their straps and borne along in the stream of frantic men and women. Culver, protecting her from the buffeting as well as he could, waited until they were forced into the first vestibule and then swung her aside against one of the closed doors and stood before her, shielding her from the torrent of frightened humanity.

"We'll just wait here," he shouted, "until the rush is over. There's a whole lot more danger from that panic-stricken crowd than there is from the fire. The fire is probably just a short circuit up ahead somewhere."

The smoke grew denser and he had her kneel down to get the purer air. Once a fear-crazed Italian, striking savagely at the other passengers was sidetracked in the vestibule and Culver had his hands full for a moment to subdue him. He succeeded also in rescuing a little girl who stumbled and would have been trampled on if he had not snatched her from below the stamping feet. Miss Winton took charge of her and did her best to comfort her.

It was not long before the rush was past them, for their car was the fourth from the front of the train. Then they left the vestibule and followed along through the train in the wake of the crowd, doing what they could for those that had fallen and had been injured.

There was but little said between them as they slowly made their way the length of the train and then followed the other fleeing passengers along the tracks to the nearest station. There they pushed through the excited throng and gained the street as rapidly as possible.

"I'll call a taxi," said Culver.

"No, don't!" she begged. "I'd rather walk. It will do me good. It's only six blocks anyhow."

She was still white and shaky but as she walked along drawing deep lungfuls of the fresh air, the color returned to her cheeks and her nervousness slowly disappeared. Culver was delighted.

"You behaved like a brick," he said with enthusiasm.

"Thank you," she returned quietly. "I'm not sure what I would have done if you hadn't been there to help. I am deeply grateful to you."

Then she demonstrated that the social code was completely fractured.

"My name is Margaret Winton," she said. "What is yours?"

"George Culver," he told her, "and I've been wanting to know what yours was for a long time, and where you live."

She didn't even frown. "And I have felt that way about you," she said, "although perhaps not for so long. And I'll show you where I live." Shades of the Puritans!

He went with her to the door of her home but did not go in.

"May I call some evening when you are feeling more like yourself than you are now?" he asked.

She looked at him smilingly. "I'd love to have you," she said.

Culver was enveloped in a delightful haze and showed a disposition to linger.

"By the way," he said, "where do you work downtown?"

"In the Glidden building—fourth floor—Hayes and Campbell's office."

Culver's jaw dropped and he stared at her dumfounded.

"What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Only my office happens to be right next to yours. The door is just around the corner in the same corridor—the Kalamazoo Carburetor Company's office. And here I've been trying for two months to get acquainted with you. When do you reach your office in the morning?"

"At eight-thirty. And my luncheon hour is from one to two. And I always use the back elevator."

"And I get there at nine, go out for luncheon from twelve to one and always use the front elevator."

He gazed meditatively into the distance.

"It certainly is some town where it takes a subway wreck to introduce next door neighbors!"



Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth —all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

All old methods proved inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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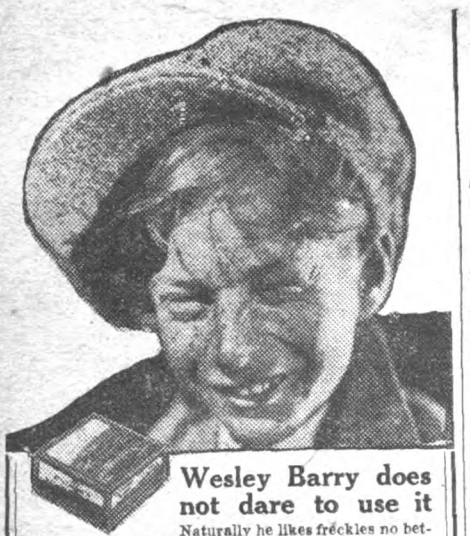
Hot-Weather Rules

1. Load lightly, and drive slowly.
2. Stop in the shade if possible.
3. A sponge on top of the head, or even a cloth, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing.
4. Water your horse as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water *in small quantities* will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still.
5. When he comes in after work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth, and the dock. Wash his feet but *not* his legs.
6. If the thermometer is 75 degrees or higher, wipe him all over with a *damp* sponge, using vinegar water if possible. Do *not* wash the horse at night.
7. Saturday night, give a bran mash, lukewarm; and add a tablespoonful of saltpeter.
8. Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sunstroke and needs attention at once.
9. If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water; or give him a pint of coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or, if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.
10. If the horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran, and a little water; and add a little salt or sugar. Or give him oatmeal gruel or barley water to drink.
11. Clean your horse *at night*, so that he can rest well, and clean him *thoroughly*. The salt dandruff lying on his skin makes him uncomfortable, and often produces sores under the harness.
12. Do not fail to water him at night *after* he has eaten his hay. If you don't he will be thirsty all night.
13. If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, *tie him outside*, with bedding under him. Unless he cools off during the night, he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

These Rules are prepared by the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association, whose office is at 15 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. We also publish Stable Rules, Drivers' Rules, Winter Rules and Noon-Feeding Rules. Copies of any of these Rules will be sent free on application.

High Compliment to Judge, Anyhow

Tug has been acting rather queer of late, and it was decided to have him examined as to his sanity. Three doctors arrived, hurried to the Town Hall, stripped the man found there and, after a thorough examination, declared him sane. Leaving the hall, they bumped into Tug, who was being brought in, and were informed that the man they had just examined was the judge of probate. —*Frazee (Minn.) Press.*



Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to use Stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them!

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 33 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 50c and $1 sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package. Write for free booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets." The Stillman Company, 59 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"
and free perfume offer



Natural Curly Hair

FASHION today demands curls. To be in style, no matter what your age, you must have wavy, curly hair. A marvelous curling liquid transforms the straightest, dull, unruly hair into beautiful, soft, wavy natural curls in only a few moments time.

Just comb a few drops into your hair. In just a short time, straight, lifeless, unmanageable locks are lustrous, soft, wavy—naturally curling. Magical! Yes, because the soft, silken, sheen—the mass of natural curls—the permanent wave effect you've always yearned for and style demands, *has come to stay*. Stays in curl in hot or rainy weather. Prepared and GUARANTEED by a physician.

Special offer: To quickly introduce this marvelous curling liquid it is now being offered at a special low price. SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address and a full $5.00 bottle will be sent you—*postpaid*. On arrival pay postman only $1.43 (no postage). If not satisfied, your money refunded.

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FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

GRAY OR FADED HAIR



Restored to its original color.

La Tulle's Herb Tea restores gray or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. It will produce the most abundant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair. Prevents dandruff and falling hair. Promotes its growth and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT IS NOT A DYE. A package makes one pint. One package postpaid 30 cents, or five packages $1.

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GRAY HAIR BANISHED

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

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Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade, Jet Black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2 postpaid.

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For the Hands

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Feeding Our Complexions

THE modern way of securing a bit of red in our cheeks has come to be a pilgrimage to the drugstore and the purchase of a tube of rouge, while if we want our skins clear and white, we reach for the powder puff and coat them heavily with the desired whiteness.

But that's really not the way to achieve beauty! And we can find the color we need, and the clarity of skin, right in the foods we eat, if we are only wise in their choice. Then, with that way of doctoring our complexions, we may be conscious that we have the real thing, instead of a very obvious camouflage, which has to be renewed many times a day.

When the spring and summer come, it is wise to cut out the concentrated foods which are meat, baked beans, and such heavy dishes. We do not need the same amount of heat-producing materials in our body as in the winter, for the sun is taking care of that job, now. We should eat foods which are rich in juices, such as fruit, and in minerals, such as vegetables.

To have a clear healthy skin, the pores must be active in throwing off all impurities, and for that reason we must drink plenty of water so that the heat of the summer which induces perspiration will have plenty of moisture to draw upon. Perspiration will wash out the pores and carry with it impurities which the body is lucky to get rid of.

It is a very good idea to take a certain amount of oil into the system if the elimination is not very free. There are various mineral oils on the market which can be taken daily to aid elimination, and in addition to these medicinal oils, it is wise to make a practice of including salad in one's menu at least once a day, with a French dressing made



RAW CARROTS ARE GOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION.

of three parts oil and one part vinegar with a little salt and paprika. One of the best lunches you could have during the summer is a big dish of tomato salad with chopped celery, and plenty of French dressing.

With this eat Graham crackers, buttered or plain, or some crisp slices of hot buttered toast. A dish of baked custard, blanc mange, berries, sliced peaches, or other fruit completes a very excellent meal.

See that carrots appear on your bill of fare very frequently, as they contain elements most desirable for a good complexion. Boil them in plenty of water, after scraping and slicing, and serve them very hot, chopped with butter and salt. Or heat them in a cream sauce, or add a few cooked carrots or some peas left from a previous meal. A serving of carrots, a little boiled rice with butter, Graham or bran bread or muffins, a small helping of salad of some kind, such as lettuce with French dressing, combination salad of odds and ends of vegetables served on lettuce, sliced cucumbers, etc. make a perfectly good meal.

Raw carrots, if scraped, then chewed until liquid, are good for the system. Tomatoes, unless one has an acid stomach, are excellent. Lettuce is rich in minerals the body requires. If one is over weight, a diet of such vegetables will help to rid the body of stored up fat; if one is thin, it must be supplemented by plenty of good bread and butter, preferably whole wheat, by a glass of milk before each meal, by a baked potato or a helping of boiled rice.

Fresh fruits, for the fat, should be eaten without cream and sugar, as strawberries, peaches, cherries, etc; while the thin should add cream and sugar to fruit that assimilates it, such as berries. Eat plenty of apples, always one before going to bed. Melons are excellent for both fat and thin, as their large proportion of liquid is excellent for digestive conditions.

Bathe thoroughly daily, of course, thus expanding and cleansing the pores. And look to the eliminative system. Regular habits of elimination must be formed if you are to have the skin you crave. Fruits, vegetables, plenty of water, all will make it easy to form such habits, on the permanence of which your chance of beauty really depends. So get out your market basket and hie you to the vegetable garden or the vegetable market, and see that you make such a visit daily!

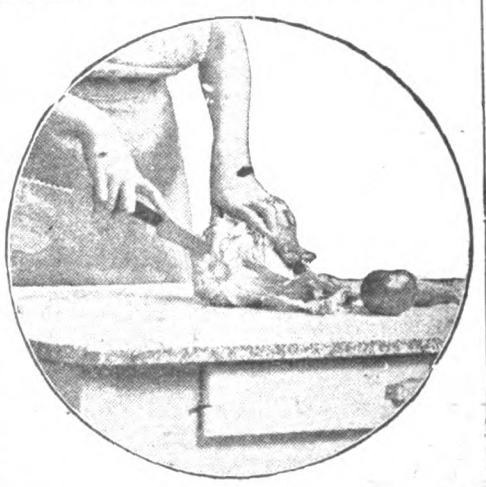
Questions and Answers

KANSAS.—So sorry that the rules of this department prevent answering by mail. As to the effect of a permanent wave, I am told by beauty operators that a certain amount of the hair is broken and combed out; that the treatment is the same as is given to hair before being made up in switches and that in this process they expect quite a per cent. to be broken off. I have many friends who have had their hair permanently waved and who feel it a convenience. They face the loss of a portion of their hair each time—for it has to be renewed, as of course you know—with equanimity. For myself, I regard hair as too difficult to grow to be willing to part with any of it. The treatment of course removes the natural oil of the hair. Its advantages are that it retains its waved appearance for something like six months; its disadvantages that it breaks the hair and causes you to lose a portion of it.

TENNESSEE.—It would be difficult for you to use an electric needle yourself. The operators who give electrolysis wear a magnifying glass over the eyes of great strength so that the little opening through which the hair comes is magnified many times. With this clear sight they carefully insert the needle in the opening and press it down to the very root, holding it a moment while the electricity burns the root. Then they withdraw the needle with equal care. An unskilled operator can scar your face badly. I should not recommend your doing this yourself, and I do not know of any other application of electricity which will kill hair or do anything else but stimulate it. I cannot express an opinion of the article about which you inquire. The ammonia you have purchased may be very strong and require slight dilution before using on the face. Try it on your leg first, to test its strength. Use the ammonia every other day if you do not use the peroxide, but the latter is desirable. It not only bleaches but dries, as you can see if you have ever noticed anybody's hair who has tried to bleach it by peroxide. I should use the two liquids alternately.

LENA.—Sorry not to answer the letter by mail, but rules are rules! You need general attention—that is careful attention to diet, to your bowels, to exercise; for the brown spots and the dark rings under the eyes, the "tired look", etc., are all the result of being below par in health and strength. You must make a real job of getting well and strong. First, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day—that is an easy task to set you, but one that is quite essential to your good health. Next eat only at meals, but be careful to chew each mouthful of food until it is actually liquid before you swallow it—that, too, you can do, and those two things—the water and the mastication—will mean a great deal to your looks and your feelings. Next, exercise daily. It may be that you get a certain amount of outdoor exercise. If not, then make up your mind to spend at least an hour outdoors each day. Take long brisk walks, or play games like tennis, ball, etc. Swim, if you have the opportunity; in fact take all forms of outdoor exercise. The games may not be possible for you, but walking always is. Indoors, exercise for fifteen minutes when you first rise, and another fifteen minutes before you go to bed, with fresh air in the room, and loose clothing on, such as a union suit. Any or all of the exercises given in this column from time to time, will be good for you, for you need all-round exercise. Then, last but most important, choose your food with the idea of building up your health and strength. Your eyes look tired because your body has not sufficient energy. You can only give it energy by feeding it energy-producing foods. Fried foods, such as fried meats, potatoes, eggs, etc., are difficult to digest. They require many hours' more work of your stomach and do not give you the same nourishment as if cooked in any other way, so for that reason avoid them. It is just as easy to broil or roast meat as to fry it, just as easy to bake or boil potatoes as to fry them, just as easy to poach or soft-boil an egg as to fry it. Foods that will build you up are eggs, milk, cream, butter, white or whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables, fish, fruits. For breakfast, eat fruit first: If you cannot get fresh fruit like berries, melons, apples, oranges, you can eat stewed prunes, stewed dried apricots, apple sauce, etc. Dried fruits, like prunes or apricots, should be washed, then soaked all night in plenty of water so that the moisture that was taken out of them by drying may be restored to them before cooking. This makes them swell up to double their size, whereas if they are cooked without soaking they remain small in size. A good dish of stewed prunes, cooked without sugar, is an excellent thing for you, and even if you do not eat it every morning, which would not be a bad idea, you should see that you have prunes at least twice a week. After the fruit in the morning, eat a good dish of cereal, such as oatmeal cooked until it is soft and delicious, or cream of wheat, or any of the uncooked cereals With this eat cream or milk, and drink a glass of milk. Toasted bread with butter is good for you and may be eaten with two soft-boiled or poached eggs. Eggs which are not soft are difficult of digestion and overwork your stomach while failing to give you the right amount of nourishment. A good way to cook eggs is to have water boiling, then put in your eggs and set on the shelf of the stove away from the fire. It takes from six to eight minutes to cook an egg soft in this way, but it will be jellied all through and most digestible. A breakfast such as I have outlined above is full of nourishment, if you will chew each mouthful thoroughly. Do not drink when you have food in your mouth, and cut out all coffee and tea. If you have trouble with constipation, that is the first thing to get at—not with cathartics, but with proper foods and with exercise. Potatoes and white bread are apt to be constipating if you are inclined that way, so in that case omit them from your diet for a time. If you aren't constipated, then eat potatoes to build up flesh, and bread for the same reason. Eat spinach or other greens when you can get them, but do not cook them with meat. Cook them in a very small amount of water, until they are tender, then drain, chop, add salt and butter. Read what I say in our opening talk this month about salads, and try to add salad to your menu. Don't eat pies, and not too much sweet stuff, for that may be your trouble—you may have been eating too many sweets and so your digestion got out of order. Your bowels should move not less than once a day most freely, and it would be better if they moved three times a day. Form the habit of attending to this the first thing in the morning, say ten minutes after your exercises, then again the last thing at night, and some other convenient time during the day. It may take a little time to form the habit, but with plenty of water, fruit, vegetables, and exercise, they will before long straighten themselves out.

LASSIE OF THE PRAIRIES.—The first thing for you to do is to try to gain a little in weight. This will dispose of the wrinkles under your eyes by padding out the skin. Eat fresh berries with cream for breakfast, then cereal with cream, buttered toast, softboiled eggs. See that pototaes or rice form part of at least one meal, the potatoes boiled or baked, preferably the latter. Eat plenty of white bread and butter or whole wheat bread. Drink milk before your breakfast, in the middle of the afternoon, and before going to bed. Get plenty of sleep. At your age, sleep is very essential. You should get not less than nine hours, and ten wouldn't hurt you. Be sure there is fresh air in your sleeping-room. Bathe the entire body daily, for the facial skin depends just as much on the treatment of the body skin as on anything you do for it alone. The blackheads in your nose can be pressed out just as on any other part of the face. Take a soft handkerchief and put one end over your left forefinger, one over the right forefinger, then press the blackhead out with the two forefingers. First, however, before you try to remove blackheads, bathe the face well, and massage for five or ten minutes with fingers dipped in cold cream. This will loosen the blackheads so they will respond more easily to pressure. then you bathe the entire body give it a good rubbing with a Turkish bath towel, to stimulate skin action. When you bathe the face at night, be sure that it is thoroughly clean before you begin to rinse, then use hot water on the face by dipping Turkish wash-cloths in the water and laying folded on the face, pressing them close to the skin, one folded over the upper part of the face, the other over the lower part of the face. This will steam the pores open. Look at the skin after this and see if there is any dirt in any of the pores, if so press it out. Then rinse again in warm water, and finally dash cold water on the face over and over to shock the skin and close the pores. In the morning use only tepid water to wash the face. Do not use hot water on the face except at night in the way I have directed. Any little soil in the daytime can be



PREPARING SALAD IS A BIG STEP TOWARD BEAUTY.

wiped off with a bit of cotton dipped in cold cream, but be sure the face is not left greasy after this—every bit of cold cream should be carefully wiped off. Don't irritate your face by the pressing out of blackheads. The massage first should loosen them, and as soon as they are out, touch the spot with a little peroxide or boric acid solution. As to the freckles, I should let them alone. You will probably outgrow them. As to the eyelashes, do not rub them, for this makes hairs drop out. Instead, as soon as you rise, bathe them gently, then use a boric acid solution which you can get at your drug store, and an eyecup which you can buy at the same place. Half fill the eyecup with the boric acid, bend your head forward and fit your eye into the little cup, then throw the head back quickly and keeping the eyecup pressed firmly in place, and wink the eyelashes. This will wash the eye out and do away with the accumulations you refer to. Wash the eyes again before you go to bed. By the way, if you want to gain, one good way is to eat a dish of rice with sugar and cream just before retiring. Try it. About the finger nails, have a little nail brush at hand. Soak one hand in warm water in which you have dissolved enough soap to make it milky in appearance. After a minute or two, remove the hand and brush the nails, then with an orange-wood stick gently cleanse under the nail. Do not use a steel nail cleaner or a knife as this hurts the nail and makes it more and more difficult to clean. You can buy an orange-wood stick at your druggist's. Use the flatter end for cleaning. Do not push the stick way down under the nail, but use the edge to gently coax out the dirt. Shape the nail with a nail file. Use a hand lotion to keep your hands soft, and rub a little vaseline into your nails each night, and especially under the nail and around the base of the nail. Have a good hand lotion, though any of the honey and almond preparations which your druggist carries would be good for you:

To Keep the Hands White

Orange-flower water, two ounces; rosewater, two ounces; borate of soda (borax), one-quarter drachm; spirits of benzoin, one-half dram; bruised almonds, one-half ounce.

Add the almonds to the rosewater and orange-flower water, and shake well, let stand 24 hours, then add the soda, after straining, shake until dissolved, then add the benzoin a drop at a time, constantly shaking the mixture gently.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and have often wanted to write but my love would fall me.

I want to tell you of my trouble When I was a very young girl I met a man I thought I loved and I knew he loved me He finally won me from my innocent ignorant girlhood to a closer relationship with him. Later we quarreled and parted. Several years after I met a man I really loved and we were married. I did not tell him of my past. He knew this man as I had been close friends. He told me, after we were married, that if he ever found out that I had not been loyal to myself he would leave me If I were dying, I think he would.

We have two children. What I want to know is this—must I tell my husband and cause our home to be broken up and my children homeless or must I go on and suffer in mind as I have these years. I don't say I should have told him before we were married. I know I should have but I could not do so.

Mothers, don't hesitate to tell your daughters all they should know. My mother let me learn everything from children older.

I wish the brothers would tell me what they would do if their wives were such as I. I am a true wife and my husband and I have never spoken an unkind word to each other.—MRS. B.

RICHMOND HILL, 5301 METROPOLITAN AVE. L. I.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Not knowing of anything the sisters might be interested in I've just sat back and enjoyed every letter that has been in our paper for the past fifteen years. But now I must speak of two letters that appeared in the February issue; one from Mrs. McVey whose husband is so perfect that all he lacks is wings and the other I should judge, from a romantic school girl, Ruby Nelson, whose ideals are a little too high for this age. I do hope she gets a husband of some sort so she will not have to remain a spinster all her days.

At one time I thought of ideals, but mine had to be tall, dark and handsome and have a profession and I positively abhorred a man who smoked or drank a when I did consent to marry my short blond husband man, I made him give up smoking as that was his one bad habit. He did this for me but made himself very miserable. Now, sisters, I married my husband to make him happy and have never regretted it one bit years of my marriage that I started my husband smoking just as soon as I noticed that he really wanted to. He is no better than the average man and as we have no children we can notice each other's faults and how a social tiff now and then but it never amounts to much. For the woman who is always singing hubby's praises I wish to tell of a woman I knew who was constantly bragging about how well she and her George got on together. They never had a cross word, so she said, in thirteen years. Unexpectedly one afternoon I was in her neighborhood and dropped in to pay her a visit. Her young son met me on the porch and when I asked how his Mother and Daddy were he replied, "The policeman took Daddy 'cause he hit Mother and Mother's sick in bed." I could never forgive a man.

MRS. J. OSBORN.

SOMEWHERE IN WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Just as sure as COMFORT comes each month I read it and mentally resolve to join in the letter fun, but backslide until another month. Now I have courage to the writing point.

Ruby Nelson has certainly introduced a live subject for discussion which is good, for some of the old ones were worn threadbare.

First let us each be truly thankful that we are not the husbands, for they will feel quite small when they realize they are not the ideal of the gentle Mrs. Hemans.

Really, Friend Ruby, I am inclined to think you do not need a husband at all but a couple of hundred pounds of modeling clay to mould into your ideal husband whom you have described as quite perfect. I do not believe perfect men (or women) exist, if they do I have never seen one, and I am forty-six years old and have met quite a number of people in that time.

Here is my ideal. First, he must be 100 per cent. American, tall and well proportioned. He must be kind, loving, sympathetic, true to himself and family, honest, brave and all that is good and upright.

I have been married twenty-one years and though my husband is not what is called a Christian, he is far above the average husband. We do not always agree

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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This is not a Diamond "Chip" but a genuine cut sparkling Diamond mounted in a beautiful 18 K Solid White Gold Setting (see picture). We import Diamonds direct, pay no salesman's commissions and that is why we give such wonderful value for only $12.60.

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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Feeding Baby—Continued

IN our last month's talk we offered some suggestions in regard to feeding baby. The cream-and-water formula given can be used up until the fourth week, then I should use milk, two ounces; water, four ounces; lime-water, one tablespoonful; sugar of milk, one teaspoonful.

Keep increasing the amount of milk, until at the sixth month the baby is taking as much milk as water; for example, milk, three ounces; water, three ounces; lime-water two tablespoonfuls; sugar of milk, one teaspoonful.

Much has been said for and against lime-water for babies, but I thoroughly believe in it and think it has a good effect on the bones and teeth, also it is an alkali and overcomes the tendency to acidity that curdles the milk and causes vomiting.

Go to a competent dentist with a baby whose teeth are decaying, even the milk teeth becoming black and decayed, and he will tell you the cause is nearly always an acid mouth that destroys the enamel.

To make lime-water you can get the tablets at the drugstore with directions of how many to put in a pint of water, or you can take a piece of unslaked lime the size of an egg and put it into two quarts of cold water that has been boiled, stir thoroughly, allow it to settle, then pour off the clear portion for use, add more water to the jar, keep it covered and it can be used until the lime has been all taken up.

In preparing food for baby, wash your hands clean; the pitcher, spoon, and eight ounce graduate should be boiled before using.

In many cases where they report that the food or milk does not agree with baby the reason it does not, is because it has been carelessly prepared.

By a teaspoonful of sugar we mean a level teaspoonful, using a knife for the leveling.

The following formulas have worked well in a great many cases, using whole milk, not top milk, beginning on third day, three-hour schedule;

FIRST WEEK, three ounces of milk; water, ten ounces (cold, that has been boiled); one-half ounce of lime-water; two teaspoonfuls of sugar of milk; five one and one-half ounce feedings every three hours through the day and one night feeding.

SECOND WEEK, five ounces of milk; ten ounces of water; one ounce of lime-water; two teaspoonfuls of sugar of milk.

THIRD WEEK, seven ounces of milk; eleven ounces of water; one ounce of lime-water; one tablespoonful of sugar of milk.

FOURTH TO EIGHTH WEEK, increase milk one ounce each week, and water one-half ounce.

EIGHTH TO TWELFTH WEEK, twelve ounces of milk; thirteen ounces of water; one tablespoonful of sugar of milk, and one ounce of lime-water; give three ounces at a feeding.

THIRD MONTH, sixteen ounces of milk; sixteen ounces of water; two ounces of lime-water; two tablespoonfuls of sugar of milk. Omit night feeding and give four ounces at a feeding.

THIRD TO SIXTH MONTH, increase at the rate of one and one-half ounces of milk each week; the amounts of lime-water and sugar of milk increase amount of each feeding until six ounces are taken at each feeding.

In these last formulas whole milk is used, but if the mother prefers she can use top milk, but if she does she will have to dilute it more; for example, first week; top milk two ounces, or whole milk three, with same amount of water, ten ounces.

THIRD MONTH, top milk, eleven ounces; water, twenty-one ounces, or sixteen ounces whole milk to sixteen ounces of water. Whole milk is where the milk and cream are poured into the pitcher from the bottle, then back into the bottle.

Top milk is where the first six ounces are poured off, or from the bottle.

In feeding a baby modified milk or any kind of prepared food, the most important thing to remember is to prevent indigestion. Use a formula that is weak enough to assure no risk in that respect; this is the only safe way to proceed, as a weak mixture can always be made stronger when the growth of the baby requires it.

The sturdiness of the baby and the strength of its digestion decides what is necessary for its needs. The strong well-cared-for baby will require a much stronger mixture than a less hardy one or one that has had an attack of indigestion.

Lack of caution may not always make a baby ill, but carelessness can very soon be detected by the results that will show.

If the baby vomits you may be certain that the food is not right in some respect, and the thing to do is to prepare some more food, weaker than the formula you are using and then gradually work up to the proper food by degrees.

Make a practice of testing the food before giving it to baby as you can often detect that it is too hot or too cold, sour, etc.

Underfeeding is brought to your attention by the bottle fed baby crying before the next feeding is due; overfeeding is detected by vomiting, restless sleep; loose bowels also indicate too much or too strong food.

Subject for next month's talk, *Summer Diseases of Babies.*

Questions and Answers

VOMITING OF PREGNANCY.—I would like to know what to do for vomiting during pregnancy as I start in vomiting about the sixth week, and vomit until the fourth month, cannot even keep water down.

"Mother to be."

A.—Vomiting of pregnancy is sometimes an obstinate symptom to relieve, but as it is usually a sympathetic reflex act, the patient should avoid all excitement possible, sexual and otherwise.

Keep the bowels freely open with teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, and do not try to eat any but the most simple foods.

Teaspoonful of dehydrated magnesia, dissolved in one-half glass of cold water and drunk slowly often gives relief, or equal parts of vichy water and milk, taken two or three times a day for nourishment may prove effective.

An abdominal binder, with slight upward and inward pressure often acts as a cure.

PIMPLES.—SUMMER DIARRHŒA.—My 13 months old baby that I am nursing has a great many pimples on her face and forehead, what can I do for them? What is the cause of summer diarrhœa?

Mrs. D. S., Campbell, N. C.

A.—You should wean baby at once, as without doubt the milk does not agree with baby. A baby should be weaned at the eleventh month, and her diet should consist largely of cow's milk, with tablespoonful of lime-water to each feeding, also teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels open.

You can give baby coddled eggs, baked potato, custards, cooked cereals, toast, molasses cookies, graham crackers, orange juice.

Think if you get the digestion in normal condition the pimples will vanish.

A common cause of summer diarrhœa is teething, but it is often caused by uncooked berries, or food that has not been properly prepared, or properly taken care of during the hot weather.

COLITIS.—Will you tell me what mucous colitis is in infants, also a remedy?

Mrs. A. P., Tekamah, Nebraska.

A.—Colitis is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining of the colon, one of the large intestines, and is a disease of babies rather than older children. There is a great fullness, or distention of abodmen, diarrhœa, with mucous and blood in the stools, great prostration, and exhaustion and baby becomes very weak.

If you suspect that your baby has colitis, give baby a teaspoonful of castor oil and send for a physician. A mother could not treat the case, therefore I do not think it best to suggest remedies.

WORKING DURING PREGNANCY.—I am four months pregnant and wish to know if it hurts me to work in yard and garden during the cool of the mornings?

Mrs. P. H., Elcaney, Texas.

A.—No, but do not get too tired, or do any heavy lifting.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I have had tuberculosis for two years. Should I nurse my baby that is coming, also what can I do for leucorrhœa?

Mrs. R. M., Sebrie, Ky.

A.—No, you should not nurse baby. For the leucorrhœa, build up your health all you can with outdoor living, careful diet, and bathe yourself with boric acid, two teaspoonfuls to quart of warm water.

CHLOSMA.—My baby girl twenty-two months old has chlosma, on both cheeks, forehead and on body, and am writing to see if you can suggest a cure, or ab leach that will keep it off the face.

Mrs. J. A J., Bridgeport, Ohio.
Mrs. T. G., Dakota, please read.

A.—Get your druggist to put up the following recipe: Hydrargyri Chloridi, Corrosive, six grains; Acidi Acetici, *Dil.*, two drams; Boracic Acid, Powd, sixty grains; Aquæ Rosæ, add to four ounces. *Put on poison label.* Apply on spots with sterile cotton, night and morning.

SWELLING OF FEET, DATE OF DELIVERY.—Is there anything that I can do to stop the swelling of my hands and feet during pregnancy?

When should I expect my baby, the last day of last menstruation, being Feb. 1st?

Mrs. T. G., Thone, No. Dak.

A.—Without much doubt you should have the urine examined, as swelling of the feet during pregnancy, without varicose veins is a suspicious symptom.

If this is not possible, go on to a milk diet, keep bowels regular with frequent doses of milk of magnesia, also take night and morning a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in glass of water. It would be good judgment to take a sample of the urine to your physician for an examination.

Your baby should arrive Nov. 8th.

MENSTRUATION DURING PREGNANCY.—Does menstruation ever occur during pregnancy and does it prove harmful? Mrs. J. L. R., Pauls Valley, Okla.

A.—Yes, it does, but very rarely, and I have never known of any harm to come from it.

CONSTIPATION.—Is there anything I can do for a seven-year-old girl who is constipated, aside from medicine, Mrs L. M., Navarino, Wis.

A.—Yes, fruit, bran muffins, or the different cereals made from bran, molasses cookies, also get her in the habit of going to the toilet at a certain time.

AUTOMOBILE RIDING —I am an expectant mother and wish to know if it would hurt me to ride sixty miles in an automobile, two or three weeks before baby comes.

Mrs. F. F., Dawsonville, Ga.

A.—No, if the roads are not too rough, and the car is driven carefully.

WEANING BABY.—When should I wean my nine-months-old baby, and what should I feed her? She has eight teeth. Mrs. A. A., Hastings, Neb.

Mrs. S. D. C., Bluff City, Tenn.

A.—Wean her when she is eleven months old, and her diet should consist of cow's milk coddled eggs, baked potato, cooked cereals, custards, toast, and orange juice.

Should teach baby to drink her milk out of a glass, as it lessens the danger from the care of bottles and nipples.

BLOODY STOOLS.—Can you tell me the trouble with my three-year-old boy who for about a year has been passing blood in his stools? He is a large healthy boy, bowels move regularly, never seems to be in pain, but at times there will be a teaspoonful of blood in a movement of the bowels.

Mrs. M. P., Florence, Col.

A.—Without an examination, or knowing previous history this case seems confusing. If the blood is passed after the bowels move, with history of constipation, would suspect that your boy has inflamed rectal veins, often called "bleeding piles." This condition would be relieved by inserting in the rectum an Iodex suppository after each movement.

If the blood comes mixed with the stool, you may have a chronic colitis, and for this would give Elix Lactated Pepsin, and Liq Bismuth, half teaspoonful of each, in water, three times a day.

Have your druggist put up the following: Elix Lactated Pepsin, two ounces; Liq. Bismuth, two ounces, and give one teaspoonful of mixture in water three times a day.

If your boy does not respond to this treatment at once, take him to a physician for an examination, for while he may seem healthy, losing this amount of blood weakens.

SMALL PELVIS.—I am an expectant mother and nearly lost my life when my first baby was born due to small pelvic bones. Am quite stout. What would you advise me to do? "Kansas".

A.—Should advise you to go to the nearest hospital, and if labor was delayed beyond a reasonable length of time, should have a Cæsarean Section operation, which is not dangerous to either mother or child.

BABY SHOULD BE WEANED.—My seventeen-months-old baby is growing tall and slim and her muscles are soft and flabby. She is still nursing at the breast and I have an abundance of milk for her. Please tell me what to do for her. Mary Ebrosson.

A.—We advise weaning baby at once. For the first year if the mother is healthy, milk from the breast is an ideal food, but after that it does not contain the elements of food that a baby needs, and by that time the teeth have come and the baby can eat food. Would suggest that you give baby about one quart of cow's milk during the 24 hours, also give baked potato, coddled eggs, custards, cooked cereals, and cooked vegetables cautiously.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

on everything, far from it. But I think we each have a right to our own opinion. Do not misunderstand me. I believe we all should be Christians but I fear we all fall short of what is meant by the word Christian. How I should like to see those paragons of sweetness who say their husbands never gave them a cross word. I sometimes wonder if it is true and why. Something tells me it is because she "beats him to it," for there are women who have it fairly understood that she gives and he takes.

I believe the fifty-fifty rule in a home is a very good one.

Sisters, would we like to have our husbands tear us into shreds through COMFORT and describe his ideal, which might happen to be a neighbor of whom we are not particularly fond. Suppose I am a narrow-minded egotistical, ugly, sour-faced creature and he should tell all that and more. I believe we married folks would be much happier if we were not so stingy with our love. I married for love and I love my husband just as much, more perhaps, than I did when we were married and enjoy the pet names and little foolish "nothings" sweethearts say when courting. We could improve ourselves if we would live up to our ideals of a wife.

As to the pin-money question, I have not much to say on the subject for I usually have enough so that I do not have to put my hand in his pocket while I say my prayers by the bedside (his pants hang on the post of the bed.) I heard of one woman who did that.

Now if I have not made my ideal husband plain to you I will describe him as I see him sitting across the table from me, writing letters to our daughters who are in school,—just as I see him tonight after twenty-one years of ups and downs. American, six feet, two inches tall, wavy brown hair, touched with grey, brown eyes, the kind you can see worlds of love in, pleasant features, kind hearted, quick tempered, loves his home and family, nature, music, reading, animals and, as I see him, he looks good to me. Of course you would like to know how I look but you will all be welcome to come and see.

Wishing you happiness with your ideals.

MRS. B. B. Mc.

WABASH, INDIANA.

GOOD-MORNING, COMFORT FRIENDS:

Ruby Nelson you are to blame for this letter. I just can't keep still any longer.

I would have my ideal husband to be a God-fearing kindly man and clean in all personal habits, one who enjoys reading the Bible and all good books. I would also want him to be a pal and love me always, not a boss as most husbands are which makes the wife feel like a piece of property. He would have to be near my age or younger. Never again would I marry a man much my senior It never seemed, only during the honeymoon, which was a week, that he was my apl and husband, but my father. So many say, never marry a man younger than yourself. I say you are a lucky woman if you do. My brother and some of my friends married women older than themselves and the women are better off than if they had married older men. I have heard it said, "Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave," but I would reverse that saying. I ask this question? Can a woman love a man who hasn't any respect for her, before her children or friends and who subjects her to the most embarrassing things? I say no. Love and home, to my jolly folks, not silly ones. I do. You will understand why I do after living with a grouch for twenty years. Some say that a woman can't be decent and jolly at the same time but I know better. I can tell by talking once with a man or woman whether I must be careful of what I say. More often the educated man or woman is least to be feared. I find that the most suspicious people are the ones who read little and as a consequence know but little. I find also that the man who caresses children the least, loves his own little ones best but all women who love children love their own the more devotedly.

Don't you think the letters in the February issue were interesting? Where one sister has a fault I find she makes it up by having some other good quality. None of us are without them. To the sister who sent her most comforting verse I will say that mine for everyday use is this:

"Grandma says in her own sweet way,
This world wasn't made in a day, in a day,
Now don't you worry and don't you fret,
Cheer up, Honey, you'll get there yet."

The sisters' letters were a great help to me after God took our darling baby girl, four years ago. Those who have gone through it can understand. Those who haven't cannot possibly do so. "God bless the mothers." Being a mother is the dearest, hardest job on earth. It shouldn't be the hardest if the home is what it should be.

If Maggie Duggins still takes COMFORT I wish she would write to me. She was once a dear, good neighbor.

I wonder what the COMFORT brothers, the ones who are real men, want their ideal wife to be. Let's hear from them. I believe in justice both ways for I'm sure the wife is as much to blame, in many unhappy homes, as the husband.

I am the mother of seven children, one boy and four girls living. I am thirty-three years of age, and though in poor health I am as young at heart as I was when I was sixteen. I enjoy the company of my children.

COMFORT sisters, I love you all but I must admit that those possessing even a wee bit of Irish blood seem nearer.

Kindly thoughts to one and all, MRS. K.

YAMHILL, OREGON.

DEAR SISTERS:

May I come in? I believe I am the first one from Oregon to enter, or, at least, I have not read any letters from here.

I have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and am five feet, five inches tall, weigh 113 pounds and am twenty-five years of age.

I live on a rented farm and most of our money is made in prunes when there are lots of them and they bring a good price. We have ten acres of them. How many like a farm? Don't all speak at once. Of course it makes a difference if you have always lived on one. Such has been the case with me and I like it. I like to work out of doors and sometimes my husband and I exchange work. If it is something easy I can do outside, then he comes in and does the housework and he's as neat as any woman. We have a dear little boy, one year old, and he cries after his daddy most of the time. His name is Neil Normand. Am sending his picture and hope to see it in COMFORT. He has been walking since he was ten months old and says several words. He has never seen a sick day.



NEIL NORMAND.

Sisters, did you ever try making baby's rompers out of sugar sacks? Dye them any color you like. I dyed mine orange and made it with a little yoke, then buttonhole stitched it around with black yarn. Did the collar, cuffs, pocket and bottom of legs the same way and it really looked like crepe cloth. I dyed two sacks for this suit but think it could be made from one if care was used in cutting, but it is always best to have plenty. This would be a nice Christmas gift for any little baby. Sacks dyed a pale shade of pink or blue make pretty combination suits.

Can anyone tell me what will keep my silver ware from turning dark? I have polished it several times and wrapped it in tissue paper or a soft cloth but when left for a few days it turns dark.

I must not stay much longer or Mrs. Wilkinson won't let me in again but before I go I must say that I enjoy the COMFORT paper very much, especially the sisters' letters and the baby pictures for I am a lover of babies.

Love to all, MRS. BERTHA JONES.

FRESNO, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have had COMFORT since I was a girl at home and the entire family look forward to its coming.

We raise grapes and peaches of all kinds and, of course, all other kinds of fruit, but raisins and dried peaches, as well as clingstone canning peaches, are the main product of this community.

There is beautiful scenery in the San Joaquin valley. The Sierra Nevada Mountains are east of us and can be reached by an hour's or so drive by automobile. The coast range on the west, with the beaches of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Santa Cruz, can be made in one day. The two National Forests, summer resorts, lakes and many beauty spots can be made from home and back again in one day with plenty of time for fun. Yosemite and the big trees are near, so hot summer days find us off to the mountains with well-filled lunch baskets.

This is the country of automobiles. Horse-drawn vehicles are seldom seen. The auto truck and tractors are fast making the horse a thing of the past. The very poorest have some kind of an automobile and more than one automobile on the average farm is nothing at all.

I am interested in Ruby Nelson's discussion of Ideal Husbands. Of course we will differ as to the ideal, but it seems to me her ideal is surely a "dream man" and not to be found in this mass of human beings.

I am a young married woman, twenty-seven years of age. Have been married seven years to an ideal husband, although he has his faults along with the rest of us. We have two little boys, six and four years of age, and our home life is a happy one.

It seems to me that much rests upon the wives of these ideal husbands. We can't expect them to stay "ideal" if we try their good humor and dispositions by our own shortcomings. We can't expect them to be ideal when they come in and there is no dinner ready, clothes never mended, and the wives away from home most of the time. We can't expect kisses and smiles then. We should try and meet them half way by being an ideal wife and then companionship will be more liable to be in our lives. The best of them will have their own habits. My ideal is a good, honest, clean man, morally and spiritually, as well as a home-loving man who enjoys his family at home or any other place. A man who enjoys church and other good activities with them. I believe a man who can help with the housework sometimes but not at the expense of his own work, which is our bread and butter. I don't want a man to do my share of the housework for me. I enjoy my housework. Of course, it isn't as heavy as many mothers have to do, but I find real pleasure in my work. I am not a crank on housework though I want everything in order and clean but if I want to go with hubby in the auto I can leave my work and not worry about it for when I get back I can go at it with vigor and feel the better for the rest. I drive the car myself and go much through the day. Anyone misses much by not learning to drive. Reading is a good pastime but I don't put it down against anyone if they prefer other recreations. A NATIVE DAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Do you want Mary Ann?

She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants a mother to walk with her, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

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Can you make out the two words spelled by the numbers in the picture to right? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? Can you work it out? Send no money with your answer, just the two words and your name and address.

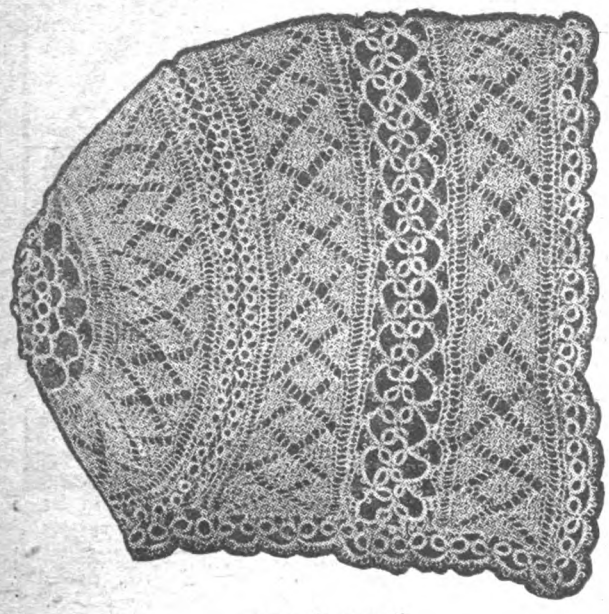
1 21 20 15
6 18 5 5

Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we will give away Talking Machines, Bicycles, Watches, Silverware and hundreds of dollars in cash. Everyone who answers can share in cash and prizes. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody Wins! Someone gets a Sedan, it can be you! Send Answer Today and try for this Sedan.

FORD WILLSON, Mgr. 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 2498, Chicago, Ill.

A school girl of 14 recently won Auto

Comfort's Knitting and Crocheting



INFANT'S CAP.

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; block, blk, 4 d c preceded and followed by a space; sp, formed by ch between 2 doubles; skip, sk, to miss, omit or not work over a certain number of preceding stitches.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Infant's Cap

By Emma Hutchinson

MATERIALS. One ball No. 70 white mercerized crochet cotton, one pair No. 16 steel knitting needles, two balls tatting cotton, tatting shuttle.

To copy this especially dainty little hand-made cap, first make the tatted medallion for the crown as follows

One large ring of 8 picots with 2 d s between, close, tie thread securely and cut.

2nd round—1 small ring of 3 d s, join to p of large ring, 3 d s, close. Ch with shuttle and extra thread of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s. Repeat rings and chains, join, tie securely and cut thread.

3rd round—1 ring, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to p of ch, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close with two threads ch 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 ring same as last, joining last p to first p of first ring. One 3 p, ch, 1 ring, joining to p of second ch of 2nd round and to first p of last ring. Repeat, joining all sides, picots of rings and joining every other ring to chains in 2nd round.

4th round—1 small ring of 2 d s, join to center p of ch in last round, 2 d s, close. Ch 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 small ring same as before joined to next ch. Repeat rings and chains around, tie and cut thread.

Knitted Diamond Insertion for Cap

Cast on 22 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, n, o, k 11, o, n, o, n, k 1.

2nd row—Sl 1, knit rest plain; all even rows are the same.

3rd row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 7, n, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

5th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 5, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1.

7th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 4, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 4, o, n, k 1.

9th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 5, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 5, o, n, k 1.

11th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 6, o, k 3 together o, k 6, o, n, k 1.

12th row—Sl 1, k 10, n, k 9.

13th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 7, o, k 7, o, n, k 1.

14th row—And all even rows following like 2nd.

15th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 5, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 5, o, n, k 1.

17th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 4, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 4, o, n, k 1.

19th row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 5, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 1.

21st row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 2, n, o, k 7, o, n, k 2, o, n, k 1.

23rd row—Sl 1, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 9, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 1.

24th row—Sl 1, knit rest plain, and repeat from first row.

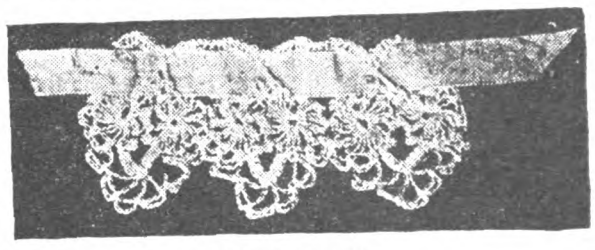
Complete the length necessary for the first row of insertion around the crown of the cap, bind off easily. With the same thread begin at one end of the knitting and overcast a short space on one edge, join to center picot of chain in last round of medallion. Overcast edge of knitting, drawing up a trifle and join to next ch. Continue around, joining the two ends of the insertion in the center of back of crown of the cap.

In making this first strip of knitting finish work so that the joining will complete a pattern, then the seam will be scarcely noticeable.

Next add a round of tatting. Make ring 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to free edge of the knitted insertion at the seam. 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close. Leave short space of thread, make second ring, joining to insertion and the first ring. Two more rings, Fifth ring has 3 free picots, sixth ring join to insertion and first p of fourth ring. Next ring, join first p to last p of sixth ring. Repeat making 2 rows of rings in opposite directions, each ring joined to the previous ring on that side and 1 row of rings joined to the knitted insertion. Finish back of the neck with 3 single rings, like the first 4.

Knit 2 strips of insertion the necessary length and bind off.

For tatted band of insertion, begin by making ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s 1 p, 3 d s, close. Ch 2 d s, 1 p, *1 d s, 1 p, repeat from * making 5 p, 2 d s, one 3 p ring same as last joining 2nd p to center p of last ring, as close as possible to second ring make another ring having 3 picots all free. One ch of 5 p, 1 ring, joining to center p of last ring. Another ring as close as possible, 1 ch, 1 ring joined to last. Repeat working in this way until tatting is of right length.

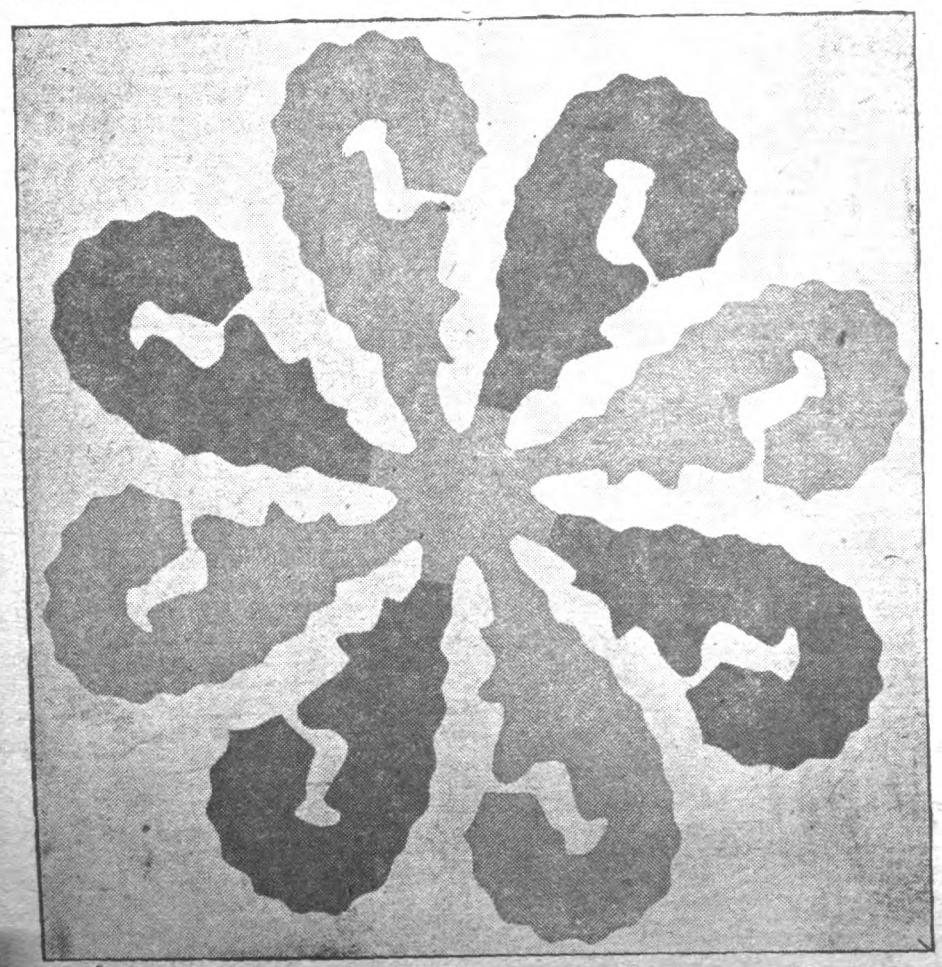


LINGERIE BEADING.

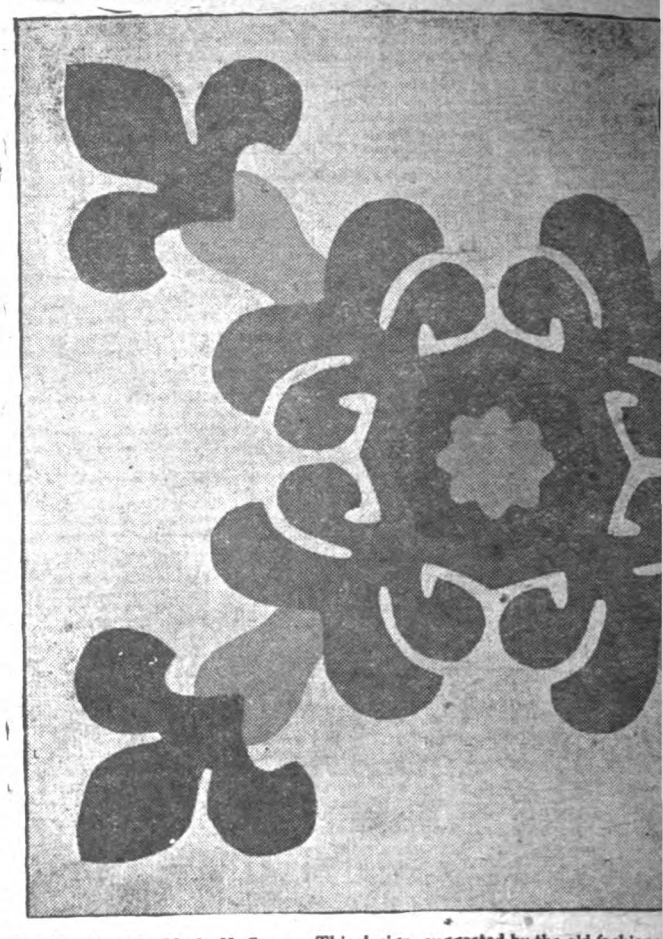
To have the work just right it is best to sew the second knitted band in place. This is joined to the tatted rings leaving the 7 single rings free for the back of the neck. The wide tatted band can be joined as made or with needle and thread.

End tatting with a ch and 1 ring. Make a second row of rings and chains the same as the first, joining two rings to two rings to form groups of four as shown in our illustration.

Add the third strip of knitted insertion and finish the edge of the cap with one row of rings and chains made the same, as in the wide insertion.



Patterns similar to this and the design on the opposite page are popular with quilt makers. This "Princess Feather" copied by Miss Lou E. Evans is of red and green on white. The green applique is cut in one piece, red feathers of the same pattern being placed alternately.



Bleeding Heart by Marie H. Carey. This design, suggested by the old-fashione quilt. Coloring—Center, yellow, followed by red, then double green leave heart-like pieces.

Lingerie Beading

This pattern is very lacy, worked of No. 70 or 80 cotton.

Ch 10, join in 5th st to form ring *15 d c, in ring, join by sl st to first double. 1 d c in 1st st of first ch. Ch 10, form ring of 5 sts, fill with 15 d c, join. 1 s c in nearest st of first ring, ch 3, 1 sl st, in 3rd st of 1st ring, repeat picots around. Picot half around second ring, ch 7, join to top of first ring, 9 s c under ch 7, ch 5, turn. 1 d c on last s c, 1 d c on 7th s c, ch 3, 1 d c in same st, ch 3, 2 d c in next s c with ch between, ch 3, 2 d c in 3 s c with ch between, ch 3, sl st to first ring, turn, ch 3, with sl sts between every 2 doubles. Complete picots around second ring, 1 d c in 1st of first ch. Ch 8, 1 d c in 5th st from hook, sl st to 2nd p of second ring, 2 more doubles in same st with last d c. Ch 15, form ring of last 5 sts, repeat from * join picots of third ring to picots of second ring.

Filet Point Edging

Begin with ch 33 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from ch. Ch 2 sk 2, 7 d c in next 7 sts ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in same st with last double, 6 d c in next 6 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next st, ch 5, 1 s c in first st of ch, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—Make shell of 5 d c with picots of 5 d c with picots of chains 3 between the doubles, in the end space of the first row. Ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c on next d c thus making 2 sps, ch 5, 1 d c on 6th double in first row. Ch 2, 1 d c on next double, 2 more sps, ch 5, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 5 d c under ch 5, 3 sps, ch 2, 1 d c in same st with last double, 5 d c under ch 5, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 2 between shell and double. Ch 3, turn.

4th row—Shell as before worked in space at end of third row. Ch 2 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c in 6th d c, 1 d c in 7th d c (in every other row the first space is made in this manner, increasing the spaces and thus forming the point) 4 more sps, ch 5, 2 sps on 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 5 d c under ch, 6 sps, making the last sp before the doubles as in the third row. 5 d c under ch, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Shell in end of fifth row. 2 sps, 5 d c, 7 sps, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—2 sps, ch 5, 8 sps, ch 5, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, turn.

8th row—Shell in end of last row. 2 sps, 5 d c, 9 sps, 5 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—2 sps, 5 d c 10 sps, 5 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, turn.

10th row—Shell, 2 sps, ch 5, 11 sps, ch 5, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 12 sps, 5 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, turn.

12th row—Shell, 2 sps, ch 5, 13 sps, ch 5, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 14 sps, 5 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 3, turn.

14th row—Shell, 2 sps, ch 5, 10 sps, ch 5, sk 4 sps 1 sp on last sp, ch 5, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—2 sps, 5 d c, 2 sps, 5 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 s c in top of third double in last row. Ch 3, turn.

Repeat from second row. This pattern can be made wider by working more rows before beginning the repeat.

Fan Point Lace

Begin with ch 25 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c thus forming 2 spaces. 4 d c in next 4 sts, ch 5, sk 4, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last double. Ch 5, sk 4, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last double, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—Shell of 5 d c under ch 3, between 2 doubles in last row, ch 5, shell 5 d c between next 2 doubles, ch 5, 3 d c under ch 5, 4 d c on 4 d c, 2 sps over sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 7 d c on d c, 3 d c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c worked in top of 3rd double of shell, ch 5, 2 doubles with ch between on next shell, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 shell, ch 5, 1 shell, ch 5, 3 d c under ch, 1 d c on each d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 1 d c on each d c, 3 d c under ch, 2 d c with ch 5, between row, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Sa doubles as in th 2 sps, ch 5, turn

7th row—2 s with ch betwee 8th double.

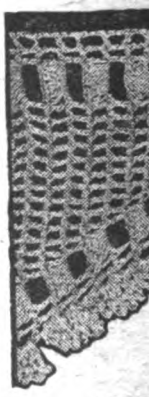
Repeat from also be increas fore beginning

Effective

Work one r row of spaces lows: s c over 3 s c in end sp, turn, sl st to fo 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 of 3 sps, s c ov

Simpl

Either white for this simple hem with a lo



second st, ch 2 ch 5, turn, 1 d 1 d c in next s Repeat, ch 2, and form pic chain.

Imi

This tiny e makes a daint dren's clothin wear.

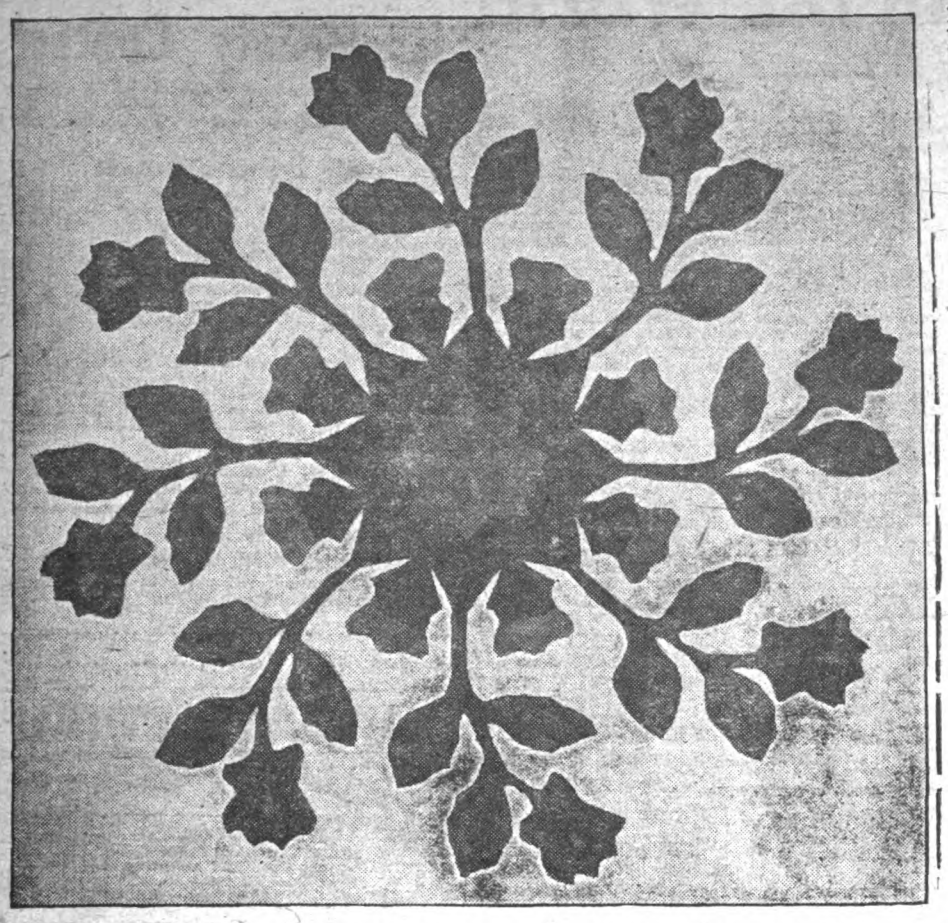
Ch 20 sts, to form a sm * 2 sc, 1 picot



to * 6 times, st. Ch 20, f ch 1, sl st t finish same a

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Ed.



The Temperance Ball by Mrs. E. E. Gates has a center of yellow, surrounded with red; buds green tipped with yellow; outer blossom red with yellow eye, all leaves and stems green, background white.

Terms Used in Knitting

K, knit plain; o, over; o 2, over twice; n, narrow 2 stitches together; p, purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl, slip a stitch; tog, together; sl and b, k p, knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate slip and bind; repetition of work by knitting certain number of times. before proceeding.

Narrow Fan Crochet

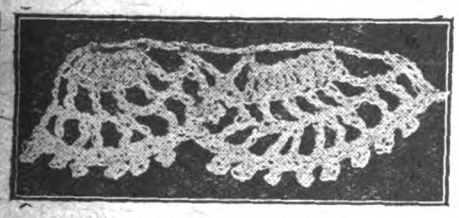
CHAIN 10 sts, join in ring, ch 3,.

1st row—10 doubles in ring, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 d c in 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th doubles with ch 2 between each, ch 2, 1 treble crochet in ring, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 d c in first sp, ch 2, 1 d c in next sp, ch 2, in next 2 sps with 2 doubles with a ch between, ch 2, 1 d c in last, ch 2, 1 d c under end ch in last row, ch 1, turn.

4th row—1 s c, ch 3, sl st to form picot, 1 s c in first sp, 1 s c, 1 p, 1 s c in each of the following sps, ch 3, 1 double treble (thread over hook 4 times), in top of treble crochet, ch 5, 1 d tr c *in double treble, ch 3, turn. If one works*



NARROW FAN CROCHET.

loosely, trebles can be used instead of the double trebles.

Repeat pattern from the first row.

Pillow-Case Lace

Begin with ch 38 sts, turn.

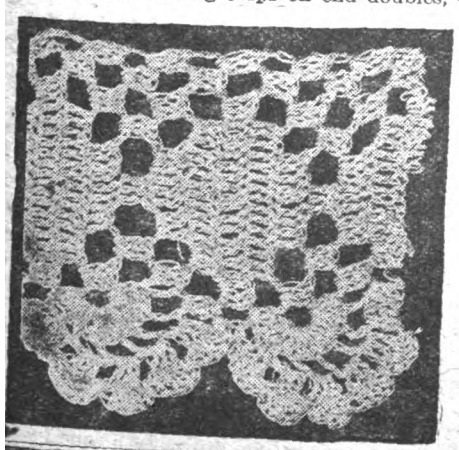
1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 21 d c in next 21 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, ch 5.

2nd row—1 d c on 4th d c in last row, 2 d c under ch, 1 d c on next d c, ch 2, sk 2, d c, 15 more doubles on doubles, ch 2, 1 d c on 1st doubles in last row, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—3 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, sk 2, 10 d c on 10 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, worked as last group of 4 doubles, ch 5, turn.

4th row—4 d c in sp, ch 2, 4 d c *in* sp, ch 2, 4 d c on center doubles, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c on last d c in last row, 18 d c under end ch 5, sl st to top of doubles in 2nd row, ch 5, *turn.*

5th row—1 d c on 3rd double, ch 2, sk 1, 1 d c, repeat making 9 sps on end doubles, 4



PILLOW-CASE LACE.

c in sp, ch 2, 10 d c over 2 sps and 4 d c, ch 2, d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 5, turn.

6th row—4 d c in sp, ch 2, 16 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, 1, 3 d c in each sp on end scallop, with a 1 between, ch 1, turn.

7th row—5 d c in center d c of each group 3 doubles, with sl st under ch 1.

8th row—Same as first row.

Simple Knitted Lace

By Edna Miller

Cast on 12 sts.

1st row—K across plain.

2nd row—Put needle under thread then over, narrow twice, k 2, pick up 1 st, o, and n 3 times.

3rd row—K 9, o, n twice.

4th row—Needle under and over thread as in 2nd row, n twice, k 3, pick up 1 st, o and n 3 times.

5th row—K 10, o, n twice.

6th row—Needle under and over thread, n twice, k 4, pick up 1 st, o and n 3 times.

7th row—K 11, o, n twice.

8th row—Needle under and over, n twice, k 5, pick up 1 st, o and n 3 times.

9th row—K 12, o, n twice.

10th row—Needle under and over, n twice, k 6, pick up 1 st, o and n 3 times. Bind off all but 12 sts and repeat from 1st row.

Knitted Star Counterpane

By Mrs. Minnie Beck

This block was copied from an old hand-made coverlet completed in 1874. Knitted blocks are now combined with plain linen squares or the same size, knitted squares of stockinette stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row) or filet crocheted squares, as preferred. The original cover however was all of this star pattern, worked up into strips and then joined together.

For a block cast on 50 stitches. For the border which is of plain knitting on all four sides knit 10 rows plain.

11th row—K 8, p 9, k 1, p 14, k 1, p 9, k 8.

12th row—K this and every other even row up to the 30th row plain.

13th row—K 8, p 9, k 2, p 12, k 2, p 9, k 8.

15th row—K 8, p 9, k 3, p 10, k 3, p 9, k 8.

17th row—K 8, p 9, k 4, p 8, k 4, p 9, k 8.

19th row—K 8, p 9, k 5, p 6, k 5, p 9, k 8.

21st row—K 8, p 9, k 6, p 4, k 6, p 9, k 8.

23rd row—K 8, p 9, k 7, p 2, k 7, p 9, k 8.

25th row—K 8, p 9, k 16, p 9, k 8.

27th row—K 8, p 1, k 15, p 2, k 15, p 1, k 8.

29th row—K 8, p 2, k 13, p 4, k 13, p 2, k 8.

31st row—K 8, p 3, k 11, p 6, k 11, p 3, k 8.

32nd row—K 23, p 4, k 23.

33rd row—K 8, p 4, k 9, p 2, k 4, p 2, k 9, p 4, k 8.

34th row—Same as 32nd row.

35th row—K 8, p 5, k 7, p 3, k 4, p 3, k 7, p 5, k 8.

36th row—Same as 32nd row.

37th row—K 8, p 6, k 5, p 4, k 4, p 4, k 5, p 6, k 8.

38th row—Same as 32nd row.

39th row—K 8, p 7, k 3, p 1, k 4, p 4, k 4, k 4, p 1, k 3, p 7, k 8.

Be very sure that this row is worked correctly, or the 3 center blocks will not come right.

40th row—K 19, p 4, k 4, p 4, k 19.

41st row—K 8, p 8, k 1, p 2, k 4, p 4, k 4, p 2, k 1, p 8, k 8.

42nd row—Same as 40th row.

43rd row—K 8, p 8, k 1, p 2, k 4, p 4, k 4, p 2, k 1, p 8, k 8.

44th row—Same as 40th row.

45th row—K 8, p 7, k 3, p 1, k 4, p 4, k 4, p 1, k 3, p 7, k 8.

46th row—K 18, p 1, k 4, p 4, k 4, p 1, k 18.

47th row—K 8, p 6, k 5, p 4, k 4, p 4, k 5, p 6, k 8.

48th row—Same as 32nd row.

49th row—K 8, p 5, k 7, p 3, k 4, p 3, k 7, p 5, k 8.

50th row—Same as 32nd row.

51st row—K 8, p 4, k 9, p 2, k 4, p 2, k 9, p 4, k 8.

52nd row—Same as 32nd row.

53rd row—K 8, p 3, k 11, p 6, k 11, p 3, k 8.

54th row and following even rows to 72nd row k back plain.

55th row—K 8, p 2, k 13, p 4, k 13, p 2, k 8.

57th row—K 8, p 1, k 15, p 2, k 15, p 1, k 8.

59th row—K 8, p 9, k 16, p 9, k 8.

61st row—K 8, p 9, k 7, p 2, k 7, p 9, k 8.

63rd row—K 8, p 9, k 6, p 4, k 6, p 4, k 6, p 9, k 8.

65th row—K 8, p 9, k 5, p 6, k 5, p 9, k 8.

67th row—K 8, p 9, k 4, p 8, k 4, p 9, k 8.

69th row—K 8, p 9, k 3, p 10, k 3, p 9, k 8.

71st row—K 8, p 9, k 2, p 12, k 2, p 9, k 8.

73rd row—K 8, p 9, k 1, p 14, k 1, p 9, k 8.

Knit next 10 rows plain to complete border.

Bind off until one wishes to knit strips, then repeat from first row.

Knitted Fringe

By Mrs. W. C. Tilden

Suitable in different lengths for bedspreads, bath towels or knitted tidies.

Cast on 14 or more stitches.

1st row—K 2, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 7.

2nd row—K 8, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 1.

Repeat these two rows. The first 8 sts are for the heading, the remaining 6 sts are dropped from the needle when the fringe is of the required length. Bind off the 8 stitches and unravel the dropped stitches for the fringe. Cut evenly.

Rose Filet Shoulder Shawl

Materials—6 skeins white or colored Shetland floss, one fine bone hook.

Begin with ch 320 sts, turn.

1st row—105 sps., ch 5, turn.

2nd row—8 sps, 2 blks, * 3 sps, 2 blks, repeat from * 14 times, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk * 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat from * 14 times, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—3 sps * 1 blk, 2 sps, repeat from * 32 times, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, * 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp repeat from * 15 times, 2 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—3 sps, 1 blk * 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat from * 16 times, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

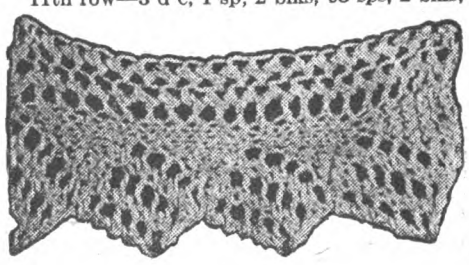
7th row—105 sps.

8th row—2 sps, 6 d c, 95 sps, 6 d c, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 sp, 3 d c, 99 sps, 3 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 95 sps, 3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—3 d c, 1 sp, 2 blks, 93 sps, 2 blks,



KNITTED LACE.

1 sp, 3 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row—Same as 10th row.

13th row—Same as 9th row.

14th row—Same as 8th row.

15th row—Same as 9th row.

16th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c * 5 sps, 3 d c, repeat from * 16 times, 2 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row—3 d c, 1 sp, 2 blks * 3 sps, 2 blks, repeat from * 16 times, 1 sp, 3 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

18th row—Same as 16th row.

19th row—Same as 15th row.

20th row—Same as 14th row.

21st row—Same as 15th row.

22nd row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 17 sps, 3 d c, * 57 sps, repeat from * backward to beginning of row.

23rd row—3 d c, 1 sp, 2 blks, 16 sps, 6 d c, * 57 sps, repeat from * backwards.

24th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 12 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 d c * 57 sps, repeat from * backwards.

25th row—1 sp, 3 d c, 14 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 6 d c, 3 sps, 3 d c * 47 sps, repeat from * backwards.

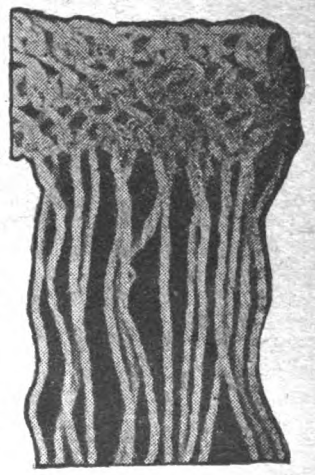
26th row—2 sps, 6 d c, 13 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c * 49 sps, repeat backwards from *.

27th row—1 sp, 3 d c, 18 sps, 6 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 2 sps, 6 d c * 45 sps, repeat from * backwards.

28th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 14 sps, 6 d c, 1 sp, 6 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c, 4 sps, 3 d c * 43 sps, repeat from * backwards.

29th row—3 d c, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 9 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c * 51 sps, repeat from * backwards.

30th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 12 d c, 1 sp, 9 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c * 51 sps, repeat from * backwards.



KNITTED FRINGE.

31st row—1 sp, 3 d c, 14 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 6 d c, 1 sp, 6 d c * 49 sps, repeat from * backwards.

32nd row—2 sps, 6 d c, 21 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c * 47 sps, repeat from * backwards.

33rd row—1 sp, 3 d c, 23 sps, 3 d c * 51 sps, repeat from * backwards.

34th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 11 sps, 9 d c, 3 sps, 6 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c * 49 sps, repeat from * backwards.

35th row—3 d c, 1 sp, 9 d c, 9 sps, 15 d c, 1 sp, 12 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c * 49 sps, repeat from * backwards.

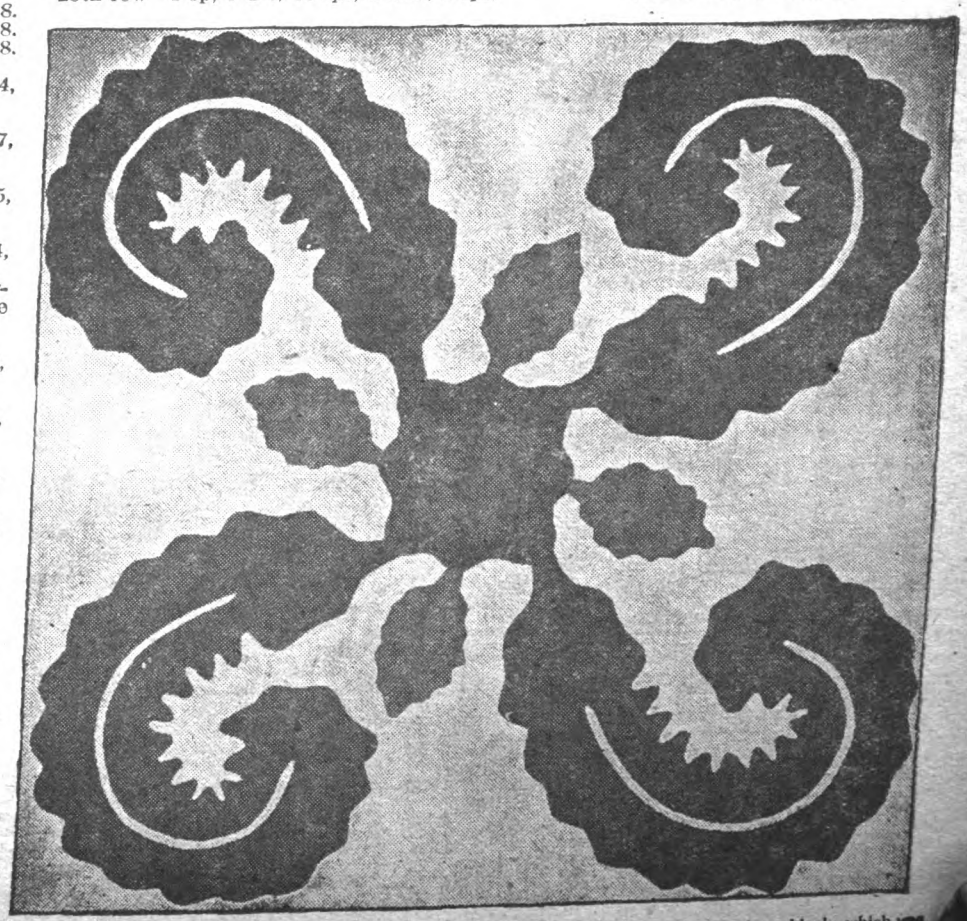
36th row—3 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, 10 sps, 6 d c, 1 sp, 24 d c, 2 sps, 6 d c * 45 sps, repeat from * backwards.

37th row—1 sp, 3 d c, 13 sps, 6 d c, 3 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, 9 d c, 2 sps, 12 d c * 41 sps, repeat from * backwards.

38th row—2 sps, 6 d c, 10 sps, 6 d c, 1 sp, 9 d c, 1 sp, 6 d c, 5 sps, 3 d c, 1 sp, 6 d c, * 39 sps, repeat from * backwards.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

KNITTED STAR COUNTERPANE.



Applique patterns such as this are known both as "Prince's" and "Princess" feather. In the above block, which was submitted by Mrs. Jacob D. Maury, the red is a one-piece applique, on an unbleached cotton foundation.

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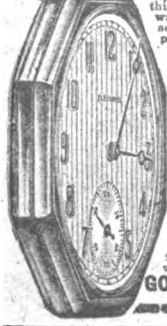
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The Richest Black Belt in the World

By Frances L. Garside

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TOY shops whose windows contain only black dolls; fashion plates in the windows of dressmaking establishments with the figures having black faces, and a superabundance of beauty parlors, indicates that one has reached the famous Black Belt of New York City, a district extending between 130th street and 150th twenty blocks north and south, and extending east from Eighth Avenue to Harlem River, a distance of six or seven blocks.

Its population is between 150,000 to 175,000. All are negroes. Around the edge of the district is a white fringe, growing thinner and thinner as the white folks composing it move farther away. Steadily the negroes advance to the west and to the north. "We do not intend to stop," said one, "until we have reached Riverside Drive. We have the money to own homes there; we intend to own them." One negress, a daughter of the late Madame Walker, who made three million in less than twenty years by discovering a remedy that would take the kink out of hair, owns a home across the road from the Helen Gould Shepherd estate, above Tarrytown, on the Hudson. It is the most beautiful, and most costly, house in that section.

The wealth of the negroes in the Black Belt has never been estimated; there are few sections of New York City that evidence greater prosperity. "We do not care for apartments," said a real estate dealer, also a negro, "we want to own our own homes; I cannot supply the demand for private houses."

They have their own theaters, and their preference is always for the moving picture form of entertainment. They have their own hotels, billiard halls, three daily newspapers, grocery and drygoods stores; they have their own churches, costly and imposing buildings, prescribing salvation in every form. They have a Christian Science church; a Catholic and Episcopal, and, of course, the usual large sprinking of Baptist and Methodist. The priests are white; the Episcopal church has a white rector and a colored curate. All the other leaders are of the African race. A colored policeman guides the traffic on the most congested corner. He was put there as an experiment, and the captain of that precinct finds that he does a better job that a white officer might do, his race showing no desire to resent his orders.

He lacks the dignity of the white man. With a movement of his arm, and an uplift of his hand, the white man commands, and the world not only stands still; it holds its breath. The negro officer lifts his hand in such a half-hearted, deprecatory sort of way, it is a marvel traffic doesn't sit down on its haunches and laugh. One could almost fancy him laughing with it, in a sheepish sort of way. It was raining hard the day I stood on a corner and watched him; one of those dismal, persistent rains, that remind one of overturned headstones in a cemetery, and the futility of all endeavor.

He lifted an apologetic hand to the north, and beckoned to cross-town traffic in a manner that was more wistful than commanding. His gestures reminded me of an elevator boy who said one day some years ago when the rain began with a dismal sunrise and continued all day; "Folks on days like this ought to stay in bed and eat fried chicken." The policeman didn't have any more energy in his movements than just that, yet he is said to be a success.

The public library in this black belt is as large and well-equipped as any branch library in the city. Its clientele is 95 per cent. colored. The librarian is a white woman; some of her girl assistants are white; some are colored. One cannot tell by the difference of attire which is which; the colored are as efficient as the white.

"What class of reading does the colored race prefer? I find no difference. The readers here are as omniverous of the latest fiction as the white and read the same class of serious literature. I have been librarian where I have met all nationalities; I have waited on our own white Americans, the negroes, Chinese, French, Hungarians, Russian Jews and Italians; I was for a number of years librarian in the Ghetto district. It is my opinion that of all these peoples, those who uniformly select the books containing the most information and who do the most serious reading, are the Russian Jews."

There is, perhaps, no section of a city anywhere in the world that contains, per block, as many beauty parlors as this rich black belt in the city of New York. They are on every street, and are generously patronized. A notable one occupies a four-story building; the interior is a marvel in pale gray furnishings; there are steam rooms for the complexion, manicure parlors, and an endless number of little rooms where one may get the wave removed from one's hair. This is the most lucrative business in New York City today, the wave having a habit of returning every time it rains, and there is seldom a drought of any duration.

Those who put in permanent waves for the white folks do not reap as rich a harvest for the reason that the permanent wave is permanent six months. The colored beauty parlor is the better investment.

I have walked the length and width of this black belt and have never seen man, woman or child, showing evidence of poverty. Every one is well dressed; every one is dressed in the latest style. If one dared take a measuring rod on Fifth Avenue, use it there and with the same measuring stick make comparisons in the Black Belt, he would find the skirts as short in the latter district. The hose are as costly and as thin, and the heels are as high.

In the public schools white and colored children sit together; this is true of the ward schools all over the city attended by both races. In many instances, white children are prodded up the rough trail to knowledge by colored teachers. In some sections, notably along the fringe, colored men have purchased apartment houses, and white folks are their tenants.

If one holds in memory dear an old colored mammy with her "Honey chile" mode of address, one need not look for her counterpart in New York City. Either Father Time spares the colored folks of this city or the beauty parlors are responsible, for, one may look in every direction and never see an aged negress.

Perhaps they are remaining in the West, or the South, where one may sun one's self in peace with none of the nagging torment of ambition.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

EUREKA, BOX 550, CALIF.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON:

I have received so many letters in answer to mine in March COMFORT that it keeps the pocketbook empty buying stamps and writing paper.

Please, sisters, and brothers too, when writing enclose a stamped envelope if you wish a reply. I am not rich in this world's goods. I appreciate the letters and enjoy answering them, even though it is work, but I cannot afford to buy stamps for so many letters.

Dear Lonely Woman of Martinsbury, W. Va., I do not think you ought to pray God to send your husband back to you. Commit him to God's care and pray "Lord, Thy will not mine, be done." I cannot pray as you want me to. Please write to me, signing your full name and address, for I believe I can help you.

Your COMFORT sister, MRS. ALLIE CROWLEY.

LAWTON, BOX 1257, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

I think Ruby Nelson has suggested an interesting subject for discussion—your ideal husband.

I also enjoyed reading Mrs. McVey's COMFORT romance and hope there are many more as happy.

Now for a few words on my ideal husband—to be. First, he should be a Christian, which of course, includes that he will not use liquor or have any filthy immoral habits. I think there is more harmony if the husband and the wife are both members of the same church. Second, he should have some purpose in life and be capable of supplying a comfortable living. Third, he should have a kind, sympathetic disposition and be just as polite and attentive to his wife through married life as he was in courtship days. He shouldn't see more faults in his wife than in anyone else. Fourth, I should like my husband to be a real pal with me and have perfect faith and trust in me. I do not want him to expect me to be a beggar, in the financial affairs of the home. I should like my husband to make me an equal partner with him so that there need be no secrets on either side. I want him to feel free to talk over his problems with me knowing that he will always find me a sympathetic hearer. Next, my husband should have more respect for womanhood in general and me in particular, than to stand on the street and make slighting remarks as women pass by or to speak of his wife as "the old woman," or "old hen." My ideal husband should take pride in his personal appearance, and not look like a tramp just because he is married. I want our likes and dislikes to be as much in common as possible for I think the more things we agree upon the better we will get along.

Lovers should be perfectly honest each with the other so as to show their true character and nature. Oftentimes young men and women are not true to themselves. They appear in each other's society to be the embodiment of goodness and sweetness, the personification of lofty principles and holy love, when in fact they are full of human weaknesses and frailties. I think a couple should be near the same age, and that they should make it a plan to talk over in a plain and sensible manner the problems that may come up in married life and try to come to an agreement.

I shall be glad to hear from any who care to write.

ETHEL LANDERS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After my request for letters appeared in COMFORT I received many lovely, interesting letters which I shall answer, with the exception of a few Endless Prayer Chain letters.

Mrs. Wilkinson, do you approve of these Prayer Chain letters? I do not think you do. The letters sent to me said that if I broke the chain some awful misfortune would befall me and if I did not I would have great Luck the 7th day. I wish you would tell me what you think about it. I am sure neither you nor the sisters want COMFORT used for such a purpose.

Very truly yours, Mrs. H. WEBSTER.

Mrs. Webster.—Indeed I do not believe in Chain Prayer letters. I've thrown away hundreds of them and no terrible misfortune has come to me yet. If it does come I shall never feel that it could have been averted by my sending out any more of these superstitious letters. Unfortunately, though, it is impossible for COMFORT to prevent the writers sending them to addresses secured from its pages.—Ed.

LAVACA, ARK.

HOWDY PEOPLE:

Just thought I'd express myself on this ideal husband business. First I want to say I wouldn't want to live with any person, man or woman, who measured up to Sister Ruby's ideal. Ruby says there isn't any such critter; anyway, he doesn't sound human to me for everybody has some faults if they are human. I'm so human and have so many faults I just couldn't stand a person who was perfect. I have what I think is an ideal husband. I thought so when we were first married and now after ten years of "wedded bliss" I still think so. Hubby uses tobacco in two forms, also calls me "old woman" when he has something to tell his "pal" and I call him "old man" real often. But I can't see where the "disrespect to womanhood" comes in on that for I know you couldn't find a man anywhere who has more respect for women than this husband of mine. I think an ideal husband is one who can make his wife happy and there oughtn't to be any set rules for him to follow.

Now I would like to know if Sister Ruby is married and if she thinks she would make a good match for her ideal husband. I'm not throwing any slurs, for I don't mean it that way but I've never seen a woman yet who would be a fit mate for a person such as Ruby describes. I just wondered if there were even one.

This husband of mine hasn't any bad habits, or at least, I don't think he has, and he is a jolly, good-hearted fellow, and has succeeded in making his family one of the happiest living and I am perfectly satisfied with him.

MRS. D. L. ROGERS.

ILLINOIS.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

May I come in and join you in the discussion of an ideal husband? I quite agree with Ruby Nelson, but I would like to add a little to what she has said.

An ideal husband would be careful of his personal appearance. He would not forget to comb his hair, brush his teeth and dress neatly, no matter what his occupation might be. The ideal husband would show that he appreciates having his home kept clean and neat and the well cooked and favorite foods that his wife prepares for him. He would also show that he appreciates having his wife dress becomingly and notice when she wore a certain colored dress he likes. The ideal husband would remember his wife's birthday and any other days they used to celebrate, and surprise her with flowers, books, candy, a magazine, jewelry or whatever he can afford. Anyway, he should smile and show that he remembered. In helping rear the children he should be interested in their school, their work and their play.

It is just possible that if some of our masculine friends would tell their opinion of an ideal wife we could help them become ideal husbands.

I think if we would remember these lines, composed by Everett Ellis, we would be happier.

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home.
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty there abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home."

ERMINA.

FAIRMOUNT, INDIANA.

SISTERS AND HIMS:

I have been reading my February COMFORT and I want to say that Babe expressed my opinions as I did not have the nerve to express them.

Mrs. McVey had a genuine COMFORT romance, didn't she? I wish more of you would tell of yours. We all like love stories.

Mrs. Wilkinson invites us to an Ideal Husband party. I want to add my bit as I have not an ideal husband.

He should not be smaller than I am, and he should weigh more than one hundred pounds. He must be able to smile a little, once in a while. He must be honest and he must be a clean talker as there is nothing more disgusting to me than a vulgar talking person. I would prefer an even tempered man or if he has a high temper he should be able to control it. I could not love a drunkard so a drinking man is not even to be considered in my picture. He could chew tobacco if he wanted to but I would rather he didn't. I don't mind smoking. He must not be a poolroom frequenter nor lounge around on the street corners just to kill time nor should he hang to my apron strings. He must be a regular man and not a sissy. He should be a comrade and jolly. He would not have to take me to every show that came to town. I prefer to sit at home and read or talk but I could enjoy a show if he wanted to go rather than have him go alone so someone could talk about him running around to shows alone. I think if he had the traits I admire I could forgive his lesser evils.

SHORTY.

RAINBOW MINES, WATSON, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

We live in a small gilsonite mining camp by the name of Rainbow. Have any of you ever seen gilsonite? It reminds one of coal, only the "select" is more bright and shiny. The mines here at Rainbow are close to six feet wide and one place in "Sunshine" cut is about three hundred feet deep. The ore goes straight down through solid rock. As the diggers go deeper, timbers have to be put in. The timbers are long logs or poles, twelve or more inches in diameter. They are put in from wall to wall and wedged there. The purpose of these timbers is to keep the walls from closing in so rapidly. In Sunshine and Pigeon cuts, that have been abandoned, the walls have been closing in so fast that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

get out they did, somehow! I'm extremely sorry, Mr. Lesard. I would have been only too glad to keep them under supervision."

Lesard stopped in his restless walking to and fro and began to laugh: the laugh of anger that serves instead of an oath. He saw quite well now how the woman he would have terrorized had slipped out of his grasp.

"Why, it's simple as water, man!" he cried. "I beg your pardon, but I should have thought the way they got out of the house would have been plain to a country policeman. Come with me!"

He picked up a small oil-lamp, a priceless toy of wrought silver its late owner had had fitted with a glaringly inartistic modern burner, and ruthlessly appropriated the candles and matches from the writing-table. He would have all the light he could get where he was going. But to the astonishment of Mr. Atkins, he led the way out of the house.

"I never thought of this," the latter confessed, as they stood by the dark pool at the entrance to the secret passage. "I knew, of course, that it must lead into the house somewhere, but my orders were that neither my men nor any one else should go exploring until Richardson came down. You see it's bricked up and sealed. Richardson had it done before the funeral."

Lesard looked up coolly from where he knelt among the parted ivy.

"I see it has been bricked up—also sealed!" he retorted. "But it's neither, now."

Mr Atkins gave way to deplorable language when he saw that strong hands and a crowbar had successfully deposited the slight brickwork barrier in the dark waters of the pool. The passage was open.

"But this was done from the inside! How did they get into the cave? We haven't been able to get a trace of a passage in the house."

"We will now," incisively. "Take this candle and come after me, carefully. It's no catch, inside!"

And in five minutes Mr. Atkins, shaking at his perilous passage over the dark stream, agreed with him. Not all Klondike, nor the applause of his whole profession, would have made him face this place alone.

The clammy vault he saw in the light of Lesard's lamp, dripping with slime and moisture; the deadly chill of the close air; more than all, the rush of the black, swirling stream appalled him. Brookes and Mrs. Gibbs must have had good reason to get out of his ken to have dared a place like this.

He stood motionless with cowardice and looked down at the hard stone under his feet to get his dizzy eyes away from the black water that drew them till his head swam. But something on the rock at his feet made him cry out. Though he had known it was there, it was a very difficult thing to see it. Mr. Atkins did clerical work at Scotland Yard; he was not used to sights like this.

His candle dropped grease liberally as he pointed dumbly to that bloody print of a small, fine hand, fresh and red in the damp and airless cave as if it had been done yesterday.

Lesard only nodded. The mad thought ran through him that if he had come here first—alone—that damning piece of evidence would have been there no longer. But it was too late now. Atkins said something, and Lesard very nearly turned on him furiously. It was as though some evil spirit dwelt in the place and drove men beyond themselves, he thought, as with all his might he crowded his passion down. For Atkins had spoken out what Lesard thought, night and day.

"She'll swing for that—the girl!" he had said, feeling sick and cold as he spoke. And he never knew how near he had come to lying colder still in that black water that ran off underground and told no tales.

But Lesard's anger was shortlived. He turned with shame at his own madness from the man who had only said what all the world was saying.

"It's a bad job, however you take it!" he commented for the mere sake of hearing his own voice calm and even in this evil place. He stared about him as he had not had the heart to do on the only other time he had entered it, and with a heavy soul turned away to the opening of that curved passage which must lead somewhere. There was nothing in the dark and dripping place to teach him more than he already knew; yet suddenly he pulled up, standing.

"Atkins, look here!" he cried. "What's that?"

"A patch of darker stone, do you mean? Just damp." Mr. Atkins had but one idea, and that was to get out.

But Lesard was down on his knees, lamp in hand. Damp would have stained the stone floor blackish-green, as it had stained the walls, and this irregular patch was brown, ugly, telltale.

"Look again," he said slowly. "That is blood, cleaned up in a hurry with water or something. I've seen blood-stained rock before."

"It's easily seen." Mr. Atkins forgot his awe of the place in the sudden vision of the credit that would be his if he solved the mystery of the Marchmont murder. He took out his penknife to scratch off some scales of rock, but instead he pounced on something like a cat on a mouse.

It was tiny shreds of some blue and red woolen caught and imbedded in the rough surface of the stone.

"The man was killed down here," said Lesard quietly. "That has come off the rugs of that room up-stairs where they said they found him. They must have wiped up the blood with them. Before they carried the man up-stairs they must have brought down those rugs and saturated them with the blood that stained this stone."

"They! Those girls?"

"No! Some one else," and he felt as he spoke as if each short word had been a nail driven into his own coffin.

He stayed Atkins' hand as he would have disturbed the threads.

"Leave them for Richardson," he said authoritatively. "Come with me into the passage."

Half an hour later the two came down the passage again. Atkins triumphant, yet convinced that suspicious as had been the flight of Brookes and Gibbs by that passage they had not been the murderers. For he held in his hand a white cuff such as ladies' maids wear, as it was stained red.

There had been drops of blood all the way, also, never noticed by those carriers of the dead. And the way into the house was plain now, for the stone had never been replaced after the midnight flitting of the missing pair.

But Lesard's heart was like lead.

He was quite certain that if Mrs. Gibbs had been guilty she would never have dared to defy him as she was doing now. There was more in that midnight flitting than fright. And that little cuff that he dared not take from Atkins would ruin Jacky. Not even he ever imagined that it might have been dropped first and stained like the floor afterward.

Atkins, who led the way, stopped short.

"What's that glittering?" he cried, and ran to a crevice of rock underneath one of the air slits.

He picked up a tiny gold pencil and turned stupidly to Lesard.

"Why, it's yours!" he exclaimed, "and there's blood on it. How could your pencil have come here?"

"I was in here with Richardson," the answer came coolly enough. "I must have dropped it. That's rust not blood."

And he slipped it quietly into his own pocket, cursing the man who had had it engraved L. V. Lesard.

"Good-by," he said, when they stood outside. "I'm going to London," for he was wild with terror for Jacky, and certain Gibbs was on her track.

Mr. Atkins, left alone, thought no more of the pencil till it was brought to his mind by a shock of horror and surprise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HOUNDS ON HER TRACK.

Six hours is a time so short that it is neither here nor there to the happy of this world—but by just what beggarly space did Louis Lesard reach London late!

That small, bare room, entered in darkness, as though they were thieves, had looked to Gillian Hamilton like heaven. To Jacky, remembering how the Lesard she had loved had been wont to come there, how it was within these four walls he had told her he loved her, it was—well, only the terror of death could have made her return to it.

The girl who shared it was away, and that was one good thing. Jacky could never have parried her questions, her allusions to the times that would be no more.

"There's a bedroom off this," she had whispered, when the gas was burning and the blinds down. "We can sleep in peace for one night, anyhow. But first I must get something to eat."

She spoke almost gaily, with how great an effort! The old, homely surroundings cut her to the heart, and, weary as she was, she was glad of the few minutes' respite from that familiar room that she would get in the open street.

"Don't go to sleep, Gill, you'll have to let me in when I bring the potatoes. You can't sit here with the door unlocked. I wonder why we always have to fall back on potatoes?"

Gillian, lying on the sofa half-dead with weariness, only nodded, never dreaming of that hell of old thoughts and new that was in Jacky's mind. Her deadly fatigue, the groundless feeling of security, that had come over her with finding a refuge even for one night, had bound her body and soul. Once she raised her head to listen sleepily for the footsteps which were surely due; twice she wondered vaguely what was keeping Jacky—poor Jacky, who must be worn out! And then a mist came over her burning eyes, a sudden stillness on her lax body.

Heavy, unconscious as a log, Gillian lay, while the room grew hot with the gas-jet that burned noisily, and the hours crept by with relentless feet. It was not till the sun was rising that she woke from that sleep which was the first she had known for many nights; but then she sprang up, dizzy and reeling.

It was daylight—daylight—and Jacky had never come back!

Frantic, careless who heard her, Gillian ran into the bedroom and drew up the blinds. The wan light of the London morning showed her a bed unslept in, a disused room.

Oh! Had Jacky come back and been afraid to knock loudly enough to rouse her?

Spurred by a hope she knew was vain, Gillian ran to the sitting-room door and threw it wide. But there was no Jacky curled up and waiting on the threshold, no sign of her in the dirty, ill-lit passage. Numb, ghastly, tearless, Gillian drew back and stood trembling like a terrified dog.

"Where can she be?" she thought. "Nothing would keep her but trouble!" She had a vision of Jacky run over, lying bleeding in the street; only to know that it could not be that, for there had been no traffic in the quiet street when Jacky went out.

"The police—it must be the police!" she sobbed, without tears. "If I knew she had been arrested I'd go and give myself up to the nearest policeman; but suppose I did and there was nothing the matter—suppose Jacky came back and found me gone! I'd only have run my head—both our heads—into a noose for nothing. What can I do?" staring at the blank walls as if they might help her.

As the light grew, despair drove her down-stairs, out into the street, not daring to let go the door, lest it might shut and leave her outside with no latch-key; she stared up and down the damp, ugly street. There was no Jacky anywhere, and a sudden fright of unseen eyes even here in the loneliest hour of the day, drove Gillian indoors with flying feet.

"After all, it mayn't be anything!" She stood in Jacky's room again, panting; "it may be a good reason that's keeping her. And she's got the key, she can always get in. All I can do is to wait."

Not even to herself would she say what she was waiting for. If the police had seized on Jacky the evening would tell her, for it would be in the first paper that came out. Till evening she must sit there, sick for Jacky's sake, helpless in her suspense. And it was not yet seven o'clock! The day that must be lived through stretched out before her like eternity.

Motionless, she sat in Jacky's armchair, her eyes shut, her lax arms hanging at her sides. But for her breathing it might have been a corpse that sat alone in an empty room, so waxenly transparent was the colorless face and so blue the hollows under the eyes.

As each hour rang brazenly from some clock outside she set her teeth like a woman in agony. Eight o'clock; nine; ten; eleven, and no Jacky!

"Some evening papers come out at three," she kept saying to herself, checking off an hour each time the bells clanged. "I'll know then!"

Her hunger and exhaustion made her dreamy. Sometimes her thoughts wandered a little, but always the sound of the hour brought her to herself.

"Oh, God! will it ever be evening?" she muttered when at last she heard the twelve strokes of noon. But they had not died away before she leaped to her feet, wild with joy.

There was a low, guarded whisper at her door, a gentle, covert tapping.

"Let me in, it's I!" came softly through the key-hole. If Jacky's voice was hoarse, what wonder!

Choking back a scream of joy, Gillian flew to the door, unlocked it, flung it wide.

"Jacky!" all her soul was in her voice that came so hardly through her dry throat, her feverish lips. "Oh, Jacky! I thought you never——"

She fell back, cowering, with a strange, strangled cry.

Mrs. Gibbs, her swollen face triumphant, her small, brown eyes full of a malice so dreadful that Gillian covered her own not to see them, stood on the threshold.

"So, I've run you to earth, my lady!" she cried, showing her short, uneven teeth, her purplish gums in the smile of a brute victorious. "You didn't think when you ran away that you'd left your address behind you! You and your precious sister. Where is she?" suddenly. "Ain't she here?" peering past Gillian's shoulder.

The girl shook her head, speechless. She could not know Mrs. Gibbs was rather relieved than otherwise at Jacky's absence; Mary James knew too much! She flourished something in Gillian's eyes.

"I found that in Marchmont's drawer, him that you murdered!"

Gillian's own handwriting swam before her eyes as she saw the woman held a letter, one of those to Jacky that she had truly fancied were never posted. There in black and white she read what had brought doom on her.

"Miss J. Hamilton, 17 Blake Street, Bloomsbury."

Thank God, oh, thank God! Jacky had never come back.

"I found it yesterday, and I didn't let the grass grow after that." Mrs. Gibbs' fury rose till she could hardly keep her hands off the girl before her. "Mary Gibbs that wasn't good enough for you to speak to"—mincingly she tried to imitate Gillian's voice—"we'll see who's on top now, me that loved him, or you that hated him. Me that will stand by to see you swing! You——" but the string of vile names never reached Gillian's ears.

"Gently, gently! There's no need for all that," said a man's voice in cool authority behind the maddened housekeeper.

Gillian, who had never spoken since that first cry, saw a man in plain clothes at Mrs. Gibbs' shoulders; behind him a policeman.

The hounds were on the hare.



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A Whistle and a Challenge

By A. W. Peach

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IT was a dark world and an unhappy one to Randell; and anything that suggested sunshine and happiness grated upon his nerves that had long been worn by a brave effort to face his affliction without complaint. It mattered little that the hideous fire into which he had plunged to rescue the two office girls had given him a chance to win a name as a hero; the fact remained that his effort had cost him his eyesight. It mattered little, too, that his firm had secured able medical attendance. He was blind, and the long months had brought him no hope.

Now, just beyond the porch to which he had been led, he could hear a boy's cheery whistling, and the gay tune, filled with a rollicking happiness, drove him into anger. He touched the bell that had been placed on the table near him, and when a voice spoke kindly out of the silence, he said sharply:

"Will you ask that kid to stop that whistling? He's over in that direction!"

He heard footsteps leave, and suddenly the whistling stopped short, and silence came save for the sound of the footsteps that were his only signal from the darkness about him.

"You will not be bothered any more," the voice of his nurse said quietly.

A bit of his old nature came to command. "I am sorry I feel the way I do; but it's too happy a whistle for me," he added, lapsing back into his old despair.

He heard the tuneful whistle after that, but it was muffled as if it came from within two rooms, and there was something about it, too, that suggested the whistler had suddenly remembered the warning to stop his merry music.

The next day, he heard quick footsteps, and a clear boyish voice said: "Hello, I'm the chap who was whistling yesterday, but I've cut it out. I thought I'd come over and see you. I've heard about you. You certainly did a brave thing."

Randell was in the mood to hurry the owner of the whistle home, but some remnant of his old kindness was still with him.

"No, it was what any man would do; and it does not help now," he said bitterly.

"It ought to," the clear voice came to his consciousness, "be a pleasant memory. Suppose you had not done it, what then?"

Randell laughed harshly. "I could see; now I can't—and never will!"

"Say, do you play checkers?"

Randell felt a throb of interest. It had been his favorite indoor game, and he loved to play it. Before his mind's eye the checker-board appeared. But he shook his head—because he had gotten into the habit of shaking his head.

"I'm a shark at it," the voice said challengingly." How about it—two out of three games? I can trim you—make a bet?"

Randell smiled faintly. "Look here, son, you have plenty of nerve. I'll show you a few things about checkers."

"I'll get a board. I thought you weren't a quitter."

There was a sound of light feet scurrying away, leaving Randell with a new thought: was he giving other people the idea he was a quitter? The thought hurt, for above all things in other days he himself had hated a quitter.

His opponent returned, and the game commenced. Randell lost the first one as a result of the strangeness of guiding his men on a board that to a large degree he had to imagine. The second game he won to the disgust of his small opponent, the third he lost to his own vocal disgust.

"We'll make a tournament of it," his conqueror said gleefully. "I can trim everybody in my house, and I guess I can trim you."

"Is that so?" Randell heard himself say with mild heat. "I'll take you on, but I'm sorry for you."

"I'll do the worrying," said the happy voice, and the light feet went from hearing.

It was the beginning of pleasant days for Randell. From the checker playing, they drifted to reading: and the reading carried Randell from his own dark world out into the splendid world that dead minds yet living had opened up for the blind minds of men. He caught a new interest, faint but abiding; and always his keen-thinking little friend in some subtle way held out to him the invigorating hint of his first challenge—are you a quitter?

Randell did not know he was improving until he heard the surgeon speaking inside the house. "He is improving physically and mentally, and that means much. In two weeks I will see what I can do for him."

The two weeks went by, and Randell in the meantime was always listening for the light step of "sonny," the clear, sweet voice that had taken on a friendly tenderness when he had been told of the coming operation and the momentous result hanging upon it—the light of day or the abiding darkness of eternal night.

Randell faced the issue without complaint. He had found himself, and had made up his mind that even if luck was against him, no one would hear a whimper from him. He would not be a quitter.

At last the day came for his departure to the hospital.

"Lots of spunk?" his friend queried gently.

"Spunk to the end," he answered.

The good bys were brief, simple, after the immemorial way of those strong of heart.

Black days followed until the wonderful hour when the bandages were lifted, and he saw dimly and heard the surgeon's pleased assurance that he would see almost as well as before the fire.

A week later, he found his way to the home of the nurse who had taken care of him.

"I want to see the kid who helped me get my nerve. I'm going to tell him how much I think of——" he began.

A whistle came to them. Turning, Randell hurried across the street, tracing the elusive tune. He turned the corner of the house, and looked into the garden. There the whistler stood, flowers in hand—a slight, winsome figure in white, dark-headed, dark-eyed; and the eyes opened wide as they saw him.

The two stood in silence for a moment. She was the first to rally, and she came toward him with her hands out.

"My blind man—oh, it is good to see you and know!" she said so quietly and gladly that Randell felt himself strangely stirred.

"But I thought you—you—were a boy!" he said awkwardly, not over his first surprise.

She laughed. "I did deceive you. You see, I am quite a mimic, and I thought we would be more—more friendly if you thought I was just what I guess I am—more or less of a boy. You'll forgive me the deception, won't you?"

With her dark eyes upon him, her face, that rivaled the flowers in her hand lifted to his, he could find words for just what his heart told him:

"Forgive you! You have been my good angel. 'Forgive'——"

"Even my whistling?" she asked shyly, for there was tension in the air.

"Even that," he said, smiling faintly, yet knowing that her eyes were answering his in the old way when lips cannot say all that lips would like to say.

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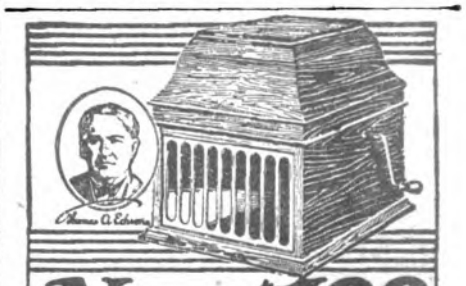
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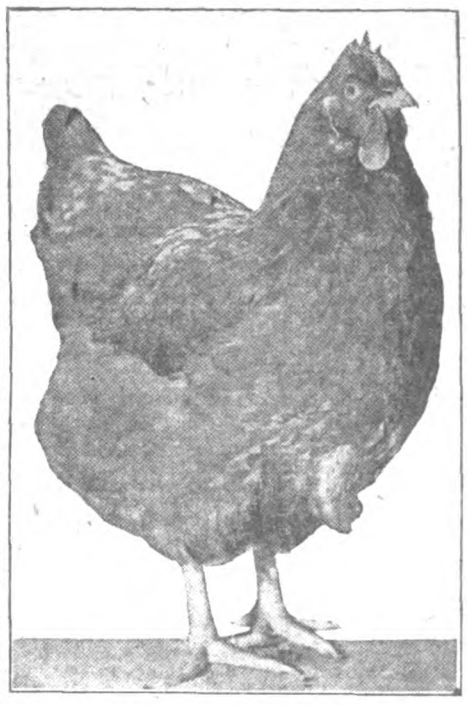
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Growing Stock and Moulting Hens

CHICKS that grow rapidly are always the most profitable, so don't neglect the half-grown birds. Of course, I don't believe in forcing young pullets by the use of stimulants into abnormally early production, but young pullets which are forced along on good food with plenty of fresh air and exercise will surely develop size and vigor before the egg organs are affected, as they depend largely on heat for growth, so that it frequently happens that neglected youngsters who have fed principally on corn are left too long in heated brooders or allowed to crowd together in small brood coops at night, develop the egg organs at the expense of bodily growth and constitutional vigor, and such birds may commence to lay very early in the fall, but the eggs will be small and the supply soon give out, leaving you with an undersized, sick-



RHODE ISLAND RED HEN.

ly bird, which will never be profitable. But when pullets are grown right—given room, airy coops at night, free range or large yard, and fed a wholesome ration, there is no danger of their developing too fast.

When chicks are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in an orchard or partly shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi-confinement of wards, as their ultimate fate is the frying pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four at the back. They are made of light scantling, the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are upon the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily removed to fresh ground every week, and so kept clean with little trouble—an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop, so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside of the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain on to the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, 1 pound of white middlings, 1 pound old process oil meal, and ten pounds of beef scraps well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn, two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop about four P. M.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the cart load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chicks.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters.

Pullets which have to be grown in confinement should have a well-littered coop of good size, and having large openings. That is, the greater portion of one side should be wire. The pullets should not be crowded nor should they be grown in large flocks. They should be fed practically the same as those on free range. They should have the dry mash before mentioned, grit, charcoal and shells, and be fed grain and green food. Where the green food is lettuce, lawn clippings or garden refuse, they should have two grain feeds a day, and this should be scattered in litter, not too deep. Where sprouted oats are used for greens, one feed a day of hard grain is sufficient.

Cockerels and old hens should not be allowed with growing pullets. Where the cockerels are allowed to run with pullets neither will mature to full size. Too often we see cockerels and pullets allowed free range on the farm, and all allowed to mix together. Good stock can not be grown in this manner, and the future egg yield of the flock will not be as large as it would be if more care were given the growing stock.

Cockerels intended for breeders should have every advantage that will tend to full and perfect development, and I prefer, when possible, to give them free range, isolated from hens and pullets. Next to free range comes large yards with well-littered coops or roosts out of doors. Good cockerels as I ever raised lived all summer in a large yard without a coop. Poles were set up in the shade of a large apple tree, and on these the cockerels roosted. In the event of a storm they sought the protection of a tree. They were a hardy, close feathered bunch, and stood the rigors of a severe winter in an open house with the utmost comfort. At best they should only have a roof to protect them from the rain.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months in the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens in summer. Baby chicks arouse interest in spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty fluffy babies, developed into long, lanky creatures, seem nothing but a nuisance specially designed to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up on small quarters, and wofully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatedly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good supply of winter eggs.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August, commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon, and wheat and oats and barley at night. Give them just about all they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn or oats) one part white middlings and one part oil meal mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to get in condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials of egg production, which are clover hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food.

You see, it takes about three months for hens to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August, which would make it October before they finished. Of course, that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does, in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in a more or less debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are really parting with the birds which would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens which have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time. Feathers are largely composed of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such a time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers on such a diet. If she were on free range she would have a better chance of gathering the necessary material, but even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled heads are so prevalent in the fall.



A PRIZE BARRED ROCK COCK.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts, usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult in the late fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is well to market all the first hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Cull all young stock down closely. Don't keep



July, the Hot Month

A SMALL boy once described July as "The firecracker month, when our dog lies under the porch with his tongue hangin' out." And, perhaps as a happy afterthought, he adds: "The month when we have sweet corn on the cob every day." A happy, kinky haired little Missouri darky says July is "W'en de fust waterm llions is ripe and de moom am bright." It would be difficult to find a way of describing July that would fit all parts of this great land of ours, but perhaps the smell of new-mown hay comes closest to the mark.

July is the month of Independence Day, the glorious Fourth of July, but for the farmer there is no independence at present Too much work to be done now. The corn to be laid-by in some places; in others it will soon get its last cultivation. But haying is the hot, sweaty job that keeps us in the field early and late, with one eye cocked at the sky occasionally to see if rain threatens. This is one time of the year when, no matter how much other crops may need moisture, rain is unwelcome. But when the hay is all in the barn then "Let 'er rain."

Garden work will require a little time now and then, if the soil is to be kept loosened to prevent loss of moisture and to keep down the weeds. If the men folks of the family see to this chore, the Missus and the girls will take care of picking peas and beans, and lettuce to set before us as salad. Remember that, if they did not one tap more than convert garden truck into tasty food, their share would be more than done. But, on most farms at least, the women do *all* or too much of the gardening; they also prepare the dinners for us hungry men; we eat until our belts are tight Shouldn't we do more of the work in exchange?

By the way, during July is the time to select your sweet corn, and we take it for granted that sweet corn has not been overlooked in planting the kitchen garden. It seems like privation, we admit, to set aside some of the earliest maturing ears to be saved for seed, but with an eye to the future that should be done, and now is the right time to do it. Leave some of the early maturing ears on the stalks to ripen. Perhaps it might be best to mark these ears in some way, say with a piece of white rag tied around the base of the ears, to prevent them from being pulled by mistake and making their appearance on the dinner table. For an ordinary garden half-a-dozen ears will supply more than enough seed, and a surplus to be kept for reseeding in case of early frost or loss from other causes. Allow the ears to fully ripen. When they are completely ripe and dry on the stalks, pull and husk them, then store in some dry place such as the attic. Keep out of the reach of mice, one of the worst enemies of corn of any kind in storage. Before winter comes, put the ears where they will not freeze and thus have their vitality and germinating qualities injured. Then next spring run a germination test; you will no doubt find that the seed tests high, and that the crop grown from it will ripen early to grace our tables and tickle our appreciative palates. "Sweet corn with butter—yum, yum; nothing we like better than *more of it*, say we."

"Swat the Fly!"

We would like to stop right here, with the taste of sweet corn in our mouth, but we cannot do that without doing an injustice to the livestock. Why is that? Well, July is the fly month, and we must do all we can to make life easier and more comfortable for horses and cows on the farm. Perhaps the old mare and her spindly legged foal are out on pasture where there is no shade? If so bring them in every day and use the sprayer on them, applying some good fly repellent made according to the instructions given by the manufacturer and printed plainly on the container. Sometimes an overdose of fly spray causes more torture than the flies themselves, if the spray is mixed too strong or is allowed to get into the eyes of animals. A farmer once asked, "Does it hurt?" and we told him to try it in his own eyes. That is a safe test for many things on the farm or elsewhere. Cows, too, should be protected from flies by spraying, but care should be taken to keep spray off the udder which is tender and likely to blister. If pastures are poorly shaded, and if there is little or no brush in which cows may seek shelter from flies, it is often best to keep them in the stable during the day, then turn them out during the night. When this is done hang cloths over the windows to darken them, keeping the stable cool, but still allowing plenty of fresh air to enter.

Summer garget of cows' udders is often troublesome in hot weather, and many dairymen attribute this trouble to flies which are attracted to the tiny droplets of milk that may accumulate on the tips of the teats. Infection may possibly result from this cause. The habit of standing "belly-deep" in cold water to escape flies and enjoy the refreshing coolness of the water may also cause garget in summer, for the udder is chilled by the water. To prevent, or lessen the danger of garget, apply carbolized vaseline to the tips of the teats after each milking, then see that cows are not permitted to stand in water so deep that the udders are immersed. Use fly spray in the stables of horses and cows, we should have added. No cow can produce up to capacity, and no work horse can render its best service, when pestered nigh onto distraction by the pesky flies. Do all you can to keep the pests out of stables and away from livestock. It pays.

Grow Kale for Winter Use

Kale, a member of the cabbage family, is well worth while trying in the farm kitchen garden, though it is not often found therein. The leaves of this plant are used for greens and are available in late fall and winter, when other green vegetables are none too plentiful.

In nothern States kale should be planted during the first or second week of July. Plant seed in shallow rows two and one-half feet apart in well prepared soil. When plants have become well established, thin out leaving the lustiest ones from twelve to fifteen inches apart in the rows. To keep the soil from drying out, and to promote rapid and normal growth, cultivate and hoe often during hot, dry weather.

As the plants reach maturity in the fall, the leaves may be cut off a few at a time for household use. Other plants will continue to grow in spite of heavy frost almost up to snowfall. It is best, however to cover them on the close approach of winter. For this purpose use straw, marsh hay, or half-barrels inverted over the plants. Protected in this manner, kale willl bleach well and will remain crisp and fresh to be a welcome addition to the farm table.

How to Waterproof Canvas

Haying season is the time that the canvas covers or caps are needed for covering clover or alfalfa cocks, and that the big stack cover is dug out of its resting place in the machine shed to be spread over the newly made hay stack. How often we have seen both caps and stack covers, not old but looking old, brought out for use and discarded as useless? Often they were mildewed or the fabric rotted. Perhaps they were damp when folded and put away; more likely than not the injury is in a large measure due to the effects of sunlight as much as moisture. And the best part of it is that such injury can be prevented by treating with pigments and waterproofing mixtures. Now, when new canvases are being bought, is the time to treat them to protect them from damage and to lengthen their period of service.

Many farmers will laugh at the statement that sunlight damages canvas. Though it is a recent discovery, and therefore known to few, it is quite true. The Federal Bureau of Chemistry found that when canvas was waterproofed and treated with chemicals to prevent mildew, it still failed to last as it should, but when pigments of some sort were added to keep out the light, the fiber remained strong. Several pigments were found to be suitable for use, allowing for choice on the part of the user. For a buff to khaki color, use yellow ochre; for a darker buff to light brown, use raw sienna; for dark red or reddish brown, use burnt sienna; for olive brown, use raw umber; and for dark brown, use burnt umber. These pigments will have a familiar sound, as they are the same ones commonly used in paints.

Two formulas have been extensively used with fine results. These are;

Formula No. 1.

Dark or yellow petrolatum (vaseline), 8½ pounds;
Beeswax, 1½ pounds;
Gasolene, 3 gallons;
Kerosene, 2 gallons;
Earth pigment (dry or ground in linseed oil), one pound to each gallon of prepared solution.

Formula No. 2.

Asphalt (petroleum or Berudez).... 7½ pounds;
Dark or yellow petrolatum (vaseline) 2½ pounds;
Gasolene 3 gallons;
Kerosene, 2 gallons;
Earth pigment (dry or ground in linseed oil), one pound in each gallon of prepared solution.

The quantities given in the two formulas are sufficient for treating about 40 square yards of canvas when brushed on one side only. Canvas treated with Mixture No.2 will probably be somewhat more water-resistant than canvas treated with Mixture No. 1, but it will also be darker because of the asphalt. The second formula may also be preferred for the reason that asphalt is usually cheaper, especially when used in large amounts.

For canvas that is intended to remain in a fixed position, such as wagon covers, boiled linseed oil containing 1 pound of pigment to the gallon may be used. This treatment stiffens the canvas, however, and is not suitable for covers that are frequently folded. For flexible covers lamp black with linseed oil was found to be among the best. Aluminum bronzing powder and, for a white color, zinc oxide are also good, but the latter stiffens the canvas more than any of the other pigments.

These new formulas including pigments that protect canvas from the damaging effects of the sun, combined with the waterproofing and mildew-preventing qualities of the other ingredients, should find a wide field of usefulness on the farm. In addition to stack covers and hay caps, the use of canvas covers for protecting commodities of all kinds is made necessary by the increased number of heavy motor trucks now in use for long hauls.

Heavy Milkers Need Grain

Cows that give a large flow of milk should receive some grain, no matter how good the pasture may be, if the milk flow is to be maintained and body flesh is to be kept in correct condition. On poor pasture the feeding of grain is not a matter of choice; it is a necessity, if the cows are to do well.

To make a grain mixture that will balance pasture grass throughout the entire season is impossible. In the early spring, pasture grass contains much more protien than it does later in the season. In hot weather droughts affect the growth of pasture grasses, making the use of different grains necessary to properly balance the ration at this time. Corn meal, wheat bran, oats, cottonseed meal, oilmeal and gluten feed are some of the best feeds to use for cows on pasture. From 3 to 10 pounds of grain daily are the extreme limits usually followed for feeding grain to pastured milk cows, the increase being made gradually as pastures become scant about July. During very dry weather grass becomes low in succulence; now is the time to call the summer silo into play—if there is one on the farm. But comparatively few farms yet are equipped with what in time will come to be regarded as a dairying necessity. Therefore the only alternative is to cut and feed some kind of green feed, such as corn. When silage is fed, see that the grain mixture is rich in protein, the ingredient which silage lacks.

A sample grain ration for late summer pasture is: 200 pounds corn meal, 150 pounds ground oats, 150 pounds cottonseed meal, 150 pounds gluten feed. (Corn silage if possible).

A sample grain ration for early pastures is: 300 pounds corn meal, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds gluten feed, 50 pounds cottonseed meal.

Look Before You Load

Failure to thoroughly inspect all cars intended for livestock shipments before they are loaded is an oversight that costs American farmers many thousands of dollars each year. A little thought and care, perhaps a bit of work with a saw and hammer and nails, and the easily and quickly made repairs would cut this loss down to a minimum.

To illustrate the need of car inspection and repairs that should be made personally by every farmer who ships livestock: Recently a careful inspection of some 700 carloads of livestock arriving at seven of the large markets was conducted by supervisors of the packers and stockyards administration of the Department of Agriculture. Of the cars inspected in this investigation, 7 had holes in the floor, 91 had projecting nails in the walls, and 88 had cleats that might—and probably did—cause bad bruises or other serious injuries. Of the cars inspected, 82 were entirely lacking in bedding of any kind, a large factor in the safety and comfort of animals in transit to market.

Last year one middlewestern market reported 1,700 cattle and more than 2,000 hogs found crippled in cars on arrival at their destination. A large eastern market reports more than 1,000 crippled hogs received in one month. These numbers are small in comparison to the total receipts at the large markets, it is true, but they look mighty large to the shippers who own animals crippled in transit.

The railroads maintain a very thorough car inspection service at the large markets, but by no means all of the cars sent to small country shipping points have moved directly from these terminals where inspections have been made. As a direct consequence many cars have defects that may easily cripple animals in transit or even cause death. No matter who is to blame for the condition of stock cars, it is to the interest of every shipper to conduct an inspection of his own, for even an inspected car may have become defective between the time of its inspection and its delivery at the loading chute. Certainly it is "up to the shipper" to see that sufficient bedding of the right sort is provided. Frequently partitions are used in stock cars, and because of this a careful inspection must be made for projecting nails and cleats that may have been left when such partitions were removed. Go over the floor carefully and patch any holes that are found, for the floor is the most important part of the car. See that all doors are in good repair, that they slide readily on the overhead track, and that they fit so that they may be secured with the lock-bolt after stock is on board. Often a little axle grease on the sliding track and rollers saves much heavy lifting and pushing when stock are fed or watered enroute to market. See that the doorstops or cross staves are present when the car is received, and that they are placed across doors and the doors themselves fastened to *stay shut* when loading is completed.

Summer Shipping Hints

During the hot weather of mid-summer overheating, particularly of hogs, is a common cause of loss. For this reason hogs should be conveyed from the farm to the loading point in trucks or wagons if it is possible to do so. If they must be driven on foot, drive them slowly allowing plenty of time for resting along the way. Hogs should be in the loading pens at the railroad for at least two or three hours before loading time; this permits them to rest and become thoroughly cooled off before they are put aboard the cars.

In summer clean bedding is essential, and every shipper should insist upon it, which he has a perfect right to do. Old bedding is particularly bad if it has been left from several previous shipments, as such moist and filthy bedding heats and ferments to give off an offensive odor and increase inside-of-car temperature. Experienced shippers have learned that sand is the ideal bedding for hogs, as this may be thoroughly wet down before loading, and the moist sand keeps the cars cool in transit.

Iceing hog cars is a practice that is rapidly growing in popularity due to lowered hog losses and improved condition of animals on arrival at their destination. Iceing may be done in two or three ways. One plan used extensively, and recommended by the Kansas Livestock Association, is to place two large cakes of ice, 200 pounds in weight at the ends of hog cars bedded with sand. Another plan is to break up two or three large cakes into 50 pound chunks, scatter them about in the car, and cover them with sand. Either of these plans keeps the sand moist and cool, and will appreciably lower the inside-of-car temperature for from one to two days on the road. Still another plan is to hang 100 pound cakes, three of them in most cases, in burlap sacks at the ends and middle of hog cars. Double bags are usually used, and these containing the ice are suspended by strong ropes from the car ceiling. As the cars rock and roll from side to side, the melting ice drips cold water over the entire interior, cooling the air, keeping the sand damp, and increasing the comfort of the inmates.

Lighter Loading Is Safest

In cold weather heavy loading seldom does harm; on the other hand it sometimes is beneficial, as body heat makes for comfort. But in extremely hot weather the present minimum of 17,000 pounds is too much for long hauls, and it is often more economical in the long run for shippers to pay freight charges on "air" and clad lighter. Crowding too many fat hogs into cars in hot weather is one of the commonest causes of loss, and the loss is almost entirely preventable.

New Federal Rye Grades

With the rye harvest either completed or well under way in many parts of the country, the new Federal rye grades just announced and becoming effective on July 1st, 1923, may be of interest and value to readers who raise the crop. According to the new regulations, rye is any grain that consists of 50 per cent. or more of rye before dockage, and when free from dockage contains not more than 10 per cent. of any cereal grain other than rye. Five grades are provided for as follows:

Grade No. 1 is rye of cool and natural odor, having a test weight per bushel of at least 56 pounds. It may contain not more than 13 per cent. of moisture, not more than 2 per cent. of damaged kernels and no heat-damaged kernels. It may contain not more than 3 per cent. of foreign material other than dockage, this 3 per cent. to include not more than 1 per cent. of foreign matter other than wheat.

Grade No.2 is rye of cool and natural odor, having a test weight per bushel of at least 54 pounds. It may contain not more than 14 per cent. of moisture 4 per cent. of damaged kernels, no heat-damaged kernels, not more than 6 per cent. of foreign matter other than dockage of which not more than 2 per cent. is grain other than wheat.

Grade No. 3 must weigh at least 52 pounds per bushel, may contain not more than 15 per cent. of moisture, not more than 7 per cent. of damaged kernels of which not more than ½ per cent. are heat-damaged, and not more than 10 per cent. foreign matter other than dockage of which not more than 4 per cent. is grain other than wheat.

Grade No. 4 shall be cool but may be musty or slightly sour and must weigh at least 49 pounds per bushel. It may contain not more than 16 per cent. of moisture, not more than 15 per cent. of damaged kernels containing not more than 3 per cent. of heat-damaged kernels, not more than 10 per cent. foreign matter other than dockage of which not more than 6 per cent. is grain other than wheat.

Sample Grade rye is all rye that does not come within any of the grades from 1 to 4, inclusive, or which has any commercially objectionable foreign odor except of smut, garlic, wild onions, or is very sour, or is heating, hot, or otherwise of distinctly low quality, or contains small stones or cinders that cannot be screened out.

Complete copies of the standards may be obtained free upon request from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or from any licensed Government grain inspector or supervisor.

Why Kill Harmless Snakes?

"There goes a snake! Kill it, quick." And ninety-nine men out of every hundred, whether they be barefoot boys or gray-haired grandpas, will pick up a stick or a stone and "do their durnedest" to kill the pesky snake.

Why is this true? Why does the sight of a scared, squirming harmless snake make us wish to kill it? Is it to give vent to the unrestrained human desire to kill, or is it because so many of us honestly believe that every snake is the enemy of men? To our way of thinking, the latter belief is the best explanation of our snake killing proclivities, and we might well add that snake killing is a pastime that costs farmers many dollars each year. Why? For the very simple reason that most of our common snakes are entirely harmless to man—but on the other hand they are the sworn enemies of mice and insects that destroy his crops.

Snakes may be roughly classed as poisonous and harmless. In this country the poisonous kinds are comparatively scarce in most localities. Moreover, they are the constant victims of man, and in time will be entirely exterminated. As any old resident will state, rattlers that were once numerous in his locality are now almost if not entirely unknown. Other venomous species are going the same way of the transgressor.

But the harmless species are far more numerous, and they have a necessary place in the program of Nature. They are not pests. They are not in any way dangerous to human life. Nor do they "suck cows in pasture" or do any of the many impossible things attributed to them by the ignorant or misinformed. Rather, the harmless snakes are man's willing servants and helpers, and should be so considered by all who have killed them on sight.

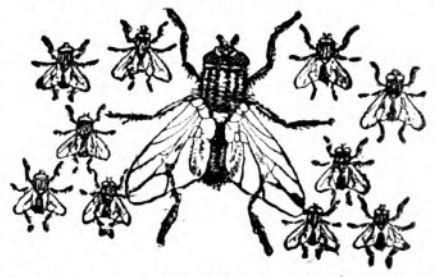
The commonest snake found generally throughout the country is the garter snake, often called also the grass snake—the correct name of a much smaller and entirely green snake that is far less common. Then there is the pine snake found in wooded country; the blue racer; the bull snake that is the enemy of the rattler; certain moccasins that are harmless except for the deadly water moccasin of the southern swamps. With a few exceptions our common snakes are not climbers, but live upon the ground, seek shelter in piles of stones or in grass or brush, and live upon food found in fields, swamps and thickets. Field mice in grain fields always attract garter snakes; pine snakes, though seldom seen, make life precarious for mice in old deserted buildings or in stack bottoms where they follow the mice into holes or burrows. Frogs and toads, along with mice, chipmunks, gophers and even rats, form a large part of the natural food of snakes. An occasional ground-nesting bird is also caught, but most birds have but little fear of snakes, trusting to flight for safety. Insects of all kinds form the principal food of all snakes of the harmless sorts, but particularly of the baby garter snakes found in hay fields in July. Here the snakes live and thrive and grow on the crickets and grasshoppers that do untold damage to growing crops—and the snakes are killed for their good work as insect killers in return. Is that a fair deal, for the snakes or for the farmer either?

We make a serious mistake when we teach children to fear snakes; we do wrong when we teach them to kill them. Why, just watch a garter snake scurry for cover when it is disturbed in its mousing in the grain field! Does it try to do harm to humans? Certainly not; furthermore it can't, being without fangs or poison sacks. All it asks is to be let alone. Willingly it gets out of man's way. Consider the work snakes do, know the facts, then give the harmless snakes a chance. They will pay us well for it in return.

EASY NOW TO RID YOUR PLACE OF FLIES

Widely Known Scientist Discovers Wonderful Chemical that is Fatal to Flies. Not a Poison—Harmless to Stock.

Flies are one of the most dangerous and annoying things with which the farmer has to contend. Now, through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, widely known scientist, you can rid your house and barns and livestock of these pests almost instantly, and with no trouble at all. This discovery is in the form of an organic chemical that is fatal to flies, and similar pests, such as chiggers, mosquitoes and moths.



This new discovery, which is called Alexander's Rid-O-Fly, is not a poison. Though it kills flies like magic, farm animals and human beings are not affected by it at all. In addition to killing these insects, Rid-O-Fly is a strong repellant. Flies will not come near stock or buildings where Rid-O-Fly has been used. Rid-o-Fly is particularly valuable for cows and horses, as it is a known fact that flies do untold harm to these animals.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that his discovery will rid your house, barns and live stock of these pests that he offers to send a $3.00 supply for only $1.25 on the guarantee that if Rid-O-Fly does not solve your fly problems it will cost you nothing. Two big Kansas City Banks guarantee the reliability of this offer.

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address to the Alexander Laboratories, 1505 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and this introductory offer will be mailed at once.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

DO COPPER SPRAYS INCREASE POTATO YIELDS?—I have always thought that the sprays, such as Bordeaux mixture, that we used on our potatoes did nothing else but control diseases, but now I hear that such sprays have an influence on the yield and on the potatoes themselves. Is this true? The argument came up recently at our Grange meeting, and I want to be better posted. Wm. McK., Colo.

A.—Your question brings up a new and interesting point. According to extended investigations conducted by the Department of Agriculture, spraying with Bordeaux mixture or with other sprays containing copper not only controls potato diseases and increases yields in this way, but increases the keeping qualitits of potatoes in storage and even influences the composition of the tubers themselves. Even where no disease is present, Bordeaux mixture has a stimulating effect upon potato foliage and promotes growth and development of tubers. The U. S. Bureau of Chemistry has shown that copper containing sprays increase the nitrogen and starch constituents of potato tubers. Results of experiments conducted in seven eastern and central states show an average of 2,591 pounds of solids in potatoes per acre for the non-copper sprayed plants; 3,430 pounds for the plants sprayed with a copper spray. This represents an average increase of 48 bushels or 32.4 per cent., with the employment of copper-bearing sprays as the only possible explanation, as variety, soil, management and fertilization were the same in each case. Judging from these facts, the use of copper sprays of some kind on the potato crop has another important value besides disease prevention.

WHEN TO CUT WHEAT.—There seems to be an argument out in this part of the country as to the best time to cut wheat. Some say, "Let it get dead ripe;" others say, "Cut it well on the green side." As I have been out here only two years, I'm not a wheat growing expert yet, so come to you for the advice I feel certain you will give me. E. W. B., Idaho.

A.—As a general rule, wheat may be cut with safety when the straw has lost most of its green color and the grains are not entirely hard. If cut sooner than this, shriveled kernels will result. If left standing until it is dead ripe, the kernels will be likely to bleach, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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Name .....
Address .....

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep

BY ELVIRA MILLER SLAUGHTER.

He giveth His beloved sleep,
The pure, the upright and the just;
Their kindly deeds like angels keep
God's watch above the sacred dust.
Be comforted, all ye who weep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

He giveth His beloved sleep,
To uplands beautiful and fair;
Behold, the Shepherd calls His sheep
And ministering angels lead them there
Beyond death's darkness and its chill
To pastures green and waters still.

He giveth His beloved sleep,
Those who are faint and pain oppressed;
Beyond earth's shadows broad and deep
They seek a land of heavenly rest,
Some spot afar from mortal eyes,
Across the hills of paradise.

There is a country fair and sweet,
In realms of everlasting day,
Prepared for those whose weary feet
Have passed upon life's rugged way,
There, laden with ripe sheaves, they reap—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

He giveth His beloved sleep
Through all the future thronging years;
How beautiful that thought, how deep,
Too great for grief, too sweet for tears.
Be comforted, then, ye who weep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Requested in the July COMFORT. Sent in by Mrs. John Sensbch, 5816 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Old Sod Shanty on the Claim

(Requested.)

I am looking rather seedy now,
While holding down my claim,
And my vituals are not always served the best;
And the mice play slyly round me
As I nestle down to sleep
In my little old sod shanty in the west.

Chorus

Oh, the hinges are of leather
And the windows have no glass,
While the board-roof lets the howling blizzard in;
And I hear the hungry coyote
As he sneaks up through the grass,
Round the little old sod shanty on the claim.

Yet I rather like the novelty
Of living in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame;
I am happy as a clam
On this land of Uncle Sam,
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.

Chorus

Oh, when I left my eastern home,
A bachelor so gay,
To try and win my way to wealth and fame,
I little thought that I'd come down
To burning twisted hay
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.

Chorus

My clothes are plastered o'er with dough,
I'm looking like a fright,
And everything is scattered 'round the room;
But I wouldn't give the freedom
That I have out in the west
For the bauble of an eastern mansion home.

Chorus

Still I wish that some kind-hearted girl
Would pity on me take,
And relieve me of the mess that I am in;
Oh, the angel, how I'd bless her,
If this her home she'd make,
In my little old sod shanty on the claim.

Chorus

And when we'd made our fortune
On the prairies of the west,
Just as happy as two lovers we'd remain;
We'd forget the cares and troubles
That we'd endured at first
In our little old sod shanty on the claim.

Chorus

And if the fates should bless us,
With now and then, an heir,
To cheer our hearts with honest pride and flame,
Oh, then we'd be content
For the toil that we have spent
In the little old sod shanty on the claim.

Written in 1880 by Will Kelsey for Old Settlers' Reunion.

Rock-a-by Baby

"Rock-a-by baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

"Oh, rock-a-by, rock-a-by, mother is near,
Then, rock-a-by, rock-a-by, nothing to fear,
For angels of slumber are hovering near,
So, rock-a-by, baby, mother is here.

"Rock-a-by baby, the meadow's in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;
Echo the birds wth your own baby tone,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

"Rock-a-by, baby, so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes,
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

"Rock-a-by, baby, the meadow's in bloom,
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom,
Be the world ever bright as today it is seen,
Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green."

Sent in by Portland, Oregon, subscriber.

A Poem

BY CLARA BETES.

O universal spirit God,
We live and move in Thee;
Thy presence fills all space and time
E'en to eternity.

No paths can lead away from Thee,
Since Thou art everywhere;
And no condition can there be
Beyond Thy love and care.

Like rays from one great central sun,
Like drops from one great sea;
Great Oversoul we are a part
Of Thy infinity.

Sent in by M. O. Mackintosh, Canton, 402 W. Maple St., Illinois.

Just Be the Best

"If you can't be the pine on top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill,
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass
And some highway happier make;
If you can't be a "muskie" then just be a bass,
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

"We all can't be captains, some have to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's work to be done and we've all got to do
Our part in a way that's sincere.

"If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be a sun be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or fail,
Be the best of whatever you are."

—*Author unknown.*



Summer Radio

THERE seems to be a general feeling among Radio fans that as soon as summer comes with hot weather and lightning, Radio must cease. Many have already put aside their sets and are missing the best Radio that we have yet had. There is some foundation for this belief but it is far from being true.

The large stations will continue to broadcast during the entire summer and with the increased power of some of the best stations there is little or no doubt that reception will be good and Radio will become one of the chief pastimes at the beaches and summer resorts. Nearly all Radio fans will enjoy their annual vacation during the summer months and this will afford a splendid opportunity to do the experimenting and constructing so many have wanted to do but were cramped for time.

One of the greatest assets to Radio for the summer camp and beaches is the new dry cell tubes which have come into such extensive use during the past few months. The release of the new tube using flashlight batteries to light the filament has greatly increased the facilities of building portable outfits and the large Radio manufacturing plants have developed a very efficient set for this purpose and using these tubes.

Probably everyone in the Radio field realizes that lightning has a very decided effect upon Radio reception and it is very unwise to try to use the set during an electrical storm although it is doubtful whether the set would be damaged unless the lightning struck very close by. In case the installation is properly equipped with lightning arrester, there is little danger from lightning in fact, the whole system tends to serve as a lightning arrester as the rods now in use on many buildings for that purpose are based upon the same principal.

Although it is more or less of an experiment, there are several fans using Radio sets on their autos and many of them report excellent results. In order to use such a set it is necessary to use suitable values of inductance on the antenna coil and also the type of tube used will have a decided effect upon the results. The U V L99 tube is probably the best suited for this type of set and as this tube is of the flashlight battery type it is also very convenient for any portable set.

Many are planning to take their radio sets into the woods this summer and it will be well to remember that trees especially serve as an absorber of radio waves. An aerial erected in close proximity to a group of trees is likely to prove very efficient. In picking a location for the aerial, look for an open space and avoid having the aerial wire touch a tree or stretch near enough to allow a branch to swing against the wire.

In using the radio with the auto many are at loss to know just how to get a suitable aerial and ground It is more or less a matter of experiment but one very good method is to connect the aerial lead to the emergency brake handle and use a sharp iron rod driven into the ground for a ground. It is better to use a little more elaborate scheme and stretch a temporary aerial from a handy tree to the auto and use the engine for a ground. The windshield serves as an excellent insulator for the aerial wire, bringing it through the small crack between the upper and lower portions of the windshield. Do not expect results equal to a properly installed set for it is impossible to obtain such results, but a great deal of amusement may be had by trying out the various experiments on portable sets.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Where is the Bureau of Standards located? What is the address? J. L. B., Elm Spring, Ark.

A.—The Bureau of Standards is located in Washington D. C., and a letter will reach them with that address.

Q.—In using a 60 cycle transformer in place of an "A" battery it causes a loud hum in the receivers. What could I do to eliminate it?

W. J. B., New Bedford, Mass.

A.—It is not considered practical to use 60 cycle A. C. current to light receiving tube filaments. It is possible to partially eliminate the hum by using a filter circuit composed of two choke coils and two condensers.

The condensers should be approximately 1 M. F. capacity and the choke coils 1 M. H. each. You may find it necessary to use the choke in only one leg of the circuit instead of both.

Q.—Can a crystal detector pick up signals over 100 miles and if so, what hook-up? How can a 43 plate condenser be made?

Can a piece of ordinary crystal such as a piece of an old sugar bowl be used instead of galena?

J. G., Margo, Sask.

A.—A crystal detector will not usually pick up signals from a broadcasting station over 25 miles.

It is almost impossible for you to make a 43 plate condenser unless you have excellent equipment and the process is too long to describe in this department. It is very much cheaper to buy a condenser.

No, some crystals such as galena, or iron pyrite must be used in radio.

Q.—Will you please tell me the parts needed to receive wireless from 300 to 500 miles.

O. A., Hancock, Wis.

A.—The sets described in COMFORT as using regeneration are capable of receiving that distance under favorable conditions.

Q.—In using a 150 foot single wire aerial would as good results be obtained if the lead-in wire led from the center of the aerial as if it were led from near one end? Is it better to have aerial level or one end lower than the other?

H. R. S., Woodbine, Iowa.

A.—Best results would probably be obtained by taking the lead from near one end, as otherwise your aerial would be too short.

For receiving, only, it seems best to have the aerial level, if possible, although not at all necessary.

It is true that the aerial should point in the general direction of the station to be received and the lead taken from the end nearest the broadcasting station.

Q.—Please let me know where I can get some instructions, directions and facts about making an Aeriola Senior radio receiving set.

C. L., Chesterfield, Ill

A.—The Aeriola Senior set is manufactured by the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company of Springfield, Massachusetts. Whether they will furnish specifications of the set we do not know but advise your writing direct to them.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

shattering and loss of grain will also ensue. Another objection to dead ripe wheat is that it is more difficult to handle. In the great wheat belt of the Dakotas, wheat harvesting begins as soon as the straw for three or four inches below the heads turns yellow and dry; this early start enables the completion of the harvest before the last of the crop becomes over-ripe. Variety also has a good deal to do with the time of cutting. For instance, the white soft wheats of the Pacific coast may be allowed to fully ripen, then stand for weeks in the fields unharvested if necessary, without suffering damage or loss. But some varieties of northern hard spring wheats, such as Velvet Chaff, must be cut "on the green side" to prevent shattering. Marquis, now one of the most popular spring varieties, is an early maturer that will not shatter if left to become over-ripe—but it is very difficult to thresh if cut too late. For your especial guidance, since you do not mention the variety of wheat you are raising, it will be well for you to closely watch the "old timers" in your locality, the fellows who have made a success of farming and therefore "know the ropes."

ERADICATING MORNING GLORIES.—Please tell me how is the best way to get rid of wild morning glories that threaten to choke out my crops in some parts of my fields. I plan on putting some land into winter wheat, but am afraid that these pretty, pesky climbers will kill it out.

R. R. G., Illinois.

A.—The best way to kill wild morning glories is to plow the land along about the end of July, during a dry spell if possible. This you could do nicely on the land that is to go into winter wheat. If there is time, it may be best to first plow to a depth of about three inches; about a week later plow again to a depth of eight inches or more. Under all conditions keep the land worked with a disc to prevent green growth. Wherever this plan is followed there will be a marked decrease in the morning glories the following season.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

the timbers are broken in two, as you would break a toothpick.

At the present time there are about fourteen diggers. They have to dig fifty-one sacks of ore for one day's tally. These sacks are not to weigh less than about 220 pounds each. When they have their tally the teamster hoists the sacks, the sack landers land them and load them onto tram cars and the tram men load them on flat cars ready for the train to take.

The diggers go into the holes by way of ladders that are screened in to prevent the men from falling. It is interesting to watch the men work. The gilsonite is much harder to wash off than coal dust as it contains oil and sticks like glue. No open lights or smoking are allowed near the mines, as the dust in the mines explodes and the fire will sweep the length of the holes which are all connected. Anyone found carrying matches is discharged, there is so much danger. We have lived here a year and there have been several accidents, but no one killed. My husband digs in No. 20, Hell's Hole.

I am nearly nineteen, and have been married two years. I am five feet, five inches tall, with dark hair which is bobbed. My eyes are dark brown and complexon is fair.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters and will answer as many as I can.

Wishing you all success,

GERRY.

ROCKFORD, 2621 CANNON ST., ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to this paper for a few years and the sisters' letters appeal to me more than anything else, though every department is good.

I wonder if any of the sisters can suggest a cure for stammering. My little girl, five years old, has stammered for two years. I have tried to have her talk slowly but with no success. I have asked doctors but they say she will outgrow it. She is a nervous child. If anyone can help me I will be very grateful.

MRS. A. V. ANDERSON.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank you all for the good and encouraging letters I received. They caused me to see matters from a different viewpoint and I do not feel troubled as I did when I wrote the first letter. I thought I could never live through this but I am thankful that the burden has rolled away and everything is going well. I am going to answer the letters as I can but should I miss any I want to thank you one and all, through dear old COMFORT, for the kindness and sympathy shown me. May God bless you all.

Your sister in COMFORT,

A WORRIED MOTHER.

LINCOLN, 3282 HOLDREDGE ST., NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Dear old COMFORT hasn't missed coming to my house for twenty-six years. No, I'm not an old lady but I do enjoy the paper and read it from cover to cover. Sometimes I would feel that I couldn't afford the different papers but some other was the one selected to be dropped.

I know a great many of you girls by names, and the boys too. We like to see that the men are interested in us, and to have their opinions on things which we choose in our way to discuss and it does 'em good to explode, especially the bachelors who have no one else to tell what they think. I have a big spot in my heart for them in their lonely lives and some of them are lonely even if they won't admit it.

How many of you read about Emil Coue? I think it is wonderful advice he gives, to say each morning when you awake, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." It makes one feel such an uplift and makes happiness radiate in and about us; to be better in every way means so much and to think happiness makes happiness. The mind has so much to do with the condition. Sisters, can't we learn to say it and see the results. It is said it takes 65 muscles to make a frown and but thirteen to smile. Don't use that excess energy in a frown.

I am thirty-nine years young, with brown hair and blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am five feet tall—and day by day in every way I am getting better and better.

MRS. MAY GAMBLE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When you clean your congoleum rugs, wring out your mop in skimmed milk and go over surface, then rub with clean cloth.

Cut out best parts of wornout underwear, hem and use for towels for the children. Homely, yes, but easier to wash then a linen towel.

MRS. PEARL GRISSOM, ATOKA, OKLA.

Add one teaspoonful of Epsom Salts to each pail of water that colored clothes are rinsed in. This keeps them from fading.—MRS. L. A. DEANE, Moshum, Tenn.

To get rid of moths use formaldehyde. Saturate small rags in this and put in chests, and burn some on a shovel of hot coals in the room where there are moths. Close the room closely while burning it, being sure there is no danger of the coals setting fire to the room.

MISS BERTHA ARMBURST, Zanesville, R. R. 7, O.

To keep cut flowers a long time, put a piece of any mild soap in the water.

A nice hanging basket is made from a carrot. Cut off about four inches from top, make center hollow, put a small stick through it and hang it upsidedown in a sunny window. Keep the hollow filled with water.

As you iron clothes pin a piece of brown paper to those that need mending. This saves looking them over later.—MRS. LILLIE GINTER, York County, Pa.

When cleaning greens add a handful of salt to the second water. This will make the sand sink to the bottom of the pan and another rinsing will leave the greens perfectly clean.

To keep raisins from sinking to the bottom of the cake, roll them in melted butter before stirring into the batter.

To clean velvet, dust lightly with pipe clay, then brush with a clean brush.

To remove coffee stains from materials, brush the spot with pure glycerine, rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side.

Wrap cheese in a white cloth wrung out of vinegar and the cheese will remain fresh and soft for a long time.

Line the pan in which you bake fish with waxed paper and you will not have a greasy, sticky dish to wash.

Rub your new tins with lard and heat thoroughly in oven and they will never rust.

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30x3½	8.25	13.95	33x4½	13.95	22.95
32x3½	9.45	15.95	34x4½	14.45	23.45
31x4	10.65	17.45	35x4½	14.95	24.90
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33x4	12.45	20.90	37x5	16.45	27.45

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Size	Cords	Tubes	Size	Cords	Tubes
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32x3½	8.45	1.55	34x4½	14.50	2.25
31x4	9.75	1.65	35x4½	14.95	2.50
32x4	10.25	1.75	36x4½	15.25	2.50
33x4	10.75	1.90	33x5	16.00	2.75
34x4	11.25	1.95	35x5	17.00	3.00

Do Not Delay. Order your season's cord tires now at these Bargain Prices. 5% discount for cash with order.

GEM RUBBER CO., 1315 S. Oakley Blvd. Dept. 260, Chicago, Illinois



2 TIRES FOR $9.30

2 Tubes FREE

Standard Tire Prices SMASHED!

First time you can buy 12,000 miles of service for only $9.30. During this sale 2 tires for much less than usual cost of one! Tires fabricated by the STEWART PROCESS give remarkable service on good and bad roads. You, too, can get

12,000 Miles

During this cut-price sale, we give you absolutely Free a Standard, brand new tube with every tire! 2 tubes free with 2 Tires! Be sure to state if straight side or clincher is wanted.

Size	1 Tire & 1 Tube	2 Tires & 2 Tubes
28x3	$ 6.50	$ 9.30
30x3	6.70	10.65
30x3½	7.40	12.55
32x3½	8.95	14.50
31x4	10.15	16.40
32x4	10.30	17.35
33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
32x4½	12.55	20.10
33x4½	13.10	21.10
34x4½	13.40	21.90
35x4½	13.90	22.95
35x5	14.90	24.85
37x5	15.10	25.65

FREE Examination

Send deposit of $1 for each tire ordered. Send only $2 if you order 2 tires. We ship C. O. D. for balance and allow examination. If not absolutely satisfied, return unused and we'll refund every cent of your deposit! You take no risk whatever! If you prefer to remit with order, deduct 5 per cent. Money-Back Guarantee

Stewart Tire Co., Dept. 403, 21st & Racine Ave., Chicago

AGENTS! FREE $8.00 OUTFIT

$100 to $200 a Week!

Take orders for the *only* auto lubrication which forces Heavy Oil at 2,000 pounds hydraulic pressure into chassis bearings. Makes grease, grease cups and grease "systems" out of date. Driver Agents: Write for free sample offer.

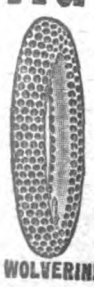


SAAL HEAVY OIL System Biggest money-making opportunity for 1923.

100% Lubrication Makes autos and trucks ride better and last longer. Chassis lubrication now a white-collar job with service-station results. Big inducement to first agent in each locality. Write today.

H. G. SAAL CO., 1800 Montrose Ave., Dept. 241, CHICAGO

Auto Owners WANTED!



To use and introduce the DIMPLED TUBE

Outlasts four ordinary tubes. Overcomes friction heat, increases tire life 25% to 50%, is leak proof, prevents flat tires. Big Money Maker for agents, salesmen and garage men.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. TWO YEAR GUARANTEE. Write today for special introductory offer and big money making plan. Dept. 104,

WOLVERINE CLIMAX CO., Detroit, Mich.

Tire Agents Wanted Use and Introduce MELLINGER CORD TIRES

12,000 Miles Guaranteed!



Lowest Wholesale Prices in America. Shipped prepaid on approval. Make big money all or part time. No capital or experience. Sample sections furnished.

FREE TIRES FOR YOUR CAR to one user in each locality.

Simply send name today for valuable book, tells how thousands have gone into big business. SPECIAL AGENTS' OFFER, Wholesale Prices and FREE SAMPLE KIT.

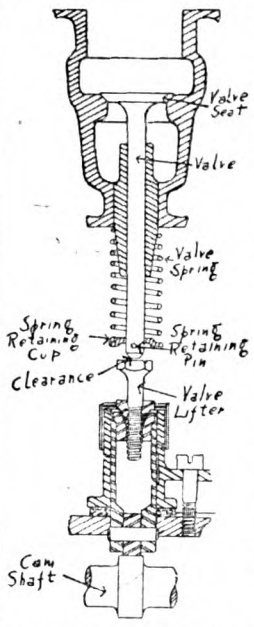
MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO. $600,000 Capital. DEPT. 506, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Valve Grinding

IF the engine is to deliver its full efficiency, good compression in the cylinders must be maintained. If the cylinder head is fastened on tightly, the piston rings and the valves are the two factors to which attention must be directed. Ordinarily the valves will be the first to release compression. Manufacturers usually recommend the grinding of the valves about once a year, although this matter should be governed by the service in which the car is placed. Valve grinding is not a difficult operation and should be easily handled by the average owner. A simple means of gaining a fairly accurate check on compression is to open all the relief cocks except one and turn the engine over slowly with the hand crank. Open this relief cock and close the relief cock in another cylinder. After trying each cylinder separately you will have gained an idea as to whether or not the same resistance is met with in each cylinder.



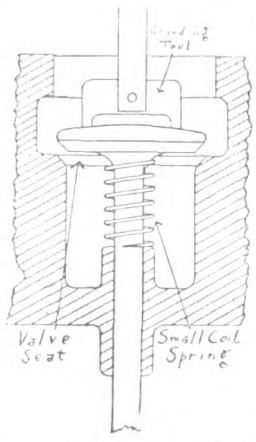
If the resistance is weak or is not the same in each cylinder then it is a good idea to pay attention to the valves. The first step is to remove the cylinder head (if removable type), covers and the like in order that the valves may be taken out. A lifting tool shaped like a two-prong fork to pry under the valve spring retaining cup so that the spring may be compressed sufficiently to remove the retaining pin or key near the end of the valve stem. After removing the retaining pin or key, the valve can be picked out of its seat. Remove each valve and mark or label each one so that it can be replaced in the cylinder from which it was taken.

Examine the valve stems. If they show considerable wear, the best economy is to replace the valve with a new one.

The exhaust valves may show pit marks. This is due to the valve face being exposed to the terrific heat of the exhaust gases. If the valve is not deeply pitted, grinding may be sufficient to make the valve compression tight. However, if the valve is deeply pitted, the valve should be refaced. If the valve head is warped, a new valve is needed.

Valve seats are also susceptible to warping, and when such is the case, they must be recut before a valve can be properly ground into a seat. However, we will assume that the valves and seats are not warped.

Before proceeding with the grinding operation it is well to plug all openings leading to the cylinder bore with rags or waste as it is imperative that all grinding compound be kept out of the bore. Valve grinding compound can be purchased at any hardware store. Clean all carbon from the valves and cylinders. Now moisten the finger with cylinder oil and smear on the seat of the valve to be ground. Place a little of the valve grinding compound on the finger and smear lightly and evenly on the face of the valve. Don't use much grinding compound. Place the valve in its seat and with a screw-driver or other special tool engage the slot or holes in the the valve head. With just enough pressure to keep the grinding tool engaged with the valve proceed to turn the valve first in one direction and then the other. As the grinding continues it will be necessary to occasionally raise the valve from its seat and give one-half turn before placing in seat again. This will insure an even grinding action. It is common practice to place a light coil spring under the valve as shown in cut which has just sufficient strength to raise the valve off its seat when pressure on the valve grinding tool is released. A valve is ground sufficiently when a thin but clearly defined silver ring appears on the full circumference of the valve face.



However it is excellent practice to test the seat. Wash the valve and seat with gasolene or kerosene and then smear the face of the valve with Prussian blue. After placing valve in its seat turn valve with grinding tool about a quarter turn. Remove valve and the blue on the seat will indicate whether or not the grinding is complete.

After grinding each valve, wash the valves, guides, etc, thoroughly with gasolene or kerosene as it is important that all of the grinding compound be removed. A particle of this compound reaching the cylinder bore can do considerable damage. Likewise compound in the valve stem guides will cause rapid wear on the guides and stems.

After the grinding and washing operations are complete be sure to remove the waste or rags which were used to prevent the compound from getting into the cylinders.

Helpful Pointers

Idling Miss

Leaky intake valve guides and manifold very often are the cause of misfiring when the engine is running at an idling speed. The leaks permit extra air to be taken into the cylinders where it mixes with the mixture taken from the carburetor. The mixture contains too much air and thus being thrown out of balance causes irregular engine action. An easy way to find the trouble is to run the engine at an idling speed and then to squirt gasolene on the intake manifold joints and down the intake valve stem guides. If this proceedure changes the operation of the engine then a leak is the cause of the misfiring.

Precautions to Prevent Trouble

Never start on a trip without first having made certain that you have plenty of gasolene, oil and water. These three are essential to the operation of any engine except the air cooled type which does not need water.

You can't cheat a car on rubber. Before starting on a long trip make certain the tires are in good condition, as otherwise you are apt to have all the joy taken out of the journey.

The law requires number plates. The law also requires that they be placed so that they may be seen. Bumpers are accessories and not required by law. If your car bumpers hide the number plates you may be required to see the judge to the extent of a few dollars plus costs.

All thoughts do not run in the same channel. Radio outfits receive nothing until tuned in. When you decide to stop or turn, make sure that the fellow behind is "listening in." Stick out your hand so that he will understand that you are going to stop or turn.

When driving on a road where there is traffic do not brush off the ashes of your cigar with a flourish of the arm outside of the car. Also do not hold conversation with a passenger and endeavor to make your argument more forceful by continually sticking the hand out of the car. It is many times understood as a signal to stop or turn and keeps the fellow following behind you uncertain as to your intentions.

Water for Battery

The electrolyte in the storage battery consists of distilled water and sulphuric acid. In time, the water evaporates but the acid does not. The water and not the acid must, therefore be replaced at regular intervals. Pure distilled water only must be used. The water which we drink is said to be pure yet it contains certain elements which are injurious to the battery. Pure distilled water is cheap. It can be obtained from any drug store and is generally given free at any battery service station. However, when distilled water cannot be conveniently obtained, rain water will give good results. The water should be caught in a glass, rubber, china, or lead vessel which is left in the open. Rain water which has been in contact with metal surface such as eave troughs, etc, will not do. If you desire to use rain water leave the vessel in the open during the storm.

Curtain Fasteners

Many manufacturers are using a curtain fastener known as the "Lift-the-Dot" type. This fastener locks on three sides when snapped into place and resists all attempts to unlock it until the DOT is lifted. The open side is indicated by a large DOT and unless the fastener is lifted at this point it will pull out of the curtain rather than release its grip. This fastener is simple and durable if the operator will only follow instructions relative to its operation.

Skidding

Skidding is a condition over which the driver has no positive control. It is commonly caused by sudden application of the brakes on slippery pavement or turning corners at a high rate of speed. It is a condition which could be averted, but when it exists the driver may take certain steps and leave the rest to Good Lady Fortune. The skid is due to the centrifugal action developed by the car which causes the rear end to swing out to the outside of the curve. When the skid occurs, the brakes should be released and the front wheels turned in the same direction as the car is sliding. Do not throw out the clutch. Cautious driving will avert skids.

Snap Fasteners

When a snap fastener of the glove type refuses the usual effort to release it from its post do not keep tugging on the curtain as there is danger of ripping the curtain. A much better method is to use the blade of a screw-driver to pry the fastener from its post.

Use of Grease Gun

A grease gun which forces the lubricant out under pressure is standard equipment on many present day cars. The end of the gun is usually in the form of a bayonet coupling which engages with a nipple on the chassis. After forcing grease through a nipple do not disconnect the bayonet coupling until you have first given the gun plunger about two or three turns in the reverse direction. This will relieve the pressure and prevent waste of lubricant directly after the gun is disconnected.

Washing Car

Never wash the car in the hot sun as the water may dry on the body before you have the opportunity to wipe it off, with a chamois wrung out of clear water. A streaked finish will be the result.

Clean Terminals

Refusal of the starting motor to operate is not always due to a run-down battery. The battery may be in good condition but if the battery terminals are loose or corroded, the resistance set up may be too great to insure the necessary flow of current for the motor. The terminals should be carefully cleaned with sandpaper and then tightly drawn up. A little vaseline smeared on the terminals will then seal the joints and prevent corrosion.

Answers to Inquiries

CYLINDERS FLOOD WITH OIL.—My Studebaker light six, 1921 model, leaks so much oil that it drowns the spark although I have had three new sets of piston rings put in, and finally a scrape ring put into each cylinder, but all to no effect. I would like to know if there is any way to stop the trouble without putting in new pistons.

W. M. P., Schoolfield, Va.

A.—The safest method out of your difficulty is to write to the manufacturer of your car and describe your trouble in detail. In my opinion, the manufacturer is the only one properly qualified to suggest alterations in the oiling system. Lack of oil will quickly ruin an engine and when a change must be made, the manufacturer should suggest it. The maker of your car is the Studebaker Motor Car Corp., South Bend, Ind. Address your letter to the attention of the service Dept.

DIFFICULT TO START WHEN COOL.—My 1917 model Ford is hard to start when it has stood a while and the engine is not hot, unless hot water is poured on the manifold, and then it starts immediately. What is the matter? (2) Does carbon remover sold in liquid form remove all the carbon? Will it injure the engine?

E. M., Eureka, W. Va.

A.—Open the needle valve of the carburetor a trifle more and use the choke and your starting troubles will probably disappear. Personally, I am not in favor of the so called liquid carbon removers. The Ford head is easily removed and it is a simple matter to do a thorough job of carbon scraping. It is beyond me to state whether the liquid removers would prove injurious to the engine. I should require a guarantee of this nature before using an agent of that kind.

DIM LIGHTS.—The lights of my 1917 model Ford car which are connected with the magneto are giving poor light, so dim that it is almost useless. Please tell me the remedy to get better lights.

H. E. R., Catawba Sanatorium, Va.

A.—Providing you are using lights of the proper candle power and voltage, the lack of light is probably due to an accumulation of foreign matter under the spring of the magneto plug. If the cleaning of the plug does not improve the current strength, the indication is that the magnets are weak and they should be recharged.

CHARGING MAGNETO.—I find many useful hints in COMFORT. I would like to know how to charge a Ford magneto. I have a good 4-bar K. W magneto. Can I use it to advantage for the charging job?

L. A. P., Mo.

A.—In a great many cases, the magneto is said to have lost its strength when in reality it has not. Very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

AGENTS! BIG MONEY SELLING

"A Double-Duty Device" For A Single Price"

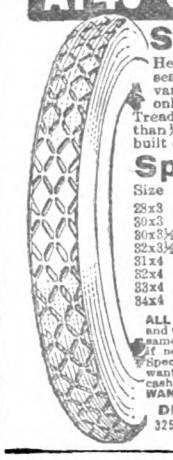


Sentree

Make $10 to $20 a day selling Sentree, a wonderful new device to guard motor efficiency! Warns against engine overheating by flashing red signal and blowing whistle. Condenses all vapor into liquids, keeping water always in radiator. Saves oil and gas. No competitors, every auto owner a prospect. GET YOUR SENTREE FREE! Write now for full details!

ALERT ALARM COMPANY
607 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR



Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous Diamond-Treaded Tires — as illustrated — at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcases money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	6.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT when cash accompanies order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

DIAMOND-TREAD TIRE WORKS
3253 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

30X3½ CORD NEW TIRE $2.00 PRICE

GUARANTEED 8 MONTHS AT HALF PRICE

These are Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, Fisk and other best known standard make tires. All slightly used, but readily give our customers thousands of miles of splendid service.

LOWEST TIRE PRICES IN AMERICA

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

SEND ONLY $1.00 for each tire shipped. Balance C.O.D. Express shipments *sent section* unwrapped for inspection. Tires guaranteed eight months. Another tire given at half price for any not perfectly satisfactory. Dealers and Agents wanted everywhere. WRITE—RUSH ORDERS.

ROSE TIRE CORPORATION
Dept. C123, 1526 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

CAR OWNERS WANTED!



To use and introduce the greatest improvement in Inner Tubes since autos were invented. Air gauge in valve stem of every Tube shows at a glance through the Unbreakable Transparent Valve Cover amount of air in tires. (5)

AIR-GAGE Heavy Duty Tubes

—sell on sight to almost every car owner because they save trouble, time, worry and expense. Add one-third to life of tires. Paul salesmen make big profits selling direct to car owners. Our million dollar factory can use 500 more salesmen at once. Experience not necessary. Big illustrated Free Book tells how the Paul Plan will start you in this big money-making business without capital. Write for Free Book Today.

THE PAUL RUBBER CO., Dept. 7, Salisbury, N.C.

FREE TO AGENTS!



$100 to $200 a Week! Driver Agents! Put a Lu-Min-Us-Cap on your car free and write orders day and night! $35 electric-lighted outfit free to men without cars. $8.50 Ford size $7.50.

Illuminates. Theft-proofs MOTOMETER! A millionaire can't buy a more gorgeous ornament for his car, but price within reach of all. Parking lights, driving lights, trouble lights, ALL IN ONE. Write for information and how to get yours FREE.

W. C. Perkins & Co., Dept. 110 3949 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO



Sell TIRES DIRECT FROM FACTORY

We want one auto owner in each locality to use and advertise Armour Cords. You can make big money and get your own tires Free by simply sending us orders from friends and neighbors. No Capital or Experience needed. We deliver and collect direct. Pay you daily.

Most Liberal Tire Guarantee Ever Written

Armour Cords are Bonded against Accidental Damage, Wear and Tear, Tread Separation, Blistering, Blow-Outs and Rim-Cutting for 10,000 miles. We are actual manufacturers. Write today for Great Special Offer to Agents and low Factory Prices.

ARMOUR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept 95, DAYTON, O.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. R. E. H., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that your mother's homestead rights in the homestead property of her first husband will expire upon her death, and that her children by her second marriage will not inherit any interest therein from her.

Mrs. C. L. S., Kansas;—We think the discharge papers of the soldier you mention belong to him and not to his mother or wife.

Mrs. E. K. S., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the rights of the man who owns the easement of a right of way across the neighbor's property would depend upon the terms of the agreement creating such casement and that you should examine same in order to determine his rights.

No Name, California.—We think the court records of the county in the state where your father resided at the time of his death should show what disposition was made of his property, and if your brother and sister refuse to give you proper information we think you should have the records examined.

Mrs. F. L. C., Wyoming.—Under the laws of Iowa, we are of the opinion that if your grandfather left no will, and if your father predeceased him, your father's children are entitled to his share in the estate, provided you do not neglect to prosecute your rights until they are barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. L. L., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated, the custody of the children is a question for the courts to decide, taking into consideration the welfare of such children, we think, however, the courts would be slow to award such custody to a father who has failed to provide a home or support for either his wife or child.

S. K., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the present holder of the disputed strip of land and his predecessors have held undisputed possessions of this property for a period of 26 years, and if the record claimants to this property were under no legal disabilities, the present holder could establish a possessory title to same, provided he properly defends any action brought to eject him therefrom.

T. B., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children or descendants of children may be disinherited by will, provided such will is so worded as to show that such omission was intentional, and provided testator possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence of any other person.

G. P. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man, cannot by will bar his wife's right of dower in his real estate, but that he can have a provision in his will giving her other property in lieu of her rights in his estate and that upon his death she would have a right to elect as to whether to accept the terms of the will or her intestacy rights in the estate.

J. L. K., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man having no will, and no child nor descendant, the whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. T. W. S. G., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opnion that upon the death of either husband or wife one-half of the common or community property goes to the survivor and the remainder, in the absence of testamentary disposition, to the child or children of the deceased; we think any party in interest can compel a division of such property in the proper action brought for the purpose; we think a local attorney would be necessary to bring such an action.

Mrs. B. L M., West Virginia.—We do not think the validity of your marriage was affected by your misstatement of your age at the time of procuring your marriage license. We think you might have been punished for such misstatement or that it might have been used as a basis for an annullment action. We think that under the laws of your state females become of age at twenty-one years.

Mrs. C. H. C., Illinois.—If the property in Indiana stands in your stepfather's name, we think it necessary for your mother to survive him in order to have intestacy inheritance rights in his property. (2) Under the laws of Texas we think if the property you mention is community property and there are no children nor descendants of children, the whole of said property will go to surviving husband or wife upon the death of either.

A. D., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we think your household goods are subject to assessment for taxes.

R. R., Oregon.—If your debtor refuses to pay his debt to you, we think you can collect same from any property he may own not exempt by law from levy under execution, in the proper action brought for the purpose.

E. R. C., Illinois.—Under the laws of Wisconsin, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, the whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to the surviving widow.

C. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that females become of age at 18 years, but that she cannot vote until she is 21 years of age.

Mrs. M. D., Georgia.—We think it will be necessary for you to employ a lawyer in the state where the property, upon which you hold a mortgage, is located in order to bring a foreclosure action on your mortgage.

Mrs. A. C., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a possessory title may be acquired to real property by holding absolute undisputed possession of such property using and enjoying same, and paying taxes thereon, for a term of not less than five years, which said period is extended in cases of disabilities.

Miss A. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that estates of joint tenants, or tenants by entirety, descend and pass by devise in the same manner as the estates of tenants in common, survivorship having been abolished, so that property held in the names of both husband and wife, upon the death of one, without a will does not all go to the survivor, as formerly, but goes one-half to the survivor, and the other half is administered as the estate of the decedent, going according to the intestacy laws depending upon who is left, but the whole property would, in the absence of a will, go to the surviving husband or wife in case there were no children nor descendants.

Mrs. N. H., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a bargain to the effect that your husband shall have free rent upon the property belonging to his father's estate, he would be liable to the other heirs for their share of a reasonable sum for his use and occupation of the land.

Mrs. B. K., Ohio.—We think you should have an examination made of the will under which you and your sister received a remainder interest in the property you mention for if as you state your father had but a life estate in this property his wife or widow would have no interest therein, except that she would be entitled to support from him if he is still living.

A. G., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated the custody of the small children is a question for the courts to decide taking into consideration the welfare of such small children.

F. H. W., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, and leaving but one child, you would be entitled to hold your half interest in the real estate standing in both of your names, and in addition thereto certain small allowances, and one-half of his estate both real and personal, so that you would be entitled to a three-quarter interest in the equity of the real estate standing in both of your names, your own one-half interest and one-half (being one-quarter of the whole) of his share in such property inheritance.

D. R. P., Oklahoma.—If as you state the title to the property you mention stands in your mother's name and if she had possession of same for a period of 37 years, we do not think your father's children by a former marriage have any interest therein, unless your mother is dead and left them some provision by will.

Mrs. E. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an action brought for the recovery of money upon an agreement, contract or promise in writing must be brought within fifteen years from the date of the last acknowledgment of the indebtedness.

A. M., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the remarriage of the man you mention, during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he was not divorced, was a bigamous and criminal marriage, and that he is liable to punishment for contracting same.

Mrs. J. E. C., North Carolina.—If your debtor has been properly discharged in bankruptcy, and if your claim was properly set forth in his schedule of creditors in the bankruptcy proceeding we think you cannot now recover from him.

Mrs. V. W., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive dower of a one-third interest in his real estate, and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters depending upon who is left. We think he can, by will, reduce his widow's share in the personal estate to one-third, but that he cannot, by will, bar her right of dower in the real estate.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. B. B., Cohasset, Minn.—Tea leaves should not be eaten. Avoid excessive draughts of coffee. As a tonic take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. W. C., Mt. Airy, N. C.—You probably were torn externally during labor. Be examined and if there is any lacerations of the parts have them restored

"Bowlegged" better give his full name and address if he expects an answer to his question. This also applies to others who fail to observe this rule.

Mrs. C. M. R., Oacoma, S. D.—The cause of epileptic fits is unknown. In the case of your husband, the fits have been caused by excessive eating of rich food. If this is so, his diet should be confined to very simple foods and not much at a time. He should keep his bowels free, drink plenty of water and take ten grains of bromide of sodium every four hours dissolved in a wine glass of water.

Mrs. T. N., Fairland, Okla.—The chronic discharge from the ear was caused by inflammation of the middle ear. Douche the ear with a saturated solution of boracic acid. After douching the ear instill in the ear five drops three times a day of the following solution. Fifteen drops of tincture of iodine, fifteen drops of carbolic acid, dissolved in an ounce of equal parts of rose water and alcohol. Use the drops three times a day. Soreness of the breast each month is normal. The "twitchings" of the parts mentioned are of nervous origin and does not need treatment

Mrs. G. B. F., Blairsville, Ga.—Have your husband consult some good dentist for the condition of his teeth and gums. He can also in the meantime rinse out his mouth with Dobell's solution. Your condition is due to inflammation of the bladder. Have your local doctor wash out the bladder daily. You can also take five-grain tablets of urotropin after meals.

Mr. F. C. P., Tacoma, Wash.—Cigarettes do not cause constipation. For the nervous indigestion, take after meals one five-grain pill of asafetida. Spray your nose with Dobell's solution three times a day.

Miss E. S., Newton, Miss.—Your trouble and your sister's trouble may be a mild form of epilepsy. A careful diet, one free from sweets and pastries, and keeping the bowels free daily will help much toward preventing the spells. For your constipation you can take daily morning and night two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada.

Mrs. G. F. S., Scranton, Pa.—The irregular and excessive menstruation may be due to thinness of the blood. Have your sister take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted.

Mrs. J. T. T., Reagan, Tenn.—Your trouble is probably an intercostal neuralgia. Take after meals two teaspoons of Warburg's tincture well diluted

Mr. R. W., Overall, Tenn.—You probably have an enlarged prostate gland which needs special treatment. In the meantime you can take after meals five-grain tablets of urotropin.

Miss A. I. H., Cane, Tenn.—You probably have a chronic malaria following the "flu". Try two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted after meals. Also for the inflamed lids apply to the eyelids at night a one per cent. ointment of yellow oxide of mercury.

Mrs. G. E. B., Elmwood, Wis.—We think your husband's opinion is correct. If you wish to reduce you can follow the following direction. On alternate days live on divided doses of a quart of skim-milk. On the other days live on green vegetables and meats, avoiding sweets of all kinds, including pastries. Drink plenty of water, exercise daily, dividing the exercises into three sessions daily of at least half an hour each. If you follow these directions, you will gradually reduce.

Mrs. A. B., Bradford, Mass.—You have a form of articular rheumatism (rheumatism of the joints). Rub the terminal joints in oil of wintergreen. Avoid sweets of all kinds. Take after meals, five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium, well diluted

Mrs. M. K., West Monterey, Pa.—Hemorrhoids of long standing will cause all kinds of nervous phenomena, besides discomfort. Operation is the only method of cure in your case.

Miss R. P., Afton, Texas.—Hard lumps in the breasts of females should always receive prompt attention to determine their nature. You should consult some good surgeon at once and if he thinks it necessary, have the lumps removed at once.

Miss D. C., Vardman, Miss.—For your chronic diarrhea live almost exclusively on boiled milk and toast. Take a teaspoonful of the following mixture well diluted three or four times a day. Bismuth subnitrate sixty grains, dilute nitric acid one-half ounce, paregoric one-half ounce and cinnamon water enough to make two ounces.

Mrs. E. D. S., Tahlequah, Okla.—When writing this department, hereafter, give full name. You have a chronic bronchitis. At night, over the upper chest, apply a large mustard plaster, made of equal parts of flour and Coleman's mustard. For your cough take a teaspoonful of the following mixture. Thirty grains of iodide of ammonium, one ounce of syrup of tolu, and one ounce of water. You can take this in the above dose four times a day.

Mrs. W. H. B. Canon City, Colo.—Your boy should have his tonsils and adenoids operated on at once.

Miss F A., Keezeltown, Va.—Paint the enlarged lymphatic gland once a week with tincture of iodide of potassium well diluted.

Mrs. L. D. M., Westville, New Jersey.—Have the wart removed by the electric cautery.

Mr J. G., Luzerne, Pa.—Wash or shampoo the hair as you have been doing and apply daily for some time a lotion of resorcin. A two per cent. is about the right strength dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and water.

Mrs. G. S., Rector, Ark.—For your cough you can try a teaspoonful of pertussin well diluted between meals. Better have your sputum examined and find out whether or not you have tuberculosis.

Mrs. H. O. R., Health Springs, S. C.—For your chronic constipation take morning and night two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada well diluted. Locally for the hemorrhoids, you can apply compound gall ointment. If the hemorrhoids are very painful and protrude have them operated on at once.

Miss M. M., Weston, Ohio.—Your head trouble and ovarian condition may have some connection. Douche the vagina with a normal salt solution hot and see what this will do for you.

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, ahd it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gills, or droopy in any way.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

G. L. M.—Yes, ducks will lay without a drake, but of course the egg will not hatch. Any of the general purpose fowls, such as Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds, would be suitable for the vicinity you name.

J. F. E.—The morning feed would be better if composed of ground oats, corn, wheat bran, middlings and meat scraps. All brands of meat scraps are apt to upset birds and cause diarrhea, if suddenly introduced into their feed in any quantity. When first starting, put about a tablespoonful to every quart of grain, and increase the quantity very gradually. In this way you will have no trouble.

I. M. C.—It is really better to use hens which are two or three years old in breeding pens, but I have seen splendid chicks hatched from birds just ending their pullet year, especially when they were mated to a two or three-year-old rooster.

W. F.—Your letter interested me very much. It is so nice to hear of a young boy seriously starting in to keep poultry for profit while still in school. I know a young man who started just as you have done. By the time he was seventeen he had a good paying business. And now, at twenty-eight years of age, he has an incubator that holds twenty-five hundred eggs, sells baby chicks all through the summer, and has a laying flock which averages three hundred and fifty birds, from which he markets eggs all through the winter, and realizes a much larger income than his father, who is a doctor. About your hens not laying last winter, perhaps you did not give them enough vegetable and animal food, which hens must have to produce eggs. In the September and October issues of COMFORT, I will treat the subject of feeding hens for winter eggs If I can give you any further advice, please write me, and I shall be glad to help you. It is against our rules to recommend breeders in this column.

L. M. J.—The birds have mange, which is caused by a very minute mite, which, when once introduced into a flock, spreads rapidly from fowl to fowl. It leaves at the base of the feathers, where it causes intense itching, which causes the birds to pull out the feathers, and also gets other birds in the flock into the habit of feather pulling. If you pull out a few feathers near any of the bare spots, you will notice what appears like dandruff at the base. The best cure is to mix one part of flour of sulphur with three parts of vaseline or lard, and rub well into the bare spots and the base of the surrounding feathers. Repeat the treatment two or three times at intervals of a week. Also, use a good insect powder on all the birds of the flock. Clean and disinfect the house and fixtures. Fresh lime slaked with boiling water or skim milk must be used. Add one ounce of powdered glue and six ounces of crude carbolic acid to every gallon. This makes a good whitewash that sticks like paint, and kills undesirable inmates of cracks and crevices. Yes, most sheep dips are serviceable, but they make the walls of the house look so dirty, that I think whitewash is to be preferred.

M. L. A.—If you turn to the first part of this department, you will find a cure for gapes.

(Editor's Note). It is against our rules to recommend breeders in this column, so I cannot answer letters about Muscovy and Crested ducks.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

often lint and other foreign matter will accumulate under the magneto plug contact spring. Cleaning away the foreign matter will frequently restore a strong current. Many garages are now equipped to charge magnets without necessitating their removal from the car. I would suggest that you search for such a shop in case you are certain that the magnets need recharging. Regarding the installation of another make of magneto, I believe your chief difficulty would be in establishing a drive for this instrument. If you can install and properly time it, there is no reason why it should not give satisfaction for ignition purposes.

SPRING CRANK-SHAFT.—I have to put a new rear main bearing on the crank-shaft of my 1919 model Ford about every two months to keep it so I can crank and start it on the magneto. I know of several other Ford cars that are in the same fix. Can you tell me what causes such rapid wear of that bearing?

H. C. M., Seneca, S. C.

A.—If as you state, it is necessary to replace the rear bearing cap every two months, my opinion is that the crankshaft must be sprung. The wear is much too rapid and can only be the result of an abnormal condition.

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All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And A Linen and Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroide

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors; hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements this paper, as they will often find in them hat they seek through their questions addressed this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor id postage.

o attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the ndor's full name and address but we will print only itials if so requested.

Mrs. A. T., Omak, Wash.—Do you not mean to inire concerning Sylvester Graham, who died in Northmpton, Mass., Sept. 11, 1851? It was he who beame the father of the popular theory of hygiene and et which has come to be known as "Grahamism." 'hat we now call "graham flour" derives its name om Dr. Graham, who wrote a treatise on "Bread and readmaking." Practically all of this early reformer's eas have been adopted by latter day exponents of ysical culture and hygienic diet. We believe there as much of good sense and healthful helpfulness in ie teachings of Graham The more natural the forms which we can take our food, the better for our natural ody. Too much of our diet today consists of conntrated and de-vitalized food, making weak stomachs id weak bodies. A valuable dairy cow is often fed ore carefully and sensibly than the man who owns er.

Mrs. W. P., West Virginia.—Diamonds are not a oduct of your state, except in jewelers' windows, and e feel certain you have not discovered any of these aluable gems. Show your mysterious "rocks" to me professor of geology or high school teacher, who e think could promptly identify their place in the st of minerals. (2). You did not give the date of our U. S. coin, so we are unable to advise you conrning its possible value.

R. H. C., Arkansas.—Write to the Bureau of Navation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., for formation concerning the nearest U. S. Navy reuiting station. The present entering base pay of n enlisted man in the navy is $21 a month. There assuredly "opportunity for travel" in the navy, as he fleet makes annual cruises for target practice and aneuvers. The sleeping quarters of men on the rger ships are comfortably arranged. Apply to your arest recruiting office for the specific details you reuire. (2). A marine is what might be termed a "sea soldier," that is, he is one of an armed and trained rce stationed aboard battleships and at navy yards d naval stations. A marine is something very ifferent from the "U. S merchant marine." This st is a term used to include both privately owned nd Shipping Board owned vessels for transportation nd commercial purposes, and not serving as war essels.

O. S., Shumway, Ill.—The Carnegie Hero Fund ommission is maintained by a form of endowment nd has offices at 2507 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, a. You may address the secretary of the Commislon, Mr. F. M. Wilmot, concerning the particulars our letter details.

W. G. D., Opp, Ala.—Few people have exact knowldge of the great area and enormous possibilities of laska. This mightiest territory of the U. S. has an rea of 590,884 square miles—about twice that of the ig state of Texas, and almost four times that of Calfornia. From north to south Alaska stretches a ength of 1200 miles—equal to the distance between ew Orleans and Minneapolis. In breadth, the territory possesses 800 miles!—and all this immense ountry has today a population less than one-half of our Alabama cities of Mobile or Birmingham.

The northern half of Alaska has many swamps which un back to low rising hills. This section is chiefly opulated by small tribes of Indians who live along he streams. The southern half of the territory is mountainous, and along the coast in the southeast rise such mighty peaks as Mt. Elias—over 18,000 eet high. The highest mountain in the U. S., Mt. cKinley, is situated in the central portion of Alaska nd has a height of over 20,000 feet.

The main industry of Alaska is mining, and the country contains some of the largest quartz veins in he world. In 1917 the production of gold was more han $15,000,000. There are great coal deposits—oth anthracite and bituminous—which have received ittle development. Small deposits of petroleum have een located. Salmon fishing is one of the important ndustries—over $70,000,000 being invested in this. The agricultural development of Alaska is limited by limate and sparseness of population. At present t is principally represented by truck farms near the arger towns and cities. All of the hardier vegetables, except corn, can be successfully raised. Rain is abundant and, in the short hot summers, temperatures of over ninety degrees are not uncommon. Our Department of Agriculture has established experiment stalions, and oats and wheat have been produced successfully in favored localities. Sheep and cattle have been raised in small numbers, and this industry is being developed.

As to lumber, about 27,000,000 acres of forest are under control of the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture. Lumber in these national forests s being cut so as to provide a permanent supply. In 1912, for instance, 45,000,000 feet of timber were sold. A map will show you that Alaska is lined with a chain of islands. Channels between these can be navigated by the largest steamers. In the interior is the Yukon river—one of the largest in the world. This s navigable for a length of over 1500 miles. There are many new railroads being built—one having been authorized by our Congress for a length of not over 1000 miles. This is nearing completion. All this great northern wonderland was bought by our Government from Russia, in 1867, for $7,200,000—one of the biggest real estate bargains ever known! But we warn you that Alaska is much colder in winter than Opp, Alabama, and you should remember this before you move north to the thriving city of Juneau.

Mrs. E. S., Ballinger, Tex.—There are no vacant public acres in the big state in which you live.

D. A. V., South Carolina.—The letters "M. A." are used to signify "Master of Arts," while the abbreviation "D. D." signifies "Doctor of Divinity." It would be preferable for an Episcopal clergyman to be able to possess the last of these two degrees after his name.

Mrs. H. Singer, 116 Union St., Elizabeth, N. J.—wishes information from COMFORT readers in the southern states as the best locality for an invalid desiring a warmer climate. Mrs Singer's husband is a painter by trade. Write to her direct, please, any kind readers of this column who can aid.

L. B. M., Seneca, S. C.—January is named from Janus, the double-faced god of the Romans; February received its name from *februa*, the Roman feast of expiation and lustration which was held on the fifteenth of this month. March is from the Latin word *martius*, pertaining to Mars. This was the first month in ths ancient Roman calendar. April, which the Romans knew as *Aprilis*, is supposed to have been derived from the Latin verb *aperire*, meaning to open. May is from the Latin *Manius*. June is thought to be derived either from *juniores*, the Latin for young men, or from Juno, a Roman goddess. Others have ascribed the month to Junius Brutus, the first consul, or the Latin verb *jungo*, to join. July was first known to the Romans as *Quintilis*, but it was changed to July by proposal of Mark Anthony who wished thereby to honor Julius Cæsar. August was named from Augustus Cæsar, after first having been known as Sextilis. September is from the Latin *septem*, signifying seven. This having been the seventh month of the Roman year which began in March. October was the Roman eighth month, and its name is derived from *octo*, eight. November, for the same reason of number, is from the Latin word for nine, *novem*. December, again, takes its name from the Latin word for ten, *decem*. (2) In southern and western Europe the days of the week have names of Latin origin, but the names that we use are Anglo-Saxon derived mostly from the names of the gods of Norse mythology. Sunday is the sun's day, Monday the moon's day, Tuesday is named after the Anglo-Saxon god of war, Tiw. Wednesday means Woden's Day—the Anglo-Saxons having thus honored one of their gods. Thursday is Thor's day, in honor of the Norse god Thor, the thunderer Friday is the day of Frigga—she being the wife of the Norse god Odin. Saturday is the one exception, being the Roman god Saturn's day.

E. S., Peru, Ind.—A vanishing ink can be made from a weak solution of iodide of starch. Characters written with this solution will disappear completely in about four weeks, leaving the paper blank. Also there is an ink visible only in the dark. This is made from a mixture of three quarters of a dram of phosphorus dissolved with three quarters of an ounce of oil of cinnamon Mix, cork well, and heat till thoroughly dissolved and united. This is best done by placing the bottle containing the mixture in hot water. A letter written with this ink can only be read in a dark room when the letters will appear like fire. It is best to write in a large flowing hand, that the words may be more easily read.

Mrs. P. S. L., Granite, Okla.—The vacant public lands of the U. S. are controlled through a bureau in the Department of the Interior. Address this department at Washington, D. C. concerning any specific information you desire. There are acres for homesteading yet remaining in twenty-four states. Your letter mentions no particular section of the country in which you are interested regarding settlement.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

I will string the beads of my hours
On a string of beautiful purpose;
To do better work,
To learn a little more,
To be a little stronger,
A little wiser and a little kinder every day.
—*Elizabeth Towne.*

THE average "beautiful thought" is so far above the common, everyday mortal as to be discouraging, but all of us can live up to this. Start in by being a little kinder every day and it will not be difficult to achieve the rest.

PENNSYLVANIA BLUE EYES.—You should tell him frankly that you have no intention of marrying him, then he can never say you deceived him, wasted his life, etc., and all the other incriminations a man can think of when he feels that he is the injured one. He may take you at your word and find some other girl, so be sure you know your own mind and then you won't be obliged to write and ask me how to get him back. It is easier to keep a man's love than to regain it.

BROWN EYES OF VIRGINIA.—Just keep on doing as you have done in the past. Eventually he will realize that he isn't wanted.

MISS O., Georgia.—Aren't you making rather a mountain of a mole hill, though that's a poor metaphor I'll admit. You didn't love him, he didn't love you, so why should you care if your chum has taken him away from you,—if she could take what you never possessed. I am much surprised that you should let her see that it hurts you. Suppose you just wait and see if matters are not adjusted satisfactorily.

BROKEN-HEARTED, Texas.—My, my, but chums are getting meaner and meaner every day. Here's another who has taken her friend's sweetheart. If he is so easily captured, let her have him and keep him if she can.

B. T. H—From your letter I should judge you sensible and wise enough to decide for yourself what is best for you to do. His lack of education shouldn't keep you from marrying him if his other qualities are so desirable and he is anxious to learn more. It is the man who has no education and is content to remain so, that I don't approve of. You can teach him, but marry him first—you've been engaged long enough as it is—lest after you have taught him things he should know, he should decide he could do better. I don't mean that you should marry him at once, but take into consideration your age and his, how much of a financial start he has and how much longer you can afford to wait for him without injuring your own matrimonial prospects, just supposing he decides he doesn't want to marry you. Men have been known to change their minds.

ETHEL, Virginia.—There is no "best" month in which to get married. It is people and not seasons that count. However, in your case, I strongly advise a month in 1928—not before.

M. Y., Penn.—Why not try a little judicious flattery on your sister. Tell her that people say you are fortunate in living with her so you can learn housekeeping from her, she is such a good housekeeper, etc. She may make an effort to live up to your praise, though I'm beginning to think that neat housekeepers, like poets, are born and not made. You can keep your room and belongings neat and clean. Study hard and fit yourself for work so you can be self supporting. It is a grand and glorious feeling.

BROWN EYES, North Dakota.—Of course it is all right for you to wear bright colors. I'm 'eaps and 'eaps older than you and I expect to go on wearing bright colors for years and years In fact, I'm seriously considering the purchase of some red shoes. Suit yourself about going to dances. I shouldn't if I didn't want to.

PUG NOSE, Tennessee.—It is only natural that you should take an interest in boys and like to be with them and I don't blame you a bit, but don't lose your head. You have an advantage in that you realize you are too young to have a sweetheart or to be in love. Just keep on being a jolly, friendly girl and save your love until you are old enough to know where it is best to bestow it. I would rather not discuss religion but I can't agree with you that a person is a "*sinner*" just because he doesn't belong to your church or mine.

BLACK EYES, Indiana.—If you want a husband who will snoop and spy on you all the time, then make up with him, but think it over first A man is the same after marriage as before, only more so You will have to decide just how much surveillance you can endure.

LITTLE GIRL, Ky.—If you should return his picture, now that he is married, it would be likely to cause more or less unpleasantness for him. His wife, if she is at all like the average woman, would be likely to say, "Why did you give her your picture?" Either destroy it or put it away with the rest of the photographs that accumulate in a home Do not write to the man with whom you wish to get better acquainted. Be pleasant when you meet him but let him take the initiative.

MARY, Texas.—Your letter has been sent to the Etiquette Department, as almost all of your questions were for that department. Besides, I wouldn't write a letter on the violently pink paper you sent me. Pink stationery to me is as a red cloth to a bull. It makes me furious. Please don't send any more.

BETTY, Georgia.—You would be very unwise to wait for this boy of seventeen. By the time he is old enough to marry,—and he shouldn't for six years, anyway—you would be twenty-eight years old and the chances are he would be in love with a sweet young thing of eighteen at that time. Better not think of him as a possible husband. In fact he would be most impossible.

M. P., Anaconda.—If your home life is really as unhappy as it appeared to you when you wrote to me, then you might marry and take a chance that you would be happier. It couldn't be much worse You didn't say whether the man wanted to marry you or not, or whether he was able financially to care for you. That's an important thing to consider, particularly as your health isn't good.

TROUBLED, Illinois.—It is most unfair of your sister to ask you to give up the love of a good man particularly as you have already given up the greater part of your girlhood to care for her. She is old enough to realize what she is doing and how she is hurting herself by going around with a disreputable man and she should give him up without making it a condition that you give up your fiance. Tell her you have no intention of spoiling your life even if she does seem determined to spoil hers.

DOROTHEA. So. Dak'.—It would be quite proper to write to his sister for information concerning his whereabouts. He may have been injured or taken sick on his trip and unable to write to you.

HELEN, Okla.—You are still too young to know your own mind; maybe not too young, but lacking in stability. You thought you were in love with your husband; now you think you are in love with another man, a married man, and if you could marry him you would be very likely to think you were in love with someone else—your first husband maybe. Of course if you were happy with him it might be different, but there are too many complications for a happy second marriage. I've noticed that unhappy wives are likely to think themselves in love with other men. The chances are that your husband is better than the average husband so try finding qualities about him to love and resolve to be contented. Abraham Lincoln said, "I have found that most people are about as happy as they have made up their minds to be." Make up your mind to be happy and to make your husband happy. You are much better off than a great many women who write to me. It is all right to "live well" but at the same time you should endeavor to save a part of your husband's salary. It is unfortunate that he has to help his mother and sisters and brothers but perhaps if he sees that you are trying to save money he will feel more like telling them to go to work for themselves. He deserves considerable consideration from you and so does the wife of the "other man." It sometimes happens that a baby brings happiness to a home. Think it over.

JACKIE, Tenn.—It would seem that there was some truth in the stories you have heard, and my advice is to give him up, for good this time, and don't have any relapses. He isn't worth the unhappiness he has brought and would continue to bring to you.

There, I hope I've helped someone.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

in a capable and dignified manner Yet Bill's ideas regarding diet could hardly be taken as establishing an average, I think.

Dwight, co-operation is good when men will actually co-operate. The trouble is that too many of 'em are still in the stage where they think they can do better by operating on each other. This has been a situation which has worked destruction to many communistic experimen s begun with high hopes. Man is an animal who persists in wanting to own things. He wishes to have his individual bone buried in the garden or in a safe deposit box. He likes to gnaw it and gloat over it alone, and has been known to growl and make fearful demonstrations when any boneless brother approaches his property. It is only rare spirits, rising above the flesh, who can have "all things in common." I have never heard before of the Louisiana colony, Dwight. Thanks for your news of it. Any tidings of men who co-operate more than they operate is encouraging.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

R. O. Bissett, R. 2, Box 92, Middlesex, N. C. Helpless and crippled by rheumatism for 31 years, this man's condition is a pitiful one. He is unable to move himself in any manner and weighs but 85 pounds. Mrs. E. A. Robinson, 215 Bell St., Montgomery Ala. A widow of sixty, feeble, alone in the world, and with little means of support. Mrs. Leona Reece, Laurel Fork, Va. With four girls of ages ranging from 7 to 15, and one boy of 4, this poor widow faces an uphill fight in struggling to support her family. Clothes and cash are the ammunition of life she needs. Mrs. Lizzie Hale, Boons Camp, Ky. Another overburdened widow with four children—the oldest a boy of 11 years. Has always done her best to keep her home and head above water until ill health now adds more of a handicap. Give her a boost. Dollie Vernon, Leaksville, N. C. Afflicted and with afflicted children, this poor woman is in real need of aid. John Robinson, 1133 Phillips Ave., Springfield. Ill. A 68 year old sufferer without means of support. Mrs. Emma Craddock, Price, N. C. Ill health has overtaken this woman and her husband and forces an appeal for aid now in their latter years. They would help themselves if they could. Mrs. R. V. Davis, Newport, Tenn. A widow with three children for whom she is just able to earn food. The oldest child, a boy of 8 years, is deaf and dumb. The mother asks aid so that she may place this child in a school for the deaf and dumb. Mrs. Mary F. Lawton, Cameron, N. C. An almost helpless old lady of 76 who asks only a postcard shower of cheer for her loneliness. Give it to her, cousins. Mrs. Dartha Grigg, R. R. 1, Box 33, Glen Allen, Ala. Crippled and bedridden, aid is asked in the form of clothes or cash. Through my error, I am sorry to say, this shut-in's address was wrongly given as in Pennsylvania, when first printed in this list in the February COMFORT. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Wayne Co., Mo. Helpless from rheumatism and shut-in and lonely, aid and cheer from the outside world mean much to this sufferer. Send her cash and some thoughts of love.

Summer's sunshine must come mostly by mail to the shut-in and suffering who are on our long list this month. Turn the bright side of your hearts and pocketbooks toward them and give them help.

I want to call your attention again here to the regulation always stated in this department concerning proper letters from postmaster and physician which must accompany appeals from shut-ins and needy ones who ask for listing in this column. *Original and genuine letters are required.* For the safeguarding of our generous members, and in justice to those who carefully comply with the necessary ruling, no attention can be given to appeals that do not comply with the stated conditions.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

The Rainbow

"The flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all
Were there no watery eyes.

"Love thou thy sorrows; grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years:
The rainbow! See how fair a thing
God hath built up from tears."
—*Author unknown.*

Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefits or cure in over 45,000 cases.

Philo Burt Company, 334-7 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.



Importer's Sale

We are large importers of fine watches. Save over 60% of market price by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either high-grade watch. No. 1, octagon or round case, 14Kt. gold-filled, 20 yr. case with 20 yr. gold-filled link bracelet. 6 jewels. Gold dial. Stem wind and set. Adjusted and regulated. $16 value, our price ONLY $7.25 prepaid. No. 2, 14Kt. White gold-filled 25 yr. case. Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled clasp. Beautiful white dial. Sapphire crown, tonneau shape, 6 jewels. Regulated adjusted. Fully guaranteed. $18 value. Our special price ONLY $7.55, prepaid. Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded promptly.

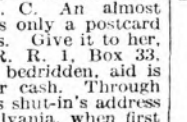
SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CO., Dept. 589, 434 Broadway, New York

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet Free.
AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
238 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can

You Can Save $35.00



$4.45 and up Parcels Postpaid

Recover it yourself. Custom tailor made to fit all makes and models. Roof and quarters sewed together, with rear fasteners, welts and tacks, complete. Anybody can put it on. Give name, year, model number of your car. Catalog *FREE*. *Agents wanted.*

LIBERTY TOP & TIRE CO. Dept. F1 Cincinnati, O.

FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline



Wonderful new carburetor. Reduces gasoline bills one-half to one-third Increases power of motors from 30 to 50%. Start easy in coldest weather.

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car. Special 30-day trial offer. **Agents wanted.**

A&R FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
Dept. 3720 Dayton, Ohio

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

Special Short Time Offer—Easy Lessons Free—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Harp, Cello, Singing, etc. You pay only for music and postage—which is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Plain, simple, systematic. Twenty-five years' success. Start at once. Send for special short time offer and free booklet and sample lesson by return mail. Address U. S. School of Music, 47 Brunswick Building, New York City.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c.
U.S. Supply Co. Dept. CH-7, Greenville, Pa.

The Bee Cell Supporter
A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE Your OWN Summer Drink, delicious, refreshing, healthful with Geiger's Orangeolo. Send 15 cents for package; makes a gallon. Geiger Co., 6540 N. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

FREE Dress Making Lessons

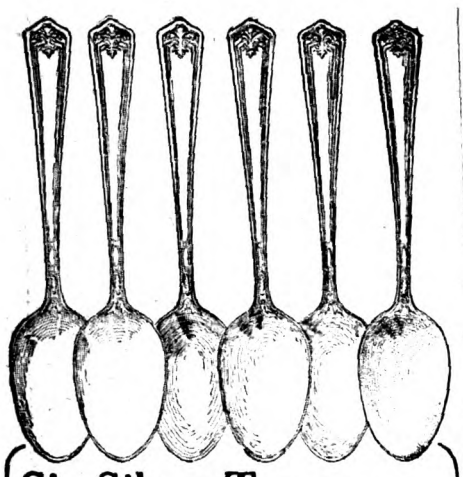


Any girl or woman, 15 or over, can easily learn **DRESS DESIGNING and MAKING in 10 WEEKS,** using spare moments. Designers earn **$40 to $100 a Week**

Why pay $15 for a $6 Dress?

Cut Here

Franklin Institute Dept. W641 Rochester, N. Y.
Kindly send me free sample lessons in Dress Designing and Making.
Name .....
Address .....



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Useful Gifts for Our Club Raisers

Antique Jewel Box



For A Club Of Two

IT seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.

Every girl and woman delights in the possession of a real jewel box for her dresser and our offer places this one easily within the reach of all. Like everything else, they cost a good price in the stores but we buy direct from the factory, hence we are able to make the following very liberal offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome Jewel Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9952.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery 10 1-2 by 6 1-4 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram intal embossed n colors on this high-grade fine qaulity stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing Outfit



For Home And School

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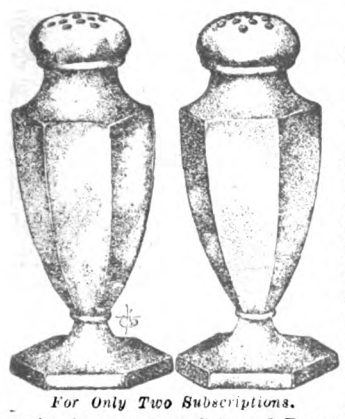
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Address

Silver Salt And Pepper

New Colonial Design



For Only Two Subscriptions.

THIS hand-Silver Salt and Pepper Set is the last word in style and service. The new "Colonial" is without doubt one of the most fashionable designs ever introduced. And the set will give years of service because both Salt and Pepper are heavily quadruple silver plated. They are three inches in height, of good weight and on account of their broad bases cannot easily be overturned, thus spilling salt and pepper on the tablecloth.

Solid Sterling Silver Sets are being made in this same popular pattern. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to distinguish the above set from one made of sterling silver.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful quadruple silver plated Salt and Pepper Set free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 81B14.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

For A Club Of 2

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!



MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 8SB13

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 8SB43.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case

Gift No. 1132

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.



EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x11 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. This case contains the newest Rapid Needle Threader which will help you to thread the finest needle quickly and easily.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1132.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Gold Decorated 31-Piece Dinner Set



For A Club Of Only Twelve

SO many women prefer the simple yet refined gold lined pattern in a Dinner Set, we have decided to offer this splendid 31-piece Set, consisting of six plates, six cups, six saucers, six fruit or cereal dishes, six individual butters and one platter. Each piece, which is full size for family use, is snowy white, without flaws or imperfections, decorated with a dainty gold edging and gold line. This is a design that is found in the most aristocratic homes—a design that you will never tire of. It is burned into the ware underneath the glaze so that it will never wear off.

This set is made by one of the best Potteries in the United States so we know it will please you—in fact, we are sure you will be delighted when you unpack it in your home and realize what a perfect set of dishes you have obtained without cost.

We are having these sets carefully packed so as to prevent breakage, and shipped by express direct from the Pottery in Ohio. The only expense to you will be the express charges, but these will amount to but a small fraction of what the dishes would cost in a retail store.

It will take you but a few hours of your spare time to earn this beautiful Dinner Set if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For twelve one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, this gold decorated, 31-piece Dinner Set will be shipped to you by express, charges collect. And this is not all. We guarantee safe delivery. If you find any of the dishes cracked or broken upon arrival we will replace them for you free of all charge. **Reward No. 73512.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stamped Pillow Top, Back And Fringe



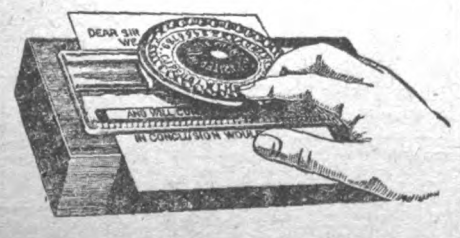
Reward No. 9382.

A Handsome Design

THIS beautiful Pillow comes stamped on natural linen. It is 18x20 inches in size, exclusive of the fringe, which is four inches wide. The design should be worked in colors—rose, pink, blue, green and brown are perhaps the most effective shades. The basket is embroidered in satin and outline stitches, the flowers in French knots, the leaves either in satin or lazy daisy stitch.

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Pillow complete—top, back and fringe—free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9382.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

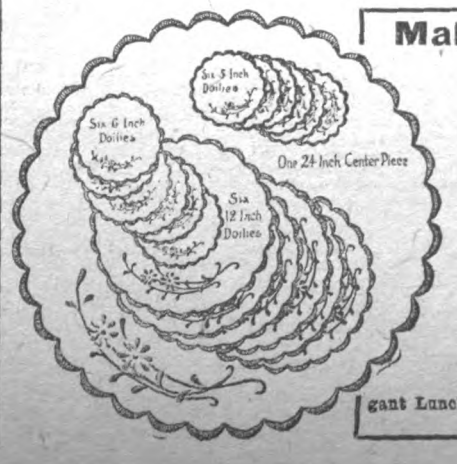


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 1202.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set

We Will Give You The Patterns

ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 8381.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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2-Piece Toilet Set

THIS is a good
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

RESEARCH WORKERS of several of the agricultural experiment stations of the country have been seeking a preventive and remedy for chicken-pox or contagious epithelioma of fowls Notable success has been achieved by Dr J. R Beach of the California station in the use of vaccine against the disease and his namesake, Dr. B. A. Beach of the Wisconsin station has also thrown much light upon the subject. It would seem that vaccine prepared from chicken-pox virus confers a considerable degree or resistance against the disease but does not confer complete protection against severe artificial infection. The effects of inoculation with the virus of the disease upon chickens that have been vaccinated is mild compared with those shown by similariy inoculated birds that have not been vaccinated. The vaccine has also been proved to have considerable curative value when used on diseased birds. So effective has the vaccine proved as a means of promptly checking outbreaks of chicken-pox and canker that is now said to be in general use in the poultry yards of California. There it has been found that the length of immunity produced by chicken-pox vaccine may vary from two months to more than two years. The chief use of the vaccine is to check the spread of the disease in flocks already infected. We have not seen it prescribed for application in uninfected flocks. According to Dr. Beach of California the efficacy of the vaccine depends upon the degree of virulence of the virus it contains since there is considerable variation in the virulence of different lots of virus and there is at present no successful method of standardizing the virulence of the virus, there is necessarily considerable variation in different lots of vaccine. This fault may be overcome in time, but we have not heard that it has, as yet, been removed. It is certain, however, that poultrymen whose flocks are affected will be justified in giving vaccination a trial under the supervision of a competent veterinarian.

LAME CATTLE.—I have a cow that became crippled in her hind feet and got so she couldn't stand on them; then it went into her front feet. She stayed that way three weeks. Many of the cattle here have been in that condition. D. S

A.—Prolonged excessive feeding of cottonseed meals and hulls often causes such lameness in Southern cattle and the trouble usually is associated with inflammation of the eyes which show a blood-red line around the pupils Hemorrhagic septicemia is another possible cause and often proves fatal but without making an investigation we cannot determine the exact cause Better report the matter to the state veterinarian or take it up with the veterinary department of the state agriculture experiment station as the authorities there will be conversant with local conditions

POLL-EVIL.—Is there a cure for poll-evil? I have a valuable mare that has it so badly she can hardly get her head to the ground to graze. F. E. S.

A.—You do not describe the condition present, but we take it that pus is discharging from one or more openings in a swelling or just behind the ears. If that is the case dead or diseased cartilage causes inflammation of pus and should be removed by a qualified surgeon. Indiscriminate cutting is dangerous in a case of poll-evil as important blood vessels and other structures are present in the affected part. Until you can have an expert operate, syringe out the opening daily with a 1-to-1000 solution of bichloride of mercury and then pack the openings full of boric acid. The disease is curable when professionally treated.

KICKING COW.—Will you tell me how to manage a kicking cow? Mrs. F. A. G.

A.—Buckle a wide strap around the hind leg just above the hocks, or put a strap or rope around the body just in front of the udder. Pad it where it crosses the milk veins and tighten it when kicking starts. If the teats are sore apply melted unsalted lard each evening.

ABSCESS.—I have an American fox dog that was injured over the eye and pus formed. I would like to know if there is a remedy for it or not. D. K.

A.—A bruise or infection of a wound caused formation of an abscess filled with pus which should have been liberated by making a free incision. Treatment would then consist in keeping it clean and disinfected by swabbing with peroxide of hydrogen, twice daily and then dusting it with finely powdered boric acid. A bullet or other foreign object possibly present, should of course be looked for and removed at the time of lancing the abscess

STRUCTURE OF TEETH.—Please tell me if a horse sheds his back teeth, or are the caps just shed? Has a horse's tooth a nerve and enamel? F E D

A.—The first three grinding teeth above and below are called premolars and at first are temporary or milk teeth Their roots are absorbed in time, then the "caps," "shells" or "crowns" are pushed off by the incoming permanent teeth and drop out of the mouth. Sometimes they lodge, cause ill-thrift and should be removed The three back grinders above and below in each jaw, are permanent from the first The nerve of the tooth is in the root. The tooth proper is composed of enamel, dentine and cement in folds. Each ingredient has a different density, the enamel being the hardest. Consequently the grinding surface of the tooth always remains rough as the three ingredients or structures wear off at different rates of speed.

GOITER.—Can you tell me why my pigs die? They farrowed February 22 and lived for three or four weeks on the sow's milk and weighed between 15 and 19 pounds. Do young pigs have goiters? (2) What is a good worm expeller for pigs? O. D. R.

A.—Pigs are commonly affected with goiter and when that disease is present usually are born hairless It may be prevented by giving the pregnant sow one or two grains of iodide of potash daily in water or feed during the last half of pregnancy. (2) To expel worms give 30 drops of oil of chenopodium and one-half an ounce of castor oil for every 50 pounds of body weight. Withhold feed for 24 hours before treatment. Give the medicine by means of a syringe in the mouth. Repeat it in two weeks. Pigs in places long used by hogs almost invariably are infested with worms. Keep them absolutely away from such places.

CANKER OF EAR.—I have a valuable hunting dog of the hound breed that has a yellow discharge from his ears with an offensive odor. It seems to affect his throat. G. E B.

A.—Twice daily perfectly cleanse the ears with swabs of cotton batting tied on a small stick and saturated with peroxide of hydrogen or wood alcohol Then dry well and fill cavity of ear with finely powdered boric acid. Make the dog live an active outdoor life and feed a light laxative ration. Always dry the ears after the dog has been swimming or has been bathed.

HARD MILKER.—I have a cow that has been fresh about two months She gives a large amount of milk but openings in her teats seem to be too small. Is there some way the teats could be opened? G B.

A.—Teat plugs or dilators may be used to increase the caliber of the teat ducts so that milking may be made easier. Such instruments must be sterilized by boiling for 15 minutes each time before use else they will be sure to cause infection which may end in destructive mammitis (garget). The best dilator is one of glove-stretcher pattern. It is used several times daily increasing the degree of dilatation gradually until the duct is sufficiently enlarged. Veterinarians own such instruments which may be bought from any dealer in veterinary supplies and from some of the large mail-order houses.

COUGHING COW.—We have a cow that gets strangled when she eats or after she drinks, she is nine years old, gives lots of milk, is in good condition, and eats heartily. She has rock salt where she can get it all the time. Does it cause her to cough? We give her the best of feed, we thought she might have something in her windpipe. Mrs O. J. R.

A.—Examine the mouth as some sharp object may have lodged in the tongue, cheeks or throat and be the cause of the choking and coughing spells, or sharp points on the teeth possibly may be having that effect. If nothing of the sort can be found better have the cow tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis would be a possible cause especially if the cow is not native-born.

MAMMITIS.—The left fore teat of my cow's udder is swollen and the milk is yellow and lumpy. Can you give me the cause and what to do? Mrs. E. W. G.

A.—Isolate the cow at once and have her milked by a person who does not attend to the other cows or at least milk her last She is affected with mammitis and the infection is readily conveyed from cow to cow by the milker's hands or may be contracted by the teats coming in contact with floors or ground contaminated by the abnormal fluid from the affected quarters of the udder Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stall she has occupied including the floor and gutter. Let a calf nurse until the milk flow diminishes in the sound quarters and then fit her for the butcher. Wo do not think that treatment will succeed or pay.

LOCO POISONING.—I have a gelding, six years old, that is locoed What can I do for him? A. B. C

A.—If you can keep the locoed horse absolutely away from loco weed and give him sound grass or hay and grain, he may recover in time if given Fowler's solution of arsenic. Give him two drams night and morning for a week, then one-half an ounce and even more later if seen to be necessary. It may be sprinkled on feed or given in a little water. Also give enough Epsom salt in water daily to relax the bowels if the usual constipation is present Discontinue the arsenic solution gradually, when no longer needed, taking at least 10 days to the process.

COUGHING COW.—Will you please tel me what will cure "distemper" in cows. My cow has a cough and her nose runs and she seems to jerk a little when she gets her breath. Her calf is three weeks old. She gives six quarts of milk at night and four and one-half in the morning. Is the milk all right to use? Mrs. J. E. Y.

A.—Cows do not suffer with a disease called "distemper" as do horses and dogs, but may have catarrhal fever As tuberculosis always is to be suspected when a cow shows the symptons you mention, you should have the cow in question tested with tuberculin. If she proves to be affected her milk will be dangerous for use by man or animals and as the disease is also incurable and contagious she will have to be disposed of in the manner the veterinarian will recommend.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

HAPPY KID, Rocky, Okla.—Custom decrees that the engagement ring be worn on the third finger of the left hand—that is, the finger next to the "pinkie," as we used to call it when I was a "happy kid" in pinafores ages and ages ago. (2) "Are long engagements dangerous?" you ask: Well, it depends upon how long the marriage agreement might be and with whom it was made. An engagement with a burglar, for instance, might be dangerous even for the short period of three weeks. But for various reasons, we do not think an engagement should be longer than a certain number of months. A year or more is too long, unless circumstances of some sort absolutely demand the delay, or some vicissitude postpones the wedding day It is taken for granted that if a man asks a girl to marry him, he has known and loved her for a reasonable length of time and she has also established a negative or an affirmative opinion of his character and her own liking for him. If they decide to marry, then, there is no reason for further delay than convenience may dictate and propriety demand. We believe in short engagements—and long happinesses!

E. N., Mabel, N. C.—See reply above to Happy Kid, Rocky, Okla., concerning length of the engagement period. (2) You do not give your age, which we are guessing as eighteen. For a girl of that age, who was five feet, three inches in height, an ideal weight has been placed as 120 pounds. Subtract a pound if you are a year younger—or subtract two pounds if you are sweet sixteen!

M. J.—Guy's Mills, Wis.—You do not give your age, but we answer that no young girl should correspond or maintain any acquaintance with a boy or young man of which her mother may be ignorant. If there is concealment there must be a reason for the secrecy—and if there is such a reason, it must be a wrong one. Come out in the open, it is always the better way. (2) For a girl of your height and coloring, the darker shades of green and the lighter shades of brown would be most suitable. Avoid light blue, pale green, and any of the lighter shades of pink. Any shade of yellow you may wear with happy results, we think; also tints of gray, dark red, and as much white, black and navy blue as you wish.

GRAY EYES, Pennsylvania.—Tell your escort at the restaurant what you think you would like to eat, and let him then give the order for both to the waiter. (2) You need not rise when this young man is presented to you.

BROWN EYES OF TENNESSEE.—A lady is not "introduced to a man," but he to her. No set phrases are necessary, and a man should not say: "Glad to meet-cher!" or anything resembling such a sentence. The man may bow, with a "how do you do?" which expresses pleasure, and may shake hands if the lady extends her hand for this ceremony. After that let conversation take its happy course and acquaintanceship ripple on undisturbed down the social stream.

H. E. B., Vona, Colo.—It is certain that a lady could not take time to remove her glove before shaking hands in the acknowledgment of an introduction, and she needs to make no apology if her hands are covered at the time an introduction takes place.

M. O., Ackerman, Miss.—Most assuredly it would be proper to give your teacher his established dignity of title and call him "Mr. Ray." In fact, any other manner of addressing him we would consider unsuitable.

A. W. AND A. M. W., Magnolia, Ark.—What do we think about a boy who has been corresponding with a girl for over a year and will not come to see her? Well, we have the decided opinion that the girl should cease *her* thinking about this reserved young letter writer. It seems most likely to us that he may be going to see another girl who is not so far off that he has to pay calls by mail. (2) If this boy and girl have been "going together" for four years and have "a bust up every month," it certainly looks as if there was a clash of temperament somewhere which would bode ill for future happiness when they might start "going together" for the long journey of married years. True love does not always run smooth, but it need not be as full of bumps as a back road in spring, or as liable to "bust ups" as a four-year-old Ford tire.

M. W., Mississippi.—Yes, you may properly ask this boy into your home after he has escorted you back from church or any evening entertainment. When he calls for you, to escort you any place, you should also ask him in. It is taken for granted that you would not be waiting for him with hat and wraps on ready to leave the house. If you fear that any conversation of your calling escort is delaying things so that you will be starting too late for the evening's entertainment, it would be quite proper for you to suggest this, should your happy caller be neglectful of the flight of the minutes.

J. B., Hollis, Okla.—It is correct that you should thank your escort after the return from an evening's entertainment to which he has taken you. Say: "Thank you for taking me; I enjoyed it ever so much"—or some phrases of like nature and pleasantness.

E. M. W., Gulfsport, Miss.—As for a "sign in winking," it is assuredly a sign of bad manners. (2) A girl may let a boy take her by the arm to offer assistance or protection when such extra care may be needed at a crowded crossing or in like circumstances. (3) We permit you to exceed this department's regulation of two questions a month, that we may tell you earnestly and distinctly that "when a girl's mother won't let her have fellows," this girl should not meet them away from home, unknown to her mother and in contradiction of her wishes and instructions.

Tyke, Mississippi.—You may thank your fiance as heartily as you wish for the engagement ring he gives you—even a kiss would not be too much. (2) You may give your fiance any article of personal jewelry for a birthday or Christmas gift. A scarf pin, a pair of initialed cuff links a pencil, a fountain pen, a cigarette case—any of these would be appropriate gifts.

UNCERTAIN, Munich, N. D.—How much a boy really cares for a girl can never be judged by the number of times he wants to kiss her. Most boys wish to kiss every girl they "go" with, and if girls were a little more chary of cheeks and lips, these affectionate youngsters would become better-mannered and not expect to be granted so much liberty. A kiss is a sign of affection a girl should give only to the man to whom she is engaged. Let your companion on your rides find out that this is your opinion—and to stick to it. We think he will respect you the more—and you will not lose his affection—if it is real affection worth retaining.

BROWN EYES, Mississippi.—Mind your parents first—and let the boys come later. You must not ask us to let you do what your parents think unwise. Also you do not tell us your age. (2) Yes; you should assuredly ask this boy into your house when he comes to take you to church.

It Is Well to Remember

That every promise is a debt.
That two wrongs never make a right.
That a stitch in time saves nine.
That it is never too late to mend.
That shrouds are made without pockets.
That he is well paid who is satisfied.
That it is better to be innocent than penitent.
That there is no worse joke than a true one.
That it is much easier to be critical than correct.
That it is easier to give advice than to follow it.
That there would be no shadows if there were no sunshine.
That the most profound joy has more of gravity than gaiety in it.
That character is what you are; reputation is what people think you are.
That there is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.
That if you are going to do a good thing, do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait—don't do it.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Uncle Jerome Forrester or Aunt Mary Blackman, please notify Mrs. Rosella Gross, Bartlesville, Route 1, Box 176, Okla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Alice Ann Richards and James Brewer Richards, last heard from in Minnesota, please notify William Francis Richards, Alamosa, Colo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Norman E. Herrington, last heard from in Friendship, Indiana. Your mother needs you. Reward given to anyone who can give me his address. Annie L. Herrington, El Centro, 239 4th St., Calif.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Charlie L. Parsons, went from Sioux City, Iowa to Mexia, Texas the first of April 1922. Last heard from in Mexia, Texas. Age 22, about 5½ feet tall, fair complexion, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Please write his sister, Mrs. Annie Martin, Crofton, Route 1, Ky.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my husband Admiral Dewey Cowan, last heard from in Marshall, Illinois. Fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair. Age 24 years. Please notify his wife Mrs. A. D. Cowan, Casa, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Dave and Annie Mae Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wyatt, last heard of in Winston Salem, N. C., please notify Mr. A. R. Wyatt, Stewart, Ala.

To the man I met between Elreno and Oklahoma City, Okla., about the 20th of November, 1922. I only had a short talk and should have made better use of my time Please write Mrs. A. L. Brown, Fairfax, Box 446, Okla.

She Has a Long Reach

The killing took place at St. Charles and Gravier Streets. Then she turned and handed the weapon to a policeman, Corporal Michael Buckley, who stood about 50 feet away.—*New York American.*

William T. Tilden, 2nd, world's champion, was challened to play ping pong, a game he did not know, against the junior champion of the Germantown Y. M. C. A. Tilden lost the first set then won two straight and the match.

Costs You Nothing to Try It



The NATURAL BODY BRACE

Cures Female Weakness—Makes Walking and Work Easy

Endorsed by Every Physician Who Has Used It. Adjustable to Fit All Figures. Simple in Construction. Comfortable.

Ninety-eight per cent of its wearers are pleased. Thousands of them write like this:

"720 Ward St., Jacksonville, Fla.

I have found your Body Brace to be all that you say for it. I feel like a new woman, after complaining for about 8 years with womb troubles, whites, cramps at menstruation, constipation, kidney trouble, palpitation of heart, backache, headache, pains in abdomen, etc. I have not had a pain since wearing the Brace. I feel like a girl of sixteen.

Mrs. Edward H. Carr."



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BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. MR. C. E. BROOKS
Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157T State St., Marshall, Mich.

An Everpointed Pencil for Only One Subscription



Reward No. 8851

The American public and COMFORT'S million readers have waited a long time for this perfect writing pencil. Without hesitation we can pronounce the Everpointed, the newest product of the American Pencil Company, the most superior self-pointing pencil on the market.

In appearance it looks like solid gold but is not gold nor is it brass. It is "gilt nickle," the latest *metallic substance*. The more you carry it the brighter it gets. It cannot wear out nor can it wear off. With its delicate chasing and flashing jeweled top it makes one of the most beautiful pencils you ever saw.

It is as useful as it is beautiful. If you carry an Everpointed your lead is always sharp. No more soiled fingers. No more whittling. The Everpointed is always ready for use. Nothing to get out of order. It writes right every time. A slight turn and a fresh lead is ever ready.

Twelve perfect universal size leads—sixteen inches of lead in all—are contained in the magazine under the top—enough for a year's ordinary use. New leads are simply pushed in from the front, as illustrated. A convenient eraser is also concealed under the cap.

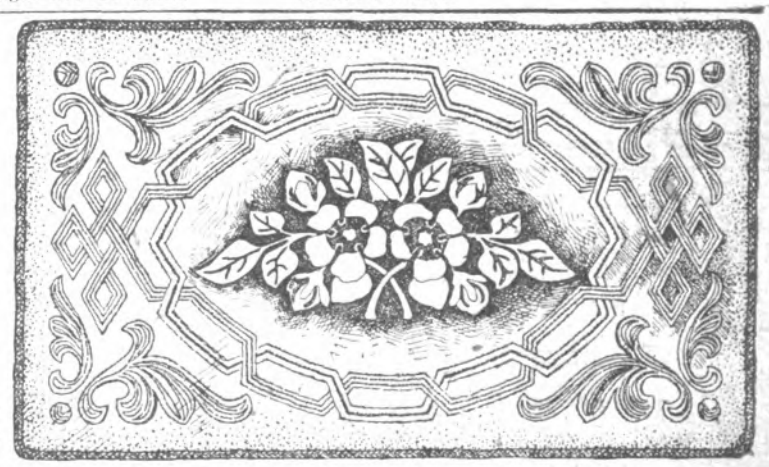
The Everpointed comes in two lengths, one of 5½ inches for men, with a safety clip; the other 4 inches for women. Specify which model you prefer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (*not* your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you an Everpointed pencil by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8851.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The heaviest wood in the world is the *black* ironwood of Florida. When thoroughly dried it is 30 per cent. heavier than water, consequently it will not float.

Free Outfit For Home Rug Making



TO those of our readers who desire to take up the fascinating and profitable work of home rug-making, we are prepared to furnish everything necessary for the work. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you free, by parcel post prepaid, one large piece of burlap for a rug 31 by 54 inches in size, stamped with the handsome "link" design illustrated above. We will also send you one steel hook, complete instructions for making the rug and instructions as to what color to use and where—the signal numbers in these instructions corresponding with the same numbers stamped on the burlap. **Reward No. 8054.**

If you prefer to pay cash, we will send you the stamped burlap prepaid for $1.00 and the hook prepaid for 25 cents. ($1.25 for both.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For A Club of 11



Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle

Reward No. 72311

THIS is the new **Daisy** pump air rifle—an air rifle with a genuine **pump action.** It is a **repeater**—you fill the magazine full of shot—pull the slide toward the stock and it is all loaded, cocked and ready to fire. You can fire the Daisy almost as fast as you can pull the trigger **without taking it from your shoulder.** This is why it is so far ahead of any other air rifle you ever saw. In appearance the "Daisy" is a beauty. From end of stock to end of barrel it is 38 inches long, weighs 3 1-4 pounds, all metal parts are of steel with **non-rusting** blue gun metal finish, the stock is of genuine **black walnut,** hand polished, and it has **adjustable sights** front and rear. It is a **take-down model,** or in other words, the barrel may be removed from the stock which makes it a gun very convenient to carry on long trips as it can be packed in a very small space. We will make you a present of a "Pump Action Daisy" and send it to you by Parcel Post **prepaid** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of eleven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Reward No. 72311.)**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



How Beautiful!

These New Beads Are All The Rage

Gift No. 1562

WALK down Fifth Avenue, New York, attend a Chicago opera, ride on the Pullman cars or frequent the most exclusive society places—there you will find a predominating number of women decked in these new rainbow colored beads.

TWO 46-INCH STRINGS FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS

When worn in pairs of different colors these beads give the most stunning appearance imaginable. They come in pearl gray, red, green, orange and silver gray. They are made of light weight metal and strung on fine stout wire. If you like to wear attractive neck ornaments here is the sensation of the year.

Our offer includes two long 46-inch strings of these beads in pretty contrasting color combinations. You'll be delighted with what you receive.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you free and prepaid two 46-inch strings of colored beads. **Reward No. 1562. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Wear a Gold Pencil Around Your Neck

Reward No. 1532.

The height of style and utmost convenience are embodied in this new gold-filled self-sharpening pencil with its long neck ribbon.

Everyone who has used a self-sharpening pencil knows how convenient it is to have an ever sharp point with the simple turn of the barrel of the pencil. You have it in this attractive pencil and in addition you have a pencil that not only pushes out the lead but pulls it back, so it will not break. Our offer also includes a dozen extra leads in a handy little metal box.

Given for Two Subscriptions

The pencil itself is gold-filled and handsomely chased as shown in the illustration. The illustration is full size.

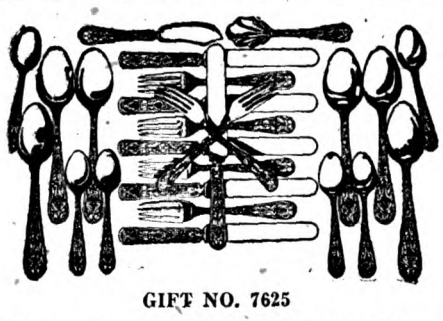
The ribbon, which is attached to the pencil with a firm snap catch, is 34 inches long, selvaged edges and of exceedingly good quality silk finish. The gold-filled ornament shown on the ribbon can be moved to any desired position.

If you searched through all the jewelry stores in the country you could hardly find a more attractive, stylish or convenient pencil than this.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this gold-filled pencil and neck ribbon with box of 12 extra leads all free and prepaid. Reward No. 1532.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



GIFT NO. 7625

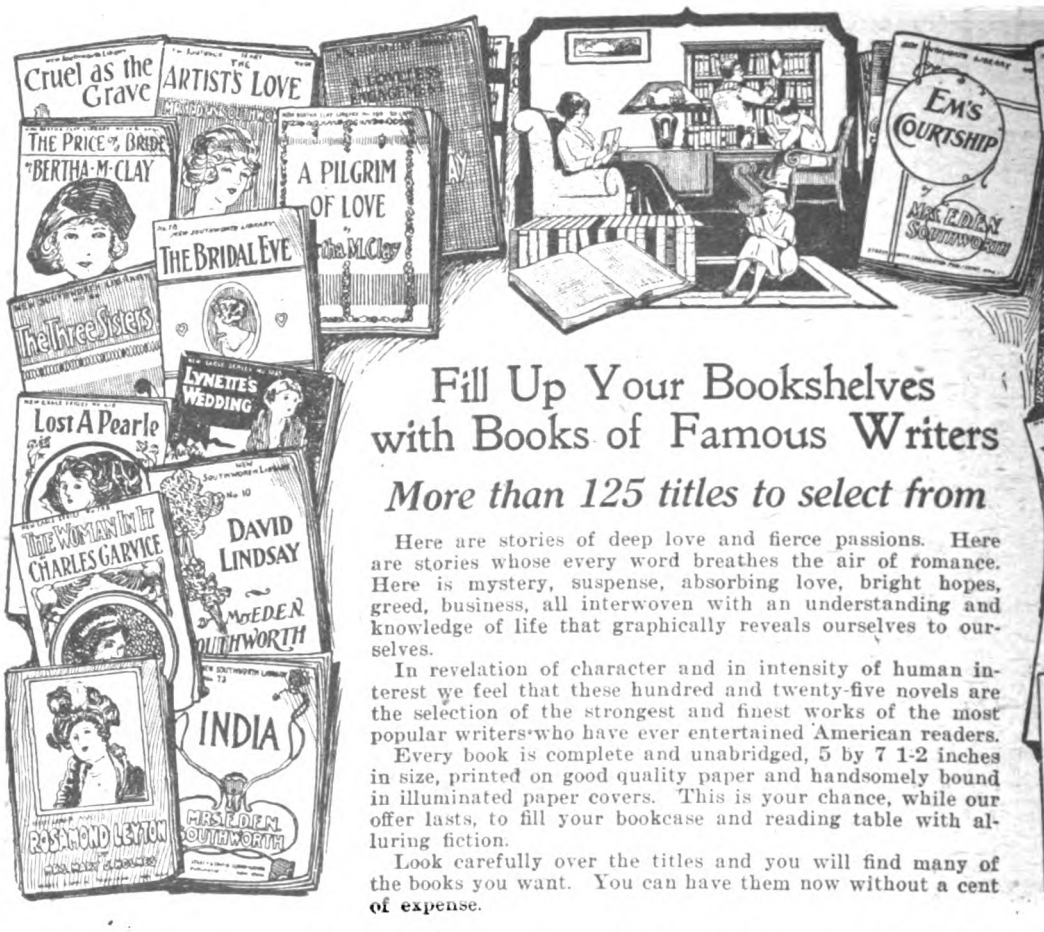
Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to **offer a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because **we are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base**; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.

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C 116 Blossom and Fruit
C 117 Lady Muriel's Secret
C 123 The Hidden Sin
C 128 Lady Latimer's Escape
C 129 A Woman's Error
C 130 A Loveless Engagement
C 133 The Chains of Jealousy
C 138 When Love and Hate Conflict
C 140 A Pilgrim of Love
C 142 Lost for Love
C 147 A Fateful Passion
C 150 An Evil Heart
C 158 Lady Ona's Sin
C 165 A Poisoned Heart

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S 42 Vendetta

"The Duchess"

S 150 A Mental Struggle
S 141 Lady Valworth's Diamonds
S 134 A Modern Circe

Geraldine Fleming

E 1120 Sold for Gold
E 1062 The Curse of Beauty
E 1043 Love That Was Cursed

May Agnes Fleming

E 481 Wedded, Yet No Wife
E 136 The Unseen Bridegroom
E 9 The Virginia Heiress

Wenona Gilman

E 1087 The Tide of Fate
E 1070 Evelyn the Actress

Charles Garvice

E 17 Leslie's Loyalty
E 50 Her Ransom
E 84 Imogene
E 95 A Wilful Maid
E 250 A Woman's Soul
E 272 So Fair, So False
E 304 Stanch as a Woman
E 305 Led by Love. Sequel to "Stanch as a Woman"
E 635 A Coronet of Shame
E 655 Linked by Fate
E 758 The Woman in It

H. Rider Haggard

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S 80 King Solomon Mines
S 75 She

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S 216 Georgie's Secret
S 230 The Unloved Husband

Rudyard Kipling

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S 31 The Light That Failed
S 72 Plain Tales From the Hills

Laura J. Libbey

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Mrs. Harriet Lewis

E 213 The Heiress of Egremont
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S 213 Cecil's Triumph

Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller

E 1085 Lynette's Wedding
E 1078 The Shadow Between Them
E 1050 Married in Error

W. Clark Russell

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Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

E 7 Two Keys
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E 44 That Dowdy
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E 122 Grazia's Mistake
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E 177 A True Aristocrat
E 188 Dorothy Arnold's Escape
E 210 Wild Oats
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E 266 The Wellfleet Mystery
E 415 Trixy
E 511 The Golden Key
E 512 A Heritage of Love. Sequel to "The Golden Key"
E 519 The Magic Cameo
E 520 The Heatherford Fortune. Sequel to "The Magic Cameo"
E 676 My Lady Beth

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

4 Em's Courtship. Sequel to "Em"
10 David Lindsay. "Sequel to "Gloria"
22 A Leap in the Dark
23 The Mysterious Marriage. Sequel to "A Leap in the Dark"
24 Her Mother's Secret
29 The Unloved Wife
30 When the Shadow Darkens
31 Lilith. Sequel to "When the Shadow Darkens"
44 The Changed Brides, or "Winning Her Way"
45 The Bride's Fate. Sequel to "The Changed Brides"
48 Cruel as the Grave, or "The Hallowe'en Mystery"
49 Tried for Her Life. Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave"
73 India, or "The Pearl of Pearle River"
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S 149 The Suicide Club
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E 1096 A Bachelor Girl, *Lucy May Russell*
S 78 Beyond the City, *A. Conan Doyle*
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S 67 The Cruise of the Cachalot," *Frank T. Bullen*
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S 14 East Lynne, *Mrs. Henry Wood*
S 138 Elsie Venner *Oliver Wendell Holmes*
E 1084 Ethel's Secret, *Charlotte M. Stanley*
E 1088 Her Husband's Other Wife, *Emma Garrison Jones*

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Sterling Silver Ring!



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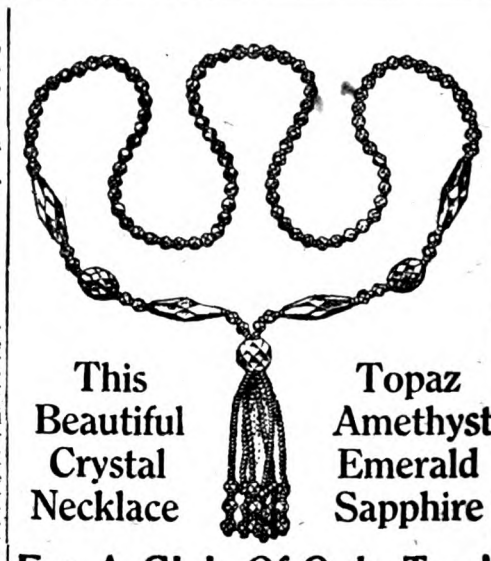
THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The imt. gems are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different gems and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Sardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send you your choice of these rings if you will send us two subscriptions.

Given To You! For ONE one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you free and postpaid one of these beautiful Sterling silver birthstone rings. Be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

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THE "Hawk-Eye" Kodak Co., so you that it is a you can **depend** up ing and satisfactor takes a picture 2¼ **reliable quick** act **adapted for either** and has **two** brillian may be taken eithe of the camera. It **twelve** films. This camera and taken o ing away with the room every time yo that there must be ers, old and young, just this opportunity without paying a bi pared to give away Eyes" as club rewa you not only the ca **pack containing tw book** telling you a A to Z.

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Use Insyde Tyres in your old casings and from 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. ositively prevent punctures and blowouts. ed over and over again. Low priced. Big oney Saver. Agents wanted. Write for rms. American Accessories Co., Dept. 720 Cincinnati, Ohio.

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AGENTS WANTED

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Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

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Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

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We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors" Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

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$200 Month salary paid women after taking "Nurses Training" School Course. Apply for details of Free scholarships covering 3 years Board, Room, Tuition, etc., in Free Chicago or N. Y. City schools. American Schools Ass'n, 159 N. State St., Chicago, or 1103 Times Bldg., New York.

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Wanted—Girls, Women over 15. Learn Millinery at home. $35 week. Summer demand big. Sample lessons free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. W800, Rochester, N.Y.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Increase Your Family income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 858-S. Hudson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Wanted,—Boys—Men, Be Auto Experts. $45 week Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W410, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Earn up to $400 Monthly, living expenses paid, in Hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. We have more than we can fill. 80,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet. Standard Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

REMNANTS

Remnants, new mill ends, standard widths. Gingham, Chambray, Voile, Scrim, Prints, Toweling, Muslin & Etc., one to ten yard lengths. Red Hot Bargain, samples 10c. bundle 25c, 10 yards assorted $1.00 postpaid. 50 yards $4.00 (not prepaid). Circulars free. 10 home work plans free with every order (no trash). Address—Kentucky Sales Co., Chambers, Kentucky.

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

BUSINESS CHANCES

Stop Plodding! be Successful. Operate a Tire Repair Shop. Make big profits in any locality. We teach you and furnish Complete equipments $100 up. Book of Opportunity free. Haywood's, 1301 South Oakley Avenue, Chicago.

Make Good Money, During Spare Time; Wonderful Opportunity. Let us start you in a paying business by mail. Write at once. Keith's Promoting Company, Long Branch, N. J.

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Leaf Tobacco; five pounds chewing $1.75; ten, $3.00; twenty, $5.25. five pounds smoking $1.25; ten, $2.00; twenty, $3.50. Pipe & Recipe free. Send no money, pay when received. United Tobacco Growers, Mayfield, Ky.

Leaf Tobacco. Chewing or smoking 5 lbs. $1.50; 10 lbs. $2.50. Pay when received, pipe and recipe free. Farmers Tobacco Union, Paducah, Ky.

ENTERTAINMENTS

304 Parodies, Recitations, Minstrel & Joke Books $1.25. 12 Vaudeville Acts $1. Everything $2. E. L. Gamble, Playwright, East Liverpool, O.

MISCELLANEOUS

A $500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where Is Your Smile". Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2573 Eighth Ave., New York.

170 Popular Songs with music postpaid 25c. Address: Albert Brooks, 2303 West Monroe St., Chicago.

Exchange Letters and Postcards, Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhaven, N. Y. (Stamp).

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

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Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

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$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

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$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. You may have. Very valuable coins. Send 10c for Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x6. Get Posted. We pay Cash. Clark Coin Co., Ave. 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Baby Chicks: 12 best varieties 8c up. Postpaid and guaranteed. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Bx XC, Clinton, Mo.

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Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works on all Sewing Machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 prepaid with complete instructions. The only attachment that does good work. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. New. Fits any sewing machine. $2.00 prepaid or sent C.O.D. Literature free. Agents wanted. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept D, Sedalia, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

$$$ For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 941 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

FARMS FOR SALE

California has more independent men and women than any other state. Investigate at first hand; go now. Round trip summer excursion fares, on the Santa Fe, until Sept 30th, limited to Oct. 31st, liberal stopovers. Opportunities in California for the man of moderate means, who desires to establish a home in a delightful country, are better now than ever. Lands reasonable in price; long time payments granted. California State Land Board offers choice twenty acre farms at Ballico, Merced County on unusual terms. Write us if interested. California folders free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry. 913 Ry. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Better Pictures, We make them. A trial will prove it. Roll developed and six snappy prints 20 cts. The Better Photos Co., Box A, Wallingford, Ky

First trial offer—Any size kodak film developed and six glossy prints 20c. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418, Burch Ave., Cincinnati O.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c, Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Osment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Gov't Positions, $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

Wanted—Men 18-35. Railway Postal Clerks. $1600-$2300 year. List Positions—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. W12, Rochester, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss or write Literary Bureau, C6, Hannibal, Mo.

INSTRUCTION

Sell us your spare time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home, no canvassing; pleasant profitable profession; easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.

FARM WANTED

Farm Wanted:—Immediately from owner, any location. Send description; lowest price. Mr. Adams, 1931 Forest, St. Louis, Mo.

Five Wheel Chairs in June

693 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the five June wheel chairs are: Mothers' Class of Christian Church, Franklin Ohio, 153; Oneda Gartman, Sheridan, Ark., 96; Charlie L. Scales Adamsburg S. C., 83; Sam J. McAbee Rockbuck, S. C., 67; Robert E. Hill, White Bluffs, Tenn., 58.



J. OLIVER SMALLEY ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Mothers' Class of Christian Church sent the 153 subscriptions all at once enclosed with a letter from Mrs. Harry Hurst explaining that their chair is not for any particular individual but is for community use to be loaned to invalids temporarily in need of a wheel chair.

Oneda Gartman, aged 10, is, and has been from birth, a helpless cripple due to paralysis.

Charlie L. Scales, aged 7, has no use of his legs and little use of his hands, due to tuberculosis of the bones with which he has been afflicted the past six years. This wheel chair will afford the boy relief and lighten his mother's labors in caring for him.

Sam J. McAbee, age 29, has been a helpless invalid from birth and cannot feed or help himself in any way; he cannot even sit up except by being strapped in a rocking-chair. His mother writes that he is mentally bright and wants to be out of doors all the time and will very much enjoy his wheel chair.

Robert E. Hill, age 58, has been afflicted with rheumatism the past four years and confined to his room and bed the last two and a half years. His wheel chair will enable him to get out of his room at times and will help his good wife in caring for him.

Five wheel chairs is a creditable achievement for June, but let us try to equal or better it for July.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. for the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Makes Happy Christmas for Cripple

Henagar, Ala.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We are sending you a picture of J. Oliver Smalley in his COMFORT wheel chair. We are highly pleased with the chair and we send our many thanks to you and our friends who assisted in obtaining it for him. It was a happy Christmas Eve when the chair was uncrated and he was placed in it with a nice Christmas box in his lap which was given him by a dear friend, Mrs. Brenton.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) I. L. Smalley.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Harry Hurst, Ohio, for Mothers' Class of Christian Church, 153 subs; Mrs. T. E Stewart, Texas, for Andrew Vieregge, 45; Mrs. Lessie Ault, Ark., for Oneda Gartman, 39; Mrs. J. E. Harris, Okla., for Eugene Phinney, 32; J. M. Scales, S. C., for Charley Scales, 32; Mrs. W. T. Allen, Ark., for Oneda Gartman, 27; Mrs. Phœbe Bratton, for Oneda Gartman, 24; Belle Green, Miss., for Mrs. Kattie Tidwell, 21; Mary L. Faubin, Texas, for Geo. Adams, 20; Mrs. G. E. Martindale, Texas, for Reba Martindale, 19, Mrs. A. L. McAbee, S. C., for Sam J. McAbee, 27; Mrs. Mary McMurray, W. Va., for Mary Anna Smith, 15; Mrs. M. B. Hall, Ark., for Mrs. Albert Phillips, 14; Miss Nina Sentell, S. C., for Miss Mattie Haynes, 10; Mrs. Frankie Owens, Tenn., for R. E. Hill, 10 subs and $4.00; Mrs A. W. Metcalf, Conn, for Mrs. R. B. Bank's little boy, $5.00, A Florida Friend, Fla., for general, $5.00, Mrs. Fannie Hill, S. C., for Charlie Scales, 4 subs and $1.00; Mrs. W. E. Gallup, Mo., for Geo. Ash, 3 subs and 50c.; L. W. Yockey, Calif., for general, $1.00; Lafayette Swanson, N. C., for own chair, $1.00; Mrs. D. A. Conaster, Ark., for Ethel Long, 8 subs; Mrs. J. E. Smothers, N. C., for Andrew Smothers, 14; Mrs. Hardin Grimes, Texas, for Deward Grimes, 7 sub and $2.00; Sarah Weekley, Mont., for Geo. Ash., 6 sub and 50c.; Mrs. Roy Palmer, Mont., for Geo. Ash, 11 subs and $2.50; Mrs. C. B. Arter, Kans., for E. W. Belfield, 6 subs; Mrs. Nicey Cole, Mo., for Miss Ada Cole, 6; Mrs Virgie Myles, W. Va., for Lafayette Swanson, 5; Myrtle Robbins, Texas, for Hazel Burdette, 6; Laura Frase, Md., for J. L. Swanson, 5; Miss Cornelia Cress, D. C., for Lafayette Swanson, 5; Mrs. W. M. Tout, Ga., for G. R. Wheeler, 5; Mrs. Mollie Pratt, Ala., for general, $1.50.

A Serious Case

"After the crash," said the first hospital surgeon to the second, "I ran over to where it lay on the pavement, and when I raised it up I saw at once that its ribs were smashed, while a gaping hole was torn in its—"

"Pardon me, doctor," broke in a medical student who happened to come up at that moment, "but if you have no objection I'd like to take a few notes on that accident case."

He pulled his notebook from his pocket.

"Was the case a man or a woman?" he inquired.

"No," the surgeon informed him; "I was talking about my umbrella."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

The Dead Speaketh

The public is our reference. We refer you to those whom we have served. They will convince you of our efficiency and of our fairness. They will tell you that at all times we are thoroughly dependable. H. S. Cunningham. Funeral Director and Embalmer.

(*Newport News, Va., Daily Press.*)

If longer skirts the girls will wear
(As they are sure to do)
The men, we know, are bound to wear
Their faces longer, too.
(*Cincinnati Enquirer.*)

If shorter skirts are now taboo,
(We do not say you're wrong)
Men's faces may be longer, too
But they won't look so long.

Restricted Freedom

Sweet Young Thing (at cabaret).—I wonder why the men will dance so awkwardly in here?

Mrs. Blackstone (grimly).—That isn't awkwardness, my dear. They're over careful not to bump against each other's hip pockets!—*New York Sun.*

All Set

"Miss Brown, Mr. Gotrocks is at the door."

"Is his picture on the mantel?"

"Yes, miss."

"Are the roses he sent me on the center table?"

"Yes, miss."

"Is that book he gave me on the couch?"

"Yes, miss."

"Is his box of candy on the piano?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, put the dog he bought me in the living-room and ask him in. I'll be down as soon as I put on the wrist watch he sent me."—*New York Evening World.*

Such Girls Are Scarce

Freeman Goodwin was married to a Normal young lady on Tuesday. Particulars next week.

(*Tonica News.*)

Green at the Business

A young lady went into a music shop and tripped up to the counter, where a



new clerk was busy, and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

"No! It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

Nearly All In

"And now I'll take your temperature," said the doctor.

"All right, Doc," replied the patient sadly, "that's about all I have left for you to take."

Clearly Told

Tourist.—So this is the famous "Lover's Leap." Can you tell me its true story?

Native.—Oi bain't sure, sur, but Oi believe an old gal proposed to a feller on this spot an' 'e gave one yell an' jumped off.—*Daily Mail.*

Cubby Bear Hunting Herbs

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

DR. Squilly Porcupine was laid up at home with a hurt paw.

He had been repairing his house, with the help of Busy Beaver, the forest carpenter, and a heavy timber had fallen on his left hind paw, breaking two toes

Dr. Squilly's friends gathered around him, brought him good things to eat, told him all the news of the forest, and helped Busy Beaver to finish the repairing on the house.

One morinng, Cubby Bear found Squilly greatly excited.

"A sick Flicker has come to me to be taken care of," said Squilly Porcupine, "and I have not the right kind of medicine to give him. If I had not hurt my paw, I could go out and find the things I need to make more—but I cannot do it now."

Cubby glanced around the room, but saw no one.

"Where is the Flicker?" he asked. "Did he fly away again?"

"Oh, no! he was hardly able to get here. He is in my hospital. Go and see him."

A large, decaying maple tree, half of its great branches dead and leafless, stood close by Squilly's house, and in a hollow place in the tree trunk, near the ground, he had his "hospital."

Looking in through the open doorway, Cubby Bear could see the Flicker lying on the bed. He seemed to be a very sick bird indeed; his eyes were closed, his brilliant plumage rumpled untidily.

"I'm sorry I didn't have the right kind of medicine for him," said Squilly Porcupine, who had hobbled to his own doorway, close by. "I gave him all the kinds I had, one after another, but they seemed to make him worse instead of better! And I cannot hunt the forest over for the roots and barks I need."

"Could I do it for you?" asked Cubby.

"Oh, would you?" exclaimed Squilly joyously.

By this time, others of the little forest people were coming to call on Squilly, and heard what was being said.

"We will all help," offered Minnie Mink, and the others agreed, feeling sorry for the poor, sick Flicker, whose moans were pitiful to hear.

"I will be nurse," said Redtop Woodpecker, "for the Flickers are distant cousins of mine."

"Now listen closely while I tell you what I want," said Dr. Squilly Porcupine. He liked to give orders, and his prickly quills stuck out with importance. "Chirpy Chipmunk, do you know the leaves of the goldthread when you see them?"

"I—think so," answered Chirpy. "The roots of the plant are like bright threads of gold."

"Yes, that is right. You may dig me as many of those yellow roots as you can carry.

"Next, I must have some blackberry root. Minnie Mink, you are a good digger——"

"Wollie Woodchuck can dig much better than I," interrupted Minnie, who did not fancy going among blackberry prickles.

"I have another errand for him," answered Squilly; "and you were the one who offered the help of everybody!"

Minnie said no more, but meekly departed.

Mollie Muskrat, you do not mind wetting your feet, I know! You may bring some blueflag from the wet, marshy place near the river, where Blue Bittern lives.

"Racky Coon may pick a basket full of Crimson clover tops, and if he should spy out any four-leaved clovers, put them in for good luck.

"Pigweed, mullein flowers, dandelion and yarrow anybody can find. Whoever likes may go for those. Bunny Rabbit shall find me some tetterwort."

"But I don't know what that is,' objected Bunny.

"Anyone-can show you," said Squilly impatiently, and Bunny started off, not daring to say more.

"Cubby Bear, do you know the skunk-cabbage and Solomon's seal?"

"I—have eaten cabbage," said Cubby slowly, "but it did not look at all like Sammie Skunk; and I have heard that a *seal* is an animal!"

"Pooh, pooh!" broke in Wise Owl, glad of a chance to show his wisdom. "The skunk-cabbage is a plant whose proper name is sym-plo-car-pus. And there is an animal called the seal, Cubby Bear, but *Solomon's* seal is a little white flower. I know them both, and Cubby and I will look for them together."

As they started out on their different errands, Wollie Woodchuck was creeping away quietly to get out of sight, but Squilly called to him.

"Here, here. Wollie Woodchuck! Come back! You shall go to the pasture and find some fine, large nettle leaves. Bring me thirteen of them."

Wollie groaned and waddled slowly away.

Busy Beaver brought the mullein flowers and dandelion, while Brother Binney Beaver came a little later with his paws full of pigweed and yarrow.

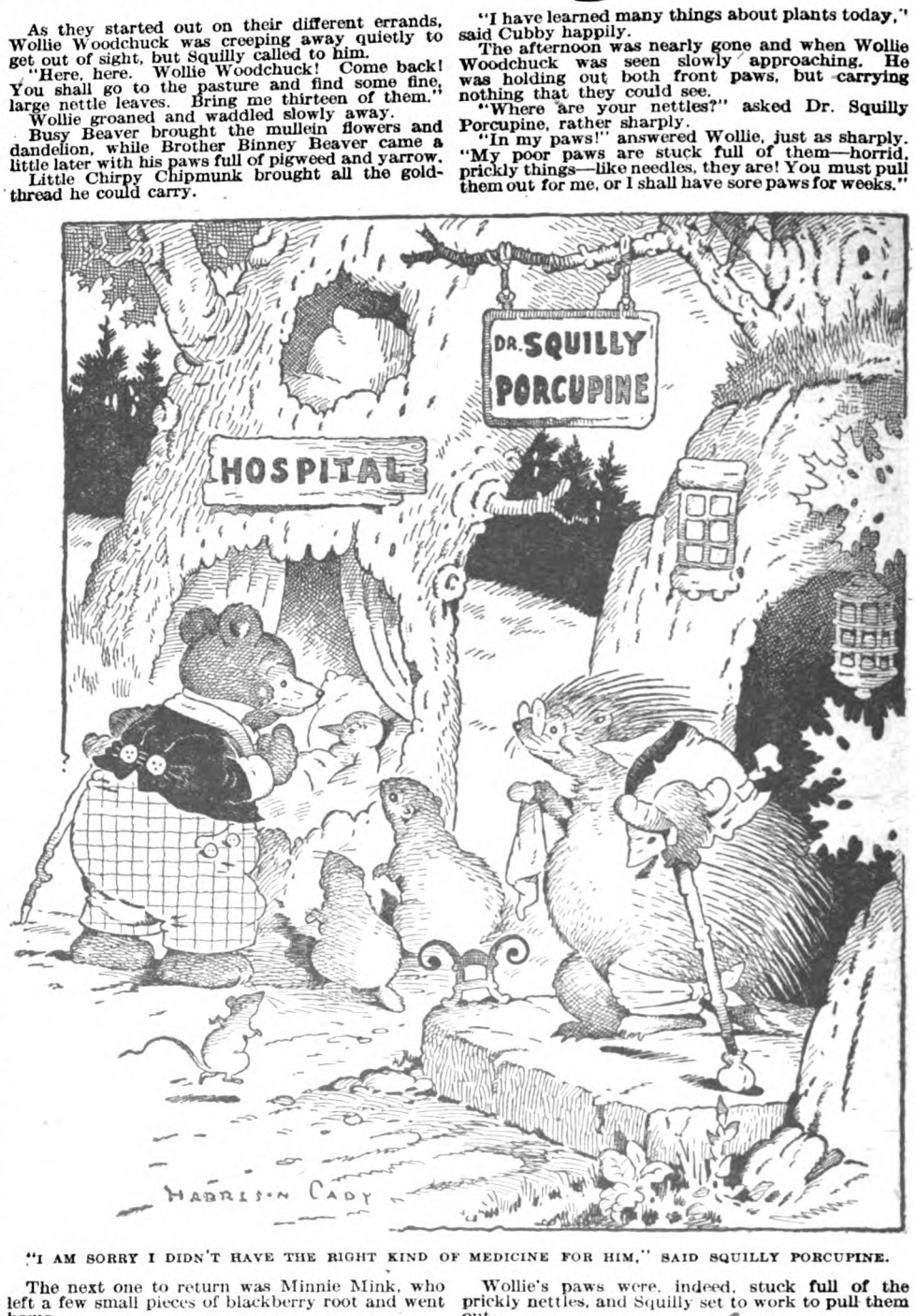
Little Chirpy Chipmunk brought all the goldthread he could carry.

"I have learned many things about plants today," said Cubby happily.

The afternoon was nearly gone and when Wollie Woodchuck was seen slowly approaching. He was holding out both front paws, but carrying nothing that they could see.

"Where are your nettles?" asked Dr. Squilly Porcupine, rather sharply.

"In my paws!" answered Wollie, just as sharply. "My poor paws are stuck full of them—horrid, prickly things—like needles, they are! You must pull them out for me, or I shall have sore paws for weeks."



"I AM SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF MEDICINE FOR HIM," SAID SQUILLY PORCUPINE.

The next one to return was Minnie Mink, who left a few small pieces of blackberry root and went home.

"Oh, look at Racky Coon!" cried Chirpy Chipmunk. "How pretty he looks."

Racky smilingly trotted up to Squilly's door. Pretty he looked, indeed, for he had made his crimson clover blossoms into a crown for his head, and long chains to hang around his neck.

Some time later, Cubby Bear and Wise Owl came back triumphantly with their skunk-cabbage and Solomon's seal.

Wollie's paws were, indeed, stuck full of the prickly nettles, and Squilly set to work to pull them out.

"Who else will go for the nettle leaves? I need thirteen of them," he said.

No one offered

"Oh, well, I *can* get along without them, if I must," sighed Squilly. "But they help to warm the patient up, and make him feel alive!"

"My paws feel altogether too much alive!" grumbled Wollie.

"Has no one seen Bunny Rabbit, with the

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July, 1923

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Mid-Summer Short-Story Number

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

AUGUST
1923



See story "'Neath Mid-Summer Moonlight" on page 12

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With the Collapse of De Valera's Insurrection a Brighter Era Is Dawning for Ireland

THE recently announced triumph of the constitutional government of the Irish Free State in crushing the murderous insurrection which instigated and directed by Eamonn De Valera, for the past year and a half has been the scourge of that distressed country, is welcomed with joyful acclaim by all true friends of Ireland, for in it they see the removal of the last obstacle to permanent peace throughout the island and the beginning of an era of hopeful promise for the progress and prosperity of its people.

It is amazing that De Valera should have been able to enlist any considerable following among the Irish in Ireland and the people of Irish ancestry in America in support of his armed rebellion against, and attempted forcible overthrow of the government instituted by the Irish people through their chosen representatives elected for that purpose by a large popular majority. This man, who poses as the most uncompromising of Irish patriots, was born in New York City in 1889. He bears the surname of his Spanish father, and his only claim to Irish lineage is through his mother. After his father's death, which occurred when the boy was very young, his mother took him to Ireland where he was reared by her relations from whom he absorbed intense anti-British prejudices. He rounded out his education with the regular college course at the Royal University of Ireland. He took an active part in the Sinn Fein movement for the freedom of Ireland and when that organization in January, 1919, proclaimed the so-called "Republic of Ireland," he assumed the title of President, and from that time even to the present day has claimed the authority and attempted to exercise the functions of that pretended office.

It should be clearly understood, however, that the sentiment of the Irish people was far from unanimous on the aims and purposes of the Sinn Feiners. In the northern counties constituting Ulster District a large majority of the people was bitterly opposed not only to secession from the British Empire but also to the compromise proposal to institute an Irish Parliament for the government of all Ireland. This was because of the age-old feud between the North and South of Ireland, due to religious and racial differences and conflicting commercial and industrial interests. Ulster being much the smaller and weaker feared oppression by the South. Even in the South, where the Sinn Feiners were largely in the majority there was a considerable element opposed to secession.

Invoking in their own behalf the principle of "self-determination of small nations" (promulgated by President Wilson as one of his "fourteen points" for the settlement of the World War problems but abandoned by him at the Paris Peace Conference) the Sinn Feiners demanded independence for the "Republic of Ireland" which they had proclaimed, but, inconsistently denying Ulster this right, insisted on forcing the northern counties to join the "Republic" against their will. After two years of bloody and destructive civil war aimed at forcing the British government to recognize the independence of the "Republic of Ireland", and at compelling Ulster to join the "Republic", a truce was arranged between Sinn Fein and the British government for the purpose of holding a conference in the hope of reaching an agreement to end the war on mutually acceptable terms.

But by act of the British Parliament, prior to the truce loyal Ulster, at her own request, had been set off from the rest of Ireland and constituted a separate member of the United Kingdom with full powers of local self-government exercised through a district parliament of her own choosing. With her bitterness against the "South" intensified by the raids of the "Republican" army and spies from which she had suffered severely, Ulster took no part in the peace negotiations except to insist that in any event no change should be made in her status, declaring that she would never submit to having her destiny linked with and controlled by the rest of Ireland.

Birth of the Irish Free State

THE happy outcome of the conference was a treaty of peace based on honorable terms of mutual concessions. Although the British absolutely refused to recognize the independence of the "Republic of Ireland" or to consider any proposal that involved secession, they conceded to all Ireland, except Ulster (which was excluded at its own request), the largest measure of national freedom and self-government consistent with loyal membership in that great commonwealth of nations associated for mutual benefit and common welfare, known as the British Empire. In accepting this compromise offer the Sinn Fein representatives secured for their countrymen in substance, though not in precisely the same form, the liberty for which they had fought, yielding on their part only the non-essential points of secession and the inclusion of Ulster.

The treaty agreed upon by the conference was to become effective if and when ratified by the British Parliament and by an Irish Parliament to be elected by the Irish people for the purpose of deciding the question of its final acceptance on their behalf. In terms it provided that all, except Ulster, should constitute the Irish Free State, having a status in its relation to the Empire similar to that of Canada, with an administrative government and legislative parliament of its own vested with full power to make its own laws and regulate its internal affairs including all forms of taxation and the expenditure of its revenues, and even to maintain an army for its protection. The powers of government conferred on the Irish Free State exceed those possessed by a State under the U. S. Constitution. As a member of the British Empire its relations with foreign countries are necessarily handled by the diplomatic and consular representatives of the Imperial Government.

The treaty was ratified by the British Parliament and by the Irish Parliament backed by the approval of a substantial majority of the Irish people expressed at the polls. Thus the Irish Free State came into existence some year and a half ago as the legitimate, constitutional government of all Ireland except Ulster. Although ably and conscientiously conducted by men of high character and devoted patriotism, all of whom have risked and some of whom have sacrificed their lives in its service, it has struggled through a difficult, stormy and perilous career because of De Valera's rebellion waged with a barbarous and sneaking ferocity that would shame Villa or any other of the notorious Mexican insurrecto chiefs.

"President" De Valera Turns Insurrecto

MOST of the Sinn Fein leaders, including the best and bravest of those who had served in the "Republican" army fighting the British, loyally supported the Irish Free State government. But De Valera, who had strenuously opposed the acceptance of the treaty, was loth to lose his fat job of "President" of the defunct "Republic of Ireland," as America could still be tapped for millions of dollars to carry on the cause of independent Ireland. So he kept up the mockery of pretending to exercise the authority of "President," and as soon as the Free State government had been installed and the British troops withdrawn from the island he started an insurrection for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Free State government and reinstating himself in power. With a small but pestiferous following of malcontents and fanatics, and plentifully supplied with American cash, he succeeded until very recently in making Ireland very unsafe and uncomfortable by the guerrilla warfare of assassination, bombing and burning which he directed from some place of comparative safety so not to risk his own precious skin.

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



He raised the blushing face so that he could look into the lovely eyes.



She was ever tenderly mindful of her comfort.



"Then go! Marry your plebeian beggar and never darken Dunforth's doors again!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment wiring hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who wins her love, and in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language, and would she teach. She would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D., who recommends her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur relieves him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her so radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to ask her, to enter her room and from under lock and key take her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave he offers her the love and care that will protect. She refuses. Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isabel gives a wrong impression and their pain in learning she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Peasewell's party, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and returning a year later remarked it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to New York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a cousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isabel walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given by the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his grandson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn and recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to Lady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel Coolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death and determines to make her his wife.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"AND YOU WILL BE MY WIFE!"

THE events contained in the last two chapters Brownie related in substance to Adrian, as they sat together upon the rock where he had first discovered who she was the night previous.

I suppose you know Miss Isabel is engaged to Sir Charles Randal," Adrian said, when she had concluded.

"Sir Charles Randal! No!" replied Brownie, growing pale at the intelligence.

"What! you have been an inmate of their family so long, and not know of this importtant circumstance."

"I saw but very little of the family while I was at their house in London. I was with Lady Ruxley constantly, and scarcely went out until we came down to West Malling, which we did a month before the family at the Hall; and we have not seen much of them since, but live very quietly and pleasantly at the villa."

"It is too bad, for Charles really deserves a better fate," said Adrian, with a clouded brow.

"By the way," and Brownie glanced up mischievously, "do you know that that honor was intended for you?"

"I surmised as much from certain circumstances which came to my knowledge," he replied, with a scornful curl of his fine lips. "But," he added, a moment after, as he gathered her close in his arms, "she will find that there was one who could look beneath the surface. My darling—my darling—my pure little pearl! what is she compared with you?"

"Lady Ruxley will be very much disappointed, Adrian."

"I presume so. I should be somewhat surprised if she were not. But is Lady Ruxley of more consequence than some one else whom you know?" the young man asked, as, placing one finger beneath her chin, he raised the blushing face so that he could look into the lovely eyes.

"No; oh, no—but——" with a little smile.

"But what, dear?" questioned her lover, tenderly, as he saw the sensitive lips quivering.

"But, Adrian, I may as well say it first as last—I shrink from the ordeal which I know must come."

"What ordeal?" he asked, very gravely.

"I have heard that you are allied to a noble house—that you are some time to inherit great possessions and a title, though just what that title is I know not; and I fear that your proud kinsmen will scorn the idea of a poor, friendless waif like me becoming your wife."

"Who informed you that I was heir to such 'great expectations,'" he asked, with a quiet smile.

"It was spoken of often by Mrs. Coolidge and her daughter."

"And do you deem yourself unworthy to be my wife on account of your poverty?"

"No!" and the bright head was lifted proudly now, the lovely eyes glowed with a fire which told that, despite her lack of wealth and position, she considered herself the equal of the proudest in the land.

"What then? Suppose you and I were suddenly to change places, would you deem me to be unworthy to be your husband because I had lost my wealth?"

"No! I should be proud——"

He stopped her lips with tender kisses.

"And I, my darling, should be proud to call you my wife were you the lowliest-born in all England. But you are not; you are my equal in birth and station, and it is only an accident which has placed you where any one is liable to be. A man often misses his expectations, and I am only plain Adrian Dredmond as yet; surely you are not afraid of me, if you are of those whom you choose to term my high-born kinsmen."

Brownie nestled closer to him as she replied, with dignity:

"I am afraid of no one, yet one naturally shrinks from bringing contempt upon one whom one loves, and you know the ways of the world, Adrian."

"You never can bring comtempt upon me. The world may say what it pleases—and I warn you it will not dare say very much—you and I are the parties most interested in this matter, and since I am of age, and capable of choosing my own wife, I think we will call no one else into the consultation," he said decisively.

Brownie laughed at his way of settling the matter.

"You have not answered me yet, darling," he added, a moment after; "you have given yourself to me?"

"Yes, Adrian, I am proud to give myself to you?"

"And you will be my wife?" drawing her closer.

"Yes".

"Whenever I say?"

She lifted her eyes again to read his, but their light dazzled her, and with her own lashes drooping shyly upon her crimson cheeks, she murmured:

"Whenever you will, dear."

"Then, my Brownie with your permission, I will see Lady Ruxley immediately, after which I shall wish to introduce you to those high-born kinsmen of mine."

"Not today, Adrian, please. I cannot bear you to speak to Lady Ruxley today. I have hardly got used to my own happiness yet. Let it rest until we go back to the villa, and then I will not say you nay," pleaded the young girl, earnestly.

Her joy was something so new and sacred that she felt unwilling to impart the knowledge of it yet to any one.

"Very well, darling, let it be as you wish. That will not be very long to wait, and meantime I shall call the high and mighty ones into counsel," he replied, with a sly laugh, which brought the ever-ready color into her cheeks again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"SHE IS NOT BENEATH ME."

Contrary to her own and Brownie's expectations, and somewhat to the disappointment of the latter, Lady Ruxley decided to return to West Malling the next afternoon. She had taken cold the night previous, and was not so well as usual, and thought she would feel better to be at home.

"I shall come soon, my darling," Adrian had managed to whisper, as he handed Brownie into the carriage, and then stood wistfully watching it until it was out of sight.

Lady Ruxley reached home about five, where she found awaiting her a summons to Vallingham Hall.

Lady Randal was planning a musical *soiree*, to come off the following week, and requested her aunt to lend her Miss Dundas's services for the occasion. She also stated that it would take three or four days' practice to prepare for the occasion; meanwhile they were invited to make the Hall their home, she promising that her ladyship should have every comfort and attention, and be assigned rooms in as quiet a portion of the house as possible.

"It will do the child good; she has perked up wonderfully in the last two days by just going over to Dunforth Castle," mused the old lady, who continued to marvel at the wondrous change in her usually sad companion.

Wholly unmindful of the aches and pains which had hurried her home from Dunforth Castle, she rang the bell a furious peal for her maid.

"Pack up a week's supply of clothing, and have it ready by ten tomorrow. We go to Vallingham Hall for a seven days' visit."

With which command, she left the astonished Minnett and hobbled away to find Brownie and impart the news to her.

Brownie, as soon as she had removed her wrappings, repaired to the conservatory, and was greatly surprised when she heard Lady Ruxley's cane come clinking over the tiled floor, supposing her to be snug in bed, and enjoying the delights of a rousing rum-sweat—her favorite remedy for colds and rheumatics.

"I thought I should find you here," her ladyship said, as Brownie arose quickly and came forward to lead her to a chair. "You like birds and flowers, don't you?" she added, keenly regarding the lovely, smiling face and sparkling eyes.

"Yes, my lady, I am exceedingly fond of them. But are you not imprudent to come here, where it is so damp, with your cold?" she asked, as she seated her and placed a hassock at her feet. She was ever tenderly mindful of her comfort.

"No, no, child; I'm all right now I am home again. I never feel well when I'm visiting—that is," she hastened to add "in strange places. It did you good, though; you have more color, and look brighter.

"Yes, I am much better than when I first came to West Malling," Brownie admitted, with a conscious blush.

"Yes, the trip to the castle did you much good, undoubtedly," persisted her ladyship, nodding and chuckling knowingly.

"It was a change, you know."

"Yes, yes; that's it. Young folks need change. I was a fool not to think of it before. I might have known that a young, bright thing like you would droop and pine hived up with a crooning old owl like me for company."

"Pray, dear Lady Ruxley, do not talk so!" Brownie interrupted, eagerly, and much distressed at her words. "Indeed, I have been very happy with you—much more so than I was during the five months previous."

"I know—I know all about it. You're plucky, and you will not own it to me. But you've been lonely and sad. I've got eyes and I can see for myself. You went away from here pale, sad and quiet; you come back rosy, happy, almost gay, and the life, music, and company up yonder was what you needed, and you shall have some more of it. I like to see folks bright and chipper about me."

Brownie felt more and more guilty.

But her next words filled her with still deeper dismay. They've got a houseful of company, as usual, up at the Hall, and we go there too, tomorrow, to stop a few days."

"Indeed, Lady Ruxley, I hope you are not going on my account. I do not desire or need company, and I should really prefer to remain quietly here," she said, in distress.

"Oh! I've got eyes—good ones, too, if they are old; besides, Lady Randal desires it. She is getting up a *soiree*, and desires your services as musician. She sent a note today, asking me."

"But—but you are not well. Really, I think it would be best for neither of us to go."

"Oh, I'm all right, and I've given Minnett orders to have everything in readiness by tomorrow at ten. You will please be ready by that time too," returned her ladyship, somewhat impatiently, who thought the young girl hesitated about going only on her account.

That settled it, of course.

Brownie could not refuse point-blank to go, but her heart grew faint within her at the thought of meeting the Coolidges, and particularly under an assumed name.

Of course, she could not avoid meeting them, and doubtless they would reveal all the past to both Lady Randal and Lady Ruxley.

They would tell their story about the jewels, and of that scence with Wilbur, and the way she had left their employ.

Yet what need had she to fear Isabel Coolidge, or, indeed, anyone, now that she had Adrian to lean upon and protect her?

With this brighter thought in her mind, she sought her own room to prepare for her absence and the approaching gayeties, which, after all, she began to anticipate with something of pleasure and interest.

Meanwhile, a very different scene was being enacted in Dunforth Castle.

As soon as Lady Ruxley's carriage was driven from sight Adrian Dredmond turned to his grandfather, saying, gravely:

"Can I have a private interview with you, sir?"

"Yes, yes, my boy, of course, come into my sanctum at once."

He led the way to the luxuriously-appointed library, where a cheerful fire in the grate toned the chill air to just the right temperature, and gave the lofty, beautiful room an appearance of homelike comfort.

"Well, now, what is it, Ad?" the old man asked, familiarly, as he threw himself into his easy-chair, and bent a look of pride upon the young lover's handsome, animated face.

Adrian colored, but, coming to the point at once said:

"Sir, I desire your permission to marry."

"Bless my soul, my boy! What's this?" and he sat up and stared at his grandson for a moment, as if he had never thought of such a thing before in connection with him.

"Well, well," he added next; "you took me rather by surprise; that's a fact; but, after all, you couldn't please me better. Aha! that accounts for your hurry to get back to London, doesn't it?"

"Yes—no," replied Adrian, somewhat confused, and yet half-laughing at his grandfather's comical surprise and ready acquiescence to his request.

"Yes—no," repeated his lordship, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "that is rather a doubtful reply. But, seriously, Adrian, my boy, nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see you settled in life; and I have no doubt but that the lady of your choice is in every way desirable."

"She is, sir, a perfect lady, highly educated and accomplished, and there never was, in my opinion, a more beautiful Countess of Dunforth than she will make," returned the ardent lover, who felt that everything was progressing finely.

"Yes, yes; that is always so with lovers. I remember——"

What he remembered he did not say, but his face grew wan and sad, as he suddenly checked himself.

Then he resumed, more gravely:

"The lady is of good birth, of course?"

"Yes, sir, excellent," Adrian returned, recalling what his friend Gordon had said about Miss Mehetabel's "family tree." Then he added: "Her misfortune of a very serious nature has deprived her during the last six or eight months of all her property, and death of her last friend."

"That is bad, truly, my boy; but, then, you will have enough, and to spare, and I would be the last one to put anything in the way of your happiness for the lack of filthy lucre. You love the lady, of course?" and he searched the noble face that he loved so well.

"As my own life!" Adrian said, earnestly.

"Ah! you have been a sly dog to get so far in this and we never suspect it. Who is the fair inamorata?"

"You would not deem it anything out of the way, I presume, sir, if a lady of good birth should be reduced to the necessity of becoming a governess or a companion?" Adrian asked, ignoring the question, and determined to lay all the facts before his grandfather before telling his darling's name.

"Zounds, Adrian! Has it been so bad as this in the case of your ladylove?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the quicker you marry her, and relieve her dire necessity the better," his lordship said, little thinking how he was committing himself.

"Thank you. Yes, sir, it came to that, as I told you some six or eight months ago."

"But—what is this? Why, you were in America at that time," and he began to fidget uneasily.

"Yes, sir; I met the lady in America."

"Ah, ha!"

This time Lord Dunforth scowled disapprobation. He had the English prejudice against English nobility inter-marrying with American plebeism, so called.

Adrian noticed his look, and his heart sank.

"My lord," he said, "you have seen the lady, and acknowledged her loveliness. I heard you tell Sir Charles that she was very beautiful, and too much of a lady for the position which she occupies. I assure you, and I speak advisedly, that she is of good birth, and fitted in every way to be my wife. She is companion to Lady Ruxley. Have I still your permission to marry her?"

His lordship stared at his grandson in dismay.

"Miss Dundas, Adrian!" he exclaimed, aghast, his fine face flushing a deep crimson.

"Miss Douglas, my lord," corrected Adrian, somewhat proudly.

His lordship did not notice the correction. His head was bent in deep thought, his brow was knotted, his lips compressed. At length, looking up, he said, with emotion:

"My boy, your happiness is of the greatest importance to me, and has always been my first consideration. I know what it is to love deeply, and the anguish which follows the loss of a loved one—" his voice quivered painfully. "But," he added, "it is better to give up an unworthy love than to marry beneath you, and then repent of it when it is too late."

"Sir, the lady is not unworthy, and I shall never repent making her my wife," Adrian said, indignantly; then continued, speaking rapidly: "I told you that she descended from a highly respectable family. They were English, too, and removed to America many years ago. They were very wealthy at that time, but a series of misfortunes deprived them of this. I learned this from my friend, Gordon, whom, you remember, I met two years ago in Germany. He vouched for her respectability, and told me he had seen the 'family tree,' and that they traced back their ancestry to the Scottish nobility."

"But it must be very remote. Besides, she was born and reared in America, and has not a friend living, as you say, to prove her respectability, and all this would be very disagreeable to establish."

"The fact that I have chosen her for my wife would be sufficient to establish her respectability without any questioning," replied Adrian, proudly.

"But I want you to have an English wife, Adrian—one who will fill her position proudly and creditably."

"I am as eager for that, my lord, as you can possibly be," said the young man, with a quiet smile, as he thought how perfectly Brownie would reign in those grand old halls.

"How came she to be in England if she was so reduced in circumstances?"

"She came over as governess with a family, in the same steamer with myself."

"How does it happen that they did not retain her—that she left them to be companion to a woman like Lady Ruxley?" demanded his lordship, his face beginning to grow stern and set.

Adrian colored vividly. He knew it did not sound well, but he was truth itself, and replied:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

AUGUST weather is not conducive to serious thought, so the subject as outlined in Mrs. Adams's letter will, be left, no doubt, until cooler days for consideration. It is a new subject for us—just what constitutes the duty of the parent to the child and the child to the parent, and should bring forth some good letters. I always look forward with pleasure to the opinions of the COMFORT readers on any subject under discussion, or not, but feel selfish because I read so many clever letters and share so few. However, it isn't my fault, and the readers have the satisfaction of knowing that their letters were enjoyed by my humble self, even if they weren't printed—Ed.

SCIO, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a lover of dear old COMFORT and have been a reader for a long time. I want to talk on a subject I have never seen discussed in our corner. It is, "The Real Debt, How Much Do We Owe Our Children?" Should we "scrimp" to give them advantages they do not appreciate and cannot use? I feel this is a problem all parents will have to solve sooner or later. Sometimes I wonder now much our children really owe us, anyhow, and where we got the idea that they owe us anything.

There's the commandment, "Honor thy father and mother," but it seems inadequate to cover the question and is too often misused. I fear, as a sort of refuge to flee to in justifying ourselves when we have failed to make a success of life. An amazing number of us don't worry about the far future while our children are growing up. We sort of take it for granted that they will take care of us when they are grown, after all we've done for them. We somehow feel we have the right to expect them to do it because they "owe it to us." But do they? We brought these children into the world without consulting them as to whether they wanted to live or not. We've thrust life and its perplexities sorrows and burdens on them, willynilly. It seems to me, then, that just because we have made them face these very problems and difficulties that we are the ones who owe a lot to them and that first and foremost we owe them a sporting chance at a fair start in life without puzzling their great inexperience with further handicaps. We cannot give this to them unless we see to it that they start out in life unburdened with elderly, crochety, disillusioned people who simply can't fit into new homes or new lives. True, we care for our children lovingly and tenderly throughout their helpless, dependent years, toil and sorrow for them and struggle to "bring them up" but didn't we rather invite all this when we had them? And why should there be any obligations to us for looking after them in those years? They couldn't help being helpless any more than they could help being here and it was only just that we look after them when they couldn't look after themselves. Surely it is taking a mean advantage, just because of this, to expect them to burden themselves with us at a time when they are already overburdened with learning to live and when they need to be free to meet the difficulties without added complications. I'm far from saying children shouldn't take care of their parents in their old age if it is necessary. They should. Nobody can help misfortunes that come late in life, upsets plans and makes this dependence obligatory and the child who fails to provide under these circumstances deserves nothing but scorn, though, even then, he should be providing because he loves his parents and not because he "owes" it to them through the accident of having been their child.

I am only saying that parents should see to it in their young days that they provide for their old age, even at the risk of making the children go without something when they are little. A chance to strike out alone will mean far more to them than anything else we can give them and we shouldn't lose sight of the fact that anything else but going alone is asking them to give up the right to found their own lives, live their own ways and be a free individual, and this right is not selfishness, but only fair and natural.

There are many cases where the dependence of old people on young people should never have been, cases when it could have been avoided. The old folks lived their lives, got all they could out of it, squandered their youth, capacities, even health, foolishly, refused to be far sighted and wise and are making their children pay for it. Many kinds of foolishness on their part can bring about this situation, but most often it is due to their own misguided conception of what they really owed their children, or vanity in wanting to give them advantages equal to, or above, someone else's. The children didn't want these "advantages," had no aptitude for them and forgot them as soon as they were actually grown up. Music lessons, dancing lessons, vocal lessons, special courses and college educations have used up young fortunes that should have been saved for old age, and have caused more unhappiness and injustice than almost anything else. All of these things are excellent in their place if they can be afforded and enough left over, but they are absolutely nonessential except in the cases of outstanding talent, and often cause tremendous sacrifices at the time and later. Unless we are wealthy, why keep Susie thumping at a piano or gurgling vocal lessons for years when she isn't gifted and gets little out of it and gives it all up when her first baby comes. Why war with Willie to give him advantages he scorns and that will come to naught as soon as he gets his first job and settles down. Why dress and live and have homes beyond our means "for the children's sake?" Often we are building up a false pride that will make them discontented in their own lives because they can't keep up with what they have been accustomed to. Why beggar ourselves and our future, in which lies old age, in order to give the children a college education. College educations they should have by all means if they really want them, but there's nothing to hinder their working their way through college if it must be a choice between that or giving them money that stands for our own independence in later years. Working won't hurt them and even if they think us stingy at the time, the day will come when they will see our wisdom and call us blessed,—the day when they want to marry and are free to do so without anxiety as to what is to become of the old folks. The old folks had gumption enough to look out for themselves at the proper time. Any child of parents in moderate circumstances will take care of himself, given a chance, and he will work twice as hard to educate himself for what he wants to be and be all the better for it. If it is the most that can be afforded, then give him a good, comfortable home, full of honest love and faith and the right sort of principles and a simple education and let it go at that. He can get the rest for himself and when he faces life unshackled by us because of that frugality, we will be giving him his first real chance and all debts between us will be squared. His youth is as honestly his, you know, as ever ours was ours. His adult life is as absolutely his own as our old age

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE recipe sent by Mrs. J. I. Salter, McKenzie, Alabama, for Chocolate Layer Cake, wins the COMFORT'S Sisters' Pin for this month. To be sure, economical souls, like mine, will shudder at the thought of using six eggs for one cake, but she gives such accurate measurements and such explicit directions for combining the different ingredients that she deserves the prize.—Ed.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, six eggs, three cups flour, one cup water, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, and two teaspoons vanilla. Cream butter and sugar and beat well, then add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Add baking powder to well-sifted flour, then add the flour and water alternately, a little flour then a little water and so on until all is used. Lastly add flavoring and beat well. Bake in four layers and fill before cold. A good chocolate filling which I sometimes use is made as follows: Two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, three level tablespoons cocoa, lump of butter size of egg and two teaspoons vanilla. Mix the sugar and cocoa well, add milk and butter. Put over fire and boil several minutes, not too fast. Try, by putting a little in a saucer and beating it. If it seems creamy remove it from fire and add flavoring and beat for a while with egg beater, as this makes it of a smoother consistency. When creamy spread between and on top of layers. Nuts may be added if desired.

Mrs. J. I. Salter, McKenzie, Alabama.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—One medium-sized cabbage head, three potatoes, four or five pods of okra, two green and two ripe peppers, two large onions and five large tomatoes, all carefully cleaned and chopped together. Cover with water and put on to boil, adding boiling water as it boils away. Cook until all are tender. Season with four level tablespoons of meat drippings, two teaspoons salt and one teaspoon pepper.

Ora Wells, Granbury, Texas.

SUMMER SWEETS.—By making a cooked fondant, a basis for a variety of sweets is obtained. Put together five cups of sugar, one and one-half cup of boiling water and one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar. Stir and bring to a boil, then cook without stirring until a little dropped in cold water will just hold together in a soft ball. The boiling mixture must be watched, and as soon as the sugar begins to adhere to the sides of the pan, it must be wiped off with the fingers. To do this, first wet the hand in cold water,



SUMMER SWEETS.

quickly remove a portion of the sugar and again dip the fingers in cold water. Continue until all the sugar is removed. Pour onto platters that have been wiped with a lightly oiled cloth. Before the edges begin to harden, begin working the fondant with a broad-bladed knife; a spatula is best. Continue until smooth and creamy. Put into a covered dish and over it place a cloth. Let stand until the following day. Fondant is much more satisfactory when made on a clear, dry day. Take a portion of the fondant and work in raisins that have been scalded, rinsed through several waters and spread to dry without hardening. Nuts are worked in the same way, the fondant rolled, and then dipped into melted unsweetened chocolate. The fondant can be mixed with peanut butter and used as a date filling.

SWEET CORN.—Leave on the inner husks. Put in a kettle of water and see that the water covers every bit of the corn. Add one tablespoon of sugar to the water, but no salt, as salt hardens the corn. Boil rapidly, twelve minutes. If you wish to have a very delicious dish, strip the boiled corn from the cob, pour over it a generous supply of cream and butter and another tablespoon of sugar, add a little salt and turn it into an earthern baking dish and put in oven long enough to brown top.

Mrs. Minnie O. Mackintosh, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., Cal.

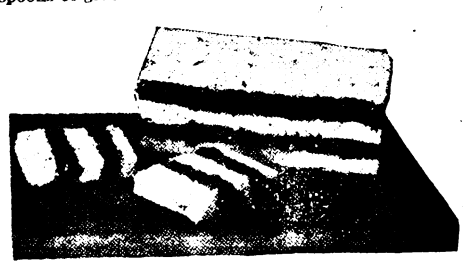
LETTUCE SALAD.—Three bunches of lettuce, or size according to family, two cups shredded cabbage, one-half cup onion chopped fine, one green pepper, if preferred, and three slices fried bacon cut in squares. Mix thoroughly and put in dish, then pour over following dressing, heated to boiling point. One-half cup vinegar diluted with water, one tablespoon butter and one-half cup sugar.—Mrs. W. C. Dorsett, Danville, Ind.

CHICKEN SALAD.—One quart cold boiled chicken, cut into small cubes, one pint finely cut celery, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, two hard boiled eggs, two cups mayonnaise dressing, and six olives. Mix chicken, which should be very tender, with celery, seasoning and one egg cut into small pieces; marinate with a little French dressing and let stand in cold place one hour. Spread mayonnaise over top, garnish with olives and remaining egg cut in slices. Dust with paprika.

Miss Claudye Lee Steem, Swiftown, Miss.

PEAR DUMPLINGS.—Peel, core and chop six ripe pears, add one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, four tablespoons butter, four beaten eggs and four tablespoons of sugar. Mix well and to this mixture add enough fine bread-crumbs to make stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with the bowl of a large spoon, drop into boiling water and simmer thirty minutes. Drain and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Serve with sweet sauce.—(No name given.)

PICNIC LOAF.—Slice a loaf of bread lengthwise, first evening the top and squaring the ends. Also slice brown bread but not quite as thick. Cream one-half cup of butter until light, and stir into it four tablespoons of grated cheese, or use one-third cup of butter



PICNIC LOAF.

and one cream cheese. Add one cup of minced ham, season with salt and paprika and stir until well blended. Spread the mixture between each layer of bread, wrap closely in a napkin until ready to use and then cut in slices. Serve with some kind of fruit, such as pears, apples, or peaches.

DATE BARS.—Take one cup each of dates cut in halves, nut meats broken, sugar and flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Beat the eggs, add the dates, nuts and sugar, then the flour sifted with the salt and baking powder. If more moisture is needed, add a little milk. Bake in a sheet and cut in strips.

Blanche Maresch, Manitowoc, Wis.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING.—Two egg yolks, three-fourths cup milk, one-fourth cup vinegar, two and one-half tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, three-fourths tablespoons of flour and one teaspoon mustard. Mix all the dry ingredients with the egg yolks, beat until light and add the melted butter, cold milk, and hot vinegar. Cook in double boiler until the mixture coats the spoon. If it curdles, place the boiler at once into a pan containing cold water and beat until smooth. One whole egg may be used in place of two yolks.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—One egg yolk, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon mustard, one-eighth teaspoon cayenne, one tablespoon sugar, one cup salad oil (olive, cottonseed, peanut, or other), two tablespoons lemon juice and vinegar. Put the egg yolk into a cold bowl; add the seasonings and mix until smooth; then add the oil, one drop at a time, stirring constantly. As it thickens, thin with vinegar and lemon juice.

JELL-O

Ice Cream Powder



Jell-O Ice Cream Powder contains all the ingredients of ice cream except the milk. The sugar, flavoring and everything else are in the powder. All there is to do is to stir the powder in milk and freeze it.

To make everything perfectly plain, the following recipe is given:

To Make Ice Cream

Stir a package of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder, of any flavor, into a quart of milk, or milk and cream mixed, and freeze it.

Ice cream made in this cheap and easy way is the best kind of ice cream—as good as any made by professional cooks or experienced caterers. The amount saved depends, of course, upon the price of milk. With milk at 12 cents a quart the cost of a quart of ice cream made of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder is somewhere between 18 and 20 cents—for a package of the powder and a quart of milk make about two quarts of ice cream.

Condensed or evaporated milk, thinned with water, can be used instead of fresh milk, if necessary, and the ice cream made from it will be entirely satisfactory.

THE FLAVORS

The different flavors of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder are as follows: Vanilla, Strawberry, Lemon, Chocolate, Unflavored.

Sold in all groceries and general stores at 2 packages for 25 cents.

Puddings, Sherbets and Ices

Other dainties besides ice creams are made of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. All are so delightful that the recipes are given here.

CREAM RICE PUDDING

Cook one-half cup of rice until soft, then add one quart milk, one package Lemon Jell-O Ice Cream Powder, a little nutmeg, a stick of cinnamon and a pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler until creamy. Can be served hot or cold. If desired add half a cup of raisins.

ORANGE SHERBET

Three-quarters of a cup of orange juice and juice of one lemon, two cups of sugar, five cups of water. Grate the rind of two oranges and rub into the sugar. Add the water and boil three minutes. Strain through a cheese cloth. Dissolve in the sugar and water one package of Lemon or Unflavored Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. Add the juice of orange and lemon, and when perfectly cold, freeze. Makes three quarts.

LEMON SHERBET

Three-quarters of a cup of lemon juice, two cups of sugar, five cups of water. Grate the rind of two lemons and rub into the sugar. Add the water and boil three minutes. Strain through a cheese-cloth. Dissolve in the sugar and water one package of Lemon or Unflavored Jell-O Ice Cream Powder. Add the lemon juice, and when perfectly cold, freeze. This makes about three quarts of delicious sherbet.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

Dissolve a package of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder in a pint of cold milk. Crush one-half box of fresh strawberries with one-half cup sugar and add to milk and partially freeze. Have whipped one cup of heavy cream. Open freezer, add cream and finish freezing. Any kind of fresh or canned fruit can be used in place of strawberries.

Plain strawberry ice cream is made of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder without the addition of strawberries.

RASPBERRY ICE

To a box or a pint can of raspberries add one-half cup of sugar, crush and rub through a sieve to remove seeds. Add juice of two lemons. Measure, and add enough water to make five cups. Dissolve one package of Strawberry Jell-O Ice Cream Powder in this liquid and freeze.



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, New York

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"The luck's mine to-night!" he thought triumphantly.



Poison or not, the smell of it reminded her that she was ravenous.



She rushed to the door in a frenzy.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MERCY OF THE MERCILESS.

A HEAVY hand over her mouth, an arm of steel round her young body, so tight she could not draw breath, a sudden agony in her back that sickened her, and Jacky Hamilton lay in Lesard's arms like a dead thing, her head hanging lifelessly from his shoulder.

It had been a piece of devil's work, the brutality of a savage too quickly done to let the girl even cry out, far less struggle. As Lesard seized her he had raised his knee, and it caught her at the back of her waist as his hand on her face swayed her resistlessly backward toward him.

That he might have crippled her for life he cared not one whit; it was no time for delicate scruple. This girl or Gillian had seen him take those diamonds, had also, for all he knew, seen Marchmont die. He feared no one on earth but these two sisters, and soon he would fear them no longer. For one he had, and the other——"

He laughed to himself as he shifted his burden and turned down a dark alley. The other was Gillian! There would be little trouble in bringing Gillian to his house of her own free will.

"The luck's mine tonight!" he thought triumphantly. "And bless the luck too, that there wasn't a policeman mousing round here when this little fool came out!"

But for all he blessed his luck he was careful not to presume on it, and pursued his way through a devious maze of dark alleys and short cuts till he reached his own abode.

It was a dingy street, quasi-respectable. To have chosen too rough a neighborhood would have been dangerous, for a saying that is notoriously untrue is that "tiger does not eat tiger."

The house went for an empty one. The front door was never opened, the blinds never raised in its dirty windows. Its tenant kept up the tradition by flitting in and out of a back window after dark like a bat.

He went that way now, through a disused mews that was a great convenience to him, for opening the front door might have betrayed the house contained a tenant who paid no rent.

He fastened his window behind him after his unostentatious entrance, and carried his burden to a room originally meant for boxes.

It had no windows, and the gas was turned off, naturally, from an ostensibly unoccupied house. Lesard lit two candles that were stuck in bottles and regarded his bedroom cynically. An old sofa and a broken legged table made up its luxurious furnishing. But it was a safe retreat as long as he was careful, and that he always was, for it had been part of his plan for years to have no address, camping calmly in empty houses, often changed, so that there was but one Lesard in the directory.

The girl had moaned as he laid her down on the sofa. A mocking devil in his eyes, he sat down and regarded her. There was only Gillian now!

He yawned suddenly and stretched himself. She had been a good lump to carry all that devious way. He tried to remember if he had met any one, and felt satisfied that only a few rags of humanity had seen him—waifs who mattered no more than starving cats.

"By George!" he said to himself, laughing, "I feel virtuously sleepy. Now I come to think of it, I've been up all night. I'll go and sleep somewhere, for it won't do my young friend any harm to wake and scream herself hoarse, since nobody can hear her. A box-room in the very middle of an attic has its advantages. Yet kicking at the door might be resounding—if she can kick!" congratulating himself on that touch of his knee to her back that for all he knew might have paralyzed her.

A stray end of rope, a few deft turns round girl and rickety sofa, and Mr. Lesard was free to go to bed. That a built-in window-seat in what had been a drawing-room was all his bed but did not trouble him. He fell dreamlessly asleep, much pleased with the lucky coincidences of the night, and determined to seek Gillian the next day, that is if it seemed practicable to leave his retreat in daylight.

While he slept Jacky Hamilton lay motionless up-stairs in the half-consciousness of pain.

When at last she stirred a sharp wrench in her made her feel faint, but she thought at first it was weakness that would not let her lift her head.

"Gill," she said, "where are you?" And then things cleared and steadied before her eyes.

This was no place Gillian had ever known or would ever set foot in! The flaring candles nearly burned down to the black bottles that held them, the lurching table propped against the wall, the ill-smelling horsehair sofa she lay on, were sordid and dreadful.

Her terror broke out in a sudden cry.

"Oh, I'm tied! Tied!" she shrieked aloud, and tore at the rope that held her. But she could not find the knot and the effort only hurt her. She could not even turn under her cords, and all her body yearned to sit up. Yet she scarcely felt that in her fright and anxiety to know where she was.

What had happened to her she remembered now.

"I went out for potatoes," she said to herself slowly, "and a man jumped at me from behind like an animal. Oh, what was the matter with me that I didn't fight and scream? Surely there must have been people somewhere." Smarting tears of rage stung her eyes, and she could not lift her hand to wipe them away.

"It's an awful place it must be an awful man who brought me here! If he meant to rob me he won't get much," remembering that lonely sixpence in her pocket. "But Gill! oh! my Gill!"

And the certainty of the terror that Gill would feel made a lump rise in her throat.

"Surely, surely, when he finds how poor I am he'll let me go!" she thought, with a pitiful effort at bravery, and wondered the while if she had been locked in to starve. Every sickening tale she had ever heard of girls kidnapped in London came back to her, till she ground her teeth.

"If I were just an ordinary girl with nothing hanging over me," she thought, "or if I hadn't left Gill alone to bear whatever happens, I could stand it. I could be brave. But now I can't, I can't!"

She lay back exhausted. Her hunger and weariness made her cords less irksome than if she had been strong and well, and presently she realized it. For as her strength came back a little her forced position grew unbearable.

She panted, struggled, and could not change it. As the minutes dragged by she grew to have but one thought, one desire in which Gill was forgotten. Just to sit up, only for one half-hour—for that Jacky Hamilton would have gone on her knees to the worst ruffian in London.

One candle had burned out long ago. As she lay with every drop of her blood a separate torture, the other flared up, guttered, and went out.

Almost without knowing it she screamed and screamed again, long, piercing wails that went eerily through the deserted house where there was but one man to hear them. She shrieked till she could shriek no more, and only the echo of her own voice rang back from the dirty walls.

She was alone for death, perhaps, to take her, and she would have sold her very soul now for freedom and a light, for even a box of matches that she might not die in the dark.

When her voice had failed for hoarseness, when she had tried to pray and could only jabber Gillian's name, she lay still, and shut her eyes not to see the blackness round her. And so was lying when some one opened the door.

For a moment the man looked at her.

Her hat had gone long ago, the burned gold of her hair shone round her head, her face was tear-stained and her mouth twisted with pain—and yet—

"She's prettier than Gillian!" he thought swiftly. "But all I hope is that she's as big a fool."

He swung back the door, letting the light he carried flash on Jacky's closed eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Hamilton," he said coolly, and Jacky, turning her head, cried out again as she saw once more the mocking devil in Lesard's eyes.

For Lesard it was! Well dressed, freshly shaved—he was never without his pocket-case of razors—dark, lean, saturnine, he was facing her, the man she had loved.

Well, she had no love now!

How he had found her was a mystery, but she knew unerringly that it was he who had carried her off. Lesard—who had loved her!

With an intuition that cut at her heart like a knife she knew he would never let her go from this place. Her prayers for freedom died on her lips.

"Would you like your cords undone?" he inquired, throwing his head back to glance at her in the old way, yet jeeringly, as he had never done—to her!

Sick with horror of him, she could not answer.

Perhaps he pitied her; more like her paleness frightened him, since he had no wish that she should die—if she would hear reason. However it was, she felt his deft fingers that were so strong undo her cords, felt him hold a cup to her lips.

"It's coffee, not poison," he said, as she would have pushed it away. "But just as you like, of course!" with that shrug of the shoulders.

Poison or not, the smell of it reminded her that she was ravenous. The strong black stuff was like nectar she could not pass by. She drank thirstily, and felt new strength run like fire through her. And she needed all her strength.

As he took away the cup she raised herself slowly, with sense enough to know that to start to her feet would be to faint. Yet that was only her second thought, her first was of Lesard himself. What was it in his voice that sounded strange, different?

And had she been blind before not to have seen the evil in his handsome, Indian face?

He sat down on an empty box opposite her, and lit a cigarette, his face bent down over it.

Oh! he had changed—changed, indeed. For the very curve of his strong, thin hand was cruel.

"Well," he said, his eyes on her face now, "have you had enough of this?" knowing quite well that even yet her hands and feet were almost unbearable with "pins and needles."

To his surprise, she covered her face with her hands. He did not know that it was for very shame that she had ever loved him.

Her eyes flashed as she let her hands drop—flashed hard as steel for all her terror.

"Does it make any difference if I have?" she cried bitterly. "Oh! I knew long ago that you were a liar—a thief—but I never knew till tonight that you were a coward. For it takes a coward to hurt a girl."

"So you knew I was a liar, did you?" with slow amusement, but she saw the lurking devil under it. "How, may I ask? For till tonight you never knew me!"

The difference in his voice, his very attitude, from the Lesard she had known came over her afresh. He was right—till tonight she had never known him.

Once more she looked him in the eyes.

"There is nothing that can't be said between you and me—now!" she said, watching him deliberately. But if she expected him to remember his own words she was mistaken. He heard them unmoved from the very lips he had kissed.

Jacky Hamilton's face grew blank, vacant.

Had he no soul—no heart? Or had he only what most men have, a conveniently short memory! For he was answering her words that had been an appeal in disguise.

"Exactly; nothing!" he agreed. "I suppose that is why you called me a liar—and other things," with an evil significance that made her remember she was in his power, shut up she knew not where.

"What do you want of me?" she cried sharply, and in the pause after his answer she turned cold.

"You called me a thief just now. I want to know what you meant."

But she did not speak. She knew now why he had carried her off. Had he seen her in the cave? Ever since played with her and Gillian like a cat with mice? If he had he knew—her breath came short—that she and Gillian were the—only—witnesses!

But she never flinched. He could do no worse now than give her death instead of the life he had made so bitter. She had no fear of being given up by him to the police, for she knew too much for him to dare that, and he knew that she knew.

But this was the man who had told her to trust him!

"Speak, you little fool!" he broke into the long silence with a rage that was uncontrollable. "Do you want me to break your neck?"

As if something had torn through the veil of flesh between their naked souls, Jacky Hamilton saw the man as he was, spirit and body as he was.

Like a flash she was off her feet, wild, exultant, here in her prison that she might never leave.

A quick carnation in her cheeks, a crimson on her young lips, a light borrowed surely from heaven in her wide, clear eyes, she faced him, transfigured with a strange rapture.

"You are not Lesard!" she cried, and pointed at him.

For a moment he was staggered out of countenance, then he recovered himself.

"Ask Gillian," he said wickedly. "She ought to know, for she's my wife!"

Jacky caught at her heart, but from joy, a joy that made her blood leap in her, that filled the sordid room with the very glory of Paradise. This man who was Gillian's husband was the man she had seen at the Wellford's ball, had let into the house at midnight, had followed into the underground darkness—but he was not Lesard!

But her keen joy turned to agony as he spoke: "So you thought I was my brother, Louis?" he jeered at her. "Oh, you little, little fool!"

His brother—her Lesard's brother!

This was what the real Lesard had meant, then, when he said she would need to be loyal to him; and she had never been loyal at all.

A resemblance, a voice and eyes, a trick of the shoulders—a well-acted lie—and she had cast aside the man who had been soul of her soul without the benefit of a doubt.

For the man before her tried to be like Lesard, she saw that now. Alone with her, careless of appearances, half the likeness in voice and face dropped.

If she had hated him before she could have killed him now. Because of him she had cast away her own, turned from all that made life good—she sat down suddenly, weak—shaking.

If she had not found out in time—if this man had not caught her she would have sworn Lesard's life away—the real Lesard's, in whose shoes this man masqueraded. But now the man who said he was Gillian's husband had put himself in her power, if she could get out!

She had not cared before that she was a prisoner one-tenth of what she cared now—except for Gillian's sake had not thought life a thing to covert, since the man she loved was what he was. But now life burned in her. She would live, to pay her debts and Gillian's to this sham Lesard! She looked at him with steadier eyes than his own.

"I don't care especially what your name is," she said slowly, "and I suppose you had your reasons for bringing me here. It was clever, in a way, but not clever enough."

"By——, I'm tired of this!" he caught her viciously by the shoulders. "I brought you here because you were dangerous."

"Because I saw you take the black diamonds or because I know you murdered Marchmont?" she asked quietly.

So she did know! It had been she, not Gillian, who had stopped the Red Mouse in the street. She who—his fingers were bruising her shoulders, his face terrible as he stooped over her.

"What you know doesn't matter," he said in her ear, so close that his lips touched it and made her shriek with horror of him. "Do you understand that?"

His face was hideous now that he was so close to her, all the beauty gone from it, and the very joy of its new unlikeness to the face she loved made her voice perfectly steady as she answered:

"I may not matter, but I am not the only person who knows enough to hang you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"YOU'VE HANGED YOUR LOVER."

To her utter astonishment, the man let her at once from his hold.

"Ah!" he said quietly, looking at her as she stood flushed and palpitating before him, torn with the thoughts that dragged her every way at once. "I'm rather obliged to you. You have reminded me. There is Gillian! I had better go to Blake Street and see about—Gillian."

Gillian! What had Jacky done?

"Settle with me," she cried, wildly enough. "Let Gillian be! You've wronged her enough. Oh, I tell you if it had not been for Gillian I would have gone to the police long ago!"

"You!" he threw back his head and laughed so like the other Lesard that she felt sick. "You, with your hand print on the cellar stones! Why, you utter idiot, you are in a worse place than I, even supposing you were free at this moment. There are no witnesses against me but you and Gill, and you—will not do much. You forget that even if I let you go there is all the dead weight of circumstantial evidence against you. There is no hiding that you were in the cave, and had"—he laughed again—"touched Marchmont!"

"Gill—you won't hurt Gill?" she pleaded frantically. But his answer frightened her.

"She is my wife. I will do what I like with her."

"Not if I give in; if I promise you anything."

Without knowing it, she was wringing her hands.

"If you will put it all on the other Lesard—the one you know," caustically; "tell the Red Mouse I was he who stole the diamonds; tell the police it was either you or he did the murder!" The words came out calmly.

He had no idea how much this girl knew of his brother, but from her face it had been a good deal. Jacky's eager head dropped.

To die—to see Lesard die—either of them for this man, who was so callously wicked.

"No," she thought, her head hanging, her eyes on the ground; "no, not even for Gill. My life is my own, and I'll fight for it; and if I have to give in, I can die for my Lesard."

Quite simply she thought it; and then she held her head up proudly.

"If I don't give in, what are you going to do with me—and Gill?" she asked.

With the deliberation of cruelty he answered:

"Gill is my wife. I am going away, and I'll take her with me. You can stay here. When they find you not even my brother will know you!"

The simplicity of it all appalled her.

"Gill won't go with you, she hates you!"

"That makes no difference; she will do as I say. She was never a spitfire like you. I liked her rather, till things—till Marchmont"—hastily—"put ahead of me."

Something flashed over Jacky.

"She was never your wife—never! Or you would have stuck to her and carried out Tom Hamilton's scheme yourself."

"So you know that much, do you?" with a shrug of his shoulders. "Well, let me tell you, you can judge me! I got tired of Gillian before I was about Marchmont's little game. There, you have it in a nutshell. I couldn't brave Marchmont afterward, for he was an ugly customer; and, besides, I hadn't the money to work the thing as he did, though if Gillian had been less of a fool and had not bored me, I might have tried it. You have yourself and your chatter to the Red Mouse to blame if you disapprove of Gillian's future."

He turned, settled his coat, was going! She clenched her hands to keep in the prayers, the mad promises, that were on her lips. Only too well did she know what Gillian's future would be with this man. A daily suffering, an hourly martyrdom, neglect and ill treatment her portion as soon as he felt it safe to amuse himself, secure in her faithfulness, her terror of what hung over him.

But not even for Gillian would she speak—not yet! Not till that wild shot she had fired in the dark, of which no one knew, should miss fire.

She prayed he might go out, stay long, be seen; prayed with no better anchors for her prayers than the greed and fright of a wicked woman and that one thing she had done before she and Gillian fled from their lodgings in the Northend Road.

When she dared look up her hands ached with their convulsive clasping, and Lesard was gone. Gone to get Gillian for his slave and victim, and there was nothing Jacky could do, a prisoner, with death her only release.

He had left the light, that was one thing.

She stared round her and saw there was no way out; nothing but the four walls, the locked door, the boarded-over skylight that she could not reach. But the latter told her she was in the attic of a house, though the house stood she knew not where. There was still some coffee in the cup, she seized it and drank thirstily.

"My head's dizzy and my back aches," she said aloud, trying to force herself to think coherently, "and there's no way for me to get out, for the sofa and table together won't reach nearly to the sky-light. And I wish I had a piece of bread!" Her own words made her laugh hysterically, brought still in spite of her weakness. For this man was not Lesard! All her old worship of her lover had come back to her sore heart, and with it a new hope that, wild as it was, kept her from despair. There was one chance in a hundred that he might not get Gillian, one chance in fifty that the Red Mouse—oh, he little knew what he did when he sold those jewels to the Red Mouse! Nor what power he had put into Jacky Hamilton's hand.

She dropped to her knees and prayed as she had never prayed before; like some desperate man alone abandoned in a desert prays under a burning sky for water. As she prayed something bade her put out the light.

Trembling, she got up, and with the faith of a child, extinguished the pale lamp that seemed her only friend. The darkness frightened her, so black, so full of horror, and she dared not move. When she stood she stayed, leaning her aching back against the wall.

It was always night in this dreadful room. Outside it might be sunlight, and she was here! She had herself hurried on the coming of the great darkness that waited for her; that if it had not been for Gillian she could have met with a quick heart, since her Lesard had been neither a liar nor a thief, nor—with a leap of her heart—Gillian's husband!

The sudden grate of a key in the lock made her start with terror and astonishment. The noise of the opening door was like thunder in her ears. Was it Lesard—had he come back? She knew he had, though the open doorway was as dark as the room.

"What—where's the light?—damn you!" his voice was close to her and she shrank away as he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

DINNERS FOR THE THRESHERS AND HARVESTERS



MINT JULEP.

By Violet Marsh

HAVING something on hand from which a cool, refreshing drink can be quickly made is more gratifying to a guest on a hot summer day than any other thing a hostess may serve. It requires no accompaniment, but if convenient a n bread and butter sandwich, a cracker or a bit plain cake is acceptable.

The above illustration gives an idea of how this ople service may appear, and what can be done th berry and fruit juices, a few sprigs of mint, ne sugar and water. A plate of small thin dwiches are added and a tiny bowl of pansies e a decorative touch.

recipe for mint julep given below.

The principal subject at I wish to talk about is month is what the eparation of dinners on ecial occasions, such as reshing and harvesting ys means to the house-fe on the farm. Upper-ost in her mind is the sire to provide food that appetizing and sub-antial, and plenty of for she expects large petites and the more that is eaten the better is e "proof of the pudding."



CHOCOLATE PIE.

Do not undertake a great variety of food unless ou have an abundance of trained assistance is y advice. But even with plenty of help, the mple well-balanced meal that is well cooked and nple is preferred by most men. Select dishes at can be largely prepared the day before and the early morning.

Last month I gave recipes for cooking ham and mphasized the usefulness of a cold baked or boiled am in hot weather. As this can be prepared in ivance and is generally liked, it becomes an im-ortant dish where large numbers are to be served. old boiled leg of mutton is another excellent immer meat, and is cooked the day before serving. oth these meats should be served with a relish of risp cabbage salad or kohl slaw, and hot vegetables. till another dish that hearty appetites always ppreciate is a beef stew with dumplings. It can e made the day before using, and really improves y standing over night. It should be reheated ith care so to guard against scorching or mashing he vegetables.

Veal may be made into an appetizing loaf and erved cold. Do not use eal unless you are sure f its age and time of illing. Veal taken from calf less than eight eeks old is very un-holesome. Unlike other eat, veal does not im-rove by long hanging nd should be eaten soon fter being dressed. Hot tewed tomatoes well easoned with butter, epper and salt make a elicious relish with cold eal.

Hot scalloped salmon or the housewife who is ar from market and de-ends on canned meats nd fish is a very de-endable dish. Where t is the main dish, it should be made extra rich with butter and cream. New England baked beans and brown bread are a "stand-by" when serving out-of-door work-ers and will combine well with the salmon scallop. With the addition of raw tomatoes or cucumbers an excellent meal is made.



SALMON ESCALLOP.

A well scalloped dish of potatoes is "king" when served with cold meats. At the start they require a little more preparation, but when baked you have a dish that requires no additional butter or gravy and is very satisfying. Shallow pans can be used for baking the scallop which does not require immediate serving the same as baked or mashed potatoes do.

One substantial vegetable besides potato, such as corn on the cob, string beans or new boiled cabbage will be ample. Lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers always help to round out a good dinner, but they add to the work materially, and their place can be entirely filled by having fresh ripe fruit on the table, or cooled melons.

It has been said that "every man has a sweet tooth" and the best way of gratifying this is with chocolate or lemon pie. The work of making these is nearly completed the day before using. Serve tea or coffee, hot or cold, but reserve the lemonade to drink between meals, for it disagrees with many people when taken with food.

Recipes for Above Named Dishes

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—After wiping the meat thoroughly with a damp cloth, remove the thin outer skin which gives cooked mutton a strong flavor. Cover with boiling water, quickly bring to the boiling point, boil from five to ten minutes and skim. Set on the back of stove and simmer until tender which will take at least 15 minutes to the pound. When the meat is two-thirds done, add one scant tablespoon of salt to each leg of mutton. Remove from liquor as soon as cooked. When cold the fat may be removed and vegetables and rice cooked in the liquor.

KOHL SLAW.—Select small hard cabbages, remove outer leaves, cut into quarters, and with a sharp long-bladed knife cut as thinly as possible. Cover with cold water and set in the coolest place available several hours before using. Make the cream dressing the day before as follows: Beat one egg just enough to break it up well, and then beat in one tablespoon of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one scant half-teaspoon of mustard previously mixed together. To this add three tablespoons of melted butter and two-thirds cup of medium weight cream. Beat one minute with the egg beater and then add one-fourth cup of vinegar, a very little at a time, while beating. Cook in double boiler until the mixture thickens. Just before serving, drain the cabbage and pour over the dressing which should also be very cold.

BEEF STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.—The aitchbone lies between the back of rump and the round and is used for stews because the meat is juicy and the bone is rich in marrow. After wiping with a wet cloth, cut all the meat from the bone, and saw the bone into pieces. Trim off the fat, cut into small pieces and try out in frying-pan. Cut the lean meat into two-inch pieces, roll in flour and quickly sear in the hot fat. Do only a few pieces at a time so that the fat will not become cool nor the meat remain after it is seared which takes but a few seconds. As the meat is seared, dish it into the stew-kettle. Pour boiling water into the frying-pan and boil until the remaining fat and flour is in the water, then pour it over the meat. Add the bone, cover with boiling water and quickly bring to a boil, then set back where it will simmer about three and one-half hours. If it boils the meat will be stringy and tasteless. To six pounds of meat and bone use four cups of sliced potato, one cup of celery cut fine, one-half cup of sliced onion, one cup of carrot, and one cup of turnip, each cut into inch pieces. Add all but the potato after the meat has been simmering two hours, and the potatoes one-half hour before the stew is done. When the vegetables are added bring the kettle forward on the stove and add a handful at a time so not to lower the temperature, then set back as soon as simmering commences again. Add pepper and salt one hour before removing from fire. If dumplings are not to be added, use one-third cup of rice, adding it with the vegetables. It is well to start the rice cooking in a separate dish and add it, boiling hard, to the stew-kettle. The dumplings are added to the stew as late as possible before serving. Where the stew is made the day before, pour off as much of the broth as possible in which to cook the dumplings, as in this way the stew will not be injured by the rapid boiling required to cook dumplings.

CANNED CORN.

DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of sifted flour, four teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt sifted together. Moisten with seven-eighths cup of rich milk, stirring as little as possible. Drop by small spoonfuls into the hard boiling liquor, cover tightly and cook twelve minutes without lifting the cover. Add to stew and serve.

VEAL LOAF.—Seven pounds of lean veal and one pound of salt fat pork ground through the meat chopper. To this add ten common crackers rolled fine, four tablespoons of lemon juice, two level tablespoons of salt, half a teaspoon of scraped onion, one level teaspoon of white pepper, and about one-half teaspoon of poultry dressing if desired. Stir and work one-half cup of cream into the mixture. Press into loaf bread tins and bake three and one-half hours in a slow oven. Brush pork fat over the tops occasionally.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Select those that are well ripened, cover one minute with boiling water, peel, cut into slices and rapidly stew until done, but not long enough to change color. Season with plenty of butter, salt and pepper and add a very little sugar if desired.

SALMON ESCALLOP.—Use three cups of cold flaked salmon and five cups of freshly boiled and mashed potato. The success of this dish depends very much on being well seasoned. Melt two tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan and add two tablespoons of dry flour. When smooth and bubbling add one cup of hot milk very gradually while stirring. Now add the prepared fish to the hot sauce, season to taste with salt and a few grains of pepper, and set on the back of stove to slowly heat while preparing the potatoes. After mashing set on a hot cover and gradually beat in hot thin cream until the potato is white and fluffy. Add salt to taste. In a hot baking dish put a layer of potato, then a layer of the creamed salmon, and repeat until all is used. Moisten one cup of rolled cracker crumbs with melted butter and spread over the top. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven or until the crumbs are brown. Serve at once.

NEW ENGLAND BAKED BEANS.—Soak one quart of pea, yellow-eyed or kidney beans over night in a quantity of cold water. Change to fresh cold water in the morning and parboil until the skins will crack when exposed to the air out of the boiling water. In the bottom of a crock that will hold about two and a half quarts place one-half pound of fat salt pork and then add the drained beans. Sweeten with two tablespoons of molasses and three tablespoons of sugar. Add boiling water to just cover, and bake ten hours in an oven hot enough to simmer. When the beans have cooked six hours add one and one-half teaspoons of salt. Many like a whole onion placed in the bottom with the pork.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup of Graham flour, one cup of rye meal, one cup of granulated meal, one teaspoon of salt, and three-fourths tablespoon of soda thoroughly mixed together. An excellent way to do this is to sift and return the bran. Add three-fourths cup of molasses and two cups of well soured milk. Stir until smooth, and pour into a pail which should not be more than half full to give room for rising. Cover tightly and steam three hours, then bake half an hour. One cup of raisins can be added to the mixture.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Pare, cut into fairly thin slices and soak in cold water the required number of potatoes. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of potato, dredge with a light sifting of flour, dot with butter and lightly salt. Pepper may be added sparingly. Repeat until all the potato is used. The dish should not be more than three-fourths full. Pour over scalding hot milk until it just reaches the top. Bake in a moderate oven two hours. Do not allow the potato to boil.

STRING BEANS.—The sooner they are cooked after picking the better they will be. If kept over night, cover with cold water one hour then drain and put in a cool place. Snap off the ends and break into short lengths. Have the water boiling hard with a good fire and drop in a small handful of the beans. When the water again boils add a few more and continue until all are in the kettle. This method requires a little more care but the beans will cook in half the time.

BOILED CORN.—Pour boiling water over the corn and cook until when the kernels are pried with a fork they will appear to have slightly shrunken from the cob. Do not cook too long as after a certain point the corn begins to lose flavor.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Cover the bottom of a deep pie tin with good pastry. Prick every inch or two that the steam may escape: otherwise the crust will bulge. Bake in a quick oven and remove the crust from plate.

FILLING.—Mix one-third cup of cocoa with one-fourth cup of cornstarch and one-fourth cup of sugar. To three well-beaten egg yolks add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of salt and stir the two mixtures together. Now stir in two cups of whole milk and cook in double boiler until it thickens, stirring constantly, as it thickens first on the bottom of dish. Add three teaspoons of vanilla and set away to cool. Both the crust and filling can be made the day before, providing the crust is kept in a covered tin box or other dry place. Pour filling into crust the next forenoon, beat the egg whites very dry and stiff and gradually add three tablespoons of granulated or powdered sugar and spread over the pie. Place in a moderate oven until the meringue is well puffed and brown.

LEMON PIE.—Proceed the same as for chocolate pie.

FILLING.—Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir in one cup of sugar mixed with two slightly rounded tablespoons of cornstarch. Add the juice of one large lemon and the grated yellow from the rind. Add one cup of boiling water, place on a hot stove and stir until the filling thickens then cook one minute longer. Stir constantly while it cools.

MINT JULEP.—Boil one quart of water with one pint of sugar fifteen minutes. At the same time soak ten sprigs of mint, broken into short pieces, in one pint of boiling water for five minutes. Strain and add to syrup when it is taken from fire. Now add three cups of grape juice, two cups of orange juice, and lemon juice to taste. Dilute when serving.

CANNED CORN.—Select corn that is in full milk and young. Cut from cob lengthwise, only taking off about two-thirds of the kernel. With a strong knife scrape the cob lengthwise so as to get all the pulp and milk. What is left is the hard end of hull which is useless. Fill sterilized jars two-thirds full, add one teaspoon of sugar to a pint jar, fill with boiling water and cook three hours in hot water both partly sealed. Finish seal and gradually cool out of drafts.

CAKE WITH RASPBERRY FILLING.—Measure three cups of flour, add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and six even teaspoons of baking powder and sift twice again. Cream one-third cup of butter and gradually add one cup of sugar, then add two well-beaten eggs. Beat very light with the egg beater and then add the flour alternately with one cup of milk. Beat until smooth. Flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla or lemon juice, adding it just before final beating. Bake in layers.

FILLING.—Beat one cup of heavy cream. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, gradually add one-half cup of sugar and then add the whipped cream. Reserve enough to cover the top of cake, and to the remainder add one cup of lightly mashed raspberries. Spread between layers, use plain on top and garnish with whole berries.



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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"She was ill-treated and insulted—in fact, was accused of taking that which did not belong to her."

"Enough, sir! No person with any such record can ever become allied to my family!" burst forth Lord Dunforth, rising from his chair in wrath.

"But, sir, let me explain——"

"No, sir!" he thundered; "not another word! I am astonished and disappointed in you, Adrian, that you could so demean yourself as to desire to marry any one so far beneath you!"

"She is not beneath me," began the indignant lover, hotly.

"Not another word, Adrian, if you please, on the subject, unless you wish to incur my stern displeasure. You, the future Earl of Dunforth, marry a person accused of theft! Never!" and he paced the floor, with angry strides.

Suddenly he wheeled upon his grandson, and demanded:

"May I ask, have you made proposals to this very estimable person?"

"I have, my lord." The manly eyes blazed dangerously at this almost insulting question, while his hands worked nervously at the biting sarcasm of his grandfather's words.

"Fool!"

"Sir!"

"You're a fool, I say!"

The two men glanced at each other furiously for a moment. Then Adrian, growing very pale, moved a step or two back, and said in a quiet, though concentrated, voice:

"Then I am to understand that you refuse your consent to my marrying?"

"I do, most emphatically refuse to allow you to marry any such doubtful person as Lady Ruxley's companion appears to be. Shame upon you for stooping so low!"

"Then, my Lord Dunforth, listen to me," Adrian said, flushing angrily, and drawing his proud form to its fullest height. "I love this gentle girl with my whole heart; I have told her so, and I have asked her to be my wife. I am of age, and, sir, I shall marry her!"

Lord Dunforth suddenly wheeled about, and came forward with rapid strides.

The two proud men stood looking steadfastly into each other's eyes for a moment, and each read there a determination never to yield.

"Then you are no longer a child of mine!" whispered the irate lord, hoarsely, his whole frame shaking from anger, disappointment, and mortification.

"Grandfather," returned Adrian, sadly, "you know I love you, and would gladly do anything in reason to please you; but the happiness of two lives is at stake, and in this matter I must choose for myself."

There was a note of quiet determination in his voice, albeit it was so sad, which told the other that he meant every word he uttered.

"Then choose for yourself," he cried, almost beside himself with grief and mortified pride, "and choose beggary with your wife, for not one shilling from the Dunforth coffers shall you ever touch!"

"But I am not a beggar quite yet, my lord; I have my own income," returned Adrian, proudly, yet smiling, in spite of himself for his income was no mean one.

"Then leave me—begone!"

"Sir——"

"Not another word, unless you will yield to me!" shouted the earl.

"I cannot!"

"Then go! Marry your plebeian beggar, and never darken Dunforth doors again!"

"Is that your ultimatum? Have you no sympathy nor mercy?" asked Adrian, growing very white about the mouth, though his eyes gleamed with a lurid light.

His lordship caught his breath hard at these questions. Who should have sympathy if not he? But he would not yield.

"It is my ultimatum. I have no sympathy with anything like that," he said, yet the face of his own lost love arose before him at that moment like a phantom.

With an inclination of his haughty head, Adrian turned and left the room without another word.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"HOW CAME YOU HERE?"

Lady Ruxley had said truly that Vallingham Hall was full of company, and as Brownie, who sat reading to her ladyship the next morning after their arrival, caught the sound of fresh young voices and silvery laughter, as they floated up through those lofty halls, she felt her own heart grow warm and light, and she found herself longing to mingle with the gay company. Lady Ruxley had tried to prevail upon her to go down the evening previous and enjoy the music and dancing, but the thought of meeting the Coolidges was so repugnant to her that she preferred remaining quietly in her own room, although it was quite a trial, knowing that Viola and Alma were in the same house, and yet not be able to see them.

Just before noon Lady Randal came bustling in in great haste, bearing a great box in her hands.

"Auntie," she began, affably, "I want to borrow Miss Dundas for a little while."

"What for?" demanded the old lady, sharply, and eying the box suspiciously.

She had no idea of having the young girl imposed upon, or made to perform any disagreeable tasks for her exacting niece.

"I can't find an operetta which I had set my heart upon having performed at the *soiree*. I thought I could put my hand upon it at once, but I have mislaid it, and thought it might be among these papers. Charles wants me immediately to arrange the programme, so that I have not time to look for it myself, and I thought perhaps Miss Dundas might be willing to hunt it for me. Will you?" she demanded, turning to Brownie.

"Certainly, if Lady Ruxley has no objections," she answered, quietly.

"Well, well, child, you'd never refuse, no matter what anybody asked of you. Put down the box Helen and she shall look as soon as she has finished the article she is reading," Lady Ruxley replied.

Lady Randall obeyed.

"While you see about it, you may as well arrange the papers orderly; they have been turned over so many times that they are all in a muss," she said, and then left the room.

Half an hour after, her reading finished, she took the box to a large table standing in the bay window, and began her work.

It was no easy task to put that promiscuous assortment in order.

There were bills of all kinds, letters and notes, and memoranda, all mixed with loose papers and envelopes.

She at length succeeded in finding the operetta, and then proceeded to arrange and tie up the letters, bills and other documents so that they need not get mixed again.

She had nearly finished her task, and the bundles were all neatly arranged in the box, when, taking up a small package, the wrapper suddenly gave way, and several little notes and papers fell scattering into her lap.

They were directed to different persons, and all in different handwriting, and Brownie could not help wondering how they happened to be in Lady Randal's possession.

She began to gather them up, pondering upon the singular circumstance, yet too honorable to take advantage of her opportunity and gratify her curiosity, when her eye fell upon a note, the corner of which had been doubled back, revealing the writing within.

The writing, though irregular, as if a trembling hand had traced it, had a strangely familiar look as she glanced at it.

It had been written with a pencil, and was not very distinct. Bending closer, Brownie discovered the words "repentant Meta."

A thrill of intense pain ran through every nerve, and, without stopping to consider that she had no moral right to do so, she unfolded the paper; it was yellow and old, and only folded once—and began to read.

Scarce had her eye swept over the few words written within, when every vestige of color faded from her cheeks and lips, while her eyes burned with a fierce, vengeful light.

She had heard of that little note before.

How well she remembered the pain in that dear old face, the quivering of those sweet, pale lips,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Cubby Bear and the Traps

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FEAR and suspicion were abroad in the Pleasant Forest. Who had been there, and what were the strange things which the forest people were finding here and there?

Cubby Bear had started out that morning for a pleasant walk, thinking he might go as far as the river. But before he had gone twenty paces along the forest path, something just ahead of him caught his attention.

"Now what can that be?" he asked himself wonderingly. "Right here in the path—that stuff sprinkled over it smells good, but I will not taste it. I cannot tell why, but I do not dare."

He sniffed, and walked around, looking at the thing from all sides.

He found a stout stake driven into the ground, and fastened to it was an iron chain, partly covered over with leaves and dirt. Poking cautiously with a little stick, he found the chain led to the queer thing in the path. What could it be for?

"I was just going to your house, Cubby Bear," said Minnie Mink, coming along the path toward him. "I wanted to ask you if you knew——"

"Why what is this?" she asked, amazed. "*Another*—but this is much larger! Cubby Bear," she went on solemnly, "I do not like this! Right in my way, as I climbed the bank of the Big Brook this morning, was some nice looking food, oh, very nice! But it did not smell right, and the dirt had been disturbed. I could not make out what kind of marks were in the damp earth, but they were footprints of something, I am sure. And through the food, I caught a glimpse of rusty black iron. What do you make of it?"

"I do not know," answered Cubby. "Would Wise Owl know, do you think?"

"We will try to find him," said Minnie. "Come."

Together they went to Wise Owl's hollow tree, but he did not answer when they called.

"There comes Wollie Woodchuck, running this way," said Cubby. "Something must have happened, to make Wollie hurry! He looks scared."

"Someone has been at the very door of my house, and filled up the doorway with an ill-smelling thing which I did not dare to touch!" complained Wollie. "It was lucky I had a back door, too, or I should not have been able to get out. I wish you would come with me, and move it away, Cubby Bear! You are so brave, you would not be afraid, I am sure."

Cubby was pleased with this compliment, but was in no hurry to do as Wollie asked.

"You are not the only one who has found something strange this morning," Minnie Mink said. "I do not know what to make of it. Listen—I hear wheels. Yes, there is Bunny Rabbit, out giving his Baby Bunnies a ride."

"Good morning," called Bunny Rabbit; and, "Good morning," echoed the Baby Bunnies.

"Why look you all so sober?" asked Bunny "One should be happy this fine morning."

"You had best be careful where you step," Minnie Mink warned him darkly, "and above all things do not feed your Bunny Babies anything you find lying on the ground."

While they were telling Bunny of what they had found, Robbie Reddie flew down to the ground close by. As he listened, he nodded his head, as if he too, knew something of the kind.

"I have just come from Busy Beaver's place," said Robbie. "He and Brother Binney Beaver are starting to build a platform of little logs over a strange thing they have found on their landing-place on the bank of the Big Brook. They did not want to touch it, and they have been planning to build a platform there, anyway. You see, the logs will cover it up."

"Let us go around to other places, and see if any more of the things are in the forest," proposed Cubby. "But be careful, all of you, and not run into one."

They had not gone far when they heard a voice crying, "Help, help!"

"Hush! What is that?" asked Bunny, ready to run away.

"It sounds to me like Woozie Weasel's voice," answered Robbie Reddie. "Yes, it is Woozie—I can see him now."

Woozie was scampering at full speed, head down, along a little side-path, and ran head first against the Bunny Babies' little cart before he saw that it was in his way.

Over it went, and out spilled the cartful of wriggling white fur, mixed up with long pink ears and little waving paws.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Bunny shrilly, in an agony of distress. "Who knows how many of them are killed?"

Cubby was gently picking up the spilled Baby Bunnies, while Wollie and Minnie righted up the cart.

"All safe," declared Cubby. "Woozie has hurt himself more than the Bunny Babies."

For Woozie stood rubbing his head, on which a lump was swelling.

"What were you crying 'Help' for?" asked Minnie Mink.

"Oh, yes," said Woozie slowly. "My head aches so I was quite forgetting poor Foxy Reynard. His paw is caught in something that holds it fast. I do not know what the thing is but Foxy stepped into it right in his own dooryard!"

As Woozie saw the looks which passed between the others, he added:

"If any of you have been playing bad tricks like that on Foxy, it will go hard with you!"

"Oh, no," denied Cubby, but Wollie was angry.

"All right!" he flared. "If you think we did it, you can just go back and get Foxy out of his troubles yourself! It would serve him right anyway, to pay him for all the bad tricks he has tried on the rest of us."

"If poor Foxy's paw is caught, we must do what we can to help him," said Cubby Bear. "We will go with you, Woozie."

Wollie Woodchuck went with the others, but he lagged behind, grumbling all the way.

They found Foxy Reynard moaning and wringing his paws.

"Poor Foxy," said Cubby, "does it hurt so bad?"

"No," answered Foxy, "it pinches a little, but by good luck I had my stout boots on this morning. But I am held fast, and that my proud spirit cannot bear! I want to be free—to be free——"

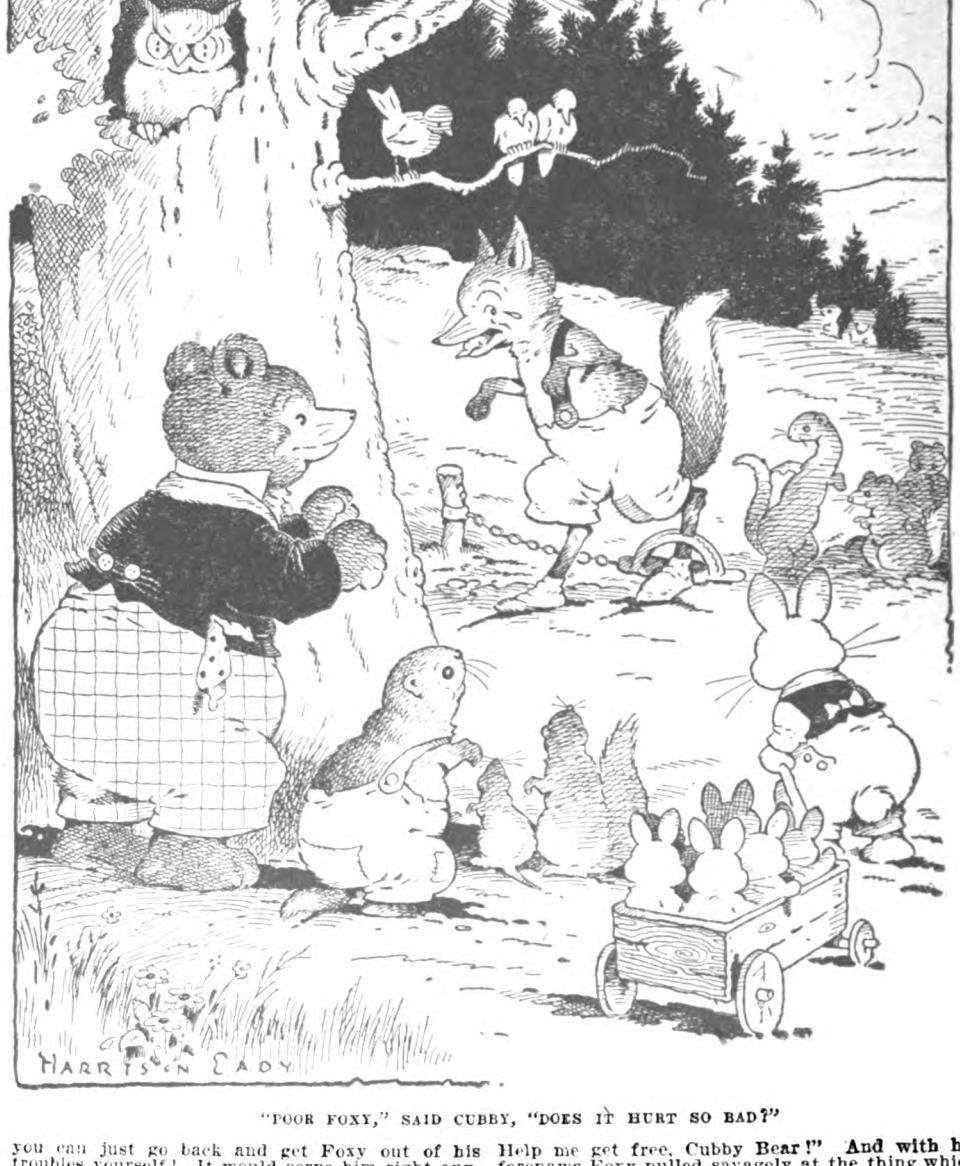
"Just pull your paw out of the boot," advised Bunny Rabbit. "That is easily done!"

"Stupid!" snapped Foxy. "Would I stay here, a prisoner, and send for help, if I could move my paw? I tell you it is held tight, and it pinches! Help me get free, Cubby Bear!" And with his forepaws Foxy pulled savagely at the thing which held him.

"This has a chain, fastened to a stake, driven into the ground, like the one I found," said Cubby. He was afraid to touch it, but he worked up his courage by thinking, "If I were caught like that, I would want someone to help me!"

By dint of much pulling and twisting, and howls from Foxy that they were pulling off his paw, they at last got him free. But the boot was left, caught fast.

"Dear, dear! I shall never have such another pair of boots," he sighed.



"POOR FOXY," SAID CUBBY, "DOES IT HURT SO BAD?"

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SEPTEMBER COMFORT

Mother and Baby Number

Our Mother and Baby Number for September, as its name implies, will be devoted largely to the interests of the mothers and their little ones. The following are some of the

Special Features for September

"Comfort's Baby Show" The 24 Comfort babies pictured on the front cover and others on double page spread will be described with mention of their mothers in write-up entitled "Happy Little Tots" from Comfort's Family.

"Better Babies and Happier Mothers" Written especially for COMFORT by Dr. F. C. Sweeney and tells many essentials that mothers should know.

"If You Wish It" A girl, desiring to make sure, puts her suitor to the test of a humiliating ordeal.

"Family Sewing" Fall and winter styles and fabrics, and instructions for fitting, making and making over clothes.

"Home Outfitting for Winter" New ideas for making old furnishings attractive.

"Four Ways of Serving Fowl" Also vegetable combinations and pickling recipes.

"Don, the Educated Dog" A touching romance in which Don wins favor for his master and effects a family reconciliation.

"Cubby Bear Rescues Ducky Dumpling" Foxy Reynard had caught Ducky Dumpling and was about to eat her when Cubby Bear made him let her go.

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August, 1923.



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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

AUGUST is my vacation month, and soon I will be away from gasoline-choked streets to spend happy free-breathed weeks in the little mountain town where Billy and I become for a time trail-wanderers under spruce and pine, sprawling afers in high, sunny hill pastures, and now and then r frequenters of the village street whose noonte of quietude will be soaked in peace and the ade of maples. I view all this in anticipation; curt my mind about the prospect; I dream of it nights and remember it as I wake in the morning the honk of an auto or the rumble of a trolley. y vacation is coming! I shall soon be off to sorb barrels of rest and peace to be drawn upon memberfully when the happy weeks are over d I am again a part of the pushing throngs and e motored city life, machine-paced and machine-iven.

When I shall look upon that quiet village street, view broad and thinly-settled valleys from the p of some mountain that shelters them, I know will be hard for me to recall the huddled places have left behind me and in which men have ttled to lead cluttered lives. The New York which Bill and I contribute two inhabitants d six legs has now a population of 5,620,048 rsons! It is the largest city in the world—a rtain but doubtful glory—and its myriad bulk itcounts the 4,483,249 of London and the 3,803,770 Berlin. Our country, so the statistic sharks ll us, has now no less than sixty-eight large cities, velve of which have more than a half-million ch of inhabitants. There is room among thes- r many vacations—and there is need of them. eed of vacations for lungs poisoned with carbon onoxide, vacations for ears vibrated continuously varied clangor, vacations for eyes whose green elds and trees must be occasionally sought in rtificially-spaced parks worn by many feet.

The speeding-up of industry to answer the deands of the Great War, the lure of high wages nd short hours, has hastened, during the past ecade, the rather constant cityward tread. Rural ounties and small towns were drained increasingly, s the last census revealed. A "back to the land" ovement, which began during Roosevelt's term the White House and which had been worthily xploited, died when the war was born and has ad no rebirth since. Yet the great background f the land is always there; its call is as constant the opportunities it offers. It spreads too unheeded its chances of normal existence while our ities increase their crowded competitiveness and heir methods of hasty unnatural living and dying.

No country more than our own offers such ossibilities of a vacation, not of weeks, but of a ifetime. We are not like the swarming, bounded uropean nations who must send their surplus umanity to spread over colonial possessions rested from weaker races. Here in our many-limated, ocean-bordered sweep of continent we ave millions of acres ready for the touch of man's and, the magic of toil and the aid of science-purred tillage. Fifty years ago our Federal-wned land totalled 1,160,000,000 acres. Although his huge domain has been undergoing reduction t the rate of 10,000,000 acres a year, yet 182,000,000 emain today. And this does not take into account he 375,000,000 unsurveyed Alaskan acres! Dwell-rs in the West, through experience and otherwise, ave long been familiar with homesteading and our ountry's store of vacant public lands, but in the East, I think, few people realize the extent of Uncle Sam's empire of open spaces. At present, ur public domain stands reduced to lands in wenty-four States—the largest acreage being in Nevada (52,429,745), and the smallest in Kansas 2,944). Utah offers over 26,000,000 acres and California over 18,000,000. Wyoming and New Mexico have more than 16,000,000 acres each, and Arizona, Idaho, Colorado and Montana string along not far behind. Just think of what even *one* million acres of land means! Imagine stand ing alone in the center of such an expanse and look-ing toward the horizon. At trying times I have been tempted to think of Billy in such a lonely situation and myself safely separated on the next million acre tract. Here are indeed lands for vacationing—God's own summer resort. If ever the little mountain paradise that Bill and I know becomes too crowded, and the shy heifers are driven from the mountainside, it is sure that Bill and I will turn our eyes and suitcases westward, with tourist tickets tucked in our Panama hats. Yes; we will become happy homesteaders—and perhaps raise goats!

All our many cities are like fast-growing mush-rooms—or should I say toadstools?—springing up in the wide midst of the yet great fields and forests of our country. There is more than room for all the crowded inhabitants of big towns to stretch and vacationize, for one or many summers. Room for them to go where sunlight is not filtered through soft coal smoke, or the south wind blows flavored with soap, glue and gasolene. Here in New York, skyscraper after skyscraper rises, shouldering anew into the murky horizon, patiently girdered to new altitudes by antlike humans of the building trades. And as they are built, they are filled with other antlike humans chained to desk and telephone, making strange motions and noises which they translate into terms of existence. But Bill and I will soon be surrounded by more ancient, more imperishable, more mighty skyscrapers, and the mark of the tools upon their granite towers and cornerstones will be from the hand of God, the Master Builder, who offers homes and vacations to the prodigal sons of men.

And now for the letters:

REXBURY, 76 SOUTH 2nd WEST, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is a blast of hot air from a cousin from the Snake River valley. Naturally you all praise your state, but listen: Idaho could make most any state in the Union look like the cat's meow beside her.

I am sixteen years of age, five feet, four inches tall, weigh 116 pounds and have golden brown hair and blue eyes. There is almost a dimple in my left cheek.

In the summer I live on a 1,500 acre dry farm, eleven miles east of Rexbury. We have two cars, so I come to town quite often. I am chief cook. I like the farm 'cause I can ride horses, fish—yes, there's a creek called Moody—kill snakes, swim, and do most anything that appeals to one who loves the beauties of nature.

I ride horses every day and always wear a big brown sombrero, riding pants, boy's shirt, boots, and sometimes a pair of angora chaps. I haven't a horse and outfit of my own yet, but I use my brother's horse, saddle, bridle, spurs and martingale. I like cowboys—think they're grand. I try to look like one myself, but, you see, being a dry farm cook it's rather hard to be a cowpuncher, too.

Quite often we have a dust storm that would knock you on your ear. Rocks that would almost bang your eye out blow with them. Don't visit me while one of these is on, Uncle.

Uncle Lisha, besides coyotes and rattlesnakes, there s something here much more weird and mysterious. This is a *headless woman*. She lives in a cave up in a cliff in one of the canyons. She rides a white horse. I *thought* I saw her once, but that night I didn't stop for a second glance. I suppose most of you don't believe this. Well, I don't really believe it myself.

That Golden artist from New Mexico hasn't anything on me, 'cause I'm an artist, too—and a poet besides. I can play a ukelele, harmonica, and I can whistle and play cards. Hot dog!

That is only half of me, Uncle. The other half is that I like town and refinement. In the winter I live at our home in Rexbury and go to the Ricks Normal College. I am a junior, and secretary and treasurer of the student body. Also I'm reporter of my class. I greatly enjoy dancing and we have some wonderful dancing parties at our school.

Love to everybody, GLADYS WOOD.

Gosh all rattlesnakes, Gladys, but a letter like yours will make all the girl cousins in the East sit up and take notice once or twice! Careful statistical calculation has convinced me that out of every 1000 of my eastern nieces, exactly 997 want to be girl cowpunchers. Or anyhow be able to ride a horse and wear a big brown sombrero. And then to think of having a pair of angora chaps always hanging around! Many of the eastern girls have plenty of chaps, but these are always the plain, safety-razored type of fellows, and most of 'em couldn't raise a whisker if they tried. What a lovely long mustache an Idaho angora chap must have! It must be great for you to be able to ride out with one of these handsome fellows on each side of your saddle.

I should think it would be hard to be a dry farm cook, Gladys. It takes water even to boil potatoes. Yet you do not complain about your duties. I certainly am surprised your angora cowpunchers do not get tired of a constantly dehydrated (Billy supplied me with this last word!) diet. Of course there is some variety—you can have dried apples, dried codfish, beans, cornflakes and saratoga chips, for instance. But if you keep your boarders moist and happy on such fare, you are some little chefess, I'll say.

Gladys, all the things you can do with either half of your bi-personality marks you as an accomplished cousin. I am proud of you, of both halves, the refined and the raw. You must not let that headless woman catch you while you are out riding some night with those angora chaps, and you are listening to the martingale sing high up on the cliffs of the canyon.

PARKERSBURG, R. F. D. 5, WEST VA.

DEAR UNCE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Please let me in, now that there is plenty of grass for Billy to eat. My sister died a few days ago. She was nearly ten months old. I have three sisters and two brothers dead and one sister and a brother living.

Everybody listen, especially around Arkansas: Have any of you heard of Frank Ford Rhodes—or he may call himself Frank Ford? If you have, please write to me.

I am going to be a lawyer when I grow up. I am studying law now. I have learned one thing: When you are a lawyer you must not get mad and say something that you ought not to say. We must keep calm.

I am thirteen years old; five feet, four inches tall; have brown hair and eyes and a very freckled face. I wouldn't take any amount of money for my beautiful freckles. How about you, Uncle Lisha? In school I am in the eighth grade.

I would like the cousins to write to me, especially the boys that are to be lawyers. I am not going to be a criminal lawyer.

Is Dallas O. Goff listening in on my letter? If he is I hope he will write to me.

There are several Indian mounds on our farm. I am going to dig them open.

From your new cousin, HERMAN MATHENY.

Herman, you must miss your baby sister and you will have to love the sister you have left all the more. I'm glad you are studying law, if this has already taught you that you "must keep calm." However, Herman, I fear you have not much frequented law courts during your thirteen years of law study, otherwise you would have found out that lawyers, as a race, do not keep calm. Why they jump about as full of interruptions, objections and exceptions as if they were legal popcorn over a hot griddle! They shake their fingers at the jury, they scare the witnesses, they suggest that the entire country will go to ruin and the heavens fall if their client does not win, and altogether they do not in any way maintain that serenity and calm which you hold up as a legal ideal. Although you may be a little mistaken on this calm question, Herman, I surely think you are right in not becoming a criminal lawyer. I have heard of a good-sized Texas town where a stranger stopped a citizen on Main Street and asked: "Can you tell me if you have a good criminal lawyer in this town, sir?" The native paused reflectively, and then replied: "Well, stranger, some of us thinks we have, but we have never been able to prove anything against him yet." Lots of towns have lawyers like that.

No, don't you be a criminal lawyer, Herman. Better sell your freckles to a rug factory or dig open those Indian mounds for a living.

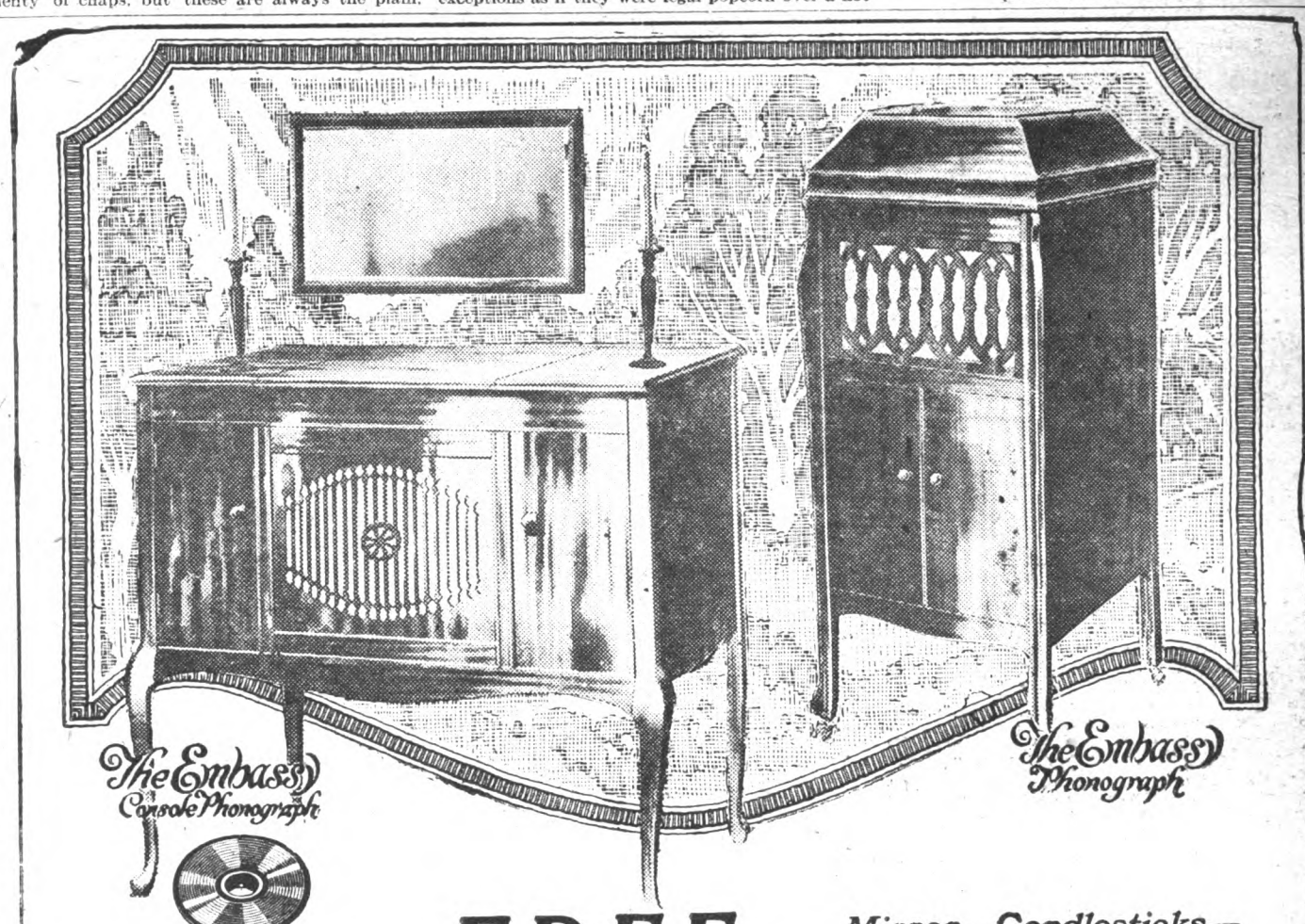
SPOFFORD, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have just finished reading the cousins' letters and I sure enjoyed them. I thought I would write you a few lines and let you know how I enjoy COMFORT from cover to cover—but I love the League of Cousins' department best of all. Some of the letters certainly amuse me—especially your answers to them. I love to read them for they are too funny for anything. I like to read letters that describe the writer's home town. I despise to hear people run down a place they live in, or to hear them always talking about someone—they wouldn't do this, or they wouldn't do that. It makes me sick to listen to such talk. It has always been a maxim of mine: If you can't say a good word of some one, don't say anything. Sometimes strangers come here and don't like it; they run the town down and say they are going back to "God's country." After all, I don't blame them so much if they came from a country which is green and pretty, for then this place must look awful bare to them. I have spent most of my life in Kinney county, but not always in the town of Spofford. Everybody that does not live in Spofford makes fun of it, but some of the best people on earth live here. I like Spofford and I don't like to hear things said against it. It is a small village where everybody knows everybody else's business. This makes it interesting. We have a nice Methodist church to which I belong, also a nice school. Our life is what we make it. Don't you think so, Uncle Lisha? We can be cheerful and happy and make those happy around us, or we can be unhappy and miserable, have an attack of the blues and wish we were somewhere else, etc. Don't ever think I have the blues, for I don't. Life is too short for that. What makes people have the blues anyway, Uncle? I think it is because we get to thinking too much of ourselves, or pitying ourselves. A good thing for the blues is to read the League of Cousins. I have thought of cutting out the letters and pasting them in a scrap book, but I have not done it yet.

Well, summer has rolled around to us, and I am glad of it. This country is very level and I have al-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



Disc instruments which play all makes of disc records.

FREE — Mirror—Candlesticks—Records, 20 Selections

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This offer will remove all risk and doubt. It enables you to hear the wonderful tones of the Embassy and to inspect the beautiful design — your choice of upright or console models.

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Be sure to check the model you are interested in.

Molly's Ghost Materializes

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LOOKING at his case critically, Rodney Macavoy was satisfied that his decline and fall had begun on that May day, now four months past, when he and the little girl from Maine had defied the proprieties by going over together to Long Island.

They had had a capital little lunch, and after the lunch they had taken a walk on a little beach, and had sat down quite close behind a boulder, and Rodney had looked at Molly, and Molly had looked at Rodney, and the inevitable had happened, which Molly enjoyed immensely, but which Rodney enjoyed more. Rodney knew all the while, of course, that they had not any business whatever to be off alone on a cruise of this nature; and this knowledge, perhaps, made him regard the cruise in the light of a lark of quite exceptional jollity. Molly, not having the faintest suspicion that she was anything less than a model of decorum, simply was in raptures. With a delightful frankness she repeatedly told Rodney what a wonderfully lovely time she was having.

Altogether, it had been an original sort of an experience for Rodney; and for this easy-going young artist, original experiences had an exceedingly great charm. Looking back, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, upon that particular day, he decided that it was the Long Island expedition that had sapped the foundations of his previously well-fortified heart. Anyhow, without regard to when it began, he felt satisfied in his own mind that he was in love now—head over heels!

Lee, whose studio was just across the way, happened to drop in upon him at the very moment that he had arrived at this, to him, astonishing conclusion. Lee was not a very promising specimen of a confidant, but Rodney was so full of his discovery that before he could check himself he had blurted out: "Old man, I've been and gone and done it! I'm in love!"

"No? Are you though, really?" asked Lee, in his funny little mincing way. "Why, that's very interesting. And who are you in love with?"

By this time Rodney had perceived the absurdity, not to say the stupidity, of taking Lee into his confidence. So he laughed and answered:

"With my own laziness, of course. I've been thinking what a precious ass I have been making of myself in working over a confounded picture. Now that it's finished, I don't know what to do with it, and I've wasted a solid month that I might have devoted to scientific loafing. And it's because I see my folly and am determined to be wise again that I've fallen in love with my own laziness once more."

"Oh!" said Lee, in a tone of disappointment, "I thought that you were in earnest; and I was ever so glad, for I really am in love, Rodney, in love awfully! And—and I thought that if you were in love too, you'd like to hear about it. Wouldn't you like to hear about it, anyway?"

"Of course I would, old man. Just wait till I fill my pipe—I can be more sympathetic over a pipe, you know. Now fire away," Rodney continued, as he settled himself comfortably in an armchair and pulled hard at his pipe to give it a good start. "Now fire away, my stricken deer. Though the herd all forsake thee, thy home is still here, you know. Rest on this manly bosom and tell your tale of sorrow. Are you very hard hit, Lee?"

"Oh, I am—indeed I am," groaned Lee. "You see, it's—it's Molly James."

"The hell it is!" exclaimed Rodney, suddenly sitting bolt upright in his chair, and glaring at Lee through the smoke.

"Don't—please don't look at me like that, Rodney. Surely, there's no reason why you should be angry with me."

"N—no" conceded Rodney, slowly. "I don't think there is." And then, as he sank back in the chair, and his ferocious expression gave place to a quiet grin, he added briskly, "No, I'm sure there's not. I was surprised, that's all. I always look like that when I'm a good deal surprised."

"Well, I must say I'm glad I don't surprise you often. You have no idea how savage you looked, old fellow. I'm not easily frightened, you know—" and the little man put on a look of inoffensive defiance as he spoke, that gave him somewhat the air of a valorously disposed lamb—but I do assure you that the way you looked at me gave me the creeps. Just let me know, won't you, when you feel yourself beginning to be surprised the next time, so that I may be prepared for it?"

"I'll do better than that, Lee; I'll promise not to let you surprise me. And now go ahead with the love-story, old man; I'm sorry for having interrupted you so rudely."

"There isn't any more yet to tell," said Lee, dolefully. "I wish there was."

"Nonsense, man! Why, that isn't any love-story at all. There must be more of it. What have you said to her? What has she said to you?"

"Nothing," answered Lee, dismally; "that's just it, you see. That's what makes me so low in my mind over it. I haven't said anything, and she hasn't said anything. If either of us had said anything, I'd know better where I was. But neither of us has spoken, and so I don't know where I am at all—not the least bit in the world." Lee hid his face in his hands and groaned.

Presently he went on again: "I've made efforts to speak, Rodney; I've made repeated efforts—but, somehow, they've none of them come to anything. Indeed, I've never had but one fair chance; for, every time, just as I've got to the point when I was ready to say something—something that really would have a meaning to it, you know— something has happened to stop me."

"And what stopped you that one time when something didn't happen to stop you?"

"You—you mustn't think me weak, Rodney, but—but the truth is that I was so dr—dreadfully upset that what I wanted to say wouldn't come at all. We were sitting on the James' veranda—the moon was sh—shining—and—and all the rest were inside listening to Mrs James wh—who was singing. I couldn't have had a better ch—chance, you see."

"I should think not!" growled Rodney.

"B—but the more I tried, th—the more the right words wouldn't come at all—at all. And what do you sup—suppose I ended by asking her?"

"If she didn't think you were an intolerable idiot. And, of course, she said Yes!"

"Don't be too ha—hard on me, Rodney. You've no idea what a trying situation it was. No; what I ended by asking her was, 'What was the food most commonly eaten in Maine?' I didn't say it in just a commonplace way, you know. I threw a lot of feeling into my voice, and I looked at her beseechingly. And—and I think, old fellow, that sh—she knew that my words meant more than they expressed, for there was a strange tremor in her own voice as she answered: 'Corn-meal mush'; and, as soon as she had uttered those brief words she got up and rushed into the parlor as though something were after her. This was a very extraordinary thing for her to do, and it shows to my mind that she did not dare to trust herself with me for a moment longer. And—and I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the fact that when I followed her, in a minute or two—for at first I was too much surprised by her sudden departure to move—I found her leaning upon her father's shoulder in hysterics—laughing and crying all at once, I solemnly assure you. Don't you think there's hope for me in all this Rodney? Don't yo—you think that her saying 'Corn-meal mush' in that st—strange, tremulous tone, and then having hysterics after it, meant more th—than I cou—could understand at the time?"

"Yes," answered Rodney, decidedly, "I think it did. To be quite frank with you, Lee, I don't think that you fully understand just what she meant even yet."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Rodney. You don't know how much good you are doing me by your kind, encouraging words."

Rodney's conscience did prick him a little when Lee said this—but only a little, for his resentment of what he styled in his own mind Lee's confounded impudence in venturing to make love to the little girl from Maine, was too keen for him to give the unlucky little man mercy in the least degree.

For a while there was silence. Rodney pulled away steadily at his pipe, and Lee stared gloomily into vacancy, and gently wrung his hands. At last he spoke:

"Rodney, do you believe that there is anything in—in spiritualism?"

"There's dollars in it if only you can make it go. Why? Are you thinking of taking it up as a profession?"

"Oh, you don't understand me at all, Rodney. I don't want to be a medium. What I mean is, do you believe in the reality of spirit manifestations?"

Rodney was about to say "Spirit hell," but checked himself, and answered diplomatically: "Well, you see I have had no experience in that line, and so my opinion isn't worth having. Have you ever tackled the spirits yourself, Lee?"

"Ye—es," answered Lee, hesitatingly, "I have."

"And what sort of a time did you have with them?"

"Well—but you won't laugh at me, will you Rodney? I'm really in earnest, you know; and if you only want to make a joke of it, I won't go on."

"Don't you see how serious I am?"

"Yes, I believe in the spirits thoroughly, Rodney. Every action of my life for years past has been guided by them. And I believe that it is because I have not their guidance in this great matter of my love that I am going all wrong."

"What's the reason they won't guide you now? Have you had a row with them?"

"Rodney, I do wish that you wouldn't speak in that irreverent way. No; the trouble is that the medium whom I have been in the habit of consulting for years has—has gone away. In point of fact," Lee blushed a little, "He has been arrested for swindling. It is a great outrage, of course, and I am desperately sorry for him. But I am more sorry for myself. You see, getting a new medium is a very difficult matter. It is not only that he must be a good medium intrinsically, but he must possess a nature that easily becomes sympathetic with mine. When I began this conversation it was in the faint hope that you also might be a believer and might be able to help me in my quest; but I see now that this hope has no foundation. I must search on, alone; and until I find what I require I shall toss aimlessly upon the sea of life like a rudderless ship in a storm. Don't think me ungrateful, old fellow, because I am so melancholy. Your sympathy has cheered me up ever so much. Indeed, I haven't been so light-hearted since I don't know when." And with tears in his eyes and sorrow stamped upon every line of his face, Lee gently minced his way out of the room.

"I say, Lee," Rodney called after him, "I've a notion that I know a medium who is just the very one you want. I'll look him up, and if he's what I think he is, I'll pass him along to you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, Rodney," said Lee, putting his head in at the door again. "It's ever so good of you to think of taking this trouble on my account. But if you will find me a new medium—a good one, you know, that I can trust implicitly—you really will make a new man of me;" and uttering these hopeful words, Lee closed the door.

For an hour or more Rodney continued to sit and smoke in the armchair. During this period he grinned frequently, and once he laughed aloud. When at last he stood up and knocked the ashes from his third pipe, it was with the satisfied air of a man who has formulated an idea.

* * * * * * * *

And Molly threw herself with all the vim of her eighteen years into the part assigned to her by Rodney in the realization of his idea.

"It's delightful, Rodney. It's perfectly sc—scrumptious. Really, I didn't know that you had the wit to think of doing anything so funny. Of course, I'll keep as dark about it as possible. But I'll have to have some one along with me, you know. And I'll tell you who it will be—that nice Desiree Lamoine! She's just as bad as they all say I am—I don't think that I'm very bad, Rodney; do you?—only she's sly, and knows how to pretend that she isn't. May I tell her about it, and ask her to help us? You'd better say 'Yes', for unless she comes in, I'll stay out, you know."

Therefore, the aid of Madame Lemoine was sought, and was given with effusion, for marriage had not tended to make her take a view of life much more serious than that which she had entertained when her scandalous flirtation with the "Marquis" had driven poor Henri almost to extremities. So these three lively young persons laid their intriguing heads together—and if Lee's ears did not burn, it was no fault of theirs.

It was the morning after this conference that Rodney dropped in upon Lee in his studio.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Rodney," said Lee. "I was just wishing for you to come in and tell me that you've found a medium."

"That's just what I came to tell you, Lee."

"Goodness gracious! Rodney, you don't mean to say that you have—that you have found a medium?" exclaimed Lee in great excitement, springing up from his chair, and hopping all over the room, for all the world like a cricket.

"That's just what I do mean to say, old man; but I wish that you wouldn't jump around so. It disturbs the atmosphere, you know."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. But do tell me about him. Is he really a good medium? Have you tested him?"

"He isn't a 'he' at all; he's a she."

"A 'she'?"

"Yes; a woman medium, you know."

"Oh," said Lee, doubtfully, and with less brightness in his face, "I've never tried a woman medium. Who is she?"

"She's a theosophist."

"A what?"

"A theosophist—a member of that wonderful and mysterious Oriental Cult that Blavatsky has expounded so ably. But of course you know all about theosophism."

"I—I know about it in a general way, you know, it's something like animal magnetism, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's something of that general nature"—Rodney found that he was getting into rather deep water himself, and he floundered a little in getting out of it. "Yes, it's like animal magnetism in a general sort of way. And having this magnetic basis, you see, of course, it affords a wonderfully perfect channel for communication with the spirit world."

"Of course," Lee assented.

"And this particular medium," Rodney continued, speaking with confidence again, now that the awkward turn in the conversation was safely past, "is without exception the most extraordinary medium that even theosophism has produced. She does everything that ordinary mediums do, and some most astonishing things that they don't. Of course you've seen materialization, Lee?"

"Oh, yes, repeatedly."



"It's a Nasty, Mean Trick!"

"But of people who were dead?"

"Of course."

"Well, this theosophist will show you—will actually show you, materializations of the living!"

"You don't say!" said Lee, greatly interested.

"It's a fact, I assure you. This has never been done before, and even she has been able to do it only recently—after twelve years of study among the oldest Pajamas of the Cult in India. It's wonderful!"

"Wonderful!—Wonderful!" exclaimed Lee.

"Right you are, my boy. She is the most wonderful medium that the world has ever known. She is—she is what you would call a regular daisy, and no mistake!"

"And when can I see her, and where? Oh, Rodney, my heart is beginning to brighten again. I'm sure that she will set me in the right way about—about Molly, you know."

It was with some difficulty that Rodney restrained his strong desire to kick Lee for this free use of Molly's name. But he did restrain himself, and answered: "You shall see her this very night, and in my studio. She is here in New York only for a day or two—she starts for India again at the end of this week—and has no regular place for her seances, so I have arranged with her to come to my studio this evening at eight o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, yes, and thank you a thousand times, Rodney. I shall be grateful to you all my life for what you have done for me."

"Will you, though? Don't be too sure about that," said Rodney, with a queer smile. "Good-by till eight o'clock."

* * * * * * * * *

Egyptian darkness reigned in Rodney's studio when Lee entered it at eight o'clock that evening. Lee did not more than half like this gloom and mystery. Rodney, leading him to a seat, felt that he was trembling. "Has the Indian lady come yet?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"The theosophist? Yes, here she is. Permit me to present to you, Madame, an earnest seeker after truth."

"It is well," was answered in a deep voice, that quavered as though with suppressed emotion. "What seeks this seeker?"

"Now fire away and ask about Molly," Rodney whispered.

"Mustn't I call up an advising spirit first? That's the usual way of beginning a seance, you know."

"No; with the theosophists the custom differs a little. Being more potent than ordinary mediums, they have no need of the advising spirit. Now just suppose you go right ahead and demand a materialization of Miss James and then have things out with her?"

"You don't mean to say that the medium can do that?"

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

An Ankle or Two

HIGH heels have done considerable damage to feet, producing bunions because the feet have been pressed forward in a shoe thus made too short until the large toe has been pushed out of position at the joint; producing corns by too much pressure: cutting into the top of the instep where the edge of the pump often binds too tightly: and last but not least, teaching the foot to run over at the heel.

This latter condition means that the ankle has formed the habit of turning either outward or inward. Either position makes an ugly foot and an enlarged ankle, so we should begin to look our feet over with a careful eye and see if they are in need of our attention.

They are? I thought so!

The first thing to do is to find out where our shoes are in error. A shoe should fit close under the instep, firmly across the instep whether buttoned or strapped, and should have space beyond the toe so that the latter does not touch the end of the shoe. A medium heel is better than either one very low or very high. A high heel distorts the foot, a very low heel sometimes does not give sufficient support to the arch of a foot that has been accustomed to higher heels in the past. See that the arch is closely supported by the shoe you buy, and that the heel, of whatever height, has an ample base. A heel which is very small at the bottom gives one nothing substantial to stand upon and inevitably becomes run over through the weight of the body teetering and tottering upon it.



SECOND POSITION IN ANKLE-STRENGTHENING EXERCISES.

If you run your heel over, you should begin to strengthen your ankles at once, at the same time that you correct the height and size of your heels.

If your ankle inclines to turn inward your shoe in that case will wear on the inside of the heel—you must practice pigeon-toe walking in your room. Walk back and forth in your room for five or ten minutes at a time, with your toes turned in. And be sure in ordinary walking thereafter, never to turn your toes out. The best way to walk is with the toes pointed directly ahead in a straight line

If your ankles incline to turn outward—in which case your heels will be worn on the outer edge—practice for five or ten minutes, standing with the feet apart about twelve or fifteen inches, turning the ankle inward until it almost touches the floor. Practice this with both feet at once and without altering otherwise the position of the feet as a whole.

A good exercise to strengthen the ankle and make it better able to keep upright and avoid turning in either direction is to stand with the heels together, toes at an angle, thus forming a triangle. Now raise the left heel and move it to the left until it forms an oblique angle with the toe; at the same time raise the right toe without raising the heel and move it to the left to meet the left toe. This will form another triangle, only the apex or point of the triangle will be formed by the toes, where to begin with it was formed by the heels.

Now raise the left toe without raising the heel, and move it to the left again, while at the same time raising the right heel without raising the right toe, and bringing the heel over to meet the left heel, thus forming a triangle such as you started with. In other words, when you raise the left toe and move it left, you at the same time raise the right heel and move it left; when you raise the left heel and move it left, you raise the right toe and move it left. Practice this slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, until you can do it with some speed and cross your room with this exercise in very quick time. This strengthens the muscles of the ankles.

And speaking of ankles, girls, don't forget to take a last look at the stockings which cover them, before you leave your bedroom. There should not be a wrinkle to mar their smoothness, and the seam in the back of the stocking should be exactly in the middle of the back of the leg.

Answers to Questions

DANVILLE—You should deny yourself all sweets for a time, and be very sparing in the use of starchy foods. You say you are not a large eater, but you probably choose foods which make fat instead of muscle. So confine yourself for a time to lean meats, vegetables with little if any butter with them, and fruits. Eat no cake, pie, cream on berries, preserves, candy, ice-cream, etc And remember that potato and white bread are two of the most fattening of foods, so cut out both for a time. You will have plenty to eat with all the other vegetables at your command, fruits, and lean meats. Chew your food thoroughly, do not drink with your meals, and do not eat anything at all between meals. Under this regime you should lose a few pounds rather soon Supplement the attention to diet by exercise. Here are two exercises which will do you good.

Good Reducing Exercise

Standing with the feet about eighteen inches apart, back straight, chin slightly raised, chest thrown out and shoulders dropped, raise the arms above the head, palm facing palm, elbows rigid. Inhale as you raise the arms above your head Now throw the arms, with palms together, out and down forcefully and back between the opened legs. Do not bend the knees, but bend only at the waist. As you throw the arms down, exhale. Raise the arms again, inhaling, throw them down and back, exhaling. Repeat ten to fifteen times, but never if you begin to feel dizzy.

Another Good Exercise

Standing with heels together, toes slightly pointed, back straight, head up, chest out, raise the arms above the head, palms facing out. Now throw the arms down and attempt to touch the floor in front of your toes. Keep the knees stiff. You will not be able to touch the floor at first probably, and even may not for some time, but practice this daily, throwing the arms down with force and straining the finger-tips toward the floor.

MICHIGAN.—I should not brush my hair or scalp for some time. It is possible you irritate it, or have irritated it in this way or by using too vigorous a comb. Try giving it an oil treatment. Use warm olive oil and medicine dropper. Part the hair from forehead to nape of neck and run the medicine dropper filled with oil along this part. Now part the hair again about an inch to the left, and use the medicine dropper, continuing this until you have gone over the whole scalp. Tie the hair up in a towel so that you will protect your pillow from grease, and go to bed. In the morning shampoo the hair, using warm water in which you have melted half a cake of shaved white household soap Rinse the hair thoroughly and dry in the sun, tossing the hair and sunning the scalp. Do not brush the hair for a few weeks, and do not let the comb touch the scalp. If you could use oil on your scalp in this way and let it stay without shampooing for a few days, renewing the oil each day, it would be a good thing for your scalp. Of course you will not look very attractive and you could only do this if you could stay in the house for that length of time. In the meantime, look after your general health. You say you are nervous, and that condition must have some cause Get plenty of sleep, take hot baths at night, take a nap in the daytime if possible, eat simple foods and masticate them thoroughly, drink plenty of water, take a glass of milk before breakfast and lunch and before bed. Be very careful to keep warm, especially your ankles. Why don't you read the book "Outwitting Your Nerves?" Handle your hair as little as possible, oil it as often as possible—though only if you do not have to shampoo it each time, for you must not shampoo oftener than once in two weeks—and probably three or four weeks would be better. Wipe the dust from your hair instead of brushing it.

DECATUR.—Blackheads and pimples come from incorrect habits of diet and perhaps not quite enough attention to the skin. Bathe the entire body daily and thoroughly. Read what I said last month to "Lassie of the Prairies," and follow directions. As to the rough elbows, use a nail brush or a camel's-hair complexion brush and scrub them each day with soapy water, then rinse in warm water You could rub a little cold cream into them Treat them this way each day. If your elbow looks larger than your arm it is up to you to exercise the rest of the arm and develop it or provide it with sufficient fat to make it the right size. You do not give your weight or height, but I think it possible you are somewhat below weight, how is that? If you are troubled with pimples, avoid sweets and greasy food, such as fat meats, gravy, pork, etc. Eat plenty of fruits. Be sure to include stewed prunes in your diet two or three times a week. Drink lots of water. Read my answers to Pretty Girls last month and this and follow the directions about general bodily health.



POINT THE TOE FORWARD IN WALKING.

GLADYS.—See my answer to "Lassie of the Prairies" in last month's COMFORT for a good formula for hand lotion. Use a few drops of benzoin in the water in which you wash your hands, and be careful to dry them thoroughly, using a good hand lotion afterward You probably use a little too much soap on both hands and face. About your face bathe it carefully, then when dry but still warm from the bathing, rub in a little cold cream. Never use powder without having first applied cold cream to the skin, wiping off all that the skin will not absorb with a bit of cotton. Perhaps your powder is not a very good brand. Note what I said to "Lassie" about blackheads. You seem to me to be over weight I should get rid of ten or fifteen pounds if I were you by cutting out sweets, potatoes and white bread and butter.

MRS. A. M.—No, removing adenoids earlier would not have caused a tendency to worry. Get rid of adenoids the moment you know they are there, and this holds true of children as well. Your big trouble is constipation. One's health is never good or body conditions satisfactory while this trouble exists You should see that your bowels move three times a day, not with cathartics but naturally. Drink eight to ten glasses of water, eat fruits and plenty of them, also green vegetables. Do not eat many concentrated foods, such as meats And for the time being cut out sweets. I approve of sweets, but only at meals and in moderate quantity, and when one has over-indulged oneself in sweets, there comes a time when one must cut them out altogether, to restore the proper balance. Later, it is possible to eat sweets again in moderate quantities and very occasionally. I do not think you are enough below weight for your height to bother about gaining from that standpoint, but I do believe you shoul concentrate on getting rid of constipation, for this piles up evils and ills from year to year. You could easily eat some bran cereal for breakfast, or sprinkle some table bran in with your oatmeal or other cereal. Eat prunes which have soaked all night and then been stewed for about an hour in the water in which they were soaked. Add no sugar, as prunes are sweet enough of themselves. Eat these every day. Raisins added to oatmeal are also good—the seedless kind. Eat spinach or other greens, lettuce with French dressing, in fact all green vegetables and fresh fruits. Melons, especially, will be good for the bowel condition. Better start out by taking a three quart enema, then the next morning drink two glasses of hot water, one when you rise, sipping it, and one about fifteen minutes later. Drink water in the middle of the morning, another glass half an hour before lunch, water in the afternoon and another glass half an hour before dinner. Do make up your mind that you will not be satisfied until your bowels are in perfect condition—then keep them so. Where one is constipated, potatoes and white bread are apt to keep up the condition, so you might cut them out for a time. Hot bread and griddle cakes, etc., are always inclined to be constipating. Your throat probably gets some of its trouble from your constipated condition which keeps your body full of impurities. However, rinse your mouth out night and morning, and once during the day, with some antiseptic solution or even with salt water, gargling as far down in the throat as possible.

PENNSYLVANIA.—For blackheads, see answer last month to "Lassie of the Prairies." For corns, the first thing is to alter the type of shoe you are wearing, and this is doubly true of bunions Bunions are caused by wearing a shoe too short so that the great toe is pressed upon and pinched out of shape You should wear a shoe one size and a half longer than your foot. This will bring the arch of the foot right over the arch of the shoe, where it will receive the proper support. And your toe will not be touched by the end of the shoe. Your toes should not feel any pressure from the shoe in length at all It will help somewhat to cure your bunions, after you have bought shoes which are much longer, if you will insert a pad of cotton between the great toe and the next toe, to push the great toe into a straighter position But nothing will do any good until you buy a much longer shoe and one that is not pointed For corns, try rubbing them off gently with pumice stone, then keeping them softened with vaseline put on every night and well rubbed in. This is a good way to treat toes which have not any corns to prevent corns from coming.

MILDRED.—Electrolysis is the best method of removing hair. But this requires a skilled operator, as the electric needle is inserted in the root of each hair and a current of electricity turned on the root to kill it. It costs five dollars an hour for treatment, but you can have quite a good many hairs removed in fifteen minutes even. The best home treatment of which I know is to dampen the hair one day with ammonia, and the next with peroxide, letting it dry on. The peroxide bleaches the hair and the ammonia in time kills the root. If the skin becomes irritated stop the treatment for a few days. This method requires considerable time, but is effective.

BROWN EYES.—Do not touch the "blood pimple" or the scar. Meddling with conditions like these sometimes brings about serious results. All you can do is to gently coat with cold cream, then dust over a little powder. In fact I should dislike using powder on either of them, for fear it might contain some ingredients which were injurious to them. I should let them alone unless on the advice of some very fine physician, for as I have said before, things of that kind can develop into most serious conditions if irritated. For the arm, one good way to develop the muscles where you do not want to develop the shoulder, is to clench the hand into a fist, then turn the fist outward as if trying to make a complete circle This exercises one set of muscles very thoroughly First turn the clenched hand outward and around as far as possible, then inward and under as far as possible, thus "wringing" the flesh of the arms.

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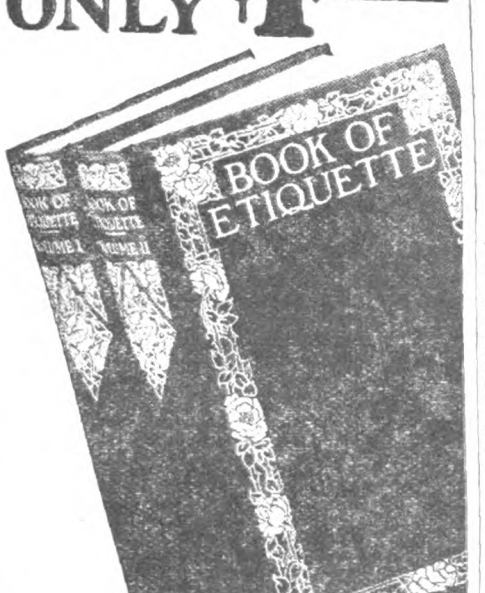
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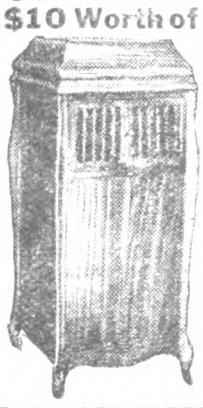
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'Neath Mid-Summer M

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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LANGDON, clad in white flannel trousers, white silk socks, white shoes and dark coat, lounged in a corner of the broad screened-in porch of the Van Oaks's beach cottage. He was just a silouette, somewhat ghostly, and except for the glow of his cigar, he was almost indiscernable.

The porch was illumined only with subdued lights, and these with the soft wash of the surf as it sobbed upon the beach made his little retreat the more lulling and restful.

Suddenly there came a merry burst of laughter from the house and a party of young people streamed out upon the porch. The lights were brightened, the phonograph set going in a merry, catchy little jazz air, and the crowd began to onestep over the smoothly polished floor.

"O, look at Langdon, dreaming like a love-lorn swain!" exclaimed Bennie Thompson. "I'll bet he's mooning over the thought of Sonia Gaylord's coming! When will it be, Hortense?"

"Very shortly, I hope," returned Mrs. Van Oaks who was still "Hortense" to her big circle of friends. She was the hostess of the party, though she looked scarcely older than any of the lively buds who were her guests, and the altogether lovely beach-cottage was her property.

"Gracious, Hortense! Where did Miss Gaylord get the outlandish name of 'Sonia'?"

"O, she had an aunt who married a Russian noble and she was named after his sister, the Princess Sonia."

"Does she look like a bolshevik lady?" continued the irrepressible Bennie, "and does she carry bombs hidden about her person?"

"No, she carries them in her eyes," laughed gay Mrs. Van Oaks, "and when she bombs you with them, there's no hope for you. So guard your hearts, boys, she's sure to catch one of you, though, no doubt, you'll all fall for her."

"Well, she won't get me," returned Bennie. "In the first place I'm a poor sort of fish anyhow, and secondly I'd be afraid of anybody who has Russian nobility in the family. So I'll relinquish all my claim to her favor to brother Hercules Langdon. He's the one for her, a Hercules in truth."

"O, bother!" exclaimed Langdon, tossing away the cigar he had ceased to smoke as soon as the girls had come upon the porch. He generally ejaculated an impatient exclamation whenever his name was mentioned as it now was, for it was in reality *Hercules* given him by an adoring father because he had been such a lusty baby. Manhood had fulfilled the baby prophecy and Langdon now possessed a Herculean figure.

"Bother what, Horsky?"

"Say, if you people don't quit chin-chinning about Miss Gaylord, I shall scramp. It will prove very embarrassing to her if she gets an inkling of this chit-chat."

"Don't be mad, Sonny," plagued Bennie, "come, let me teach you the gay game" and with his absurd manner, he caught hold of the stalwart, disgusted Langdon, and dragged him across the floor, giving the most ludicrous caricature imaginable.

Had it been anyone but Bennie, and the time mid-summer, Langdon might have tossed him through the screen and over the rail, as it was, he allowed his usual good humor to prevail and went to dancing as gracefully as the best of them—but not with Bennie.

For some time they danced, then, ever ready for some new adventure, they were spied by Feather-

so quiet that the soft wash of the waves upon the beach came as a mournful accompaniment.

Langdon's sympathetic heart went out to the woman who was trying, the best she knew how, to fight life's battle. He felt he would like to do something for her. How often would humanity hold out a helping hand but for the fear that its motive would be misconstrued! How often a most innocent matter is grossly pictured!

Thus, what Langdon felt he would like to do for "Marcia Ware" (for thus was the lady billed) would have caused convention to hold up its hands in horror—and yet his actions would have been Christly.

During the whole performance, he was aware of this feeling of sympathy, yet it was a troublous feeling, and caused his breath to come short and seemed to have dissipated his usual equanimity.

At the conclusion of the performance, the coterie from the cottage waited about until all had gathered. In the meantime, Marcia had come from the stage, clad in street costume.

She greeted Hortense and the others with fine repression of manner and gentle dignity.

"I want to thank you all," she began, "because I know you were instrumental in our having a sold-out house tonight. It means so much to me, you know," and there was just a suspicion of tears in her voice.

Hortense then introduced Langdon to Marcia and from his very natural complimentary remarks upon her performance they got into quite a conversation, while the rest moved away leaving the couple alone. Apparently, though, when Marcia noted this, she terminated the conversation, and they parted.

Langdon walked through the star-lit night, wondering why and what it was that was thus affecting him. He had always believed himself fancy-free, and consequently was the more plagued by this coterie who wished upon him every and any maid they thought becoming to his position and fortune.

Thus the first night—after that it became quite the thing for the occupants of the cottage to patronize the theater and they went several times the first week, then twice the second week, at the end of which time, the superb Sonia Gaylord was expected.

Now, Langdon had never gone to the theater except when the crowd had gone, and he was blissfully ignorant of the fact that the bunch were quite aware of what he thought they were blissfully ignorant, i. e., his penchant for the lovely actress at the Waveland Beach Theater.

It happened that on the usual evening set aside for the guests of the Van Oaks's cottage to attend the theater that the motion to go was voted down for there was much to do to prepare for the party scheduled for the following evening—the evening on which Sonia was to arrive.

So Langdon quietly stole away to the theater and sat through the show almost in a trance.

Marcia this evening, was ravishing. Never before had her beauty seemed so perfect—but then he always thought that when he beheld her. Never before, either, did there seem to be such appeal in her eyes, and he felt a pang that was a real ache when he thought of the noble battle the girl was putting up.

Langdon had not, as yet, seen her child. The thought of the youngster was a jarring note in his regard for Marcia. Of course, he would love the child for the mother's sake, but ah, if Marcia had never been married!

But why should it make any difference to him? He was attending the performances to help Marcia keep her place at the theater, that was all. And then he knew that he was lying to himself that he had fallen in love with her just as a man falls in love with the woman he wants for a wife.

This point settled the next question was Marcia herself. She was very cordial even encouraging but it might be only an encouragement that was a bid for his favor as a patron of the theater.

At the end of the performance, he hastened to the stage entrance to meet Marcia as the company from the cottage had been in the habit of doing.

When she came forth, she was like an ethereal sprite clad in gauzy white with a big white hat and an encyclopedia scarf of soft lace. She was glorious to look at.

"It's ripping, not lovely," Langdon remarked, "as we say in the U. S."

All right," Marcia agreed and together they [illegible]. The moon was effulgent and lit [illegible] with ripples as far as the eye could reach. The [illegible] balcony slowly, dreamily, and though it was [illegible] till it seemed but a minute when [illegible] the Van Oaks's cottage.

"Let's stop in a bit," Langdon suggested.

"It's [illegible] late hour," demurred Marcia.

"Not [illegible] up to all hours," Langdon replied, "and [illegible] preparing for the reception of Sonia [illegible]."

"A [illegible] society, I presume," chided Marcia.

"Yes, as far as fortune and position are concerned."

"You suppose are looking forward to her coming," questioned Marcia.

Langdon was troubled. He would not speak disparagingly of one girl before another, and yet how convey to Marcia that he didn't care at all about Sonia, who, he knew, had been picked for leader of the coterie at the cottage. And again, to exhibit interest in the coming of the girl might impress that he looked forward to her coming.

"Naturally, I shall like to meet Miss Gaylord, Miss Ware," he answered, "just as we look forward to meeting people of whom we have heard a great [illegible]."

But Marcia was merciless.

"That is as far as your interest goes?" she teased.

"That is as far as it goes," he replied very gravely.

"But come, I see some of Hortense's guests are out on the porch, so surely you can presume to call."

"It would be presumption," Marcia said, a little wistfully. "Do you know Mrs. Van Oaks never really invited me to call on her? I suppose her interest in me was in the nature of a pet charity."

"O, don't say that, Miss Ware, please," Langdon begged, for he could not think of her being patronized or looked down upon as one not their equal. "It probably never occurred to Mrs. Van Oaks to tender a formal invitation—we are so delightfully *de trop* in all our actions out here on the beach."

"Very well, then, I shall," Marcia returned.

They passed through the formally kept gardens that fronted the cottage for about fifty feet and up to the gaily illumined porch.

"You seemed to be having a gay time so I prevailed upon Miss Ware to drop in with me," Langdon said.

"Come and join us by all means," said Featherstone, a little stiffly, "you are just in time for the last dance, "and with the words, he set the phonograph going. All selected partners, no one making any attempt to claim Marcia.

Langdon would have claimed her in any event, but the snub tendered the girl enraged him especially when he saw she felt the thrust.

As the dance ended, they all bade chilly goodnights and retired leaving the two alone.

"Shall I get the car to take you back, Miss Ware?" Langdon asked.

"No, I shall walk again," Marcia returned, her voice trembling.

He helped her adjust the scarf of gauze, and then followed her through the garden and out upon the sands.

For a time they walked in silence.

"O, Marcia!" Langdon at length burst out, "it was perfectly dreadful. I never thought that my friends could be so—so——"

She silenced him with a wave of her hand. "I might have expected it. Once or twice—in the old days—*I* did that because I thought it was the thing to do."

"But—but—" he exploded: "But Marcia, they cannot do it to you! They shall not! I love you Marcia, I love you better than anything in the world.

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1 Colonial panelled six qt. tea kettle and cover; 2 pieces.
1 Colander, diam. 9¼ in.
1 Dish pan, capacity 10 qts; diam. 15½ in.
1 Colonial panelled double boiler; inside piece, capacity 1½ qts. Outside piece, capacity 2 qts. and cover; 3 pieces.
1 1-qt. lipped saucepan.
1 2-qt. lipped saucepan.
2 Bread pans, 9¾x5½ in.
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1 Colonial panelled toothpick holder.
3 Measuring spoons.
1 Measuring cup.
1 Sugar shaker.
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Summer Diseases of Babies

I TAKE this as the subject for this month's talk, as it is durimg the month of August that babies suffer the most from the heat and the many intestinal disturbances and indigestion that are caused directly and indirectly by the excessive heat. I hope that the suggestions I offer will prove helpful, during this trying period, in the care of babies.

I do not wish to have our readers get the impression that the advice here given can take the place of their family physician, but by advising some preventive measures I think I can help you to prevent some cases of illness and suffering.

There is no doubt but what the causes of at least one-half the cases of the sickness among babies in hot weather are due to carelessness, sins of omission or commission, which can be corrected. Among the many things we have to contend with are the unripe or overripe fruits and vegetables, the decayed vegetable matters that have not been properly cared for, the milk that had soured or become tainted and also, the depressing effect that heat has to both old and young.

SIMPLE DIARRHEA.—I shall at first discuss under this head a mild form of diarrhea to which babies are very subject, in which the condition appears to be mere functional disorder and very little if any congestion or irritation of the intestinal mucous membrane. The causes of simple diarrhea are unfavorable hygenic conditions, badly ventilated damp houses, contracted or crowded quarters, unhealthy state of mother's health if a nursing baby, mother getting overheated or overtired, use of artificial food at too early age, especially if improper food, teething, and very hot weather.

The most important of all these causes is improper food, with the exclusion of the proper amount of milk.

The reckless habit of allowing babies to eat food from the table prepared for older members of the family is a dangerous one, and a fruitful cause of intestinal and stomach disturbances. There is no doubt, but what most babies have too many sweets, especially candy. Diarrhea may follow as a consequence of an attack of indigestion and continue for weeks, in babies previously healthy and well.

The symptoms of diarrhea indicate discomfort, disturbance of temper of baby, restlessness, peevishness and disposition to cry; the baby sleeps less than usual, often starts and moans in sleep, more marked during the night, as is the case in any ailment of babies or adults.

The baby may seem to be perfectly well during the day with the exception of slight paleness, weakness and diminished appetite, baby will not eat as often or as much as usual. The stools are thinner and more copious, and the odor becomes acrid and offensive. In severe cases the stools are watery and may be of a green color, intermixed with portions of mucous, also you may notice undigested food, curds mixed with mucous on napkins. The number of stools may vary from two to ten during the twenty-four hours. The abdomen is seldom distended or painful to touch, the general appearance of baby is paler and thinner, eyes somewhat hollow.

The duration of the disorder is short, a few days, or a week, and terminates in complete recovery to health, without endangering the life of the baby; but if the cause is not removed, if baby has a delicate constitution, or treatment not proper, this simple diarrhea may run into entero-colitis and the dangers of this disease.

The treatment of simple diarrhea consists, first, in attention to diet, exercise and the state of the gums. I mention the state of the gums, as often you get disturbed digestion and diarrhea from a tooth or teeth trying to come through.

The relief, in such case, is the lancing of the swollen gums under antiseptic precautions.

This often seems brutal in young babies, and some mothers protest, but it is not, as nature forces the tooth through the gums, and you simply help out by cutting down and aiding this process, which in some cases, seems prolonged.

In severe cases, gums badly swollen, baby feverish, more or less twitching or jumping, digestion upset, it is good judgment to make a circular incision over tooth, uncovering it, and allowing it to bleed freely, as the results are very satisfactory.

In regard to diet, if baby is nursing, we must take into consideration the health, diet and temper of the mother, all of which circumstances more or less affect milk. If the mother's milk is good and is only disturbed in its healthy properties by some transient cause, baby should be allowed to nurse, but not quite as much as usual. If we decide that the mother's milk is not proper food, the baby should be weaned at once and given modified milk.

If baby is six or eight months old it is well to let it have a chicken bone, or a juicy piece of steak to suck, or carefully prepared chicken or mutton broth.

It is best to continue outdoor exercise, unless, weather is cold or damp, in fact in good weather, exposure to air is more important in simple diarrhea than in health. The only precaution is to not allow baby to weaken or tire itself, particularly in warm weather, as this seems to aggravate the complaint.

Baby should be given a teasponful of castor oil to remove any contents of the intestines that may be irritating, also to remove gas; this is important, expecially if the stools are green.

Bismuth subnitrate, in doses of one to five grains according to age, is the most valuable astringent we have to check bowel movements, and should be given from three to six times a day, depending on the frequency of the movements.

For baby six months old, if discharges are frequent and painful, you may give Bismuth subnitrate two grains every two or three hours, to which you may add two drop doses of paregoric.

The subject for out talk next month will be, *Summer Diseases of Babies, Continued.*

Questions and Answers

A FEW QUESTIONS.—Will you please answer the following questions? (1) Am pregnant and wish to know what to do for my breasts, as they are open and run most of the time? (2) Last day of last menstruation was October 28rd. When should my time be up? (3.) How is it best to prepare bed? (4.) Are sanitary napkins safe to use? (5.) How long should a woman lie in bed at childbirth? (6) How often should a baby be fed? (7.) Would you have the nearest physician or send farther away to a city for one? (8.) Is my blood out of order because some mornings I feel tired and nervous? (9.) Does it hurt me to do my washing on the wash-board? (10.) At what time should I begin to feel motion? (11.) How old should a baby be before taking it out in the air?

Mrs. G. G G., Nebraska.

A.—(1) Bathe the breasts with a four per cent. solution of borax and water, and bind breasts gently; this will contract the glands.

(2.) Should say on or about July 30th.

(3.) A firm mattress is best, arranging bed so it can be approached from both sides; cover over mattress with sheet, place upon this at a point where the patient's hips will come, a piece of rubber sheeting, or water-proof cloth, four feet square; upon this rubber sheeting place an old blanket doubled three or four times until it is a little less in size than the rubber sheeting. Cover over all these things a second sheet, the top border of which must be turned down a foot or two below pillow, the patient lying on the second sheet.

(4.) Yes, I think they are.

(5.) Ten days to two weeks or longer depending on the patient as regards to her strength, hard or easy labor.

(6.) 1st week feed baby every 2 hours, one night feeding; 2nd week the same, in fact you can continue the two-hour feedings for four weeks, then change to two and one-half hours; continue this until the fifth month and then begin the three-hour schedule. After the 2nd month there should be no night feedings.

(7.) Get the nearest good physician you can.

(8.) This condition has nothing to do with your blood, try to get interested in preparing baby's clothes, etc.

(9.) No, if you do not get too tired.

(10.) About the end of the 4th month.

(11.) Take the baby out at any time, properly clothed, protecting its eyes and face from the hot sun.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.—My two-and-one-half year old baby girl has an awful cough, every time she takes cold, and she takes cold easily. Have had her treated by several different ones without any relief. They have called it chronic bronchitis.

I have a lot of trouble myself with my back, am very thin and weak and wish you would suggest something to build me up. Mrs. C. E. S., Monroe, N. C.

A.—For your baby would suggest that you give her one-half teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid, (Gardner's), after food, three times a day.

Get a bottle of Malto-Yerbine, and give her teaspoonful doses every three hours when she is coughing.

For yourself, take ten grains of Salicylate of Sodium, after each meal, followed with glass of water. Get a bottle of Pepto-Mangan, (Gude's) and take dessertspoonful three times a day. Drink a quart of milk each day, and be careful what you eat. I mean by this, eat foods that will build you up rather than relishes or pastry.

FONTANELLES.—Please tell me how long the "mole" in baby's head should stay open and what is the result if it closes too soon?

What would you think of one that was never larger than a dime? Mrs. L. C., Ga.

A.—We take it that you mean fontanelles when you ask about the "mole." There are two, anterior and posterior; the anterior one which is not closed until one or two years after birth, the posterior, which closes during the first few months of life. There is no rule to go by about the size, these things take care of themselves, closing sooner or later in different babies.

The greatest danger lies in the handling, and examining which might cause some local irritation. They will take care of themselves, closing as the child develops, and grows, as this is one of the features of development and growth.

BROWN SPOTS—BAD TASTE IN MOUTH.—Would the lotion suggested remove brown spots if a patient was pregnant?

What can I do for bad taste in the mouth, bowels are regular? Mrs. L. C. M., Provo, Utah.

A.—Yes, the lotion will remove the brown spots if used every day for some time.

For the bad taste in the mouth, this of course is one of the symptoms of indigestion and an acid stomach, take teaspoonful doses of Phosphate of Soda, first thing in the morning, and after meals two teaspoonfuls of Elix Lactated Pepsin; avoid acids.

MALNUTRITION.—What can I do for my five-months old baby girl who does not gain in weight, is constipated, vomits her food? I am very nervous and do not have milk enough for her.

Mrs. C. F. H., Oliver Springs, Tenn.

A.—Wean her at once and put her on modified milk, giving her teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in her milk, often enough to keep bowels regular.

IRRITATED SKIN.—What can I do for my eight-months old baby girl who is annoyed by red patches on thighs; each patch seems to be a cluster of minute blisters.

Have been giving her orange juice, but stopped it, and now put a little soda bicarb, and lime water in her milk. Mrs. B. F. C., Prescott, Ariz.

A.—This irritation is caused by a highly acid urine, and stopping the orange juice and giving her the soda is good treatment. It might be well to add more lime water to her milk and get her to drink more water. Should change her diapers often enough to keep her dry as much as possible

Locally bathe the parts with Glyco Thymoline, and apply a little oxide of zinc ointment.

OVERWEIGHT.—Will you please tell me how I can reduce my weight, as I am too stout?

Mrs L E. D., Georgia.

A.—Avoid sugars and fats and take plenty of active exercise in the open air with clothing enough on to cause profuse perspiration, followed by sponge bath.

BOW-LEGS.—I am writing to you for help in regard to my little boy, who has just begun to walk and is so bow-legged that he can hardly walk?

Mrs. M. B. Ward, W. Va.

A.—As soon as a tendency to bow-legs is noticed, walking should be discouraged and a vigorous tonic and antirhachitic treatment begun.

Steel braces, plaster casts, put on in such a way as to overcome the deformity should be used.

RESTLESS SLEEP.—Can you tell me what is the cause, and what to do for my 20-months old boy, who awakens several times in the night talking as if frightened? Seems well in every way, but has always cried out in his sleep.

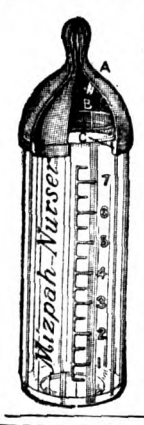
Would adenoids cause this condition? If the mother was very nervous during pregnancy would this cause this symptom in the baby?

Mrs. J. E. J., Yamkill, Oregon.

A.—If the mother was nervous the child might inherit it, but this line of symptoms suggests worms. Give baby a tablet containing one-half grain each of calomel and santonim every three hours, until bowels move freely, do this twice in a week. Avoid all exciting things, do not play with baby too much. Adenoids affect breathing but would not cause these night terrors.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

is our own. Neither of us has any business straying on the property of the other after that.

When you think of the numbers of fine, potential men and women who have given up their whole lives and died single, cheated, thwarted and denied, in order to care for a father or mother who misspent their own young days, when you remember the number of spoiled old folks who are "martyred" if one of their children actually kick over the traces, and marry and 'cheat them out of a living, which they have no right to expect, then you realize how necessary it is to get another angle on the situation. No human being owes it to another human being to live and die unbloomed and thwarted, any more than they owe the broken hopes and homes that the divorce courts are full of—homes broken up because of old folks who had to "live with" young folks. Old folks who should have seen to it that such a contingency never arose but who, failing in this, have brought disaster to those they loved best because they have made it necessary to attempt the impossible, the reconciling of warring temperaments, two ages and two ways of living under one roof, causing jealousies and divisions of loyalty that should never be, and eventually a smash.

Sound sense in days gone forever should have averted unhappiness and given the children a chance to found a home that would have lasted in peace. I may be wrong, but to me, "Honor thy father and mother" means just what it says. Honor, love, look up to, respect and that's all. It doesn't mean a child owes a whole lifetime or the postponement or wrecking of his domestic happiness or even a living. It doesn't mean he owes them anything on earth but deep family love, devotion, allegiance and loyalty which should be counted on for security in case of disaster or misfortune, but then only It's simply this: When our children are grown it is time for them to provide for themselves and their children. They are out of our lives intimately. And when we've grown old we've had our day. We've had our chance If we've made ducks and drakes of our chance it means our children will have to pay for it, which isn't fair.

Again let me say to those dependent upon their children through no fault of their own, there should be only tenderness and sympathy for all concerned. They are doing no wrong and are standing by each other as families should. For those in such a situation through their own fault, and already old and imposing upon good nature, there is no help, no chance to retract or correct. The only thing for them is to be as easy to live with as possible, to make amends now, to realize their children owe them nothing and to face



MARY ELDORA MIX.

facts. But for those of us who are still young enough to watch our step, we need to keep an eye out for the future. Get over the habit of expecting so much of our children when grown and look to our own tomorrows for all we are worth, so in the grand summing up we won't need to stand convicted of having taken an unfair advantage of our children, of having given them a poor start in life which we, ourselves, have thrust upon them.

I hear someone say, she isn't a mother herself and doesn't know what it is to have a family I am the mother of six sturdy boys, living, and one tiny bud that God plucked to bloom in Heaven. Our oldest boy will soon be fifteen years old. We have a little home (lovely to us) farm of 28 acres so I am a busy mother too.

Here is another subject that sets many mothers guessing. Should the question of sex be left for the teacher at school to explain? Can parents shift this responsibility without neglecting their obligations to their children and to society?

If any of our boys hear a remark puzzling to them they come to me and I explain in the simplest, cleanest way I can to put their young minds at ease.

I will tell you what I look like, have black hair and eyes and weigh about 165 pounds and am more than five feet tall. Like the rest of the sisters, I have the best John and we are a happy big little family out here on the hill. We have named our place Point Breeze.

Long live COMFORT and dear Mrs. Wilkinson.

MRS. ANNIE D. ADAMS.

BURTONSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first letter to COMFORT, which we have taken for many years. I remember getting a wonderful Surprise Box for subscriptions, when I was quite a small girl, and last Christmas I sent the paper to some friends, thus earning two nice premiums, one of which I gave as a present.

Mrs. Tillotson, here are some names which I think are rather odd and pretty. Girls; Adrienne, Audrey, Averil, Beverly, Brenda, Eulalie, Evadne, Fanchon, Fern, Galye, Hildred, Jocelyn, Joyce, Laurel, Lorraine, Maida, Madelon, Marilyn, Natalie, Rosalyn, Thelma, Thora, Sabra, Sheila, Valerie, Verna, Vivian, Wanda, Wilma, Zoe, Zaida, and Yvonne. For boys: Birdsley, Blythe, Cuthbert, Chadswick, Channing, Adrian, Gaylord, Josslyn, Keith, Kermit, Kenyon, LaVerne, Lynn, Lisle, Llewellyn, Rexford, Quentin, Willoughby and Durward. But, in our search for something novel, we must try not to burden the helpless child with a name which will be a handicap to him (or her) in later years. I have two boys, named Bernard and Reginald.

Lots of different opinions are being expressed as to whether the child should receive any instruction at home, before being sent to school. Being a school teacher, I have had quite a bit of experience with beginners, and, personally, I am always glad when they come to me knowing the letters, figures and a few simple words. Then I can at once give them a little piece of work to do, and they are happy and proud to think that they know what teacher means. I always teach by the phonic and letter method combined, so that it really helps them to understand their first lessons better, if they can read a bit, and the little people certainly feel more at ease. Then, too, a teacher having all the grades to teach, and a class scheduled for every minute of the day, except recesses, has but little time to spend with each. It makes it much easier then if the beginner can take an understanding interest in the simple tasks he is asked to perform between classes. Most of my classes are made up of one pupil, so that the teaching is necessarily individual. Of course in a graded school, where the pupils are taught in a group, it would be upsetting to the teacher's plans to have the youngsters' educa-

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When Silas Went Camping

By J. Walter Briggs

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MRS. Bennett and her daughter Mary were just finishing clearing away the dinner dishes, one hot afternoon, when there came a knock at the kitchen door.

"There mother," said Mary, "I told you, that the minute the men had gone to the field that tramp would be back again, if we had let him have something to eat when he was here before he would have gone on about his business. Well what are we going to do."

Mrs. Bennett was a little frightened, it must be confessed; tramps were numerous in that section of the country and nearly every day stories were brought in by the neighbors, of the raids on their chicken coops and corn fields by these knights of the tomato can.

"I'll tell you what we can do mother," said Mary. "I'll get father's gun, and you open the door and get behind it; then if he tries to come in I'll shoot one barrel over his head and I guess that'll scare him away."

"Don't you do anything of the kind, Mary Jane Bennett, I'd be more afraid of you and the gun than I would of half-a-dozen tramps; let's wait a spell and maybe he will go away."

Thump, thump, thump—came a series of blows on the door.

"Goodness mother," exclaimed the girl in a frightened whisper, "I guess he wants to come in all right. We might just as well open the door before he knocks it down. Don't be afraid. You get that tea-kettle of hot water off the stove and I will take this poker, and I guess we can handle him."

So with many misgivings, Mrs. Bennett armed with a kettle of boiling water, and closely followed by her daughter who concealed the stove poker behind her, tip-toed to the door, and opened it about an inch.

"Well of all things!" exclaimed the older woman, when she saw who her visitor was, "Martha Ann Pettibone, why under the sun, didn't you say it was you who wanted to come in? Here you've got me and Mary scared pretty nigh into fits, thinking all the time that you was a tramp, I've got a good mind to throw this kettle of water all over you."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that Sarah," said the woman at the door, "I just run over to visit a spell. Silas has gone fishing this afternoon, tho the Lord knows he ought to be out in the lot a working. His corn is way behind everybody else's and the bugs are a eatin up his taters, but as long as there is any place for him to go a fishin he will let every thing go. Why, we only got back from that campin trip the day before yesterday, and I thought he had got all the fishin he wanted for a spell, but it seems that the more he goes, the more he wants to, and I am going to give up tryin to stop him, for I find it ain't any use.I'm a going to come in just the same, even if you do stand there with a lot of hot water," and Mrs. Pettibone came into the kitchen and sat down by the window.

"My, ain't it hot!" she said after a moment's vigorous fanning with an old newspaper. "But it aint near so hot as it was over to West Pond where Si and me was. I'll bet it was a hundred and fifty above zero all the time, day and night. I don't never want to go campin agin in the summer time; the next time we go it will be in the winter. I'd rather freeze than melt any time."

"Did you have a good time Mrs. Pettibone?" asked Mary.

"Well, that's rather hard to say," replied the other, "Si said we did, but I ain't alowed to express my opinion. Yes, Si said we had a fine time, and he told me if I said any different that he would not buy me that dress he promised to. So you see I am going to keep pretty mum about it, but I wanted to tell somebody all about it and that's the reason I came over here.

"You see, Silas had been talkin about going campin out for ever so long, until at last I got so tired of it that I made up my mind we would go, and see if that wouldn't put a stop to it for a while.

"So a week a go the day before yesterday we went over to West Pond and made up our minds to have a good time.

"I guess you have both been over there and you know about that little island covered with pines out in the middle. We had made up our minds to camp out there, but when we got down by the water we saw that about a hundred fellers were there before us. They had a lot of tents and a flag tied on to the top of a tree; so we decided that we had better not go over. Well, he hunted around for an hour or two and at last found a place to put up our tent. It was a pretty good tent if I do say it myself, for I made it and I know.

"Si wanted to send out to Chicago for a tent, but I told him I could do just as good a job, so I took a lot of sheets and fastened 'em together with strings, and got some rag carpets to hang up for doors, and it was just as nice as any tent you ever saw.

"You know that the pond is all surrounded by swamps and cranberry marshes, but we found a little spot of dry land out in the middle of one swampy piece, covered with white birches.

"By the time we got our tent up and some wood gethered for a fire it was almost dark, and I managed to talk Silas out of the notion of going fishing that night, but he wanted to mighty bad. I guess it wouldn't have done any good to talk to him if he had been able to find a boat, but, as it happened, the fellers over on the island had taken all the boats. Si said that it didn't matter, as he would make a raft in the morning, which would do just as well.

"We were both pretty tired, for we had done quite a little work that day; so we decided to go to bed early.

"Silas had cut a lot of hemlock bushes that afternoon, and he said that they made the best kind of a bed, as the smell was sure to produce slumber.

"Well, we layed down on 'em pretty early, and I was just a getting in a doze when Si, he dug me in the ribs with his elbow and whispered. "Say, Martha, jest you listen and tell me what that noise is." I listened, and away off in the swamp I heard a low sort of humming like a swarm of bees.

"'What be it Martha,' said Si, but I didn't know, so we listened, and it kept a gettin louder and louder. I looked over at my man, and though it was pretty dark I could see that he was kinder white under his gills."

"'It sounds like music, old woman;' said he. 'You know that a man got mired out in that swamp once, and they never found him. You don't suppose it's a ghost or anything do you?' said he.

"I don't believe in no ghosts, and I jest told my man so right there, but he kept on a shakin and a trembelin, and all the time the humming kept a getting louder.

"I got up and lit our lantern. I thought if we were going to be taken that I had better get ready as I didn't want something to seize upon us in the dark. But I guess it would have been better if I hadn't lit the light, for about fifty million mosquitoes, more or less, found their way inside and in less time than it takes to tell it, out went the lantern.

"We knew then what the noise was. I guess about all the bugs and mosquitoes in the swamp came after us; the tent was full of them, and more kept comin in. All we could do was to fight 'em away. At last an idea struck Si so hard it almost knocked him over.

"'Gosh Martha,' he said, 'I have it.' 'What have you got, you tarned idiot?' says I. 'Have you managed to catch a 'skeeter? If you have execute him without trial, for I know he's guilty.'

"'No, you Old Cat,' says he, 'I haven't cotched a hair of one, and what's more I can't, but I have jest thought of a way to discourage their advances', and with that my man heaved himself out of his heap of hemlock bushes and began to paw around on the ground.

"'What on earth be you a goin to do?' says I to him.

"'Never you mind, Martha,' says he, 'you will soon see.'

"Then he lit a match and set something afire. An awfullsmoke began to bile up, and pretty soon the whole tent was full. I began to cough and sputter. I couldn't see my man but I could hear him a makin all kinds of noises on the other side of the tent. I stood it as long as I could, and then I made for the door. I managed to crawl through and had just got straightened up when I saw a little black and white animal in front of me. I knew what it was and tried my best to stop, but I had got such a send off coming out that, before I knew what I was a doin, I put my foot plum on top of it.

"Whew! Of all smells I ever smelt! The sulphur Si had sat fire to inside was nothing to compare to the smell I had set fire to outside. I didn't stop to make any farther acquaintance, but dove back head first into the tent. The smoke had pretty well thinned out by this time, but it smelled awful. Sulphur and skunk don't go very good together, but we had to make the best of it. Any way, the mosquitoes was gone and they didn't come back.

"We were jest a gettin ready to go to sleep again when a fight broke loose over on the island where the other camp was.

"That only lasted about two hours and we began to get used to it. But suddenly they stopped and somebody began to play on a banjo; then two or three began to sing, and pretty soon the whole lot of them joined in and it was worse than any darky camp-meeting you ever went to.

"It was about midnight before they quit singing, and at last I got asleep. I didn't feel as if I had slept more than ten minutes when Silas woke me up. He was a sharpenin his ax with a piece of a slate stone and said I had better get up and get breakfast, as he was a going out in the swamp and cut some logs to make a raft. It wasn't anywhere near sun-up yet, but I crawled out and made some coffee and fried some bacon and eggs over a little fire Si made out side.

"The coffee was full of ashes and so were the rest, but Si said that charcoal was good for the stomach, and he managed to put down quite a lot of it before he went out inter the swamp.

"I heard him a choppin and a slashin around for a good while, so I went back into the tent and thought I would go to sleep again, but no sooner had I layed down than I heard an awful yelling in the swamp. So I started off through the bushes after my man.

"He kept right on a yellin, and at last I found him, or rather I found his head; the rest of him was out of sight in the mud. I could see that he had got a tree fast in an other, and had climbed up to chop it out. Well, he had slipped and fell, and to make matters worse, he had come down in the soft ground of the swamp, and there he was up to his neck in the mud.

"Well, I got a long branch and stuck it out to him, and by my pulling all I could he managed to crawl out on a bog. But what a looking sight he was! all mud and slime from neck to heels. His boots were still in the mud, for they had pulled off when I yanked him out. That didn't seem to worry him any, for he said that he always used to go barefoot when a boy, and he guessed he could now as well as ever. His ax was gone too, but he said he had logs enough cut, he guessed; so he began to drag them to the camp.

"It was past noon before he got there, and it took until night to put the raft together. He forgot all about his dinner and as I wasn't hungry I didn't say anything about it. But when night came, and his work was all done, he began to think about eatin again.

"I got as good a supper as I could under the circumstances, but I saw that he didn't eat as much as a man oughter, who hadn't had anything since breakfast. I asked him the reason, and he said that he had an awfull hankerin for fish and was a goin that night and catch some.

"I had my own ideas about it, but I didn't say nothin. But we had hardly finished supper when it began to rain. It came gentle at first and Silas said it would soon stop as it never rained much when the moon was so near full, but I knew better, for I had noticed that the flies bit worse than usual, and sure enough I was right, for in an hour it had settled into a regular down-pour. Then, to make matters worse, it began to thunder and lighten and rain all the harder.

"It didn't take more than half an hour of such weather to soak our tent through, and after that we got it as bad as if our tent had been made of paper.

"Silas complained a good deal about the rain, but that was nothing new for him. He never did like water unless it had fish in it, but I did not mind it so much as it kept away the mosquitoes. It lasted all night anyway, but when the sun rose, the clouds dissapeared and it bid fair to be hotter than ever.

"I knew it wouldn't be any use to try to keep Si from going fishing that day, so I decided to go along with him and kinder keep a watch over him.

"About eight o'clock he got his raft ready and I gave him my big sun umbreller to fasten up at one end. He had a couple of paddles and we started off across the pond.

"Silas felt pretty happy in spite of his wet clothes, and pretty soon he began singing 'A life on the Ocean Wave,' and wanted me to join him, but I had caught such a cold in my throat from the rain that I couldn't talk much above a whisper.

"There was a couple of fellows out fishing not far from us, and one of them yells out:

"Say, Old man, who trained your voice?' The other he yells, 'Say Grand Pop, why don't you get a job a makin talking machine records?'

"'Yew go ter Grass,' yells Silas, a jumpin to his feet and stepping on my sore corn, 'I'll let yew know that I can sing as good as any of yew fellers who howled all night over there on the island.'

"'Oh, go away old man,' sings out one.'If I hadn't seen your mouth a goin I would have thought it was a bullfrog a croakin.'

"This was too much for my man. If there is one thing he prides himself on it's his singing, so up he jumps again.

"'Well by Gum,' he yells, 'if I can't sing I can fight and I'll lick both of you if yew will only give me the chance.'

"'Do be still Silas,' says I ter him, 'yew will upsot the raft; see how it's a shakin.'

"'Me be still!' he whoops, 'me, Silas Joshua Pettibone, be still when two little whip-snapper rats like that has insulted me! No, I guess not, I'll have their blood. Why the ghost of Abner Silas, my great granddad who died at Bunker Hill, would rize from his forgotten grave and haunt me. There isn't a coward in the family, and I am not going to be the first. Come here you measly little rats till I knock some sense inter you', and he pranced around and spat on his hands.

"I never knew just how it happened but all of a sudden the old raft flew all to pieces and in a minute we were struggling in the water. I suppose the way my man pranced around was the cause of it, but any way there we were. Well, I got hold of a log and Si another, and when we looked around we saw that the two fellers in the boat were a makin for us. They were good fellers all right, for they pulled us in and took us up on the island where we had a chance to dry our wet clothes. They told us that they were members of a secret society from the city and were campin out for a good time.

"I saw one of 'em get a bottle and hand it to Silas, who took a long pull and handed it back.

"Silas Pettibone,' said I,'what do yew suppose our parson would say if he saw you a doin that?'

"'O, that won't hurt him marm,' said one of the fellers, 'it's only some medicine we keep for snake bites and when we get wet. Here, old pal, have some more,' and again my man swallowed some of it.

"Of course I didn't care as long as it was medicine, but I never saw any body who could take medicine like he did, it must have been awful powerful, too, for pretty soon Si tried to do a jig he knew when a boy. One of the fellers saw him and pretty soon he came in with a banjo, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was a dancin like an Indian while the fellow what was a picking the banjo had all he could do to keep from bustin, he laughed so hard. Pretty soon a lot more came in and Silas seeing how pleased they were, grabbed me and began to yank me around. Well, I never could dance, and I wasn't a going to begin now; besides, I got a good smell of the medicine Si had been takin; it was whiskey. I tried to pull away but Silas hung on and pulled my dress apart at the waist. Then my temper riz right up, and I went at him hammer and tongs. I swatted his face and scratched his nose and pulled his hair.

"'Ten ter one on the old hen,' yells a feller.

"I'll give yer old hen, says I. It's your turn next, and I gave Silas a few finishing touches and grabbed for him; but he got out of my way, and it was lucky he did or I would have give him worse than Silas got.

"Well, you can just bet, Sarah, that we didn't stay there long. I made those men get a boat ready and take us right back to our camp.

"Silas didn't want to go home, but I was as firm as a rock. 'Yew jest pack up those things of yours,' says I ter him,' and be right smart about doin it tew.'

"Well we got home that night about dark, and Silas said we must say we had a good time, so I suppose we did. Now don't either one of yew tell that I told you this, or I won't get that new dress I am a countin on.

"Say, can't yew let me have a few 'taters? Ourn ain't fit to dig, not yet.

"Thank you; that will be enough. Good by, and remember now, don't tell."

In the good (or bad) old days the only successful saloonkeeper was the one who didn't drink. Yes, and if the present-day bootlegger drank his own wares he would be a dead failure too.—*The Pathfinder.*

The Turken, a New Fowl

A new fowl, called the Spencer Turken, a cross between the turkey and the chicken, has been developed by Z. T. Spencer, of Santa Cruz, California.

Mr. Spencer, now 75 years of age, started his experiment four years ago with two fowls whose parents were a small white Holland turkey and a Rhode Island Red Hen. Following a process of selection, under the advice of two university professors, he has produced a fowl that combines the best points of the turkey and the chicken. According to experts, it requires seven years to standardize the type and the color desired. At first, every third fowl was pure chicken, and the colors were many combinations of red, white and black. Now, in the fifth generation most of the fowls are red, and the sports occur about once among 10 or 12. In two years, they are expected to come true to type and color.

The male turken has pendulent caruncles, a long, bare neck, and a turkey-like gait. Pullets show even more resemblance to the turkey, especially about the head. Turken chicks are fond of green food, and do not require feeding if given sufficient range. Being remarkably hardy, they will thrive in any climate.

The eggs are large and brown, and hatch in 23 days. In a flock of any size, the turken hens average 200 eggs a year. The fowls are very heavy in the legs and extremely so in the breast. The meat is a fine combination of chicken and turkey, but is less dry than turkey. For production of both meat and eggs, they are highly profitable.

Fox farming in Alaska utilizes material from salmon canneries that would otherwise be wasted.

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Firm lips

Closed even when she smiles. All because a cloudy film dims the luster of her teeth.



An open smile

Pretty teeth often form a woman's chief attraction. Countless women get them now by removing film..

What Women Lose

By Dingy Teeth—Why Do It?

Dingy teeth rob women of a major charm. Not beauty only, but that added grace which lies in the open smile.

Millions of women have found a way to whiter teeth, also to better protection. You meet them everywhere today—with teeth you envy, maybe.

Will you not learn how they get them—by this delightful test?

Due to film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds them. And it often wrecks them. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and form acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tarter, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that unsightly film.

Ways to end it

Tooth troubles were increased until very few escaped. So dental science sought for ways to fight that film. In time two ways were found. One acts to curdle film; one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it daily, largely by dental advice.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

What must be done

Research also proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Old-time tooth pastes, it was found, seriously diminished those great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Watch it act

Use Pepsodent for ten days. See for yourself what it does. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then decide by what you see and feel. Judge what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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At Crumpet's Corner

By Rose Henderson

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"NO, thank you, I don't care to ride." Joan Bradley stood straight and slim beside the dusty country road, her plaited serge skirt fluttering about her knees, her trim sailor hat shading a pair of blue eyes that had a shy, fugitive look, in spite of their frank boyishness.

"No?" said the brown-faced young man in the automobile.

Joan flushed at the hint of raillery that he managed to put into the monosyllable. She shifted her suit-case to the other hand and stepped back into the road as the car sped on. The country stillness settled down about her, broken only by the chirp of crickets in the deep grass beside the road. The sun was getting low and the shadows were long and purple.

Quite suddenly, at the end of a hedge of willows, she came upon a low, old-fashioned farmhouse. Joan never knew just why she turned in at that particular picket gate. Perhaps it was the lilacs in bloom above the fence, perhaps it was Grandmother Crumpet's wise old face which drew her. At any rate, she walked in quite as if she had planned to. As she closed the gate she stopped to smell a nodding spray of lilacs and then went on up the flower-bordered path to the porch where the white-haired woman peered at her curiously.

"How do you do?" said Joan, with her most engaging smile.

"Howdy," snapped Grandmother Crumpet, winking her sharp black eyes above her silver-bowed spectacles She was a bent wisp of a woman in faded calico. Her worn and shapeless shoes shuffled forward below a long full skirt.

"I—I'm looking for a place to work," began Joan wistfully. "Do you need anyone?"

"I don't hear you. I'm a little deef," said Grandmother crisply.

The girl repeated in a louder tone, and the old woman led her up the steps.

"Come in," piped Grandmother. She puckered her mouth around her words until they slid out thin and withered like the lips that uttered them. "Come in and bring yer satchel. I seen ye a comin' down the north road. What's yer name and where do ye come from?"

"My name is Joan Bradley. I came out from the station."

"Land sakes! Then ye come in on the train, did ye? Where's yer home?" There was childish eagerness in the bright old eyes as Grandmother cocked her head and peered up at the tall girl.

"I haven't any home, and—I don't care to tell where I came from," said Joan. She flushed uncomfortably but her eyes stared back into the sharp witch-like ones beside her. "I—I'm an honest, decent person. But—where I came from is—is my own affair, it seems to me. If you don't want me I'll go on until I do find a place."

"Hum," sniffed Grandmother. "I 'spose yer running away from yer folks.'"

"I'm eighteen years old and—I haven't any folks," announced Joan stoutly.

"Well, ye're mighty independent. I can see that. Ye wouldn't ride with that young feller that asked ye up the road a piece, would ye?" The old woman chuckled as she put the question. "I seen ye," she grinned. "Set down. I guess yer tired a trampin' that three mile."

"Oh, I rode most of the way with a farmer," said Joan.

She sat down on the old-fashioned lounge and glanced about the room that was cluttered with quaint odds and ends of furniture. It was rather a stuffy little room, but it held a comfortable sense of hominess, and it opened on the vine-covered porch and the path was bordered with larkspur and four-o'clocks. And beyond were the lilacs and the picket fence and the gray dusty road.

"Have ye been askin' along the way?"

Joan shook her head. "This is the first place I stopped."

"What wages are ye aimin' to get?" The withered lips closed tightly over the question, and the frail old body leaned forward in the cane-backed rocker.

"I'm not so awfully particular," said Joan with a smile. "Do you live all alone?"

"Yes," admitted Grandmother, eying her visitor suspiciously. "I wouldn't live with none of my relations. Ye couldn't hire me to."

"Well, I'd like to work for you for my room and board if I could have my afternoons off to study. You see, I want to teach next fall, if possible, and I want a quiet place where I can cram up for the certificate examinations."

"What's that ye say?"

The girl explained again, carefully.

"Oh, I understand ye now. I'm a little deef. Land sakes! I've known a heap of school teachers. Used to board them when I was younger. The schoolhouse is just down the road to yer left as ye come out. Mebby ye noticed it. I'm glad ye didn't ride with that smart-actin' young man. He's my grandson. Yes. But I don't have no truck with him. His name's Dan Crumpet. He runs the place with the big red barn beyent the Corners. Crumpet's Corners, folks calls it, on account of this here place of mine. It's the oldest house hereabouts."

The old woman looked proudly up at the low yellow ceiling. "I come here a bride and I intend to die here," she announced. "My children have tried mighty hard to git me out. They've sort of give it up now."

"Well, do you think I could stay?"

"We might try it fer a spell. See how we git on," said Grandmother Crumpet. "Did ye say yer name was Joan? Ye can call me Grandmother. About everybody does. I send out the washin', and there ain't much heavy work. I been doin' it all myself. I've had a heap o' girls wished onto me by my children, but I didn't keep them long. They wa'n't worth their keep, and they went gaddin' about so much they made more work than they done. I hope ye'll turn out to be some account."

Unpacking her suit-case in the narrow room beneath the eaves, Joan smiled over Grandmother's last speech. The old woman evidently liked the idea of making this arrangement herself. "I must keep good-natured but not let her bully me," thought Joan as she hung up her clothes in the tiny closet. The roof sloped down over the narrow bed with its gay patchwork cover. The only place she could stand erect was in the middle of the room where a strip of rain-stained ceiling stretched level above the breadth of rag carpet that lay between the window and the closet door.

Joan sat down on the floor by the window and looked out into the blossomy top of a huge apple-tree. Across the road was a wooded pasture lot and at the side of this a corn field lay, on toward the Corners. Bees droned in the apple blossoms, barely out of her reach. A cowbell tinkled remotely in the shady pasture. Joan laid her head on the window sill and drank in the fragrance happily. The wind fluttered her soft brown hair and brushed her thin young face and smiling mouth. In a little while Grandmother called her down for a cup of tea.

Then they sat on the narrow porch with the scent of lilacs and apple blooms about them. Occasionally a team or an automobile passed the picket gate, and the old woman usually knew who it was. Sometimes the passersby waved and called to her, and her white head bobbed a reply.

"They'll all be a wonderin' who I've got with me," chuckled Grandmother importantly.

When it got dark they went indoors, the old woman to her square bedroom that opened off of the kitchen and the girl to the narrow chamber beneath the eaves.

* * * * *

In a few days Joan learned the daily routine of feeding chickens, bringing milk and butter from the spring house, tidying the kitchen, and going to the tin box at the Corners for the mail. Grandmother said she would do her own cooking "as long as she could stand on her own feet."

Joan learned also that every bit of sour milk must be saved to make cottage cheese, that Grandmother sold enough eggs to pay her grocery bill, that sugar was used sparingly and that the only sort of meat they seemed destined to have was the home-cured ham in the funny little old smokehouse that looked as if Grandmother might have made herself. But there was plenty of good bread and butter and eggs. There were radishes and lettuce and juicy rhubarb in rank pink stalks against the garden fence. A little later there would be strawberries and other fruit. Joan liked gathering in the food from its various sources. She liked the woodland pasture with its pebbled creek, its birds and wild flowers, and she enjoyed the daily trip for the mail along the stretch of sandy road beside the willow hedge.

The son's family who lived across the field from the old homestead looked after Grandmother's wants. Jimmy, the youngest grandson, milked Grandmother's cow and left milk and butter in the spring house. Sarah Crumpet, the son's wife, sent fresh pies and rolls frequently. And for all her independence, the old woman accepted these things gratefully.

The second day after Joan's arrival Sarah Crumpet and her daughter, Annie, a fat, fretful girl about Joan's age, had called and talked so loud in the stuffy sitting-room that most of their gossip was plainly audible in the room up-stairs. Joan was amused at their evident curiosity about herself. Grandmother's replies were cryptic enough. She seemed to enjoy withholding the little she did know.

"Eh? What's that? Where does she come from? Oh, I guess that's her own affair. I ain't questioned her much," said Grandmother.

Joan heard the girl whine something about wanting to meet her.

"Oh, she studies afternoons," said Grandmother. "I wouldn't think of disturbin' her. It was in our bargain that she'd have her afternoons to herself. She ain't a real hired girl. She's goin' to be a teacher. Yes, I think I'll like her. She seems right sensible."

Joan smiled and her eyes softened gratefully. "Bless her old heart! She's a match for 'em."

"Oh, Grandmother, I think the country's beautiful," declared Joan one soft, blue-and-gold day a week after her arrival.

"Ye say that as if ye wa'n't used to it," said the old woman shrewdly.

"I'm not—so awfully," laughed the girl. She went up the steep bare stairs to her attic room, her "study" she called it since her trunk had come and the pine-box table was covered with books. Every day as soon as the noon meal was finished she went at her books. She pored over specimen examination questions and she reviewed history, geography and grammar. She was leaving arithmetic and algebra until the last because they were the hardest and she wanted them fresh in her mind when the examination came in September. She had outlined the work so that she would have twice as much time for mathematics.

She really liked to study, but often it was irksome on long afternoons with the birds calling in the appletree and the sun shimmering over the oaks and elms in the pasture. People passed on the dusty road. Grandmother Crumpet pottered about her flower beds or entertained callers or slept, with much noisy snoring, on the sitting-room lounge.

White petals dripped from the apple trees, and the grass beside the lilacs was sprinkled with withered bloom. Hard round peony buds grew pinker and whiter and loosened themselves softly like fluffy, magic balls. Columbines flaunted their red and yellow trumpets in the wildest nooks of the little pasture where Joan took brief rambles in the shady evenings or early in the morning before Grandmother was up.

One evening after Joan had been for a month at Crumpet's Corner she was snipping faded flowers from the blush roses beside the gate when Dan Crumpet passed in his long blue car. He bowed to Joan and she bowed back. This salutation, she had learned, was common among strangers in these quiet country ways. But when she glanced up at the porch she saw Grandmother sitting stiff and stolid with a fierce, pinched look on her white old face.

The next morning Annie Crumpet stopped and invited Joan to a party at her house.

"Tonight?" asked Joan in some surprise.

"Yes, it's awfully informal," said Annie, with a patronizing air. "I tried to get around to invite you yesterday, or day before, but I've been so busy. And I didn't suppose it would make any difference to you 'cause you never go anywheres."

Joan's dark blue eyes grew a shade darker, but she smiled a gay little smile.

"Why, yes, I'll come. Thank you."

"If you don't mind coming over alone I'll see't you get home all right." Annie giggled self-consciously. "But you better not go across the meadow, 'cause father's turned some young cattle in there and some of 'em might run at you."

"Then I shall surely go by the road," laughed Joan.

* * * * *

The cracked mirror in the attic bedroom reflected a flushed face as Joan dressed for the party that evening. She had pressed her pink organdie, with the rose sash, and she put on her pink silk stockings and pumps to match. She was spending a lot of time over her fluffy brown hair. "Say, anybody would think this was the first party you ever went to," she remarked mockingly to the beaming young person in the mirror.

"Land sakes, ye look like one o' them blush roses," observed Grandmother as Joan came down. "Better pick one to stick in your frock."

"Thank you, Grandmother!" Joan bent suddenly and touched her lips to the thin white hair. "Oh, don't fuss over me. I ain't one o' the soft kind," muttered Grandmother gruffly.

"I know you're not," laughed Joan. "Please excuse my slushiness. I haven't been—anywheres—for over a month, and this party is going to my head."

She skipped down the path. "All the same, you liked it!" she whispered over the blush rose bush.

Annie Crumpet stared open-mouthed as she answered the door for Joan. "Mercy, I didn't know you," she giggled. Sudden envy glinted in her pale eyes. She took Joan into the parlor where a few girls sat chattering, and an instant silence fell upon the group. "This is Grandmother's hired girl, Joan—Joan——" hesitated Annie.

"Miss Joan Bradley," prompted her guest.

The girls bowed stiffly and began urging each other to "go and play something." They tried awkwardly to ignore Joan.

Annie began talking violently to an over-dressed girl on the couch. "You can too play something," she urged. "You know a dozen dandy pieces by heart."

"No, I can't. Make Sally play first!" protested the girl.

"While you are thinking it over, do you mind if I do a little jazz?" asked Joan. Her chin was high, her blue eyes were black. She walked airily over to the piano bench, sat down and rippled her fingers across the keys. Her audience was deathly still as she swept into a dashing Spanish dance and played one swinging, lilting melody after another, without even a pause between. The room was filled, possessed by the music. It pulsed and flowed in jubilant rhythms, it laughed and leaped like gay fountains of sound. And then suddenly it stopped in a triumphant crescendo.



"It's all there, Grandmother"

"There! I feel a lot better," said Joan. She made a low, mocking courtesy and ran backward to the door in mincing, teasing steps. A little patter of applause swept the room and a louder patter came from the porch. Joan turned suddenly as she reached the hallway and bumped violently into a tall young man.

"I *beg* your pardon," she laughed.

"I beg yours. I was right in your way. Charmed motionless, you see. Please let me introduce myself, since we're neighbors. My name's Crumpet——"

"Yes, Mr. Dan Crumpet. I've heard about you."

Well, come on out, won't you? And let's talk." His hand was under her elbow, guiding her down the steps among other young men who were getting up from their seats around the porch to go inside. "I'm afraid you haven't heard anything very good about me, either."

"Oh, I haven't heard anything, really, except your name and where you live and that your grandmother doesn't seem——"

"Crazy about me? Say, it was good of you to come out here!"

"Oh, I couldn't do anything else. They don't like hired girls in there."

"Darn 'em! Did they——"

"They didnt do anything—much. I didn't give 'em a chance. Just plunked down at the piano while they were doing the you-first-my-dear stuff. You know. Nervy of me, wasn't it? But your cousin introduced me as the hired girl. I had to do something."

"Damn——" said Dan Crumpet fiercely.

"Please don't! Isn't it a wonderful night!"

They were walking across the big smooth lawn where white clover blossoms were sprinkled about. They followed a path around a clump of shrubbery and came to a side gate with a long blue car standing in front of it.

"Won't you please go for a ride?" he begged.

"Oh, I'd love to. But—ought we? Slipping away like this?"

"After—your introduction, I'd say we ought."

"Oh, I forgot about that. You were being so nice."

The car plunged into the dusky road, "as if it liked it," Joan declared.

"Annie's a fool sometimes," said Dan Crumpet. "She'll be ashamed of herself in a little while."

"Oh, that's all right. I am the hired girl. It was perky of me, caring and putting on airs. I suppose we're all snobs one way or another. But—oh, look! The fuzzy little owl! Did you see?"

"No, I was looking—somewhere else."

"The country's so lovely at night. I—I want to do more than look at it. I want to drink it in, somehow," said Joan as the car wound slowly through a strip of woodland with flowers gleaming white in the shadows.

"Why—why wouldn't you ride with me, that first time, on the road?"

"Dan, I-I do-care"

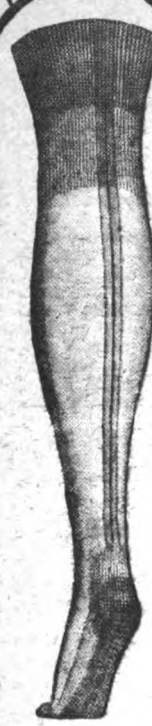
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18J605A—High quality leather, together with the high class workmanship, makes this a great bargain. Two roomy pockets. Handy large size mirror framed under leather lined flap. Hand tooled effect design. Size, 6⅛x5⅛ inches. Colors: Brown (rich looking dark russet finish) or black. **State color.** Shipping weight, 14 ounces.

Sale Price

$1.65



Genuine Gillette Safety Razor

6J10958A—Special for this sale. Put up in neat box with one blade (two cutting edges). Shipping weight, 6 ounces.

48¢



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Full grain double tanned brown leather. Tough, yet pliable uppers. Medium heavy Cromax leather sole. A big value.

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Terms Used in Knot Stitch

K st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

Terms Used in Crochet

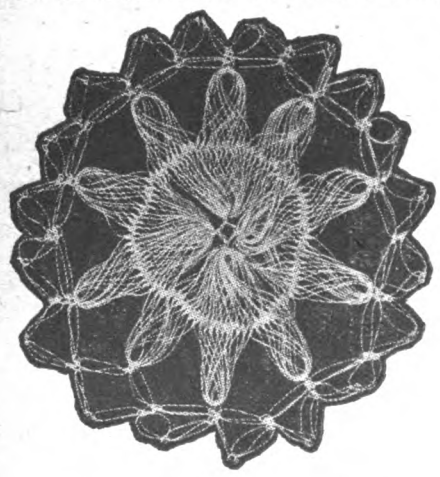
Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; block, blk, 4 d c preceded and followed by a space; sp, formed by ch between 2 doubles; skip, sk, to miss, omit or not work over a certain number of preceding stitches.

Hairpin Work or Maltese Crochet

THIS work is again becoming popular and many pretty trimmings and articles can be made by combining it with crochet.

Although the method of making the hairpin braid is generally known, a description of how to proceed may be of advantage to some.

A stout wire hairpin may be used, or a set of various sized staples made especially for the work can be purchased. To make the hairpin



SINGLE WHEEL USED IN COLLAR.

braid, tie the thread around one prong of a pin or staple. With the prongs down and holding it in the left hand, draw the thread under the loop on the staple and make 1 s c in the center.

Turn the pin or staple towards you from right to left, keeping the thread back of the left prong, and slipping the hook over the end of the staple with the loop on it.

Draw stitch through loop on left prong and make 1 s c, turn, repeat and continue until the staple is full. Slip work off putting a few loops back in place if the length required has not been made and continue.

Maltese Braid and Knot Stitch Collar

This lacy design is a very good example of the dainty effect which can be secured by this work.

To copy this collar one will require a ball of No. 60 or 70 white mercerized crochet cotton, a strong wire hairpin or staple and a No. 12 steel crochet hook.

For the work as shown an inch wide staple was used for the braid. About five inches of this will be needed for each of the nine wheels, one of the wheels is here shown almost full size.

After completing a five-inch length knot the braid together securely, then to finish the center make 1 s c through about one-fourth of the loop, ch 2, repeat 3 times and join to the first stitch, drawing all up as closely as possible.

To complete the edge of each wheel make 1 s c through 9 or 10 loops, (which even number divides the whole into equal parts) draw out quarter inch loop and make one knot st. (see terms).

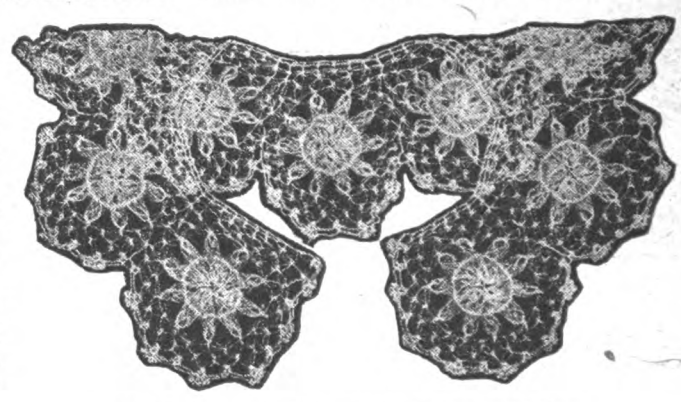
One loop st, 1 s c in another group of the same number of threads, 2 knot sts, 1 s c. Repeat around, then add a second rowof 2 knot sts between each knot st.

Before working this round it is well to cut a paper pattern of the shaped collar desired. Sew the wheels equally distant apart, then in working the second row of knot sts, join two or three sts between the wheels as worked.

Finish the inside edge of the collar with two rows of doubles with ch two between each, and the outside each as follows; 2 d c with ch 2 between in a knot st, ch 5, repeat from *.

2nd round—Shell of 1 d c, ch 3, sl st in top of double to form picot, ch 1, repeat four times, working under chain between first two doubles in the last round.

Many and pretty variations can be made in this work and used for edging handkerchiefs, towels and even curtains, according to the quality of cotton used in making. An especially simple and durable insertion for curtains is shown below.



MALTESE BRAID AND KNOT STITCH COLLAR.

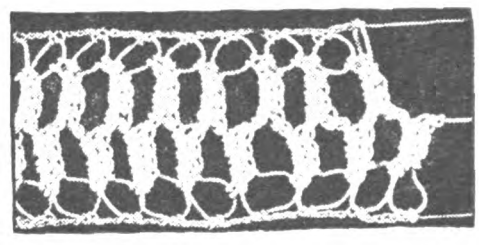
Insertion for Curtains

Using an inch staple, tie a loop and slip on one prong, wind thread around opposite prong, with crochet hook draw up loop, work 3 s c, * slip loop on hook over prong, wind again 3 s c, repeat from *. When complete ch 5, 1 s c in each loop on edge. Repeat on opposite edge.

Stocking Bag

From two 36-inch circles of material a darning bag can be made which will be of ample size to hold the family stockings.

For the outside use any strong figured cotton material, and for the inside a plain colored goods. Turn in the edges, baste and sew together. Fold four times and mark the edge with pins, then sew to these places good-sized brass or ivory rings. For closing the bag use a cotton cord or ribbon. Fit to the inside



INSERTION FOR CURTAIN.

two or three bags for holding darning cotton, and on the opposite side a good-sized needle-book.

Towel Insertion

Fig 1. shows a combination of three strips of hairpin braid—two made on three-quarters staple and one on an inch staple—each being worked however with 2 s c over each loop before turning.

Join the center strip to the side strips by drawing a loop first from one strip and then the other. Finish the outside edges, by drawing the loops through each other.

Fig. 2. is a variation which is more open work and lacy in effect. This also has 2 s c through the center and may be made any width. The two strips are joined by making 1 s c through 5 loops, ch 3, 1 s c through 3 loops on second strip, repeat. Along the edges work 1 s c through 3 loops, ch 3, repeat.

Mile-a-minute lace, crocheted with chains between two strips of hairpin braid makes an attractive combination.

A simple edging may be made as follows:

Use an inch strip of hairpin braid. Crochet 1 d c through 3 loops, ch 3, 1 d c under same loops, 1 d c under next 3 loops, ch 3, 1 d c under same 3, repeat. At end turn with ch 5, 2 d c under ch 3 between last 2 d c, ch 2, 2 d c between next 2 d c repeat. 2 more rows of 2 d c between each 2 d c.

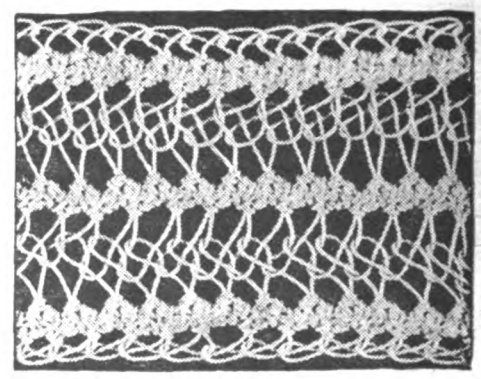
Then to one edge add any simple scallop.

American Legion Filet Design

By request

This pillow top if made of coarse crochet cotton which works about four spaces to an inch will measure nearly 18 inches square.

If one desires it of finer thread a border can



MALTESE INSERTION. FIG. 1.

easily be worked around the completed design to make it the right size.

Begin with ch 230 sts, turn. 1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 75 spaces in all.

If one does not want to begin with a long ch in making the first row for any piece of filet work, the required number of spaces may be made in this way. Ch 8, 1 d c in first st, ch 5, 1 d c in 3rd ch before first double, ch 5, turn, 1 d c in 3rd st before last double.

Repeat until one has the required number of stitches.

2nd and 3rd rows—17 sps, 41 blks (124 d c), 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th and 5th rows—15 sps, 3 blks, 39 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps (1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps), twice, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 51 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th and 13th rows—7 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 11 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th and 15th rows—5 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks *23 sps, work back from * to beginning of row same as in last row.

16th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, * 27 sps, work back from *.

17th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps,* 3 blks, work back.

18th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, * 3 blks, work back.

19th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk,* 7 sps, work back.

20th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, * 5 sps, work back.

21st row—1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk. * 3 sps, work back.

22nd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, * 1 sp, work back.

23rd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps * 1 blk, work back.

24th and 25th rows—1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps * 1 blk, work back.

26th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps * 1 blk, work back.

27th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps * 1 blk, work back.

28th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, * 9 blks, work back.

29th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps *, 9 blks, work back.

30th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, * 9 sps, work back.

31st row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, * 9 sps, work back.

32nd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, * 11 sps, work back.

33rd row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 10 blks * 13 sps, work back.

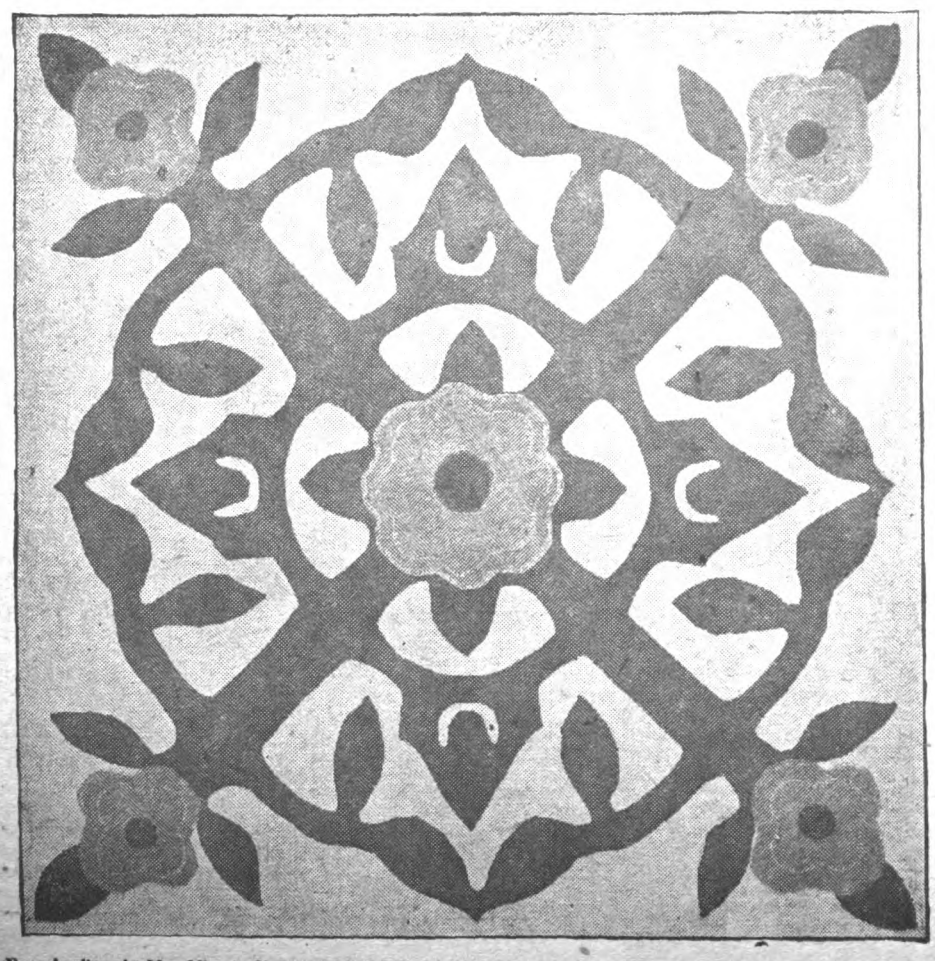
34th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks * 5 sps, work back.

35th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, * 1 blk (3 sps, 1 blk) 3 times, work back from *.

36th ro
1 blk, 8 sp
3 times, w
37th ro
1 blk, 9 sp
3 sps, 1 bl
38th ro
1 blk, 10 s
4 sps, 3 b
39th ro
3 blks, 7 sp
(3 sps, 1 b
40th ro
1 blk (3 s
from *.
41st ro
1 blk, 9 sp
1 sp), 4
42nd ro
1 blk, 8 sp
43rd ro
2 blks, 8 s
44th ro
1 blk, 7 sp
45th ro
12 blks, 9
46th ro
1 blk, 4 sp
47th ro
3 blks, 11
48th ro
2 blks, 12
49th ro
1 blk, 1 sp
back.
50th ro
2 blks, 10
51st ro
1 blk, 1 sp
back.
52nd ro
1 blk, 1 sp
back.
53rd ro
** 3 sps, 3
1 blk * 11
54th ro
blks, 1 sp,
1 blk, 7 sp
5 sps, wor
55th ro
5 sps, 3 bl
1 blk * 9
56th ro
1 blk, 8 sp
sps, 1 blk,
1 sp, 3 bl
3 blks, 1 s
57th ro
7 sps, 3 bl
1 blk, 7 sp
3 sps, 3 bl
58th ro
3 blks, 1 s
work back
59th ro
1 blk, 4 sp
3 sps, 1 b
1 blk, 3 sp
60th ro
1 blk, 4 sp
twice, 1 s
4 sps, 3 bl
61st ro
blks, 11 sp
(1 sp, 1 b
62nd ro
2 blks, 6 s
3 sps, 2 bl
63rd ro
blks, 6 sps







Rose Applique by Mrs. Minerva Hohn. The dark part of this design is of green, cut in one piece. The applique is invisible on unbleached background. Roses, two shades, pink with yellow centers, edges are buttonholed.

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

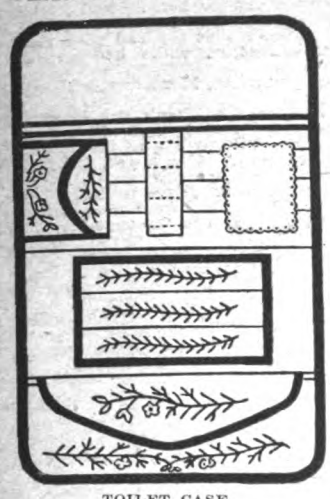
By Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, Ed.

Toilet Case

CASES for various articles are always very convenient when packing for a trip for the week end or longer. A place for everything and everything in its place is never more necessary than when planning to get everything required into a compact whole.

The home-made case illustrated is designed for one's toilet articles, and cares for them most completely.

Eider-down lined with sateen and bound with ribbon were the materials used in this instance but other suitable material may be substituted if preferred.



TOILET CASE.

The measurements are nine by 16 inches. Across each end run two, four and one-half inch pockets, one open and one with a buttoned-down flap.

Above the open pocket runs a four-inch strip of rubber having a pocket for soap and a folding toothbrush on it.

The bound band of material between this and the other pocket, which is designed for one's comb and brush, is stitched to form three partitions for holding tubes of cream, tooth paste, etc. To the center of the outside is attached ribbons, which are tied when the case is packed and folded.

Flower Doily in Colors

By Jessie Gent

A flower edge of six pink blossoms and six groups of dark green leaves is arranged around a crocheted center of cream color.

For materials use silkateen or any crochet thread which is soft twist and has a mercerized finish and a medium-sized steel crochet hook.

For the Center

With cream silkateen ch 9, join in ring by sl st to first st.

1st round—20 d c in ring, join, ch 5.

2nd round—1 d c in 2nd double, ch 2, skip 1 d c, 1 d c in next double, repeat around, ending with ch 2, 1 sl st in 3rd st of ch 5, ch 2.

3rd round—2 d c under ch, * ch 1, 3 d c under next ch, repeat from *, join.

4th round—Ch 7, 1 s c under ch 1, repeat around. Slip st to center of first chain.

5th round—Ch 8, 1 s c under ch 7, repeat around.

6th round—Ch 5, 1 d c in 3 rd st of ch, ch 2, 1 d c in next 3rd st, repeat around making 40 spaces in all.

7th round—Same as 6th round, making a ch 2, 1 d c between each d c.

8th round—Chain 4, with 1 s c on each d c, repeat around.

9th round—Slip st to center ch 4, ch 4, 1 d c under next ch, repeat around.

10th round—Ch 5, 1 d c in 2nd ch of 4, ch 2, 1 d c in top d c, ch 2. Repeat making d c on d c and 1 d c under each chain.

11th round—Ch 4, 1 s c in top of 2 d c, repeat.

12th round—Slip st to center of ch 4 * ch 5, 1 s c under next ch repeat from * .

Make 12 more rounds same as the last, simply adding 1 st to each of each round thus:

13th round—Ch 6,

14th round—Ch 7, etc.

For the daisy like flower using the pink silkateen and beginning in the center with ch 12, join in ring, ch 2, 36 d c in ring, ch 2, turn.

1st row of petal—6 d c on first 6 d c, ch 2, turn.

2nd row—7 d c on 6 d c, ch 2, turn.

3rd row—9 d c on 7 d c, ch 2, turn.

4th row—10 d c on 9 d c, ch 2, turn.

5th row—12 d c on 10 d c, ch 2, turn.

6th row—Skip first and last doubles, 10 d c on 10 center d c, ch 2, turn.

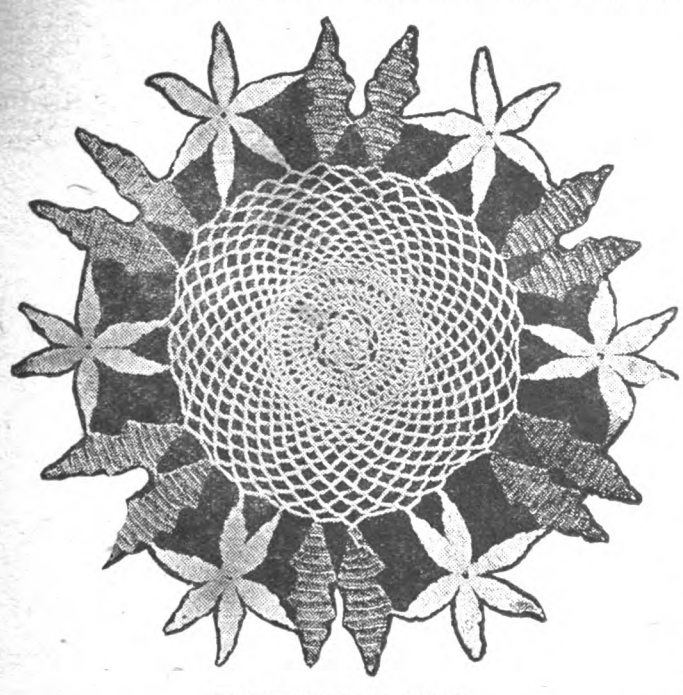
7th row—Same as last working only 8 d c, ch 2, turn.

8th row—Same as 6th row, working only 6 d c, ch 2, turn.

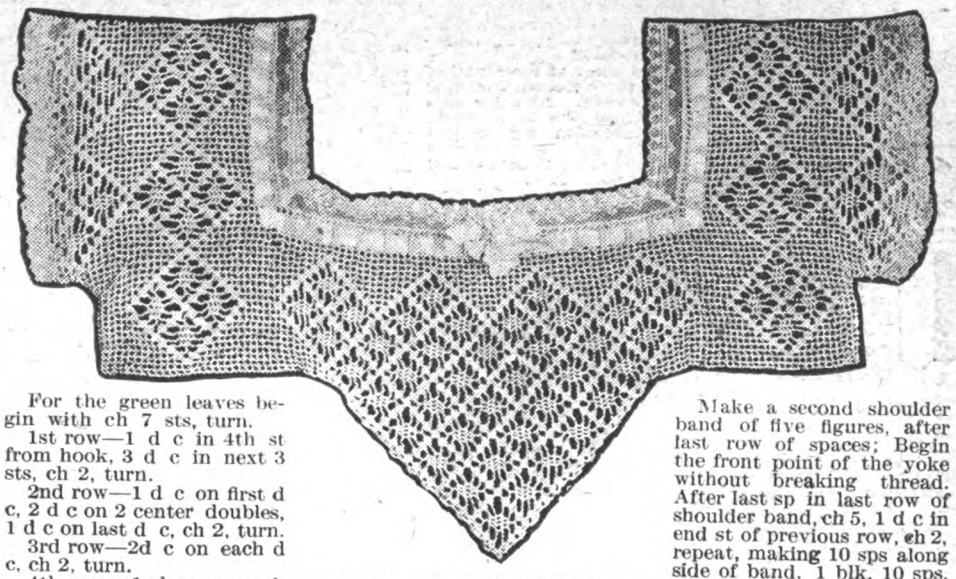
9th row—same as 6th row, working only 4 d c, ch 2.

10th row—3 d c, ch 2, turn.

11th row—2 d c in center d c. Draw thread through loop and leave end, draw over and over through edge stitches and cut. Starting from the center make five more petals.



FLOWER DOILY IN COLORS.



CROCHETED SPIDER-WEB NIGHTGOWN YOKE.

For the green leaves begin with ch 7 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 2, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on first d c, 2 d c on 2 center doubles, 1 d c on last d c, ch 2, turn.

3rd row—2d c on each d c, ch 2, turn.

4th row—1 d c on each d c, 2 d c on 7th double or 14 d c in all, ch 2, turn.

5th row—18 d c, ch 2, turn.

6th row—Skip first and third doubles from each end making 14 d c in all, ch 2, turn.

7th row—Skip first and last doubles, making 12 d c, ch 2, turn.

8th row—14 d c, ch 2, turn.

9th row—16 d c, ch 2, turn.

10th row—12 d c, ch 2, turn.

11th row—9 d c, ch 2, turn.

12th row—7 d c, ch 2, turn.

13th row—5 d c, ch 2, turn.

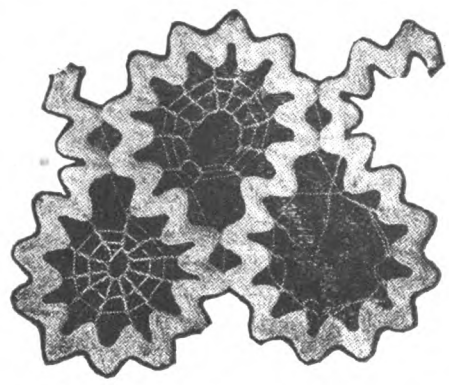
14th row—3 d c, ch 2, turn.

15th row—2 d c. Draw thread through loop and fasten. Sew flowers and leaves to the edge of the crocheted center, arranging them as shown in our illustration.

Crocheted Spider-Web Nightgown Yoke

By Claudia Alexander

Materials: Three balls No. 40 mercerized crochet cotton, steel crochet hook No. 12, two



DETAIL OF RICKRACK SPIDER-WEB LACE.

yards inch-wide white lace, one and one-half yards narrow ribbon.

This yoke has a point in both the front and the back, straight bands over the shoulders to which edges are added lengthwise to form the sleeves, and small gores made separately and sewed in to give under-arm space.

The back may be a straight band the same width as the shoulder bands if preferred.

Make the shoulder bands first as follows: Ch 66 sts, turn. First two rows 18 sps each, ch 5, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 8 sps in all, 4 d c in next sts, 9 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—7 d c under ch 6, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, skip blk, 1 blk in next sp, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 2 between blks, 1 blk in sp beyond blk in last row, 7 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row—7 d c, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, 1 d c on d c, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—4 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, 2 d c, between doubles, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—7 d c, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk under ch 5, ch 5, 3 d c between doubles, ch 5, 1 blk under ch, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c, between blks, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c on center d c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

8th row—7 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

9th row—1 blk, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

This is the center of the diamond shaped design of four webs. If the work draws or does not lie flat, increase the chains between the blocks in working the webs.

10th row—Same as 8th row.

11th row—Same as 7th row.

12th row—Same as 6th row.

13th row—Same as 5th row.

14th row—Same as 4th row.

15th row—Same as 3rd row.

16th row—Same as 2nd row.

Repeat from 1st row 5 times after completing the last figure, work two rows of all spaces.

Make a second shoulder band of five figures, after last row of spaces; Begin the front point of the yoke without breaking thread. After last sp in last row of shoulder band, ch 5, 1 d c in end st of previous row, ch 2, repeat, making 10 sps along side of band, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 2, turn.

One is now working from the bottom of right-hand shoulder band of the front, back and forth, from the neck to the point, towards the left-hand side of the yoke.

Work next 8 rows, copying the webs in the band.

10th row—Working from the neck turn with ch 2, 7 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c. At this point one begins to increase to form the point, ch 6, turn.

11th row—1 blk in end sp of last row. Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 2, turn.

12th row—1 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk under end ch in last row. Ch 12, turn.

13th row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, 3 d c, work under end ch, 1 d c on last d c of blk in last row. Ch 7, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 web as usual, 6 sps, edge as usual.

14th row—Edge, 7 sps, work across 2 webs as usual. Finish with 1 blk under ch 2 beyond blk in last row. Ch 2, 1 d c in end sp, ch 12, turn.

15th row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, 1 blk in sp in last row, work across as in 11th row, ending with 8 sps, edge.

16th row—Edge. 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, work across 2 webs, ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

17th row—2 sps worked as in 15th row. work across 2 webs, 10 sps, edge.

18th row—Edge. Same as 16th row ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

19th row—2 sps worked as in 17th row. Work across as in 11th row, 8 sps, edge.

20th row—Edge, 7 sps, work across 3 webs ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

21st row—2 sps worked as in 19th row. Work across 3 webs, 6 sps, edge.

22nd row—Edge, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, work across 3 webs ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

23rd row—2 sps, work across as in 11th row, ending with 4 sps, edge.

24th row—Edge, 3 sps, work across webs as usual, ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

25th row—2 sps, 1 blk, work across webs, 2 sps, edge.

26th row—Edge, 3 sps, same as 24th row, ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

27th row—2 sps, 1 blk, work across as in 11th row, 4 sps, edge.

28th row—Edge, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, work across 4 webs, ending with 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

29th row—2 sps, 1 blk, work across 4 webs, 6 sps, edge.

30th row—Edge, 7 sps, 4 webs, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 12, turn.

31st row—2 sps, 1 blk, same as 11th row, 8 sps, edge.

32nd row—Edge, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 4 webs, ending with 1 sp, ch 9. This is the center point of the yoke.

33rd row—1 blk in end sp of last row, ch 7, 4 d c, work across 4 webs, as usual 10 sps, edge.

34th row—Edge, 9 sps. Same as 32nd row, ending with 1 blk, 1 sp over blk in last row, ch 5, turn. Point is now decreased in this manner, duplicating each row from the 32nd to the 1st.

Work a duplicate point for the back of the yoke, or a straight band of 4 figures. Join to shoulder bands with needle and thread or crochet together on wrong side by slip stitching.

To Edge Sleeves

Counting along the side edge of the shoulder band from the bottom of the front, make 1 d c in the end of the 16th row. Work 9 sps, 1 blk (this should come in sp before the blk in the 9th row of the second figure, see illustration) ch 2, 1 blk, 13 sps, repeat.

If this row is started correctly, although the rows are worked in the opposite direction the groups of 4 webs will come opposite the 4 webs in the shoulder bands.

Work 5 webs in this row ending with 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—8 sps, * 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, 11 sps, repeat from * ending with 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—7 sps, * 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 9 sps, repeat from * ending with 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—6 sps, * 1 blk, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 7 sps, repeat from * ending with 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—5 sps, 1 blk, ch 2 * 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, 5 sps, repeat from * ending with 5 sps, ch 5, turn.



INFANT'S ROBE DRESS.

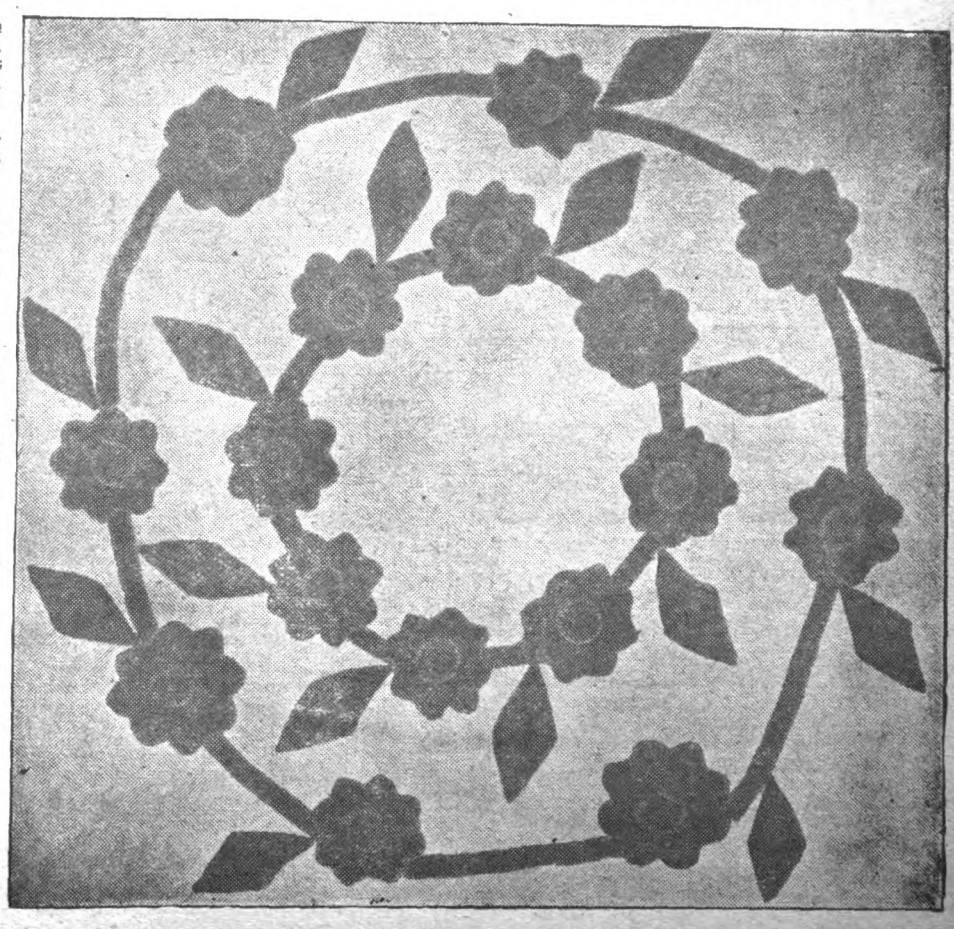
6th row—4 sps, * 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat from * ending with 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—3 sps, * 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, repeat from * ending with 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—2 sps, 1 blk, * ch 7, 4 d c, ch 7, 1 blk, repeat from * ending with 2 sps, ch 3, turn.

9th row—2 sps, (one is now decreasing to form points) 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 tr c be-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



Rose Wreaths by Mrs. Haddock. Unbleached 16-inch squares. Green leaves and stems buttonholed on edges with lighter green. Pink scallop edged roses with yellow centers, also buttonholed.

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Haley's Iron Heart

By Hapsburg Liebe

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"COME here, Peaches—come here, honey! You mustn't put clothespins on the cat's tail thataway; it's funny to you, I know, but it hurts the pore cat. Come back, Thomas—kitty, kitty, kit-tee!"

Linderman Haley stopped short at the sound of Julie Anson's voice, which came from a rambling log house a little above the road. He knew that voice; he remembered it across the silent years. He took his hand from the butt of the big blue gun he carried under his corduroy coat, took his eyes from the road that led to—the violent death of Big Scrub McNabb, doubtless, for one thing.

"I'm afear the devil'll git ye, Peaches, fo' tawmentin' that pore cate," creaked Grandpap Anson.

Came then the voice of a child: "I won't do it any more, Julie. I didn't want to hurt the kitty. Grandpap says I ain't jest natchelly bad; and I isn't, is I?"

"You sartainly isn't!" laughed Julie. "Set down here, Peaches, and pet the kitty. Mebbe it'll fo'give ye, honey."

Linderman Haley left the road that led to the death of Big Scrub McNabb—doubtless, pressed up a narrow path, passed the screen of laurels that had hidden the cabin from him, reached the gate of split paling, and there drew up short. "Peaches" was alone now; she sat on the honeysuckle-covered porch, the cat purring in her arms. "Peaches" was a slim-legged and pigtailed, poorly-dressed little girl of about eight; she was as brown as a berry, as alert as a squirrel. Something—a resemblance—in her childish face caught at the strings of Haley's iron heart. He walked into the yard, halted before the porch, and began to stare at Peaches, who had become suddenly very sober.

"Grandpap said the devil might would git me," she said to Linderman Haley. "Did you ever see the devil, Mister?"

He shook his head and answered: "No."

"Will he," the child pursued, "put me on a great big fork and stick me in a great big fire ef I'm mean to the kitty?"

Haley scratched his stubbly chin. "The devil ain't a—a animal," he muttered to the wide-eyed Peaches. "The devil is a sperit. All the bad the' is in the world; that's the devil. And all the good is God. Are you Julie's little gyurl, Peaches?"

Peaches looked satisfied back to the cat she was mothering.

"Old mean tosepin," she cooed—"it bite him tail, didn't it? Old mean tosepin! I'm Julie's little gyrul now, Mister. My mammy's gone to glory, grandpap said, and my pap——"

"What about him?" Linderman Haley interrupted, his breath coming short and quick.

"He's in the penitenchy," said Peaches, "but he'd soon ort to be out, Julie said. His name's Linderman Haley. Do you know him?"

* * * * * * *

"I couldn't read and write, and none o' the rest of us couldn't," said the clear-eyed and pretty, half buxom Julie over the dinner table an hour later; "and then—well, Linderman, we thought you'd never live through it to come home, as big and strong as ye was. So we got Sheriff Bailey to send ye word that Effie had died and that the baby would be took keer of. We thought it wouldn't do any good to send ye any more bad news. Yore people, Linderman, is all either dead or moved off. You and Peaches is all the' is left of 'em now."

Haley was silent for a moment. Then his eyes sought the woman's face searchingly.

"And Bill McNabb, Julie; what about him?"

Julie's countenance fell. She knew exactly what was in the mind of the stalwart man who sat across the table from her.

"He's still here," she said; and that was all she said.

"All o' his folks is either dead or moved off too," mumbled old Grandpap Anson. "And Bill himself will soon be dead, is my guess."

Linderman Haley smiled queerly. "Yes; I'm plumb shore o' that. It was the lie he swore that sent me up, grandpap..... And so, Julie, you ain't never married, and I wonder why! It don't seem natchel. I'm thirty, and you must be twenty-eight. Goodness knows ye allus was purty enough."

Julie rose and went toward the stove to hide a furious blush. She and Linderman Haley had grown up together; she had loved him all her life; he, manlike, hadn't seen it—and she, womanlike, had always been careful that he didn't find it out, of course! Haley had gone to Ledford's Laurel, had left his home country and its acres of diamonds, to find a wife—a frail, vinelike little thing who had hardly lived long enough to get acquainted with him..... Peaches had been born after he had gone to the penitentiary—after the cataclysm.

The child's eyes followed him wistfully as he started away. At the gate he turned, his eyes dim, to tell her good by. But she spoke first.

"So you're my pap. Where are ye a-goin' to now, my pap?"

Linderman Haley was talking solely to himself when he said:

"The next time they send me up, it won't be fo' nothin'."

Blindly he caught Peaches from the ground and pressed her to his iron heart. Then he put her gently down and walked blindly away. The child held to the gate with both hands, stood on her bare tiptoes and peered over after him.

"Where are ye a-goin' to now, my pap?" she called disappointedly.

Linderman Haley didn't answer. He stepped into the laurels, and closed his right hand about the butt of the big, blue revolver under his corduroy coat.....But it was wholly like him not to answer. All during the long years in the State prison he had talked so little that his associates had called him "Speechless"—unless they were too close to him. He had talked so little, in fact, that his old hill dialect had changed not one whit.

Bill McNabb was a giant of a man, with curling black beard and keen black eyes. He had been the champion timberjack fighter on Big Scrub River, and they knew him always as "Big Scrub." He was ten years older than Haley, and he had wanted Effie Garland. His false swearing had been done in the hope that he would get Effie when Haley was sent up. But he hadn't. Death had got her.

Big Scrubb McNabb sat on the steps at the front of the old McNabb cabin and smoked a cob pipe. On the ground before him a hound lay asleep in the warm summer sunshine. In a thicket of laurel a few rods out of his right, Linderman Haley crept up and leveled his revolver—and Haley hadn't forgotten how to shoot.

Then an odd light appeared in his eyes, and he let the weapon down. What satisfaction would it be to him to kill McNabb unless McNabb knew who it was that had done it?

Haley put the gun back under his coat, walked around the thicket, and entered by the gateless front gateway. McNabb looked up, took the pipe from his mouth, and went a trifle ashen—and waited.

"Hi, Bill," said Haley. His smile was small and terrible.

"Hi, Linderman," grunted McNabb.

"I've come to collect, Bill. I wanted ye to know who done it."

"He'p yeself, Linderman," almost disinterestedly.

"You know why——"

Peaches caught the sleeve of his gun arm. Her innocent eyes looked up to his sober face in reproof.

"That man there," she said very primly, pointing toward McNabb, "is lowdown and wicked, my pap. We don't never come here. Le's go back to Julie, my pap; will ye?"

"Back to Julie——" Haley repeated. He didn't know what he was saying. Then: "Did Julie send ye, Peaches?"

"No." She indicated Big Scrub McNabb again. "He's lowdown and wicked. The devil will put him on a great big fork and stick him in a great big fire. Le's go back to Julie, my pap."

Haley stared, his face white. Peaches went on: "Don't ye hear it a-thunderin', my pap? It's a-goin' to come a big storm. Please put me up on ye shoulders and ride me home to Julie, won't ye?"

A bare glance told Linderman Haley that a bank of pit-black clouds, shot through with forked tongues of lightning, was stealing fast over the western mountain; already he felt the wind freshening on his cheek. He took his daughter up into his arms and carried her away, and Big Scrub McNabb watched him go with something akin to disappointment in his eyes.

The storm broke just as Haley and the delighted Peaches reached the shelter of Grandpap Anson's roof. Old Anson held the door open for them, and barred it against the maddened elements after they had entered. Haley put the child down, walked to a small window and stood there looking solemnly, with unseeing eyes, into the furious sheets of wind-driven rain.

Julie touched him lightly on the arm.

"Did ye do it, Linderman?"—anxiously in spite of herself.

He saw that her cheeks bore the stains of tears, and he wondered why she had wept.

"No," said he, "I didn't do it. Not yit. But when the storm is over, then I'll do it."

He faced her. She averted her gaze. She was as careful as ever to see that he didn't find it out.

"Who," he asked bitterly, "is the' left to keer about me?"

"There's Peaches," she murmured—still careful to see that he didn't find it out.

"She's got a good home wi' you, Julie."

A moment of silence save for the wild howling of the wind, the threshing of the rain; then:

"After this, Linderman, the creek'll be full. You couldn't cross it ontel tomorrow."

"I'll cross it today," replied Haley. "You keep Peaches here wi' you, Julie."

"I didn't know she follered ye this time," Julie told him. "It's pow'ful hard to keep a eye on her, sometimes. She's a good deal like a squirrel."

The rain passed. Without a word, Linderman Haley left the Anson cabin and set out again to kill Bib Scrub McNabb.

Julie had been correct: the creek was full—roaring, raging full of dashing, foaming, muddy water. Haley crossed it by means of the old foot-bridge, which was not more than two feet wide, and his weight bore it down in the center until the water came over it and wet his feet through his cowhide boots. But he didn't even know that his feet were wet.

Big Scrub was not sitting on the steps this time. The door was standing open, and Linderman Haley, his revolver ready in his hand at his hip, walked in. From somewhere in the semi-darkness of the mil-dewed room stepped Bill McNabb, white-faced, his eyes gleaming queerly; he held up a big hand as though to stay the other's trigger-finger.

"Well?" snapped Linderman Haley.

"I've found out a good many things, Linderman," drawled Big Scrub, his voice low, almost soft. "And one of 'em is 'at a man cain't play hoss with the Almighty and git away with it."

Haley sneered. "No?"

"No. It took me a long time, Linderman, to figger it out. I owe the Almighty a human life, Linderman, and I got to pay. I reckoned I'd fooled everybody—and I had fooled everybody, 'cept Him. I killed the man—as well as swore the lie—that sent you up, Linderman, and I got to pay. You mustn't shoot me, Linderman, fo' because then you'd haf to pay like me."

"Do ye think," growled Haley, "'at ye can beg and sneak out of it thataway? Do ye think ye can talk me out of it, Scrub?"

McNabb smiled a very little, very odd smile.

"But ye don't onderstand, Linderman. Ye don't onderstand. Le' me have yore gun, and I'll save ye the sin and the debt. You've done suffered enough at my hands now. I don't want ye to suffer no more. And I don't want you to try to put anything over on the Almighty, like I done! Le' me have yore gun, Linderman, and I'll pay you and Him both wi' one crook o' my trigger-finger."

Haley stopped breathing until it sank in—he had come to kill McNabb, and here was McNabb offering to do it himself! It was not a trick to get possession of the revolver; he saw in Big Scrub's eyes that it wasn't. Big Scrub was a little more in deadly earnest than he had ever been before in his life.

Then he noted something wholly different in McNabb's gaze, which had strayed over his shoulder and was riveted toward the swollen, mad stream below——

"The little gyurl——" shrieked Big Scrub—"yore baby!"

Linderman Haley wheeled and looked. He was just in time to see Peaches, who had followed him again, lose her balance and topple from the narrow bridge to the seething torrent. He threw down his revolver and ran like a buck deer, with Big Scrub hard on his heels—he saw Julie Anson, horror written deeply on her face, rushing toward the creek from the other side; and he saw her plunge into the creek in a brave but hopeless attempt to save the child whose little fingers had grown around her heart like tender vines!

In the smallest part of a second, Haley had to decide which of the two he would save. He sprang toward Peaches, whose head he could barely see on the water's surface.

But he sprang against a bowlder that was but thinly submerged, and his head struck first; bells rang in his ears; then world and sky became all black to him.

Haley wasn't unconscious for long. When he opened his eyes, he saw Julie's face close to his, and he heard Julie sob, and then he knew that he lay with his head on her breast, with her arms around him; Julie thought he was dead! He moved, and her arms slackened, quivered, and her face went whiter, then turned pink—for her life's secret was a secret no longer. Little hands laid hold of his wrist, and he saw Peaches, all wet and dripping, as were both Julie and himself.

"My pap," Peaches whispered, half afraid, "is you ain't dead?"

"Not by a damned sight," Linderman Haley said uncertainly—"Julie, I beg yore pardon for a-talkin' thataway. Yores too, Peaches. Julie, how d-did we all git out, anyhow?"

He sat up and faced her. Julie answered: "I managed to climb out myself after I seed Peaches was safe. Bill McNabb got you and Peaches out, Linderman."

"Bill McNabb!"

"Yes."

"The devil won't put him on a great big fork and stick him in a great big fire now, will he, Julie?" said Peaches.

"No, honey. There he is, Linderman," murmured Julie, pointing.

Haley got to his knees, faced about, and saw the giant hillman, who also was on his knees. Big Scrub was smiling happily.

"I paid Him back two fo' one, Linderman," he said.

Then he rose and went toward the old McNabb cabin. Julie was about to go to her feet. Then Haley's two dripping hands came down on her half-buxom shoulders.

"Julie," he began, his voice breaking—for the iron heart was melting—"Julie, I'm a-seein' the light at last. Will ye marry me, Julie?"

Now that he knew, there was no barrier.

"Of course, Linderman," she said. "Of course."

'Neath Mid-Summer Moonlight

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

he asked, his voice calm. Ah, but how heart-sick was he!

She did not answer directly.

"I suppose it is my duty to explain the whole masquerade to you, Mr. Langdon, and so I shall. You see, I was expected at the Van Oaks's a few weeks back. It seems that the coterie has been teasing you about me and you had stated that if you were to be caught, it would have to be by strategy.

"This chance remark of yours gave Bennie Thompson an inspiration. He proposed to Hortense's guests that you be made to fall in love with me, incognito. It happens that I have a little talent for singing and acting, so they invented a

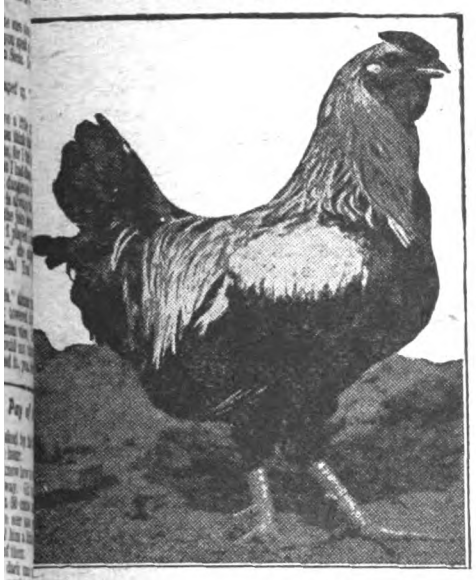


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

he Influence of Males on a Flock

AS August and September are the months when poultry keepers commence to think about selecting birds they are going to keep over for breeding stock the following year, it seems a proper time to call attention to a few important facts.

Grain and labor are so expensive these days that one can afford to keep scrub stock any longer, d this is the best time of the year to start improv- as most large poultry farms will sell young ckerels in the fall than later in the season. A ll-bred hen costs less to feed than a mongrel be- se she is properly proportioned and constituted, d so utilizes the food given her that she is always good condition. The mongrel, being a mixture several breeds, the food she consumes goes first to ke form, then fat; but rarely, if ever, is she in fect condition either as a fryer or roaster, and as egg producer she is never profitable.



SILVER PENCILED WYANDOTTE COCK.

Many of my correspondents seem to think that e only advantage of keeping pure-bred stock is aving pretty things to look at, and the extra price hich their eggs may bring for setting All this is a istake. Pure-bred birds are the best for market nd eggs, because, as I have said before, they have o counteracting characteristics to overcome; so re always plump and dress well at all ages, and fter they stop growing, every scrap of food over nd above what they need to keep up to their nor- al condition is converted into eggs. A pure-bred hicken, when nine weeks of age, will have a com- act and well-proportioned form, plump breast and highs, and weigh from a pound and a half to two ounds, where the mongrel of the same age will be ong of limb, large boned, with protruding breast one, and not half the amount of flesh.

The careful study and observation which big oultrymen and agricultural colleges have given to he subject of egg production during the last fifteen ears, have proved conclusively that the male bird as more influence in building up a strain of heavy ayers than the females, which is a point not general- y known.

The average person selects the best layers in the lock for the breeding pen, and then spoils every- hing by selecting a cheap male bird whose appear- nce pleases, without knowing about the charac- eristics of the stock he came from. Many letters receive tell me that the writers began two or three ears ago with good birds, and had splendid luck or the first and second years, but that the egg yield ad dwindled down to almost nothing, though they eed just the same as before, and change roosters very year. This last sentence is just where the rouble lies. They started with good birds which ad been bred specially for egg production, then nated them to new rooster each year without any nowledge of the egg-laying qualities of his maternal ancestors. Naturally, the pul- ets from such a mating are in- erior layers. To get good pul- ets which will mature early and lay well, the father bird must come from a family of heavy layers. This is of much greater importance than the number of eggs laid by the mother of the pullet.

Farmers have grasped this point pretty generally about cows, but they haven't awakened to the fact that the same princi- ple applies to poultry, yet the rooster had as much influence with the number of eggs the pul- let laid as the bull had had with the milk yield of the coming heifers.

Many of you have been read- ing this department and asking my advice, and hundreds have acknowledged that I have been able to help you, so why not take my advice on the subject of get- ting good male birds? Sell off some of your old hens or poor young stock and buy a good cockerel from a poultryman who knows his business and mates his birds for practical results. Of course, such a man can't sell his birds for one or two dollars apiece. It has taken him time to establish a flock of birds with records be- hind them, and it can only be accomplished through experience and years of constant culling, and the use of trap nests, which means lots of extra work watching the nests and releasing the hens after they have laid, but it is the only way, and the breeder can surely know each hen's value as an egg producer.

I visited a poultry plant not long ago, where trap nests had been in use for ten years. In each of the laying houses a chart was kept, and when the pul- lets were put in the house in September, bands were put on their legs and the number of the band was entered on the chart. All through the season a man goes through the houses every two hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., taking the hen from the trap nests and entering their numbers on the records so that the owner can look back ten years and see the record of every hen for several generations.

At the end of the first year the best layers are separated and mated to roosters hatched from eggs laid by equally good layers, and after ten years of such work it was found that the hen of heavy egg yield never produced a daughter which was as good an egg producer as herself, but that the cockerels produced from her eggs always gave her great egg-producing power to their daughters. So you see it is the productiveness of your male birds' mothers and grandmothers that really count, and as it costs heavily to put in trap nests and pay the extra help to watch them and keep records, you can't expect to get cockerels from such stock for less than ten dollars apiece, and remember that if you mate one such bird to seven hens you are pretty sure to get a hundred pullets from the mating, and if their egg producing power is only improved one per cent., the sale of the extra eggs the first season will more than pay the purchase price of the sire, besides improving your stock for several generations.

The second season use the same bird to head a pen of five of his own pullets, and mate the seven original hens to the brightest and strongest looking of his sons and you will have a flock of heavy layers. Disabuse your mind of the idea that pure-bred birds are only for looks, and to win prizes at shows, and realize that they are the only practical money-making birds, because they lay more eggs and bring more per pound when dressed for market. And, remember also, that you only want male birds for breeding pens.

Pullets and hens being kept only for market eggs should have no male birds with them, as infertile eggs are preferred for eating. There is no danger of infertile eggs ever developing a blood spot, due to embryo development. Due to the absence of a fertile germ they withstand heat much better than a fertile egg. During shipments, especially during the winter, it is often that the crates are exposed to considerable heat when they are placed near the steam pipes in the express car or office, and again they are allowed to remain on the platform for a considerable time on cold days and exposed to a low temperature. In the case of fertile eggs the intense heat would cause the embryo to develop beyond its normal resting stage, while the following exposure to cold would cause the death of the developing embryo, which would tesult in a blood spot. An infertile egg will stand shipment remarkably well under peculiarly adverse conditions which must be expected in a greater or less degree where large quantities of eggs are handled at all seasons of the year and over great distances. Again, infertile eggs are much easier to preserve. It is a common practice to put thousands of dozens of eggs in cold storage when the price is low and the supply abundant, for use in the winter months when the supply is limited and the price high. Infertile eggs stand this storage and come out much better than fertile eggs. It is often the case that private families desire to preserve a limited number of eggs for their own use in winter, and they are usually put down in water glass or salicylate of soda. The infertile eggs are found to be far superior for home preservation to fertile eggs. The infertile are much slower to decay. There is an old saying that "where there is no life there can be no death," and with the infertile egg there has been no union of male and female germ cells, because there is no possibility of such eggs becoming decayed or rotten except as they are handled under very adverse conditions. Infertile eggs are much easier to produce and cost less than fertile eggs, due to the fact that no male birds are required in the pen, and it is a fact that just as many infertile eggs are produced from a given pen as there would have been if a male bird had been present.

This being the case, it seems foolish to keep a lot of useless male birds running with the whole flock. Sell them off, and buy one or two good cockerels to mate with your best stock next spring, and so establish a profitable flock of thoroughbred birds.

The really big money in the poultry business comes from selling eggs and stock for breeding, and it should be the aim of every poultry dealer who has gleaned experience from practical work to establish a flock of really fine birds. I started with common stock, because when I commenced I hadn't the capital to commence with anything better, but from the first I studied the principles of mating, and at the end of about three years, when my poultry was paying well, I determined to start out with a higher class stock, which would enable me to get big prices for eggs and birds. I bought a trio which had won first prize at the New York Poultry Show. They cost seventy dollars, which seemed an awful price for just three birds, and I felt guilty until results justified the extravagance.

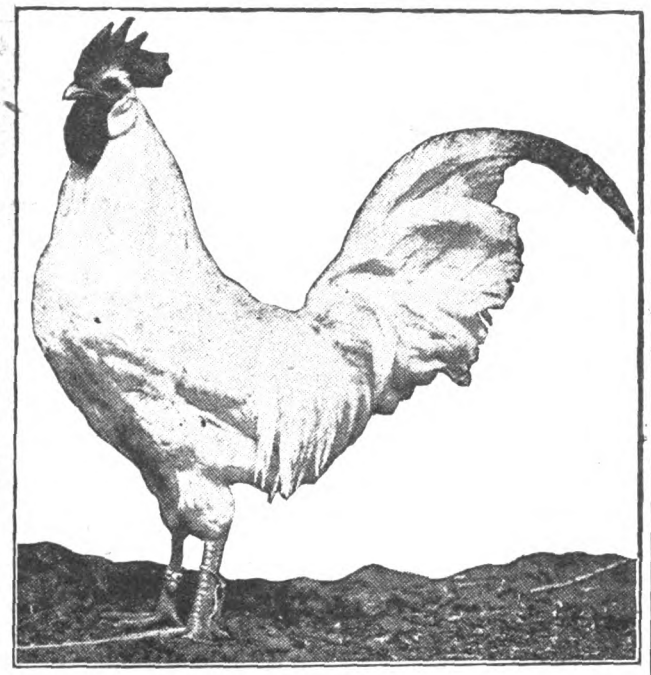
Rearing prize birds is one of the most profitable and interesting branches of husbandry, but to succeed you must have knowledge to work on. The beginner is usually convinced that two perfect looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once and intelligently combated by the next season's mating.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address. Otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

E. L.—The heavy breeds are not so active as the lighter ones, and so need to be allowed to exercise, or they will get too fat, and liver trouble with diarrhea is almost sure to develop. Read answer to T. H. M.

J. N. S.—The temperature in the incubator running down to 90 degrees, and opening the machine during the period of hatching, were both serious errors which may have caused the trouble. Yes, by all means have the hot air pipe resoldered. I have never operated the make of incubator you mention, so cannot have any opinion on it, but I can assure you that the condition of the hen that lays the eggs that are put into the machine, and the person who operates the machine, have more to do with good hatches than the machine itself.



CHAMPION WHITE LEGHORN COCK.

S. R.—Blackhead, a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease, which is especially characterized by sores in the cecum or liver, which are caused by a protozoan which has been named Amœba meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten-millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system, from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: the amœba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction to the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart constitute late symptons. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth which do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The amœbæ are transmitted from diseased turkeys to the others through the droppings, which

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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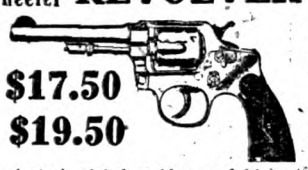
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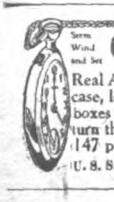
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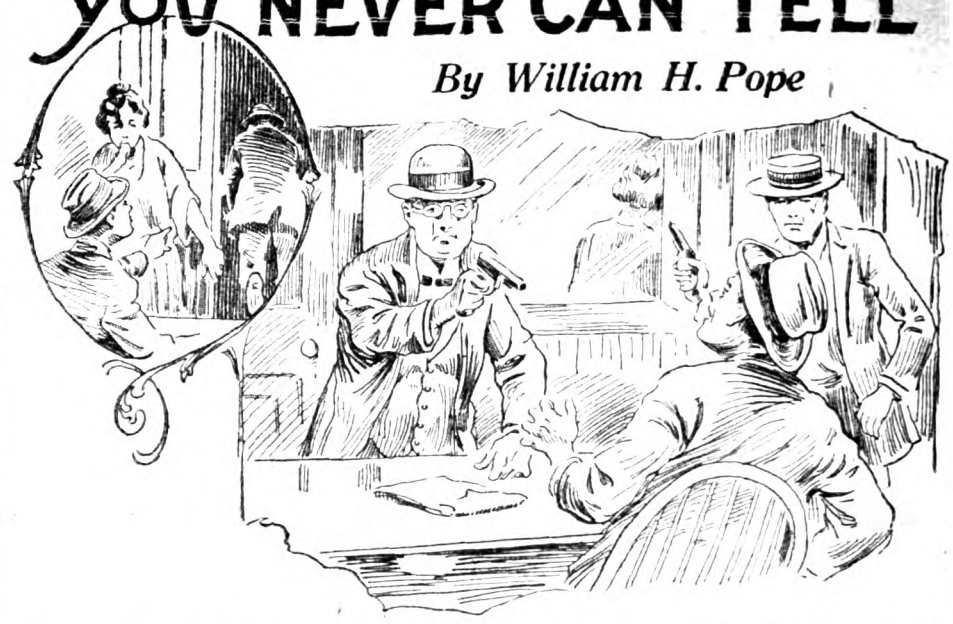
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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By William H. Pope



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CEDARVILLE Bank is a quiet, unassuming little edifice of brick through which the lifeblood of the nation flows in a stream altogether disproportionate to the size of the bank. Situated between the foothills and the lowlands close to a placidly flowing river, one would reckon the village a dreamy country town content with a business of a few thousand a year, but the hills produce sleek cattle and luscious fruits and berries, the lowlands offer their quota of grain and cotton; the town itself has two or three thriving manufactories exclusive of the lumber industry—and the bank has a capitalization of fifty thousand dollars.

It follows that such a prosperous business requires a larger force than ordinarily found in a country bank.

The bank was in a seethe of suppressed excitement. A package containing five thousand dollars had mysteriously disappeared from the cashier's desk. The president was closeted with the bank detective. He rang for the cashier.

That individual entered the office and closed the door behind him a thirty seconds later. He had been expecting the summons.

"Have you discovered anything yet, Mr. Hawkins?" asked the president a trifle coldly.

"I have not, sir," answered Hawkins quietly. His face was drawn and pale. He looked older than his strong figure and firm young face should have permitted. The president himself, Mr. Mosby mentally noted the fact that Hawkins had aged perceptibly in the last hour.

"Could any one have entered your cage, Mr. Hawkins, while you were out?"

"They might while I was out, Mr. Mosby. But I have not left the office this morning."

"The devil!" exclaimed Mosby. "Currency does not sprout wings and fly. It was there; we all know that. Presto! it is gone. And by the lord Harry it must be found!"

Hawkins flushed.

"Where is your brother?" continued Mosby.

The detective watching Hawkins closely noticed the color recede quickly.

"This is Saturday, Mr. Mosby. He has gone fishing with a party. You requested that this matter be kept quiet and I said nothing to him."

"Damnation!" barked the president. "I didn't mean employees! We will wash our dirty linen privately. But he must be connected with. His cage is next yours."

"He could not have taken it, Mr. Mosby," Hawkins exclaimed heatedly. "He is above such a thing, to say nothing of steel grating between us."

"He was out once, wasn't he?" asked Mosby in a calmer tone.

"Yes, sir. I sent him to the post-office. Mr. Blunt there took his place. Business was slack."

The detective nodded in confirmation. Tommy Hawkins was David's brother and was paying teller. Blunt caught the president's eye.

"That will do, Mr. Hawkins." The cashier retired.

"Now what?" asked Mosby turning to the detective.

"I have an idea, Mr. Mosby," began the man slowly. "But I hate to advance such a theory. It would explain the matter but would also fasten the guilt on a certain person, and it goes against the grain——"

"Out with it," snapped the president. "That's what I hired you for. Naturally, somebody's guilty. Who is it?"

"Don't be too hasty to jump to conclusions," admonished Blunt. What I have in mind is not conclusive at all—merely gives a possible explanation of the money's disappearance. So far, you know, we've even been unable to show how it could have left the cashier's desk. Now, you've read, of course, of clever thieves abstracting money from places difficult of access by means of lumps of wax on cords, etc., haven't you."

"Too far fetched," snorted the president testily. "You've gone into trashy fiction now."

"Just wait. You'll understand my drift presently. While I was taking Tommy's place for a few minutes I noticed a steel fly rod about four or five feet long that he had brought along to take with him this afternoon. The package of currency, as I understand, was not over four feet away——"

The president began to evince interest. "But the grill work, one inch mesh. The package would not——"

"Would," corrected Blunt, "slip under the grill which lacks three inches of reaching the floor. A fish-hook sharp as they are would easily catch in the cord surrounding the package."

"Gad," breathed the president. "I believe you have got it!"

"But Tommy is square," objected the detective. "A little wild, maybe, but honest, I think."

"Now let me furnish the motive," said Mosby. "The boy is speculating. Not much, but a little. He had a little money, you know. I learned about it a short while ago and intended to caution him. When a man gets that fever he forgets honesty. But how could the package have been taken, admitting that your theory is correct, without the cashier's knowledge. Or do you suppose the thing was cut and dried between them. I'd hate to believe that. I had a good opinion of both of them but of David in particular because he was steadier."

"They may have been in collusion," stated the detective. "David was in the vault a time or two, though to my knowledge."

"That explains the thing," said Mosby decisively. "I'll settle it by Monday morning." He rang for Hawkins again.

So far Miss Adele Woodwith has not entered the story. Perhaps she really should have opened it. Miss Adele's beauty speaks for itself and needs no effort of mine to enhance it. Suffice it to say that she was the One Girl to both the Hawkins brothers and to Detective Blunt. President Mosby's possession of a wife handicapped him. But as to who was the One Man to Miss Woodwith was a different question. To date she had shown no partiality. Each of the three entrys had some quality that the other two lacked. Perhaps she had a favorite—to be quite frank, she had already made a choice but Lor' lumme, as the British say, nobody knew it! Miss Woodwith was private secretary to President Mosby, and practically run the bank. That fact also she kept to herself.

Detective Blunt sat in the parlor that night waiting for her. Let it be known that his love for her was consuming the man, body and soul. Never had he desired anything with the fervor with which he wanted this bewitching girl for himself. But seventy-five bucks divided by two shrinks perceptibly even in a country town.

"I got in late," she apologized for keeping him waiting. "I had some work to do for Mr. Mosby. Isn't it dreadful, the theft, I mean?"

Blunt admitted that it was. The girl breezed on: "Mr Mosby detailed me to help you," she confided, leaning so close to him that he had to grip the arms of the chair to stay in it. Her breath burned him like fire. "I believe the cashier is to blame. Tommy is too young to do anything like that. I asked him to come over tonight"—Blunt's jaw dropped—"and you must hide behind the curtains there"—it raised again—"and see if I can make him confess!"

They had their campaign mapped out when the doorbell rang.

The girl's heart warmed with pity as she noted the cashier's haggard countenance. Hawkins sank dejectedly into a chair. Conversation lagged, despite the girl's desperate efforts to be lively. Finally she drew a chair close to his and took one of his cold hands in hers.

"Tell me, George," she commanded.

"Oh, I took it," he blurted. "I don't know what made me such a fool! I just seemed to lose control of myself as I looked at that package of money—visualized the things it would buy—the pleasures it would bring—and slipped the package into my pocket. What makes men fools sometimes?" he asked bitterly.

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked lifelessly.

"Do? I'm going to return the cash to Mosby and ask him to keep it quiet. Let me go away somewhere and never return. I'd like to keep it quiet for Tommy's sake. If Mosby refuses—he shrugged his shoulder.

"Are you going to him in person?" she asked.

He laughed harshly. "Not much. I'll send him a note first. I can't afford to take chances. It would ruin Tommy."

"Why did you do it, George?" She was leaning very close now, so near that her breath burned his face. He flushed.

"You know why," he muttered.

"Tell me," she insisted, pressing his hand.

"For *you!*" he exclaimed fiercely. "What wouldn't I do for you?"

She threw off his eager hands and sprang to her feet as the curtains to the doorway quivered.

"Run," she cried, pointing to the open window. "Run!"

Blunt disentangled himself from the draperies just as Hawkins flashed through the window into the velvety night. Realizing the futility of pursuit, the detective turned at the window and eyed the girl with baffled rage.

"Why did you warn him?" he demanded harshly. "His get-away won't help him any."

The girl's cheeks flamed higher and her eyes sparkled with a strange light

"Why!" she echoed. "Didn't you hear his words? After he had sacrificed position, future, honor, everything because of his love for me, do you think I would be so base as to turn him over to a punishment he didn't deserve? Truly, you know nothing of women!"

"I didn't know that," admitted Blunt slowly. "Do you love him that much?"

"I din't say that I loved *him* at all," she responded quickly. "A woman would be flattered at such a sacrifice and whether she loved or not she would be partial. Such a sacrifice!" she breathed more to herself than to Blunt. "Was there ever such love?"

A peculiar light came into the detective's eyes. He came close to her "Sacrifice!" he snorted. "The poor fish instead of stealing the money is trying to steal somebody's place with you by letting on that he was willing to go that far."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl in surprise, coming over closer.

Blunt flushed and his breath came fast.

"He didn't steal the money," he stated with conviction. "Someone else did, who loves you more than he ever could."

"You mean——"

"Look," he said thickly. He threw the missing package of currency in her lap.

"Oh!" she breathed. "For me!" Blunt nodded unable to speak.

"How did you know I wouldn't tell?" she asked teasingly.

"I knew," he answered triumphantly. "I've read lots about what a woman would do under such circumstances. Besides, I saw how you did Hawkins."

He slipped an arm about her in huge content. "The bright lights for us, kiddo, and no one will be the wiser. Hawkins'll get the blame, but he deserves it for imposing on you. It was easy," he chuckled, "with the fishing rod."

He leaned over to kiss her, his breath coming fast.

She slipped adroitly out of his embrace. "All right, Mr. Mosby. That's about all."

Blunt started—and stopped as both Mosby and Hawkins stepped through the door and covered him.

Safety Driving Rules

A sticker has been sent out to dealers by a Middle Western automobile dealers' association that should be read by every driver in the United States. The dealer is given a large quantity of these stickers, with instructions to paste one on the windshield of every machine sold or repaired. Drivers or others approaching the "stickered" car read the words, "Please be careful." The inside of the sticker contains instructions for the benefit of the driver of the "stickered" machine. First is shown a diagram indicating the proper use of hand signals. Then follows:

"Imagine the driver of the other car your father.
"Pedestrians have rights on the streets.
"Over five miles per hour at school houses is unsafe.
"Railway trains don't stop at crossings.
"Never pass a street car unloading passengers.
"Twenty-five miles is the top limit; 15 is safer.
"Turn long to the left; short to the right.
"Don't pass another car on its right.
"Sound horn and slow down at all crossings.
"Have your brakes adjusted often.
"Get a windshield wiper and use it.
"Skid chains may prevent collisions.
"Don't drive in the middle of the street or road.
"Stop at all boulevard crossings."



August: "Dog Days" Month

HOT, dry August can hardly be said to have won a "warm spot" in the farmer's heart. Sultry days when the sun blazes down from out brassy skies; hot and breezeless nights when sleep is fond hope that is difficult of realization, no, August is hardly a popular month. But it is the prize growing month. In fact, August tells the tale, we might say, for it is then that we are given the first proof of the season's reward in crops to be harvested. Backward crops make up for lost time then. Why, one can actually *hear* the corn crackling as it grows during a hot night in "Dog Days."

Showers are scarce in August in normal years, and the scant supply of moisture is soon shown in baked, bare-bitten pastures, dusty roadsides and parched fields. And the worst of it is that little can be done now to prevent the rapid evaporation of the little moisture left in the land, for crops have grown too large to permit cultivation. But if the dust mulch has been carefully maintained in fields and garden *until* crops fill the rows, half of the battle is won. Watering the garden is sometimes possible—and now with pressure systems in so many farmhouses, a hose and sprinkler in the garden is quite a commonplace sight that pays real dividends. Remember that in watering the garden, evening is the time for the job. Don't sprinkle! *Soak* the soil thoroughly at night; the plants will drink all night long, and the sun of tomorrow cannot do much robbing if these instructions are followed.

While speaking of "a drink for thirsty plants" we must add a word about the shade trees in the front yard that are so seldom cared for in the way they richly deserve. Many a fine old tree that has cast its welcome shade for half a century is now dying for lack of water. Why? Well, as a rule such trees were set out along the driveway or beside the main road in front of the house. Is that not true? In the days gone by that road was of dirt; the rain that fell upon it soaked into the ground to reach the thirsty rootlets. But now conditions are often different. Perhaps a great state trunk highway passes your way. Maybe it is made of concrete; or is it tar macadam? Anyhow, little or no water finds its way through such a surface. And the old tree, with a large portion of its roots dead from "road-drought," slowly but surely is dying.

Such trees should be saved. They are surely worth it, for the shade they produce, and for the beauty they lend to the farm home—as well as the dollar-value they add in case the old homestead is offered for sale. Here is how to water trees in summer time.

About two feet away from the trunk of the tree, dig a hole 18 inches deep. Cover the bottom with pieces of flat stone, broken pottery, etc., then over this scatter gravel. Make the layer about six inches deep. Set a four-inch tile vertically in the hole, and tamp the dirt and sod securely around it. With the top of the tile projecting only an inch or so above ground, it will not interfere in any way with lawn mowing. All that is then necessary to do to water the tree is to place the nozzle of the garden hose in the tile, turn on a slow flow of water regulated so that the ground will absorb it as it flows, and leave it running. The tree will reward your work by long life and welcome shade. If no running water is available, a few pails of water poured into the tile from time to time will do almost as well; the tile acting as a funnel prevents spilling and wasted water, thus lessening the amount of carrying. Some of the deep rooting trees do not require watering to keep them alive, but all of the shallow rooted ones do, especially beside hard roads.

Making Apple Cider

Apple time on the farm naturally turns one's thoughts to tasty, fresh, home-made, apple cider. But there is cider and cider, good cider and poor cider. In many cases cider making is a hit-or-miss proposition, no set rule being followed, and the result is always problematical. To avoid mistakes and assure a high grade product, care and careful attention to detail is necessary. Here is how the cider making experts, who make the product for general sale, make the best grade of cider.

First select sound, well matured and properly ripened fruit. Avoid wind-falls and wormy apples; these are fit only for vinegar. If different varieties are available at the same time, blend them in proper quantity, according to their sugar, acid and tannin contents so as to give a well-balanced cider of excellent flavor. A blended cider is always preferable to cider made from one or two varieties. Wash and sort the fruit, trimming or discarding all specked or even slightly decayed apples. Grind and press, keeping the mill indoors or in a shady place; this decreases discoloration of cut apples. Add a little water and press again, keeping this second pressing of juice separate from the first pressing. Place the juice in deep containers in a cool room over night, to permit the pomace or sediment to settle. Siphon off the juice from the settlings. Transfer the juice to a clean barrel or other suitable vessel or tank.

And now for the secret of the beautifully clear commercial cider. Slowly add *diatomaceous earth* (kieselguhr or infusorial earth) at the rate of six to eight pounds per 100 gallons of cider. Stir very thoroughly. If the juice is very cold, heat to 130 degrees F. This aids in filtering. Prepare the filter by passing a suspension of diatomaceous earth, previously purified by heating to redness, in water through a filter press or bag filter so as to form a thin layer on the filter cloths. Pour the juice through the filter, stirring the supply tank occasionally in order to prevent the sliming or clogging of the filter. Place the juice as filtered in previously sterilized containers, seal and submerge the containers in cold water in the pasteurizing tank. Pasteurize at 170 degrees F. Remove from the pasteurizer and store in a cool room for 10 days or more before drinking or offering for sale.

These instructions sound rather complicated at first reading, but in reality they are not, and the highly improved nature of the product is ample reward for the extra work and care, not to mention the better keeping qualities and safer selling qualities of the cider that results.

How to Make Vinegar

Cider vinegar is considered by most farmers as a sort of by-product of cider making, but the best grade of vinegar is *not* made by dumping the pressed apple pomace into an open barrel, allowing it to ferment there for months, turn sour, then press out at some time when it is convenient to "take the time for the job." Such vinegar is listed on the market as *farm vinegar*, where it never receives the price paid for *pure cider vinegar*.

To make the best cider vinegar, take the sweet cider as it comes from the press, strain it and place in a clean cask. If the cask is open, cover with a heavy cloth or wooden lid. Do not use a cask that has had vinegar in it, unless the cask has been carefully cleaned and scalded with boiling water. Add one cake of fresh compressed yeast for each five gallons of cider; mix each cake well in a quart of cider before pouring into the cask. Keep the cask in a room where the temperature is moderate—about 70 degrees F. Keep here for about three weeks, or until gas bubbles stop rising in the liquid. Drain off without disturbing the sediment that has settled to the bottom of the cask. Now place in a cask that has previously held good vinegar, or pour back into the same cask after careful washing. Fill not more than three-quarters full. Leave the stopper out, or leave the top open, to admit plenty of air. Cover such openings with cheese-cloth or wire screen to keep out flies and other insects. Add one pint of good old vinegar for each five gallons of liquid; or add some "mother" of vinegar from the bottom of an old cask. Keep in storage for six months at about 70 degrees F. The finest flavored and most popular vinegar is made in this way from pure apple juice. The product is entitled to the label of *cider vinegar*, *pure cider vinegar*, or *apple-cider vinegar*. Since apples vary greatly in degree of sweetness and juiciness, the vinegar made from them is apt to vary in strength (acidity) from about 4 per cent. up to 6 or 7 per cent. of acetic acid. Most states set the minimum of acidity at 4 per cent.; some permit dilution of vinegar that exceeds the minimum, but so far as we can ascertain no state permits the legal sale of pure cider vinegar containing less than 4 per cent. of acetic acid. If vinegar is diluted, this fact must furthermore be plainly stamped upon the label—a point that farmers may have difficulty in observing when vinegar is sold in bulk.

Give the Chickens Green Feed

When the farm flock is permitted to range at will, little thought need be given to the supply of green feed that is essential to good health and profitable growth. But when the flock is kept confined in a fenced run, usually devoid of any vestige of green growth, some steps must be taken to provide green feed.

On a farm where a large lawn is kept close cropped with a lawn mower, the clippings should never be wasted. Use a lawn mower equipped with a canvas bag to catch the clippings, or rake them up after mowing, then feed them to the hens. The little extra work required to provide the welcome green feed will be amply rewarded by increased egg production, and stimulated growth and health of market fowls.

Another source of green feed that is seldom used as it should and could be on the farm is sod—grass or clover sod that is plowed under in summer breaking. Here is how to use sod in the chicken runs: If grass or clover is to be plowed under, before plowing is begun in earnest, plow three or four furrows about three inches deep along an edge of the field. Only eight rods or so need be plowed in this way, at the most. Then load the turf, while it is still fresh, on a wagon and haul it to the chicken runs. Scatter it in shallow piles here and there in the runs, sprinkle or wet down thoroughly with water if time permits, then leave the feast to the hens. When it is possible to do so, keep the hens away for a couple of days, or until growth is renewed. It is surprising how much dormant growth, and what a large amount of green growth, will result from the loose sods. For dry runs that are devoid of grass or green crops such as oats or rape, no better method of supplying succulent green feed has yet been found than this simple one of scattering in the runs sods that would otherwise be plowed under.

Hints on Soy Bean Harvesting and Haymaking

Though soy beans are now grown quite generally for hay or for seed, many farmers are growing them for the first time. From these come such questions as "When is the best time to cut soy bean hay?" or "How shall I cut my soys that I intend to thresh for seed?" Here are the answers to some of the most commonly asked questions:

When soy beans are to be cut for hay, choose the best weather conditions possible regardless of the condition of ripeness of the pods, for haymaking in good weather is all-important. The plants contain the greatest amount of nutriment when the pods are well developed, but to await complete development may be to encounter bad weather that is a serious handicap to correct curing. The best quality of hay is made by putting the newly cut beans up in small cocks as soon as they are wilted. While in this condition the plants pack together most firmly, therefore shedding water better than if dry and brittle. On land where the soil under the cocks has a tendency to remain wet, the cocks will require turning two or three hours before handling; otherwise the cocks should not need to be touched until they are loaded for hauling.

The best way to stack soy beans is in layers about a foot thick, with four to six inches of straw or coarse hay between the layers. Sprinkle a little coarse salt on each layer as it is stacked, then place the layer of straw, more soy beans, etc. When stacked in this way, livestock will eat the coarse hay or straw with just as much relish as the beans themselves, thus adding considerably to the extent of the crop and providing a useful outlet for straw.

On large areas soy beans may be handled in the same manner as clover hay, using mower, side delivery rake, and hay loader. But where small patches are grown, and when time permits, a better grade of hay can be put up by cutting the beans when the lower pods are almost mature, then putting the wilted plants in small cocks to cure.

When soy beans are to be harvested for threshing for the seed, an ordinary grain binder properly adjusted may be used successfully. Lifter guards are used to prevent heavy loss. Since the soy beans plant branches close to the ground, about one-fourth of the guards of the binder may be equipped with lifter guards, similar to those that are used for small grain that is badly lodged. Only a very small percentage of the beans will be left on the ground where these guards are employed.

The beans should be cut when they are nearly ripe, but before they are dead ripe, for dead ripe beans shatter badly and the loss is great. If the beans are too ripe, cut them in the early morning when the dew is still on the plants, and the moisture will greatly reduce shattering. Sheep or hogs may then be turned upon the land to gather up and make good use of the beans that remain after harvesting is completed. Shocking with a pitchfork has been found an easy way of handling beans, for carefully constructed shocks are unnecessary. Ordinary rains do not injure the beans to any extent; therefore capped shocks are only a waste of labor.

Growing Alfalfa in the South

By far the best time to plant alfalfa in the region of the Mississippi Delta, and in other places in the south where soil and climatic conditions are similar, is in late August and from then on until the last of September. Spring planting, unless the land is free from grass and weed seeds, and has been thoroughly inoculated with the alfalfa nodule-forming bacillus, has generally given unsatisfactory results.

Alfalfa is a crop that requires careful preparation of soil. For best results, choose land from which a crop of peas has just been cut for hay. Disc and harrow the land very thoroughly, but not too deeply, then firm the soil by rolling. Though lighter seeding is sufficient under ideal conditions, such conditions are seldom to be found; therefore a heavier seeding of about 20 pounds to the acre is best, for this produces a thick stand of young plants, and greatly retards the growth of grass and weeds that will quickly take possession of the land after a thin or uneven seeding. Use a drill if the acreage justifies; otherwise use a wheelbarrow seeder. In no case should the "whirlwind" type of seeder be employed. Best results are secured by going over the entire acreage with the seeder in one direction, then going over it again at right angles or "across the drills," as this method insures a more uniform distribution of seed and a better stand.

Choosing the best variety of alfalfa is highly important. A good general rule to follow is to select a variety that has been known to do well in your locality. Extensive tests conducted with thirteen alfalfa varieties at the Delta Branch of the Mississippi Experiment Station upon well-drained buckshot land showed that pedigreed strains of the non-hardy varieties outyielded the recognized hardy varieties, and that the hardy quality of such varieties as Grimm and Cossack were not required in the mild climate of the region. In yields of field-cured hay, Disco, No. 28 made an average annual yield over a period of three seasons of 10,192 pounds per acre. Common South Dakota No. 12 was second with an average yield of 9,807 pounds of field-cured hay. Prospective growers will be interested to learn that the seed of these varieties cost less than the seed of the hardy varieties, though the latter failed to equal these two in yields. These two varieties also stood the winters perfectly, once they became well established. The tests also proved conclusively that it is poor economy to seed anything but pedigreed strains of seed, for the poorest yields were grown from nondescript seed of the common strains. Therefore it is highly advisable to look carefully to the source of seed, pay a little more for it, and guarantee success from the start.

Trim Hoofs of Hogs

Many hog raisers fail to realize the need of trimming the hoofs of heavy boars and brood sows; others who know that it should be done do not put their knowledge into practice, and bad feet and brokendown pasterns are the result. Hog raisers who breed valuable animals for show and sale are very careful to attend to this important detail, however, and here is the way they proceed with the work.

Where only a few hogs are kept, take the animals one at a time, throw them on their side and hold in this position while the trimming is being done. Trim the bearing surface of the wall with nippers and rasp from the toe to a point one-half way back from the heel, but on the *outside only*. Never trim the inside, for if the outside touches the ground first the toes will spread apart and prevent proper shaping of foot. It is important to trim the toes well, even to the point of making them bleed slightly in order to permit the pasterns to straighten up to the normal angle. If excessive bleeding follows trimming, saturate the hoofs with a five per cent. solution of any good commercial coal tar disinfectant, or paint with iodine after bleeding stops.

When a large number of hogs are to be treated it is less work if a breeding crate is employed, instead of throwing each animal, and better time is made in this way. Take the bottom out of the breeding crate, nail a two-by-four-inch joice longitudinally in the middle from sill to sill so that the hog's legs will straddle it. Rig up a strong rope and block-and-tackle. Drive hog into the crate, then raise the crate with the block and rope to a height that will permit the operator to work comfortably sitting down under the crate. The hog will not mind being "up in the air" after the first minute or two, and will soon stop struggling; then the operator may proceed with his work in comfort, completing the job well and quickly.

How Long Do Fence Posts Last?

It is not possible to state definitely the length of life of any kind of fence post under all conditions, because the soil and moisture conditions and the amount of heartwood and sapwood in the post affect its durability. Heartwood is more durable than sapwood. When moisture conditions are changeable, posts are more liable to decay, but in regions where the soil is either very wet or very dry all the year around, posts will last much longer.

White cedar is the wood perhaps most commonly used for fence posts, since it meets the requirements of durability, straightness, ability to hold staples well, and lightness of weight without loss of strength. Of these requirements, durability is by far the most important. Cedar possesses all of these requirements to a greater extent than most other woods that are easily available at a reasonable price; it is not, however, the most durable of woods suitable for making fence posts, provided these woods can be obtained, according to tests conducted by the Forestry Section of Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station. These tests showed that osage orange and black locust lead in durability. Comparative durability of the eighteen kinds of wood tested was found to be as follows:

Osage orange	about 30 years
Black locust	about 25 years
White cedar	about 18 years
Catalpa	about 17 years
Red mulberry	about 16 years
Tamarack heartwood	about 9 years
White oak	about 8 years
Black walnut heartwood	about 8 years
Elm	about 6 years
Red oak, ash, beech and maple	about 4 years
Red pine and jack pine	about 4 years
Willow and cottonwood	about 3 years

The durable woods, such as osage orange and cedar, have such a length of life that preservative treatment is not advisable.

The life of the non-durable woods, however, can be greatly lengthened by treatment with a good preservative. Woods falling in this class are red oak, ash, beech, maple, willow, cottonwood and the pines.

Decay of wood is caused by fungi which require food and moisture for their growth. A good preservative should be an anticeptic and should also act as a waterproofing so as to keep out moisture. Coal-tar creosote answers both of these purposes. Crude oil acts as a waterproofing, and is good to that extent, but coal-tar creosote also poisons the food supply of the fungi and gives better results.

The simplest method of treating posts is to paint them with a preservative after they have been peeled and thoroughly air-seasoned. Coal-tar creosote should be kept heated to about 200 degrees F. and applied to posts *hot*. It is not necessary to paint the entire post; only a band a foot wide that will extend six inches above the ground level and six inches under the ground level is required. Every farmer who has removed decayed fence posts—and few farmers have escaped that "chore"—knows that decay is almost entirely confined to a point just at and under the ground surface. It is well, however, to put a coat of creosote on the top of the post, where moisture may gain entrance through the cut end. Two coats of creosote should be used, and care should be taken to work the protective coating well into any cracks and crevices of the wood. Brushed on hot in this way, creosote should increase the life of fence posts from three to six years. Better results are obtained by dipping posts into a bath of hot creosote, but this calls for more equipment than farms usually possess.

For a fence post plantation in Michigan or other northern states having similar climatic conditions, the best trees to plant are the less durable woods, such as black walnut, European larch, red oak, ash, red pine, and jack pine. These species grow much more rapidly than the white cedar. Black locust and catalpa are difficult to raise in Michigan, due to the susceptibility of the former to insect attack from borers, and of the latter to damage by frost. European larch will produce posts when about 15 years old; the red oak, ash, and jack pine in about 20 years or less on good soils. Osage orange, though the most durable, is objectionable due to the thorns it bears in great profusion, and to its bushy habit of growth which makes it difficult to work among. When these less durable woods already mentioned are grown in plantations to provide fence posts, treating with a good preservative coating is of course essential.

An Average Day's Plowing

Opinions differ widely as to how much land one man and a team should be able to plow in one day. Condition of the soil itself and the level or hilly topography of the country have a direct bearing upon the amount of plowing that can be done.

To arrive at some fair basis upon which to estimate a fair day's plowing, careful records were kept on 324 farms scattered in all parts of Ohio. Considerable difference in the time required for plowing, harrowing, discing, and completely preparing land for planting was noted in different parts of the state, due to the great diversity of soil types and to the hilly, stony or level and stone-free nature of the land. Nevertheless it was found possible to strike a fair average in terms of acres covered in a ten-hour working day.

The average for one man with a 12-inch walking plow drawn by two horses plowed an average of 1.3 acres a day. One man with a 14-inch sulky plow and three horses plowed an average of 1.9 acres a day. One man using a tractor-drawn double-gang plow averaged 5.8 acres a day.

With twelve-inch disc harrows and two horses, 9.2 acres per day was found to be the average. When three horses were used, the average was increased to 10.2 acres. Harrowing with a two-section spike-tooth harrow and three horses accounted for an average of 12.9 acres a day; with a two-section spring-tooth harrow and three horses, only 9.7 acres a day were covered. Rolling land, using two horses, resulted in an average of 11.7 acres per day.

Since these figures are the result of careful investigation and the averages struck take into consideration soil and topography of every kind found in the state, the figures may be safely used in other regions as a basis upon which to estimate or plan farm work and the time required for land preparation.

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Questions and Answers

SUNFLOWER BLIGHT.—The sunflowers that we are growing here for the silo are not doing well this year. The leaves seem to be turning brown and dying, then falling off. Is it some kind of blight? What can I do about it? C. M. E., Idaho.

A.—When withering of lower leaves starts during the blossoming period of sunflowers, gradually ascending the stalks until even the upper leaves are damaged or lost, blight is the cause. This is particularly likely to be the case if the season has been exceptionally hot and dry; also it is more common upon high dry land than upon low and moist land. So far as we know, there is no preventive remedy for sunflower blight. The safest way to proceed is to cut the crop early for silage, thus saving many of the leaves that would otherwise be lost. Sunflowers planted at about corn-planting time may be cut during the first two weeks of August; sunflowers planted as late as the middle of June will hardly be ready for cutting before the first part of September. Early cutting is not a hardship, however, as the quality of the silage is much better when the plants are cut in the early blooming stage. In many regions there prevails a mistaken notion that sunflowers should be allowed to stand until quite mature, but such plants make coarse, woody silage that is not relished by livestock.

WHAT IS KUDZU VINE?—Please give me a little information about this new Kudzu vine that I hear spoken of and read about in the seed catalogs. Some places it is mentioned as a hardy vine that will stand our winters; others say that it will only grow in the south, where freezing is very light. I am interested in the new vine, as I have been told that it will make a growth of a rod or more in a single year without much care or cultivation. R. R. V., Tenn.

A.—Kudzu vine (Pueraria thunbergiana) is a leguminous vine that has been introduced into the United States from Japan; though it has been known in this country since about 1876, it is only recently that it has attracted attention as a plant of economic importance. In Japan this plant is grown on hillsides to be used for pastures. The stems are manufactured into grass cloth; the roots are rich in starch and are used for human food; hay made from the long vines is too coarse to meet with American approval. Kudzu is relatively hardy, and will thrive in our southern, southeastern and western states, provided the climate is moist as well as warm. Plants have been known to winter over successfully as far north as Nova Scotia, and it is quite possible that the hardy qualities may be improved by careful selection. Kudzu produces long prostrate branches, from which grow leaves that closely resemble those of the common bean, except that they are from 6 to 12 inches in size. Where stem joints touch the ground, roots start and new plants are propagated. All kinds of livestock relish the leaves. Chemical analysis shows Kudzu to be about equal to alfalfa and clover in nutriment, but the stems which grow to a length of 20 to 30 feet in a single season are likely to be too woody and coarse for stock to eat. Under Tennessee conditions it might be advisable to give Kudzu a trial, or write to your State Agricultural Experiment Station at Knoxville for information and complete cultural instructions.

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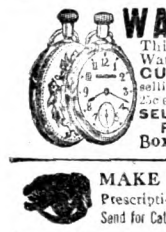
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Alicia Mary Goes A'Hinting

By

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ALICIA Mary sat on the front steps, nursing her doll. Gwendoline was the doll's name. Though minus a right eye and a left leg, she was loved none the less for the deficiencies. Indeed her crippled condition only endeared her the more to the heart of her young parent. And if her cheeks no longer retained their pristine bloom, her golden hair still curled as it had done on that December morn when she first tumbled out of a Christmas stocking.

Alicia Mary's hair was not golden, neither did it grow in clustering curls; instead it was a straight dark brown, worn in what is popularly known as a Dutch cut, and surmounted by a bow of faded pink which made up in size what it lacked in hue. Her eyes were of a nondescript shade, and her nose turned up, with two little freckles on the extreme end.

Her very pretty aunt, who was twenty-five and engaged, used to massage her face each day, so Alicia Mary, having heard that cucumber juice was good for the complexion, surreptitiously squeezed some into an old paint box and annointed her nose and fastened a clothespin on it every night to change the shape. But at the end of a week the small devotee of beauty became discouraged in her quest and decided to heed her mother's advice that if she only behaved as well as she looked, she would do very well.

Alicia Mary gently jo ted Gwendoline up and down on one knee the same as she had seen the old lady across the street do to her litt e granddaughter when her daughter wasn't looking. But it was an absent-minded jolt, for it was evident that the young mother's thoughts were not upon her child. On the contrary, she was peering anxiously up and down the street, her forehead in a deep frown, while every now and then she sighed so heavily that she almost burst the buttons from her gingham dress. The clock had just struck eleven-thirty and Colonel Armstead was not in sight.

Colonel Armstead was Alicia Mary's best friend. The fact that he was eighty and she was eight did not seem to lessen their affinity in any way. Every morning he walked downtown for his paper, always returning by way of Alicia Mary's house so that she could walk part way home with him. On the corner where the electric cars passed, she had to turn back.

Once in a great while she was permitted to go all the way and have lunch with the Colonel and his sister in the big stone house with the sleeping lions each side of the front walk. These were red letter days in Alicia Mary's life. She liked that big dining-room with the round, shiny table without any cloth and she liked eating off china that was so thin it looked as though it would break if you didn't lay your spoon down gently. And it was pleasant to have a knife and fork the same size as grown people's and to be waited on by a black man with shiny buttons. At home just after you got comfortably seated, your mother always said, "Oh, Alicia Mary, won't you hop down and bring me another dessert spoon?" Or your father would cry, "Quick, Sheeziks, you're the youngest, run get me the carving knife."

But when she dined at the Colonel's, she sat up very straight in her high-backed leather chair and tried to act perfectly composed when she felt her legs slipping over the shiny surface. However, just at the moment when she was about to disappear for good and all, the black man always pulled her back and though she gazed at the Colonel from the tail of her eye, neither he nor his sister ever seemed to notice that anything out of the ordinary had occurred.

Suddenly Alicia Mary gave a start. Her quick ear had caught the tap, tap of the Colonel's wooden leg. Yes, he was coming up the street. She tumbled down the steps and flew to meet him, Gwendoline dangling by the arm in most unmotherly abandon.

The Colonel's gaze seemed riveted on a sparrow twittering above his head. An avalanche of pink gingham was hurled against his free side, and he looked down in mock astonishment.

"Why, bless my soul," he cried, "if it isn't Alicia Mary!"

She poked a fat finger at him delightedly. "You knew all the time it was me. You did it on purpose."

The Colonel laughed, but at once assumed a grave expression as he asked in most solicitous tones, "And how is your daughter this morning, Madam?"

Gwendoline was instantly righted and her curls smoothed down.

"She was very naughty at breakfast," was the solemn reply. "She wouldn't eat her oatmeal."

"Ah," said the Colonel gravely. "That is a very serious matter. Of course you didn't allow her to go unpunished?"

An uncomfortable recollection stirred Alicia Mary's brow and she stared hard at her scuffed-out shoes.

"She had to sit in the straight-backed chair beside her father's desk and not get down for a whole half hour."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "That was dreadful. Let us hope there won't be any repetition of the offense."

Alicia Mary dimpled. "There won't be tomorrow," she giggled as she tucked her hand confidingly in his, "for I made a hole in the oatmeal bag and it's all trickling down behind the flour barrel."

"My! my!," said the Colonel. "I wonder if you're the little girl I'm looking for."

Pink bow stopped with a jerk.

"What is it?" she demanded suspiciously.

By this time they had almost reached Alicia Mary's gate, and the Colonel was fingering the red string of a bulky package tied to his crutch.

"This morning when I was downtown," he began slowly, "an old white-haired gentleman came up to me and said, 'I wonder if you know a plump, little rosy-cheeked girl with brown hair, who lives on Avon Street and who always carries a big doll when she goes out to walk?'"

"Why that's me," cried Alicia Mary in astonishment.

"That's exactly what I told the old gentleman," continued the Colonel, "and he at once asked me to give you this box on my way home," whereupon he gravely placed the package in her hands.

"Why-ee!" exclaimed Alicia Mary, I wonder who he could be!"

"I wonder," said the Colonel.

"Oh, Alicia Mary," he called as she scampered up the steps, "I forgot. Here's something for your mother. Don't forget to give it to her," and he presented a delicately tinted envelope addressed in an old-fashioned hand and hobbled down the street, chuckling.

Alicia Mary, clutched to her heart the letter and the box, and dashed into the house.

"Dinner's all ready," called her mother from the dining-room. "Run wash your hands quick."

"Yes, and bring down my glasses, baby," added her father. (How she did wish they would treat her like a big girl.)

She struck two smudgy fingers under the faucet, gave them a passing flirt with the towel, and tore for the table.

"Look, mother," she cried, pulling off the paper and twine in feverish haste, "just look what I've got. Oh, a beautiful set of dishes! Oh! Oh!"

"Hello," said her father, "where did those come from?"

"Why an old man on the street gave 'em to Colonel Armstead and asked him to give 'em to me. Oh, mother, who could it have been?"

Her brother Joe gave her hair a yank as he slid into the seat beside her.

"Gee! but you're easy, Alicia Mary," he snorted. "The old duffer was kiddin' you. He gave 'em to you himself."

"He didn't!" she retorted indignantly.

"Sure he did. Say but you're some four flusher. Work him for a new racket for me, won't you? You can hand him the dope, all right."

"That will do, Joseph," said his father sharply. "Your English is anything but elegant. Besides, you have no right to tease your sister so."

"In my day," spoke up Grandmother Hollis, "children were seen and not heard."

Joe grunted as loudly as he dared and buried his face in his soup spoon. As usual, it was the mother who threw herself into the breach.

"Here are some toasted crackers for you, Joey," she said, putting a plate beside him, and as she rescued the pink bow from Alicia Mary's tear-wet lashes she added gently, "What's the letter, little daughter?"

Alicia Mary shoved it toward her.

"It's for you," she sniffed. "The Colonel said to give it to you."

Her mother opened the envelope and read aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Westcott;

My niece, Mrs. Willis, whom you may remember meeting at my home last winter, is to entertain the members of the Woman's Club at her country home on the Hudson next Wednesday afternoon. It would give me great pleasure to have you as my guest.

"Yours very cordially,
"Lucretia Armstead."

A flush of pink crept into the mother's thin cheek as she looked tremulously around the table.

"How perfectly lovely of Miss Armstead to think of me!" she murmured, "but of course I can't go."

"Why 'of course'?" said her husband. "Why in the world shouldn't you?"

"Oh, mother," cried Edith, Alicia Mary's oldest sister, who was sixteen and always wrote her name *Edythe*, "you wouldn't refuse such a chance as that. Why, Mrs. Willis has loads of money and is terribly swell."

"But I haven't anything to wear," protested her mother. "My black lace is too shabby and I haven't another thing."

Mr. Westcott's face grew sober.

"That's a shame, mother. Can't you fix it up some way?" he asked helplessly.

"No, Edward, it's been made over three times already, and the last time I wore it at the Peabody's dinner, it broke in two or three places so I said I could never do it again. But don't feel badly," she added quickly, "next year I'll have a new one and then I'll be ready for a dozen Woman's Clubs."

"Humph!" sniffed Grandmother Hollis. "You've said 'next year' ever since Joey was in his cradle and I haven't seen you buy anything new yet."

Mr. Westcott stirred uneasily. He was not unconscious that his mother-in-law secretly scorned him for being a financial failure, and any reference to their straightened circumstances made him uncomfortable.

"Oh, dear," sighed Edith, "there's Mrs. Wardwell laid up with a broken ankle so she can't go out, and she has reams of pretty dresses and she's just your size. I don't see why you can't borrow one of her."

"My dear!" gasped her mother.

"Well, she's always sending you flowers and fruit, and when you were getting over the fever she sent the carriage ever so many times. I don't see why she couldn't send you a dress too. You don't need to ask point blank, just hint around."

"Sure thing," added Joey, busily tucking away roast beef and potatoes. "There's Miss Lyman, too. She's a good old scout. She had on a hat yesterday that had Aunt Nell's stopped forty ways. Get a dress of Mrs. Wardwell and a hat of Anne Lyman and there'll be some class to you."

He rose from his chair and gave his mother a good-by peck. "Ta, ta! I've got to beat it. Old Bones said if I didn't know my algebra today I'd get canned, sure," and he grabbed his cap and was gone.

After dinner Alicia Mary took Gwendoline to the bench under the apple tree and sat down to cogitate. This was a somewhat serious operation, accompanied by a wrinkling of the nose much like that of a small puppy, and an incessant boring of one well-worn heel into the soft earth.

For Alicia Mary had seen what the others had failed to notice—that though her mother had pretended not to care, her eyes had looked misty when she laid down the invitation. And later, when they were alone and Alicia Mary had whispered softly, "I wish you had a pretty dress," her mother had caught her in her arms and, squeezing her hard, answered, "I had rather have you, baby, than all the pretty dresses in the world."

But Alicia Mary thought it was rather hard that her mother couldn't have her and the pretty dresses, too. What had she meant when she laughed and said *her* new dresses had gone into the coal bin? Alicia Mary had braved the darkness of the coal cellar and looked but she hadn't seen any dress there.

However, it was evident that her mother must have a new dress, and the little girl wondered how she could get one. She thought of her bank, but that marvelous contrivance for holding pennies had never contained but twenty, and sixteen of these had already been poked out with a hatpin. She was rather hazy as to how many that left but she was afraid it wasn't enough to buy a dress with. Suddenly she remembered that her sister had said borrow one of Mrs. Wardwell's—not ask outright—just hint around.

Now hinting was one of Alicia Mary's long suits. She had been reproved for doing it too many times not to know she was past-mistress of that gentle art. She rose to her feet, a look of determination on her mouth, an unholy joy in her eye. If the end ever justified the means, it surely must in this case, and Alicia Mary was not one to shrink from her duty especially when that duty called for the indulgence of one's favorite sin.

With the fortitude of her Puritan ancestors, she decided to tackle the most difficult task first. Clasping Gwendoline close to her breast, she sallied out of the gate and down the street to the corner where stood the brick house of the late Hon. John Wardwell. It had a cold, forbidding air, and Alicia Mary's heart sank a little as she advanced up the front walk. But it was not for nothing that she had laboriously copied in her writing book "He who hesitates is lost," so she advanced boldly and gave a vigorous pull at the bell. A white-capped maid answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Wardwell at home?" inquired Alicia Mary politely.

The maid repressed a smile. "I think so. If you will come in this way and sit down I will speak to her. What name, please?"

But the small guest wasn't going to fall into any trap like that. She knew a thing or two and was prepared for just such an emergency.

"Miss Westcott," she said in her best society manner, "Miss Alicia Mary Westcott."

The maid bowed and withdrew. Alicia Mary breathed more easily. It wasn't going to be so bad after all. She scuttled across the room and seated herself in a chair low enough to admit of her toes touching the floor.

A slight sound in the hall, and there was pushed across the threshold a wheeled chair in which sat Mrs. Wardwell.

Alicia Mary rose and bobbed a curtesy.

"I thought it was time we were being neighborly so I'd come over and call," she began.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mrs. Wardwell, peering at her over t
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up quickly when
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from?"
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"I came to ca
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Jim," she said s
Alicia Mary
man's shoulder
down the arm
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$1.98 And Nice Pair of Hose FREE If You Order at Once

Amazing Bargain Price on the Latest "KING-TUT" TWO TONE SANDAL



"TUT" Sandals—the craze of the season—the last word in correct footwear for ladies. And Gordon Bates offers the very newest—"KING TUT" sandals in Two-Tone—a combination of Patent Leather and brown kid-finished leather, with Egyptian cutouts on vamp, sides, etc., just as pictured. Fine leather soles, live rubber heels. The very latest—only $1.98 and that's less than *half* style center prices. And to make it the most amazing bargain ever advertised, a pair of ladies' hose to match, included **free** with all orders.

Send No Money

Understand—HOSE FREE, and send no money. Pay postman on arrival, plus a few pennies postage. Money back, every penny quick, if you're not delighted. Sizes 2½ to 8. Order No. 1253.

ORDER NO. 1253

GORDON BATES CO., Dept. 818, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR

Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous Diamond-Treaded Tires—as illustrated—at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcases money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT when cash accompanies order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

DIAMOND-TREAD TIRE WORKS
3253 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

STANDARD TIRES

ANY SIZE $1.00 for Only

Lowest prices ever made on long service Goodyear, Fisk, Goodrich, U. S. and other Standard Tires—slightly used but readily giving many thousands of miles wear. Not double tread or reconstructed.

GUARANTEED 8 MONTHS

Any tire not giving 8 months service replaced at one-third original price. Add $1 to price quoted and get 2 Tires same size.

Record Breaking Low Price

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Tubes
30x3	$4.95	$ 6.95	$ .95
30x3 1-2	5.95	6.95	1.15
32x3 1-2	6.75	7.75	1.40
31x4	7.75	8.75	1.50
32x4	8.25	9.25	1.75
33x4	8.75	9.75	1.85
34x4	9.00	10.00	2.00
32x4 1-2	9.50	10.50	2.25
33x4 1-2	9.75	10.75	2.35
34x4 1-2	10.00	11.00	2.50
35x4 1-2	11.00	12.00	2.50
36x4 1-2	12.25	13.25	2.75
35x5	12.25	13.25	3.00
37x5	13.50	14.50	3.00

$1.00 Brings Tire—Send $1 for each tire ordered. Balance on delivery. Examine—if not satisfied return. Rush orders while these prices hold.

IDEAL TIRE COMPANY
2613 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. K-108 Chicago

30X3½ CORD $2.00 NEW TIRE PRICE

GUARANTEED 8 MONTHS AT HALF PRICE

These are Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, Fisk and other best known standard make tires. All slightly used, but readily give our customers thousands of miles of splendid service.

LOWEST TIRE PRICES IN AMERICA

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

SEND ONLY $1.00 for each tire shipped. Balance C.O.D. Express shipments sent section unwrapped for inspection. Tires guaranteed eight months. Another tire given at half price for any not perfectly satisfactory. Dealers and Agents wanted everywhere. WRITE—RUSH ORDERS.

ROSE TIRE CORPORATION
Dept. H123, 1526 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

2 TIRES FOR $9.30

2 Tubes FREE

Standard Tire Prices SMASHED!

First time you can buy 12,000 miles of service for only $9.30. During this sale 2 tires for much less than usual cost of one! Tires fabricated by the STEWART PROCESS give remarkable service on good and bad roads. You, too, can get

12,000 Miles

During this cut-price sale, we give you absolutely Free a Standard, brand new tube with every tire! 2 tubes free with 2 Tires! Be sure to state if straight side or clincher is wanted.

FREE Examination

Size	1 Tire & 1 Tube	2 Tires & 2 Tubes
28x3	$ 6.50	$ 9.30
30x3	6.70	10.65
30x3½	7.40	12.55
32x3½	8.95	14.50
31x4	10.15	16.40
32x4	10.30	17.35
33x4	11.90	18.30
34x4	12.30	19.35
32x4½	12.55	20.10
33x4½	13.10	21.10
34x4½	13.40	21.90
35x4½	13.90	22.95
35x5	14.90	24.85
37x5	15.10	25.65

Send deposit of $1 for each tire ordered. Send only $2 if you order 2 tires. We ship C. O. D. for balance and allow examination. If not absolutely satisfied, return unused and we'll refund every cent of your deposit! You take no risk whatever! If you prefer to remit with order, deduct 5 per cent.

Money-Back Guarantee

Stewart Tire Co., Dept. 503, 21st & Racine Ave., Chicago

Auto Owners WANTED!

To use and introduce the

DIMPLED TUBE

Outlasts four ordinary tubes. Overcomes friction heat, increases tire life 25% to 50%, is leak proof, prevents flat tires. **Big Money Maker** for agents, salesmen and garage men.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. TWO YEAR GUARANTEE. Write today for special introductory offer and big money making plan. Dept. 104,

WOLVERINE CLIMAX CO., Detroit, Mich.

Tire Agents Wanted

Use and Introduce MELLINGER CORD TIRES

12,000 Miles Guaranteed!

Lowest Wholesale Prices in America. Shipped prepaid on approval. Make big money all or part time. No capital or experience. Sample sections furnished.

FREE TIRES FOR YOUR CAR to one user in each locality. Simply send name today for valuable book, tells how thousands have gone into big business. SPECIAL AGENTS' OFFER. Wholesale Prices and FREE SAMPLE KIT.

MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO.
$500,000 Capital. DEPT. 506, KANSAS CITY, MO.

MONEY For You In TIRES — FREE BOOK

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Touring

NOT very many years ago it was out of the question for a person of average means who owned a motor car to consider taking a tour which would necessitate his being away from home a few days. The price for housing his family at hotels, meals, car storage, etc. combined to make the proposition prohibitive. Today conditions are such that even the poor man who owns a car has the right to answer the call of the open road. Recreation and health building have been made possible to all at a minimum expense by a movement which, although only in its infancy, has swept to all points of this continent. This great boon to the public is the establishing of camp sites where motorists may park their cars at night, pitch camp, cook meals and make themselves comfortable. Many of these sites are privately owned, the owner usually conducting a stand where food and drinks may be purchased. No charge is usually made for pitching camp and the motorist is under no obligation to make purchases. Good drinking water is usually available. More elaborately furnished camp sites are to be found in the larger cities. There camps are maintained by the cities and often have gas connections for the cooking of meals, shelter in case of storm, etc. For the past two years, the writer has taken advantage of the camp sites and has found this mode of travel to be inexpensive as well as recreational. Another boon to this happy way of traveling is the erection of stands along the main highways where food, drink, candy, souvenirs, etc. may be purchased. These little business places are usually referred to as "hot dog" stands as the frankfurter sandwich is the most popular of the food proffered for sale. Fresh milk is also to be found at most of these stands. In case the motorist should not care to wait to cook a meal, a satisfying lunch may be purchased at these stands for a trifling expenditure. The right to answer the open road is now open to all and anyone contemplating such a trip should give the matter serious consideration.

Advice to Tourists

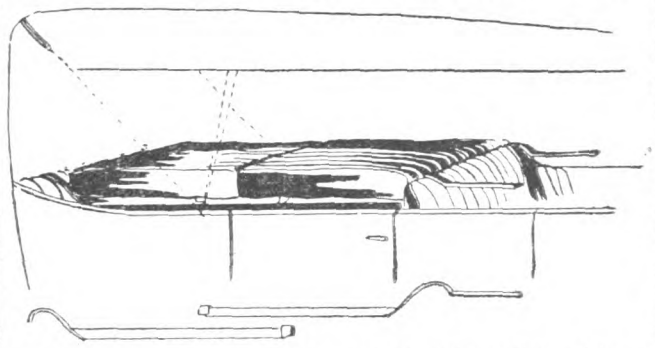
You can't cheat the car on rubber. The tires must travel every inch of the journey and if they are not in good shape then the pleasure of the trip is seriously threatened. Especially should the back tires be in first-class condition. These tires do the driving and stopping of the car and therefore are subjected to considerable more abuse than are the front tires. If you are at all in doubt about the tires buy and mount two new tires on the rear wheels and use the ones which you have replaced for spares. One or two blowout patches and a tire repair kit are essential for a long trip. Assuming that the car is in fairly good shape mechanically for the trip, the matter of lubrication is worthy of the chief consideration. Drain the old oil out of the motor and refill with fresh lubricant. Fill the transmission and rear axle cases to the proper level with the correct lubricant. Special attention should be given the springs and their shackles. The familiar canary whistle will be with you all the way unless this matter is properly attented to. With the oil drained out of the crank case lubricate the spring leaves. This is best done with an old paint brush, applying the oil to the sides of the spring. Be sure the shackle belts receive the lubricant. Screwing down the grease cup and allowing the grease to squeeze out around the threads does not constitute a job. Be certain the lubricant gets to the bolt. Universal joints are apt to be forgotten. A metal universal joint needs lubricant and unless it gets the same, will wear quickly as well as produce a high pitched canary note. Do not overlook giving the storage battery distilled water before starting out. Test the lights and carry extra bulbs and fuses.

Cutting Charging Rate

While touring you will probably meet during the daytime a number of cars on which the lights are burning. This condition is not an oversight on the part of the driver. When the battery is fully charged continued charging only causes the battery to heat. For this reason, the lights are turned on so that they might consume some of the current instead of sending all of it into the battery. This practice has become quite common among tourists and is an effective one for cutting down the charging rate. Another method often used is the rendering of the generator inoperative. When means are provided for short circuiting the generator, it is one way of helping the battery. If the driver intends to make a run of eight hours' duration he will render the generator inoperative for four hours and then allow it to charge for the remaining four hours. Still another way in which the battery is kept in good condition is the running of the starting motor for about a half minute at the end of the day's run. The starting motor consumes a large amount of current and running it in this manner with the ignition switch turned off places a drain on the battery. For the motorist who is making his first tour, the thought to keep in mind is that the condition he is apt to experience is the overcharging of the battery rather than undercharging it as may be the case when at home where the runs are short and there are frequent starts and stops.

The Bed

Last year the writer took his family, including wife and three-year-old son, on a three thousand mile tour through several states. A bed was made in the car (a touring model) and a sound refreshing sleep was enjoyed by all. The foundation for the bed was made of four irons bent so that they could be suspended from the top of the back seat to the top of the front seat. The accompanying sketches show the construction and application of these irons much better than words can describe them. The car cushions were laid on the irons affording a perfect spring and mattress. A light piece of board was laid across the front extension of the irons and the car robes thrown over the board. If the people in the car are of the six-foot build, the board and robe are needed for a resting place for the feet. The writer placed the side curtains in position on one side of the car and also fitted the front curtain in place on the other side. A piece of canvas was thrown over the windshield and back curtain glass. A fine netting was purchased from an army store. This netting covered the entire body of the car and rendered the sleeping compartment mosquito-proof. The bed was very comfortable and a good night's rest was always to be enjoyed after a long drive. The irons and netting are conveniently carried on the running board of the car. With this equipment camp can be established in from two to five minutes. The car makes a perfect shelter in case of storm.



Above—Irons are shown in place with seat cushions resting on them. Below—2 irons for one side are shown. These two screw together to form a continuous support reaching from front to rear seat backs.

Mosquitoes

Mosquitoes of a size which compel you to believe them capable of biting off a portion of your anatomy and flying away to a tree to eat it prove very troublesome to campers unless means are taken to guard against them. Mosquito netting should be used at all openings. If the bed is made in the car, a netting which can be thrown over the car is convenient and effectful. For a few cents a small bottle of Oil of Citrenella can be purchased at any drug store. Unless the pests are just about starved they will not buzz in the vicinity of this oil. Smear a little of the oil on the hands, arms, legs, feet or at any other spots which you do not wish to have bitten. After taking this precaution, say a little prayer, place the perfume bottle under your nose and go to sleep.

Vacuum Bottle

The vacuum bottle is almost indispensable to the tourist. Hot coffee, milk or water oftentimes must be carried in the car and since the vacuum bottle maintains the temperature for a number of hours, the value of this article will be realized. Hot coffee, milk or water may be replenished at any of the stands. If hot coffee is to be poured into the bottle be sure and place a silver knife in the bottle before the coffee is poured in. The knife will take the heat and prevent breaking of the bottle by the rapid rise in temperature. The writer has filled a vacuum bottle many times with steaming hot coffee and by using the knife as above related has not as yet broken a bottle.

Camp Fires

Usually the tourist plans in advance the kind of fire to be used for cooking meals. Last year the writer used canned heat with good success. One night when he was prepared to cook supper he was surprised to find that there was not sufficient canned heat on hand to complete the meal. Three or four handfuls of sand were placed in a mound under the stove. About a cupful of gasolene was drawn from the car tank and sprinkled on the mound of sand. A lighted match applied to the saturated sand brought forth a nice blaze which burned for about a half hour.

Answers to Inquiries

ONE CYLINDER NOT WORKING.—I have a big six 1922 model Studebaker car that fires only in five cylinders. No. 4 cylinder does not fire, although valves and cylinder-head jacket are perfect, and carburetor and intake and exhaust manifolds are new. Expert mechanics who have examined it and tested in every possible way have failed to discover the cause. Can you suggest a remedy for this trouble?

A. B., Hunt, N. Y.

A.—There are several probable causes for a misfiring cylinder, but in view of the fact that you have had several experts work on the car you must appreciate the handicap under which one must work when he does not have the car at hand. It would first be well to test for a spark. This can be done by unscrewing No. 4 spark plug and grounding it on the cylinder. Start the engine and note whether or not a spark jumps the points of the grounded plug. If no spark appears then the ignition circuit must be checked. Remove the distributor cover and determine the condition of the pin which distributes the current to the No. 4 cylinder. The pin may be bent so that it does not pick up the current from the rotating segment. The recommended clearance between pin and segment is one sixty-fourth of an inch. Next note the connection of the high tension wire leading to the No. 4 plug. The connection in the top of the cover may be broken or loose. The spark plug may need replacing or there may be a break in the high tension cable. Take the necessary steps in order to assure a spark in the No. 4 cylinder. If the cylinder still refuses to fire, test this particular cylinder for compression. One of the valves may be sticking or so badly off seat that compression is entirely gone. The cylinder must have compression. If this particular cylinder has a tendency to overoil, this condition will defeat ignition.

TROUBLE WITH VACUUM TANK.—My Oakland six runs for a short distance, then stops until the vacuum tank fills, and then will go for a short distance again. I have had it examined and worked on at several garages without benefit.

A.—It seems somewhat peculiar that the tank fills with gasolene after the car is stopped. If the tank was affected or the connections loose or broken, the tank would refuse to take gasolene at all times. From this distance I am of the belief that dirt is the cause of the trouble. Dirt in the pipe line between the tank and carburetor will set up a stoppage causing the fuel to run very slowly to the carburetor. The carburetor is apt to consume the fuel faster than it is supplied which would cause the engine to stall for want of gasolene. I would suggest cleaning out the pipe lines and tightening the connections. Be sure the connections at the main tank are tight and that the vent hole in the tank cover is open. It is necessary that the main tank be kept at atmospheric pressure and for this reason it is imperative that it be determined every now and then that the vent hole in the cover is *not clogged*.

Ford Runs 57 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

A new automatic and self-regulating device has been invented by John A. Stransky, 144 Fourth St., Pukwana, South Dakota, with which automobiles have made from 40 to 57 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It removes all carbon and prevents spark plug trouble and overheating. It can be installed by anyone in five minutes. Mr. Stransky wants agents and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.—Adv.

Your Own Tires Free

We want an auto owner in each locality with lots of friends—the sort of person to whom we could refer prospective customers—to use and recommend Armour Cords. We will pay you generously for all business we get through your recommendation.

Armour Tires have a marvellous tread design that does away with chains; Safe in any weather; snow, ice or slippery pavement. Wears like iron. Has the most Liberal Tire Guarantee ever written. Every tire guaranteed against Wear and Tear, Blow-Outs, Rim Cutting and Tread Separation for 10,000 miles. Direct from factory to user, you and your friends get the Middlemen's profit.

By securing a sample tire from us you will not be obligating yourself in the least. Just drop us a line and say, "Send me your offer", and we will send our Great, New SPECIAL OFFER. Be the first in your district to write.

ARMOUR TIRE CO., Factory 95A. DAYTON, OHIO

2 NEW TREAD TIRES for $8.60 TUBE FREE WITH EACH TIRE

SPECIAL SALE

TIRE PRICES SMASHED

Greatest tire offer we ever made. This Special Sale on Owl New Tread is your opportunity to buy two tires for less than the usual cost of one. **Standard New Inner Tube FREE with every tire.** Customer gets more mileage on Owls'—you, too, should get **12,000 Miles**

SPECIAL SALE PRICES

Save Money By Ordering Two Tires

Size	1 tube 1 tire	2 tubes 2 tires	Size	1 tube 1 tire	2 tubes 2 tires
28x3	$ 5.80	$ 8.60	32x4½	$13.10	$21.35
30x3	6.85	11.45	33x4½	13.45	21.85
30x3½	7.65	13.65	34x4½	14.20	22.35
32x3½	8.75	15.35	35x4½	14.60	23.15
31x4	10.45	16.95	36x4½	14.85	23.65
32x4	10.85	18.25	35x5	15.25	24.35
33x4	11.95	18.95	37x5	15.65	25.35
34x4	12.70	19.80			

SEND NO MONEY. Just write us the number of tires and sizes wanted—state whether straight side or clincher desired. We will ship C. O. D. subject to examination.

For a short time only, to quickly secure agents in every community, on every order for two or more Owl New Tread tires, we will make an **Extra Special Discount of 10 per cent to Agents** for cash with order. Territory going fast. Rush your order—you take no risk. If not entirely satisfied, return the tires unused and your money promptly refunded.

OWL TIRE CO.
1738 W. Lake St. Dept. 104 Chicago, Ill.

NEW TIRE GUARANTEE!

ACT NOW 30X3½ CORD $2.00

WRITTEN GOLD BOND GUARANTEE WITH EACH TIRE

Greatest tire sale in America now on! Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Fisk and other fine makes of tires going at record-breaking prices. These almost new tires will easily give thousands of miles of satisfactory service.

OUR PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

	TIRES	NEW TUBES		TIRES	NEW TUBES
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

Just send $1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to inspection. Our written gold bond guarantee with each tire positively assures you eight months satisfactory service or another tire will be given at half price. Shipment made same day order is received. Order today—NOW.

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86 EAST 14th STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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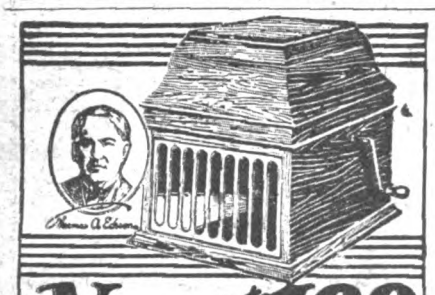


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THE PROMISE

By Charlotte E. Lewis

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"IF ever the time comes when you need me, Grace, write me—wire me. Wherever, I am, whatever I'm doing, I'll come. Promise me."

The girl laughed. A note of contempt jarred the chiming sweetness of the sound. "Don't talk like a silly story-book, John."

"I mean it." The man had shrunk back a little at the laugh, the hurt springing to his eyes. Swiftly the look passed. He straightened his shoulders, caught her not too gently by the arm and forced her to meet his gaze.

"I mean it, Grace. Not that you're worth it. God knows you're not. You are as selfish as you are lovely. No, don't squirm—you are going to be told the truth for once in your life. Selfish—that's it. By every art in your power you have led me on to build the dreams of my life about you, and have calmly torn those dreams to bits before my eyes. I knew, six months ago, that it would come to this. Yet I have kept on coming, stupid fool that I was—hoping somehow, by some miracle, I could awaken in you the soul God must have meant to be there when He gave you that beautiful body."

"If the lecture is over, Mr. Bennett, I beg to be excused, please. I have an engagement at eight." The girl's blue eyes flashed angrily, but the voice was modulated to a bored coldness.

"The lecture is over." The fire had gone out of the man's voice, and it was hopeless and weary.

There was a silence. Bennett waited a moment, then picked up his hat.

"Good by, Grace. You haven't given me the promise I asked."

"Oh, I promise." There was something in her tone he could not fathom. And as the door closed he heard her low laugh again—a laugh from which all the chime was suddenly gone.

* * * * * * *

It is instinct with men, as it is with dogs, to hide away with their hurts. The next morning, following an unaccountable impulse, John Bennett asked for the vacation he had not had in three years, and went back to the little country town out in the midstate where he had grown up. A week spent tramping among the old familiar hills that skirted the town worked a marvel of healing. He began to call himself a fool; and that means the beginning of a cure. In another week he began even to forget to call himself a fool.

And then came the other girl. Bennett didn't know she was the other girl; he believed there never would be another girl—in fact he had determined that there should be no other. But the mischievous little god who works in collusion with the Great Mother has an assortment of tricks of his own to catch on the rebound a heart that is swinging back from the heights. The trick this time was to bring Bennett within hearing distance of the gentlest, most musical voice he ever had heard. It came from the door of a shabby little gift shop, and it was replying to the querulous complaints of an older voice—peevish, quavering.

Curiously, Bennett entered. The owner of the musical voice was small, dark, vivid. He remembered now, he had heard of her—the name came to him, Norine Edwards. He tried to remember what the village gossips had said—something more or less kindly, and wholly pitying, with details of how she had sunk her small savings into the little shop that was not paying. She turned at his entrance from the patient explanation she was making to a fretful elderly woman in an invalid chair to inquire the needs of her customer. Bennett bought a gingham apron for one of his maiden aunts, and because he liked to listen to the low-pitched voice, prolonged the discussion of size and color and style as long as he could before making a decision.

The next day he bought another apron, and the third day another. After all the needs of his real and fictitious aunts had been supplied he began on clothespin dolls for his sister's children in the West. There were a lot of the children, and a lot of dolls. But the supply of both finally was exhausted.

The girl smiled one day, wrapping a hand-embroidered dolly for an improvised landlady. Bennett had confided, rather elaborately and unnecessarily, that she liked "that sort of er—junk cluttering up the house."

"You don't really have to buy these things, you know," said the little storekeeper, timidly. "You may come in, if you are lonely, without an excuse. I—I like having you come. I—I get lonely too."

Eagerly Bennett pushed his advantage.

"Then would you like, too, to take a walk with me, Sunday afternoon? The hills are wonderful since the frost."

"I'd love it," simply. "But there's mother—I don't know——"

"We'll send a woman to take care of your mother. You owe it to yourself."

It was an afternoon of delight to them both. The girl was touchingly frank in her joy at getting away for a few hours from the exactions of her work-a-day tasks. Bennett succeeded in getting her to talk about herself. Between the sentences of her simple little account he read a story of self-sacrifice, a youth cheated out of its playtime, an unconscious loneliness that touched his very soul in pity for her.

"Poor little kid! You haven't had a square deal."

"Oh, but I have! I've had lots of good times. This today, for instance. I'll remember it for weeks."

Bennett thought of Grace Denton, surfeited with the pleasures that money buys, and how her lip would have curled in scorn at the suggestion of "good times" in an afternoon's tramp in the hills.

"And you don't get discontented?"

"I've never had time," the girl answered matter-of-factly.

"Not even in this desolate little hill town?"

"It has helped mother to be here." The simple finality of the tone left no other angle to the question.

"She is getting better, then?"

"No, not really better. Only—it has made her stay with me a little longer. It can be only a few months at most, now."

"And then?"

"Don't make me think about it. It makes me afraid. And I mustn't be afraid."

"You have no one else but your mother?"

No one."

He patted her hand in awkward sympathy.

"Oh, I'll get along. I always have, you see." She blinked back her tears and smiled. "You must not be distressed. I was selfish to tell you. And you have given me such a lovely afternoon, too."

"Selfish—*you* selfish? Little girl, you don't know the meaning of the word. Norine, will you come out here again with me next Sunday?"

"Yes, if I can," she said simply.

"We'll arrange it somehow, so that you can." Bennett assured her positively.

But it was Bennett, Saturday morning, who could not go. He sent her a note breaking the engagement. "A telegram calls me back to the city," he wrote her. "I am more sorry than I can tell you. I may not see you again. But I shall remember you always."

The message was from Grace Denton. It contained fifteen words; "I promised to send for you when I needed you. I need you now, desperately. Grace."

It was a heavy heart that John Bennett carried with him back to the city—a heart heavy with mixed emotions. Of one thing he was sure—he no longer loved Grace. What the desperate need could be that had prompted her to summon him he could not guess. He was curiously indifferent about that. But that she should have turned to him in trouble was enough. She had found out, of course, when he had dropped so completely out of her life, that she did want him. The thought brought him no satisfaction. Well, he was in for it now, he told himself. He could not repudiate the fervent protestations of love he had made to her during the turbulent period in which she had romped over his most sacred feelings with the careless abandon of a child. A child—that is what she really was, after all—a spoiled and willful child. A child he himself had helped to spoil. He tried to picture her as that. But the picture would not stay fixed. No picture of her would stay fixed long in his mind. His thoughts kept turning back to a piquant, dark little face with glowing eyes through which the soul, shining through, was not a child's soul, but the soul of a woman who had learned the meaning of life through sacrifice.

* * * * * * * *

A telephone call from Grace awaited him at his apartment. He called her home.

"Shall I come out, Grace?"

"Oh, it's you, John? I thought you'd come."

The self-satisfied assurance of her voice irritated him.

"Shall I come out, now?" he repeated, impatiently.

"No, not now."

"But you said you needed me."

"I do. Meet me at 7:30 this evening in front of that little church on Fifteenth and Walnut Street—you know, across from the park."

"Yes."

"Be there promptly, please." The receiver clicked into place.

A church, of all places! Churches, hitherto, had not figured prominently in Grace Denton's scheme of existence. Why had she chosen that as a rendezvous? And why didn't she let him come out to the house? And why, in the name if all that was sane, had he ever asked her to make that fool promise?

Bennett was in the little park opposite the church at the appointed hour. It was dark when a car drew up to the curbing in front of the church. Rather abstractedly, he observed two other persons leave the car and enter the church as Grace came across the street to meet him.

She held out both hands. There was no trace of trouble in her clear eyes.

"Don't stand there like a post, John." How well he remembered the old imperiousness of the voice.

"I'm waiting for you to explain the desperate need that called me half across the state today."

"Now, don't spoil everything by pretending you were not glad to come."

Bennett maintained a gloomy silence.

"John, don't you love me any more?" She slipped one hand into his, and dropped her voice to a coaxing huskiness.

John lied. "Yes."

"John, you have asked me many times to marry you." Still that low huskiness, as though she were finding it hard to say what was in her heart to say.

"Yes." Bennett's heart sank.

"I—I want to be married tomorrow, John and I wish you to rehearse the ceremony with me at the church this evening."

"Yes?" Bennett's heart reached the depths. A vision of a Sunday stillness on a shaded hill, a dark vivid face and the kindest voice he had ever heard passed with kaleidoscopic swiftness through his memory. Resolutely he put it away.

"Yes, Grace. And you want me——"

"I want you to be best man!" The low huskiness had vanished, and she lifted her head and laughed. In the laugh he heard a triumphant note of petty revenge.

"With all my heart," said John.

And Grace wondered, afterward, why he had joined in the laugh.

To Edge Sleeves

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

yond blk in last row, ch 5, turn and work back over this group of 2 webs.

10th row—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, work over 1 web as usual, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 tr c in next sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—2 sps, work over web ending with 1 sp, 1 tr c in end sp of last row, ch 5, turn.

12th row—2 sps, work over web, 1 sp, 1 tr c in sp in last row, ch 5, turn.

13th row—2 sps, work over web, 1 sp, 1 tr c, turn.

14th row—2 sps, work over web, 1 sp, 1 tr c, turn.

15th row—2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, 2 d c, under ch between blks, ch 2, 1 d c, forming 1 sp, 1 tr c in last sp in last row.

Slip st down side of point and work over next 2 webs in the same way, or cut thread and fasten securely as preferred, before proceeding under arm gores. Ch 38, 11 sps on ch, work 13 rows.

14th row—5 sps, 1 d c on next d c, simply omit ch over 6th sp; 5 sps, always turn with ch 5.

15th row—4 sps, ch 1, 1 d c under ch of 5th sp in last row. 1 d c under ch beyond 2 d c, ch 1, 4 sps.

16th row—3 sps, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, 1 d c under next ch 1, 3 sps.

17th row—2 sps, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, 1 d c under next ch 1, 3 sps.

18th row—1 sp, 1 d c under ch 1, 1 d c under next ch 1, 1 sp. Draw thread through loop leaving long enough to sew gore in place.

The 13 spaces on the width of the gore is sewed to bottom edges of the yoke. The narrow part coming under the arm of the sleeve.

The joining will be practically invisible if spaces are sewed opposite spaces.

Complete neck edge with one row of spaces. Sew lace around neck and under points of the sleeves. Run one-inch ribbon through beading.

Infant's Robe Front Dress

See illustration on page 19.

Mrs. H. F. Lower

This little garment has a lace front made completely of narrow rickrack braid and spider webs of cotton.

Such trimming can be made very easily and well repays one for the time spent as is as durable as it is lacy and attractive.

To make a spider web use one of the narrower rickrack braids for infants or children's clothes, and work with No. 40 thread.

Fifteen points will be needed for one web. After counting this number off one side of the braid, fold together and sew the first 4 points together, thus forming a ring of 11 points (see detail in second column page 19), open the braid ring and holding it over the first finger, with needle and thread work one buttonhole stitch in the first point, repeat around.

Care should be taken not to draw the threads between the points too tightly or the work will not be flat.

From the 11th point proceed to the first point picking up the thread on each side of the point, throw thread over the needle from the eye towards one. Work around twice in this way, drawing in row somewhat.

In the 4th row around pick up the thread between each point and without throwing it over the needle, draw up, flatten out the work and fasten off thread carry it on back of braid to point opposite the 2nd ring and join this and the next point beyond to the next 14th and 15th points, thus making an 11th ring turning in the opposite direction.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

d the note of mortal anguish in the loved voice hich had told her of this little message which had ver accomplished its mission.

In her mind she went back nearly fifty years, d saw a beautiful young girl, lying pale and sick a lofty room, a deep scar upon her fair temple. t a deeper pain looking forth from the sad eyes, she watched eagerly for the sound of a footstep hich never came.

Yes it was the very note—that anguished, re-ntant cry, which Miss Mehetabel had sent from e depths of her soul to the man she had loved!

"Yes, come at once, if you can forgive your re-entant META."

How well she remembered the words, and now e had found them, as her aunt had told her, in e possession of Helen Capel, now Lady Randal. They had been kept back from the honest, faith-l lover, who was only waiting for this permission fly to the side of his betrothed and comfort her, y the hand of this treacherous woman, who had us ruthlessly wrecked a human life, yea, two ves!

How strange, Brownie thought, that the note ould thus have fallen into her hands.

"Surely, there is Providence in it," she mur-ured, as, with one swift glance to see that Lady uxley was not observing her, she hid it in her som, and then hurriedly completed her task.

The operetta was sent to Lady Randall, and the ox of papers returned to their accustomed place; ut all day long Brownie felt as if a mountain was ushing her heart, with that little paper lying in r bosom.

She felt she could not breathe in the same house nd under the same roof which sheltered the woman ho had deliberately planned to entrap a young nd guileless girl into disgracing both herself and r lover, that she might separate them forever, oping to win him for herself.

She wondered if Lady Ruxley knew of her share the event, or if Lord Dunforth had ever found out.

Probably not, since they were still good friends, nd had he known of it he could not have forgiven bitter a wrong.

The more she thought of these things, the more er heart rebelled against them, until she grew so stless and nervous that she nearly cried out with ain whenever any one spoke to her.

About four o'clock finding that Lady Ruxley was leeping, she stole out, thinking to get away into he sunshine and calm herself, and perhaps Adrian ould come ere long, and she could share her bur-en with him; at all events, he would comfort her.

She opened the door and passed noiselessly out nto the hall.

She had nearly traversed the long corridor lead-ng to the grand staircase, when she almost ran gainst some one who suddenly came out of a room he was passing.

"I beg your pardon," Brownie murmured, and hen looked up to see who it was.

It was none other than Isabel Coolidge!

Instantly the two girls braced themselves for he encounter, and looked the surprise which either of them for the moment could speak.

"You here?" Isabel exclaimed, at length, growing white, while her eyes emitted a lurid light.

"Yes, Miss Coolidge," gently replied Brownie, et with lifted eyebrows and a calm, scornful look nto her enemy's face.

"How came you here?"

"Pardon me, but I have neither the time nor he inclination to relate the train of circumstances which brought me here," she said coldly.

"Insolence! Then it was you whom I heard inging down to Lady Ruxley's villa the other day!"

"Doubtless, since I sing to her ladyship every lay."

"What an appreciative listener you must have n that old, crooked back," sneered Isabel.

Brownie's eyes blazed, dangerously.

"I presume Sir Charles Randal would be much edified with Miss Coolidge's remark regarding his aged aunt," she said.

Isabel looked frightened for a minute, then replied, with a short laugh:

"He might be, if he should hear it, that's a fact. Then you're her companion. I remember now hearing that she took a sudden shine to a young woman who met with an accident, and would have her stay with her. You're mighty lucky about getting into fine places, it seems to me."

A curl of those beautiful red lips was all the satisfaction she received for this insulting speech, and then Brownie made as if she would have passed on.

"Wait," commanded Isabel, peremptorily, and laying her hand upon the young girl's shoulder.

She was inwardly boiling with rage that she could not move or browbeat the haughty governess.

"Wait," she repeated; "I have not done with you yet."

"Please remove your hand from my shoulder, Miss Coolidge," Brownie commanded, in tones that she dare not disobey.

"Mr Dredmond called upon you at our house the day you left; he said he had something belonging to you which he came to return," she went on, as her hand fell by her side and drooping her eyes before the other's indignant gaze.

She was very curious about the object of that visit.

"I know it," replied Brownie, much amused, as she saw that Isabel was almost afraid of her in her haughty pride.

"You know it? How?"

"Yes, and I have my property back again," and she deftly shifted her cuff, bringing the glittering button upon the upper side of her sleeve.

Miss Coolidge started slightly on beholding the elegant trifle.

"Ah, that was it, then? It is very elegant, isn't it? I presume it belongs with the collection we have in our possession," she said, spitefully.

"It does, Miss Coolidge, and I will thank you to return my property."

"When you prove it is yours, I will."

"These buttons are marked with my name on the back."

"That may be; you have had plenty of time, doubtless, to get them marked," sneered Isabel.

"I shall compel you to return that casket to me," retorted Brownie, with flashing eyes.

"Ha, ha! Perhaps you will, and then again perhaps you won't. But we have discussed that subject sufficiently in the past. When did you see Mr. Dredmond?" Isabel asked, insolently, and noting how exquisitely lovely Brownie had grown since she saw her last.

"Really, Miss Coolidge, if I remain here longer I shall lose my walk, and that I cannot afford to do."

With which tantalizing remark, Brownie, her figure proudly erect, moved down the corridor, leaving her interlocutor beautifully in the dark as to how or when she had seen Mr. Dredmond.

"I suppose you thought by coming down here you'd have a better chance to practice your wiles upon that young gentleman; but mark my words, you won't succeed, for I shall feel it my duty to inform Lady Randal of the very suspicious character which she is harboring," hissed the irate girl after her.

She might just as well have talked to the winds, for Miss Douglas never gave a sign that she heard.

As Brownie passed Isabel's room again, a few hours later, she saw that the door was open.

Her maid had gone out a few moments before, had carelessly left it standing open, and was now in the servants' hall flirting with the butler's assistant.

Involuntarily Brownie paused and glanced within, and her heart stood still as her eyes almost instantly caught sight of her own little ebony casket standing upon the elegant dressing-case, its tiny key in the lock, with the delicate chain attached.

Swift as light, the impulse came upon her to enter and seize it, and bear it away to her own room.

She glided quickly as noiselessly forward.

There was no one in the corridor, there was no one in the room.

She crossed the threshold, and, with a few fleet steps, cleared the space between herself and her treasures.

She lifted the lid.

All were there, in their glittering beauty.

She closed the box again, turned the key in the lock, removed it, and fastened the chain about her neck, concealing it beneath the folds of her dress.

The next moment she had the precious casket in her hands, and turned, to find herself face to face with Mrs. Coolidge.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. S. R., Louisiana.—Senators and Representatives are each entitled to the appointment of two cadets at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. The same number is granted to each of our Territories, and the District of Columbia is favored to the extent of four cadets. There are also eighty-two appointments at large, specially to be conferred by the President, and two of these appointments are left open to the recommendation of the Vice-President. By a law of 1916, the President may make appointments to the Academy from the enlisted men in the Regular Army and National Guard, these appointments not to exceed one hundred and eighty at any one time. The usual course for such an appointment as you desire, is to have it made one year ahead of date of admission, the Secretary of War granting same upon the nomination of candidate by the Senator or Representative. Nominations may be made after a competitive examination, or may be direct. Two alternate candidates may be also appointed if desired, and these may be examined also and admitted should the principal appointees fail to pass the Academy's regular entrance examinations. Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years and of such physical standing as would not render them unfit for service. The entrance examinations to the Academy are not simple ones. The standard of admittance is high, and the examinations cover English grammar, composition and literature; algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, United States history, and the outlines of history in general. You will see from this that while a high school education is not made a requirement for admission, something of its equivalent would surely be needed in order to pass the entrance examinations. The West Point course of four years may be regarded as one of the finest and most thorough in the educational world. Write to the Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., for further particulars, and take up the matter of your appointment through your local political channels which might grant you interviews with your Louisiana Senators and the Congressman from your district.

Mrs. L. G., Johnson City, Ill.—A manuscript submitted for publication should be typed, double-spaced, the pages numbered and well-margined, and the author's name and address appearing in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Such manuscript should be sent mailed flat or folded, not rolled, and with sufficient postage enclosed for return if not available. Address the editor or editors of the periodical to which you write.

Mrs. C. G., Cherokee, Iowa.—Regarding a song you wish to copyright, write to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. Application forms and full particulars will be sent you.

Mrs. D. D., Grapeland, Texas—Address the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 33 West 44th Street, New York City.

Mrs. P. C. J., Nebraska.—Most counties have humane society agents who watch and remedy, by warning or legal action, such cases of cruelty to animals as your letter describes. Ask the sheriff of your county regarding such an agent and advise with him concerning what action you should take in the matter.

Mrs. F. L., Wisconsin.—You might attend a law school, yet make a poor lawyer; you could become a physician, yet perhaps kill more than you might cure. By these statements we mean that the learning of any profession, the working at any trade, does not necessarily mean its skillful attainment and practice,—even though the teaching be of the best. A school can tell you that they can teach you show card making, but they cannot truthfully tell you that *you* can earn certain large sums. This will depend entirely upon yourself, your ability, energy and push. This is the best answer that can be made to a question like yours.

C. C., Oakland, Ore.—Henry Ford married Clara J. Bryant of Greenfield, Michigan in April, 1888. She is still living and may be addressed at Dearborn, Mich. The Fords have one son, Edsall by name.

Mrs. B. L., Oklahoma.—Your senator's name is J. W. Harreld—not "Herald" as you mistakenly spell it. You may address him either at his home, Oklahoma City, or at the Capitol, Washington, D. C. We think that, generally speaking, when senators take action in post-office appointments they do this through recommendations and other information furnished them by their political friends in the vicinity from which the appointment is to be made. This does not mean that it may not aid you to write directly to your senator, but it also means that you will be more aided if you have other letters written in your favor by those of the senator's own party and whose words may influence him more than an appeal from you who were not even certain how his name was spelt!

M. M., Minnesota.—A wife, we think, could always take legal measures against a husband for non-support, and you should not be compelled to use your own funds for food and clothing unless you so choose. However, whether conditions are serious enough for you to seek court aid is something which you will have to decide for yourself. Our judges do their best to have domestic difficulties settled domestically, and so, if you can arrange your troubles of the family pocketbook without appearing in a court room, we earnestly advise you to take thought and do so.

L. J., Mayfield, Ky.—This department receives many inquiries like yours, and apparently there are many COMFORT readers who would like to enter the movies—even as the most minor luminaries. But it is not such an easy matter. Even to act a small part in a screen drama requires a certain amount of dramatic talent or training. Then, too, it is a requisite that the applicant have a face which will photograph or "register" well. We say of some people "they do not take good pictures." Well, it is just people like this who are forever barred by nature from figuring on the silver screen. One must photograph well, and beauty or form or face is not so much needed as are a face that will register clearly and a type of temperament which, either through training or natural causes, can depict emotions of various sorts in the silent drama. To enter the movies means that if you have the qualities above described, you may be able to get a start as an "extra" in some large production where a crowd, a mob, or some busy street scene is to be screened. These jobs as extras are secured either through direct application to motion picture studios in the big movie centers, or by being hired through agents who in these same centers have the work of supplying extras for any sort of screen demand. The main requisite is to be on the spot and gain some slight footing and experience in a studio where, if you have the features and talent, you may be watched by a clever and appreciative director and pushed forward to larger parts. This has been the beginning and past career of practically all the screen stars except those who entered motion picture work from the legitimate stage. Hollywood, California; Chicago, Illinois, and New York City and its outlying districts of New Jersey and Long Island, are now the chief centers of motion picture studio activities. You can gain addresses of the leading companies, as well as much other information helpful to your ambition, by studying the advertising columns and news pages of the motion picture magazines. But you can make no beginning in the movies while in Kentucky—unless a director might luckily be filming a rural reel in your locality. Your first step must be to get on the trail of your nearest studio where you might seek for a chance to appear before the camera.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

try poverty. Try having every last thing you've got mortgaged for double its value and face a winter with empty cellar and barn. We did it and came through loving each other and could do it again.

My husband does not regard me as either a servant or a slave, and as my health is none too good, I have never had to do more work than I felt like doing. I do all I can for him and he does all he can for me. He is a good husband and father. I think there is good and bad in all nationalities. This includes Americans. My husband is ten years older than I am and left Bohemia fifteen years ago, and is, of course, naturalized.

We have scraps now and then but they are always soon over and we are both sorry. If you think a man is all you want your husband to be, marry him; don't hold his nationality against him.

MINERVA.

HIGHGROVE, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I love COMFORT and enjoy reading the sisters' letters.

I do not agree with Lillian, from Minnesota, in regard to American girls marrying foreigners. As we all know, there is good, bad and indifferent in all people.

I am married to an Italian and would not part with him for anything. My advice is marry the man you love, whether he is an American or a foreigner. My husband treats me like a duchess and gives me what he can afford and I do everything I can for him.

MRS. JULIUS D'ORIO.

ASHWOOD, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for eighteen years and this is my first attempt to write to the Sisters' Corner.

Sister Lillian, from Minnesota, you certainly have the men of other nations wrong. Some of the American husbands are all right but I married a foreigner and he is a perfect husband. We have five children, and I have never had to wash, or scrub floors for months before or after my babies came. When we could not get a woman to do this work my husband did it himself and when we are the least bit sick he always consults a doctor.

My husband is Danish born and reared. He is a good provider, a good Christian and a good father, though strict. When he promises the children they can have anything it is a settled fact. If their request is reasonable it is always "Yes." Every child has his work to do. We make them respect youth and old age.

MRS. ANTON HANSON.

WASHINGTON.

DEAR COMFORT.

Like most of the sisters, I think COMFORT the best paper agoin'. I like the Sisters' Corner and stories best and my husband enjoys the COUSINS' letters and Uncle Lisha's answers.

When I read Lillian's letter in the April issue, I decided I would write. Please don't condemn all foreigners, Lillian, for I have been married to one nearly four years and we are as much sweethearts today as we were the day we were married. I think your great trouble is the difference between your and your husband's age, isn't it? My husband is only one year older than I am. Of course there are things on which we do not agree and he has his faults but then, I have every bit as many, if not more, so I think if he can feel "with all her faults I love her still," then I'll think the same about him.

While there are many good American boys and men and I had more than one chance to marry, I am glad I made the choice, I did.

We have two babies, a boy two and one-half years and a girl one year old.

A COMFORT Sister and the loving wife of a Foreigner.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I get lots of help from the Sisters' Corner. I am twenty-four years old and married. Have two little girls.

I am a poultry raiser. After the lawn is mowed I rake up the fine grass and feed it to the little chicks.

Betty Lou, my husband was just like yours so I will tell you what I did to make him settle down and have a home. My John would buy a run-down farm, make improvements on it and sell it and then do the same thing over again. He bought a little farm and fixed it up nicely, set out trees and planted flowers. One summer's day I walked out in the front yard and looked up at the house and talking to myself said, "I will not sell this nice house after I've worked so hard to fix it up." A few days later hubby said, "Let's sell out and go to Iowa." I said, "O, no, John, this is the one time that I'm not going to sell. I want a home and I have it and am going to keep it. If you want to travel you can do so and when you get ready to settle down the Little Farm and I will be waiting for you." I let him know how I felt about it and we still live on the Little Farm and have a beautiful home and flowers and lawn with ten shade trees and John won't talk about selling now. Sister, don't let your husband have his way all the time and you have nothing to say. Why not have the same right as well as the same work. My advice, Betty Lou, is not to separate but have a heart-to-heart talk with your husband and tell him in time to settle down in a good home for old age.

As for the children, I am raising mine like my great-grandmother was raised. They mind when I shake my finger. I don't have any trouble with them.

HAPPY WIFE.

INDUSTRY, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I saw Betty Lou's letter and thought I would write of our experience a few years ago. We were renters and wanting a home of our own as much that when we got a chance to buy a cheap farm we did so. No one had lived there for years; weeds had grown up to the door and nearly all the plastering was off the walls and ceilings. We were in a strange neighborhood, twenty miles from my husband's people and forty-three from mine, and no car, but after the first year we got a car. We fixed up the place and sold it for quite a bit more than we paid for it. That was the easiest money we ever made and I was glad of it for my husband works hard and his health isn't good either.

I have five children, Harold, 14; Cheula, 11; Temple, 8; Waneta, 4; Dwight, 5 months.

Best wishes to all. MRS. WALTER TEEL.

CLYMAN, BOX 102, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It is not generally known that many kinds of flowers may be preserved in lifelike condition with wax. Ordinary wax candles may be used, and, to prepare the wax, cut the candles into chunks, taking away the wick. The wax is then melted over a flame and cooled until it is liquid but not hot. Each flower should be quite dry on the surface, that is, there should be no rain or dewdrops on the petals. Take the blossoms and dip each separately in the liquid wax for a moment or so, constantly moving them about. Immerse the blossom completely and also an inch or two of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

If I Send You a Suit



made to your measure, in the latest style, would you keep and wear it, show it to your friends, let them see our beautiful samples and splendid new styles? Could you use $3.00 an hour for a little spare time? **Every tailoring agent, send for our wonderful new proposition.** Just write a letter or postal or fill out and mail coupon below. I will send you our big new book of samples and styles to pick from and my new, special offer, **all free.** Even if you don't care to be agent, send anyway, and learn how to get all your own clothes FREE.

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Let Cubby Bear and Bunny Play With Your Children

BOTH FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.



What are Cubby and Bunny Up To?

What interesting story do you suppose Cubby Bear is here telling Bunny Rabbit? Is he planning up some game to play with the rest of the friends of the forest or are these two friends just talking over old times?

So real and so dear are Cubby Bear and Bunny Rabbit to COMFORT'S little folks that we have scoured around and found two lifelike playthings which resemble in every way these two characters which Lena Ellingwood has made famous in her Cubby Bear stories.

Cubby is a big handsome fellow dressed up in bright blue overalls and as he sits on his haunches is eight inches tall. His skin is brown and his lips as red as any cinnamon bear's. His eyes sparkle like bright shiny beads. Bunny's tall, inquisitive ears make him just a half inch taller than friend Cubby. Bunny is all in white with pinkish eyes and wears a dainty blue ribbon around his neck.

We hunted a long time to find some light but indestructible material from which to make these two playmates because we know every little COMFORT boy and girl will want to love them and hug them and take them to bed. At last we found a substance right in the forests—the very home of Cubby—so we had a big mill mould them of fibre. They are as tough as wood but light as feathers. Bright enamel paint makes them water proof and protects their natural lifelike colors.

With these two little playmates in the home the stories of Cubby Bear will be more real than ever before. You can have them both Free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you both Cubby Bear and Bunny Rabbit free and postpaid. Reward No. 1782.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour, and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake, "I got the circus money saved up already."

—*Progressive Grocer.*



Get The Book FREE! If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its thrilling conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. A. W., Athens, Tex.—In speaking of the use of a fork, the expression "tines upward" would mean, we think, that the fork was being used in a spoon-like manner, as in the eating of beans, peas, etc. In the case where meat, steak, for instance, is being cut with the aid of knife and fork, it is more natural that the cut morsel of meat be impaled on the tines of the fork and so conveyed to the mouth. In such an instance the tines would be in a position reversed from that stated above. But this convenient and at times correct position of the fork must be used with discretion and almost entirely be reserved for foods which must be cut with a knife. When pie or any food is being eaten which is cut with the side of the fork, it is usually best to have the fork assume the spoon-like characteristic above described. It is difficult to convey in print the correct and most graceful use of table silver. You will gain much by watching the methods used by some person whose table manners you know to be beyond reproach. At the close of their use, a knife and fork are laid side by side on the plate, the handles resting on the edge of the plate.

G. C., Orange, Texas.—When such a person says: "I am glad to have met you," you might properly answer: "It has been a pleasure to meet you, too, and I hope we may see each other again."

J. W. W., Grant City, Mo.—A slender band of gold or platinum constitutes the present-day wedding ring. The ring may be plain, or chased and engraved. Its time of use in a wedding ceremony is indicated by the words of the service. If there is a best man as the bridegroom's attendant, it is one of his duties to have the ring ready at the right moment and hand it to the bridegroom. Usually he, on his part, passes it to the clergyman, who hands it on to the bride, and she passes it on to her husband-to-be. He then places it on the third finger of the bride's left hand. The bride may have removed the engagement ring to her right hand for the occasion of the ceremony, or the engagement circlet may have been left in place and the wedding ring slipped on with it. It is usual for the bride to have removed her left glove before entering the church. If there is a bridesmaid or other attendant, she may hold this glove for the bride.

L. W., Suwanee, Ga.—It is best not to mention in particular the refreshments at this entertainment. When you say you have had an enjoyable time, this sentiment covers the enjoyment which the deliciousness of the refreshments may have added. (2.) If your music teacher offers refreshments at this recital, and the whole affair is in the nature of an entertainment for all concerned, it is certainly correct that you should thank her for the good time you have had when you say farewell after the recital.

H. H., Warsaw, Ill.—It is an old-fashioned but sensible and pleasant practice for a girl to start a "hope chest" the contents of which may form part of her trousseau when she marries. In some parts of Europe such chests of wedding finery and household linens are begun when a girl is but five years old. But in the early teens is the age when such a chest is usually begun among our country's girls. The quantity and quality of linen prepared by a future bride depends, of course, upon her means and the sort of home she hopes to maintain. There must be sheets, pillow cases, bath towels, guest towels, kitchen linen of all sorts, large and small napkins and table covers, lunch cloths and luncheon sets, bedspreads, linen scarfs and centerpieces, and any other large and small linen articles of household use that thought and experience may suggest. It is best to initial the linen with the initials of the girl's maiden name. On towels and in other cases, one initial may suffice. On white linens the initialling should be in white, although exception may be made in the case of towels, if preferred. Our own opinion is that the contents of a hope chest should be left to that of household linen and a girl may start accumulating her own personal clothing of lingerie and gowns after the engagement and when a wedding day has been set. This because practically all of the latter is purchased nowadays, while linens and their initialling can be made by hand and require time and some labor.

C. W., Buffalo, W. Va.—Biting your finger nails is a nervous and unpleasant habit, both for yourself and for those who see you doing it. Beyond the age of childhood, one should have will and pride enough to break such a practice. Try having your druggist give you a bitter solution, such as one made of aloes, that you can put on your fingers—thus making yourself unpleasantly reminded of the habit each time you put your nails to your mouth.

M. S., South Carolina.—Why do you ask what is suitable for train travel "except a coat suit?" It is just this which is suitable and no light gowns or clothes of a dressy or fragile nature should be worn. You may wear a pongee or a linen or lawn waist under your coat of your suit, removing the coat and carrying it on your arm if the weather is hot. In your southern climate, a coat suit of linen or other light and loosely woven material would be most suitable for traveling, but this should not be too light in color, we think, if the train trip is a long one.

Brown Eyes, Ky.—Is it right to have a boy "who doesn't seem to have any interest in you?" We answer it may be right, but it is very wrong judgment. We would be on the lookout for a more appreciative Kentuckian at once. That is much better than attempting to waste time and training on any Jack who is too dull a boy, or who is stupid enough to leave you so much alone in a crowd. Drop him and his lack of interest—and perhaps this may wake him up!

Mrs. E. A., Utah.—There is need but of little conversation during a dance. One may speak of other couples that are passed in the gay whirl on the dancing floor; the music may be discussed; past and future dances may be alluded to, etc. At the end of a dance, your partner may thank you, for which a smile will be sufficient reply on your part, or, if you wish to be particularly cordial, you can say: "I enjoyed it very much, too." (2.) When their use is finished, a knife and fork are laid side by side on the plate, with their handles resting on the edge of the plate and the blade of the knife and the tines of the fork occupying a position near the center of the piece of china. A spoon is never left in a cup, but should be kept on the saucer when not in use. A spoon may be properly left in a saucer or on a plate where it has been used to eat ice cream or other refreshment.

Annie, Downing, Wis.—Even though it is custom in your neighborhood to see guests to their car, it would be discourteous to leave your second pair of callers while you left the room and house to see your first couple off. Say good-by to your friends in the presence of your other callers, and you may, if you think necessary, say: "Pardon my not going out to the car with you." (2.) We are a little in doubt just what you mean by the "sauce dish" concerning the place of which on the table you ask in your letter. Generally speaking, all small dishes individual containing a sauce or a vegetable, should be served or placed at the left of a guest.

R. G., Victoria, Tex.—For the luncheon you wish to give for your cousin, you should write out simple notes of invitation. Send these well enough in advance that you may be sure of receiving your replies in time to know for how many you must prepare. A correct form of note would be:

Dear Mrs. Dash:

I am giving a little luncheon for my cousin Mary Jones on Friday, August fifteenth, at one-thirty o'clock. It will give me much pleasure if you can come, and will you let me know if I may expect you?

Sincerely,

Although a buffet or side table luncheon is occasionally served in the way you mention, we think you will do much better to serve your guests seated about a bare table where you make use of lace or linen doilies and centerpiece. Have flowers or a potted plant to make the table attractive. A simple and correct menu for a summer luncheon would be: Iced pineapple or a fruit cocktail, a clear soup, served in cups; chops, chicken, other meats as a main dish, a light salad of some sort, and a frozen dessert and small cups of coffee. You may serve bread and butter or small tea biscuit.

D. E., Parker, Kans.—You should present this boy or man to your father as simply and informally as possible, thus helping them both to prompt and friendly relationship. You might say: "Father, this is my friend, Mr. Dash. I know you have heard me talk about him a lot. He has been wanting to meet you for a long time."

A Bride-to-be, Lafayette, Ind.—Without much expense you can make your home town church attractive for this September wedding by the use of gay foliage, goldenrod, asters, and other flowers of the season. Palms and cut flowers of harmonious coloring may be used about the altar banking. A bride may have as many attendants as the formality of the wedding seems to decree. There may be a page or flower girl, a maid of honor, and from one to four bridesmaids—or even as many as ten! The bridegroom is sufficiently attended by a best man. The wedding procession is necessarily varied according to number of attendants. The ushers pass down the aisle first, followed by the bridesmaids, then a maid of honor, if one is present, and last the bride on the arm of her father or whoever is to "give her away." The flower girl you mention might go in advance of the bride, only; or the child could be first in the procession. Either arrangement would be correct. You are mistaken in thinking the bride and bridegroom pass down the aisle together to the altar. The best man and the bridegroom advance from the rear of the church where they have been waiting, and meet the wedding party at the altar. The bride leaves the arm of her father or whoever has escorted her, and takes the arm of the bridegroom who advances with her before the clergyman. The bridesmaids separate to stand at the right and left, and the maid of honor takes her place at the left of the bride. The best man stands at the bridegroom's right, and slightly in the rear—which should be the position of all the attendants who should be drawn slightly back from the happy couple.

No elaborate refreshments need be served at your wedding reception after the ceremony. Have your home flower-decorated, and serve a fruit punch, cake and ice cream. Of course you may serve a so-called wedding breakfast if you wish. The bride may spend an hour or more at this reception, and may then leave to change to traveling costume. Her attendants should also leave to assist her. Necessarily the bridegroom must also change his apparel and should be ready to meet the bride when she descends ready for departure. Comfort wishes you all happiness and the best of future joy.

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

lit a match. What had brought him back so soon? Had he come to kill her? She was sure of it when she saw his face, the shaking of his hand as he lit the lamp.

"Did you think I had no matches, and you could slip past me in the dark?" he cried viciously. "If you did, your chance if you had one, is gone. Do you know what has happened? Gillian is arrested."

"Gillian had nothing to do with it! It wasn't her handprint—they can't hurt her"—she was mumbling, incoherent—"it was I who—washed my hands."

"What difference is there in your hands?" venomously. "None! And they'll hang her."

"She hates you! Thank God, she hates you!" wildly. "And she was there—she saw you. I only heard."

"And you think she'll tell? Not she—first, for her own sake, for she's proud. And if she tells a hundred times"—oh, but the man was a callous fiend—"whom do you think they'll arrest? Not me, for I shall be gone, but your Lesard, your righteous, money-lending Lesard! Do you think I married her in my own name, when his was so handy? Do you think she or the world knows there are two? He may swear it till he is black in the face and no one will believe him. The world will think it is all a blind to prove an alibi. A man who lends money is capable of anything; he has enemies by the hundred who will rise up and swear to his identity. Why, even Marchmont," turning on her in triumph, "thought I was he! No one who knows me but believes I am he. You say you knew him; you let out by your eyes that you loved him! Do you think that if Gillian does not tell all she knows, and they prove that handprint to be yours, that then she will not tell to save you? Or—that he will not hang—to save you, too? For, if you think that you do not know him, nor the law that will not believe he has a brother who is his double with only his own word for it!"

"There's more than his word," she broke in fiercely; "I knew you were not he! Do you think Gillian will not know he is not you? Do you think any woman can mistake her husband!" with scorn.

"Gillian won't see him close enough to know," grimly. "She will not be allowed to speak to him, or see him, and she will hold her tongue to save me!"

"And what," said Jacky, and something in her voice like the ring of metal made him look sharply at her, "what about me? Do you think that I have held my tongue? Oh, you're not wasting time—it's worth your while to hear me!" Gillian and I were both in the cave that night, but it was I alone who saw those black diamonds—I alone who knew you took them when you killed Marchmont for the belt I had on. God knows that, in a way, I am guilty of his death, for I lay hid and let you kill him. I hated you, for I thought you were Lesard who loved me—deceived me! And when I found out that we were suspected, and not you; when I saw the diamonds you stole on that woman—do you think I did nothing?

"I went home and wrote two letters—one to the Red Mouse, one to the police, both the same. I wrote that you had stolen from Marchmont the diamonds you sold to the Red Mouse. She will know there are two Lesards! Do you think a woman who lives by her wits will not know the difference between you? And"—somehow, he did not raise a finger to stop the fearless voice—"you may go and leave me to die here, but I'll die in joy, in peace, since I know you are not the Lesard I knew—that is not he who is a thief, a murderer, and a deceiver of miserable woman. I'm glad"—fiercely—"glad Gillian is in prison—for, at least, it will save her from you!"

"You hell-cat!" said the man between his teeth. "And you fool, with your 'joy and peace!'" To her amazement he laughed in her astounded face. "Do you know what you've done for your pains? You handed your pious lover over to be hanged! The Red Mouse is the last person to know there are two Lesards—and she wouldn't care if she did. And I think at the time you wrote you did not know either, in spite of your opportunities! You've done me a good turn, with your crazy letters; but you've done Louis a damned bad one! You can reflect on that while you're slowly departing this life in this room. You can't get out—and you're the only person in this world who can save him or ruin me!"

He turned and was gone. She heard the key turned that locked her in to die—to die, when Lesard's life, perhaps, and Gillian's hung on hers!

She rushed to the door in a frenzy, but even under desperate hands it was hard as iron.

Oh, those letters—those mad letters! She had taken her vengeance into her own hands, and it had turned and wounded her.

"Let me out!" she begged, and battered at the door till she was hoarse and her hands bleeding.

There was no answer.

Must she die here? And must Gillian, must Lesard, die for murder—for want of the word she could not speak"

TO BE CONTINUED



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At Crumpet's Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Joan hesitated, and was lost. "Just this once," she whispered. "I'll be down in two minutes."

The air was cool on her face as the big car shot along the shadowy bottomlands, and the acrid odor of wayside weeds filled her nostrils. A clover field stretched acres of fragrant bloom, and rank green corn rows whirled past.

"I haven't found any problems in my mail box, and I've looked every single day," observed Dan.

"Joan sat up with a little start. "I didn't find any that I couldn't do myself, yet."

"You got my note?"

"Yes, and I was going to answer——"

"Going to! When?"

"Oh, when I got time. Isn't this air lovely!"

They slowed down to meet a lumbering farm team. They sped on past a sleeping meadow. Lights gleamed from farmhouse windows. Birds cheeped drowsily in an old apple orchard. A flock of sheep lay like a soft white mantle against a hillside. Stars grew into the night.

Joan sat back with a little gasp of pleasure. The scents and sounds swept through her with opulent earthiness. Fields and roadside flowed by like seas of leaf and bloom. Dan Crumpet sat silent, his hands dusky white against the wheel, his black hair and profile softened by the shadows—letting her dream.

The night seemed full of a gentle, pulsing motion. And Joan felt herself strangely a part of it all. She loved the rich smell of the cornfields, the crispness of crushed mint, and the delicate fragrance of wild roses.

"You don't mind if I moon away like this, and don't talk?" There was a catch in her voice as she tried to laugh, and her eyes were wide-pupiled and solemn.

Dan Crumpet smiled and shook his head. "Moon all you like," he rumbled, his shoulder brushing hers as he leaned toward her.

They were winding through a forest road that Joan remembered from her other ride when suddenly she found herself talking as eagerly as she had been dreaming a while before. Something in the gentle dignity of Dan Crumpet's silence had called forth her confidence. He had not asked about her, and so she was telling him. He had accepted her as a matter of course, and so she was explaining herself. It was like Joan. Yet she felt a tug of surprise under her composure as she told of the recent death of her father, of her quarrel with her guardian and her escape from the office where he had set her to work.

"It was horrible," she declared. "So stuffy and close, I felt like a prisoner. And I loathed the work and did it very badly, but they kept me on because it was my guardian's office and he was determined that I should learn business methods. Once, when I was ten years old, I went to school for a year in the country. I loved it, and my teacher. And I made up my mind that I would teach school. So I just packed up and left one day, without leaving any address. I really didn't know where I was coming to, except to the country. I found Fairfield on the map. Had money enough to get here and a little besides. So I just came."

"I'm mighty glad you did." Dan patted her hand as it lay on her knee, but she drew it away.

"We must go back," she said.

"Not yet."

"Yes, please."

"We'll go back a different way. It's only a few miles further. It's a pretty road with elms hanging over and lots of wild roses that ought to be in bloom now."

"I love wild roses," said Joan.

Again she found herself talking confidences. "May I tell you something that's sort of worrying me about Grandmother?" she asked. "Maybe you know already."

"Please tell me."

"Did you know she keeps money hidden in the yarn?"

"Well, I know she used to. I wasn't sure she did now since Uncle John got her to keep a bank account and put some out at interest."

"I came on it very unexpectedly, though I'd seen her pottering around there a lot. I was watering the marigold bed one afternoon when she was asleep. It's shady there and the flowers looked so wilty I couldn't bear to wait till night, the way she'd told me to. The water ran down as if it were going into a hole under one of the bricks, and when I looked, there was an old stocking bag full of gold pieces. I didn't count them. I just chucked it back in its little nest. But it made me feel queer. What if somebody'd find out about it?"

"That's what I've been afraid of. Remember I said I didn't like your staying there?"

"But what about Grandmother?"

"Haven't you discovered that you can't do anything with her?"

"That's so. You can't. Much."

"There's plenty of low-down rascals over in Poverty Hollow that would like the job of digging around that old place if they got the notion there was money there."

"I think she keeps changing the hiding place," said Joan. "It's still by the marigolds now, but I remember I used to see her digging around the larkspurs and peonies in the front yard and looking terribly mysterious. I think she had it there when I first came."

"Changing around won't help matters any. I'll speak to Uncle John's folks about it. Maybe they can do something with her. I won't let them know you said anything. I'll just put it as my own suspicion."

A cool wind had sprung up when Dan stopped the car at Grandmother Crumpet's gate. It had been a long ride home, winding slowly through hills and valleys. Joan stumbled a little as she got out.

"When may I come again?" Dan was asking as he opened the picket gate.

"Never again," said Joan. "I won't be sneaky. It was just this once, you remember."

"Nonsense," said Dan, shutting the gate abruptly and sweeping Joan into his arms. She thrilled wildly to the touch of his face against hers, his lips crushing her own. And then she tore herself away angrily.

"I hate you. Don't you ever speak to me again," she cried.

"Please, Joan. You do care——" She heard him pleading as she ran up the steps, slammed the door and stood panting in the stuffy sitting-room. She heard the car turning away. She heard her own heart beating. Then a match snapped in Grandmother's room.

"Joan Bradley! Come in here!" called the old woman fiercely.

Joan went slowly to the bedroom door. The lamp glimmered in a chair beside the bed and the light fell on the bent, night-gowned figure sitting up before the pillows. A yellowish cap fell about the sharp old face, rakishly emphasizing the witch-like features. A faded calico dress hung limply over the footboard. Two shapeless old shoes and baggy cotton stockings lay sprawled about the floor.

"I heard that Dan Crumpet's car," hissed Grandmother, her black eyes snapping, her hard forefinger pointed accusingly at the girl in the doorway.

"Yes," said Joan, growing suddenly calm. "He asked me to go for a ride, and I went."

"Well, tomorrow you can just go for good," raged the old woman. "I won't have ye here no longer. Deceivin' me and slippin' off like this. I won't have such trash in my house!"

"I'll be glad to go in the morning. Good night," said Joan. She went out while the old woman still shrilled her tirade. She crept up the creaking stairs to her attic room, threw herself on the cot before the window and sobbed into the flat hen's-feather pillow.

After a while she got up aimlessly and stared out at the rustling apple tree. With the rising wind, clouds had crept up, and heat lightning flashed low down in the distance. Except for the steady chirping of crickets the yard was shadowy and still. Joan groped back into the room and piled her books together on the table. She felt sick and tired and yet too restless to sleep. She drew her cot close to the window and felt the cool breeze ruffling her hair soothingly. Her eyelids



onducted by Cousin Marion

writing this department always sign your name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be lished.

HE very fact that every question answered this month has been given serious thought, proves conclusively that the moral, mental and physical welfare of every girl who writes to me is of more importance than my own comfort. I knew that I took an rest in you, but I didn't realize just how great nterest until this month when, with the thermomclimbing to 96, I read and thought about tepid-to-torrid letters, instead of thinking ly, cooling, thoughts. Had I followed the es of my own personal temperature I'd have ght about cold shower baths and iced tea—my rite summer amusements. Now even the most d need never feel afraid of me. I don't like se so many "I's" but there is no other way to you that I'm a kindly soul even if I do scold so h at times that it is a wonder you don't hate shadow.

EGLECTED.—My advice is that you should regard as a friend and not a very intimate friend at that. sounds conceited and ill-mannered to me. To ig- your invitation to call for no other reason than he didn't want to bend to your will and because he ght you wanted your own way, was the height of conceit and stubbornness. A fine husband he'd e! If he doesn't want a steady girl because he ld be "tied down," he would be a rank failure as a band. Husbands are the most tied down mortals ow of, but the right kind of man doesn't mind being that way.

RUE.—Your letter has been referred to the Etite Department.

UCY, Arkansas.—Unless you have a maid, you or e member of the family should go to the door and te your "caller" to come in. If you answer the bell or his knock, be sure you look presentable. need not be "dressed up," but have your hair bed and be dressed neatly. The best way is to be that all the time, make neatness a habit; then if alls unexpectedly he won't be disillusioned. Young gets an awful wallop in the eye when it sees the of its dreams (light of its life and all that sort of g) in curlers (wreckers of homes!) and a soiled dress runover shoes. (2.) If the girls in your commugo to church with their men friends then it should sion no unfavorable comments if you go with your ller." Remember that a church is a place of wor-, the worship of God—not man, not even a "cal-

UST A BLUE BIRD, Kentucky.—Bluebirds mean piness, and it would have made the elderly man py to have had you show respect for him by rising n introduced. As I've said before, I'm not strong tiquette—I try to be kind—and it may be proper a woman to remain seated when introduced to a of her own age, but you, at fifteen, are not a woman should show respect for your elders, as a true woman uld. I don't blame your uncle for giving you a n kick. If I'd been there I'd have given you a kick he shins.

. C. W., Kentucky.—It is proper to tell your escort t you have had a pleasant evening, or anything te, but he should ask you if he could come again or e could take you to a place of amusement. (2.) It aken for granted that a man will write to the girl he ngaged to when he goes out of town. He should te and give her his address. Some men are so much ove (before marriage) that they ask the girl to write nce, and most girls like to do it. (3.) If you could to the funeral alone you could come home alone. erals are usually respectable affairs and the people ending them are not in the least wild, so you should e been safe from the attentions of anyone there, and ou came there safely you could go home alone in ty.

ARBARA, Texas.—It is dangerous to ride too close a boy when he is driving a car. Automobiles, even ive cylindered affairs with Gabriel horns and shiny at and a monogram, aren't as intelligent as the old te horse used to be, and don't know when to stop discreetly browse under a shady tree. A driver uld have his hands, and arms, free to act in an rgency. To be sure, there are some proficient leftided drivers—so I've been told— but let them that at to take foolish chances. (2.) If you are en- ed to your "best" lover then kiss him good night. w many grades of lovers have you?

IVIAN, Texas.—The boy should write first. (2.) ere is no actual harm in winking; in fact, winking is d for the eyes, but to aim a wink at a boy is coarse vulgar, as well as crude. I can forgive coarseness vulgarity but crudeness—O my Goodness, it is ible!

HIRLEY, Texas.—If you return at an early hour it is per to ask the boy into the house. I am taking it granted that your parents won't mind, because if y are willing you should go out with him they should willing you should entertain him in your home. (2.) hat does your mother think about you going to shows h boys? Her opinion is worth much more than ne.

ELSIE, Idaho.—The fact that he doesn't give you esents does not signify that he is stingy or that he esn't care for you. He may not have thought of it he may be saving his money to buy for you when you his wife. The fellow who was the soul of generty to other girls is often stingy with his wife. He y have to be because he has spent so much money on er girls. (2.) Circumstances alter cases. As a le I don't approve of a girl marrying at your age, but ur letter indicates that you possess brains. (3.) I ree with you in your third question because I think u would use discretion

BILL AND JACK. Idaho.—If girls whose parents are vorced are more popular with the boys, it must be cause the boys sense that usually a mother alone or a ther alone has less control over a girl and that she will ve more freedom than the girl whose mother and ther are working and watching together for her best terests. Or it may be that the girl herself regards ve and marriage in a lighter manner. She may think to rself, "Oh, well, mother got a divorce. If I don't like m I'll get one too," and she is less careful than the rl who has had a happy and a united home life. This only conjecture on my part and I may be wrong. I'll mit that I don't know the psychology of it. (2.) on't marry your cousin or be engaged to him, or stay your cousin's home if he is the one you think you are love with.

TWIN SIX, Maryland.—No, he owes you an apology. ext time a fellow says he won't take you anywhere gain unless you let him kiss you tell him that if he is utting matters on a business basis and wants pay for aking you there, that you will pay him the regular ublic carriage or taxi charge, plus the costs of tickets, od, etc. Give or send the money to him. That ught to make him feel like a German mark, only he is uch cheaper. I hope you will be hitting on all cylinders next time you meet another cheap John.

SUSAN JANE.—Instead of giving advice to the girls often wish I could talk to the mothers. They need dvice more than the girls This girl's mother does ot stay at home and the girl wants to know if it would e proper for her to take an automobile trip with a boy he has met recently; the trip being of such a nature hat they would be obliged to stop at a hotel one night. My dear, don't do it, with an old acquaintance or a new ne. If your mother or father or some older relative ent with you such a trip might be arranged. I aven't the slightest doubt in my mind but that he is a espectable boy and a gentleman and that he would onduct himself as a gentleman should, but it is the appearance of evil that must be avoided, as well as evil itself. People are always ready to believe the worst of veryone Because he is a respectable boy he can propose such a trip. Were he older and less respectable nd knew more of the world, he would know what it your world) would say about you. The unfavorable comments would be about you. The Bible says something about choosing a good name rather than great iches. If it were not sacreligious I would amend that o read, "rather than great riches or automobile rides."

GRACE, Ohio.—He may have been sincere in saying he loved you better than any girl he had ever seen, but t nineteen he hadn't seen so many girls. There is no assurance that he would have loved you better than a girl he might have met later. You may not have done the right thing in marrying a man older than yourself and whom, I judge, you do not care for, but the chances are you are better off than if you had married the one who was younger than yourself, was jealous, and whose parents said he was "no account." When parents will admit that, it is usually the truth. Now that you are married why don't you make the best of it, and if your husband gets mad at things you say,—stop saying them and say something that will please him. It is astonishing how little it takes to please a man. It is just as easy to be happy as it is to be unhappy and it keeps you looking young if you are happy.

GIRL FROM VIRGINIA.—Thank you for telling me that my advice helped you. I often wonder just how much good my talks do. You have made the day much happier for me.

I don't want you to be an old maid (I advised against marriage the other time) but I do want you to be happy and I can't feel that you will be if you marry the man you have told me about. In his fifteen years seniority he has lived a life. I can't tell you to demand absolute virtue in a man for if I did your chances of marrying would be as remote as the chances of the proverbial snowball, but you should demand a higher standard of morals than he seems to possess. His excuse is a favorite alibi with men but not one that he would accept from you, and Mother Nature didn't have two separate plans in mind when she constructed men and women. You never could feel sure of him if you married him, and if you were obliged to meet and associate with the married woman you mention it would be likely to cause you unhappiness and make you distrust him all the time. Of course, if you really love him you can overlook a lot and there is no assurance that some other man would be true to you. Men are so uncertain, but there is a better chance that a man of a different temperament would be more worthy of your trust. I think I can understand how you feel, you want to be *the* woman and not *any* woman. You are young yet. Why not wait a while longer, even five or six years. I shall be interested in you if you care to write to me again.

BEULAH, New Mexico.—The only "good advice" I can give you is to obey your parents and give up your cowboy lover. Cowboys, in moving pictures, are charming things and it was a shock to my Bill-Hart-Tom-Mix sensibilities to learn that they could be 'ruff.'

TRIXIE, Texas.—Whether you throw him aside or not depends upon the reason the boys have for making fun of him and disliking him. You'll have to decide that yourself. What does he do—crochet or wear pink silk B. V. D.'s? There is a certain class of fellows who are jealous and make fun of a boy who is more of a gentleman than they are.

LOTTIE, Texas.—If you were older I'd say write again and ask if he received your first letter, but I can't approve of girls of fifteen writing to boys, not even if they do regard their friendship as "priceless." It isn't how you regard his friendship but how he regards yours that counts, and he is likely to regard it as being worth more if it isn't thrust upon him.

Now I'm going to have a glass of iced tea. Goodby girls.

COUSIN MARION.

In Berlin the dance mania is so intensive that the government has closed all cabarets where dancing and drinking of cheap wines went on from 5 p. m. until after midnight.—*The Dearborn Independent.*



WHAT'S WRONG With This Dress?

She didn't know that her new dress would attract such attention. Any dressmaker should have known how to design a dress that would give her height. Do you know what is wrong?

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World's Champion Hen

Fifteen times her own weight in eggs in a year—that is the record of Lady Jewel, world's champion hen, the property of W. M. Leathers, of Woodland, Washington. In 365 days, she laid 335 eggs, the average weight of each egg being the standard two ounces. Her own weight is two pounds and 12 ounces. Another hen of the Northwest, Lady Dryden, of Oregon, had held the world's championship for the past year, her record being 324 eggs in a year. Lady Jewel also set a new record for continuity—132 eggs in 132 days—an egg a day, without a break. The previous continuity record was 90 eggs in 90 days.

The champion was hatched in an incubator, and, because of her high-bred ancestry, something extraordinary was expected of her. On November 1, 1921, at the age of five months, her owner took her to the Western Washington Experiment station of the State College of Washington, near Pullman.

This station, during the past two years, has been given the highest rating. The system that has resulted in breaking the world's record, is largely the work of Mr. and Mrs. Shoup, who are called "the poultry wizards of the Pacific Northwest." The superintendent of the station, W. A. Linklater, also gives much credit to Charles R. Hansbury, contest attendant.

Here are a few statistics concerning Lady Jewel: Her meat value, at wholesale, would be 41 cents. Her value to her owner is $2000. Each egg, at retail, would bring 10 cents.

Recently 20 eggs sold for $500.

Each egg laid by her in the three months hatching season is valued at $100.

Lady Jewel would not take first prize at a "beauty" show. As Supt. Linklater says, she was "bred for egg yield, not for feathers."

Postal Saving Bank

The Postal Savings Division of the Post-Office Department has 420,000 depositors and approximately $134,000,000 on deposit.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Adam Mieden, who left Wisconsin 20 years ago, please notify his niece Mrs. Mary Wolfgram, Kendall, Wis.

Wanted address of Mr. Holt, citizen of Charleston, S. C. May 1907, whose home was on Rutledge Avenue, near intersection of Lime Street and Rutledge Avenue. Mr. Holt's daughter, Clio Holt, married in June 1907, in that city, and continued to live there until 1910. Kindly notify Mrs. Pearl Hoyle, Gaffney, 122 Millwood Street, S. C.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mary Clark, her adopted name was Mary Carr, last heard of in Birmingham, Ala. Please notify her sister Mrs. Minnie Posey, Houston, 611 Hamilton St., Texas.

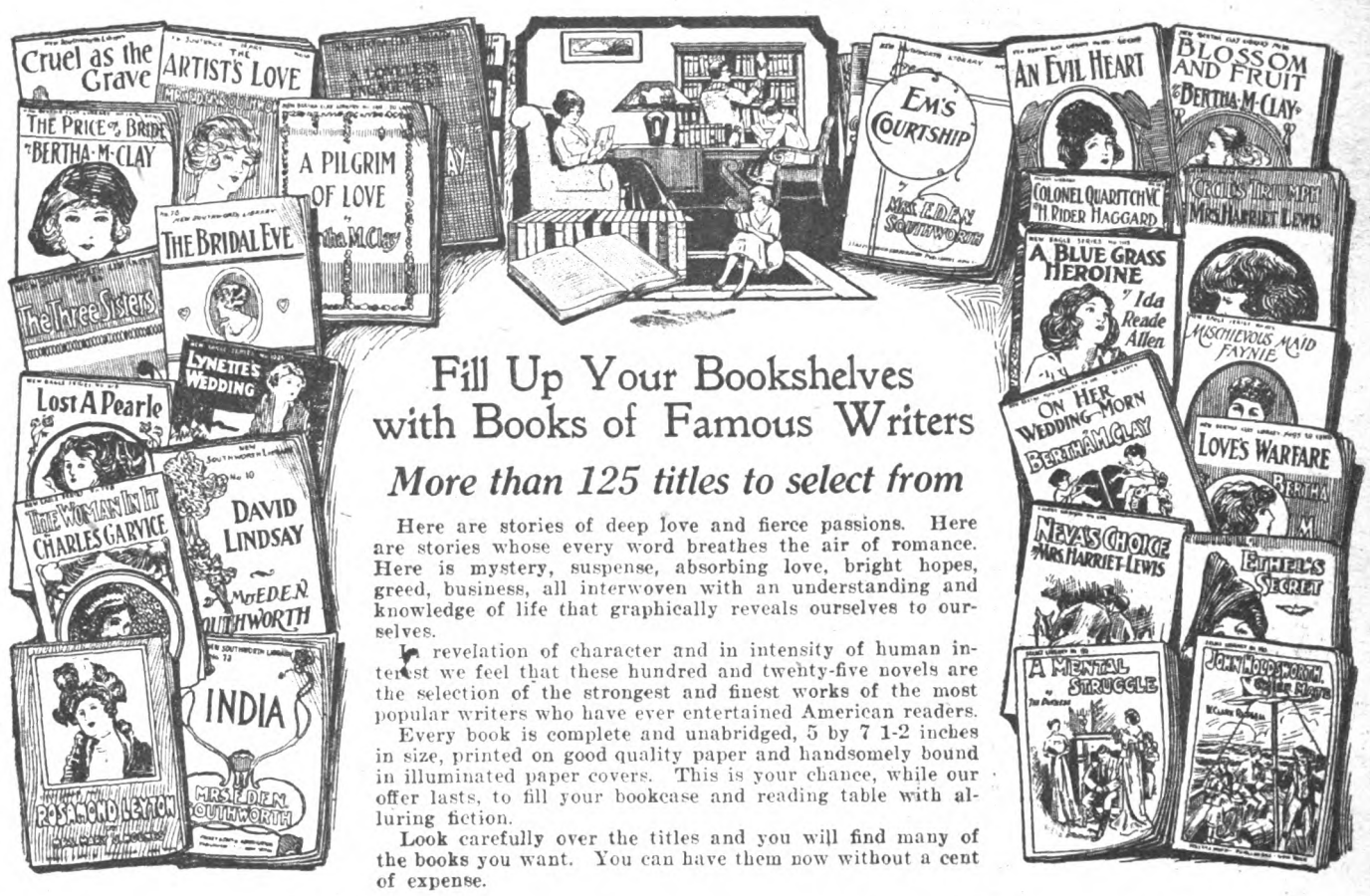
Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Jodie and Willie Wright last heard from in California, sons of Calvin Wright, notify Mrs. Maud Patts, Slayden, Tenn.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of W. T. Gulledge last heard of in Sedalia, Mo. Dec. 4, 1921, please notify Miss Lucy Vineyard, Desoto, Mo.

Will some kind readers send me the list of "Wilcox" names in their town. I desire the address of all "Wilcoxs" to help me trace the "Wilcox" family tree and to write "late" history of the Wilcox genealogy. All kindness appreciated. Address, John Jay Vincent Wilcox, Falmouth, Box 221, Mass.

It will cost less for a farmer to help a neighbor rid his fields of chinch bugs than to combat them himself when they cross his property line, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Wheat fields developing infestation should be sprayed in May or early June, and cooperation helps.

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May Agnes Fleming

E 481 Wedded, Yet No Wife
E 136 The Unseen Bridegroom
E 9 The Virginia Heiress

Wenona Gilman

E 1087 The Tide of Fate
E 1070 Evelyn the Actress

Charles Garvice

E 17 Leslie's Loyalty
E 50 Her Ransom
E 84 Imogene
E 95 A Wilful Maid
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31 Lilith. Sequel to "When the Shadow Darkens"
44 The Changed Brides, or "Winning Her Way"
45 The Bride's Fate. Sequel to "The Changed Brides"
48 Cruel as the Grave, or "The Hallowe'en Mystery"
49 Tried for Her Life. Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave"
73 India, or "The Pearl of Pearle River"
78 The Bridal Eve
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Robert Louis Stevenson

S 149 The Suicide Club
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Miscellaneous

E 1100 An Angel of Evil, *Effie Adelaide Rowlands*
E 1096 A Bachelor Girl, *Lucy May Russell*
S 78 Beyond the City, *A. Conan Doyle*
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E 1127 Daredevil Betty, *Evelyn Malcolm*
S 147 The Dead Secret, *Wilkie Collins*
S 60 Dead Man's Rock, *"Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch)*
S 14 East Lynne, *Mrs. Henry Wood*
S 138 Elsie Venner *Oliver Wendell Holmes*
E 1084 Ethel's Secret, *Charlotte M. Stanley*
E 1088 Her Husband's Other Wife, *Emma Garrison Jones*
E 1128 Her Life's Dark Cloud, *Lillian R. Drayton*
S 35 Inez, *Augusta J. Evans*
S 61 The Iron Pirate, *Max Pemberton*
S 117 John Halifax, Gentleman, *Miss Mulock*
E 1083 Lola Dunbar's Crime, *Barbara Howard*
S 63 Lorna Doone, *R. D. Blackmore*
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S 100 Led Astray, *Octave Feuillet*
S 131 Lady Audley's Secret, *Miss M. E. Braddon*
S 89 A Perilous Secret, *Charles Reade*
S 148 Ships That Pass in the Night, *Beatrice Harraden*
S 81 She's All the World to Me, *Hall Caine*
S 126 The Toilers of the Sea, *Victor Hugo*
S 118 The Tragedy in the Rue de la Paix, *Adolphe Belot*
S 53 Uncle Tom's Cabin, *Harriet Beecher Stowe*
S 27 Under Two Flags, *"Ouida"*

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For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you any one book free. For a club of two one-year subscriptions at 50c we will send you any 3 books. Be sure to order the books by number and also give the author's name so that you will be sure to get the book you want. Suggest one extra title which we can substitute if necessary.

ADDRESS COMFORT BOOK DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOYS! Have Fun And Make Money With This Complete PRINTING OUTFIT



For A Club Of Only Two!

TOMMY Jones in the above picture is all smiles because he has printed some name cards for a neighbor for which he is to receive 50 cents. You can do the same. With this practical Printing Outfit you can print cards, tags, envelopes, small circulars, letter heads, bill heads, etc., and do the work well. There is always a demand for this kind of printing and if you are a "live wire" you can doubtless get a lot of jobs to do for your friends and neighbors and thereby earn considerable pocket money. And you will be learning something, too—typesetting, composition, correct use of capitals, punctuation, abbreviations, business terms and phrases—to say nothing of the fun you get out of it.

Everything in this Outfit is of the best quality. It contains **one complete font** of rubber type, or in other words, from eight to fourteen of each of the letters in the alphabet—both capitals and small letters; all the numerals from 1 to 10—two to three of each numeral—dollar signs, a full assortment of commas, periods, colons, semi-colons, hyphens, quotation, percentage and parenthesis marks, exclamation and question points, slugs, pointing hands and words and phrases most commonly used in business, such as "For Sale By," "Return To," "No.", "Co.," etc. Then there is a four-line type holder, a pair of metal pinchers (to pick up the type with), and an everlasting ink pad in a metal case.

Parents should encourage their children in the use of this practical Printing Outfit, because it will furnish them with no end of fun, valuable instruction, and a chance to earn money of their own. Girls like this Outfit as well as the boys, and father and mother will also find it useful in the home in a hundred different ways.

We will give you this complete Printing Outfit free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this complete Printing Outfit, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1222.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"



Reward No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

Full Instructions Show You How—You Cannot Possibly Fail



Given For A Club Of Four!

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom,** five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread,** and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price, so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

We will give you this Bead Loom and Complete Outfit free upon the terms of the following

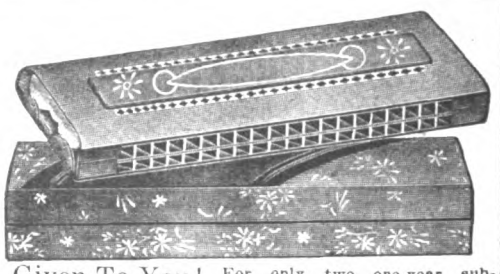
Special Club Offer! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Full concert-toned HARMONICA

Gift No. 1662

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.



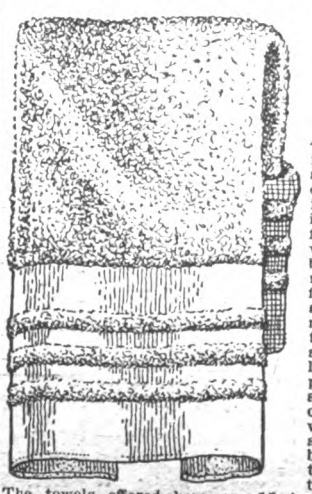
Every boy, and many of the men folks, too, will get pecks of fun and entertainment from this extra full-toned mouth organ. Each side has 24 double holes—48 bronze reeds. Really it is two harmonicas in one with a different key on each side. At parties, dances and in your own family circle you can have no end of enjoyment with it. Length 6 1-2 inches. Heavy nickel sides. Packed in fancy box.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this full concert-toned Harmonica free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1662.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy

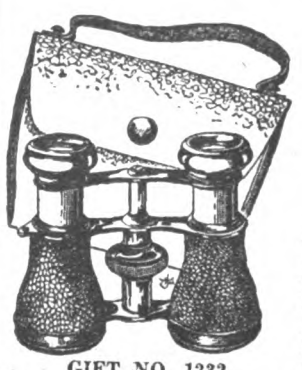


AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guest-room or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9912.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Opera or Field Glasses



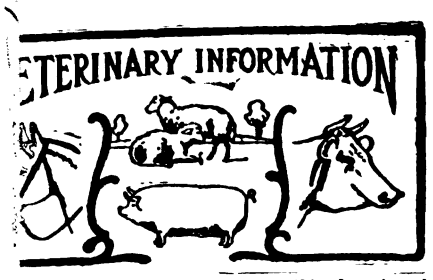
GIFT NO. 1232
Given for Two Subscriptions.

THESE glasses are not, of course, as powerful as those sold at a high price, yet they will be found very satisfactory and extremely useful on many occasions. Although commonly known as opera glasses, they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible. They are yours free on the terms of the followig special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these Opera or Field Glasses in a leatherette case, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1232.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



ıbers are invited to write to this department for any information desired relative to the t of animal troubles. Questions will be answ in these columns free by an eminent veterinar scribe the trouble fully, sign full name and ur address; direct all correspondence to the ry Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ntion will be given any inquiry which lacks der's full name and address, but we will print tials if so requested.

Beware of Sunstroke

extra hot weather keep the work horse in the table when it is seen that the feces (manure) slushy, hot, foul-smelling, or scant, slimy nd pale-colored. Indigestion is thus indiated and often precedes heat exhaustion nd sunstroke or heat apoplexy. Stop grain nd reduce roughage. Rest the horse until weels again are normal. When a working suddenly stops sweating, stop work, remove , get him into a shady place under a tree, there is a breeze and sprinkle body with cold by means of a garden sprinkling can. Let ater constantly trickle over poll of head, or persistently with cold water. In the worst inject cold water into the rectum. Give ants by way of the mouth. Half to one ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia and sweet of niter may be given in strong tea or coffee n hour until relief occurs or the veterinarian . He should be called in all severe cases, pecial drugs indicated and taps to relieve when that is necessary.

K BACK.—I have a mule ten years old. She got her and I put on coal oil. When down she can't Mrs. A. E. T.

An application of coal oil might blister the skin arcely would cause the weakness you mention. more likely has been caused by a sprain of the s of the loins for which there is no special remedy than rest. Support the mule with veterinary in a box-stall at night, but allow exercise at other . Kill the lice by applying as often as seems to be ary a tea made by boiling four ounces of staves- or larkspur seeds for 30 minutes in a gallon of . Cleanse and disinfect the stable.

GET.—My cow gives clabber milk. I feed her -seed meal and cotton-seed mixed. Is there any y? R. L.

-Bacteria or germs in the milk utensils commonly ropiness in milk. They usually are derived from ater used to wash milk utensils or cool milk or or from dust in places where the milk is handled More scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun-dry ilk vessels and see that all water used is pure eep the cow from standing in water. If you find he udder is affected with garget, and the possible of abnormal milk better let a calf nurse or dry off retion in the affected quarter or quarters.

E MULE.—My mule, 10 years old seems to be in her right fore leg. When I work her hard she t her leg out in front and it seems to hurt her. Is anything to do for her? W. J. C.

-The thrusting forward or "pointing" mentioned ted that the foot is the seat of the lameness. Have acksmith search the foot for a corn, stone bruise il prick. Pus may have to be liberated. If no ause is found keep cold wet swabs constantly the hoof head. If that does no good clip the hair the hoof head and once a week rub in a little of a re of one part of powdered cantharides and 24 of lard, as a mild blister. Tie the mule short while blister is acting.

SEASE OF DOGS.—Can you tell me what ails our First he began to cough and get stiff and sore; es swell and pus forms. He got so he wouldn't nd just laid around. Nearly all the dogs in the borhood has, or have had, the disease. Two have killed and it was said they had hydrophobia alch they didn't bite at anything. J. B. H.

—As you suspect rabies you should have a qualified marian examine an affected dog, or report the matthe local health officer and state veterinarian and vestigation may be ordered. We cannot decide xact nature of the disease without making a perexamination and as rabies is so terribly dangerous n and farm animals we should strongly advise you ve an expert examine an affected dog. Meanaffected dogs should be kept chained. The dismay turn out to be distemper. We may add that s may now be prevented with a good degree of ss by vaccinating the dogs.

LARGED JOINT.—Please tell me what to do for my She ran over a buggy and bruised her knee, h caused an enlarged joint. B. D.

—If the enlargement has been there for months does not become less with exercise we fear it may e permanent. Poultice the knee with antiphlone, applied hot, covered with absorbent cotton and in place by bandaging the mare to be kept tied up e under treatment. Renew the poultice material time it tends to become dry. Discontinue poulg when the inflammation subsides and then rub in 10 per cent. iodine ointment daily or treat with a rietary reducing preparation which you can buy at ug store with directions for use.

OPY MILK.—My Jersey heifer, two years old, calf weeks, gives a large quantity of milk, but it is ropy. you give me the cause and cure? Mrs. A. K.

—We suspect that the abnormal milk comes from quarter that has been infected by the germs which e mammitis, commonly called garget. If so it ld be best to let a calf nurse or to dry off the secrein the affected quarter or quarters. Chronic garis incurable and the affected milk is unfit for use. ple garget, not due to germs may be caused by exive feeding of a protein—rich feed like cottonseed l. Better stop feeding cottonseed in any form and he cow live on grass. Strip the quarter clean every or three hours, during the day, and in the evening in a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized oil, aphorated oil and compound soap liniment. Isolate cow, milk her last and destroy the abnormal milk.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have a heifer which freshened before she was two years old. She seems healthy, gives bloody milk; you cannot tell it only by separa- and then it gathers around the bowl of the separa- She has never, to my knowledge, been hurt. The was two months old when she began to give bloody k and at that time I was feeding cane hay. Mrs. M. F.

A.—Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the ler in separate bottles that have been sterilized by ling. Label the bottles so that the source of the k in each may be known. In that way you can ermine which quarter is yielding bloody milk. Then may find by rolling the teat of that quarter been the thumb and fingers that growths are present. h growths often bleed a little from irritation at time milking. If at or very close to the opening of the a veterinarian could remove them by operation. hey are high up or if chronic garget is found to be the se better let a calf nurse or dry off the milk secretion the affected quarter.

EYE DISEASE.—My horse got inflammation in one of eyes last fall. One of my neighbors suggested putg powdered camphor in the eyes. Would it be a od thing? L. L.

A.—It would not be well to put camphor in the eye, t bathing it with boiled water containing one teaonful of powdered boric acid to the pint and used id may help. We fear, however, that the horse is fected with periodic or recurrent opthalmia, comonly called "moon blindness" which causes cataract d blindness of one or both eyes after repeated attacks. rtially darken the stable. If an attack comes on ssolve a dram of iodide of potash in the drinking water ice daily, frequently bathe the eyes with the boric id solution and in the evening put a little bit of one r cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment in the corner the eye and apply it freely to the upper eyelid and pression above the eye

TUBERCULIN TEST.—Please tell me if it is possible one to give the tuberculin treatment, and if so how d what to give, as we do not live near a veterinarian. What will cure catarrhal fever? Mrs. J. E. Y

A.—To test cattle with tuberculin by either one the three standard methods requires professional ining and skill, especially as regards interpretation the results. It should therefore be done by an expert. rticulars may be had in a bulletin which you can obin by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. (2.) If you care to write again describing the symptoms of what you think may be catarrhal fever and tell us what kind of animal is affected we shall be glad to give you advice.

MOON BLINDNESS.—I have a horse that went blind with what we call "blue eye." She had attacks for one year then her eye would water and finally went blind. I have another young horse that is having her first attack. It seems to be spreading in our part of the country. Is it contagious and can anything be done for it? F. B.

A.—There is enough evidence to show that it is advisable to isolate a horse afflicted with periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, commonly called "moon blindness." There is a difference of opinion regarding the origin and cause of the disease, but many now consider it infectious or germ-caused and a biologic used hypodermically is being tried as a preventive. The disease is practically incurable and after repeated attacks causes cataract and blindness of one or both eyes. This may be retarded somewhat by injecting a 10 per cent. solution of Lugol's solution and distilled or boiled water into the fatty cushion behind the eye and dissolving a dram of iodide of potash in the drinking water twice daily at time of attack. Also partially darken the stable.

SCRATCHES.—Will you tell me what to do for a horse with the "scratches," and is there any cure for them? My horse bites himself until his legs bleed and the next morning the legs are swollen and the hair comes off in little patches. Is the disease catching to other horses or animals? W. M.

A.—The term "scratches" is applied to a chapped or sore condition of the skin at the back of a horse's legs just above the heels and below the fetlocks. When the skin disease exists above the fetlocks it may be grease mange, mud fever or possibly farcy the skin form of glanders. The latter disease is malignant and incurable. Better have a veterinarian determine what is wrong. For ordinary scratches and leg mange a mixture of four ounces of sulphur, four ounces of oil of tar and one pound of melted unsalted lard well rubbed in every three days will be likely to prove curative.

BLOODY MILK.—Please tell me the cause and what to do for a cow with bloody milk. One of the teats gives bloody milk. She does not appear to be sick. She has no calf. Mrs. E. G.

A.—By rolling the teat between the thumb and fingers you may be able to feel a growth which bleeds from irritation at milking time. If the growth is just inside the opening of the teat a veterinarian could remove it by operating. If it is high up it would be better to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in that quarter. When sudden bleeding is due to a blow or other injury it may quickly subside, especially if the quarter is bathed two or three times daily with cold water and vinegar and a teaspoonful of powdered copperas and three of salt is mixed in the evening feed. When due to an attack of garget and chronic, there is no cure, the milk is unfit for use and that quarter should be "dried off."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

ways wanted to live in a mountainous country. I just love mountains and I would love to climb them. I have none to climb here.

So you don't like bobbed hair, Uncle? It quite amuses me to hear you men give your opinion. If you men had to wear long hair a few days, you would soon advise all women to bob it. Men don't know anything at all about it, but they think they do. I think I will bob mine some day. My hair is awfully thick. My younger sister and I are just crazy to bob our hair, but our older sisters do not like it, neither does our mother. Yet after they got used to it I believe they would think it all right.

Well, I think I had better ring off. This long letter would make a good meal for Billy, but I hope he doesn't get it.

A COMFORT cousin, ALICE INEZ VINCENT.

Alice, I'm not going to say a word against Spofford if you don't want me to, and if so many nasty people have already said unkind things about the town you like so much. I am sure I can agree with you that "some of the best people on earth" live in Spofford. But, Alice, it fortunately happens that this is true of every place on the round globe. There are best and worst folks in all towns, and all we can do is to try and make the best more, and the worst more few.

You say it is "interesting" to have everybody know everybody else's business the way they can do in a small village like Spofford, Alice Inez. Well I'll say it is, sometimes. But it often depends in its enjoyable interest upon who does the knowing and who gets known! I've seen many towns where folks didn't feel happy at having their doings so well known up and down Main Street and around the Spofford Garage, so to speak. However these fo'ks were usually not among the "best people on earth."

Yes, Alice, mainly our life is what we make it and we really don't have to have it as blue as it seems to become for some indigo dwellers in Spofford and elsewhere. Good hard work and doing something for somebody else are both cures for the blues, as perhaps you know. And looking up at God's blue sky is another remedy—on the principle that like cures like!

Alice, in spite of what you say about men bobbing their hair, I am not going to bob mine—although I could do it easily and neatly with a pair of manicure scissors and a two-inch mirror.

BLACK MOUNTAIN, BOX 17, NO. CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Have you just a small corner in your department to spare for this letter? I am just another one of the lonely ones knocking at your door and seeking to join your happy circle. I have been in this part of the country only a short time (about eight months), and haven't as yet made the acquaintance of more than a half-dozen people. My home town and my friends are several hundred miles away from here. I was born and raised in Chicago, the Windy City, but I got tired of its noise and soot, so I came down here for a rest and a change of air.

This is a wonderful scenic country. I have never seen such beautiful scenery anywhere. I will try to describe its beauty, but I know beforehand that I cannot do it justice. Even a poet would find it a hard task. We are in a valley two miles east of the town and are completely surrounded by mountains. To the west looms the Garden of Eden, the Beach Tree and Old Saddleback. The Garden of Eden is the prettiest mountain of the three and is almost entirely covered with pine and spruce. The other two peaks are just what their names imply. To the north is Black Mountain, from which the town takes its name. To the south is the best of them all: The Craggies, with their big ragged peaks jutting into the sky. I think the mountains look most beautiful on the evening when they seem to be shrouded in blue haze through which they loom mysteriously. As I sit in the evening looking at the mountains, I begin to think how small and tawdry the man-made skyscrapers of the city are compared to nature's own.

Now I think I'll describe myself so you'll all know what I look like: I am a young man, twenty-two years old; five feet, nine and a half inches tall, in my stocking feet, and with gray-blue eyes and wavy blonde hair.

I hope that Billy will let this pass and that some of the cousins will write to me.

Your lonely nephew-cousin, ERNEST A. FOX.

Why, of course, Ernest, we've got a corner for you and I am delighted to start you in on our course for the Cure of Lonelies. If you know only six people in North Carolina, you will soon know over six hundred throughout the other forty-seven states where our League spreads its Family fold and broad smile.

I like mountains just as much as you do, Ernest, and in this month of August I will be able to look at them and love them just as you are doing. But I will not have so many or so high ones about me as your fortunate and highland state can boast. Once, in New York, my nearest peak was the U. S. Rubber building—one of those man-made skyscrapers you mention. It was not very satisfactory as a mountain, its only advantage being that it could be climbed by elevator. New York has quite a fair-sized range of Commercial Alps—the Woolworth building—sort o' built of dimes and nickels!—is 792 feet high, the Metropolitan is 700, and the Equitable towers up 487. These seem the higher to me now that a friend, just back from Europe, tells me that in Paris there is no building higher than 65 feet! Perhaps it is a good idea for European countries to keep their buildings low when aircraft and heavy bombing places are developing so rapidly in ambitious army circles. Buildings 65 feet high will not make nearly as big ruins as 650 ones! It is a satisfaction to know that aircraft of the future will have a hard time reducing your Craggies or Saddleback, Ernest. Man can destroy what man has made, and he has been doing this quite consistently and skillfully down the centuries, but when he tackles *the work and the plan of God*, it becomes quite a different matter. Yet there's a time coming, Ernest, when man will come to know it is better to work with God than against him. Then our world can grow to new and permanent beauty—as promising as a sunrise, as beautiful as the pines and redwoods, as firmly founded as your Craggies.

"HARRISON, R.3, HEDGEGROW FARM," ARK.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been reading the cousins' letters and thought I would like to chat a while. My home is in the beautiful Ozarks. We live on a farm of 140 acres, four and a half miles from Harrison, the county seat of Boone county. Papa is a railroad man and works at Harrison. Brother manages the farm. Mother and I care for our Jersey cows, chickens, turkies, etc. We have a thirty-acre apple orchard which was lovely this spring when it was in bloom. The pears, cherries and peaches here budded early and were killed by the late cold weather of the spring:

"With a whistling wind that shrieked and shrilled,
It swept the county and the fruit was killed.
Yes, the fruit was froze and as stiff as starch,
On that day of the blizzard, the eighteenth of March!"

Maybe you are wondering what I look like, so here I am: Fair complexion, brown hair, violet blue eyes, fourteen years old.

We love COMFORT very much. Our family have been continous subscribers for thirty-one years. Uncle Lisha, I hope you will print this.

Love to all, FRANKIE D. JONES.

Frankie, I like the name of your farm. All farms should be named. Every single one has individuality of climate, location or product which can make it more than just "the farm." To christen the home acres appropriately is to make them more real and loveable and symbolize them as a little dearer place to live. But the right sort of a name must be chosen. I once knew a Nebraska farmer who chose to call his place "Suspender Flats." He said it was sure flat and always more or less covered with suspenders.

Because I have such a mouth for fruit Frankie, I was the more sorry to hear of your trees being blighted by the frosty fingers of the late and chilly spring. Perhaps you can make a deal and all some of that fruit frozen "as stiff as starch" some soda fountain man who specializes in fruit sundæs. Frozen peaches go good with ice cream! Frank, I hope the Hedgegrow Farm will never be hit by such a freeze again during the next 31 years that your folks are COMFORT subscribers and that you sit out under the apple trees, reading the Cousins' letters while thirty acres of blossoms drip in soft fragrance on your brown hair. Can't you sell all those falling and wasting petals to some mattress factory, Frankie? Think of sleeping on an apple blossom mattress! Oh, boy! That would be the cat's snores, all right, all right!

KINGSPORT, 920 DALE ST., TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here is a letter from among the hills of sunny east Tennessee. I am a boy of sixteen years of age, expecting to be seventeen in August. I am five feet, six inches tall; have blue eyes, brown hair, and weigh about 130 pounds. I am a sophomore in high school. My home is in Kyles Ford, Tennessee. I am here going to school. I have been here about three months and will stay two months longer. I would like to hear from all the cousins who care to write to me.

I study every night until about twelve o'clock. I burn a whole lot of what is called the midnight oil, but I make good grades all the time. I am just through taking monthly exams.

Well, I will ring off this time as it is late. If any of the cousins write, will they please address me at my home, Kyles Ford, Tennessee?

Sincerely, RAY W ROGERS.

Ray, midnight oil, like elbow grease, is a commodity well worth buying and using. Unfortunately few places keep these *things* in stock, and they are certain never to be found for sale at local stores, barber shops or pool rooms. Often one can make his own midnight oil by boiling down a few pounds of perseverance *and mixing* with a little perspiration and push. Midnight oil, Ray, has given forth the brightest light this old world has ever seen. Wise men have always known this and insisted on burning it in preference to any easier and more artificial light obtained by pressing a button. Keep on using your precious product, Ray, and use the gleam you gain to keep your path clear on the up grade. You'll never be sorry you used this way of gaining light on the Road of Life—which always stretches ahead a little dim and unknown when one "is sixteen and expecting to be seventeen." Ray, my birthday is in August, too, and I am expecting to be.....

WEST WRIGHTSTOWN, WISCONSIN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hello, folks! Here comes a letter from one of the best states in the Union—the Badger State. I have never traveled beyond the boundaries of Wisconsin. My motto has always been: "See Wisconsin First." So I'm going to tell you what I have learned about my state. The surface of Wisconsin is generally a great rolling plain. A low height of land extends through the state, north and south, a little east of the center and at a point about thirty miles south of Lake Superior. At this point it meets another elevation extending east and west. The Wisconsin River, which flows through the central part of the state, is the largest river wholly within the state boundaries. Through a part of its course this river has cut its way through the sand stone bluffs forming The Dalles, noted for their scenic beauty. In the southeastern, north central and northern parts of the state are numerous lakes which are favorite resorts for summer residents, and also for hunters and fishermen. The largest of these lakes is Lake Winnebago which is twenty miles south of Wrightstown.

Large numbers of cattle, horses and swine are raised every year in Wisconsin, and as a dairy state it is one of the foremost in the United States. In recent years the manufacturing industries have developed with remarkable rapidity. The most important of these is the manufacture of lumber, and in lumber and timber products Wisconsin is a leading state.

Milwaukee is the chief center of trade on Lake Michigan and for the state at large, while Superior is the chief commercial city for the northwestern part of the state. Wisconsin also leads in the production of iron ore, the mines being located along the Menominee River valley and in the Gogebic range in the north. In the southwestern part of the state are important deposits of lead and zinc, and granite is found in the central portion. Not least of all, Wisconsin maintains one of the best school systems in the Union.

Just a few more paragraphs and I will skiddoo! I graduated from my home town high school in 1921. The following year I entered a training school for nurses at Racine. I was there but one year when I became ill. I am still convalescing from that illness and will continue to be a convalescent for a number of years. When I get well I am going to finish my training and specialize in surgery. I like my work so well that I get lonesome for it. I am not allowed to have many visitors, so all I do to pass the time is to read and build air castles. I enjoy reading good books very much. I would like to hear from all the cousins that care to write. I will answer as many as I can, for I have oodles of time all my own to make pen replies.

I am five feet, seven inches tall; have brown hair, blue eyes, and suntanned cheeks plus a few freckles. My age is "over eighteen." I am not twenty-one yet, so guess!

With heaps of love to all the cousins—but keep most of it for yourself, Uncle Lisha, I am

Your lonesome Wisconsin niece and cousin,
NELLIE VAN HOOF.

Nellie, the Badger State is all right! You have lakes, woods and Holsteins—all good things. Your lakes can remain the same in number, your Jersey and Holstein milk fountains may increase, but your forests, alas, are dwindling and have dwindled. This is an old and sad story, Nellie, that of the destruction and waste of our country's great woodlands. A century ago it was Maine and the other states of New England that turned out the most of our lumber. Today thirty per cent. of the lumber used in New England must be shipped in. When New England and the states of New York and Pennsylvania began to fail as bases of supply, the lake states—your Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota—began to echo to the sound of the axe, and the trees fell! By 1870, Wisconsin and Michigan had captured the lumber supremacy of the U. S. The forests melted away. In particular the vast quantities of white pine were soon drained. You can know how clean was the sweep of pine lumber, when I tell you that today your Badger State produces less white pine than is cut annually in the old and much-lumbered states of Maine and New Hampshire. The last stand of our forests—a last stand in more senses than one—is on the Pacific coast. At the edge of the ocean axe and saw must cease. No tall green tops tower above the waves. Yet by the end of ten or twelve years the big forests of the Pacific coast states will have been stripped of their most and best. Then we will all write long articles, draw long faces, adopt expensive policies framed by expensive commissions—and begin re-forestation on a scale little imagined now. But at present we keep a heavy duty on Canadian lumber—and cut our own trees four times as fast as they grow!

I'm sorry you are ill, Nellie, but glad you are a cheerful convalescent with work you like awaiting your recovery. When we like our work, our work likes us, and things move smoothly and well along the grooves of the duties of the days.

MARSHALLVILLE, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Oh, how I would have liked it if you could have been with us March 22nd! We enjoyed a large fete called the big Peach Festival. Of course you might know I live in the largest peach belt of the country. The festival was staged at Fort Valley, Georgia. We had a barbecue and a big pageant. There were 25,000 visitors.

I live on a large peach farm of several thousand acres of nothing but peach trees. They are beautiful when in bloom—just a solid mass of pink and very pleasing to the eye.

We have been working for a new county in Georgia. We are going to name it Peach County. As it was opposed in the state, we voted, and we lost our county, but in two years we expect to try again. I would thank every cousin in Georgia if they would all cast votes in favor of Peach County.

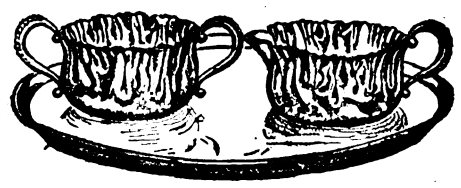
Next time I write I will describe myself. I would appreciate and answer every letter sent to me. With lots of love,

Your cousin, NELLIE HOLLEY.

Thanks for wanting us at your Peach Festival, Nellie. Well, I know that Bill and I would have been glad to have been there, particularly Bill. Think of the Peach Barbecue! Baked peaches are WONDERFUL! With ladies of CREAM! I suppose you barbecued some nice plump 900 pound peach and sliced *him* up afterwards. Nellie, to live *in* a peach belt is nice, but I like my peaches *under* my belt. Anyway I think you must be having a peach of a life, dwelling amid thousands of acres of peach trees and having peach pie three meals a day. If you don't send me an advance invitation to your next year's Festival I shall never forgive you. What good does it do me to hear about it now in August? All I can do is chew on a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories
For Little Folks



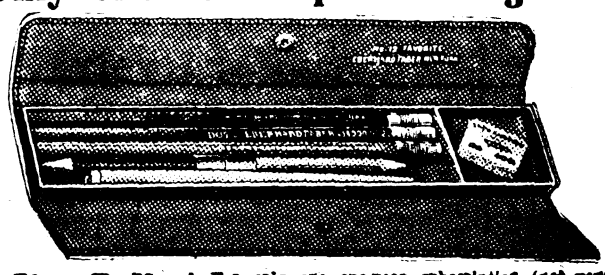
20 WONDERFUL TALES In Story And Verse **20**

TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites as well as newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Playmates, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 1. Library No. 7991 consists of Land of Tulips, Our Farm Yard, Our Country, Happy Days, Story of Santa Claus, Chums, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 2; In the Jungle, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 3; The Big League. Each book is 4x5¼ inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

Given To You! We will send you either Library of 10 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or both Libraries (20 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. Please mention number of Libraries wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Only One Subscription Brings This Big Pencil Set



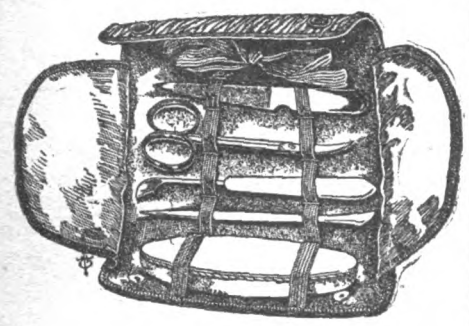
For everyday school use this compact, brightly colored leatherette case contains an especially useful writing and drawing assortment. Each box contains the following pencils: **1 Flashlight, 1 National, 1 Mongol**, each 7 inches or more in length; 1 Double pencil, really two pencils in one; 1 pen and 1 penholder, and 1 soft rubber eraser. The entire assortment fits into neat compartments and is held securely in place by the patent snap clasps on the flaps. For one subscription this set represents a big, big value.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this Pencil Set free and postpaid. Reward No. 8881.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case**, measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No.8124.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



Gift No. 9992—For 2 Subscriptions.

When the man who buys COMFORT's gifts went to market this spring to get his annual stock of Teddy Bears the manufacturers told him that all the Teddy Bears had been sold and that if he wanted any he would have to pay twice as much as he ever did before.

This wasn't very good news to COMFORT's buyer because he realized how many hundreds and hundreds of COMFORT's boys and girls would be disappointed by the failure to supply dear, happy, old Teddy.

But COMFORT's buyer said "We will get the Teddy Bears somehow." We are not going to disappoint a single boy or girl in the big COMFORT family if we can positively help it.

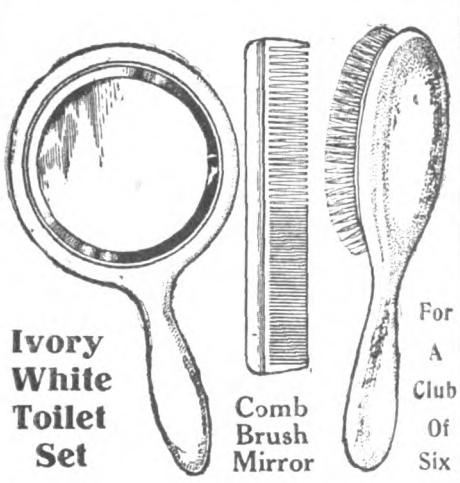
So after a good deal of hustling and hunting the buyer found a manufacturer in New York who knew how to make real, shaggy, lovable Teddy Bears. But the price was terribly high. The manufacturer said, "My Teddy Bears are not to be compared with bears from other factories. Look at this shaggy fur, see how well sewed they are and notice how natural and lifelike the arms, legs and face are. And just look at those sparkling, shiny eyes. Did you ever see a better made bear?" The man from COMFORT had to agree that it was the finest Teddy Bear he had ever seen.

Finally after a great deal of persuasion the manufacturer said; "Well, if you will buy the Teddies now"—that was last April—"I'll let you have them so that you can still offer them to COMFORT's subscribers for only two subscriptions."

So we are ready to supply the finest, cutest, most lovable 10-inch Teddy that ever came to play with a little boy or girl. You will be delighted with this handsome fellow.

Given To You! For two one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of the fine, shaggy Teddy Bears free and postpaid. Reward No. 9992.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7 1-2 inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Queen Bess

Handsome 13-inch dressed doll

For only Two Subscriptions

Gift No. 1822.



Oh what a big beautiful doll! That was our exclamation when first we saw her queenly loveliness peeking from the big box in which she came.

And that will be what you'll exclaim, too, when you see her and place her in the loving embrace of your child. What child could resist the endearing charms of such a beautiful queen of toyland!

Thirteen inches she stands and no bridesmaid dressed for the wedding day ever looked more entrancing. We wish our artist could illustrate more accurately the handsome dress of crepe-de-chene with its cute lace yoke and soft, blue sash.

But you can perhaps picture in your mind's eye the dress and can imagine a face as sweet and refreshing as a morning in June and with a rosy flush on the round, full cheeks as dainty as the first gentle hint of dawn. And such handsome teeth! Like glistening pearls between Cupid lips of rosy red.

Eyes that open and close with as dreamy blue as the azure depths of the heavens.

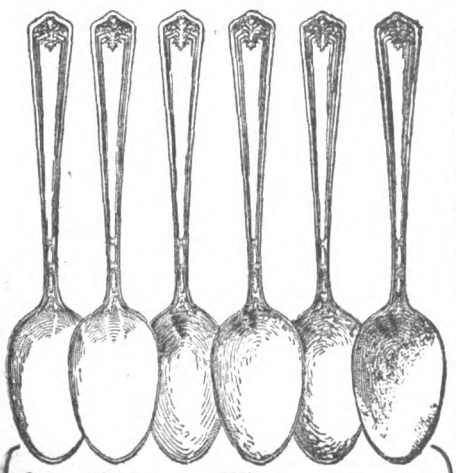
Hair—light brown—almost golden—and soft and fluffy as fine silk. It falls back from her forehead in long flowing curls that reach half way down her back.

Crowning her golden tresses is a dainty bonnet of straw in which is a bright feather entwined at a coquettish angle.

Send for this doll today and let your child have the pleasure of her company enthroned among the most treasured possessions of her playroom.

Given To You! If you will send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful Queen Bess Doll free and postpaid. Reward No. 1822.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Superb Shaving Set

Safety Razor, 3 Blades, Mennen's Shaving Cream and Powder—All for Two Subscriptions. Gift No. 1712.

Men who shave and who have to repeat that more or less torturous operation 365 times a year will smile with glowing satisfaction when they read how easy it is to obtain this superb shaving set. (Women, you owe it to your husbands to show them this ad.) See that razor, men. It's the he-man's safety razor, the same style of razor that has hoed the stubble off millions of rough and jagged chins and left them clean, smooth and velvety. Every man in the world, most, knows this razor. And there are the blades—3 of them—all ready for business. To load up, simply slip a blade over the prongs on the bottom plate, drop on the safety slide and tighten up the handle. A slight twist of the handle gives you any desired adjustment. When you need new blades ask for Gillettes. They will fit and shave equally well.

Mennen's Cream adds comfort to your shave. Just to make the razor's job more pleasant for you men folks we are including a tube of Mennen's famous shaving cream.

Every razor needs a little beard softening. Mennen's is the choice of millions of men. It's the kind that does not need any mussy rubbing in with the fingers. This wonderful cream works equally well with hot or cold water—soft or hard. The lather does not dry on the face but whips up instantly with a firm, creamy, moist mass of beard softening foam. There's cream enough for a month of the smoothest, quickest, most refreshing shaves a man ever enjoyed.

Finally in our offer there are two close filled cans of Mennen powder, one with talcum for men, another of Kora-Konia, a cool, soothing antiseptic powder for tender skins.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you free and prepaid this shaving set with extra razor blades and two boxes of powder. Reward No. 1712.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious should be taken to your local doctor. ress, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, sta, Maine. Sign your true name and give address. Name will not be published.

s. E. N., Maynardville, Tenn.—Maybe your en- rouble is due to your floating kidney. Better have an abdominal support, or be operated on, is condition.

s. T. H L., Pleasant Hill, Ill.—You must have catarrhal condition. Spray the nose three times with Dobell's solution (2) Also bathe the with a saturated solution of boric acid—use lution cold.

s. H. A. K., Burns, Col.—You probably have a ic rheumatic condition. Bathe the swollen parts aturated solution of Epsom salts and keep them ith this solution during the day and night as well. five drops of a saturated solution of iodide of po- m well diluted and avoid sweets and pastries of ds. Drink plenty of water.

s. L M DeWitt, Ark.—For gall-stones one of the remedies is a preparation known as Holadin. one capsule after meals and with your meals eat f salad-oil. Of course avoid sweets and pastries kinds.

. A. B G., Cameron, N. C.—The condition is un- edly a traumatic cataract. An operation will e it The spots in the other eye may be due to too much meat, eggs etc Glasses are not indi- until you have an operation.

s. J. L. M., Wattensaw, Ark.—Fats of all kinds t are indicated in tubercular conditions.

s. R. E. S., Montrose, Neb.—You may have a e fibroid tumor Be examined and if this is the ave the uterus removed with growth.

ss J J., Goodwin Ark.—Have the mole removed e of the actual cautery. This is the only sure way

s C V., Pine City, Minn.—If the gall-stones are and obstructive, operation is the only cure If are small, sometimes avoidance of sweets of all including pastries and taking a preparation n as Holadin will effect a cure. Take two cap- after meals.

s. C. W. M., Temple, Texas —Your laceration ther conditions due to the laceration are the cause ur sterility at this time. Be operated on and have arts restored to normal and you will no doubt be- pregnant again.

s. F. P. C., Chamita, New Mexico.—For the e take after meals for some time five drops of a ated solution of the iodide of potassium well, d. Avoid meats and eggs.

s D. E. O. Bald Knob, Ark.—Take for the sour ach, one bicarbonate of soda compound tablet meals.

s. J. B., Huron, South Dak.—The backache is ably due to some unrepaired laceration of the is. Be examined, and if this is the case, have the restored by operation at once.

rs. F. L., Dallas, Texas.—Have the last rupture operated on at once and after the child is cured, a properly fitted belt worn for some time to aid the minal muscles and prevent reoccurrence of the ire, or ruptures, again.

rs. H R. B., Bolton Center, Conn.—Try, for your ic constipation, two teaspoonfuls of cascara da, fluid extract, morning and night. Also with meals take a tablespoonful of American Oil.

rs. C. W R., LeRoy, Minn.—You are somewhat weight and should avoid sweets of all kinds as well astries. (2) Take after meals, for the cough, a oonful of Pertussin.

rs. H. E. H., Gassville, Ark.—You are nervous. after meals a five-grain pill of asafetida. Avoid ts of all kinds. For the nasal condition, use Do- solution as a spray.

rs. R. P. W., Enid, Okla.—You are in a measure otic and introspective. Try taking a five-grain of asafetida after meals. Also massage the limbs arms before retiring to awaken the circulation and the nerves as well.

r. G. E. S., Necessity, Texas.—A two percent ion of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rose- r will cure your dandruff if applied every other to the scalp.

iss H. V. S., Walnut, Neb.—Hodgkins disease is readily cured. You might have your father take meals five drops of a saturated solution of the le of potassium, well diluted. Also have him d meats of all kinds, as well as eggs.

rs F. W., Valier, Ill.—Simply a poor physical dition due to multiple pregnancies. You need a . Take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's ure well diluted

rs. R. E. L., Grafton, Va.—You may have a high d pressure. Take after meals five drops of a sat- ed solution of iodide of potassium well diluted id sweets and pastries of all kinds and keep your els free by use of some good constitutional cathar- such as cascara sagrada in some form.

Irs C. A. H., Clemull, Texas.—You should be ex- ned by your local doctor and find out whether or you have (hernia) rupture. In the meantime can take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture diluted after meals; as a tonic.

Irs. C. P. K., West Union, Ohio.—Avoid the ex- ive use of the ginger tea and substitute for it a pound bicarbonate of sodium tablet. Take the et after meals

Irs. H. H. M., Creighton, South Dak.—Poor re- a circulation is the cause of the trouble with your her's legs. Have her wear an elastic bandage ing the day, and apply, to the eczematous areas, sar's paste at night.

Irs B. K., Ella Gap, Ga.—You may have a chronic arial condition. Take after meals one teaspoonful Warburg's tincture, well diluted For the womb dition there is no cure outside of operation.

Mrs. G. W. C., Ripley, West Va.—Any druggist get the Lassar's paste for you from some whole- drug house. Have your local druggist send for it.

Mrs. B. F., Grand Locks, North Dak.—Rickets is sed by improper feeding. Give the baby with his als a teaspoonful of lime water.

Miss D. L., Peacock, Texas.—Massage the cheek efully and in time the small scar will disappear.

Mrs A. F. D , Houston, Texas.—Soak the hair in linseed oil over night and, in the morning, wash the oil with some good tar soap; then apply to the ts of the hair a two per cent. solution of resorcin solved in equal parts of alcohol and rose water.

Mrs C. W. A. Goshen, Oregon.—There is no remedy loss of smell. Better consult some good nose spe- list and be treated for the condition of nasal mucous mbrane.

Mrs M. R. S., North Emporia, Va —The enlarge- nt of thyriod gland may be the cause of your many nptoms Take after meals five drop doses well uted of iodide of potassium. Use a saturated solu- n of the iodine. Also avoid meats and eggs.

Miss A. J. S., Yukon, Okla.—You are chronically nstipated. Take morning and night two teaspoon- s of fluid extract of cascara sagrada, well diluted

Miss V. P., Wood, Pa.—You have, may be, a chronic eurisy Take after meals a teaspoonful of pertussin l diluted and live mostly on milk and cereals. You ght also have your chest strapped with adhesive sters to limit motion of chest.

Mrs. G. R., Oak Harbor, Ohio.—Think you and ildren have a chronic malaria. Take after meals a aspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted.

Mrs. L. S. T., Gades, S. C.—For your nervousness five-grain pills of asafœtida after meals. Of course t only such foods as are easily digested and agree th you.

Miss N. D., Cairo, Ohio.—If your breasts have ac- al hard lumps and they—the lumps—adhere to the ternal skin, you better have them examined at once. they only swell and enlarge at times you can neglect e condition as functional. For the kidney condition ke after meals, a two-grain tablet of urotropin. You ould drink plenty of good spring water.

Mrs. A. M. G., Muscatine, Iowa.—For your painful ination, take after meals five-grain tablets of uro- opin, and drink plenty of water.

Lucky Thirteen

By Richard G. Swaringen

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PENELOPE Dare and Jack Stafford had gone to the movies, where they had seen Love conquer a multitude of difficulties and attain unto its own. Now, having returned to Penelope's home, they sat upon a sofa which they had drawn up before a companionable wood fire in the parlor. (Folks still have parlors in our town). Sat there and talked until at length the hour waxed late, and Jack awakened to the realization that a golden opportunity was slipping by. So in an intense voice he said:

"Penelope, as I've told you before, I love you! I ask nothing better than the privilege of devoting the rest of my life to the task of making you happy—which is saying as much as a man can say! For the twelfth time, I ask you, will you be my wife?"

"For the twelfth time," replied Penelope, "my answer is no!"

She said it kindly, for Penelope did not like to see anyone, or anything, suffer. But she also said it firmly. In her tone and manner was no hint of yielding. Penelope was that kind of person. She had the courage of her convictions. She possessed a round determined chin, cleft in the middle; a firm mouth; a slightly turned-up nose; and steady brown eyes. She was nearly as tall as Jack, and somewhat luxuriously upholstered. Jack had often mused on what a joy it would be to hug her warm, beautiful body; but he was careful to keep such musings to himself. For Penelope was not a girl whom one might hug lightly. She weighed a hundred and forty pounds.

Jack's intelligent face grew a shade paler and at least an inch longer, and he heaved an audible sigh. But, after two unsuccessful attempts, he presently succeeded in grinning.

"Now that's to do over again!" he complained humorously. "It's growing monotonous! Well, proposal number thirteen comes next."

"Why don't you quit it, Jack?" Penelope's eyes softened. "You know I'm not worth it. I wish for your sake, that I might return your love."

But even as she said it, Penelope knew that only half of her wished this. The other half was wishing it might have been another man—a certain other man—who was proposing to her.

"I can't quit," Jack said simply. "I have to keep trying as long as there's hope. And there's hope as long as we both live and you're not married or engaged to somebody else."

"I'm sorry!" Penelope's hand rested for a moment on his arm and her face was turned away. Penelope was not one to show emotion easily. When she turned her face toward him again there were tears in her eyes. "I think that is the finest compliment a man could pay a girl. So I suppose I ought to tell you that what you ask for already belongs to another man."

Jack was silent for several minutes; then he said steadily:

"I congratulate him. Do you mind telling me who he is?"

"I'd rather not." Penelope shook her head.

"But if you are going to marry him——"

"I fear I'm not, Jack!" Penelope's eyes looked for an instant like those of some wounded creature. "You see, my love seems to be wasted—like yours. He—he cares for someone else!" The brown eyes wavered; then the long dark lashes descended on cheeks that had grown whiter. Jack saw two tears steal out from under them.

"You poor girl!" he exclaimed compassionately. Apparently he forgot his own disappointment in concern for hers. With an air of brotherly tenderness, he slipped his arm around her waist; drew her head down upon his shoulder. "Poor girl! You know I'm sorry, dear. Just consider me your big brother, and cry all you want to. Tell me as much about your trouble as you like—and as little. I'll help you if I can."

And, availing herself of this permission, Penelope wept upon his shoulder without restraint. She forgot that he, too, was a disappointed lover, and that she was the author of his disappointment; forgot that he was anything but a strong, tender friend. It was very comforting, she realized, to have a broad shoulder upon which to pour out her grief.

She wept quietly, with long quivering sighs. And Jack held her close, feeling for the first time the soft warmth of her in his arms, her hair against his cheek. How different this from the embrace of his dreams! But Jack was not thinking of that. He was grieving for the sorrow of his friend; wondering what he could do to help her.

"Penelope," he said suddenly and rather breathlessly, "I'm going to kiss you!"

Penelope stiffened and raised her head, surprised indignation bringing a momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow. "You are not!" she denied, trying to draw out of his encircling arms.

"I am, too!" declared Jack. And he did, first on one cheek, then on the other, then on the lips.

"You—you beast!" Penelope struggled free and stood before him, magnificent in her wrath. Her cheeks burned poppy-red; her eyes flamed with scorn; her bosom rose and fell like a stormy sea.

"Leave this house at once! And I hope I'll never see you again!"

Jack rose also. His face was pale and sad, but he managed to smile wistfully.

"There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger!" he remarked. "I was only trying to help you. Think it over——Good-by, Penelope!"

He turned and walked to the door, his head up, his steps brisk and even. Without looking back, he opened the door and went out.

But once out in the cold, clear night, he looked up at stars that were brilliantly inscrutable, his mind trying to peer into a future that stretched before him in bleak desolation. Imagination revolted at the task of comtemplating existence without Penelope. Jack found and lit his pipe; then set off to walk until he should feel like going to bed.

Standing where he had left her, Penelope stared fixedly at the door until long after he was gone. She was furiously angry, but already her indignation was beginning to give place to curiosity. What had he meant by those last words, she wondered, her face showing an odd mixture of rage and bewilderment. "There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger," he had said; and now the words clung to her memory with irritating persistence.

At length, frowning more from thought than from anger, she resumed her seat on the sofa. For a long time she sat motionless, staring into the fire. Strangely, she was not thinking of the man she loved. She was thinking of Jack Stafford, his kindness through all the years she had known him, his unvarying honesty, his delicacy of feeling. Surely a girl never had a better friend. . . . But he had kissed her against her will; had insulted her! Her face flamed again at the memory She told herself fiercely that she hated him.

"There's no remedy for grief so sure and quick as anger!" Again his words were in her ears . . . . And at last Penelope knew.

So that was it! He loved her—and yet he had been willing to let her misjudge him, hate him, if by that he could make her forget for a few moments! He loved her so much as that!

"Oh, Jack!" murmured Penelope; and tenderly pressed her hands against the burning cheeks he had kissed. "Dear Jack! Your love is bigger and better than mine!"

Then she fell to wondering if Arnold Gates, the man she loved, would have done such a thing—even for the girl he loved, Ellen Anderson, her own closest friend. And at last, trembling with so many emotions she could not analyze them, she threw herself face downward on the sofa, weeping softly. Though she could not have told whether her tears came more from pity for Jack Stafford or from pity for herself.

After what might have been hours for all Penelope knew to the contrary, there came a faint, insistent knocking on the outer door—repeated many times before the girl heard it and sat up, wondering who could be knocking at that unearthly hour. Never one to be frightened by trifles, she rose and went into the hall, where she switched on the light.

"Penelope!" called a rather plaintive voice from without—a voice which Penelope instantly recognized as that of Mrs. Freda Anderson, who lived in the next house. She opened the door at once. Mrs. Anderson stood shivering on the porch, clad in a long coat, which opened at the throat and revealed a pink kimono underneath.

"Penelope, has your company gone?" she asked hurriedly. "I thought I heard him leaving a while ago; and as your light was still burning, I came over. I want you to go to Ellen. Something has happened——"

"What is it?" Without waiting for an answer, Penelope hurriedly got her coat and switched off the lights in the parlor and hall.

"I don't know what's the matter with her!" Mrs. Anderson almost wept, as they descended the steps and hurried across the two unfenced yards. "She won't tell me all; but it's something about Arnold Gates—I don't know what. Maybe she'll tell you."

At the mention of Arnold Gates' name Penelope's heart seemed to freeze for an instant; then started pounding madly. Her lips trembled so, she was obliged to remain silent for fear of betraying her own emotion.

They reached the Anderson home, and Mrs. Anderson led the way into her daughter's bedroom, a small and plainly furnished room, warmed by a little wood-burning stove in which the fire was almost out.

Ellen, fully dressed, lay face downward across the bed. Her slight, delicately-rounded form was so still that Penelope feared for a moment she was unconscious. After a glance at the worried face of the mother, she went and sat down on the side of the bed; laid her hand softly upon the other girl's blonde head. Ellen seemed to shrink away from her touch.

"Ellen!" she said gently. "What is it, dear?"

The girl moved her head slightly, but made no answer.

"Don't tell me if you'd rather not," Penelope went on softly. "I just wanted you to know I'm here, in case you need me."

"You'll think me a fool, if I tell you!" said a muffled young voice, hot and bitter. "You'll despise me!"

"No, dear." Penelope glanced, in puzzled inquiry, at the mother. But Mrs. Anderson only shook her head helplessly, with tears in her eyes. "I can't despise you, though I may be sorry for you——"

"That's it!" Restlessly the girl turned a bitter face half toward her friend. "I don't want your pity!" Hiding her face again, she began to sob.

"You're so—so strong, Penelope—and good! You could never—You couldn't understand!" she choked out, between sobs that racked her slender form.

"No, dear, I'm not strong—and certainly not good!" Penelope was thinking of how she had driven Jack Stafford away in anger when he was trying to help her. "And you mustn't think you're any weaker or sillier than other people——"

"It's Arnold!" The words burst forth tempestuously. "He's gone!"

"You poor dear!" For a moment a wild hope burned in Penelope's heart, only to be crushed pitilessly. "But he'll come back."

"No! He can't come back!" said Ellen drearily. "He doesn't dare come back! Don't you see? But of course you don't! The law is after him! He's a criminal! And we were going to slip away and get married next week, and come back and surprise everybody. And I love him—I love him so!"

"Darling!" said Penelope. "But it's best—don't you see it is?—for you not to marry him, if what you say is true."

"Oh, I know," moaned the girl. "But that does not seem to make it any easier! It doesn't keep me from loving him!"

Though her own heart was heavy as lead, Penelope gathered the younger girl into her arms and wept with her. Such grief could not be assuaged with words; only tears would suffice.

"He wanted to carry me with him," said Ellen, after a while. "Even after I had read the letter he dropped and discovered he was a fugitive from justice, and accused him to his face—even then he begged me to marry him! He promised on his word of honor that he would carry me away where he wouldn't be known, and would never leave me—his word of honor! But I was afraid to trust him then. And I couldn't bear to leave my home and never come back. So I sent him away . . . . But I love him!"

Such utter selfishness in the man her heart had followed was evil and repulsive to Penelope; and by way of contrast—light against shadow—her thoughts flashed back to Jack Stafford's willingness to sacrifice himself for her. She found herself slipping once more into an uncharted sea of turbulent contending emotions.

"No, dear, you couldn't go with a man like that," she said at last, speaking as one in a dream.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was a brilliant winter morning. The sun had not yet risen, but his beams were gilding the eastern sky, illuminating a frost-whitened earth that would presently flash into jeweled splendor at their touch. People who had slept were arising from their beds, as was evidenced by the plumes of blue smoke pointing from chimneys and flues into the sky; the savory odors of frying bacon and boiling coffee stealing out upon the crisp morning air.

Jack Stafford trudged along the street toward his home, his tired feet stumbling occasionally, his aching muscles registering a protest at every step; for as yet Jack had neither slept nor rested. But, though his over-driven body clamored for repose, his mind was still a caldron of thoughts that would not rest and seared like fire.

Moving softly, Penelope Dare opened the door and let herself out of the house where a young heart was grieving. She, too, had been awake all through the weary night. The tired mother, at Penelope's insistence, had long since retired. Then, after a time, Penelope had persuaded Ellen to allow herself to be undressed and put properly to bed. But every time she spoke of leaving, the girl had burst into fresh paroxysms of sobbing. So Penelope had sat on the bedside all the rest of the night, holding her hand, and only leaving her occasionally to rise and replenish the fire in the little stove. And it was not until the first gray gleams of dawn came fingering at the shutteres that the poor girl at last found slumber and Penelope was free.

So Jack and Penelope met face to face on the sidewalk, and stopped still, and stood regarding each other curiously. In the presence of each there at that hour there was much that was strange to the mind of the other; but neither thought of asking for an explanation. Both their weary brains were too absorbed with thoughts of deeper import. Penelope was the first to break the silence.

"Jack," she said calmly, "It's time for that thirteenth proposal! Will you be my husband?" She looked into his eyes calmly and steadfastly. For it seemed all emotions and other dross had been burned away in the crucible of the night, leaving her mind and heart cool and clear, and filled with a great understanding.

Jack stood trembling for some seconds, until slow comprehension at last penetrated his jaded soul and jerked him back to taut attention.

"You know you have only to say the word, my dear!" he answered simply. "But may I ask why this change of heart? What about the other man—the man you love?" He looked into her eyes searchingly.

"I don't love him, Jack, and never did—really," she replied gravely and humbly. "I thought I did, and was too stubborn to be convinced. It has taken a tragedy to show me my mistake. You believe me, don't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Jack softly, "I believe you."

"Then kiss me again!" said Penelope. "I love you!"

Jack kissed her.

Arm in arm, they slowly and silently walked the few remaining steps to her home, where Penelope mounted to the low porch; then turned to put her hands upon his shoulders and look her love down into his eyes. Taking her cheeks between his palms, Jack drew her lips down to his and kissed her once more.

"The luckiest number in the whole arithmetic is undoubtedly the number thirteen!" said he, with a return of his old gay spirit. And his tired feet were light again as he turned and left her.



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C. H., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we think the real estate of your husband's first wife upon her death, if she left no will, descended to her children subject to her husband's life estate is one-third of same.

Mrs. P. D., Minnesota.—If the company from which you purchased the device you mention refuses or neglects to return your money upon your return of the goods as provided in your agreement with them, we think it will be necessary for you to sue them for the recovery of your money.

B. P., Kansas.—We can form no opinion as to your sister's rights under the will you mention without an examination of such will, but if she received only a remainder interest in the property we do not think her creditor can get possession of any greater interest, and that a sale of such interest would only entitle the purchaser thereunder to come into possession of the property at the time the life estate therein is terminated; the interest charges on his claim or judgment will, of course, increase the amount of his claim during the time it remains unpaid.

Mrs. J. W., Oklahoma.—If the notes you mention are valid notes, we think the payment of them can be enforced against any property the maker, or his estate may own except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution, we think the rights of creditors except as above stated come before the inheritance rights of the heirs of a descendant's estate

J D H., Tennessee.—We think that if your nephew resold to his father the property previously given him by his father, the property would, upon the father's death, belong to his estate, and your nephew would be entitled to collect as a claim against the estate any unpaid balance of the purchase price; we think, however, you should be careful to see that the records properly reflect the transaction.

Mrs. M. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and having a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances and homestead rights, if any, would receive one-third of the estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the children in equal shares, the descendant of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

Mrs. G. S. T., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is not necessary for the conveyance of the separate property of the husband when such property is the homestead property; we think he can also, during the marriage, convey all community property of the husband and wife, except such as is used as a homestead, without the wife's signature to the deed.

Mrs. E. H., Colorada.—If the boy you mention has always used his stepfather's name, we do not think his marriage under such name would invalidate his marriage.

Mrs. G. W. P., South Carolina.—We think the enforcement of the collection of the money loaned for the man you mention over twenty-one years ago would now be barred by the statute of limitations.

Mrs. A. E. C., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow in addition to certain small allowances from the personal property and her homestead rights, if decedent leaves a homestead, would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely except that if there is only one child left and no descendants of a deceased child, in which event she would receive one-half of the personalty. We think it is necessary for the wife to survive her husband to receive inheritance rights in his estate.

Mrs. W. W. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age

Mrs P. A. I., Minnesota.—Under the laws of Montana, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would be entitled to receive one-half of his estate after payment of debts and expenses the balance going to his parents, or brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left.

Mrs. Z. K., Missouri.—We think the laws of your state require the consent of parents or guardians for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. E. B., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that real property owned by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor and can be sold or disposed of by such survivor without the consent of the children of the decedent.

Mrs G. B. S., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his estate would go to such widow and child in equal shares provided the widow within twelve months after the granting of letters of administration by the properly executed document elects to take a child's part in the real estate in place or in lieu o' her dower rights in such real estate.

Mrs. V. N., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you have no interest in the property formerly owned by your mother, but sold by her during her lifetime.

Mrs G. E. C., Idaho.—We do not think you have any interest in your stepfather's estate unless some provision was made for you by will.

C. P. W., Illinois.—We think your claim for services performed for your parents 27 years ago would now be outlawed. We think that upon the death of your mother without a will, the court would appoint an administrator to administer her estate giving preference to the nearest of kin and a preference to a resident over a non-resident, where the next of kin are of equal degree of relationship; we think if the administrator improperly administers the estate any party in interest can object to his account when the same is filed, or if his conduct warrants such action can petition for his removal and for an accounting and that the questions in dispute will then be tried by the court in such proceeding.

Mrs. H. H. H., Kentucky.—If the will you mention gives you an absolute vested interest in fee in the property you mention, we think you can sell or dispose of same without your children's consent, but if you have only some limited estate in the property you can only dispose of such interest therein; we think an examination of the will would be necessary in order to determine your rights thereunder; we think the use of the words "to her heirs and assigns forever" in such will would indicate that the device was absolute.

Mrs. A. F. C., Oklahoma.—We do not think the father of the illegimate child you mention has any right to the custody or control of such child; we think the mother of the child would be entitled to collect from the father such sums of money as she has loaned him together with interest thereon.

Mrs. J. T W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think a married woman can convey good title to her real estate without her husband's signature to such conveyance, nor do we think she can, by will, bar him from an interest in her estate in case he survives her. (2). We think it would not be wise for you to commence any litigation against your relatives who do not consider your ailments as serious as they seem to you; we think the best methods to reduce flesh is through dieting and exercise.

Mrs. W. A. D., Pennsylvania.—If you have been in default in the payments called for in your contract since 1887, it seems to us that you must have lost all your rights thereunder.



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Comfort's Home Lawyer

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

leathery chunk of California dried peach and dream of your acres and acres of orchard.

I hope you get your Peach County, Nell. Why not call it Peach Shortcake County? I think that would draw more votes—among the cousins, anyway. Some day we may have a president from Peach Shortcake County, Georgia. Why this would be better, even, than getting a Chief Executive from Dade County, Missouri! I'm for Peach Shortcake County, Nellie, and the bigger the county is, the better I'll be pleased.

WELLSTON, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hello, everybody! How would you like to hear from a girl from the wild and woolly state of Oklahoma? Now, Uncle, this is my first letter, so please, old dear, tell that Billy fellow to pick up his walking stick and move off. If he gets this, the first chance I get I'll just naturally "push his face in!"

I've been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and like it fine. What I call a long time is about ten years, although mother was a subscriber long before then. However, at that time I hardly knew the difference between the League of Cousins and a jellyfish. Now remember I said *fish* and not *bean*. I live on a ranch about eight miles from a small town that will soon be an oil town. It's a small burg all right, but they surely have the jelly beans there. I don't see where all these girl-hating cousins have reason to talk. I know there are some poor ignorant girls in the world, those silly painted dolls they call flappers, but all the girls are not flappers, so I'm not saying all the boys are jelly beans But, ugh, oh, those jelly beans, with their painted cheeks and lips, pencilled eyebrows, slick hair, velvet breeches and an—an—oh, sweet mamma, pass the mush! Now, come on, girls, let's have your opinion of the jelly beans.

I have bobbed hair, but it's been bobbed ever since I was knee high to a good-sized duck But the hair does not make me a flapper, does it? Anyhow, I'm letting it grow out now.

By the way, cousins, what do you think of the girls who smoke cigarettes? I'd like to see what you think of them. I tell you I think they are bad customers. What's your opinion, Uncle Lisha?

Say, Uncle, you like to ride horses, don't you? I know you do; 'most everyone does You take a few days off and come here and I'll let you ride bronchos to your heart's content. You can go on wolf hunts n'everything. Some cowboys here caught a large gray wolf the other night—the first gray wolf I ever saw in Oklahoma. It sure was pretty.

Well, I guess you think my letter is long enough, so I will close. I would like to hear from some of the cousins or all that care to write. I will answer all that I possibly can. I will not sign my real name, but please just address to Wellston, Oklahoma, R. 1, Box 28, and I will get the letters—that is if they come. I am five feet, one inch tall; have brown curly hair, and was seventeen the eighth of May.

Your loving niece and cousin, PERCY.

Percy, you five foot, bobbed hair scout, I'm glad you brought up this question of jelly beans, and I shall hope to hear full and copious remarks from southern cousins regarding the whyness, whereness and whatness of these candy kids. I call 'em candy kids, because in my kindergarten days jelly beans were a soft, chewy, many-colored, many-flavored bean-shaped confection, marvelously to be purchased at a cent a cup. With a good appetite and if one did not give too many away, all of five cents' worth might be deliciously consumed during a recess period But why a slick-haired young southern youth should be christened after these tiny candies of my school days I cannot imagine. Is it because this variety of southern boy is so soft and sweet, Percy? Surely you ought to know! Question: Why is a jelly bean? and what? Don't all answer at once.

Percy, every girl who smokes a cigarette is not "a bad customer," but she's not as good a customer as if she did not consume these smoke sticks. I'm agin cigarette smoking for my nieces, Pere, and just to show I'm without predjustice in the matter, I'll say I'm agin 'em for nephews, aunts, uncles, mothers, fathers and grandparents

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Sarah R. Deal, Stuart, Va. A crippled shut-in badly in need of money or clothes. Grateful for past aid, she again asks help. Charles R. Estes, 225 S. Jackson St., Brunswick, Mo. This crippled boy of seventeen, confined to a wheel chair, does not ask financial aid, but does ask for letters from our League members. He's a cherry chap who deserves cheer! Mrs. Mary Denton, Alluwe, Okla. Unable to leave her crippled son, yet this worthy mother is striving to obtain sufficient COMFORT subscriptions to entitle the boy to a wheel chair. She asks our Cousins to aid her in getting COMFORT subscriptions Send the subs direct to COMFORT and in your letter mention that they are to be credited to his wheel-chair account. Mrs. Alice Stacy, Varnell's Station, Ga. An elderly widow with a feeble-minded son, this poor woman struggles with ill health and the battle of a living for both. Send her some real aid and comfort. Mrs. Addie Martin, R. 4, Stuart, Va. Left a widow with a girl of three years and a boy of twenty months, this young mother faces a hard path. She needs a boost of cash and clothes. Lafayette Swanson, R. 2, Box 62, Boomer, N. C. Helpless as a baby for the past twenty years, this shut-in has worn out one wheel chair and hopes to obtain a new one through COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club. He asks that COMFORT friends help by sending subscriptions for his credit in the Wheel-Chair Club. Mary Dillon, Leaksville, N. C. This helpless woman of 73 years asks for clothes or quilt pieces, also letters of cheer. Mrs. Sallie Fittan, Whitehouse, Ky. A struggling widow with four children; a crippled girl of 18, another girl of 13, a boy of 10, and a little girl of 5. Help of any or all sorts is needed.

None of us could turn away if some needy one spoke in our ear such appeals as are voiced each month is the letters of the shut-in and poverty-burdened members of our League. Remember and imagine as best you can all the background of suffering, only an echo of which is shown by the simple listing of names here. A dime, a dollar, serviceable clothes, a word of cheer,—all these are answers to urgent need. Give and be happy in the giving.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Alicia Mary Goes A'Hinting

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

seem disposed to go away; on the contrary, he remained right where he was, and he and Miss Anne Lyman talked and laughed so fast that Alicia Mary felt they had forgotten all about her. She stirred uneasily. She must do something desperate and do it right away.

She pinched Miss Lyman gently to attract her attention.

"What is it, dear?"

"You've got three pretty hats and Miss George has two pretty hats and my mother hasn't got any," said Alicia Mary.

"Great suffering cats!" exclaimed the young man, and then he leaned his head against the post and laughed so hard that he choked.

But Miss Anne Lyman didn't laugh at all. She slipped her hand under Alicia Mary's chin and smiled at her.

"Tell me about it," she said.

"Are you invited to the Woman's Club Reception?" asked Alicia Mary.

"No," said Miss Lyman. "I'm not invited."

Alicia Mary drew a breath of relief.

"My mother is," she said, "but she isn't going. Mrs. Wardwell's got lots of pretty dresses but she's got a sprained ankle so she can't go; and you've got lots of pretty hats, but you're not invited so you can't go; and my mother is invited but she hasn't any hat so she can't go."

At this the young man choked harder than ever.

But Miss Anne Lyman didn't seem at all concerned. She never even looked at him. She was silent a moment, then she said, "Alicia Mary, do you know that right up in my room there is just the sweetest hat that a cousin of mine sent to me and I can't wear it because it's too small for me! But I think it would be just right for your mother. And if I wrote her a little note and explained about it, I don't believe she would mind wearing it. Would you like to take a note and the box home with you?"

Would she like to? Alicia Mary drew a long, long breath. It was all over now and the dress and the hat were hers. As she started down the steps the young man spoke to her.

"Alicia Mary," he said, "I should like to shake hands with you."

She was rather surprised, but she dutifully shifted Gwendoline and the bandbox to the other arm and gravely placed her hand in his. He looked at her, his eyes twinkling.

"When I get to be president," he said, "I shall appoint you, Alicia Mary ambassador to the court of St. James."

And then he and Miss Anne Lyman both laughed, and Alicia Mary laughed, too, though she didn't know why.

On her way down the street she saw the Colonel riding by in his carriage. At once she dropped her bundles and waved her arms frantically.

"I remembered the note," she screamed, "and she's going."

It was past supper time when she turned in at her gate, and the family were out on the porch.

"Why, Alicia Mary," cried Grandmother Hollis, "where in the world have you been? Joey's been hunting everywhere for you. Run right in and have your supper."

But Alicia Mary stood stock still, her gaze fixed upon her mother, who sat tearfully smiling, holding in her lap a most ravishing cream-colored gown with little embroidered butterflies that seemed to be dancing for very joy.

A peculiar expression flitted across the face of Alicia Mary. She handed her mother the letter and the box.

"Miss Anne Lyman sent it to you," she explained briefly.

Very deliberately she walked into the dining-room, climbed into her chair, and tucked her napkin down her neck. It had been a hard day and she felt that she had earned her reward. She propped up Gwendoline against the teapot and attacked her bowl of bread and milk vigorously. Suddenly she paused, spoon in mid-air and listened intently. Through the open window came the sounds of crumpling tissue paper and cries of delight as the hat was lifted from the box. She looked solemnly at Gwendoline's blue china eye and nodded her head sagely.

"It pays to hint," whispered Alicia Mary.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

that is a help to me, but have never seen what I am looking for now.

I am troubled with diabetes and would like to do something to cure myself of it.

Do any of the sisters know of a sanitarium where this disease is cured by diet and rest? I have tried lots of different things but nothing helps. It is impossible for me to diet at home and work too. I am a busy farmer's wife but expect to leave the farm this fall and try to regain my health. I'd be willing to go anywhere if I could find a sure cure. We are the same as a great many other farmers, hard up for money so I can't go to any expensive place where you pay more for style than anything else.

I hope someone who has been cured of diabetes will write to me. I get very blue at times. I never feel well and can hardly do my work. It goes undone much more than I would like to have it.

I have no children living. Have had three but they all died at birth. I like to see the baby pictures in COMFORT even if I have none of my own.

I am 27 years old, short and fat with dark hair and blue gray eyes. Jolly if things are halfway right, otherwise I am just human.

A constant reader and friend of COMFORT

Mrs. Harvey Starr.

Springdale, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. C. W. Ridgeway of Logan, Okla., asks this question concerning dancing, "If one girl falls below the moral standard through dancing, is it not possible that many others will?" There are three reasons for the downfall of girls. First, lack of will power; second, a too trusting disposition; third, lack of teaching in sexual matters. There is no more reason why a girl should fall through dancing than through attending any other entertainment or church. According to the number that attend church there are just as many fall that attend church as there are that attend dances. If all

COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

AGENTS WANTED

s. We give free suit and pay $5 to $35 ntroduce our fine tailored to order ofits $3 to $12 each sale. No experi- ed. Details free. R. A. Allen, Mgr., een St., Dept. 1825, Chicago.

Patented Article. Nothing like it. etition. Sells on sight. Can use men ien Agents, part or full time. No ce required. Write at once. Dept. 32, roducts, 52 W. Van Buren, Chicago.

oney and Fast Sales. Every Owner ld Initials for his auto. You charge ake $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write culars and free samples. American m Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

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tart You without a Dollar, Soaps, Ex- Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un- ry. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

ybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double h Extracts. Complete line necessities. oday. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

test Sensation! Eleven Piece Toilet Set selling like blazes at $1.75 with ressmakers shears free to each cus- Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., slow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

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$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. We deliver and collect. Your pay in advance. Outfit furnished all colors grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 2068, Cincinnati, O.

Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-Q, Chicago.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and Instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents—$50 a week taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and finest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219, Dayton, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Big money introducing new style patented sanitary bloomerette. Most comfortable on market. Vulcan, 554-Y 7th Ave., New York.

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Wanted, Women—Girls. Learn Gown Making at home. $35.00 week. Many openings. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A501, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies—$10 to $15 daily possible selling a line of factory priced rubber goods specialties for women direct from manufacturer. Free catalogue. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 805, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Earn $20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 2-T, N. Y.

Ladies wanted everywhere; opportunity earn money home spare time; particulars for stamp. Eller Company, D-3, 27 Warren St., New York.

Women—Girls, 18 up. Wanted for U. S Government positions. $95—$150 month. Short hours. Steady work. Paid vacation. List positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept, A9, Rochester, N. Y.

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BUSINESS BY MAIL

$25,000. I made it small Mail Order Business. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free 12 Articles worth $3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N.Y.

Make Big Money, spare time, securing and copying names and mailing music, etc. Send dime for Sample music and information. Keith's Publishing House, Long Branch, N. J.

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Exchange Letters and Postcards. Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhaven, N. Y. (Stamp).

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Any woman can sell Skat products part or full time to dealers around home. Good commissions paid. Write for particulars. The Skat Company, Hartford, Conn.

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Insyde Tyres inner armor for automobile tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage any tires. Tremendous demand. Big profits. Sample and details free. American Accessories Co., B-120, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-82 Columbus, O.

Government Wants Railway Mail Clerks. $132 month. Steady. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-12, Rochester, N.Y.

$35 week. Men 15 up. Become Automobile Experts. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. A410, Rochester, N.Y.

$100 to $300 a Week. Men with slight knowledge of motors who can reach car owners can earn $300 weekly without making a single sale. If they can also make sales their profits may reach $25,000 yearly. Only proposition of its kind ever offered. T. L. Phillips, 1908 Broadway, New York.

Earn up to $400 monthly, living expenses paid. We place men and women; trained in spare time at home for hotel executive positions. Easy Terms. Free Booklet. Stand. Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

$10 daily easily earned, your spare time. Be your own boss, interesting booklet 4c. SW. Laboratories, CasaGrande, Arizona.

Gov't Positions, $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Osment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Sell us your spare time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant profitable profession; easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Interesting New Movie Paper for stamp. Satiric Pictures, 324 Laughlin Bld'g., Los Angeles.

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$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

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Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

ENTERTAINMENTS

338 Screaming Acts, Sketches, Monologs, Parodies, Recitation $2. Complete Minstrel Show $5. Gamble Pub. Co., East Liverpool, O.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-L, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

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Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Makes beautiful work. Literature and testimonials free. $2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept D, Sedalia, Mo.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works perfectly on all sewing machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 prepaid with instructions. Improved, superior in every way. The only attachment that creates good, beautiful, artistic work. Fully guaranteed. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Our Attachment Fits All Machines $2. with instructions and Special Emb. Needle. C. Rebus Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, C8, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

BABY CHICKS

Baby Chicks: 12 best varieties 8c up. Postpaid and guaranteed. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Bx XC, Clinton, Mo.

WANTED: TO BUY

Cash for old gold, silver, platinum points, diamonds, false teeth, Liberty Bonds, unused stamps, and precious articles. Goods returned immediately if not satisfactory. Busch Products, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

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Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

$$$ For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 941 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

FARMS FOR SALE

California has more independent men and women than any other state. Investigate at first hand; go now. Round trip summer excursion fares, on the Santa Fe, until Sept. 30th, limited to Oct. 31st, liberal stopovers. Opportunities in California for the man of moderate means, who desires to establish a home in a delightful country, are better now than ever. Lands reasonable in price; long time payments granted. California State Land Board offers choice twenty acre farms at Ballico, Merced County, on unusual terms. Write us if interested. California folders free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

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Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll. This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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First trial offer—Any size kodak film developed and six glossy prints 20c. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418, Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Use Tailor's Mending Tissue to mend your garments. Needed in every home. Three yards 25c. The A. Bauer Co., 3 Arcade, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet pictures, medallions, merchants' signs, waterproof and tea aprons, silk and wool hose. Catalog 50 specialties free. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk K8, Chicago.

Free—Handy Nickel Plated bottle opener and big illustrated catalogue on home bottling supplies—accessories. Commercial Sales Co., Dept. A, 219 W. Huron, Chicago.

A $500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where Is Your Smile". Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2573 Eighth Ave., New York.

Make money with your camera. We show you how. Write today. Send stamp. AG. Lancaster, Box 967, Los Angeles, Calif.

New Quilts, Spreads, Lunch Sets, etc., designed by Marie Webster. Stamped to make. Circular Free. Practical Patchwork Co., Marion, Ind.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72 609 Division Street, Chicago.

Broccoli Seed Expensive

vo localities in Oregon, Eugene and enberg, specialize in raising broccoli, winter cauliflower," which belongs he cabbage family. These growers m that the recent rise in price of coli seed from $25 to $32 a pound es it worth three times as much as same weight in silver. The rate of a pound means $2 an ounce. Silver recently quoted at 64 3-8 cents an ce. So tiny are the seeds, and so ily are they injured by moisture, t they are kept in vaults, in safety de- it boxes. It takes two years to pro- e broccoli seed. Although very high rice it is figured that the plants pro- ed from one pound of seed are suffi- nt for eight acres of ground.

ix Wheel Chairs in July

9 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

he recipients of the six July wheel irs are: Ermalinda Moriconi, Fron- ac, Kansas, 156; Mrs. Augusta Boger, ensboro, N. C., 150; Mrs. Emma M. atherwood, North 3rd St., Ironton, io, 150; Arline Klingaman, Mills, Wyo., Eugene Pinney, Barnsdall, Okla., Mr. E. W. Belfield, Freat Falls, Mont.,

The figures following their respect- names indicate the number of sub- iptions sent in by them or by their ends for them.

Ermalinda Moriconi, age 11, is a help- s cripple, unable to walk or stand and ving little, if any, use of her hands, e to spastic (spasmodic) paralysis.

Mrs Augustus Boger, age 31, has been ippled in her lower limbs the past six ars by spinal rheumatism. This wheel air will be a blessing to her and a help her family in caring for her.

Mrs. Emma M. Leatherwood, age 69, is ippled by broken hip caused by a fall arly a year ago. Because of her age e fractured bone has not knit, and her octor says never will knit. Needless to y that this wheel chair will be a great oon to her.

Arline Klingaman, age 6, suffers from eeping paralysis which came upon her ree years ago and has gradually pro ressed until now she is practically elpless. Her mother writes: "We hope he wheel chair will be a great comfort o her as well as a great help to us."

As yet I have received no information regarding the age or condition of Eugene Pinney or Mrs. E. W. Belfield, nor as to the nature or cause of disability with which they are afflicted.

This award and distribution of six wheel chairs in July is a creditable month's showing for our Wheel-Chair Department, and I appeal to you all to help me to equal or better it in August.

Nearly seven hundred shut-ins have obtained their much-needed wheel chairs through COMFORT which offers the means whereby any needy cripple can obtain a wheel chair free through his own efforts or those of his friends in procuring COMFORT subscriptions.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. for the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

His Wheel Chair a Comfort and Blessing

Pelham, Ala.

Mr. W. H. Gannett,
Our Kind Friend:

The Comfort wheel chair for my uncle, Oscar Payne, arrived Wednesday, and words cannot express our thanks. We can say it is sure to be a comfort and blessing, for which we thank you again and again. Wishing you success in all your undertakings—may God bless you. Will send picture of Mr. Payne enjoying his wheel chair sometime.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Frank Sillery for Oscar Payne.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Walter Griswold, Ohio, for Mrs. Emma Leatherwood, 150 subs; Mrs. Emilie Carrier, Kans, for Ermalinda Moriconi, 156; Arline Klingaman, Wyo., for own chair, 130; Mrs. Nauada Riley, N. C., for Mrs. Augusta Borger, 42; Mrs. Emma Branch, N. C., for Mrs. Augusta Borger, 42; Mrs. G. D. Oakes, N. C., for Mrs. Augusta Borger, 42; Mrs. Mary Massey, N. C., for Mrs. Augusta Borger, 21; Mrs. John Tidwell, for Sherman Tidwell, 24; J. A. Sanderson, Mont., for E. W. Belfield, 21; Mrs. L. J. Camp, Ark., for Oneda Gartman, 20; Miss Ruby Greer, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 19; Mrs. M. L. Horton, Idaho, for E. W. Belfield, 14; Mrs. Mattie Gilstrap, S. C., for Mattie Haynes, 12; Mrs. Blondell Shepherd, Ga., for G. R. Wheeless, 12; Mrs. Essie Tidwell, Ala., for Mrs. Frances McKroy, 10; Mrs. J. G. Smathers, N. C., for Andrew Smathers, 10; Mrs. August Linn, Kans, for general, 10; Mrs. A. L. McAbee, S. C., for Sam McAbee, 8; Mrs. James M. Thomas, Ala., for L. A. Strickland, 6; Mrs. Frankie Owens, Tenn., for R. E. Hill, 6 subs and $5.00; Lafayette Swanson, N. C., for own chair, 6 subs; Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary Arleen Miller, 6; Mrs. Geo. Adams, Texas, for Geo. Adams, 6; Etta Bangs, Mont., for Ed. Belfield, 5; Mrs. Sarah Weekly, Mont., for Geo. Ash, 3 subs and 50c.; Sarah Compton, Wash., for general, $2.00; Sarah Smith, Okla., for general, $1.00.

Traveling Bees

From North Dakota recently came the story of "Achievement Girl," a queen bee, worth $300, that spends her winters working for her half owners in Montgomery, Alabama, J. M. Cutter & Son, and who works for her other half owner in North Dakota during the summer. Her only periods of rest are the few days spent in traveling by mail between the two states.

Now comes a bigger story from Walla Walla, Wash. For the recent apple-blossom time, a whole carload of bees has been shipped by E. E. Cotant and Don Pruitt, apiarists of Stanfield, Oregon, to the Wilton-Freewater fruit district near Walla Walla. These bees are rented to the Washington fruit growers for the purpose of aiding in the pollenization of the trees, the Washington bees having previously been injured by spraying methods. If the experiment proves successful with apple trees, the cherry growers of Walla Walla valley will give it a trial.

Hard to Get In

Little Boy.—"Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?"

Mother.—"Why, certainly, dear."

"But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"No, dear. Men only get in with a close shave."—*Stray Stories.*

Taking No Chances

"What made you admit the accident was all your fault? You know very well the other man was to blame." "I know he was, but when he got out of his car I saw he was twice as big as I."—*The Automobilist.*

Listen to This!

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Diggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Diggs. "Did I take the car out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."—*American Legion Weekly.*

It's the Truth

"This fellow Skinner tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the Fat Man. "Do you believe that?"

"I do," replied the Thin Man, sadly. "I'm the man who did his repair work for him."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Easily Remedied

Lady of House.—"Yes, I have an old pair of my husband's trousers, but I'm afraid they're too large around the waist for you."

Hungry Higgins.—"Well, couldn't yer gimme (a dinner dat would make 'em fit?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Wisdom's Whisper

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to tell it. But women and the young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, for the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these when you can help it.—*Chesterfield.*

Airplanes for Farmers

The owner of many acres near Pilot Rock, Oregon, considering the automobile out of date, recently bought an airplane, saying in explanation: "When I wish to go shopping henceforth, I shall no longer resort to the buckboard, or even that comparative plodder, the auto. A farmer has got to be up to date these days, by Heck."

Might Keep Some

"I want to buy a make-up box," said a young married man.

"A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep theatrical supplies."

"I mean a box of chocolates to take home to my wife," said the young man; "I promised to be home three hours ago."—*Stray Stories.*

Proof Positive

Paying Teller.—"But, madame, you will have to be identified before I can cash this check."

Fair Caller (blushing furiously).—"Oh, I just hate to do it, and George would be dreadfully angry, but I have a love letter here which describes me fully, if you would care to see it."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Evens Up in Nickel on the Slot Phone

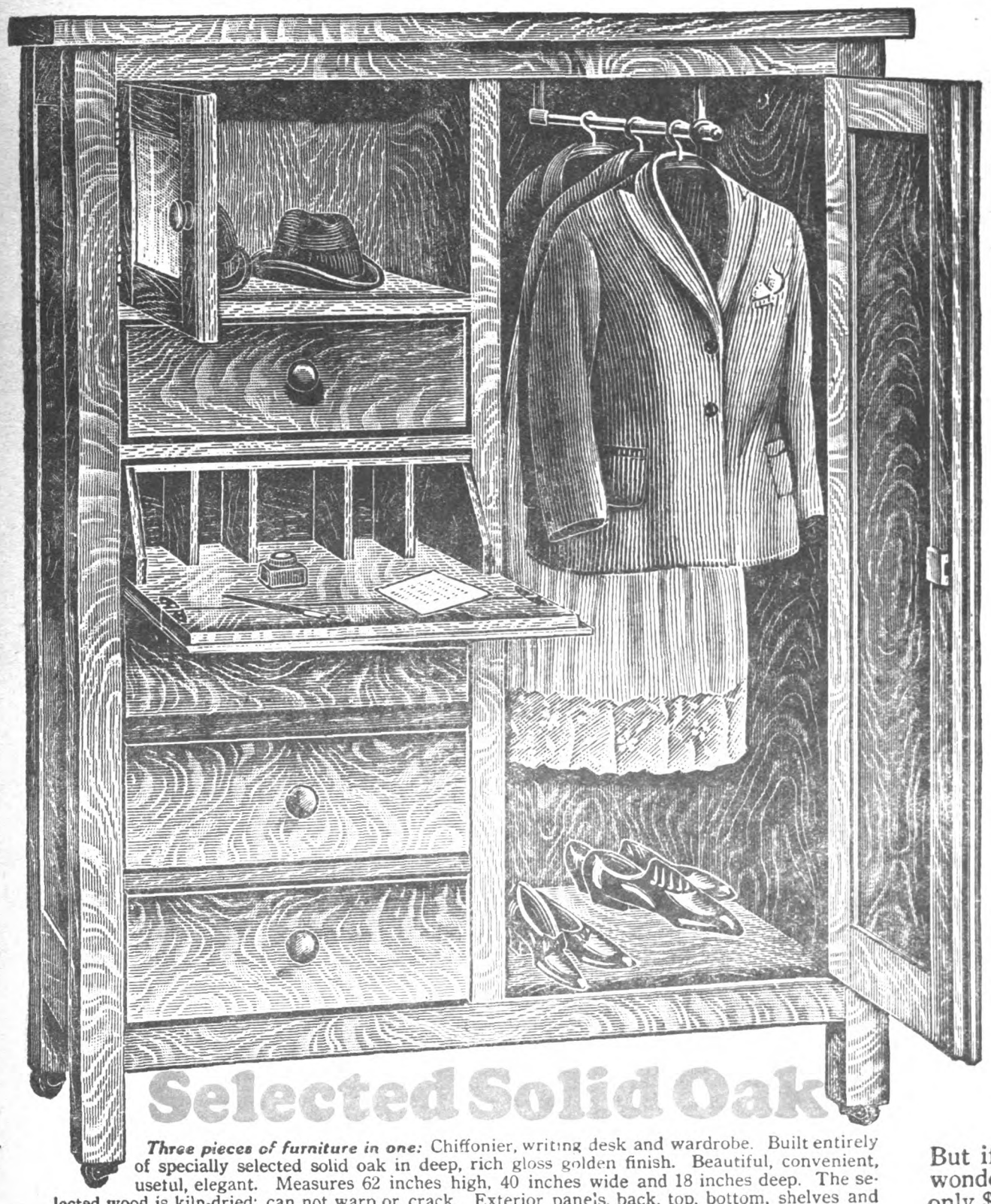
Old Mr. Gunnysacks, whose standing grievance has been the service he obtained from slot machine telephone booths, is at last mollified. It has been his bitter complaint that frequently delay in getting a number has forced him to sacrifice his nickel, the said nickel being a total loss because he lacked time to wait for central to return his coin.

The other day he approached a booth in one of the railroad terminals as a harassed and hurried-looking young man emerged and made a wild dash for an about-to-depart suburban train. Mr. G. entered the booth, deposited his nickel and gave his number.

"The line is busy," said Central in a moment or two. "I'll return your money." And with that Mr. G's nickel fell into the little compartment provided. But it was not alone. With it came 35 cents which the hurried young man, his out-of-town number being also busy, had not waited to collect.—*New York Sun.*

Wardrobe, Desk and Chiffonier—All in One!

$1



Selected Solid Oak

Three pieces of furniture in one: Chiffonier, writing desk and wardrobe. Built entirely of specially selected solid oak in deep, rich gloss golden finish. Beautiful, convenient, useful, elegant. Measures 62 inches high, 40 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The selected wood is kiln-dried; can not warp or crack. Exterior panels, back, top, bottom, shelves and drawer bottoms are three-ply. Panel ends; heavy corner posts.

Wardrobe section measures 53 inches high, 21 inches wide and 17 inches deep *inside.* Heavy rod and hangers for coats and trousers. Large, roomy; closes tight; absolutely dust proof.

Desk section has 5 compartments with full width drawer above. Lid drops, giving ample writing space. When closed looks exactly like chiffonier drawer. Very convenient for papers, writing materials, etc. Just above the drawer is a roomy hat cupboard, 14 inches high, 17 inches deep and 16 inches wide. The door is fitted with a *plain French mirror,* 8¾ x 6¾ inches.

Chiffonier section has three large roomy drawers for folded clothing, 14 inches wide, 7 inches high and 17 inches deep. Entire combination Chifforobe is shipped carefully packed with best quality castors, from Indiana factory. Shipping weight 150 pounds.

Order by No. B7332JA. Send $1.00 with coupon, $2.70 monthly—total price, $27.60

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Price Slashed!!

Don't delay. Just send $1 00 along with the coupon as a deposit. Use in every way for 30 full days before you decide. Then, you alone are the judge. If you wish to return the chifforobe after the trial, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges that you have paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served; get your combination chifforobe while this offer lasts. 30 days trial. We take all the risk, no obligation Send coupon.

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VOLUME XXXV
NO. 11

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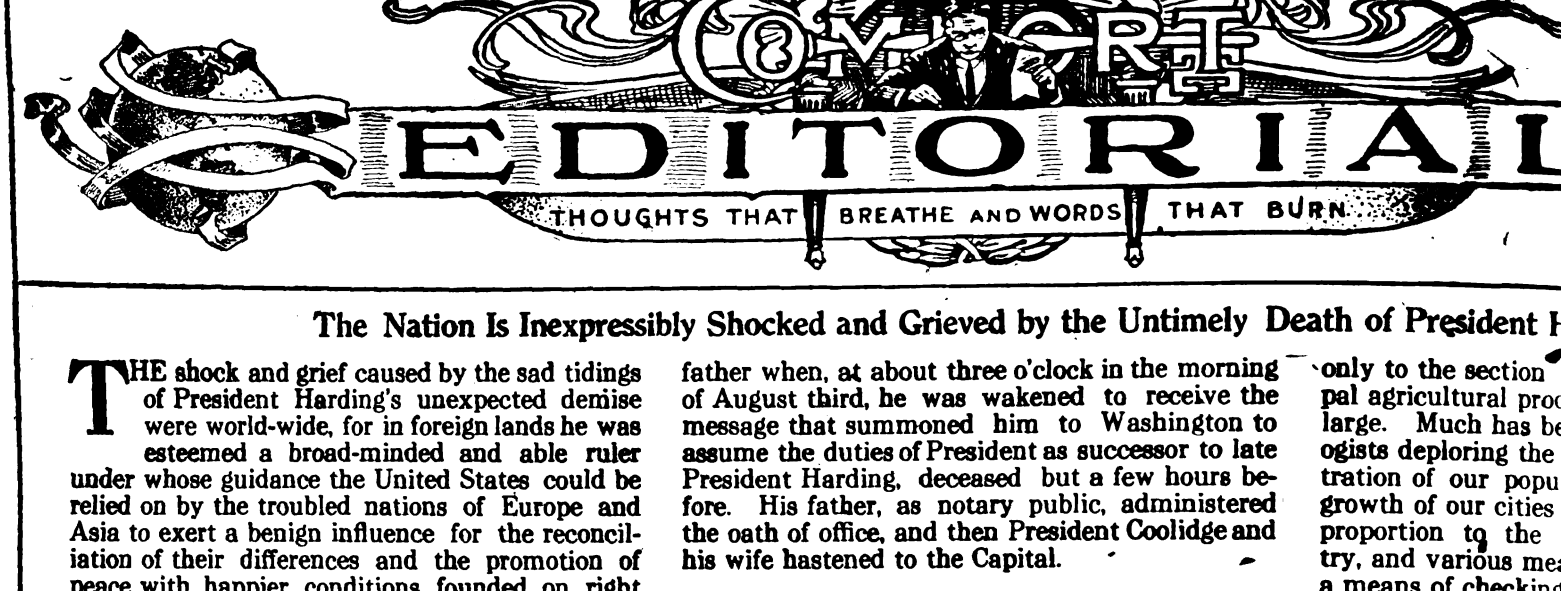
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The Nation Is Inexpressibly Shocked and Grieved by the Untimely Death of President H

THE shock and grief caused by the sad tidings of President Harding's unexpected demise were world-wide, for in foreign lands he was esteemed a broad-minded and able ruler under whose guidance the United States could be relied on by the troubled nations of Europe and Asia to exert a benign influence for the reconciliation of their differences and the promotion of peace with happier conditions founded on right and contentment in place of strife, envy and mutual distrust. Abroad, where judgment of his character and achievements is not warped by prejudices engendered by American political considerations, his passing is mourned as a world bereavement.

Mr. Harding's death is sincerely mourned by his countrymen regardless of party affiliations because he was universally beloved as a kindly and genial gentleman and respected as an honorable man of sterling integrity, sincere in his beliefs and true to his principles, even by those who differed with and opposed him politically. He was a fair and square fighter, accepting defeat without resentment and winning his victories without arousing animosity; therefore he had no personal enemies.

President Harding died a sacrifice to duty. He has been worn out and his vitality exhausted by the excessive labor that he has performed during the past two and a half years in executing the exalted trust that devolved upon him as head of the nation. Without the slightest warning or premonitory symptom a stroke of apoplexy brought instantaneous death upon him. His attending physicians report that his brain lesion, from which he died, was not caused by the acute attack of indigestion complicated with congestion of one lung, for he was recovering from this illness and apparently beyond the danger point. He was run down by overwork and needed a complete rest before he started on his arduous tour of inspection of government works in Alaska, and due consideration for his health should have prevented him from undertaking it at that time; but he regarded it an immediate duty which he was unwilling to neglect or postpone. It overstrained his depleted strength to the breaking point.

His political followers feel that by the untimely death of Warren G. Harding their party and the nation at large have suffered the loss of a great leader at a critical period when his services are most needed

The widow of our late President, who accompanied him to Alaska, nursed him in his last sickness and sat at his bedside reading to him when the fatal stroke extinguished his life and her dearest earthly hope, has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire country in her bereavement by the loss of her devoted husband. Herself an invalid, she is bearing her sorrow with Christian faith and fortitude.

What to Expect of the New President

OWING to the commanding position of the great American republic, and because its chief magistrate is vested by the Constitution with greater power than is possessed by any other ruler, Calvin Coolidge has suddenly become the cynosure of world-wide interest and attention; everywhere his record is being scrutinized and his character studied in an effort to learn what manner of man he is, and to form an estimate of what to expect of the new President. So inconspicuous are the functions of the Vice-President that this official is generally regarded as the spare wheel to the Government machine, and little attention is given to the personality or qualifications of the man who holds the office unless he happens to be called to higher service by the death of the President.

Calvin Coolidge was born and reared on the farm, in the hills of Vermont, which his father still owns and tills. It was there that the then Vice-President and his wife were visiting his father when, at about three o'clock in the morning of August third, he was wakened to receive the message that summoned him to Washington to assume the duties of President as successor to late President Harding, deceased but a few hours before. His father, as notary public, administered the oath of office, and then President Coolidge and his wife hastened to the Capital.

President Coolidge was 51 years old last 4th of July. He graduated from Amherst College in 1895. His home is in Northampton, Mass., where he has practiced law since 1897 until official duties claimed his entire attention. Besides minor offices that he has held, he has been Mayor of Northampton, served in both branches of the Massachusetts legislature, has been President of the State Senate, Lieutenant-Governor and then Governor of Massachusetts. By making good in every position that he held he rose rapidly in public favor and confidence in his home State, but it was the ability and uncompromising firmness displayed by him as Governor in his masterful handling of the Boston police strike that attracted nation-wide attention and resulted in making him Vice-President. Although a convincing speaker when need be, he is noted for being a man of action rather than words and is called the "silent statesman." He has made no political promises and has not announced his policy, preferring to let his deeds speak for him. Judging from his record he will do his duty faithfully, as he sees it, without fear or favor. The North-Eastern States look to President Coolidge for action in September to prevent a repetition of their last winter's sufferings from lack of fuel in case the strike threatened by union miners in the anthracite coal region should not be called off.

Grave Consequences of Negro Exodus from the Cotton Belt

THE northward and westward migration of Southern negroes in the United States began long before the Civil War but, until the abolition of slavery, consisted chiefly of the movement of runaway slaves under the auspices of that secret anti-slavery organization in the North known as the "Underground Railroad," which unlawfully aided their escape either to Canada or to some distant places of refuge in the free States. The slave emigration from Dixie land during that period, though comparatively small, was, as may well be understood, exceedingly exasperating to the South, and the activities of the "Underground Railroad", in flagrant violation and defiance of the act of Congress known as the "Fugitive Slave Law", was a potent factor in bringing about the secession of the Confederate States. After the Civil War negro migration from the South increased considerably but not to a troublesome degree until the abnormal shortage of labor and the high wages consequent to our entering the World War began to attract large numbers of Southern negroes to the industrial centers in the North and West. Until then the ever increasing labor needs of our expanding industries in the Northern States had been supplied by the million or more European immigrants that each year landed on our shores; but the amendment of our immigration law, which during the past two years cut the annual influx of foreigners to one-third the normal number, has largely augmented the demand for negro laborers in the North and West and has correspondingly stimulated negro migration to those sections.

No disparagement of the negroes is intended or implied in the assertion that this shift of colored population presents some grave problems and already has been productive of some troublesome results. Although it has been helpful to the employers of industrial labor it has caused a shortage of farm laborers in the cotton belt, which, if the movement should continue at the present rate, would soon greatly impair, if it did not bring to an end the growing of cotton in this country. This in itself would be a calamity, not only to the section
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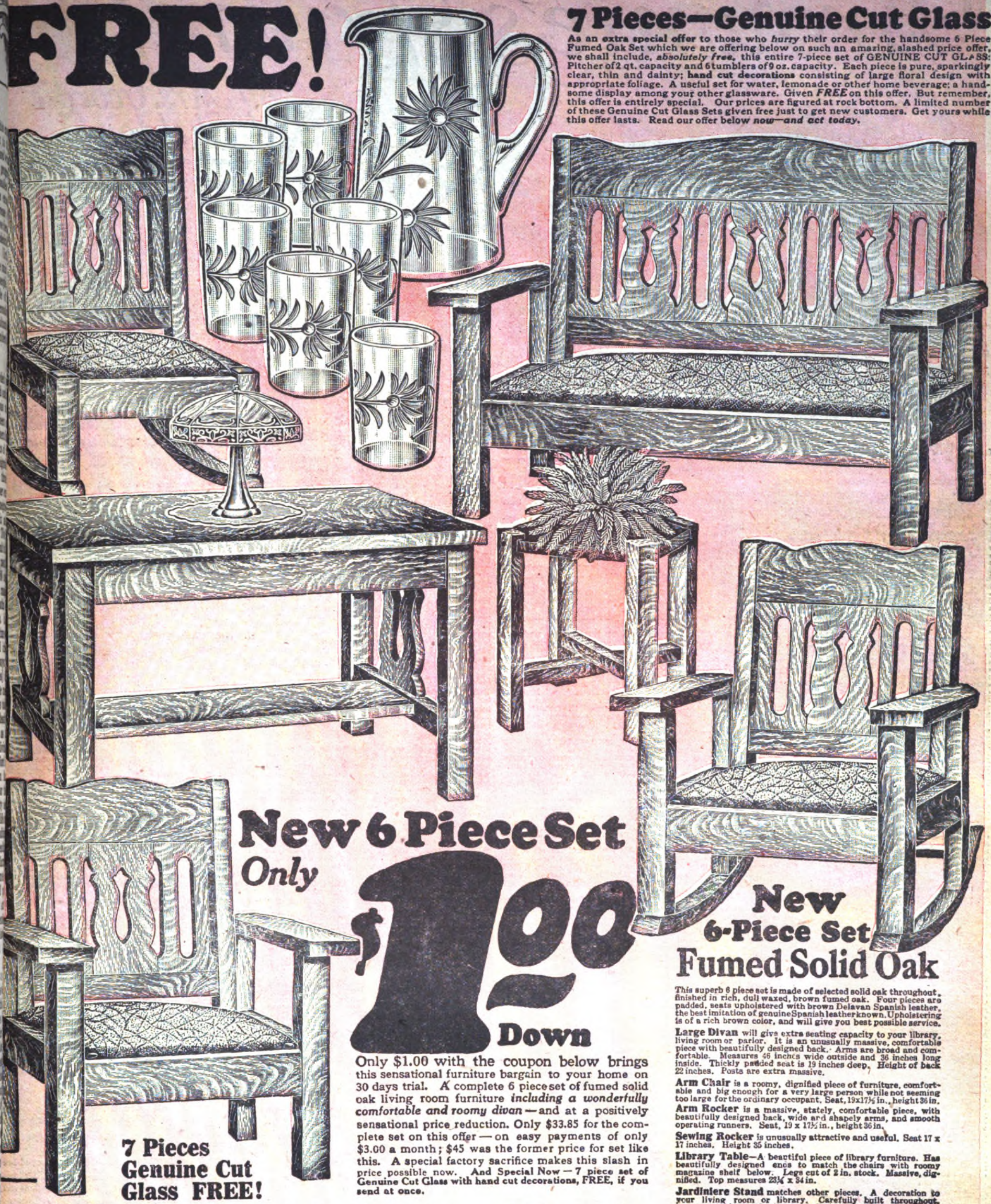
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As an extra special offer to those who *hurry* their order for the handsome 6 Piece Fumed Oak Set which we are offering below on such an amazing, slashed price offer, we shall include, ***absolutely free,*** this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkingly clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful set for water, lemonade or other home beverage: a handsome display among your other glassware. Given ***FREE*** on this offer. But remember, this offer is entirely special. Our prices are figured at rock bottom. A limited number of these Genuine Cut Glass Sets given free just to get new customers. Get yours while this offer lasts. Read our offer below ***now—and act today.***

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Only

$1.00

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Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. A complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan*—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only $33.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $3.00 a month; $45 was the former price for set like this. A special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. **And Special Now—7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass with hand cut decorations, FREE, if you send at once.**

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This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. Upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17 x 17 inches. Height 35 inches.

Library Table—A beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼ x 34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

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When you get this magnificent 6-Piece Set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you have paid. If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $3.00 a month until you have paid $33.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We trust honest people anywhere in the United States. We have only a limited number of sets—so send your order today. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.**

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If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Brownie's Triu

by M
Sh



"Thief!" hissed the woman, under her breath. "How dare you?" Where did you come from?"

She was forthwith angrily commanded to go and find Miss Dundas and not return until she did.

"I am dee
Madam
my betr

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures a situation in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge to be governess to their two younger daughters and a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge finds her so radiant decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and, when leaving, escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie demands the return of the casket, Mrs. Coolidge refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave, Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Asking for her address, Isabel does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Peasewell's pary, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and coming home a year later said it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to New York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a cousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isabel walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given by the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his grandson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn and recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to Lady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel Coolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death and determines to make her his wife. Lady Ruxley, reaching home, finds a summons to Vallingham Hall. Adrian asks his grandfather's permission for his marriage, which is granted until he learns his future wife was born in America and is in reduced circumstances, and leaving her position as governess under false accusations, withdraws his consent and threatens disinheritance. Lady Ruxley brings a box of papers to Brownie requesting her to find an operetta, among which is the note written by Mehetabel Douglas and suppressed by Helen Capel, now Lady Randal. Going for a walk Brownie meets Isabel in the hall and demands her jewels. Isabel refuses to return them. Later, passing Isabel's room, the door being open, Brownie sees the casket, secures it and faces Mrs. Coolidge as she leaves the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ENTRAPPED.

"THIEF," hissed the woman, under her breath. "How dare you? Where did you come from?"

She had not seen Isabel since her encounter with Brownie, therefore did not know until that moment of her proximity.

She had come out of her own room just as Miss Douglas entered Isabel's, and, seeing the door open, glanced in as Brownie had done.

She recognized Miss Douglas in an instant, and comprehended at once her object there.

She glided in noiselessly, hoping to come upon her unawares, and wrest the casket from her without much trouble, but the girl turned just in season to confront her.

Brownie herself grew pale at this unexpected encounter, but, clutching her recovered property firmly in her hands, she held herself proudly at bay.

"You are the thief, madam—you and your daughter," she said, haughtily.

"Liar! Put down that box!"

"I shall not, madam!"

"Then I will ring and have you arrested. I know not how you happen to be here; I devoutly hoped you would never cross our path again; but fate seems to decree that you turn up as a marplot wherever we go. Will you put that box down, or shall I ring?" and the angry woman grasped the bell-pull vigorously.

Brownie never relaxed a muscle, except that the proud lips curled into a scornful smile.

"You can ring the bell if you choose, Mrs. Coolidge."

"Have you no fear of the consequences?" her enemy asked, eying her wonderingly, and her lips twitching with wrath.

"None!"

"But you will have to face this whole household."

"Gather the whole household here, if you will, and have the facts regarding this property brought to light; also the way in which you became possessed of it. Methinks Sir Charles Randal would not be pleased to know that his betrothed wife entered the room of another and purloined such things as these."

Mrs. Coolidge winced at her words, and she could have trampled her under foot for her scorn and fearlessness.

"You are insolent, Miss Douglas," she breathed, in suppressed, wrathful tones.

"Insolent or not, I only speak plain truth; and I shall not yield up this casket unless personal violence is used to wrest it from me," Brownie answered, with calm dignity.

"You are cool, truly," sneered the woman, exasperated by her manner more than by her words, and as desirous of creating no disturbance as Brownie herself could be.

"Yes, I am cool. This box is mine, I tell you and this much I will say, if you persist in disputing my right to it and its contents, I have only to appeal to a certain nobleman of the realm to substantiate my claim and protect me from your abuse." Brownie said, suddenly resolving to appeal to Lord Dunforth, if Mrs. Coolidge persisted in her abuse.

"A nobleman of the realm! You!"

Intense scorn was breathed in these few words.

"Yes, madam, I! I have but to tell my story of these jewels to prove that they belong to me, and reveal your wickedness to those whom you do not care to have know it!"

"Pray, why did you not make this appeal in the first place?" queried Mrs. Coolidge, skeptically.

"Because I did not know then if he were living. I have since discovered that he is. Now, as I have no desire to prolong this interview further, I will wish you good-day."

Brownie took a step toward the door, but her enemy, rendered desperate by her undaunted bearing, and the fearful consequences which would result if Isabel should thus suddenly be deprived of wearing the jewels, darted before her, shut the door, locking it, and put the key in her pocket.

"There! We wil see who will win in this little game Miss Douglas," she said, between her teeth, while there was a dangerous gleam in her eye. "You do not leave this room," she added, "until you give up that casket. How do you suppose Isabel will account for the disappearance of all her elegant jewels, which have been so much admired?"

"Madam, truth is a virtue which is safe always to cultivate," Brownie answered, with quiet sarcasm.

She utterly baffled her; while she was so cool, so haughty, so beautiful, standing so fearless there, with her jewels closely clasped in her arms, that she became enraged beyond endurance.

"Will you give me that, once for all, I ask you?" Mrs. Coolidge whispered, hoarsely, with livid face and a deadly light in her light blue eyes.

"I will not!" and the beautiful brown eyes met hers fearlessly, defiantly.

Mrs. Coolidge took a few steps forward, as if impelled by some hidden force, hesitated, bent her head a moment in thought, while an evil smile flitted over her hard features.

Then, assuming a more conciliatory tone, she said:

"Really, Miss Douglas, you are so persistent, and so positive, that you almost persuade me into the belief that the jewels are yours, after all."

Brownie made no reply to this concession, but stood quietly regarding her enemy.

"Come into my room and let us talk the matter over quietly," the wily woman added, flashing a cunning look at the young girl from her half-closed eyes. "I think we can come to a better understanding, and I have a proposition to make to you."

Brownie felt somewhat suspicious of this smooth talk, and feared that the sudden change in Mrs. Coolidge's manner was only assumed for some hidden purpose; yet she thought it might be better to temporize with her, and it would, perhaps, save publicity.

She could not leave the room, as things were, without making a disturbance, for the door was locked, the key in the woman's pocket, and she knew of no other means of egress, although there were several arches in the spacious apartment, hung with draperies, which she thought must conceal entrances to some other portion of the house.

"I do not know what better understanding you may wish for," she replied, coldly. "Your daughter took this box from my room, and I have told you repeatedly that it and its contents belong to me, and you know, as well as I, Mrs. Coolidge, that any judge would decide in my favor should the case be brought into court. But we can talk it over here as well as anywhere."

"Then why did you come sneaking into this room, like a thief, to get them? Why didn't you take the matter into court, and let the judge decide in your favor?" sneered the exasperated woman almost losing her self-control again under Brownie's coolness and her refusal to go with her.

"I did not sneak into the room like a thief madam. I was passing along the corridor, the door was open, and, glancing in, I saw my casket upon the table, I entered and took it, intending to inform Miss Coolidge of the fact as soon as I had it beyond her reach."

"You say you can prove your claim. Who is this nobleman who knows so much about these jewels?" asked Mrs. Coolidge, with sudden interest. Brownie thought a moment before answering.

She disliked to implicate his lordship in the matter if she could possibly help it; but she saw that Mrs. Coolidge was desperate about the jewels, and perhaps the power of his name might frighten her into letting them go, and the matter would drop there, so she said:

"It is Lord Dunforth!"

"Lord Dunforth!" she exclaimed, with a violent start of surprise.

Then she suddenly remembered, with a thrill that made her feel faint, Isabel's account of her strange interview with his lordship at Lady Peasewell's, and she began to fear that she was getting beyond her depth in this matter; and yet this very revelation made her more determined than ever to keep the jewels, at least until after Isabel's marriage; for their absence would occasion a great hue and cry, and necessitate such awkward explanations that Sir Charles would mistrust something wrong, and then all their plans would be ruined, for he had only that day named the wedding day. Yet, if she resorted to force to keep them Brownie, on the other hand, would instantly take active measures to recover them, and if she could, she said, prove through Lord Dunforth that they were hers, they would immediately be brought into open disgrace. Whichever way she turned, it looked dark.

There was only one way of escape from this threatening danger, and that was very hazardous but she had resolved from the first, if worse came to worst, that she would try it, and that was why she appeared so anxious to get her into her rooms.

She stood measuring her strength against Brownie's, while these thoughts passed through her mind, and that same cunning gleam lurked in her eyes as before.

"Lord Dunforth!" she repeated. "Do you know him?"

"No, madam; at least, not well enough to claim his acquaintance and protection, except in case of stern necessity; but he knows all about these jewels, and when I told my story he would know that I spoke the truth."

"How would he know it? When did he ever see those jewels before he saw Isabel wear them?" the woman asked, inquisitively, and burning with a desire to know more about them herself.

"Madam," Brownie answered, haughtily, "I decline answering any more questions. I insist that you let me go quietly; you can then make whatever explanation regarding the absence of these gems you may see fit. But, if you persist in giving me further trouble, I shall immediately make the whole matter public, and doubtless you know what the consequences will be."

Mrs. Coolidge's eyes flashed, and the young girl, catching their gleam at that instant, involuntarily shivered, they looked so evil.

"My dear Miss Douglas," she began, politely, after a moment, "can we not temporize in this matter? You know if Isabel ceases suddenly to wear those jewels it is going to make matters very awkward for her. Could you not be persuaded, for a handsome consideration, to loan them to her until after her marriage, which will be in a little more than a month?"

Brownie's lips curled with scorn at this proposition. The woman who could make it under the existing circumstances seemed so little and small of soul to her.

"No, madam; I think I have loaned them long enough already," was her quiet but scathing reply.

The angry woman's lips twitched nervously, and her hands were clinched with passion that this poor, friendless girl should dare to thwart her so—that she should dare to stand so proudly, defiantly before her, and fling out so coolly her scathing sarcasms. She grew white as the delicate lace at her throat, and her eyes burned with a lurid light which boded mischief.

"Hark," she said, suddenly. "Somebody is coming. It may be Isabel, and we shall have a scene. Come into my room, and I will let you out through there."

She walked swiftly across the room, seemingly much disturbed, although Brownie had caught no sound of any one approaching.

She pushed aside some hangings and revealed a narrow door.

Brownie wondered that such a narrow, peculiar door should connect two elegant rooms, but she reasoned that this must be part of the original castle, and that all these elegant hangings had been put up to conceal the awkward doors.

Before opening it, Mrs. Coolidge shoved a heavy bolt (another circumstance which struck Brownie as singular), and, opening the door, revealed a small, square room or passage, dimly lighted by a dormer window set high in the stone wall.

The place was perfectly bare, and there was a damp, uncanny feeling in the atmosphere, as if it had not been opened before in a long while.

Brownie involuntarily drew back, as she reached the door, and again glanced suspiciously at her companion.

Mrs. Coolidge, who was watching her prey with the intentness of a cat watching a mouse, noticed her hesitation, and, with a light laugh, said:

"It isn't a very nice way to take you, Miss Douglas, but it saves going through the corridor, and I would not have Isabel meet you now, with that casket in your hands, for the world. My room is at the end of this passage, and we use it when we want to run back and forth. I do not think it can have been used much of late years, for it is so damp and full of cobwebs; but I discovered it while gratifying

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE readers of COMFORT are indebted to a member of the Sisters' Corner, Mrs. Wash Jones of Vilonia, Ark., for quite the best front cover design we have ever had. She furnished the idea, the mothers had already furnished the photographs and the combined result is a cover page of real COMFORT babies, with as many more on inside pages. They were obliged to be designated by numbers,—and they have such pretty names—but their names, with other information are given elsewhere.—Ed.

VILONIA, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

A bundle of COMFORTS, as large as a house, comes to Vilonia every month, but I have never seen a letter from here in the Sisters' Corner.

I should like to sit with Mrs. Allie Crowley long enough to get her to change her views in regard to the baby faces on COMFORT's pages.

Let me suggest that we have a whole cover page of them, with a halo of sunshine for a background. How many will agree with me? Mrs. Crowley says she is a "saint of the Lord" and I suppose she expects to go to Heaven when she quits this world of trouble. How many baby faces do you suppose she will see there? I think the majority will be babies, so let's get used to looking at them here on earth, then the change will not be so great.

I am much interested in the poultry page too, for I am a poultry woman.

I love children, flowers and my work.

Now for a pen picture: I have two eyes that try to see all the good in others and judge accordingly; two ears that try to hear the best and sift out the chaff, and my nose is to inhale the fragrance of beautiful flowers.

Love to all, MRS. WASH JONES.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years—silent because I always found so many more interesting letters than any I could write. Because it is a subject in which I am vitally interested, and because it is a subject I have never seen discussed in these columns, I wish to ask the opinion of Mrs. Wilkinson and the Sisters, in regard to a man giving to his relatives everything he works for. I have been married one year but during that time, have been very unhappy on this account. My husband works hard; I continued to hold my *position* after we were married, therefore, I make my own money and am absolutely no expense to my husband, yet he never has any money. I beg him to save for our future, and he promises me he will, but when I look at his bank-book, he never has more than a few dollars. He has several brothers, all of whom are better off than he is, still they come to him for anything they want, and he never refuses. What do you think I should do? I cannot help thinking he is being unjust to me. In several other ways he is just as good as can be, but this one thing worries me a great deal.

Won't some of the sisters kindly offer me advice through these columns? I do not want letters direct. I have thought of separating from him, but I love him and feel that I would not be happy away from him. At the same time, I am not happy as long as he does this way.

With love to each and every one of you.

UNHAPPY WIFE.

Unhappy Wife.—Because many wives have had to face the same problem you are facing, they may be able to tell you how to overcome it. Don't leave your husband. There must be a better way than that.—Ed.

LONE STAR STATE.

HI, FOLKS:

Freckles wants admittance with others. Isn't this a jolly crowd! That is, most of them. Of course some tell sob stories but who is going to blame them? I am not, because we all have our "sobs" and who doesn't like sympathy, and advice, even if we don't take it? If we can't get it at home it is sweet from strangers—if the COMFORT Sisters are such. Anyway, all the worried sisters have my heartfelt sympathy. I'm not capable of giving them advice.

I suppose I'm as happy as most married women. I've a good, hard-working John, two boys and a daughter. We haven't our home yet but expect to have it some day.

Descriptions seem to be in order. I'm twenty-three years young, five feet, five inches tall and weigh about 135 pounds. Have brown hair, a lot of freckles and a very choice collection of mixed colored hair. Taken all together it is a reddish-brown. On the whole, I am a homely little, country-raised, uneducated person.

Mrs. Marsh's travel letters are interesting. So are Nelle Fischer's.

I wonder if many of our Northern sisters imagine we've a sort of ideal climate in the South? I'll tell you of our seasons. October and May are usually our most pleasant months. Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb., except for a few days at a time, are usually very cold. March and April are our sand-storm months, and sometimes February too. This year we had a few even in May, June and July. August and September are "hot enough to roast lizards."

We raise mostly cotton here. It is also a good country for such feed as milo-maize, kaffir corn and sorghum. Corn does very well but not extra well. Wheat and oats are raised but not as extensively as a little farther north and west.

Something else about our immediate location is that poultry of all kinds does well.

My parents are living for which I am thankful, although I am away from them most of the time.

We live within twelve or fifteen miles of the "Cap Rock." Perhaps some do not know what that is. It is almost a bluff and is the dividing line between the plains and "our country." The roads up the Cap are very rough and far between. Sometimes they run within three feet of a direct drop of 1,000 to 1,500 feet. From here the Cap looks like a long range of mountains but when you get on top it is just a level stretch of plains. You can see for miles in any direction and not a tree in sight. It is a wonderful farming country.

I know Mrs. Wilkinson has a job sorting and choosing the most interesting letters and I realize how unworthy my efforts are.

I am trying to be a Christian and to raise my little ones, to love God. I want them to be good, honest, upright Christian men and women. I read Bible stories to them and talk to them of God and how they should live. I tell them the story of the Cross and the lowly Nazarene and His resurrection and ascension. They like to hear me talk about these things. If I could choose for them a life of the exalted statesman, great hero, or an excellent education and no christianity, or one of toil, ignorance of everything save God, I should choose the last. The unbelievers and unchristian people do not realize the joy they miss.

Long live COMFORT, the best paper printed. God bless you all, FRECKLES.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

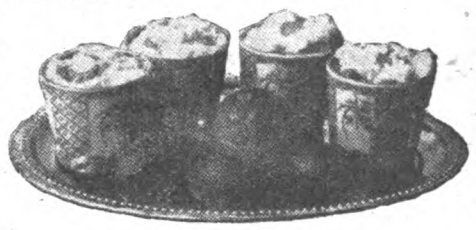
Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE Pepper Mangoes, recipe for which was sent by Delphia Smith, of Taft, California, may not be any better than the chow chow or beet relish recipes sent by some other sister, but she gave the exact quantities to be used and explained clearly how to go about putting them together. This constitutes a "best" recipe, so the COMFORT Sisters' Pin will be sent to her, but COMFORT's thanks go to every contributor.—Ed.

PEPPER MANGOES.—Two and one-half dozen peppers, eight cups finely chopped cabbage, eight cups finely chopped celery, four cups finely chopped onions, two red peppers, finely chopped, discard seeds, one tablespoon ground allspice, one tablespoon ground cloves, one tablespoon mustard seed, and one tablespoon ground cinnamon. Cut peppers in half, coop out and discard seeds. Cover with cold water, add one cup salt and allow to stand over night. Mix cabbage, celery, onions, red peppers and spices and allow this also to stand over night. Drain the peppers, fill the cavities with the mixture and fasten the halves together. Place in a sterilized crock, cover with cold vinegar and allow to stand twenty-four hours. Drain off vinegar, add one-half cup of sugar to each quart, bring to the boiling point and pour over the mangoes. After letting them stand twenty-four hours, again drain and bring same vinegar to boiling point and pour over mangoes once again. Cover crock and store.

DELPHIA SMITH, Taft, Gen. Del. California.

APPLE FLUFF WITH TEA CAKES.—Wipe and quarter five tart apples without paring or coring. Steam until very soft, then press through a fine sieve and sweeten to



LPPLE FLUFF WITH TEA CAKES.

taste. Beat four egg whites until stiff and *dry*, and gradually beat in the cold prepared apple. Serve in fancy cups at once. Top with whipped cream if desired.

TEA CAKES.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter and gradually add one-half cup of sugar and one well-beaten egg. Sift two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder with one and one-half cups of sifted flour and add it alternately with one-half cup of milk to the butter mixture. Beat hard and bake in small gem tins.

MUSTARD CHOW CHOW.—One quart of green beans, one quart of yellow beans, two quarts of silver onions, two heads of cauliflower, divided into small pieces, six red peppers, six green peppers, one large cucumber, six sour pickles, and one-quarter peck of green tomatoes. Clean and cut all the vegetables. Make a brine of four quarts of water, two cups of salt and put vegetables in this and let them remain twenty-four hours. After that, heat the vegetables in this same brine, just enough to scald them, and drain. Mix one and one-half cups of flour, six tablespoons of dry mustard and ten cents' worth of tumeric powder with enough vinegar to make four quarts in all. Boil this mixture until it thickens and is smooth. Stir all the time or it will burn. When thick remove from stove, add vegetables and let stand until heated thoroughly. Put in jars and seal. This will keep several years.—MRS. FRANK KELLER, 2117 Hudson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PEAR BUTTER.—The pears should be ripe enough to cook up well. After being peeled and cut into slices one inch thick, put into a preserving kettle with a close-fitting cover, add one cup of water to each quart of pears and cook slowly until soft. Then the sugar is added, one cup to one quart of sliced pears, and cooking is continued very slowly, with very frequent stirrings, for one and one-half to two hours. The butter then should be smooth and the consistency of thick apple sauce. Add one teaspoon of lemon juice with a half teaspoon of ginger and cinnamon, or other spices to taste. Fill hot containers while the butter is hot, place in the sun for a little while until the top of the butter hardens, then seal and store in a dry, cool place. If desired, pack the hot butter into hot containers and sterilize fifteen minutes.

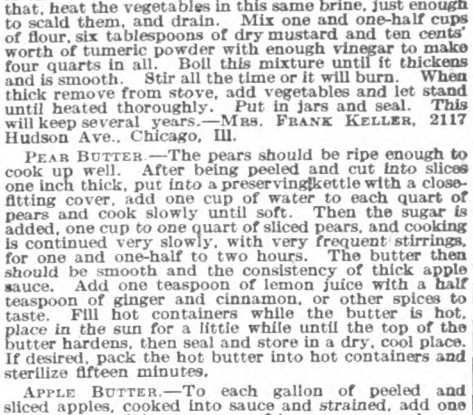
APPLE BUTTER.—To each gallon of peeled and sliced apples, cooked into sauce and strained, add one pint of grape juice, one cup of brown sugar and one-quarter teaspoon of salt. Cook slowly and stir often for two hours, or until of the desired thickness; then stir in one teaspoon of cinnamon and pack while hot into hot containers and sterilize thirty minutes. Seal and store in a dry, cool place.—MISS ARGENT MCALISTER, Morristown, R. R. 2, Tenn.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Select only good, firm tomatoes. Wash them and scald and remove skins if you wish. Cut out all hard places and put to boil in a good-sized pan. Boil at least ten minutes after they come to the boiling point. Have ready scalded jars. To each quart of tomato, add one teaspoon of salt, on top of tomatoes after jar is filled, seal, turn bottom up a while. Wrap each jar in paper and put in a cool, dark place. I never lose a jar this way.

To can cucumbers, gather small ones and wash in several waters. Put in a pan, sprinkle with salt and pour enough boiling water over them to cover. Let stand fifteen minutes. Have jars scalded. Remove cucumbers from water and place in jars. Pour pure vinegar into jars and add one-half teaspoon salt to each quart jar. A little mixed spice may be added if desired. Don't stand jars upside down. Be sure and seal tightly. A large jar can be filled this way by adding some every day, then salt and sealing. When opening a large jar, take out some and put in a small jar and pour a little vinegar over them. Be sure the cucumbers left in large jar are covered with vinegar. Seal tightly and they will keep. Cut fruit from vines with sharp knife, leaving a short stem.

MRS. EFFIE GENTRY, Slaton, R. R. 1, Box 96, Texas.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.—One cup of sifted pastry flour sifted six times with one teaspoon of cream of tartar. Sift one and one-half cups of sugar six times. Beat the



BIRTHDAY CAKE.

whites of 12 eggs very stiff and dry, add one teaspoon of vanilla, and then fold in the sugar, and lastly the flour. Do *not* beat, but use the folding motion until smooth. Bake in a slow oven 45 minutes.

CORN SALAD.—One dozen ears sweet corn, boil and cut from cob, one large head cabbage, cut fine, one-half dozen green peppers and one red pepper, cut fine, and one cup of sugar. Mix well together and cook twenty minutes in five pints of vinegar. Add salt to taste. Dissolve one-quarter pound mustard and one teaspoon tumeric in cold vinegar and stir in while hot.

MRS. ETHEL TILLOTSON.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice one-half bushel of green tomatoes and one-half peck of onions. Add two cups of salt and let stand over night. In morning drain and place in a large saucepan. Then add nine green peppers from which the seeds have been removed, one teaspoon ground cloves, one stick of cinnamon, one teaspoon ground mace, one-half cup whole peppercorns, two tablespoons mustard, five pounds brown sugar, three quarts of vinegar and cook one hour. Seal

MRS. J. W. MCCASKILL, West Tampa, Fla.



Made by "Uneeda Bakers"

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

A Forgotten Lo

by Adelaid



A cup more bitter than death was at her lips



And through that narrow gap Jacky Hamilton jumped for her life.



"She's d with an

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CHAPTER XXIX.

A SCAPEGOAT.

IT was well for Jacky Hamilton that she could not know for many a day just what those letters of hers had done.

All London was ringing with the news that Lesard—Lesard, the clever financier, whose hard honesty had been a byword—had been arrested for selling stolen jewels to a woman known as the Red Mouse. And, more, had been accused in a letter written by the missing girl, who was thought to have killed Marchmont, of having been in his house on the night of the murder and having stolen the diamonds in her presence.

It was incredible—but half the town flocked to Bow Street to hear the inquiry. To have the impeccable Lesard turn out a scoundrel would be sweet indeed to the man who owed him money. People he had injured and people he had served went alike to stare at him in the dock.

They marveled at his hard, quiet face, as at the brazenness of guilt. If he were innocent, why did he not look perturbed, furious?

Not one of them imagined that to the man himself the whole thing was a bitter farce that could be explained by four words when he chose to speak them.

The thing was clear as daylight to him—which was more than it was to any one else but Mrs. Gibbs, choking with joy in the safe retreat of a retired lodging house! He remembered those diamonds the instant he was confronted with them. They had belonged to a sham Austrian countess, who, five years since, had startled all London with her audacity and her lovers. She had been in a certain kind of society till one unlucky day, when she met Paul Marchmont. He was at the end of his tether with debt, and moved heaven and earth to make his new acquaintance love him. And love him she did; giving the go-by to princes for his sake; paying his debts starting him afresh. And the reward she got was that he stole her diamonds—"her luck," as she always called the gorgeous necklace, being superstitious about it.

She had been rich then, had had the whole detective force searching for her jewels, while the man who had stolen them sympathized and condoled with her. But her luck had gone with the diamonds. She lost her money, aged as some women do, with one leap, and vanished into the country, when one day Marchmont left her for good and all. Her superstition about the necklace seemed, curiously enough, to hold water. Her luck went with it; Marchmont's grew and waxed till he lost it, and his life, too; Victor Lesard's good fortune had struck his first rock when he sold them. But his ill-luck had fallen on his brother.

For Jacky's vengeance had miscarried utterly. As the morning went on the Lesard she loved began to see that unless something turned up—which was unlikely—it was not four, nor twenty, words of his own that would clear him.

A tall woman in black, whom he knew to be the Countess Altenstein, the original owner of the jewels sat close to the dock. He saw her start when the first piece of evidence was produced.

It was Jacky's letters to the police and the Red Mouse, the same and both to the effect that Lesard had stolen the jewels from Marchmont on the night he was killed.

To the Countess Altenstein the news that Marchmont was the thief took away all the joy of the discovery of her diamonds. When she was called to the witness stand she only turned dully toward Lesard.

"If Mr. Marchmont took the diamonds," she said, in a strained voice that pierced the crowded room, "that man may easily have known he had them! For I used to see them together at theaters often," and she pointed to Lesard.

There was nothing more to be got out of her, but she had thrown the first stone.

The Red Mouse threw the second.

Mad with fury and greed, she scarcely looked at the man in the dock, and, indeed, between a thick veil and the belladonna in her eyes, all she could see was the general outline of his face, and that was line for line like the Lesard she knew. That the soul of the man shone through—with a difference—she neither saw nor cared, if his conviction would get her money out of him. She dwelt at large in the sinfulness of taking away her diamonds and giving her nothing till the magistrate cut her short without ceremony.

"You swear the prisoner sold you those jewels?" he asked curtly.

"Of course he did!" furiously. "He said he got them from a connection of his wife's. He told me that the girl who recognized the necklace and wrote that letter afterward was his wife." Her rage would have been funny if it had not been dangerous. The prisoner smiled. Victor had overshot the mark. But he smiled no more when the next witness was called.

He had never laid eyes on her, but to see her brought back Jacky, who had trusted him not at all for his brother's sake, who was in the most sanguine view of things, hiding somewhere in London, having sent him to the dock of a police court when a little loyalty would have saved her and him.

Gillian, white-faced, bronze-haired, never raised her eyes when she had kissed the dirty Bible.

A cup more bitter than death was at her lips, a cup she had vowed never to drain. But she would drain it now, and not she alone. Charles Vivian, who sat in court, must share it.

The man in the dock had been her husband; she had loved him, and now loathed him. Yet for that very reason she could not deliberately swear his life away. If she proved him guilty and cleared herself, it would be that she might walk over his dead body to the new love that was sweeter than the old. She knew what the pain was that she must deal to an honest heart that loved her, to Vivian, who had come to her in jail when there was no one to help her, and nearly broken her heart with his kindness and his belief in her; who had engaged lawyers for her that she might fight to the end what she could not fight without staining her soul with her husband's blood.

Almost inaudibly she answered to her name; but at the next question she spoke out.

"No! I never wrote any letters!" for they had been signed with a short J that might have been a G, and it was merely a supposition that the missing sister had written them. "I could not write any. I never saw or heard of any black diamonds."

The letters were handed to her.

"Did your sister write these, to your knowledge?"

"Not to my knowledge," truthfully enough.

"Are they in her handwriting?"

"Yes!" pale as death.

"Do you know where she is?" sharply.

"No!" Her lips quivered, and she lifted her hand to hide it.

"Were you also in the cave the letters speak of, on the night mentioned?"

"Yes."

"If you saw nothing of any diamonds, could your sister have done so?"

"I don't know. We were not together."

Each answer seemed dragged out of her. She was afraid to tell the truth, and equally to lie.

"Did you see the prisoner there on the night in question?"

For the first time Gillian Hamilton looked up, but at the magistrate, not at Lesard. She had learned in the past three days what a man's self-forgetful love could be, and she must kill that love that had grown dear to her, whose height and depth had wrapped her round when she was deserted and desolate. Whatever course she chose would kill it, for to deliberately go to it by swearing away the life of another man who it must come out had been dear to her, would do it equally with the only other way—the hard way she had chosen.

"You cannot compel me to answer," she said very sharply.

The magistrate gasped.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to state why not?" he said, his judicial calm a little shattered.

"Because a wife may give evidence against her husband if she likes, but no court in England can compel her to. And that man is my husband. I was married to him at the registrar's office in Lambeth a year ago."

The flutter that went through the court covered Sir Charles Vivian's convulsive start.

He sat whiter than Gillian, sick to death. Gillian—the wife of a thief, for all he knew, of a murderer. For her answer told him this man had been in the cave, and might—for all he knew again—have made her help him in his ghastly work.

"Perhaps you do not realize," said the magistrate icily, "that what you now admit is as damaging to the prisoner as any outspoken testimony could be!"

He saw the undisguised surprise on Lesard's face, and questioned him suddenly.

"Have you anything to say to this?"

The clear gray eyes of the prisoner met his.

"Only that it is an utter mistake, your honor," he answered slowly. "I never saw the witness until today, in this room. My only knowledge of her came from the fact that I was engaged to her sister, who is now missing."

Charles Vivian stared at him as he had never stared in his life; and quivered as his eyes found Gillian again.

She had covered her face and stood shaken with sobs. No wonder that Jacky had "known him," no wonder she hated him! Gillian knew now how Jacky must have suffered that night when she knelt with her face hidden on her sister's knee—knelt to hide the agony that is more cruel than the grave.

But Vivian could only think Gillian had broken down because the prisoner had repudiated her, unless—surely she had not been foolhardy enough to perjure herself to try and save Jacky's lover!

By this time the spectators were all agog. They had come to see a well-known man tried for the meanest of crimes; they were staying now because it seemed that this inquiry into the history of the famous diamonds was proving to be the first act in the drama of the Marchmont mystery. It hung now on a thread whether or not Lesard would be arrested on a fresh charge, on suspicion of complicity in Marchmont's murder.

But to the annoyance of every one the magistrate adjourned the inquiry till the afternoon. Yet the spectators could not regret the entr'acte when they saw the next scene in the play.

The first witness was the Lambeth registrar himself, who produced the record of Gillian's marriage, which was hard and fast. Gillian Hamilton and Louis Lesard, and gave his own businesslike testimony that, to the best of his recollection, the Louis Lesard in the dock was the man whose marriage he had performed. Vivian, sick, miserable, incredulous, could not tell what to think. The man had seemed so straightforward all through, had told the same story of his engagement to Jacky in Vivian's own house; and yet—Gillian's sworn testimony had been confirmed. And then to his amaze a fresh witness appeared.

Brookes, strangely thin and poor-looking, came on the stand, and Vivian's old distrust of him revived. The man was shattered with drinking, his face and manner more cringing and furtive than ever, but his evidence ruined Lesard.

He told his story like a man who walks to the cannon's mouth, or lies about his friend to save his own life.

"He had often seen the prisoner, who visited his late master, usually after nightfall. He had certainly been there the day of the murder, and had returned after dark, when Brookes had seen him entering secretly and had told Marchmont he was in the house. He had most probably taken the diamonds, which Brookes had seen on several occasions, and knew had not been found after his master's death. But—stumblingly—in the opinion of the butler, he had not meant to kill Marchmont."

"We are not here to discuss that!" said the magistrate sharply. "You can step down."

No one but Vivian noted that the man obeyed with frenzied haste, and left the courtroom as if he had borne witness at the peril of his life. And truly nothing but the strong arm of the law had brought him there, where he must face Lesard. Once out, the cidevant butler ran like a hare, till the sweat poured down his emaciated face. He had met Lesard's eyes once and come to no harm but he dared not confront them again. All death and hell would not get him to witness at the murder trial of Gillian Hamilton while there was a chink in London that would hide him.

"Yes," the defendant answered the first question quietly, "my name is Louis Victor Lesard.

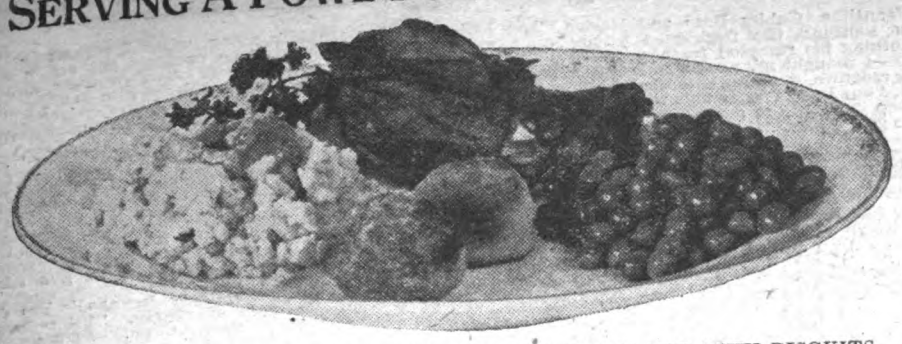
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Who's Who on the Front Cover

No.	Baby's Name.	Age.	Parent's Name.	Residence.
1	Edith Mabel	5 mos.,	Mrs. Lew Swope, Jr.,	Egypt, Pa.
2	Hubert Harold	3 yrs.,	Mrs. Othel Chapman,	McHenry, Ky.
6	Dale Eugene	17 wks.,	Mrs. E. W. Gibson,	Spencer, Ind.
9	Charles Allen	6 mos.,	Mrs. Ben Bowling,	Greenbrier, Texas.
11	Lula Lorene Brown	6 mos.,	Granddaughter of Amanda Floyd,	Stockton, Mo.
15	Phyllis May	2 yrs.,	Mrs. Jesse Transue,	Parma, Idaho.
17	Vivian Ileen	18 mos.,	Mrs. Ray Jackson,	Trivola, Ill.
20	Elmer, Jr.	3 mos.,	Mrs. John Fett,	Beaverdam, Ohio.
16	Alvin Julius	9 mos.,	Mrs. Dena Backting,	Forest Green, Mo.
22	Melvin John	5 mos.,	Mrs. John F. Bohl,	Portland, Ore.
24	Alfred Donald	16 mos.,	Mrs. Sallie Mae Atkins,	Iuka, Miss.
27	Velma Ruth	2 yrs.,	Mrs. Luella Cordle,	London, Ohio.
29	Virginia Moyra	3 yrs.,	Mrs. Thomas West,	Kansas City, Mo.
30	Margaret Desda	5 mos.,	Mrs. H. T. Davis,	Pungo, N. C.
31A	Ellen Maxine Eads	1 yr.,	Granddaughters of Mrs. Chas. Lee,	Bloomington, Ind.
31B	Margaret LaVerne Lee	7 mos.,		
32	Billie	2 yrs.,	Mrs. Warren E. Welch,	Broadway, Va.
34	Walter James	16 mos.,	Mrs. Bessie Lowe,	Jumping Branch, W. Va.
36A	James	4 yrs.,	Mrs L. H. Clark,	Live Oak, Calif.
36B	Jack	2 yrs.,	Mrs L. H. Clark,	Live Oak, Calif.
37	Dona	7 mos.,	Mrs. Katie Morrell,	Iredell, Texas.
38	Larue	7 mos.,	Mrs. Fred Bennett,	Bernice, La.
40	Avis Wilson	7½ mos.,	Mrs. A. W. Metcalf,	Central Village, Ct.
45	DeForest	2 yrs.,	Mrs. F. C. Sweeney,	East Jaffrey, N. H.

SERVING A FOWL FOUR DIFFERENT WAYS



NO. 1.—WITH PEAS, SEASONED RICE, TOMATO JELLY AND TINY BISCUITS.

By Violet Marsh

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A SIX-POUND fowl, if prepared and cooked without waste, will provide four dinners for four people. On this page are shown four plates, each with a portion of fowl and different vegetable combinations. Select a fowl that is meaty and compact, d not over-fat. Cut off the head so as not to ste any of the neck. Draw and clean, taking e not to tear the liver. Wash inside and out d rinse well. Cut off and reject any of the liver at may have a greenish tinge; then return the er to the cavity with the cleaned heart and giz- rd. Sew the edges of opening together, also aw the skin over the end of neck and fasten. rap and tie in cheese-cloth and place on a trivet other article that will keep the fowl from the ttom of the kettle, pour over boiling water until covers about one-third of the fowl; cover closely prevent escape of steam and slowly cook until nder, turning every half-hour. Add salt three- arters hour before done. Cooking entirely by eam is another cellent way to ok the fowl. stead of hav- g it partly in ter, lay it in steamer and ep a good vol- ne of steam neath it until oked.

After cooking, ie fowl is rved so as to low of the fol- wing combina- ons:

No. 1.—ings cut off ith small por- on of breast, rumsticks, ver and the oysters" which lie each side of the lower part of ackbone.

No.2.—Breast cut into four portions.

No.3.—Gizzard, heart, meat from neck and all ie remaining bits from the frame are chopped and ade into chicken balls.

No. 4.—Thighs sliced cold.

If the fowl is cooked in water, the liquor may be oiled down and made into a gravy to serve with ombinations one and two.

Plate No. 1 has peas, seasoned rice, tomato, elly and tiny baking powder biscuits, with the owl which is warmed in chicken gravy, or in white auce made rich with butter and seasoned with a craping of onion, paprika and a *little* lemon juice.

SEASONED RICE.—Use steamed or boiled rice, ut a layer of rice in a buttered pudding dish, dot ith butter and thinly cover with shavings of heese, paprika and a little salt unless the rice was ufficiently salted when cooked. Repeat until ce is used, then add milk to within about three nches of the top, cover with fine cracker crumbs noistened in melted butter and bake in a quick ven until cheese is melted.

PEAS.—Drain canned peas; put into double oiler, add one-third teaspoon of sugar, two level ablespoons of butter and one tablespoon of cream o each can and heat one-half hour.

TOMATO JELLY.—Stew fresh tomatoes and strain. oak two tablespoons of ranulated gelatin in one- alf cup of cold water wenty minutes and add o three cups of boiling ot tomato. Season with ne-half teaspoon of salt nd one teaspoon of sugar. our into small cups to ool.

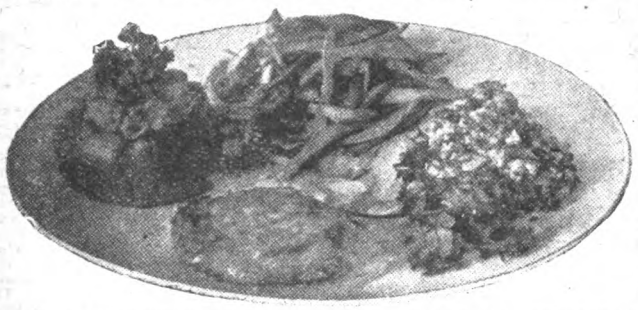
BISCUITS.—Two cups f sifted flour, five even easpoons of baking pow- er and one even tea- poon of salt sifted wice. Work in three cant tablespoons of old shortening. Mix with about one cup of weet skim-milk, adding it gradually to differ- nt places through the flour. Never make one part very wet and then thicken it with flour, but ry to moisten evenly as this makes tender read. Do not knead, but toss onto lightly floured bread-board, shape, roll less than one-half inch hick and cut into small rounds. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

Plate No.2 holds a combination of fried breast of chicken, shredded potatoes, stuffed tomato and new turnip.

CHICKEN.—Cut each side of breast into two pieces. Roll in fine cracker-crumbs, then in egg slightly beaten with one teaspoon of cold water, then in cracker-crumbs. Brown in deep fat, or fry in shallow bacon fat.

SHREDDED POTATO.—Pare, cut into quarter inch slices both ways, soak until crisp in cold water and dry between cloths. Fry in deep fat until a light brown. Do not over-cook.

STUFFED TOMATO.—Cut thin slice from stem end of well-ripened but firm tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp containing seeds. Make a stuffing of soft fine bread-crumbs moistened with warm butter, and season with a little scraped onion, shredded green pepper, a little salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes and bake twenty minutes. If a richer stuffing is desired, use equal parts of chopped chicken or ham and a beaten egg.



NO. 2.—WITH SHREDDED POTATOES, STUFFED TOMATO AND NEW TURNIP.

MASHED TURNIP.—Pare and slice and steam cook, or place in boiling water and boil rapidly until tender. Drain, press through the potato ricer so as to eliminate any fibrous parts and return to kettle. Reheat with butter, pepper and salt and serve at once.

Plate No. 3 shows chicken balls on a bed of mashed potato, two slices of crisp bacon and sliced tomato.

CHICKEN BALLS.—Chop the chicken, add two boiled onions, one cup of fine fresh bread-crumbs moistened with one-third cup of warm butter, one-half teaspoon of poultry dressing, salt, one slightly beaten egg and a little gravy or cream if necessary to shape the balls. Roll in cracker-crumbs, egg, then cracker-crumbs again. Drop into hot deep fat and fry brown.

MASHED POTATO.—Peel and soak potatoes in salted water one hour. Boil in as little water as possible to which salt has been added. Drain and set in oven to dry. Mash into same kettle, set on hot cover, make a hole in center of potato and pour in enough thin cream or milk to moisten. Beat until light and fluffy. Add butter if milk is used.

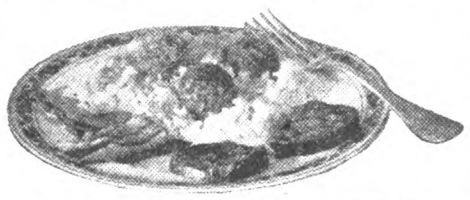
BACON.—Many prefer oven-cooked bacon, as it cooks evenly, but the oven must be very hot. Lay evenly in biscuit tin and watch carefully.

PLATE NO. 4 has potato croquettes, boiled onions and corn, with the cold sliced thighs.

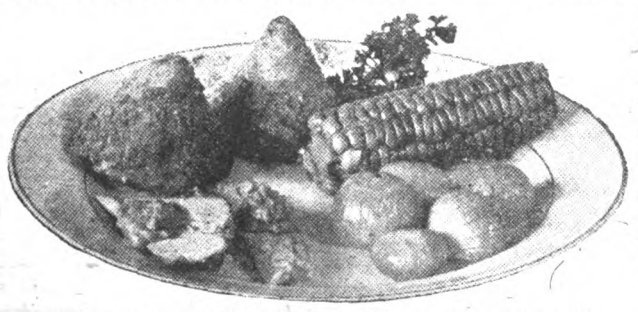
POTATO CROQUETTES.—Prepare and rice potatoes as for mashed potatoes. To three cups add three tablespoons of butter, one-third teaspoon of celery salt, a little scraped onion, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Add two beaten egg yolks and then thoroughly beat the whole mixture. To shape, wet a tiny tunnel in cold water and press it full of the potato. Roll in fine cracker-crumbs, then in egg slightly beaten with a tablespoon of cold water, and then in egg again. Fry in deep fat. Care must be taken not to cool the fat as it is liable to cause the egg and crumb coating to separate from the potato.

BOILED ONIONS.—While peeling onions they should be held in a pan of cold water to prevent the fumes from reaching the eyes. Drop one at a time in boiling water, keeping the water continuously boiling. Cook until very soft. Drain. If a sauce is desired, place the onions in hot cream and season with salt and pepper. Onions are very wholesome and should be freely eaten throughout the year.

BOILED GREEN CORN.—To be thoroughly delicious green corn should be young enough to show milk when the raw kernel is broken. Husk, remove silk and cut the husk end close so as not to take up space in kettle. Cover with boiling water. Have a hot fire so as to bring corn quickly to a boil. Cook until the kernels will readily lift from cob when pressed with a fork. Do not cook too long as it hardens the corn. Never add salt to corn water as this also hardens.



NO. 3.—WITH MASHED POTATO, BACON AND SLICED TOMATO.



NO. 4.—WITH POTATO CROQUETTES, BOILED ONIONS AND CORN.

Some Recipes for Early Fall

BAKED YOUNG CHICKEN.—Cut into pieces, dredge well with flour and sprinkle with salt and a very little pepper. Pack in a baking dish, cover with fresh rich scalding milk; cover and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Do not allow the milk to more than simmer.

CALF'S LIVER.—Tie in shape and place in a deep dish that can be closely covered. Cover the top with very thin slices of salt pork. Cut two stalks of celery, four small onion, one carrot and half of a green pepper into slices and place around the liver. Stir three even tablespoons of flour into two scant tablespoons of bubbling butter and gradually add two and one-half cups of hot water. When it thickens, pour it over the vegetables, cover and bake very slowly two and one-half hours. During the last hour of cooking taste the gravy to determine whether more salt is necessary than that contained in the butter and pork.

LIVER AND BACON.—Slice calf's liver one-half inch thick and cover with boiling water for five minutes. Drain and wipe. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and cook in bacon fat. The bacon is fried, or baked as previously described.

GREEN PEA PUREE.—Peas too old to serve as a vegetable will make a delicious puree. Shell and put through the food chopper. Cover with cold water, add a small sliced onion, a few slices of carrot and cook until the peas are tender, taking care they do not burn. Put through a sieve, return to fire and if too thick add boiling water. Season with salt, a few grains of pepper and just before serving add one cup of thin cream to a quart of puree. If cream is not available, season with one-fourth cup of butter.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Have water boiling hard; gradually add cabbage that has been sliced crosswise and quite fine. Do not allow water to stop boiling. Cook forty minutes to one hour. Drain. Make a white sauce, put cabbage and sauce in layers in a baking dish, cover the top with fresh crumbs well buttered and bake in a quick oven until brown.

SMALL POTATOES.—Do not throw away the tiny new potatoes that have ripened. Wash and boil in salted water with jackets on. Pare, slice into a hot serving dish and pour over them a generous amount of melted butter mixed with a little salt, pepper, minced parsley and lemon juice.

BEET AND CARROT SALAD.—Boil both vegetables separately, pare and coarsely chop. Mix well. Serve with a dressing made by mixing one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika, three dessertspoons of lemon juice, five tablespoons of olive oil, two tablespoons of heavy sweet or sour cream, and beating the whole with an egg beater until light. Use at once as it is liable to separate. This dressing is excellent with ripe tomatoes, crisp shredded cabbage and apple mixed, or with asparagus.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.—Wash and pare and cut into slices. Boil in slightly salted water until tender which will take from forty to fifty minutes. Drain and season with butter and a little cream. Another way to cook artichokes is to peel and cut into cubes, add a small sliced onion, put into a double boiler, cover with boiling milk and cook until tender. Mix one tablespoon of butter with one of dry flour and stir into the milk one-half hour before taking from the fire. Season with paprika and salt.

KOHL-RABI.—This vegetable, known as the turnip-cabbage in some sections, belongs to the cabbage family, but instead of the reserve nutritive matter of the plant being stored largely in the leaves or flowers, it is collected in the stem, which forms a turniplike enlargement just above the ground. It is fine flavored and delicate if cooked very young. The diameter should not be over three inches. It is pared and sliced, cooked in boiling water and prepared the same as turnip.

KALE.—The dwarf, green-curled variety is the best for the table. The leaves are sweeter and more tender after having been touched by the frost. In the north the roots may be banked with earth at the beginning of winter and when extreme cold weather sets in the plants are covered with hay. In the spring the old stalks will produce young shoots that make delicious greens. Kale is cooked the same as cabbage.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—When using canned pineapple buy the sliced and shred it. Mix one-half cup of sugar with two tablespoons of cornstarch, add two beaten egg yolks and one cup of pineapple juice, or whatever amount the can contains and cook it three minutes after it begins to boil, stirring constantly. Mix the pineapple with this mixture and bake between crusts.

PEACH PUDDING.—Place one quart of ripe pared and halved peaches in the bottom of a baking dish, and cover with two cups of sugar and two teaspoons of lemon juice. Make a biscuit dough (see biscuit recipe), using about two-thirds for the duff and making the remainder into biscuits. Shape and spread the dough over the peaches which should fill the dish not over half full, and bake in a quick oven until the crust is a rich brown. It is well to set the dish of peaches into the oven until they have reached the cooking point before putting on the dough.

APPLE-MINT JELLY.—Cut crabapples into quarters, barely cover with cold water and quickly bring to a boil. Cook until soft with as little stirring as possible. Drain through a cheese-cloth bag, bring juice to a boil, add a bunch of broken mint tied in a cheese-cloth, boil five minutes, or longer if a stronger mint flavor is desired, remove bag and finish boiling, which in all should be about twenty minutes. Measure juice and allow three cups of sugar to four cups of juice. Bring juice to a boil, gradually add sugar while stirring, and as soon as the juice boils, skim and at once pour into hot glasses.

GRAPE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut apples into small pieces, barely cover with cold water and rapidly cook until soft. When about two-thirds done, add an equal amount of stewed grapes and finish cooking. Drain. Use equal parts of juice and sugar and proceed as in Apple-mint Jelly.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Pare the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise and remove seeds. There should be syrup sufficient to cover while cooking. To every two pounds of sugar use one pint of vinegar and one tablespoon of whole clove and two tablespoons of stick cinnamon loosely tied in a bag. Cook the sugar, vinegar and spices five minutes, pour over the cucumbers, slowly bring to a boil, then set back where the pickle will scarcely simmer and cook until the cucumber has a transparent appearance.

DILL PICKLES.—Use slender green cucumbers measuring four or five inches long, wash and wipe. In the bottom of a crock place a layer of grape leaves, and then a layer of cucumbers, three tart apples cut in eighths without paring or coring, a few bunches of ripe grapes of a green variety, two sliced onions, about a third of a cup of mixed whole spices and a sprinkling of dill tops with seeds. Repeat until all the cucumbers are used and cover with grape leaves. To four gallons of hot water use a scant pound of coarse salt. Dissolve and when cold pour it over the pickles until they are well covered. Weight with a round piece of clean wood, or a flat jar cover of a smaller size and hold it under the brine with a clean stone. Cover. Do not disturd for sixteen days.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Pick the seeds when they are green and tender and with one-inch stems. Make a light brine and soak the seeds 48 hours. Soak in fresh water 24 hours and then put the seeds into bottles and cover with good vinegar. These make an excellent substitute for capers.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"That is so," returned Isabel, with scowling brow.

"You say she *still* has the casket *in* there with her?"

"Yes."

"Why under the sun didn't you take it away from her by main force?"

"Because she was so haughty and defiant I did not dare touch her," Mrs. Coolidge admitted, with rather a crest-fallen air. Besides, she told me she should appeal to Lord Dunforth if I did not let her go quietly; and I knew, after what you had told me, that that would never do."

"No, indeed; it is very evident that he knows too much about the jewels, while we know too little. But how are we going to get out of this abominable muss, anyhow?" and Isabel looked miserably anxious.

"Keep her in there until she gives up the box and promises secrecy," returned her mother, with a significant nod at the veiled door.

"Well, suppose she will not yield at all?"

"She must sleep, at all events: and, if we cannot catch her in a natural sleep, there are things that will make her unconscious, and then we can take the jewels away from her," was the whispered reply.

But she will be missed, meanwhile."

"Well, we must wonder with the rest what has become of her. I am confident no one saw her come in here, and so no one will suspect us in the matter. I tell you, Isabel, we have a desperate game to play, now, or you will lose Sir Charles. Those jewels we must have, for their absence will occasion endless inquiry and remark. If she won't yield, we must keep her shut up until after the wedding. When that is over, and you are sure of your position, I do not care what becomes of them or her," the proud woman whispered, in concentrated tones, and with a desperate and reckless air that almost frightened her daughter.

"Mamma, would you dare keep her in there so long?"

"Yes, I will dare anything, rather than that all your bright prospects should be sacrificed. Just so sure as we let her out, she will reveal everything, and we shall be ruined."

"But you know we are all to go to Paris next week to be gone a fortnight, and attend to my *trousseau*."

"I know it was so arranged, but you and Lady Randal will have to go—I shall be ill, and not able to go; then I can easily look after our prisoner, and no one will be the wiser for it."

"But is there no danger that she will be heard if she should scream, or cry, or make a fuss?"

"Not the least in the world. The place seems to be made of solid masonry; it has no other door but this, which is very thick, and, with those heavy curtains dropped over it, no one could ever hear her. Besides, I have no fear that she will make any disturbance—she is too proud."

"What if she should die in there, mamma?"

The two plotting women looked at each other with whitening faces for a moment.

Mrs. Coolidge was the first to recover herself, however.

"Pshaw! what a foolish notion, Isabel. She is strong and well, and there is no danger. I will take her plenty of good food every day, and we can make her up a comfortable bed from our own, and she will do well enough."

"But, mamma, the bare possibility of the thing gives me a dreadful feeling. I am as weak as if I had just recovered from a swoon," said Isabel, shuddering.

"Don't be a fool, child; only let us tide the next four or five weeks over, and we shall be all right. However, if you say so, and are willing to run the risk, we will let her out now," returned Mrs. Coolidge, impatiently.

"No, no; there is no other way as I see but to keep her shut up. Sir Charles is so particular and conscientious that he would never forgive the wrong we have done her; and, mamma, I am really very fond of him. I believe it would upset me entirely if anything should happen to separate us now, and I mean to try and be a better woman after I am married," Isabel returned, nervously, and with very crimson cheeks, as if ashamed of the confession.

An hour later Lady Ruxley's bell rang a furious peal. It had been nearly three hours since Brownie left her. Such a thing had never happened before, and she did not know what to make of it. She was getting so attached to her gentle and lovable companion that she missed her sadly if she were absent an hour.

Presently Minnett came in.

"Minnett, find Miss Dundas, and ask her to please come to me," she said, shortly.

Minnett retired, was gone another half hour, while the old lady grew furious at the delay, then returned and said Miss Dundas could not be found.

She was forthwith angrily commanded to go and find Miss Dundas, and not return until she did.

Minnett meekly withdrew again, and her ladyship sat another hour, fuming and raging, first against her maid, then at Lady Randal, whom she believed to be at the bottom of it all, to serve some purpose of her own, and lastly her ire turned upon Brownie herself for allowing herself to be detained so long.

Finally, her patience completely wearied out, she marched down into the drawing-room, ready to berate the first person she met.

Here she found everybody in a great state of excitement over the non-appearance of Miss Dundas.

One, two, three hours more passed, and still no light was thrown upon the mystery. Lady Ruxley became nearly distracted, Lady Randal was very much disturbed, while the guests, who had remarked Brownie's beauty and refinement, began to whisper of an elopement, or something equally romantic:

In the midst of the excitement, Viola and Alma appeared upon the scene, and, upon being told that Miss Dundas was missing, the former asked what sort of a looking person she was.

Sir Charles immediately gave a very accurate description of Brownie, whereupon both girls exclaimed.

"Why, that is our Miss Douglas, and we met her only a few hours ago, as she was going out!"

Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel were confounded at this speech.

They had not thought of such a thing as the girls meeting her, and had fondly hoped they should not be drawn into the matter any more than to wonder, with the other guests, what could have become of her.

Everybody gathered around the young girls at once, eager to hear more.

"She was with us an hour or more," Viola further explained, "then she said she must return to the Hall, and the last we saw of her she came this way."

"And who is 'our Miss Douglas,' and what connection has she with Lady Ruxley's companion?" asked Sir Charles, coming forward and looking very grave.

"She was our governess until about two months ago, when—when——"

Viola stammered, and got very red in the face.

Her heart prompted her to stand up loyally for the teacher whom she so dearly loved, but she stood somewhat in awe of her mother, who was regarding her with sternest displeasure, and whose eye she had just caught.

Mrs. Coolidge hastened to the rescue.

"What is this you are saying about Miss Douglas, Viola?" she asked, in well-assumed surprise, at the same time giving her daughter a warning glance.

Viola repeated what she had already said, adding some further account of what had transpired in the park.

When she had concluded, her mother turned to Sir Charles, with a grave and sorrowful face.

"I really fear, Sir Charles, that your aunt has been grossly imposed upon. This Miss Douglas, of whom Viola speaks, came over with us from America as governess to the girls. I began to suspect at the very first that she was not just the person I could desire, but I put up with her until about two months ago, when her very unbecoming conduct made it necessary that I should dismiss her immediately."

"What did she do?" demanded Lady Ruxley, sharply, "that was so very dreadful?"

"Really, I am very sorry to be drawn into this very disagreeable matter thus. I dislike to say anything derogatory to any one, but, since you ask, I will say that she took things which did not belong to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



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Cubby Bear Rescues Ducky Dumpling

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ONE sunny September morning Cubby Bear took his bowl of porridge out on the doorstep. Some of the September mornings were frosty, autumn was drawing near, and he could not bear to miss any of the loveliness of this mild day by staying indoors. Suddenly a hazelnut struck him on the nose, then fell into his porridge bowl. Cubby fished it out with his spoon, then looked up, wondering how a hazelnut could come from the white birches which stood close by.

Then he had another surprise.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled little Chirpy Chipmunk gleefully. "Why do you stare at me like that, Cubby Bear? Keep your mouth open, just as it is now, and I'll see if I can throw a nut into it!"

It was no wonder Cubby stared, for never before had Chirpy Chipmunk been seen with a stiff row of outstanding feathers around his face.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" asked Cubby, quite forgetting his porridge, which trickled in a thick stream from the overturned bowl.

"Just feathering out!" answered Chirpy jauntily. "I've surprised all the folks this morning. Everyone laughed but the Bunny Babies, and they were afraid. I got these feathers over near Foxy Reynard's den, and there were a lot more. Let's go and get some. Don't you want to dress up in them too?"

"But what bird has lost so many feathers?" Cubby was already starting.

"I do not know," answered Chirpy. "But there I found them, and I have had great fun. Oh, look! there comes Wollie Woodchuck! See me surprise him."

Chirpy ran nimbly up a little three-foot pine tree, and as Wollie approached, suddenly sprang down in front of him, crying, "Woo!"

Wollie backed quickly away from the strange-looking object wearing both fur and feathers.

"What's that thing, Cubby Bear?" he cried, blinking his small eyes. "I never saw a creature with a ruff like that aroung its face! Pooh, pooh!" he added disgustedly, after a closer look. "It's not April Fool's Day, Chirpy Chipmunk, that you should be doing such a foolish trick!"

Wollie went along with Cubby and Chirpy to see the feathers, and when they reached Foxy's den they found a little crowd had gathered there.

Wise Owl, his glasses askew, was looking at the feathers closely.

"It may be," he said, "that Edric Eagle has had an accident, and left these feathers here as he passed over Pleasant Forest on his flight to his mountain home."

"I think you're wrong!" argued Racky Coon. "Even if these are Edric Eagle's feathers, which I very much doubt, would he have dropped so many, all in a bunch? No, no. They would be scattered along as he flew."

"Here is a long, shiny, green feather!" exclaimed Shinyblack Crow, "see, right by Foxy's door. I don't remember to have seen a feather like that, only——"

"Only where?" asked several voices.

"Only among a rooster's tail-feathers, in the farmer's poultry-yard!" Shinyblack Crow told them solemnly.

"O-o-oh!" breathed his hearers, quite awed by what this might mean. And Billy Bluejay said rather sharply:

"If I were in your place, Chirpy Chipmunk, I'd take off that ruff, and not go around grinning like a foolish monkey in stolen feathers."

Chirpy meekly did as he was told.

"Foxy is coming!" said Redtop Woodpecker.

"Stand back, out of sight," ordered Wise Owl, "until he gets here, and then we will inquire into this thing."

Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel came trotting along together briskly. Woozie was talking as they came, but Foxy uttered no word, for his mouth was full. His head was held high to keep the object he was carrying from dragging on the ground.

In front of Foxy's den they sat down to rest. Foxy dropped his burden from his jaws, holding it to the ground with one paw, panting a little as he rested.

"That was quite a run, but we made it all right!" laughed sleek little Woozie.

The creature under Foxy's paw moved a little and gave a smothered quack.

At this, the little forest folks came out of their hiding places, and rushed toward Foxy.

"It's alive!" cried Cubby Bear. "Oh, Foxy! let it go!"

Taken thus by surprise, Foxy jumped guiltily. Only for an instant did he lose his guard, but in that instant the poor little feathered thing under his paw made its escape, and rushed into the crowd of newcomers, seeming to know they would befriend it.

"Just as I thought!" said Shinyblack Crow. "These feathers have come from the farmer's poultry-yard, and this is a young duck he has brought home with him."

An indignant chorus arose.

"Hush! Let me deal with him!" commanded Wise Owl, and bristled up to Foxy, demanding savagely, "Tell me, what do you mean by it?"

"I don't have to explain to you," replied Foxy.

"You forget that I am judge of the Pleasant Forest court for offenders!" Wise Owl reminded him darkly.

"But you'd have to get Policeman Bob Catt here to arrest him before you could do anything about it," said Woozie Weasel, coming to Foxy's defence.

Meantime, Cubby Bear and Racky Coon had been soothing the frightened young duck and smoothing his rumpled feathers.

"I—I thought my neck was broken!" gasped the poor creature, touching it tenderly with one webbed foot, "but I seem to be able to hold up my head, if I keep it a little to one side. That fox had a terrible grip on me!"



"YOU FORGET THAT I AM JUDGE OF THE PLEASANT FOREST COURT FOR OFFENDERS!" WISE OWL REMARKED DARKLY.

"Don't be frightened. We'll see that you get back home all safe," Cubby told him.

"If I once get back to the poultry-house, I'll stay there, sure as my name is Ducky Dumpling, and never again go out for a swim!"

Foxy caught this remark, and chuckled. By this time, he was his own "foxy" self again.

"That's how I caught him!" he said, with his sly smile. "He was on his way to the duck-pond,

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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

SUMMER'S green is nearing now the glorious bonfire which autumn annually makes of it all. The woods will be tapestried for a while with smoky haze and the colors of flame. There will be stilly days of harvest and fruition, evenings of calling katydids chirping crickets. Then for a night or two come a first prophetic chilliness at the going of sun. Red will become gray; flame turn to es, and we will know that summer has left us. es: vacationing and summering will be over—l tasks begin!

From my mountain weeks I brought back to ooklyn with me a little tan—some on my shoul-s!—and a few disappearing bumps, the remains the playful caresses of affectionate n osquitoes. o, I brought back, I hope, a rested eye and a le clearer viewpoint with which to regard the of the city—that life so far removed from that ave been living where mountains are almost as ny as men. Contrastingly I have been thinking, ce my return, of the quiet strength of the peaks eft behind, compared with the noisy greed for ce and power which the city means to those who ople it. Spiritual insight and that compassion ich is born of the spirit are indeed needed to k upon the distorted face of our material world lay. If we are not to be blinded by its glare, couraged by its fury and futility, tortured to h phrases and hasty, bitter conclusions, we must rn "to think with the soul", as one has finely lled it. So I try to do this: try to see all the lderness of buying and selling, this making of e to a thing of clangor and clutter, for what it ally is—a passing phase of wrong thinking which nnot endure because of its very falsity, a sepa-tion of man the prodigal which cannot last. Men ay for a time waste their spiritual substance, ey may feed on the husks of material greed and in; but always there must be an awakening, coming to oneself. *The soul begins to think.* And e prodigal turns toward his Father's house.

By a million ways today we strive to feed the dy, the brain, the material life of man and the ce. We are taught that all depends upon this, at this is our salvation from the evils we rear e day and attempt to remedy the next. All e world's resources are turned toward this ma-rial salvaging. This becomes our education, r science, our worship and our faith. Yet by e thing and by that only does man exist—*his iritual vitality*—and this cannot be left to dwindle d starve. It is not that we have asked for bread d been given stones, but that we are *taught* to eep on asking for stones!

To think with the soul is the only true thinking ecause it is only the eternal soul of man and its ernal relationship which are changeless. The uits of the brain, what we variously call training, ience, reason, change with the years like fashions. len attain new-taught ideas for their minds as ey buy hats and shoes of later modes. And the st is always to be discarded for something which to be different and better—yet is somehow found be always the same and to be discarded in its rn! But there is only one eternal fashion, one ernal mode of thought, one garment for the soul man.

Particularly now, when classrooms are calling d school beginning for so many of you, I do not ant the boys and girls and their parents who read onthly what I write here to think that I despise e mind's training or believe truth to rest only unlearnedness and simplicity. It is true that do distrust, as to his real value, what is often alled the "trained man." He is often one who as been trained to do certain tricks, too many mes of doubtful worth and bearing either for his wn life or that of others. Yet a desire for knowl-dge is the beginning of wisdom. Without this esire to know, without endeavor to see full circle round the teachings of the world and its history s a result of these teachings, we cannnot advance eyond. The soul will never think to its best if he mind has not thought first. The soul will ever realize if the mind has not first analyzed, ought, weighed and discarded. The mind must e made an instrument and a discoverer, but not rained to be but a weapon and a tool that cuts nd destroys. The soul may dream great dreams nd true ones, but it is the mind that must express hem to those who have not dreamed.

What I do contend against, however, is the aising of the wall of sheer and barren intellect bout the heart of a child, exterminating with a alsity of psychology (now rising to its summit of ntruth) youth's natural capacity for the under-tanding that love gives. I contend against the illing off, the pinching back at the bud, of the oul's intuition which flows from the great reservoir of Love and Truth from where all Life is stored. Not so is the earth of men to be watered.

For beyond all thinking that the schools can give us, the soul can be taught to think. College and classroom can make us echo textbooks and the roted phrases of tired teachers, but unless the soul also has been taught to echo, the sound will be a hollow one and of no value to the hearing world. We need to be made fine answerers to the eternal and perfect of sounds, to echo that creative Love and Energy which is God.

I believe that all education might become religion in its best and truest sense—both as education and as religion. More than this, I believe that it *must* become so if it is to be the education worth having. I do not mean, of course, that any cult, any creed, any denominational beliefs or observances need enter into a child's early training, but I do mean that religion should be vitally there in the sense of the child's realization of a relationship to God, and being taught to turn simply and naturally to a spiritual source for all knowledge and all inspiration which the soul asks. And it is an easy thing for a child to grasp the truth of such a spiritual attitude, such a teaching. It is the most natural thing in the world for youth to realize that "every good and perfect gift" can come from One Giver with whom is All Good. There can be the Father's Business, as well as that taught by "business colleges" and commercial courses, and there can be an understanding of this which can become the only thing that can lighten the present darkness of our greedy buying and selling. We do not need a Sunday school so much as we need a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—an all-week school wherein a child begins to feel his or her relationship to God, not as a seventh day, set-aside thing of belief and practice, but as a part of daily living, learning, love and service.

The poet has told us that knowledge is of the earth, but that wisdom is heavenly, of the soul. It is this wisdom which is the child's. It is this wisdom which we, whose childhood eyes are dulled, need to be made clearsighted enough to see again. We need teaching which is more than that of earth. We need to be taught to make our souls think. To know that the truth is we are not of the many but of the One, and to make from this finer thinking a world which shall be a finer place—a City of God and a Country of Heaven.

And now for the letters:

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Well, I have just blown in from the bleak prairies, which are now green, and I would like to enter into the sheltering circle of your campfire. Sh! Listen! Yes, it is the coyotes. Their voice suddenly shudders out of the darkness in a long wail, broken by long sobs, despairing and sad, calling for someone who is not there. Uncle, can't you see him, standing alone, facing the storm which seems to cut his skin beneath his long silky greyish-brown fur; or standing in the moonlight on a hill, gazing over the snow-covered world, now and then raising his head to call long and sadly for his unknown mate? I, like the coyote, am shy and afraid of the world, but not of my prairie world. One night, not so very long ago, I was awakened to some unaccustomed sound. I listened, thinking perhaps I would hear it again. Yes, there it was! It was the shrill whistle of a train calling for the block. Its call was answered by the broken sobs of the coyote. One was the city, gay and noisy; the other was the wilderness, fascinating and silent.

Uncle, have you ever visited the prairie? If you haven't, I will tell you a little about it. There are no trees, only those that have been planted by the settlers. There is good grass. The land is a gentle rolling plain. It is very beautiful to me, for I have seen no other for ten years.

Folks, I warrant I can take you to a place in our pasture where you, as well as myself, can feel the presence of phantom spirits. For I have been very happy and gay, but the moment I enter this valley a longing feeling comes into my heart. I sense the existence of the Indians and herds of buffalo of long ago. This valley is dark. You can see our cattle and horses scattered along the side of hills, with now and then an antelope grazing among them.

Oh, how I wish that some of you could come and visit us. Our home is just a little two-roomed house, but we are happy and contented, so what is the difference? If you came, we could ride horseback and have great sport.

Well, now, I reckon I'll tell you what kind of a wild-looking creature I am. I'm five feet, three and one-half inches tall; weigh 111 pounds; have long silky, dark-brown hair, black eyes, and a fair complexion that is tanned—no, not by a razor strop or the like, but by Nature, the sun and wind. I've even white teeth and well-shaped red lips. Some say that I'm pretty, but I don't believe it. And say, I am very stubborn, especially when it comes to boys. I never do anything they want me to. I do this to make them mad, mostly; and also to show them that they are not the boss of me.

Cousins, I would like to hear from you all, although I cannot promise to answer all. To the one that writes the most interesting letter I will send my picture. I am leaving my name and address with Uncle Lisha. I know he will forward to me the letters you send him.

Jeff, will you please write to me?

Your prairie niece and cousin, ARRAH WANNA.

Arrah Wanna, when I finished reading your letter I was shuddering and sobbing and making a despairing noise like a sick coyote. You must not write such letters, Arrah, darling; I'm too sensitive and tender-hearted. You may call your wilderness fascinating, but I'm not going to be fascinated by any place full of flitting spirits playing tag in the moonlight, while the coyotes call despairingly from the hills. It doesn't sound fascinating to me and I wouldn't want to hang around there long, even if I had a rabbit's foot and three hairs of a yellow dog in my vest pocket.

What about this prairie train that goes along calling for the "block," Arrah? I wanna know. You say the train represents the city, so I suppose you must mean a city block and that the train wants this to make up passengers which must be scarce in your wilderness—unless one filled the train up with phantom spirits. Well, we've got plenty of spare blocks here in Brooklyn, and if some of your empty prairie trains want a block or two, I'm willing to supply them, so that they can stop their howling competition with the coyotes.

But, seriously speaking, Arrah, I do believe in strange influences which can be felt about certain places—influences left by the thoughts and experiences of those who have lived in such places before us. Continued thought forces whose strength is not extinguished these are, perhaps. We will feel, I think—at least I believe I always do—a peace and happiness in places where people have dwelt in love and happiness for many years before. And contrariwise in spots where hatred and evil have held place for a time. Your dark valley, Arrah, may hold some thought-echoes still of the loneliness and terror that filled the hearts of those who once settled there and battled with the Indians.

SEATTLE, 1029 EAST 70th STREET, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Enclosed I send you my membership in the League of Cousins. First I will describe myself: I am a boy, or young man, of *veinte* years. Don't know what *veinte* means? Well, it is the Spanish word for twenty. I have dark brown hair a la Valentino; also side burns, brown eyes, Washington complexion, and weigh 145 pounds. I'm five feet, six inches long, and in the pink of condition always.

Although not a native of Seattle, I've lived here all except three years of my life. My greatest hobbies are hiking, horseback riding, canoeing, flivvering in the moonlight and dancing. I'm perfectly content when doing any one of these. My favorite indoor sport is dancing, and I can shake a nifty ankle when with a good partner.

Western Washington is a wonderful country, especially in summer. Seattle can't be beat. A Puget Sound sunset is never forgotten. Rainier National Park is a gift from God.

I am lonesome for acquaintances in other parts o the U. S., and also in foreign lands. Won't somebody write me? Boys and girls both—I like 'em all. Now please don't shut the door on me!

Your nephew in waiting, L. HOLLIS BOWEN.

P. S. I'm a junior in high school.

Hollis, I sorrowfully note that this disastrous side-burning business is raging through the south and west like a forest fire in a north wind. I see you have fallen a victim also, and I certainly hope you will recover and not be left with any bad scars beneath your ears.

I was interested in your hobbies, Hollis, particularly that of "flivvering and dancing in the moonlight." It must take quite a little practice to dance with a flivver, but I suppose it can be done when one makes a hobby of it. Most flivvers are able to do the one step and hesitation nicely, I'm sure. Well, I'm glad, Hollis, that your hobbies keep you in the pink of condition and with two shaking nifty ankles. I'll bet veinte pesos that you get lots of dancing partners by mail, even if not by moonlight. For a Washington complexion and Valentino hair should be like a Puget Sound sunset—never to be forgotten when once seen—or described.

IMBIE, MARY VALLEY LINE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am again, not quite smothered under the pile of letters and cards I have received from you. I had nearly forgotten that I had written to you, when one hot day in December the first bundle of 140 letters arrived. Well, I could hardly believe that they were all for me! More and more began to come, and, up to date, I have received over 550 letters and 60 cards. I cannot thank you enough, my dear, kind friends and cousins, who wrote and cheered a (no longer) lonely little girl in Australia. I would love to write a separate letter to each of you, but as this is impossible, I ask all of you who do not get a personal reply to take this as an answer to your letters and cards. Many of you sent me unused stamps to answer with. I am sorry for this, as we cannot use American stamps here and I cannot write to all of you to return them. Another thing for which I am sorry—so many of you didn't put sufficient postage on so that I could not pay it all. It came to nearly eight dollars all of it. I paid some, but as we are not at all rich I could not pay the rest.

Now, Uncle Lisha, if you will give me space, I will try to answer some of the questions that were asked me and tell a little about Australia. I say *some*, for if I tried to reply to all it would take a whole copy of COMFORT. Australia is called the "Island Continent," and its area is 3,000,000 square miles. It is divided into seven States, each having its capital. I live in Queensland which I think is the best state as to climate and things which can be grown. Brisbane is our capital. In the southern part it snows in the winter, but never for more than a fortnight. The snow never lies on the ground, but melts as soon as it falls. It is almost an exceptional thing for it to snow—even in the southern part of Queensland, and I have never seen snow since I came here.

Our principal industry is sheep raising and we are the greatest sheep raising country in the world. Dairy farming and cattle raising are also big industries, and butter and frozen meat are exported to all parts of the world. Other crops are sugar-cane, corn, potatoes, both white and sweet, tobacco, coffee, wheat and all sorts of vegetables. All kinds of temperate zone fruits are grown, but only some of them in our State. But we have all the tropical fruits—mangoes, oranges, lemons, custard apples, pineapples, bananas, loquats, kumquats, and many others. There are very few eatables, indeed, which Australians need to look for outside their own country.

Our manufacturing is yet in its infancy although the war stimulated this by forcing the making of many things we could not procure from abroad during that time. Australia is a country of enormous possibilities if developed right, but at present things are almost in chaos. Not one quarter of the country is populated, there are thousands out of work, and those who have jobs never know but tomorrow they may be sacked. The government is endeavoring to get more and more emigrants, but I do not know what they are going to do with them—unless it is a plan to get labor for next to nothing. So I would advise all that are thinking of coming out here to stay where they are—at least till they find out more of conditions than I can tell them here.

We have a great timber industry. At present I am living with my married brother and his wife on the Brooloo State Forest, which is a reserve of 40,000 acres. The lumber is preserved until it is large enough to cut and it is then hauled away to the state sawmills. We have such lovely woods as cedar, silky oak, satinwood, sandalwood, and many others. Seeds of American trees are being planted as an experiment. Much cotton is being planted experimentally, also. I am not so lonely at Imbie as I was at Crohanhurst where my first letter was sent from. There I was fifteen miles from a railway station. The forestry workers are mostly returned soldiers and my brother is one of these. He was wounded in France.

Well, I guess I had better tell you what I look like: I am sixteen years old, five feet, two inches tall, 105 pounds in weight. I have auburn hair, not curly and not exactly straight—and *not* bobbed. I have brown eyes, lots of freckles and a pretty big mouth. At least it's big—I guess it's not very pretty! Well, that's me. How do you like me? I think you would think me rather "bushy" if you could see me sometimes, bareheaded and barefooted. I was six years old when I came to Australia and I expect to be coming back the middle of this year. Probably I will be there by the time this letter is in print. Perhaps I may see some of my cousins and friends—especially those living in my home state, Minnesota, as that is where I will be going. I am carefully keeping the names and addresses of all of you. I want to finish my education and be a school teacher. I have had only three years schooling, but my father taught me at home and I read all the books I could get hold of. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is married. My sister Lucille is older than I and my other sister, Sheila, is younger, being ten. She is the real Australian of the bunch.

We shall have a long trip back to the U. S. It will be nearly a day in the train to Brisbane, then three days by train or coastal boat to Sydney, and there we will take steamer for the dear old U. S. A. We shall land at Vancouver, and then there will be about three days more to St. Paul, Minnesota. On the steamer we shall be three weeks or more! I will write to you again when I arrive and tell you all about it. It takes a letter from three to six weeks to get here from the U. S. The letters of cousins dated about the first of November reached me the fifteenth of December!

Well, Uncle, I guess I had better close this letter, and I'm sure you thought so long ago. I hope it is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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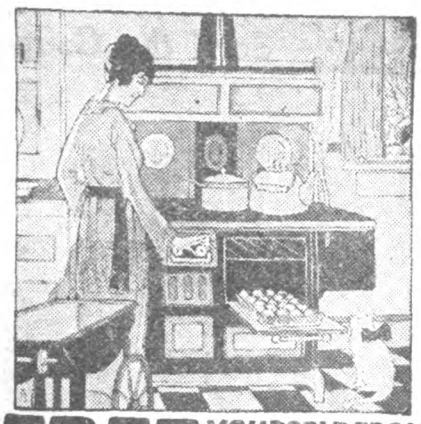
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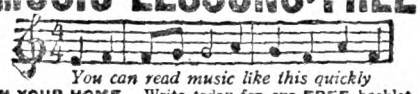
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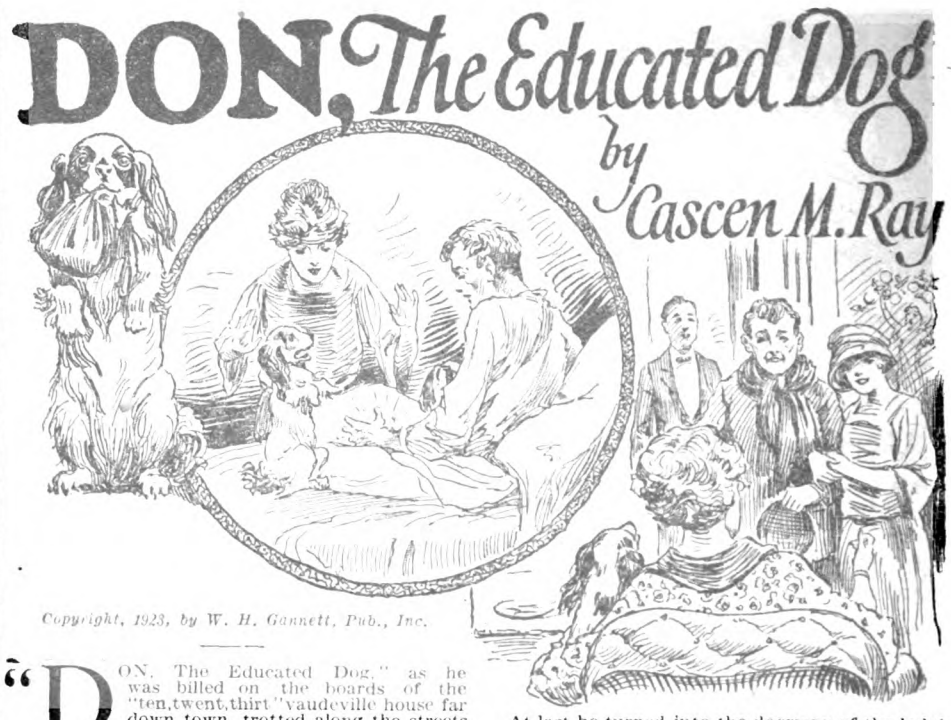
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DON, The Educated Dog

by Cascen M. Ray



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"DON, The Educated Dog," as he was billed on the boards of the "ten,twent,thirt"vaudeville house far down town, trotted along the streets of Creston in that dusky hour between shows, his doggy heart rejoicing in temporary freedom from the leash and from work. He had slipped out without being noticed and now was pursuing his way along the familiar streets without master or mistress. Ever since they three had come to this old home town, Don had wanted to get out and run about as he used to do. His canine mind was vaguely troubled. He could not understand why he and his master did not go home, nor why there were no more rides in the cut-down Locar which Dicky used to drive at breakneck speed over the smooth roads about Creston with Don sitting stiff and important beside him.

All that had been when they lived in the big house on Linden Drive with Aunt Cornelia. Many things had happened since then.

Not that Don was really dissatisfied with his present life. He loved his new mistress, whom Master Dicky called Vida, almost as much as he loved Dicky. He learned innumerable tricks at her behest and performed them willingly—even joyously, when his turn came four times each day. And when the spectators—all those rows of white faces out there beyond the lights—laughed and clapped their hands at his clever stunts, he sat up gaily on his haunches and signaled his delight with his little bushy brown paws.

The advertising had it that Don could read and tell colors and even pick you out by your photograph. You were invited to bring your picture and let Don return it to you as you sat in the audience. Every night there were photos for Don to carry down among the people and he never made a mistake. Perhaps if Don could have spoken, he might have told you that there was always an identifying odor about the pasteboard cards by which he could find the owner. However, that might be, he now was deeply interested in the familiar sights and sounds of the city as he trotted along dog fashion, a gait in which his h nd feet seemed always trying to get ahead of his front feet. As soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, he would trot back to the dreary top floor furnished room where Master Dicky lay all day on a broken couch while Don and Vida did their "turns."

For months now, the three, Dicky, Vida and Don had traveled the country over, billed as the "Talking Dog Co." on the programs of the Valkyrie circuit. Day after day and night after night, Don had gone through his funny stunts, his reward a word of praise or a caress from the gods of his world. And now they had come back to the place Don had known as home before Master Dicky had met Vida, before this strange life of dingy stage entrances and second rate hotels, interspersed with railroad journeys, had commenced. As he trotted, tongue lolling, long silky brown ears flapping, ridiculous short tail wigwagging his pleasure at seeing the dear remembered streets of Creston, the spaniel was wondering—wondering why Dicky and he did not go home.

Of course Aunt Cornelia had never liked dogs very well but she liked Master Dicky exceedingly well and no doubt she would like Mistress Vida if she only knew how nice that female god was, how soft her hands and how gently she could comb and brush a little dog's curly coat until it shone like silk. He liked to have Vida examine his brushy pads to see that there were no slivers nor burrs nor tiny sharp stones to make his feet sore. Perhaps if Aunt Cornelia—but he had not seen Aunt Cornelia since that night when Master Dicky had told her that he wanted to marry a girl in the Rammage troupe. Something had seemed to annoy Aunt Cornelia very much She had spoken words which made Master Dicky go white under his tan, bow stiffly and march out of the room without reply. Don had followed Dicky upstairs where the master had flung some clothes into a suit case and had gone out of the house and straight to Vida. There Dicky had been quite masterful, insisting on something that Don did not quite understand and which Vida had protested against until Dicky had over ruled her objections and carried her off to a man who said some words to them and then joined their hands. After that there was no more home going.

Don quite approved of Master Dicky's fondness for this charming goddess and nothing made him happier than to curl up between them, sharing impartially the caresses and endearments of the lovers. But of late things had not been going well. Don knew there was something very much amiss when Dicky did not rise from his bed. They had to stay a long time in one dismal hole of a town and Vida had cried over the bills that came in and over letters and telegrams. Don could not know how little money his mistress had to meet those bills nor how managers protested cancelled dates.

As soon as Dicky was able to move, they had gone on again, but now Dicky could not go to the theater with them but lay all day on the couch while Don and Vida carried on the "act," and to make up for the loss of their partner, Don had to learn more tricks.

If Don had been a human being and given to worry, his brain might have reeled with the stress laid upon it. As it was, he just learned as fast as Mistress Vida could think up new things to teach him and so kept the theater-going public marveling at his cleverness.

Don, like most dogs, never forgot places, and of all the places to be remembered, the place where one was born is most firmly fixed in the animal mind, moreover, this modest business street of Creston was one that Don had traversed a thousand times. He sniffed here and there, renewing acquaintance with familiar odors until, on the sidewalk, he saw something black. Stopping to nose it, he sensed an elusive emanation which awoke new memories of the past.

One of Don's most cherished tricks was to bring to Dicky anything which Vida had dropped or to Vida anything which Dicky had dropped. The odor of the velvet bag carried its message to his brain; he picked it up and, wheeling in his track, hastened his cornerwise trot until it was nearly a run.

There were few people on the street at that hour and if any noticed the little brown and white dog carrying a black bag, Don did not heed it as he scurried homeward.

He would have liked to be able to open his mouth for a few cooling breaths but he denied himself the luxury. He could pant all he wished when he had given the bag into the keeping of his divinities.

At last he turned into the doorway of the lodging house and scrambled quickly up the stairs,—one, two, three flights—pausing in the dusky hall to scratch at a time-stained door.

The door was opened hastily and Vida cried out as she saw him:

"Donnie! Where have you been? You were gone so long!"

Don knew that she had been worried for there was a sharp note in her voice. Gravely he looked up into her anxious face. He could not grasp just why she was so troubled but he sensed the fact. What he now wanted to know was, to which should he give the bag? Vida decided this by saying:

"Why, Don, what have you there?"

Stooping she took the black velvet bag from his willing mouth, while Don, glad to be released, sat back on his haunches and laughed with tongue out and eyes crinkled up by the drawing back of his lips. Vida stood a moment, speculatively weighing the bag in her hands, then she went toward the couch on which Dicky lay as usual.

"Look, Dicky, what Don brought home! What do you suppose it is and where did he get it?"

Richard Abercrombie put out a thin hand and took the bag from his wife as she held it over him. There was a hectic flush on his cheeks and his eyes were too bright but he smiled the brave smile that Don knew and loved—the gay smile that had won Vida Lee, had long since given way to something which made the quick tears spring to his wife's pretty eyes as she looked tenderly at him.

"You're like a woman with a telegram, Vida," he said half playfully, his voice scarcely above a whisper. Don could have remembered when Dick Abercrombie needed no megaphone on the athletic field,—but Don was industriously cooling himself after his long run.

"Open it, Dicky, "urged Vida, "Let's see what's in it. You're as bad as I am," she pouted as he paused with evident desire to tease her,—"open it, old slow-poke!"

"Let's guess what's in it," whispered Dicky, "A million dollars maybe?"

"I can't guess—oh, fifteen cents and a theater coupon and some rings for fancy work and—I don't know what else. Hurry up, Dicky! " She sank down by his couch and Don came and curled himself beside her.

Dicky opened the clasps of the bag—clasps that were unusually strong— and poured the contents out on the old steamer rug that covered him. For a moment both were silent in amazement, then Vida gasped,—"Why, Dicky! What!"——

Slowly, painfully, silently, Dicky drew himself erect on his couch, his fascinated eyes on the glittering mass which caught the last rays of fading day and sent them back in flashes of red and blue and green fire.

"Diamonds!" he said at last in a dazed tone. Then to Don, "Where did you get them, old fellow?"

Don stood up, stretched, wagged his ridiculous stump of a tail and capered a little at this notice vouchsafed by his particular divinity then he clambered up on the end of the couch and pretended to hunt for rats.

"Don, where did you get it?" Dicky demanded sternly and Don, knowing that something was being asked about his find, ran toward the door uttering sharp yelps.

"It's no use, Dicky. He can't tell you. Oh, Dicky, do you suppose we could keep them?"

"We'll have to advertise them, girlie, if we can't find the owner any other way. We can't keep what isn't ours, you know."

As he spoke, there was a tap at the door and before Vida could rise Trixie Tevis, a fellow trouper, came breezily in.

"Hello, folks! Thought I'd run in a minute to see how you children are getting along." Catching sight of the jewels on Dicky's lap, she stopped her chatter abruptly, her eyes opening wide in amazement.

"My lands! What you got there? This looks like a jewelry store or pawn shop robbery. Where did you get 'em?"

In reply, Vida related the story while Don sat between them, looking from one to another, alert to catch the meaning of the excitement.

"If nobody seen Don pick 'em up, you'd be chumps to advertise. Better wait and see what's in the paper," she advised.

"We go on tomorrow and won't have time to watch the ads," replied Vida.

"That's so. I tell you what. I got a friend that knows all about such things. If he'll take 'em off your hands, you needn't to worry."

"We can't do that, Trixie," came Dicky's whisper, "They don't belong to us. We've got to send them back to the owner."

"Yes, an' maybe be arrested for stealing 'em," sniffed Trixie, "I know the sort of dames that wear ice like this," she held up the dog collar its five strands set thick with flashing jewels.

"Wonder how I'd look all dolled up in these!" She clasped the collar about her heavily powdered neck. "Where's the glass? I want to see myself. Gee!" turning from side to side before the spotted mirror, "I never had a chance to try anything like that efore. An' that ain't all," she rustled back to Dicky who had lain down again, exhausted with the effort and the excitement, "Let me see the rest of the stuff. Gee!" she cried turning over the glittering trinkets, "A necklace, too. You try that on, girlie," holding it out to Vida who took the bauble and clasped it around her slender throat, looking wistfully into the dim mirror as she did so.

"I'll say you're some looker when you're dolled up. Diamonds suit you better'n me. Here, put these on," commanded Trixie holding out the bracelet and rings which she took from Dicky's reluctant hand. Vida slipped the jewels on her slim wrists and fingers and a deeper tint crept up in her delicate cheek as she turned the stones on her hands, making them flash in the rays of the street lamp just lighted outside their window.

"You ain't goin' to give them back if you don't have to," urged Trixie, "If nobody seen Don, they won't know where the sparks have gone to. You're plum foolish, Vide. Just think what a lot of eggs an' milk you could buy for Dicky with one of these. Besides," she hurried on as Vida did not answer, "you might take a lay-off an' you an' Dicky go to the country where there's real cows an' chickens, like the doctor ordered." She waited expectant.

"Oh, Dicky!" was Vida's cry as she flung herself down beside him. "Let's keep them. Let Trix sell them to her friend and we'll go some place where



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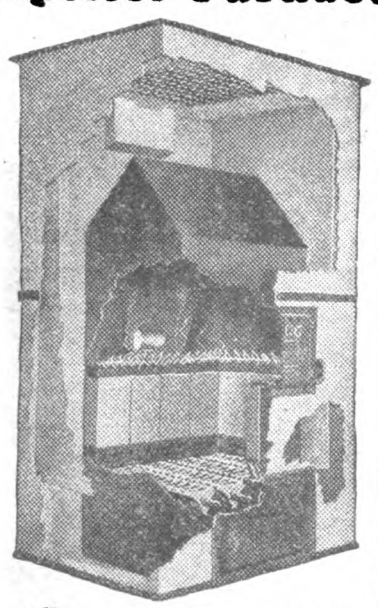
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IF YOU WISH IT

By Dorothy Calef Steyaert

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"BUT, Lydia, things are going to change. It's only because money is tight that I'm not making many sales now."

A log fell apart and the fitful firelight caressed the two who sat before the grate. The short-lived brightness of the flames revealed a brooding, tender longing in the girl's face. Her companion sat forward, tensely eager to convince her.

"I know, Jack," she answered, and gazed into the fire whose red and yellow lights flashed in the solitaire held in her fingers.

"But, that doesn't change the fact that you aren't getting ahead. And where would we be on a measley little commission that you could make now and then?"

She glanced significantly about the luxuriously furnished room.

"Of course, Lydia, you deserve the very best and I'm going to give it to you. But, we don't need to be married until things change."

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I don't believe in long engagements, Jack. I will not wear any man's ring until I know definitely that I am going to marry him."

"You don't believe that I can make money."

"I do. That's just the trouble. If I didn't I'd probably marry you anyway and make the best of it. But—oh, Jack, can't you see that I'm trying to bring out the abilities you never have used?" In her earnestness she had drawn her hand from under his and made his the under one.

"Lydia, do you love me?" He leaned toward her and made his hand the upper one.

The blue eyes were suddenly wet. "Yes," she said.

And that ended the hand business. She sobbed it out on his shoulder while he gently caressed the bright hair he had so longed to touch. She was quiet in his arms when he spoke.

"Perhaps you're right dear. I feel so wealthy with your love that it's hard to realize how poor I am in dollars and cents."

"Oh, Jack, I didn't call you poor!"

"No, but I am poor when we try to fit my income to the sort of life you are entitled to. But, oh, Lydia—won't you let me put the ring on your finger? Money isn't always going to be so tight. I'm a good salesman, truly. It's just conditions that are——"

"Please don't cheapen yourself with excuses, Jack."

He answered the pleading in her voice. "All right, Lydia girl, just you go on loving me and I'll attend to the rest."

But, in spite of his confident words, Jack slept little that night. The joy of having Lydia love him kept him awake; the fear of losing her to a moneyed rival kept him more awake; and through it all, vague plans and schemes whereby to capture the elusive dollars flitted transitorily through his groping mind.

Morning called him forth to mingle with the more or less fortunate crowd, according to whether he measured them in terms of wealth or love. Fair visitors were flooding the city. He found his habitual restaurant filled with strangers and stood patiently in line. He didn't really care whether he was waiting or eating. He was thinking of the unobtainable Lydia. The proprietor hurried past him bearing a loaded tray and puffing under the unaccustomed load.

"Sorry Jack, couldn't reserve your seat this morning, too busy."

"All right, George."

Jack answered mechanically. Abstractedly he watched George place a sign in the window: "Waiters Wanted." Abstractedly he ate his breakfast and departed, still poring over the problem of how to get more customers for his bonds.

They were good bonds. He was proud of his line, proud of the friends he had made through them. But, now they were not selling. Nothing was selling. People who had money were keeping tight hold of it and even the people who had no money had ceased their prodigal spending. He wished that Lydia had let him explain, yet, even as he thought so, he was glad that she had not. She was right, excuses are the sign of weakness. But, she had admitted her love and with that to go on, he would make good. He thrust out his chest and took quick steps, head high. He was thinking now of the Lydia who loved him.

He was vaguely aware of another sign being placed in a window as he passed. It was similar to the one that George had displayed and now that he looked about him, he saw that without exception every restaurant showed the motto: "Waiters Wanted." Strange, how labor was kicking and yet wouldn't work when they got the chance. And because they would not work, wages were high, which made commodities high, which kept the people poor, and prevented them from investing in even so safe and easy investment as the bonds which he was selling. The whole world poor because some men would not work, would not take a chance that offered itself and work their way up from there. And there he stopped. Was he any better, as he continued his wild-goose chase, hunting for purchasers that he knew he would not find.

It was a restaurant that he seldom frequented before which he had paused. He started to enter and then retra ed his steps. Lydia had not liked excuses. Neither would she like subterfuge. He would go back to Martinell's where people knew him.

He found George busier than ever with barely time to manage the cash register where it was his wont to sit in dignified silence and watch his trade and service. With the familiarity of an old friend and customer, Jack walked behind the counter and demanded an apron.

"Bless you, Jack," cried the perspiring George. "Keep an eye on the new ones, will you?"

Throughout the busy week Jack labored at his new work.

And it was hard work too. From six in the morning when they opened to accommodate the waiting crowd, until midnight he carried trays to an endless array of hungry and impatient customers. When he finally sought rest, he had not even the life to think of Lydia. Occasionally, he wondered what she thought of his silent absence, but his head scarcely touched his pillow before we was wandering through happy dreams with her. Not since the old army days had he been so weary as now. But, through it all, he found a new satisfaction. A definite amount of work to be accomplished each day spurred him in the morning and kept him at it until night.

When the week was over and the bustling mob had gone with only the regulars left, George approached him.

"You've saved my life, Jack. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't thank me, George, just go on doing me the favor you've been doing, will you?"

"Meaning which?"

"Meaning I want a job."

"Huh?"

The prosaic expletive betrayed surprise and unbelief.

"Sure. I'm in earnest. You see, George, I want to get married." And Jack outlined his scheme.

So Jack stayed on at Martinell's, helping during the busy part of each day. Between meals, he continued his own work. It would be unfair to say that he did not dread the remarks his friends would make. He did. He looked each time the door opened for someone that he knew.

Dick Wellington was the first to spy him.

"Well, look who's still here? Where did you get it, George, and how long are you going to keep it?"

"As long as he'll stay."

Jack blessed George. He flickered an imaginary crumb from Dick's shoulder and elaborately placed the menu before him.

When the boys had seen him long enough to take his place for granted, Jack found it comparatively easy to wait upon those with whom he had always associated. There was only one man now that he dreaded meeting in this minor role. And that was Carl Rawley, friend to Lydia, and rival suitor for her hand.

He came in due time, and silently gazed at Jack through narrowed eyes as he drew off his gloves.

"Ah! So this is where you spend your evenings. We have missed you."

"Yes, I knew you would." Jack's irony was no less concealed than Rawley's sarcasm.

It was in the evening that gay dinner parties gave tribute to George Martinell's excellent table. And it was in the evening that Carl brought Lydia to dine, as Jack had known he would. Carl was careful to treat Jack entirely as a head waiter. But, Lydia could not make her eyes be good. They followed the straight figure of the head waiter as he efficiently conveyed his guests to their places. There was an inscrutable twinkle in them too. Was she merely amused, or was she pleased? Jack could not make out, but, he quietly played his role, surprised that he could so well conceal the boiling fury that was seething within him.

He diligently ignored them and attended to his duties. Yet, words of their conversation drifted to him as he passed their table. Their enjoyment in one another, their light gayety filled him with fury, fury at them and fury at himself that he should allow Rawley to triumph. But, while Carl was getting her cloak and Lydia was alone for a moment, Jack stepped near her in spite of himself.

"So this is why I have missed you," she said.

He carried her words in a song for days to come.

The salary of a head waiter is no fortune, yet, diligently saved, it will count up as fast as any. Moreover, Jack made some sales. He seemed to have a new forcefulness in his sale-talk since seeing a new side of human nature. At the end of two months he sent a bouquet to Lydia, and in place of a card, he inserted his bank statement among the flowers.

But, Lydia did not answer. Had he been too bold?

As the days went by with still no word from her, he fell into utter despair. And then, one noon, she brought a party of girls to Martinell's. He wondered why she had chosen friends that were all new to him.

"A table for five, please." Her voice was cool, impersonal.

He led them to the table which he knew was her favorite and deferentially drew out their chairs.

"Give us a good waiter, Jack."

Though she called him by his first name, it was as though she were addressing a well-known servant, instead of a friend.

"Yes ma'am," he replied and he kept a careful watch to see that they received the best of service.

Lydia had brought a gay troup. They lingered over their luncheon. Jack's friends came and went. Many of them knew Lydia and stopped at her table for a few words. Jack scowled at them.

Not even a friendly smile was awarded him as the merry ones left. But, the following day Jack found a note awaiting him at his club. He carried it to his room, afraid to open it. When he had locked the door, he read.

"Dear Jack:—Do you always work till midnight? I shall be at home Friday evening from eight until eleven and should enjoy a chat with you."

"Enjoy a chat with you." It didn't sound formidable. Suppose she had said, "I have something to tell you." Then he would have been frightened. And yet—it would have revealed full meaning one way or another; it might have bid for hope, as well as despair. But, "enjoy a chat!" There was an ominous inconsequence to the phrase. Still, she had sent for him.

Thus Jack argued with himself through the tense three days that it took Friday evening to roll around.

She greeted him eagerly and Jack felt the happiness of old days. But, when they were seated, an unwelcome restraint settled over them. They attempted commonplace topics and gave it up.

"Jack," Lydia ventured, "I wanted to ask you—could you—you make such a splendid waiter, would you serve at a party that I'm giving Tuesday evening?"

Jack was stunned. Cruelty was the one thing he had not expected from her.

"Why, yes, if you wish it," he replied, regretting that his voice betrayed his hurt.

"Thank you, Jack."

She dropped her eyes to her nervously twining fingers. "And will you, please, wear a dress suit. Because—you see—I've told them all that—that we're engaged."

With one hand he drew her to him. And with the other he placed the ring on her finger.

DON, The Educated Dog

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

she held her head in her proudest fashion, Madame Abercrombie spoke without rising for her lap was full of the jewels.

"Where did you find these?"

"Don found them," Vida replied briefly.

"Are you—" Madame Abercrombie paused, evidently at a loss for the right words. Don pushed between the two women and sat down where he could watch both faces. He was not going to miss anything.

"I am Vida Abercrombie," replied the girl a trifle defiantly. "Don found the bag and brought it to us and Dicky told him to find the owner. I did not know it was yours till he brought it here."

"Dicky is here" asked the elder woman, half fearfully, "Here in town and—where is he? I must see him. Sit down here, girl. Tell me about him," she reached over the lapful of gems and drew Vida to a seat.

Half an hour later, the three, Madame Abercrombie, Vida and Don were mounting the stairs of the lodging house, the dark, dingy three flights which made Don pant heavily as he scrambled upward. He waited on the landing for Vida and, as she opened the door, he bounded into the room and up on the couch where Dicky lay, his face turned expectantly toward the hall.

"Oh, Dicky!" cried Vida, flinging herself down beside him. "I'm *glad* I did what you said and let Don take them back. It's all right and you'll have eggs and milk and everything!"

Then someone else came forward—a stately old lady whose eyes were misty as she bent over Dicky.

"Dear boy, forgive your old aunt! You're coming home tonight, you and Vida and Don. Your room is waiting for you."

"Aunt Connie," whispered Dicky, "I knew you'd come if you once saw Vida."

"And Don," added Aunt Connie, stroking the brown head of the little dog and accepting a moist kiss from a pink tongue.



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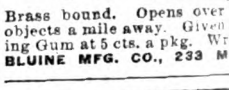


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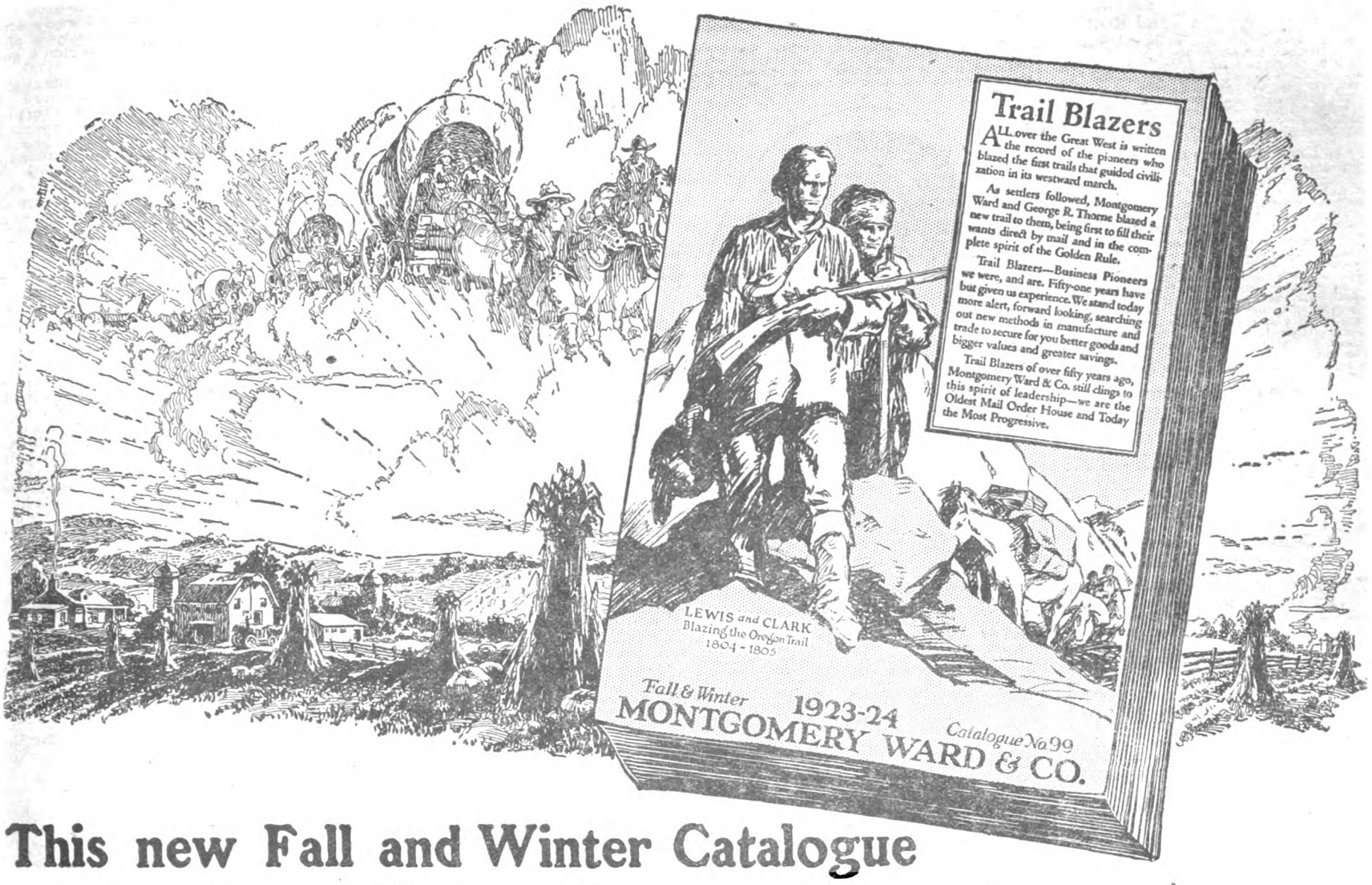
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BOTH young girls and older women find, sometimes, that no matter how young their eyes are, they need to be supplemented by glasses. It is a good deal of a shock to most of us when that time arrives, for we do not like to don glasses.

Then comes the question: "What kind of glasses shall I wear?"

Well, of course, the first person entitled to answer that question is your oculist, for he it is who knows what your eyes need. But if he does not seem to care what style of glasses you wear, then that is where I shall take the opportunity of whispering a word of advice in your ears.

If you are to wear glasses all the time, that is one problem, and if you are only to put them on when you read, that is still another. For the latter use, the tortoise shell-rimmed spectacles—yes, I said



GOOD FOR VISION BUT NOT FOR VANITY.

spectacles.—are the best, for they do not shift or change, while glasses that are fitted to the nose and taken on and off are not as true of vision. So if you are only going to wear glasses for reading or studying, the spectacle is the thing. But, just between ourselves, you and I know that they are not becoming, don't we?

If you are to wear glasses all the time, we must both remember that spectacles again are probably the most sensible glass for the eyes, but here we must let our vanity have something to say. And I do believe we are justified in saying we do not want to wear spectacles all day and every day. There are various kinds of glasses, gold rimmed, no rim at all, rimmed in colorless material; some with a curve of gold over the bridge of the nose, others with a close-fitting band that pinches to the bridge of the nose. This latter style is perhaps the most becoming, but some cannot wear it so for them the style which has a curve above the bridge of the nose is the choice.

I only wear glasses for reading, but I voted against spectacles because I did not wish to compete with Harold Lloyd! I do not like the gold loop above the bridge of the nose but I cannot wear the nose-pinch kind. If you can, that is the type to choose, because it does not interfere with the line of the nose or the brows. Choose the colorless rims, for your glassess are least conspicuous in this way, while gold or tortoise-shell rims call attention to themselves.

There are various ways of attaching glasses to yourself so that you do not have to remember where they are when you want them. You can have a tiny gold chain with a small gold hairpin attached, and pin it in your hair behind the ear; you can have a button-shaped pin attached to your bodice, from which hang your glasses, and out of which a gold chain unrolls when it is pulled and you want to don your glasses, or you can wear a small black eyeglass cord attached to your glasses and hung about your neck. I have tried most of these methods and have now arrived at the point where they are all discarded, and I hunt for my glasses whenever I want them, trying to remember whether I left them in the telephone closet, or on the piano, or at my writing desk, or inside of the book I was reading. It is a great nuisance not to know where one's glasses are, but I have decided that black cords and gold chains are not pretty to look at.

If your eyes are far-sighted and all that you need is a little help to look at nearby objects, a lorgnette is useful for this, and can be carried in your purse. Be sure, however, if you ever intend to use a lorgnette—which is not an affectation but merely a convenience for semi-occasional help to the eyes—that your hands are well-cared for and your nails perfection, for nothing calls attention to the hands more than the use of a lorgnette.

In choosing glasses, try on all styles, and look at yourself critically, then choose the style that best fits your nose and least detracts from your personal appearance.

Questions and Answers

TEXAS.—I should not think it would be necessary to use the ammonia and peroxide over the entire face. Most faces have a little down on the skin, but this is nothing to worry about. Poets have even written sonnets about the "down on milady's cheek!" At eighteen I imagine you cannot have much superfluous hair anywhere. If you have any noticeable hairs on lip or chin, dampen one day with ammonia, the next with peroxide, but I should not use it over entire face—and of course you will be wise and never use a depilatory on the face. If you are five feet in height, you should weigh between one hundred and ten and one hundred and fifteen pounds, and your bust and hips should each be thirty-six inches. For blue eyes, light brown hair and fair complexion, you can probably wear olive green, russet, dark blue, golden brown, fawn color, corn yellow, bronze brown, blue-violet. Being blue-eyed and fair comp exion, but with hair that is light brown, you are rather between blonde and brunette. Try the various colors and see which ones are becoming. Some colors are more becoming when touched up with some contrasting color, as, for instance, yellow or peacock blue in small touches with an olive green dress or silver or purple accents with the blue-violet, etc.

DONNA.—Your friend who has a space between her two front teeth, and then an over-lapping tooth, needs to go to the dentist. He will have her wear clamps on her teeth for many months, until the gap is closed and the other tooth straightened. For your own pimples, you must first be careful what you eat. You must not eat much candy or other sweet stuff, but plenty of fruit, and drink lots of water. Also eat green vegetables. Then see that your bowels move once or twice a day freely, not with cathartics but by eating proper foods and exercising. Eat prunes that have been soaked over night before cooking, eat apples, chew all food thoroughly before swallowing. Then be careful about taking a body bath daily. If you have no built-in bathtub, you can take a perfectly good bath standing on a folded bath towel and scrubbing clean a small portion of the body at one time, then drying before you bathe another portion. By keeping the pores clean and open, body impurities have a chance to escape instead of filling up the pores and causing pimples. Dandruff may be gotten rid of, quite often, by frequent shampooing. Try washing your hair thoroughly once in two weeks, being sure that you rinse it many, many times so that there isn't the slightest soap left in it. Do not use a fine comb on the scalp, and be careful in combing the hair not to touch the scalp with the comb, nor to brush the scalp itself. Brush and comb the hair without touching the scalp. You can wipe the scalp off by rubbing the part with a soft bit of cloth, then parting again and doing the same, until you have gone over the entire scalp. Before shampooing, run a medicine dropper filled with olive oil down the various parts in this way, tying up the head in a towel thereafter over night. In the morning, shampoo. The oil will loosen the dandruff and it will probably come away in the shampooing.

BLUE EYES.—Tanned skin is very fashionable, but if you do not like yours to be tanned, you can try an almond meal bleach, and thereafter be most careful, when going out in the sun, to rub the skin well with cold cream, and dust on a little powder after you have wiped off all surplus cream with a pad of soft cotton. Buy some almond meal and a jar of theatrical skin food—the latter is quite reasonable in price. Into one teaspoonful of the cream mix as much meal as it will hold, then add enough hot water to make the paste thin enough to spread. Cut a square of cheese-cloth, and spread the paste thereon, cover with another square and apply to the face. In both squares you should have cut a hole for the nose. Pat the mash down close to the skin and keep covered with hot wet Turkish towels, changing them constantly, for fifteen minutes. After removing the pack, bathe the face in warm water, then in cold. Take six of these treatments, three days apart.

A CURIOUS BRUNETTE.—To reduce the arms and shoulders, practice the following exercise:

To Reduce Arms and Shoulders

Standing erect, close the hands in fists and place on the shoulders. Now raise them quickly and vigorously to their full length, then quickly bring them back to first position. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Good Exercise

Standing erect, extend the arms in front of you full length with palms pressed together. Elbows must not bend in this exercise, and arms must be kept on the same level as the shoulders. Now throw the arms back as if trying to make them meet in the middle of the back, shoulder level. Press with them vigorously. Return them to first position, and repeat, making the backward movement one of great vigor. Practice ten or fifteen times, twice a day.

To bleach the neck, one of the best preparations is made of an ounce of strained honey to which has been added a teaspoonful of lemon juice and six drops of oil of bitter almonds. Stir this into the whites of two unbeaten eggs, and add enough fine oatmeal to make a smooth thin paste. Spread on one side of a strip of cotton cloth and bind about the neck firmly at night. Repeat five or six times, two nights apart. Oil of bitter almonds is a poison if taken internally, and should not be used on the face, or left within the reach of children.

BROWN EYES.—No, indeed, one hundred and ten pounds is not too much to weigh at your age and your height. You can keep on gaining. To make fat legs slimmer, practice the following exercise:

To Reduce the Size of the Legs

Stand beside the foot of your bed, and place your hands upon it. Now rise slowly on your toes until you are on the very tips. Then sink to a squatting position, without letting the heels touch the floor. Rise again, sink, and continue for ten or fifteen times. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting.

IGNORAMUS.—Your circulation is not good, I should imagine, and that is probably the cause of your being so red and hot in summer, and so purple and cold in winter. You should exercise daily. Also be careful of your food, for you are quite right in thinking that food might have something to do with this feeling of intense heat. In summer do not eat heavy foods. Eat vegetables and fruits, little if any meat—for it heats the blood. Don't eat many sweets, for they, too, are heating. If you will eat cool salads, fruits, string beans, asparagus, tomatoes, corn, squash, etc., I think you will find your condition improved. Then be careful about bathing. See what I say to "Donna." Keeping the pores open, and the skin frictioned and clean, will aid in equalizing the circulation. Powder the body after bathing from a talcum can, and gently go over the body with a pad of cotton. Do not wear tight or warm clothes. Do not wear a corset—very few young women wear them now. Exercise night and morning, to get the circulation working properly. Here are some exercises for you.

To Equalize the Circulation

Standing erect, stretch the hands out in front of you, with fingers somewhat curved, but elbows rigid. Now without bending the elbows, raise the arms quickly above head, palms facing forward. Bring them down, without bending elbows, by throwing them forward and down. Inhale as you raise the arms, exhale as you throw them down, doing your breathing slowly. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Exercise for the Circulation

In same standing position, stretch the arms out at the sides, on a level with the shoulders. Then practice the exercise given "A Curious Brunette"—the second one.

Deep breathing is one of the best things for the circulation, so try always to take good breaths, without effort, breathing deeply. I shouldn't use cocoa butter on my neck, but rather some good pure cold cream, not so greasy as cocoa butter. The massage is what will develop the neck. I am glad you have such lovely eyes and mouth. You are lucky! I do not think if I were you, that I would meddle with my eyebrows and eyelashes. Mascarra is what is used to darken them, and it can be bought at your druz-store—in pencil shape. But I should let mine alone, if I were you. They sound attractive as they are, and darkened eyebrows and lashes are apt to look artificial. For the ankles which you think are too large, try the following exercise:

To Reduce Ankles

Standing with heels together, toes at an angle, so that there is a V-shaped space between them, raise the left



FOR A MOMENT'S USE ONLY THE LORGNETTE IS CONVENIENT.

heel and extend it toward the left, without moving the left toe. At the same time, lift the right toe and move to the left without lifting the right heel. This will bring the toes of the two feet together, and leave the heels wide apart, with a V-shaped space between them. Now lift the left toe and move to the left, at the same time lifting the right heel and moving to the left, thus bringing the heels together again and the toes apart. Do this slowly at first, moving the toes of one foot and the heel of the other at the same time. Then, as soon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

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Summer Diseases of Babies—Continued

LAST month we discussed simple diarrhea, and this month we take up another form of diarrhea, called inflammatory diarrhea or enterocolitis. This is a catarrhal inflammation of the lower portion of the small intestine, the ilium, and the upper portion of the large intestine, the colon, with a great tendency to ulceration of the intestinal glands if the condition becomes chronic. The presence of mucous or blood in the stools, are proofs of an inflamed condition of the intestinal mucous membrane, and this disease has caused more deaths in babies than any other one disease, as many of the deaths charged to cholera infantum, are caused by enterocolitis.

Baby goes through the cholera infantum safely, but is not able to stand the long, obstinate, exhausting diarrhea of enterocolitis if it follows before he regains his strength. A large number of the cases of summer diarrhea may begin as a mere functional disturbance of the intestines, but sooner or later if not corrected becomes the disease we are now considering.

It is one of the most important diseases of babies, especially in this country where we have our long hot summers, and in some of the large cities, its prevalence and fatality raises it to the rank of almost a pestilence.

Every year we are lessening the mortality of enterocolitis by more careful hygiene and greater care in the food of our infants.

The two most common causes are improper food, and the heat of summer.

The improper food may be the mother's milk if the mother is not healthy, or is not careful about what she eats.


No. 23.

If a nursing mother has indigestion, the baby is certain to have it also, and in a worse form, as its digestive organs are weaker.

Enterocolitis occurs more often in babies kept on other foods, than those that are given an exclusive diet of milk until they are six months old.

If the mother's milk is healthy it is rare for a nursing baby to have enterocolitis until weaned, or some disturbance from teething.

A common cause is feeding baby too hearty food, too rich for its weak digestion, but even if the quality of the food is good, you must be careful of the amount given.

Overfeeding has always been recognized as a fruitful source of bowel complaints of early life.

Another cause is the preparation of the food in too thick and rich a manner, and thereby overtasking the stomach intended during the early months to receive the thin milk supplied by nature. The extreme heat in summer is a common cause, and the months of July and August furnish by far the largest number of cases.

The effect of heat is so striking, that it can not be doubted, but whether heat alone may act in this way upon the system of the baby is not proven, but it certainly acts by the noxious gases, products of decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; therefore clean homes, homes where the garbage is properly cared for lessen the danger of this disease, and in fact all diseases.

The next most common cause after improper food is teething, and while the evolution of the teeth through the gums is a normal physiological process it is a powerful predisposing cause of diarrhea and enterocolitis.

There are two things we can safely assume to be true; first, an unhealthy food, one incompetent to furnish to the body what it needs for the purpose of nutrition, is sure to cause the disorder we are considering, no matter how favorable may be the circumstances in other respects in which the child is placed; second, the baby may be fed the best breast milk, or the most correct artificial food in the world, yet neither will save baby from disease if it lives in a badly ventilated house, or on a filthy street in a large city during the hot weather.

Symptoms of enterocolitis are at first restlessness and fretfulness, sighing, moaning in the sleep; does not eat as usual and, after a few days, the diarrhea and other abdominal symptoms appear. The frequency of the stools vary from six or eight to thirty in a day in severe cases, and are usually green, acid and may contain mucous. The abdomen is distended and the baby may draw up its legs and cry out if you touch it. The baby is feverish, has very rapid pulse, 120 to 140, vomits several times a day, the features look drawn and emaciated and in severe cases the baby soon looks as if it had been sick for months.

The duration of the disease is uncertain, but usually it lasts about ten days.

Enterocolitis is a serious disease, but in babies who have passed the first teething their chances of recovery are, as a rule, good if appropriate treatment is begun at once. The unfavorable symptoms are great frequency of the stools, violent vomiting, rigidity of the limbs, paralysis or convulsions.

The prophylactic treatment is important and includes attention to surroundings, diet and dress. Get baby in as cool and clean a place as possible, dress it so it will feel the heat as little as possible, and feed it on proper food.

Of course our babies have to live where we do, but if we could choose an ideal place for them to spend the summer, we would prefer a high interior rather than the seaside, but the most perfect locality will not protect baby if nursing deficient, unhealthy breast, or fed improper food.

If baby is eating solid food the mother or nurse must not allow it to have a variety of vegetables, or berries, especially uncooked blueberries.

As soon as baby shows any signs of intestinal disturbance, lessen its food; this should be done, whether nursing, or taking artificial food, or milk if bottle fed.

Give teaspoonful doses of castor oil to clear out bowels of any offending contents and if baby seems to be in a great deal of pain, give with the castor oil, two or three drops of Tincture of Opium.

Poultices or camphorated oil, covered with flannel may be applied to abdomen.

A spice poultice is good and is made with one-half ounce each of cloves, allspice, anise seeds and cinnamon, pounded together in a mortar and placed between two pieces of coarse flannel six inches square, then soak in solution of equal parts of whiskey and water, then applied to abdomen.

Warm baths are helpfu if baby is not too weak, and after putting baby in bath you can wrap it up in muslin sheet and over this a flannel blanket and allow it to sit in your lap a while as this rests baby.

Bismuth Subnitrate in two to five grain doses every two or three hours, depending on age, and frequency of bowel movements. This may be given alone or you may add one grain of salol to each dose, given in sugar.

Dover's powder in doses of one-eighth of a grain may be given every three hours, if there is great pain or frequency of movements, or if baby is restless or nervous, but must be used with caution and discontinued if baby shows any degree of drowsiness.

If you are treating a bottle fed baby, stop the milk, and give baby egg albumen, beef or mutton broths, or squeeze the juice out of a piece of cooked steak, or give barley water.

If baby seems weak you should not hestitate to give it 10 to 30 drops of diluted whiskey or brandy.

Subject for next month, *Summer Diseases of Babies*.

Questions and Answers

BABY VOMITS.—Tell me what to do for my four-months-old baby as he vomited when I nursed him, so I put him on malted milk, two tablespoonfuls to three ounces of water. He still vomits, is pale, thin, and cries very much, and his mouth is covered with white spots.

Mrs. C. V.,
Simpsonville, Md.

A.—Your milk did not agree with baby, neither does the malted milk, or he would not have these symptoms of indigestion.

Put him on modified milk, and if you can not get good fresh cow's milk, get Klim and put him on this. The spots in the mouth will disappear as soon as you remove the cause, which is indigestion.

INDIGESTION.—I have a girl six years old and she always complains of her stomach aching, and her tongue is coated.


No. 39.

Mrs. E. H. M. Gilford,, Mont.

A.—Your girl has indigestion and you should be careful and give her simple foods, not allow her to eat too fast or too often

See that she chews her food properly, and does not drink too much while eating. The food should be chewed and properly mixed with the saliva and this is one of the important steps of digestion, and it can not be done if every mouthful of food is washed down by water, or any liquid.

Give her teaspoonful doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin after each meal.

SORE MOUTH.—My two-year-old boy has a sore mouth and tongue, tongue coated and red spots on it, which seem to eat into it.

Mrs. E. E. G., Powderly, Ky.

A.—The causes of sore mouth and tongue are many, but decayed teeth, indigestion, and not properly caring for the teeth are the most common.

See that your boy's digestion and bowels are normal, wash out mouth with a saturated solution of boric acid, or Glyco-Thymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, and i there are any ulcers touch them up with Nitrate of Silver stick.

WEAK BABY.—I began to menstruate when baby was six weeks old, but I kept on nursing baby until she was one year old, and now she is very puny and small.

Did my nursing have th s effect on baby, and what can I do to get her to gain and grow to normal size?

Mrs. F. D. H., Howells, Nebr.

A.—If you were not weak and run down do not see how conditions mentioned would in any way affect baby's growth or size.

Should put her on nourishing diet, one quart of milk a day, coddled eggs, baked potato, cooked cereals and cream, meat broths.

Keep her out in the open air all you can, also give Maltine and Cod Liver oil,

CORSETS, ETC.—I have not worn a corset for a year, should I now, that I am pregnant? Should I be much enlarged at three months?

Last day of last menstruation was March 20th. When should I be sick? What can I do to enlarge nipples?

Mrs. R. M., Protection, Kans.

A.—(a) No. (b) No. (c) Dec. 25th. (d) As a rule the nipples should not be disturbed until late in pregnancy, then they should be hardened by rubbing them with tannin and alcohol.

NURSING BABY.—How soon after baby is born should a mother have her monthly periods.?

My baby is one year old and cutting teeth. Should I wean her?

Mrs. J. H., Philipsburg, Mont.

A.—No rule to go by, some in three months, others a year or longer, both normal.

I think you should wean the baby.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.—My fourteen-months-old baby boy has bronchial asthma, has had it for months, and at times it is hard for him to breathe.

Mrs. C. P., Columbus, Ind.

Mrs L. E. R., Halls, Tenn.

Mrs. C. G. T., Kendallsville, Ind. Please read.

A.—Give baby ten drops of Syrup of Hydriodic acid, (Gardners) in syrup three times a day; give one-half teaspoonful doses of Malto-Yerbine every three hours, if baby is coughing or wheezing.

Locally should apply camphorated oil, under flannel.

MENSTRUATING DURING PREGNANCY.—I am four months pregnant, but menstruate as usual. What can I do, and if it continues, will baby be affected in any way?

Mrs. G. P., Commache, Okla.

A.—This condition often happens, but it is not harmful and baby will not be affected in any way.

INDIGESTION IN NURSING BABY.—What can I do for my six-months-old nursing baby as he is constipated, and has bloating spells and gas in stomach? How often should I feed him, and is he too young to feed?

Mrs. W. B., [illegible] Creek, Neb.

A.—Keep your own bowels regular and nursing baby's will be the same.

Nurse him every three hours in the daytime, and do not allow baby to nurse too fast. Teaspoonful doses of castor oil will relieve the gas, but if you are careful what you eat yourself it will not form.

DISCHARGE FROM BREAST.—I am six months pregnant, and have slight discharge from the breasts. What is the cause and remedy?

Pa.

A.—The cause is over-distended secreting glands and it is not harmful. Put on a binder with slight pressure for a few days and this will be relieved.

NERVOUS BABY.—My baby cries a great deal, especially in the afternoon, but sleeps well at night. She seems very nervous, jumps at sudden noises, or if you raise your hand she seems to think you are going to strike her. She is fat and plump, weighed seven pounds at birth, eleven pounds at three months.

Mrs. A. H. G., Sulphur Springs, Texas.

A.—I understand from your letter that you are nursing baby, therefore you must treat the baby through your milk.

Do not think I should give baby of this age any medicine, but take laxatives myself so as to regulate your bowels; also you can take teaspoonful dose of Tincture of Valerian every three or four hours for its effect on baby.

If baby does not improve have some suppositories made up containing small doses of asafetida and insert one in the rectum when needed.

Keep baby absolutely quiet, and alone as much as possible, and do not allow people to play with it, or have baby in room where many people are talking.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

No. 41. KNOXVILLE, TENN.

GOOD MORNING TO ALL THE DEAR SISTERS:

I have been one for some time; in fact, since I was seven years old I have loved dear COMFORT. I have never been without it and now that I am happily married, to an ex-soldier, and God has blessed us with a dear daughter, I intend to teach her to feel as I do toward my old standby COMFORT.

Mrs. Ogle, I also have a child about the age of your little son who was very much like yours except that she has walked and talked since ten months of age. She was obedient at times but stubborn at other times and I believe if I had beaten her to death she wouldn't have obeyed. I worried and tried most every plan until at last I made her go and stand behind a tree where I couldn't see her face. In a few minutes she came running to me with her little fat arms outstretched wanting to kiss me. She said, "I love you mother." Now when she begins to cry I send her out to the tree or if it is night I send her behind the door. It works like magic with her but, of course, all children are not to be dealt with alike.

My baby has always been intelligent and industrious. I have taught her to love to work and in selecting her every-day toys, I get dolls, teddybear, rake, hoe, shovel, broom, dishes, pottery, wagon, wheelbarrow a tub and washboard. I teach her to use each of them. She is 22 months old now and is sweeping up every crumb she accidentally drops; takes her wagon (that her Daddy made from a box) and hauls in wood and chips, helps me carry water from the spring, in her little bucket, takes her hoe to the garden and tries to help me hoe up grass, takes her shovel, rake and wheelbarrow out in the grove and helps me rake trash and leaves, and when I begin to get supper she hands me the wood. When I make bread she wants a little dough in her pan to cook for Daddy. Every time I wash I give her water and her washboard and she washes out some little pieces of cloth

There are many ways to teach our children if we will have patience.

I am sending a picture of my baby, taken when she was five months old. Her name is Margaret Irene Dupes.

With best wishes to all, MRS. D. B. DUPES.

No. 42. SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS

You are such a friendly, happy bunch that I just had to run in for a little chat. I'm a farmer's wife but you'll try to like me a little, won't you, for I have loved you all for six years. I could not get along without COMFORT. When it arrives I curl up in a rocker and read every page of it. It is real solid comfort.

I must say a word to Texas Blue Bonnet, as I can sympathize with her losing her little fern. Like you, my house plants consist of one little fern. Its two years in the world have been hard as every time it gets a new shoot, it is knocked down and broken off. Last winter it froze, and in a few weeks it sent out new shoots.

I am married to a good man and we have three boys. I am sending their picture and hope to see their faces smiling at me from the Sisters' page. Their names are Lavern, Evon and Orlyn and their ages are five, three and one years. Daddy and I think they are real cute. How many of the sisters have a mischievous child? Our second child was very mischievous and this is the way I cured him. It had been my custom when I went out to tell the oldest boy to watch Evon so he wouldn't get into things. Well, Evon would just get into everything, from one thing to another. Lavern would try his best to stop him but it was too much of a task. So I tried changing it around and told Evon to watch Lavern. So now when I go out I tell him, "Mamma is going after a pai of water, you watch Lavern and see that he doesn't get into things." "Yes, me watch Vern." Instead of getting into all kinds of mischief he stands around watching big brother. Sometimes Lavern does some little thing and when I come in Evon tells me about it. Then he says, "Me wouldn't get into sings. Me good boy." Of course I explained to the older boy why I was doing this.

I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 90 pounds, have brown hair and eyes and am 26 years old. I should like to get letters from the sisters.

With love to each one of you, MRS. CLINTON KELLER.

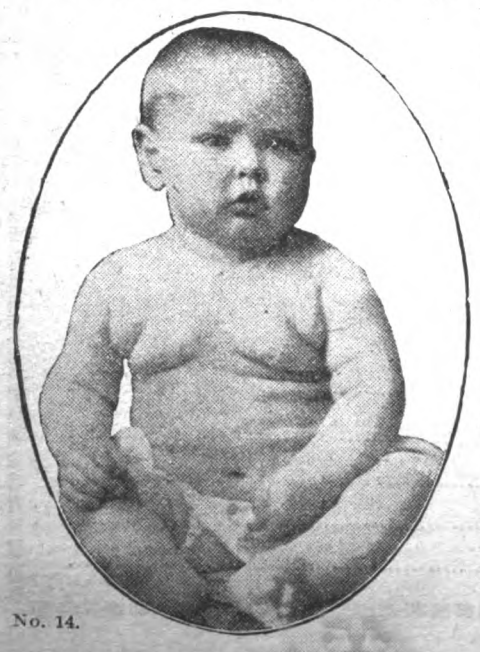
Mrs. Keller.—We might as well make up our minds to like you, because if we didn't you'd find some diplomatic way of making us in spite of ourselves.—Ed.

No. 4. SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS:

I have just finished reading the letter from Mrs Floyd and she expressed my ideas about girls marrying young. I married before I was sixteen and have been married three years and Hubby and I have never had a cross word. He is so good to me that I couldn't get cross with him.

I am sending our baby's picture, [illegible]


No. 14.

eighteen months old. He has always been a large baby. At eight months he weighed 30 pounds. His name is Ralph Lindon.

With love to all, MRS. M. A. COWAN.

No. 43. STOCKTON, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am going to try my luck at entering your Corner. I have read the Sisters' letters for many years and profited by them and feel that I could not be a successful housekeeper without the help of COMFORT.

I am a busy mother as I have five little tots, the oldest six years and the youngest six months, four girls and one boy and I make all their clothes from stockings to coats, caps and mittens. I like to sew and crochet and make pretty things for them. I also have an eight-room house to care for that gives me plenty of exercise, but I have things very convenient and my work is not so hard as it might be. I have water in the house and for wash days an engine to run the washing-machine and wringer and an endless clothes-line so that I can stand in my washroom and hang my clothes and then run them out into the sunshine to dry. I wish every housewife could have one of these clothes-lines. It saves many steps, cold fingers and toes. I think if every man would stop and think it over he would see that his wife needed one for it might save a doctor's bill sometime, maybe funeral expenses, to say nothing of the hard work for his wife. She wouldn't have to wade out through snow and rain after standing over the washtub all the morning. Mine cost only a dollar as my husband made it himself.


No. 35.

I am enclosing a picture of our little girl, Cora Mildred Avery, two years of age, and we would like to see it in COMFORT.

I should like to know where to buy kindergarten supplies. Some time ago I read an advertisement to the effect that if mothers would send their names and addresses to a certain address, they would receive kindergarten helps and ideas that would pacify the little tots for hours. I was not a mother at that time so did not pay much attention to the advertisement. Now I'd like to know more about it

With best wishes to all, MRS C. C. AVERY.

WENTWORTH, S. DAK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have written before but failed to see my letter in print so decided not to try again, but after reading Mrs. Crowley's letter I couldn't keep still

I wonder who she thinks she is to be able to call herself a "saint of the Lord." If she is as much of a Christian as she pretends to be, she'd know that babies are a gift of the Lord. She says just because baby "wants the chandelier" to play with is no reason why he should get it. The babies know very little about their pictures being in the paper. She said, "I know what I want." Well, isn't that like the baby and if the pictures are not printed wouldn't she be getting her chandelier?

God has so often brought worldly children to Him through His greatest gift, a baby, that I cannot see how anyone can regard a baby or its equivalent, a baby picture, less than a word from God.

I am a church member myself and proud of it but because religions differ so I do not think the Sisters' Corner the proper place to bring our religious ideas. There is always plenty of missionary work right at home. As for the Bible quotations, that is a good idea and I'll give Mrs. Crowley credit for it. One of my favorite verses, is John, 3rd chap and 16th verse.

Hoping to see this in print and to have baby does greet me as long as I take COMFORT, I am,

MRS. W. SCHOENEFELD.

Mrs. Schoenefield.—Mrs. Crowley did not mean her letter to be taken as the majority of the sisters understood it, and has explained matters to me in a personal letter. It wasn't necessary, for my feelings were not in the least hurt. Nevertheless, the ready defense of the sisters in my behalf is most gratifying to me and I thank all who have written me such lovely letters.—Ed.


No. 19

MT AUBURN, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

Your last September COMFORT was indeed a bittersweet number to me,—sweet in its merry frontispiece of school opening, and the letters from teachers,—bitter in the thought that I had no such "first day" this year and probably never will have, for I am about to prepare my papers for a teacher's pension which means no more teaching, or else forfeit my pension while teaching which, I cannot well afford

No more school kiddies! No more manly little boys to confide to me their longings and interests, no little girls to nestle up and steal upon my lap and kiss me. And after nearly forty years of their almost daily fellowman association, I shall miss them for I am the life of an anchoret in my backwoods, riverside bungalow, dealing with and seeing little of humanity in general save only these "of the kingdom of Heaven" while teaching, and yet I may reach and teach many more than I could in person through my pen, aiding and advising the legions of ambitious and conscientious young teachers

Miss Hudson, don't attempt to prohibit whispering—It can't be done, and you should not exact it though you could. How foolish and cruel, to require of little restless children a deportment that even adults could not and would not observe Say to them, "Just as little whispering as possible and that only about lessons," and don't be too observant. And never adopt the practice of self-reporting "perfects" at close of school. It only tempts to falsehood and evasion and puts those really honest at a disadvantage with the dishonest,

Never appoint "Monitors" to spy upon and report the conduct of their mates. It not only creates jealousies and bickerings, causing those appointed to be disliked, and to unduly exalt their self importance.

Above all, don't tempt a child to falsehood if caught or accused of misdemeanor, by asking them, "Did you?"


No. 25.

From Comfort's Family





The deepest-dyed murderer is not required by law to answer that question. Better say, "How did you come to?" or, still better, after the accusers have been heard, "Do you wish to say anyth ng about it?" Encourage them to "own up" and if they admit their wrong, praise their truthfulness before the school. I've cured many inveterate liars in this way.

Always reprimand in private at first, mildly to begin with and if that doesn't cure, then the "word with the bark on."

Don't "outline."—really "dish out and get" your pupil's lessons for them. I know this is the practice too much among our grade teachers and many of our rural teachers taught with them but it is not only nerve exhausting but needless. Require your pupils to have necessary text books and after due assignment and explanation insist that they master the lesson, including any side line studies.



No. 18.

Determine to be progressive and fully up to date but don't run wildly after every "fad" no matter how highly "feathered." Make sure of the essential studies and then as many of the ornamental for which you have time.

Among these latter, don't "go wild" over the hot lunch innovation. All very good but more trouble than benefit and always abandoned, especially in rural schools, wherever once tried. I know several city high schools that having tried have given up the practice. Most children's stomachs are not so sensitive as to need pampering, or what they eat for lunch to very much affect their studies. Besides this, if the pupils have to furnish the ingredients the poor child is put at a disadvantage with those better off, causing jealousies and heartaches.

See to it that your room is well lighted regardless whether the light is "cross light," "front light" or falls over the left shoulder. Forty years ago before these regulations were even heard of, a bespectacled child was rare to see. Now look over one of our optometrically lighted rooms and you will see a large per cent. of the pupils wearing glasses and many more needing them. That our children's sight is now better conserved than then does not account for the great difference.

Always adapt your course of study to your pupil's need, not your pupil's to your course of study.

E. F. COLWELL.

Mrs. Colwell.—The fact that you have imparted to so many children "the art of living well" should console you for the absence of "first days" or "last days." Both were important days in my childish life but I am inclined to think that first days were the most thrilling. Greeting a former teacher was a pleasure but a new teacher possessed the charm of the unknown. It was a day of discoveries, from the way she combed her hair and the blue dress she wore to the way she smiled. It must require self possession on the part of a new teacher to face the battery of eyes that are aimed at her on that first day. The "last day" was not without its thrills either, from the headache and soreness that came from having straight hair "done up on rags," to produce marvelous curls, or braided in innumerable pigtails to produce "crimps", to speaking a piece and waiting for prizes to be awarded. Dear, dear, how far away such things seem now. It isn't kind of you to bring up memories that remind us of how the years have flown—or, in other words, how old we are.—Ed.



No. 41.

BRIDGEVILLE, CALIF.
DEAR MRS WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

A young lad once said to me, "Mrs. Wells, it's just awful hard to keep a promise." Of course it all depends upon the circumstances but if a promise is worth making it is worth keeping and we should keep our promises to our children.

I want to give the benefit of years of experience and study in training children to the young mothers.

Begin training baby when it first shows understanding, or to notice things in general. Don't let it boss you by making you take it up after you have put it to bed. Make sure there is no cause for crying and then let it cry.

Never condemn yourself after correcting a child. If it sees you are sorry you punished it the game is lost. If you are sorry, tell them of it when no thought of correction is necessary. The best time for this is when you are playing with them. Explain then how happy you are when they obey. Always impress upon a child's mind that it must obey you and father. If you allow it a treat of any sort be sure you don't let it feel that it has begged or coaxed you into submission. You can do a thousand deeds of kindness for its pleasure without its knowing your intention and it will love you more in years to come (say, when in its 'teens) than it would if it could say that it cried or coaxed until you let it have its own way.

Don't allow the child to talk loudly when explaining or reciting an incident.

Don't allow a child to stand around and listen to the grownups' talk or gossip.

And above all, if father is chastising or correcting the child, the mother must be very careful not to show disapproval by allowing the child to come to her arms. Instead, tell it to sit down or if it is near bedtime send it to bed. This same holds true for the father. Both parents must understand the plan and they will receive the same loving respect in after years.

Don't allow your child to visit the home of other children, unless you accompany them, I refer to children under ten years of age. Here is food for thought.

Don't allow a child to be meddlesome at home or abroad.

Don't allow the child to complain of being hungry when visiting, even though it is just a tot. The habit is a growing one. Nip it early. There may be motherly souls who enjoy spreading bread between meals but they are few and far between, and they take the privilege of allowing our children to strew its own cookie crumbs over a neighbor's floor which is another trait of ill manners on the part of the parent. Some young mothers are so strong, happy and carefree that they never have a thought as to how a weaker sister might feel about the ways of their children. If it did enter their minds at all they might call her a crank.



No. 3.

I know a mother who has devoted very much of her time to her baby and at the age of three it is so cute that when she undertakes to correct it, it will stretch its arm imploringly to her and say, "Mamma, don't whip your own baby." The mother has unconsciously given her baby a weapon of defense for the child gains its point every time. When the father corrects the child and tells it to sit down in a chair it always says, "I want to go go Mamma. I am sleepy." But it never goes to sleep even after it is in its mother's lap. The excuse is teaching the child to lie. I'd see to it that she went to sleep or a little palm tea would be used to cure the fibs. If the child sees that one fib is good for defense, others will be used for the same purpose.

Don't allow the maturing child to be idle when there is work it can do and see that it does its work neatly and don't hesitate to let the child know you appreciate its willingness and neatness. Don't pay a child in coin for its work, especially after the age of six years. Never allow it to think you are giving it money for its labor for you.

To have a child fear you sounds cruel in a way but I say that the majority of children must be made to fear before you can control them. Plenty of time to gain their love when they are patterns of obedience. I do not mean in all cases but in some it is necessary, no matter how tenderhearted or love bound a mother is. Be sure your child will obey you before you show the love side. No one likes a disobedient child, yet the child is never to blame. Who then is to blame? The parents, the mother usually gets the most blame because the father is away all day and what little correction is done is not kept up while he is away. You've often heard a mother say, "You'll catch it when Dad gets home," Why does mother wait for Dad to do all the correcting?

There are instances when soft or kind words are all that is needed but they do not meet every requirement.

In many homes today the Bible has much influence. Read a chapter of its beautiful teachings to the children, or part of a chapter, and persuade them to listen. It will have its effect in due season.

I believe there is much room for improvement in child training, for the betterment of the next generation.

Again let me say, the mother who loves her child best is the mother who will curb her feelings toward her child long enough to train it to be obedient and beautiful in mind and body.

Let us have more letters on the subject of child training. Yours with love,

MRS. R. P. WELLS.

EUREKA, BOX 55, CALIF.
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Lonely Woman of W. Va., I received your letter today—and had a cry and said a prayer for you. But the dear Lord doesn't always answer in the way we want Him to, although He always answers in the way He should for our best good. I fear this man had become your idol and was purposely removed that you might learn to lean on the Lord, so take up your cross bravely and follow, follow on, in His dear footsteps, withersoever they lead. Learn to pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Remember "He keeps in safety those whose minds are stayed on Him," and "Fear not, neither be ye dismayed, for I am the Lord your God," and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

I wish you had signed your name and given address so I might have written you personally.

Yours in the Master's service,

MRS. ALLIE CROWLEY.

Mrs. Crowley.—The request which you made in your letter should have been sent to League of Cousins.—Ed.



No. 21.

LANGDON, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

COMFORT has been in our family for a long time and I think it the finest paper ever published.

Someone asked about handkerchiefs for children. This is the way mother made our school handkerchiefs. She bought a yard of checked gingham, checks large enough for cross-stitching. This she cut into handkerchief size, hemmed them and put some simple cross-stitch design in one corner. Let the children help make these. It will teach them to sew.

I am sixteen years old. I am five feet, one inch tall and have blue eyes, black bobbed hair and a light complexion.

Lovingly, DORA TRENT.

SOUTH BEND, 1507 S. TAYLOR ST., IND.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

I have taken COMFORT since 1909 and enjoy every word from cover to cover.

I wonder how many of the readers belong to a Parent and Teacher Association. I do and am President, although I am not a mother, but am interested in children. Such an organization is a great help to the teacher, parent and child. The Association is called on many times to help in some way about the school, the basket ball team, the girls' club, beautifying the grounds around the schoolhouse or for something that is needed inside. It requires grit, good will and money, most of all.

Our schoolhouse is a new one, rebuilt last summer There were very few pictures in the rooms so our club took it on their shoulders to buy a good picture or two, for each room. One good picture is worth a dozen poor ones. We did not have much money on hand to start with so gave an entertainment. Maybe it will help other associations, clubs or churches to make a little money.

It was called "Ye Olde Time Carnival," and was held at the schoolhouse. Admission was ten cents which included the short program held in the auditorium after which the fun began. In one room was a fishing pond, two cents a fish. The children enjoyed this. The parents and teachers donated articles for the pond. Above each door was a sign telling what was to be found inside. One room read, "It can't be beat," Inside on a table was a large turnip. Another read, "For men only." This was a pair of suspenders hanging on the wall. Another room read, "The missing link," and on the table were four or five little pork sausages, the middle one being gone. Still another room read, "An Old Maid's Bliss." A wedding ring on the table. Of course no carnival would be complete without a fat lady. We made one on a dress form and it was some lady, too. In another room was "High Opera" and there were four or five women or young girls singing at once and each a different song. It wasn't singing but just a lot of noise. The admission to each room was one cent but more could be charged. In one room a one reel comedy picture was being shown and here it was five cents' admission. In the halls were stands or booths for candy, pop-corn and ice cream. We made $265 .06 and could have doubled the amount had we run it two nights. Everybody had lots of fun. Best wishes to one and all,

MRS. EDWARD TIMM.

BOLTON CENTER, CONN.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join you? I haven't any good advice to give or hints about housework or cooking. I wonder if Uneducated Mother can't help herself? It will take time and patience. She could ask her husband to help her in the subjects she did not understand or if he is too tired or does not have the time, she could go to her little girl's teacher, explaining her position honestly and I think she would be glad to help her over some of the hard places and a true teacher will never talk to anyone about a confidence given her. The mother could repay the teacher by inviting her to supper sometimes or by invitations to visit her over the week end. A teacher is human and enjoys visiting the parents.

I teach in a rural school and have thirty pupils mostly Italians, and seven grades. I like the parents and go to see them very often. They always appear glad to see me. I plan to visit the children or grown-ups who are ill. Often I help by doing some kind of work, such as mending or sewing.

I always suggest to my children that they each give a few cents toward flowers or fruit for sick ones in the community or send them cards. We remembered all the old people in our community with valentines this year. This costs but very little and it made the children happy and pleased the old people. Best of all it taught them a lesson in civics. True citizenship is helping others, and making them happy.

We are trying to be true Crusaders. Here is a list of our rules.

1. Eat slowly.
2. Breathe deeply.
3. Get lots of fresh air.
4. Play hard and work hard.
5. Wash hands before eating and after going to toilet.
6. Drink lots of water.
7. Be fair in all things.
8. Think only good, pure thoughts.
9. Be happy and make someone happy every day.
10. Help our mothers cheerfully.

I should like to hear from any of the sisters who care to write. I am especially anxious to hear from teachers and will try to answer all letters and surely those that have stamps.

This community is very old with picturesque old farmhouses. We have a little store, post-office and church. There is also a hall and unusually good library for so small a town.

I have a little daughter. She goes to school to me. Outside of school hours we go for walks, play ball and read stories together. She helps me care for my room and takes care of her own playthings. She tries to be nice so she can be a true ladylike woman when she grows up. Her grandmother makes most of her clothes and takes care of her when she is sick. Now she boards with me and we are happy.

I am five feet, nine inches tall and weigh about 136 pounds. I have straight, fine brown hair, rather sunken in cheeks, brown eyes and a rather pretty mouth. It is the only good feature I possess. I am literally covered with freckles and am nearly thirty years old.

SCHOOL MA'AM.

ALPHA, N. J.
GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE:

My business is teaching school. This is my first year, and I like it. It is my delight to have children near me. I have a country school with eight grades.

When I started to teach last September, I thought I should give up in despair, trying to keep the little tots busy all the time. Then someone told me to have grains of corn for them to play with. They play a long time with the corn, forming pictures of things. They also like to put puzzles together. I had several post-cards of pretty scenes, which I cut into pieces and gave to the children to put together again. They like to do it. Now I can have peace and quiet in the schoolroom without any trouble at all.



No. 43.

The children like to have the teacher play with them to settle all disputes, arguments, etc. I think every teacher should go out at recess time and noon and make herself one of the children.

Someone asked what the sisters thought of dancing. I dance and am very fond of it. I think there is just as much harm in dancing as the individuals make. There is a right and a wrong way to do everything. If one dances properly I cannot see what harm there is in it. Girls, whatever you do, think of your self-respect first. You cannot value it too highly

I am nineteen years old, five feet, three inches tall, have jet black hair, a rather broad nose on which is perched a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which look two dark brown eyes. My complexion is fair and my mouth is always open, either talking or laughing, thus showing rather small teeth.

I should be very pleased to hear from anyone who cares to write.

HELEN F. FRACE.

DEEPWATER MISSOURI.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It has been about a year since my first and last letter appeared in the Sisters' Corner. At that time I told you how I carried out a system of hot lunches in my rural school.

How many of the teachers have trouble with their pupils telling gossiping tales in school? Last winter the boys and girls were very much predisposed to gossiping, so one day I just stopped work for a time and let each one tell his tale, and each had one to tell. As each child finished talking I had him take his place along the wall. Finally I had nearly fifteen boys and girls in a line. I then wrote the word, "Gossipers' Row" in red letters on a large piece of cardboard and tacked it up by one row of seats. I then had my little gossipers take their books and sit in that row. Such screaming and taking on one never heard. It affected a permanent cure.

For excessive whispering I tied a clean white handkerchief over the offender's mouth and sent him back to his seat. This method worked better than any other I ever tried.



No. 28.

If you have any musical talent in your school, use it. If not, manufacture some. There is nothing I know of that arouses so much enthusiasm in the pupils as musical contests between the different grades There was one boy who couldn't carry a tune at the first of school, but who won in the contest for boys' solos at the last of school.

We found construction work very interesting and easily correlated with other subjects. I mean paper cutting. I had my pupils buy a package of paper, assorted colors, and the necessary articles that were needed, such as scissors, paste, etc., when they bought their books at the first of the term.

I have found that I have the greatest success teaching the subject I like best and that two-thirds of the pupils will like that subject best also. My fourth grade did exceptionally good work in geography last year and I attributed it to the fact that geography is my favorite subject. The pupils enjoyed making outlines of the lessons.

Now I should like to have some help. Will someone tell me how to make writing and spelling interesting subjects? My pupils declare they are very dry and I'm sure it is my fault. Also will some teacher tell me what to do with very dull pupils? How much time should be given to them?

I suppose the majority of teachers attend college during the summer. I go every summer. I enjoy doing light housekeeping much better than boarding, besides, it is much cheaper. Most of the girls do very little cooking but I am one of those old-fashioned mortals and Saturday morning usually found me in the kitchen baking pies, cake, or perhaps a fruit cobbler. You see, mother has spoiled me in the twenty-four years I've been her "baby."

If several people go to college from the same town they can economize greatly by renting a house and living there together. One should be able to rent a house for $25.00 per mouth and if there were ten girls the rent would be only $5.00 for each, for eight weeks. Of course this plan would be unwise unless there were an older person along who could act the part of the mother.

How many of the teachers have their pupils memorize Bible verses on Monday morning for opening exercises? We had them regularly and my pupils learned to say a great many verses from memory. I offered a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Babies on This and Opposite Page

No.	Baby's Name.	Age.	Parent's Name.	Residence.
3	La Vetta Mary	5 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. Myrtle Greosser,	Dallas, Texas.
	Lois	3 yrs.,		
	Maxine Ellen	1 yr.,		
4	Ralph Lindon	18 mos.,	Mrs. M. A. Cowles,	Sentinel, Okla.
5	Clarence Ray	7 mos.,	Mrs. Geo. Frisbee,	Ringstead, Iowa.
10	June Alberta	5 mos.,	Mrs. Earl Campbell,	Savanna, Ill.
14	Lloyd George	14 mos.,	Mrs. Hendrickson,	Alberta, Can.
18	Christie Edwin	5 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. G. O. Williams,	Fernandina, Fla.
	Vivian Estelle	2 yrs.,		
19	Jesse Oron	6 mos.,	Mrs. J. O. Morgan,	Crowley, La.
21	Eston	5 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. Bryan Overhulser,	Ashton, Mo.
	Madorma	3 yrs.,		
	Armilda	20 mos.,		
23	Walter Harold		Mrs. W. R. Turner,	Akron, Ohio.
25	William J.		Children of Mrs. J. J. Oester,	Scappasse, Ore.
	Margaret M.			
	Rhoda E.			
	Hazel C.			
	Raleigh R.			
28	Omar Edward	19 mos.,	Mrs. Homer Hyde,	Walters, Okla.
35	Mabel	2 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. Roxy Pitts,	Milledgeville, Tenn.
	Lucille	6 mos.,		
39	Ernestine E.	2 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. Bert Smith,	Weston, W. Va.
	Madaline	6 mos.,		
	Mildred Lucille	6 mos.,		
41	Margaret Irene	5 mos.,	Mrs. D. B. Dupes,	Knoxville, Tenn.
42	Lavern	5 yrs.,	Children of Mrs. Clinton Keller,	Sauk City, Wisc.
	Evon	3 yrs.,		
	Orlyn	1 yr.,		
43	Celia Mildred	2 yrs.,	Mrs. C. O. Avery,	Stockton, Kans.



No. 5.

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"What's in a Name?"

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff that name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself."

Such is the lament which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Juliet in deploring the name of her lover.

"A name is a kind of face whereby one is known," declares Fuller; and his simile is apt and forceful; for a euphonious, prepossessing name has a subtile charm which, like a pleasing face, has no small effect in making a favorable impression. The possession of such a name has a real advantage over a person burdened through life with a name that is harsh and unpleasant to the ear, or of sinister suggestiveness.

"It is quite as easy," says Locke, "to give our children musical and p'easing names as those that are harsh or difficult; and it will be found by the owners, when they have grown to knowledge, that there is much in a name."

Though some people appear to delight in inflicting freak names on their offspring, most parents appreciate the importance of a good, sensible and attractive given name, and the desire for such has prompted the requests that our Mother and Baby department has received from expectant mothers for a list of boys' and girls' names.

More especially for their benefit, but also because it will be interesting to our readers generally, we print the following list of names, with the derivation and meaning of each. The Universal Self-Pronouncing Dictionary is our authority for the derivations and meanings.

The abbreviations and initials appearing in parenthesis signify the respective languages from which the names are derived, as follows: A-S., Anglo-Saxon; Brit., British; Celt., Celtic; Fr., French; Gael., Gaelic; Ger., German; Gr., Greek; Heb., Hebrew; It., Italian; L., Latin; O. H. Ger., Old High German; Per., Persian; Sw., Sweedish; Syr., Syrian; Teut., Teutonic—Editor.

NAMES OF MEN

Aaron. (Heb.) Lofty; inspired.
Abner. (Heb.) Father of Light.
Abraham. (Heb.) Father of a multitude.
Adolphus. (O. H. Ger.) Noble wolf, i. e, noble hero.
Albert. (O. H. Ger.) Nobly bright; illustrious.
Alfred. (O. H. Ger.) Elf in council i e., good counselor.
Algernon. (Fr.) With whiskers.
Amasa. (Heb.) A burden.
Ambrose. (Gr.) Immortal; divine.
Amos. (Heb.) Strong; courageous; otherwise, burden.
Andrew. (Gr.) Strong; manly.
Archibald. (Ger.) Extremely bold; otherwise, holy prince.
Arthur. (Celt.) High; noble.
Augustus. (Lat.) Exalted; imperial

Baldwin. (O. H. Ger.) Bold, courageous friend.
Bartholomew. (Heb.) A warlike son.
Basil. (Gr.) Kingly; royal.
Benedict. (Lat.) Blessed.
Benjamin. (Heb.) Son of the right hand.
Bernard, Barnard. (O. H. Ger.) Bold as a bear.
Bruno. (O. H. Ger.) Brown.

Cadwallader. (Brit.) Battle-arranger.
Caleb. (Heb.) A dog.
Calvin. (Lat.) Bald.
Charles. (O. H. Ger.) Strong; manly; noble-spirited.
Clarence. (Lat.) Illustrious.
Claudius, Claude. (Lat.) Lame.
Clement. (Lat.) Mi d-tempered; merciful.
Conrad. (O. H. Ger.) Bold in council; resolute.
Cyril. (Gr.) Lordly.
Cyrus. (Per.) The sun.

Daniel. (Heb.) A divine judge.
Darius. (Per.) Preserver.
David. (Heb.) Beloved.
Donald. (Celt.) Proud chief.
Duncan. (Celt.) Brown chief.

Ebenezer. (Heb.) The stone of help.
Edgar. (A.-S.) A javelin (or protector) of property.
Edward. (A.-S.) Guardian of property.
Egbert. (O. H. Ger.) The sword's brightness; famous with the sword.
Eldred. (A.-S.) Terrible.
Elias, Elijah. (Heb.) Jehovah is my God.
Elmer. (A.-S.) Noble; excellent. (a contraction of Ethelmer.)
Enoch. (Heb.) Consecrated; dedicated.
Ernest. (Ger.) Earnest.
Ethan. (Heb.) Firmness; strength.
Eugene. (Ger.) Wellborn; noble.
Evan. (Brit.) The same as John.

Ferdinand. (O. H. Ger.) Brave; valiant.
Francis. (Fr.) Free.
Frank. (Fr.) A contraction of Francis.
Frederic, Frederick. (O. H. Ger.) Peace; or peaceful ruler.

George. (Ger.) A landholder; husbandman.
Gerald, Gerard. (O. H. Ger.) Strong with the spear.
Gideon. (Heb.) A destroyer.
Gilbert. (O. H. Ger.) Yellow-bright; famous.
Godfrey. (O. H. Ger.) At peace with God
Gustavus. (Sw.) A warrior; hero.
Guy. (Fr.) A leader.

Harold. (A.-S.) A champion; general of an army.
Henry. (O. H. Ger.) The head or chief of a house.
Herbert. (A.-S.) Glory of the army.
Herman. O. H. Ger.) A warrior.
Hilary. (Lat.) Cheerful; merry.
Hiram. (Heb.) Most noble.
Hubert. (O. H. Ger.) Bright in spirit; soul-bright.
Hugh, Hugo. (D.) Mind; spirit; soul.

Icabod. (Heb.) The glory has departed.
Ingram. (Teut.) Raven.
Ira. (Heb.) Watchful.
Isaac. (Heb.) Laughter.
Ivan. (Brit.) The same as John.

Jacob, James. (Heb.) A supplanter.
Jesse. (Heb.) Wealth.
John. (Heb.) The gracious gift of God.
Jonathan. (Heb.) Gift of Jehovah.
Joseph. (Heb.) He shall add.
Joshua. (Heb.) God of salvation.
Josiah, Josias. (Heb.) Given of the Lord.
Julius. (Gr.) Soft-haired.

Kenelm. (A.-S.) A defender of his kindred.
Kenneth. (Gael.) A leader; commander.

Lambert. (O. H. Ger.) Illustrious with landed possessions.
Laurence. Lawrence. (Lat.) Crowned with laurel.
Leander. (Gr.) Lion-man.
Leonard. (Ger.) Strong; or brave as a lion.
Levi. (Heb.) Adhesion.
Lionel. (Lat.) Young Lion.
Llewellyn. (Celt.) Lightning.
Lucius. (Lat.) Born at break of day.
Luther. (Ger.) Illustrious warrior.

Martin. (Lat.) Of Mars; war-like.
Matthew. (Heb.) Gift of Jehovah.
Maurice. (Lat.) Moorish; dark-colored.
Michael. (Heb.) Who is like God?
Miles. (Lat.) A soldier.
Moses. (Egypt.) Drawn out of the water.
Napoleon. (Gr.) Lion of the forest-dell.
Nathanael, Nathaniel. (Heb.) The gift of God.
Norman. (Ger.) A Northman; a native of Normandy.

Obadiah. (Heb.) Servant of the Lord.
Oliver. (Lat.) An olive-tree.
Oswald. (O. H. Ger.) Power of God.
Owen. (Celt.) Lamb; otherwise, young warrior.

Patrick. (Lat.) Noble; a patrician.
Peter. (Gr.) A rock.
Philander. (Gr.) A lover of men.
Philip. (Gr.) A lover of horses.
Phineas. (Heb.) Mouth of brass.

Quintin. (Lat.) The fifth.

Ralph. (O. H. Ger.) Same as Rodolphus.
Raymond. (O. H. Ger.) Wise protection.
Reginald. (O. H. Ger.) Strong ruler.
Reuben. (Heb.) Behold, a son.
Richard. (O. H. Ger.) Rich-hearted; powerful.
Robert. (O. H. Ger.) Bright in fame.
Rodolph, Rodolphus. (O. H. Ger.) Famous wolf, or hero.
Roland, Rowland. (O. H. Ger.) Fame of the land.
Rufus. (Lat.) Red; red-haired.

Samson, Sampson. (Heb.) Splendid sun; i. e., Great joy and felicity.
Samuel. (Heb.) Heard of God; asked for of God.
Sebastian. (Gr.) Venerable; reverend.
Silvester, Sylvester. (Lat.) Bred in the country; rustic.
Simeon, Simon. (Heb.) Hearing with acceptance.

Theodore. (Gr.) The gift of God.
Theodoric. (A.-S.) Powerful among the people.
Thomas. (Heb.) A twin.
Timothy. (Gr.) Fearing God.

Ulysses. (Gr.) A hater.
Uriah. (Heb.) Light of the Lord.
Uriel. (Heb.) Light of God.

Valentine. (Lat.) Strong; healthy; powerful.
Victor. (Lat.) A conqueror.
Vincent. (Lat.) Conquering; Victorious.
Vivian. (Lat.) Lively.

Walter. (O. H. Ger.) Ruling the host.
William. (O. H. Ger.) Resolute helmet, or helmet of resolution; defense; protector.
Winfred. (A.-S.) Win-peace.

Zaccheus. (Heb.) Innocent; pure.

NAMES OF WOMEN

Abigail. (Heb.) My father's joy.
Adaline, Adelina, Adeline. (O. H. Ger.) Of noble birth; a princess
Agatha. (Gr.) Good; kind.
Agnes. (Gr.) Chaste; pure.
Alberta. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Albert.
Alice, Alicia. (O. H. Ger.) Same as Adeline.
Amabel. (Lat.) Loveable.
Amanda. (Lat.) Worthy to be loved.
Amelia. (O. H. Ger.) Busy, energetic.
Amy. (Lat.) Beloved.
Angelica, Angelina. (Gr.) Lovely; angel c.
Anna, Ann, Anne. (Heb.) Grace.
Augusta. (Lat.) Feminine of Augustus.
Aurora. (Lat.) Morning redness; fresh; brilliant.

Barbara. (Gr.) Foreign; strange.
Beatrice, Beatrix. (Lat.) Making happy; blessed.
Bertha. (O. H. Ger.) Bright; beautiful.
Blanch, Blanche. (Teut) White.
Bridget. (Celt.) Strength.

Caroline. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Carolus, the Latin of Charles. (Fr. form.)
Catharina, Catharine, Catherine. (Gr.) Pure.
Cecilia, Cecily. (Lat.) Feminine of Cecil.
Charlotte. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Charles.
Chloe. (Gr.) A green herb; blooming.
Clara. (Lat.) Bright; illustrious.
Clarice, Clarissa. (Lat.) A variation of Clara.
Clementina, Clementine. (Lat.) Mild; gentle.
Constance. (Lat.) Firm; constant.
Cora. (Gr.) Maiden; another form of Corinna.
Cordelia. (Lat.) Warm-hearted.

Deborah. (Heb.) A bee.
Diana. (Lat.) Goddess of the hunt and of the moon.
Dinah. (Heb.) Judged.
Dora. (Gr.) A contraction of Dorothea.
Dorcas. (Gr.) A gazelle.
Dorothea, Dorothy. (Gr.) The gift of God.

Edith. (O. H. Ger.) Happiness; otherwise, rich gift.
Edna. (Heb.) Pleasure.
Eleanor, Elinor. (Gr.) Light.
Elizabeth, Elisabeth, Eliza. (Heb.) Worshiper of God; consecrated to God.
Ella. (Gr.) A contraction of Eleanor.
Ellen. (Gr.) Diminutive of Eleanor.
Elvira. (Lat.) White.
Emeline, Emmeline, Emily, Emma. (O. H. Ger.) Energetic; industrious.
Ernestine. (Ger.) Feminine and dim. of Ernest.
Esther. (Per.) Star; good fortune.
Ethel. (O. H. Ger.) Noble; of noble birth.
Ethelind, Ethelinda. (Teut) Noble snake.
Eugenia. (Gr.) Feminine of Eugene.
Eugenie. (Gr.) Same as Eugenia. (Fr. form)
Eunice. (Gr.) Happy victory.
Euphemia. (Gr.) Of good report.
Eva. (Heb.) Life.
Evangeline. (Gr.) Bringing glad news.
Eve. (Heb.) The same as Eva.
Evelina, Eveline. (Heb.) Diminutive of Eva. (It. form)
Fanny. (Ger.) A diminutive of France.
Faustina. (Lat.) Lucky.
Felicia. (Lat.) Happiness.
Fidelia. (Lat.) Faithful.
Flora. (Lat.) Flowers.
Florence. (Lat.) Blooming; flourishing.
Frances. (Ger.) Feminine of Francis.
Frederica. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Frederick.

Georgiana, Georgina. (Gr.) Feminine of Geo.
Geraldine. Feminine of Gerald.
Gertrude. (O. H. Ger.) Spear-maiden.
Grace. (Lat.) Grace, favor.
Griselda. (Teut.) Stone-heroine.

Hannah. (Heb.) The same as Anna.
Harriet. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine diminutive of Henry. (Eng. form.)
Helen, Helena. (Gr.) Light.
Henrietta. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine and diminutive of Henry. (Fr. form.)
Hester, Hesther. (Per.) Same as Esther.
Honora, Honoria. (Lat.) Honorable.
Hortensia. (Lat.) A lady gardener.
Huldah. (Heb.) A weasel.

Ida. (O. H. Ger.) Godlike.
Inez. (Gr.) The same as Agnes.
Irene. (Gr.) Peaceful.
Isabel, Isabella. (Heb.) The same as Elizabeth.
Jane. (Heb.) Feminine of John; same as Joanna.
Janet. (Heb.) Diminutive of Jane.
Jaqueline. (Heb.) Feminine of James. (Fr. form.)
Jean, Jeanne, Jeanette. (Heb.) The same as Jane or Joan. (Fr. form.)
Jemima. (Heb.) A dove.
Jerusha. (Heb.) Possessed; married.
Joan, Joanna. (Heb.) Feminine of John.
Josepha, Josephine. (Heb.) Feminine of Joseph.
Judith. (Heb.) Praised.
Juliet. (Lat.) Diminutive of Julia. (Fr. form)

Katharine Katherine. (Gr.) Same as Catharine.
Keturah. (Heb.) Incense.
Keziah. (Heb.) Cassia.

Laura. (Lat.) A laurel.
Letitia. (Lat.) Happiness.
Lettice. A corruption of Letitia.
Lillian, Lilly. (Lat.) Lily.
Lois. (Gr.) Good; desirable.
Louisa, Louise. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Louis
Lucia. (Lat.) Same as Lucy (It. form.)
Lucinda. (Lat.) The same as Lucy.
Lucretia. (Lat.) Gain; otherwise, light.
Lucy. (Lat.) Feminine of Lucius.

Mabel. (Lat.) A contraction of Amabel.
Madeline. (Heb.) Same as Magdalene. (Fr. form.)
Magdalene. (Heb.) Belonging to Magdala.
Marcia. (Lat.) Feminine of Marcius.
Margaret. (Gr.) A pearl.
Maria. (Heb.) The same as Mary. (Lat. form.)
Marianne. (Heb.) A compound of Mary and Anne.
Marion. (Heb.) A French form of Mary
Martha. (Heb.) The ruler of the house; otherwise, sorrowful.
Mary. (Heb.) Bitter; otherwise, their rebellion or star of the sea.
Mathilda, Matilda. (O. H. Ger.) Mighty battle-maid, heroine.
Maud. A contraction of Magdalene.
May. A diminutive of Mary.
Mehetabel, Mehitable. (Heb.) Benefited of God.
Melicent. (Lat.) Sweet singer.
Melissa. (Gr.) A bee.
Miranda. (Lat.) Admirable.
Miriam. (Heb.) The same as Mary.
Myra. (Gr.) She who weeps or laments.

Nancy. A familiar form of Anne.
Nora. A contraction of Honora.

Olive, Olivia. (Lat.) An olive.
Ophelia. (Gr.) Serpent

Penelope. (Gr.) A weaver.
Phoebe, Phebe. (Gr.) Pure; radiant.
Phyllis. (Gr.) A green bough.
Priscilla. (Lat.) Somewhat old.

Rachel. (Heb.) A ewe.
Rebecca, Rebekah. (Heb.) Of enchanting beauty.
Rhoda. (Ger.) A rose.
Rosa. (Lat.) A rose.
Rosabel, Rosabella. (Lat.) A fair rose.
Rosalind. (Lat.) Beautiful as a rose.
Roxana. (Per.) Dawn of Day.
Ruth. (Heb.) Beauty.

Salome. (Heb.) Peaceful.
Sara, Sarah. (Heb.) A princess.
Sibyl, Sibylla. (Gr.) A prophetess.
Sophia. (Gr.) Wisdom.
Sophronia. (Gr.) Of a wise mind.
Stella. (Lat.) A star.
Susan, Susanna, Susannah. (Heb.) A lily.

Tabitha. (Syr.) A gazelle.
Theodora, Theodosia. (Gr.) The gift of God.

Urania. (Gr.) Heavenly; the name of one of the Muses.
Ursula. (Lat.) She-bear.

Victoria. (Lat.) Victory, Feminine of Victor.
Viola. (Lat.) A violet.
Virginia. (Lat.) Virgin; pure.
Vivian. (Lat.) Lively.

Wilhelmina. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Wilhelm, German of William.
Winifred. (Teut.) Lover of peace.

Zenobia. (Gr.) Having life from Jupiter.

Brainograms

By Blair Tremaine.

HOW MANY COLLEGES DO YOU KNOW?

1. The commonest surname.
2. The head of the duck family.
3. Commander-in-chief of the first American army.
4. A popular brand of locks.
5. A confederation, or league.
6. The holy three.
7. The gem of the ocean.
8. A widely-known manufacturer of soap, talcum, and other toilet articles.
9. An arrow, and the opening between the lips.
10. The American bison.
11. The author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."
12. A place of worship.
13. A color resulting from the mixture of yellow, red and black.
14. Grain, and a part of the alphabet.
15. The second largest city in the United States.
16. A member of royalty, and a unit of weight.
17. Between west and north.
18. A popular automobile, and a piece of meat.
19. One who seeks and kills wild animals.
20. A. M., and the longer border of a surface.

ANSWERS.

1. Smith.
2. Drake.
3. Washington.
4. Yale.
5. Union.
6. Trinity.
7. Columbia.
8. Colgate.
9. Dartmouth.
10. Buffalo.
11. Franklin.
12. Temple.
13. Brown.
14. Cornell.
15. Chicago.
16. Princeton.
17. Northwestern.
18. Fordham.
19. Hunter.
20. Morningside.



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See "Your Bargain Book," Page 4A—also pages 4 to 23 for other coat bargains.

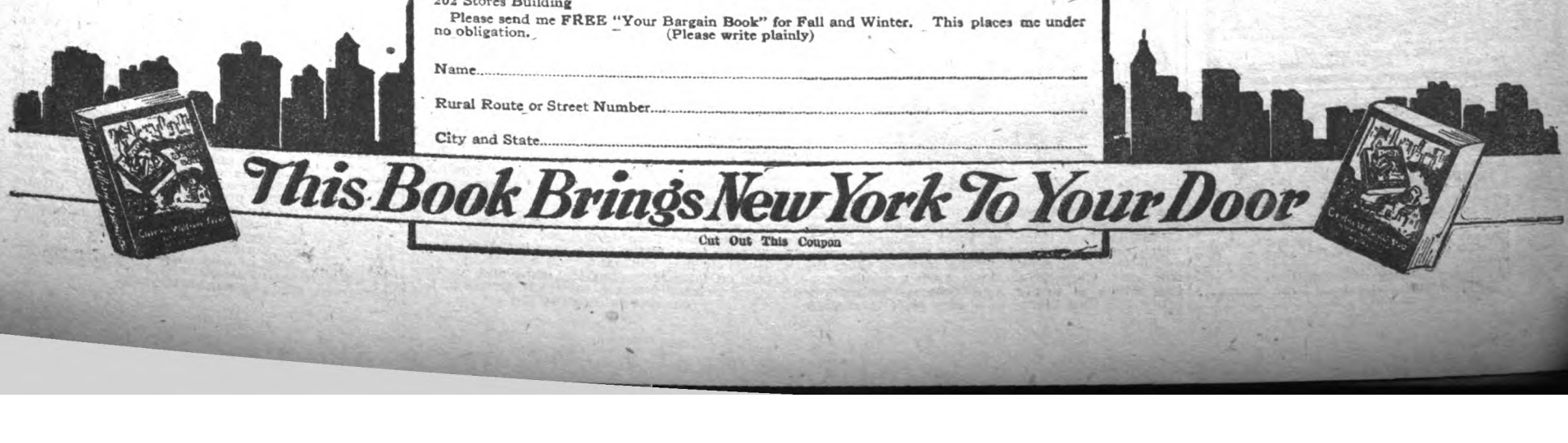
The Charles William Stores Inc.
New York City
202 Stores Building

Please send me FREE "Your Bargain Book" for Fall and Winter. This places me under no obligation. (Please write plainly)

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Biggest Bargain Ever Offered $15 Value

ONLY $3.98 C.O.D.



Almost unbelievable to get such a dress at our special low price, but see for yourself without any risk and entirely on approval. Every cent back if you are not entirely satisfied. The lowest price ever asked for a dress of such style and such high quality materials and workmanship. Everywhere fashionable women will wear this original Paris model King "Tut" Egyptian Silk finish cotton Satin in many colored designs, a material all the rage this season, and long wearing, double warp, navy blue serge. The most beautiful dress of the season. Waist, vestee, wide crush, draped Balkan effect girdle with loose hanging panel are of Silky finish cotton Satin, in King "Tut" design, a specially strong and stylish material. Newest style, surplice collar, cuffs and full cut skirt of navy blue serge. Skirt is with pleats, which are very stylish this season. A bargain you cannot afford to miss.

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Color: Navy Blue

Sizes 14, 16 & 18 for Misses. 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 42, 44 & 46 bust for women.

SEND NO MONEY

But rush your order now! Give us NAME, ADDRESS and SIZE. We will ship the dress by parcel post. Pay the mailman $3.98 and postage when the package arrives. Then examine the dress in your own home. If not satisfied in every way, return the dress to us, and we will refund every cent of your money.

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13 Inches Tall

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

WALKING DOLL

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

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14 KT. WHITE GOLD FILLED $7.55



Save ½

Save one-half by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either high-grade watch. Octogon or round case. 14Kt. gold-filled 20-yr.-case with 20-yr. gold-filled link bracelet. Full jewel. Stem wind and set. Adjusted and regulated. $12 value, our price ONLY $5.95, prepaid. Tonneau shape 14Kt. White-gold-filled, 25-yr. case. Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled clasp. Beautiful white dial. Sapphire crown, 6 jewels. Regulated adjusted. Fully guaranteed. $15 value, our special price ONLY $7.55, prepaid Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded promptly.

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Kindly send me free sample lessons in Dress Designing and Making.

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COZY LIVING-ROOM WITH CARPETS REPLACED BY RUGS.

From Attic to Cellar

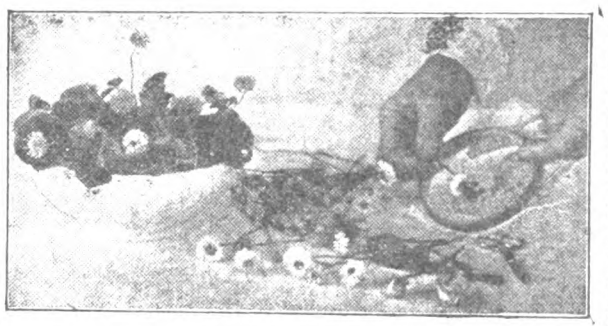
By Estelle Garland

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

NO matter what our furnishings consist of, through wear and tear and a desire for added conveniences and comforts which shall also be pleasing to the eye, we create and arrange our dream rooms in little flights of imagination, from which we derive a certain pleasing expectancy that in part at least, our dreams may come true. "Where no vision is, the people perish."

September provides the ambitious housewife with more ways for spending her time than does any other of the eleven months of the year. With the preserving and pickling not quite out of the way, getting the children ready for the fall term of school, the daily routine of duties and the big job of going through the house from attic to cellar while the weather is still mild, do seem, even on paper, beyond the possibilities of one woman, yet we each know from the activities in our own surrounding communities that there are millions of women in these United States that are working out all these problems single-handed, except for the possibility of some assistance from her children. But these women, whom we can well call wonderful, do not live in a state of unthinkingness, nor blindly follow traditional methods that have long been distanced in the march of progress.

It isn't so many years ago that going to market was a big event with the housewife. Father and the children went along without her, because the housework was never done. But if you will bother to look around at your next opportunity, you will notice that the whole family go together, excepting the children who are in school. The answer is, that housework has undergone a great change; the home is no longer lagging behind the field in advancement.



FOR SHORT-STEMMED FLOWERS.

Workable Rules for Housekeeping

Do not undertake more than your strength allows. Health and strength saved draw a high rate of interest.

Keep clean without being painfully immaculate.

Avoid wasting effort by repeating motions and steps unnecessary.

Study short cuts that greater efficiency may be attained.

Avoid confusion by finishing and removing the evidence of one kind of work before another is begun, as far as possible.

Keep Monday as a general utility day and wash on Tuesday.

Never form the habit of spending Sunday in preparing a "big" dinner. Your family needs your companionship on this day, and you need theirs.

Make it a practice to keep a little plant life about the house. Even one flowering plant in the kitchen window radiates cheerfulness and sunshine. Children often bring in short-stemmed flowers which they delight to see placed about the rooms, and it takes but a few minutes to teach them the trick of putting the stems through mosquito netting which is firmly held between embroidery hoops and then placed in a deep plate or shallow bowl. Children will spend hours picking and arranging flowers in this way.

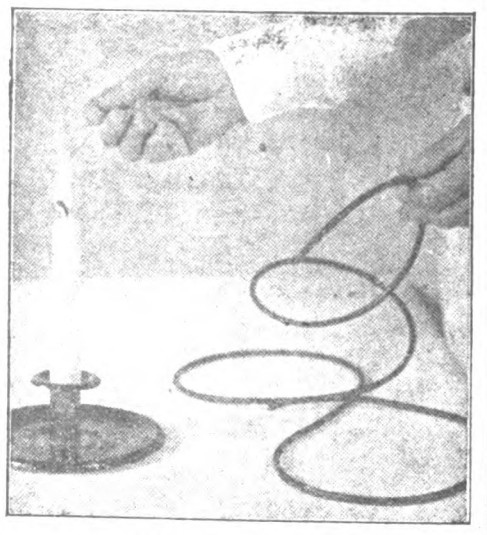
Fall House Cleaning

The highest test of good household management is whether the semi-annual cleaning is one of clearing away the confusion caused by the "slick and a promise" working principle, or whether the keep clean rather than to make clean one is the order of the daily routine. If you have experienced the former method, you should make a mental resolve that the latter shall henceforth be your ideal, for a chaotic house is a breeding place for more chaos, for like will forever attract like.

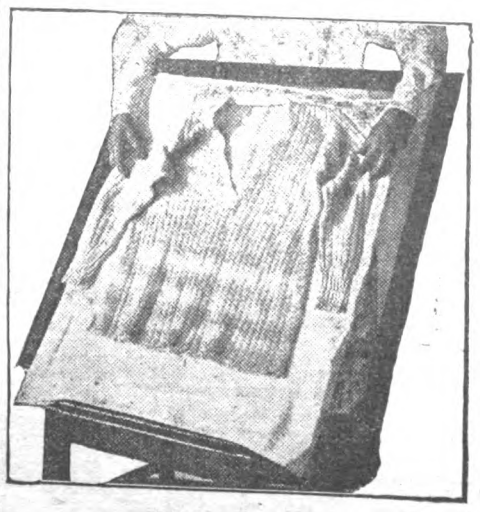
The greatest source of chaos is being disorderly, brought about by the carelesss habit of leaving things just where they are used instead of returning them to their proper places. Any housewife who undertakes to pick up and restore to place the things daily used by her family is doing them and herself a great injustice, for they will become helpless and selfish, while she is wasting the nervous energy required in the daily pursuit of legitimate services to her family. Each member of a family must do his or her share by helping themselves, for thereby they help each other to diffuse an atmosphere of serenity and inspiration.

First aid to neatness in a home is to establish a large rubbish receptical in the shed or nearby outbuilding, and several moderate-sized scrap baskets on each floor. Also, each floor should have its cleaning kits of long-handled floor brush or broom, dry mop, corn and hair brushes, dust pan, dusters and cleaning cloths, and if there is running water on the second floor a cleaning pail and soap should be added. This plan saves an immense number of steps and will prove an incentive for frequent use not to be thought of if al the equipment for brushing up and dusting is kept at a distance.

The proper place to start cleaning is on the top floor; in the attic if you have one. As most attics are given over to packed-away clothing, bedding and other household goods not in use, or possibly



SHORTENING THE MACHINE BELT.



DRYING A SWEATER.

in a state unfit for use, all these should be examined with the idea of discarding worthless things, sunning and washing things that may become motheaten, or giving them a gasolene bath, and carefully inspecting and brushing out all trunks and boxes that show any traces of moths, mice or other pests. The attic is to be swept and aired, floor washed with ammonia water, and, if possible, closed and fumigated with a sulphur candle.

The first step in cleaning a bedroom is to care for the beds. If there are mattress covers, these are washed and put back on the mattresses, and the bed-spring given a wiping. If the mattresses have been used uncovered, they must be taken out of doors and given a thorough sweeping or brushing. Do not beat as it is unnecessary and rips the seams. The blankets should be hung in the sun and wind several hours. Return the mattress to the bed and cover with an old sheet. On this lay all the clothing from the closet. Brush the closet ceiling and walls, and then go over them with a hand cloth and brush up the floor which, if unfinished should be washed with ammonia water. Return clothing to the closet.

Dust the chairs and place them on the bed, if they are of the light, bedroom type. Clean the pictures and bric-a-brac (which should be limited in amount) and also place.. on bed and cover over the whole with old sheets or furniture cover.

Dust and set tables out of room and cover other pieces. The rugs are taken out of doors for cleaning, or they may be cleaned where they are with a vacuum cleaner, and in either case should be hung over the clothes-line to sun and air. Cover a broom with flannel or other thick, soft material and brush the ceiling. The wall paper should be dusted by hand while standing on a step-ladder. Brush mop-boards and floor or matting. Wash painted finish with tepid water and a very little soap, wipe with the cleaning cloth and then with a dry cloth. A painted floor is treated the same and matting is wiped with tepid water to which ammonia has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

A New Way to Get Twice the Heat at Half the Cost



Think of having INSTANTLY all the heat you want IN ANY STOVE—without building fires, without kindling, ashes, dirt or odors. Think of having—at the touch of a finger—a fire that is three times hotter than coal—just enough to simmer a kettle—a fire that stays where you want it. Think what warm, cozy home such a fire will give you in any weather, and what wonderful cookbaking it will turn out. This fire is available to every user of this new invention.

No Wood no Coal

NOTE SCIENTIFIC APPLICATION OF AIR TO FLAME

Fits Any Stove

INSTANT-GAS

a scientific combination of 96 per cent superheated air and 4 per cent kerosene (common coal oil)—cheapest and safest fuel known. Produced by amazing invention which, in one minute, can be slipped into the fire box of any coal or wood stove. All the convenience of gas at half the cost. Start with turn of valve, turn high or low to suit, and stop with another turn of valve. Child can operate. Clean, steady fire. No ups and downs to make life miserable and ruin the cooking and baking. Saves cleaning bills, doctor bills, wall paper and curtains. Eliminates back-breaking work of carrying and lifting coal and wood. No damage to stove, lasts a lifetime. Money-back guarantee gives you absolute protection.

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Try the Instant-Gas Oil Burner in your own stove. You don't risk a penny. See for yourself how hundreds of thousands of Instant-Gas users have saved money and cut their work in half. Write today for money-saving book "Scientific Oil Burning" and 30 day trial offer. Hurry. Special low introductory price to those who write immediately. No obligation. Send a postcard before you turn this page.

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FREE 2 WONDERFUL PURE SILK KNITTED TIES



GREAT BARGAIN. 2 Shirts, neat colored stripes, highest quality madras and poplin. Soft Cuffs. Finished beautifully.

FREE 2 Ties of finest SILK KNIT. Fast colors. Full length. With every shirt order.

SEND NO MONEY

Just name and size of shirts. Pay postman $3.79 on arrival of 2 shirts and 2 ties. We pay postage.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Sizes 14 to 17.

FREE, Pair of snap on Cuff Buttons if you send cash.

RUSH ORDERS NOW. Send for FREE Catalog of Bargains!

PUBLIC TRADING CO., 263 Fifth Ave., Dept. 151, New York



FREE!

Big, Handsome, Dressed, Sleeping Doll sent prepaid for selling ONLY SIX PACKETS new Highly Perfumed Sachet Powder AT 10c.

This is a *Special Offer* to introduce our sachet.

We also give Mama Dolls, Walking Dolls, and premiums for boys.

Lane Mfg. Co. Dept. 107, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



GIVEN! GENUINE HAWKEYE CAMERA

Takes pictures as pictured. Regular size, non-focusing, snap-shot and time exposure. It's a beauty. Yours for selling only $3.60 worth (12 boxes) famous Mendo-Soap which everybody should buy on sight. Send us name. We trust you till goods are sold. Many other valuable premiums. What do you want? Write now.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. U S-7, Greenville, Pa.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we tell you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

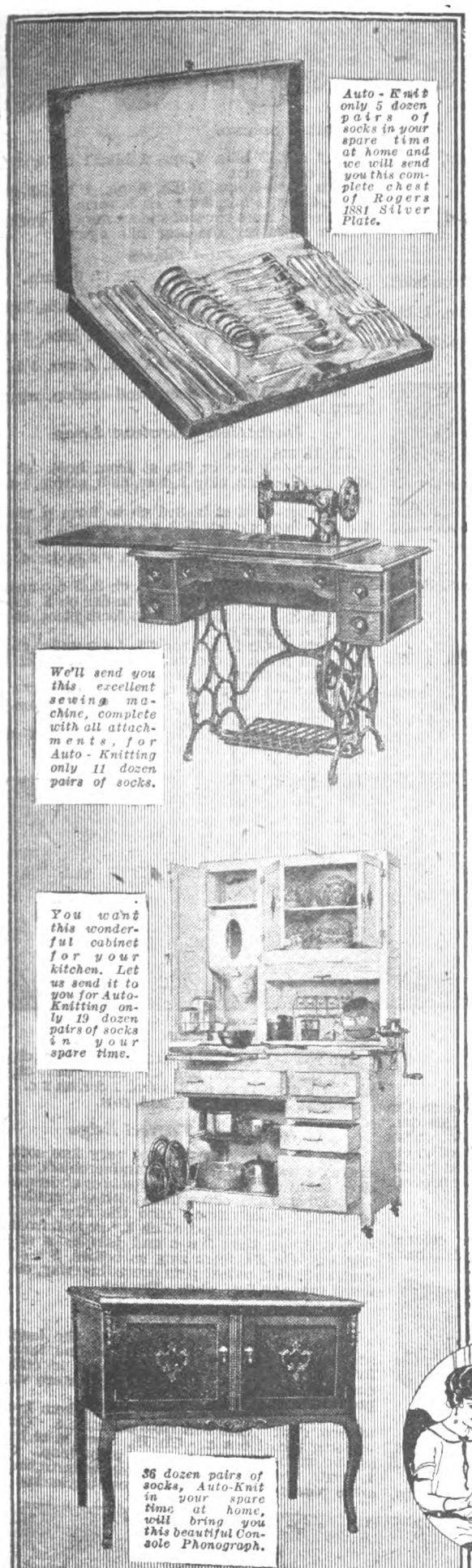
Full particulars and Booklet Free.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
238 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can.

Hybrid Blueberries

The little old swamp blueberry has been lifted under the nursing specialists of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, from its wild environment and come to occupy an aristocratic place among our other domestic fruits. A blueberry an inch in diameter is not a dream but a possibility. At the Department of Agriculture testing plantation at Whitesbog, 4 miles east of Brown Mills, N. J., about 25,000 hybrids have now been fruited. Many of them have produced berries three-fourths of an inch in diameter, several fourfifths of an inch, and one of them this year reached almost seven-eighths of an inch. Among these large-ferried hybrids several have been selected for propagation. The progress of blueberry culture is evidenced by the fact that during the season of 1922 nearly a thousand bushels of blueberries were picked at Whitesbog and that these sold in the open market in New York at prices about 75 per cent. higher than those of wild blueberries. In the fall of 1921 more than 250,000 cuttings of selected blueberries were made by our nurserymen.

Would You Auto-Knit - *At Home* - 5 Dozen Pairs of Socks



for This Chest of Silver? - Or Shall We Pay You Cash?

HERE'S a plan that makes it possible for you to turn your spare time into the things you have always wanted. This chest of beautiful Rogers 1881 Silver Plate, for instance, consisting of 26 pieces and guaranteed for 25 years, is yours for Auto-Knitting in your spare time at home 5 dozen pairs of socks.

Through this unique plan, you are given the remarkable opportunity to earn the things you want by utilizing the spare time that otherwise might have been wasted. And in a *double-quick* way—for this new plan actually makes your spare time worth twice as much as ever before.

—11 dozen pairs for this sewing machine?

Think of it—this handsome, six-drawer model, oak sewing machine, complete with all attachments, sent to you for Auto-Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks! See what this new plan will mean to you. The things you want, earned right at home, in time that you can spare from other duties.

Auto-Knitting is an established, national home industry. For every dozen pair of socks knitted at home, a fixed standard price is paid—which is today the highest ever paid in the history of this organization. Thousands are Auto-Knitting at home today, earning extra money in their spare time, turning wasted hours into luxuries and comforts. What about *you?*

—19 dozen pairs for this kitchen cabinet?

The modern home is not complete without a kitchen cabinet. It saves steps, time, trouble. The substantial kitchen cabinet here pictured, of white enamel, will be sent to home workers for Auto-Knitting 19 dozen pairs of standard Olde Tyme Wool Socks. That is the name by which the product of our spare-time home workers is known. More than 18,000 stores throughout the country are now retailing these socks.

Why don't you start Auto Knitting at once, making the Olde Tyme Wool Socks that will bring you this kitchen cabinet? Or would you rather Auto Knit

—36 doz. pairs for this console phonograph?

You'll be proud to give this Console Model Phonograph a place in your home. It is Queen Anne in period, and Mahogany, Oak or Walnut in finish, as desired. The tone is rich, beautiful.

This phonograph is yours for Auto-Knitting only 36 dozen pairs of socks. Or if you prefer a popular upright model, or a console of different period — you may select from our big REWARD BOOK. This book, just off the press, contains many pages of useful and beautiful things that you can earn at home by Auto-Knitting in your spare time.

May we send you a copy of this REWARD BOOK today?

This New Plan Doubles The Value of your Spare Time

Ever on the alert to be of greater service to its home workers, the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company has perfected a plan which doubles the purchase value of every pay-check. Henceforth, Auto-Knitter workers will be paid in *double-value* money. This plan represents one of the greatest forms of profit-sharing ever attempted. It makes every spare hour worth two, makes your spare time worth twice as much.



Find out NOW all about this great new plan. Get in on it at once, and earn the things you have always wanted in this remarkable double-quick way. The coupon is the GOLDEN KEY that opens the treasure chest. Use it! It will bring you free full information regarding Auto-Knitting and all details concerning the new plan. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Dept. 109, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, New York.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Dept. 109
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto-Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. Also all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto-Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

NOTE—The treasure is heavy. Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing.

Other DOUBLE Value Rewards You Can Earn

Washing Machine
for Auto-Knitting 7 dozen pairs of socks

Handsome Library Table
for Auto-Knitting 10 dozen pairs of socks

Genuine Reed Rocker
for Auto-Knitting 6 dozen pairs of socks

Dining Room Suite
for Auto-Knitting 56 dozen pairs of socks

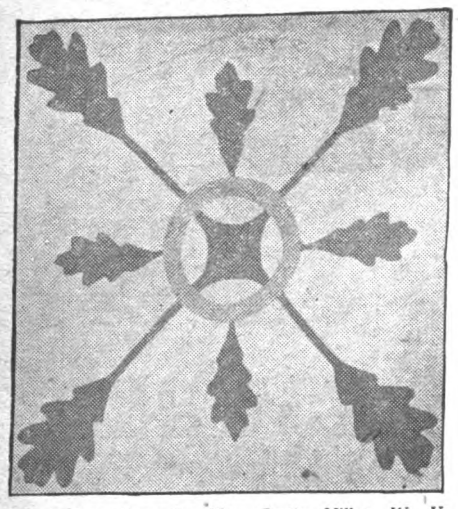
Vacuum Cleaner
for Auto-Knitting 20 dozen pairs of socks

Porch Furniture
for Auto-Knitting 24 dozen pairs of socks

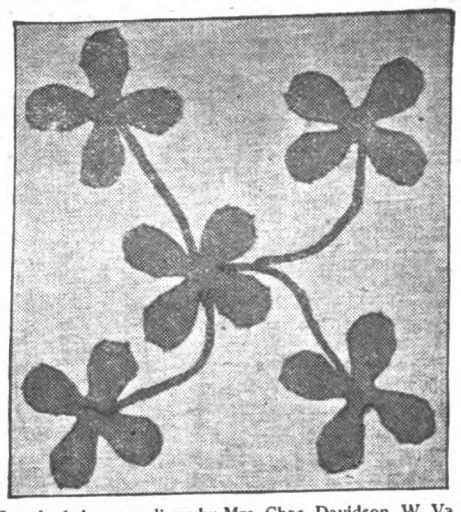
And many other useful and pretty things that you can now earn in a double-quick way. Be sure to get your copy of the big Reward Book, just off press.

Send Today For Big FREE Book →

Designs in Patchwork and Filet Crochet



Oak leaf applique by Mrs. Gertie Miller, W. Va. White background, green leaves overlaid with a pink circle.



Four-leaf clover applique by Mrs. Chas. Davidson, W. Va. White background, green leaves and stem. Buttonholed with darker green.

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s c, single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d c, double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr c, treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; block, blk, 4 d c preceded and followed by a space; sp, formed by ch between 2 doubles; skip, sk, to miss, omit or not work over a certain number of preceding stitches.

Rose Point Filet Lace

BEGIN with ch 78 sts.

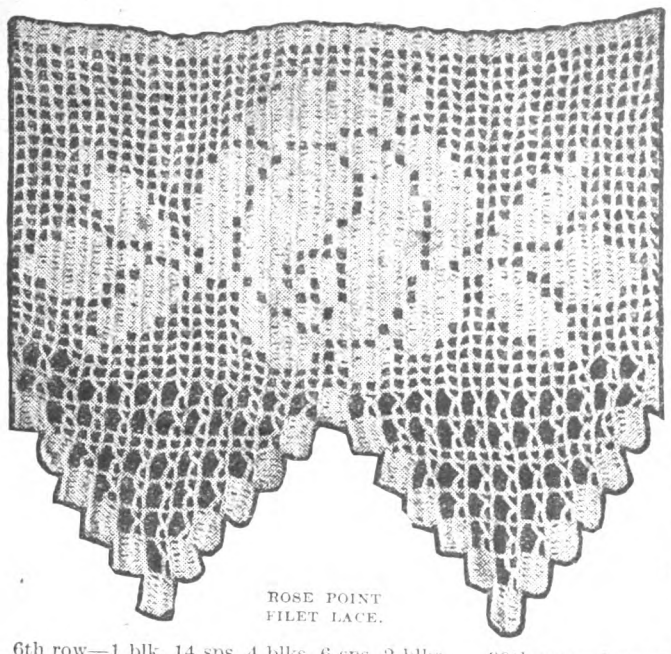
1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 2 d c next 2 sts, 23 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—Same as 1st row. Ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, turn.

5th row—2 blks (7 d c), on ch 10, 6 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.



ROSE POINT FILET LACE.

6th row—1 blk, 14 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, ch 10, turn.

7th row—2 blks, ch 3, 1 s c on 4th d c, ch 3, 1 d c on last d c in 2 blks, making 1 closed lacet. 6 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk.

The directions as given omit the lacets which cut into the filet background, under the leaves, and substitute sps, as this keeps the bottom line of spaces even and gives a better effect.

8th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5 (making open lacet over closed lacet), 2 blks on blks, ch 10, turn.

9th row—2 blks, 2 closed lacets, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

10th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 chs 5 over lacets, 2 blks, ch 10, turn.

11th row—2 blks, 3 closed lacets, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp. 3 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th row—1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 3 open lacets (see 8th row), 2 blks, ch 10, turn.

13th row—2 blks, 4 closed lacets, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps. 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

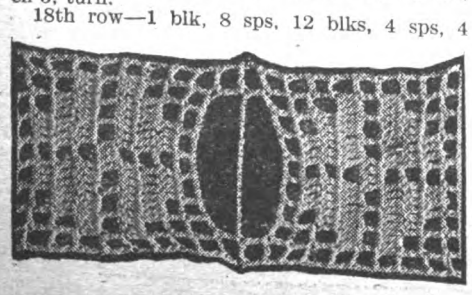
14th row—1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 4 open lacets, 2 blks, ch 10, turn.

15th row—2 blks, 5 closed lacets, 8 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

16th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 5 open lacets, 2 blks, turn.

17th row—2 blks over open lacet, 4 closed lacets, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

18th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 12 blks, 4 sps, 4



FILET BEADIN(

open lacets, 2 blks, turn, sl st as in 16th row, ch 3.

19th row—2 blks, 3 closed lacets, 3 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

20th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 open lacets, 2 blks, turn sl st, ch 3.

21st row—2 blks, 2 closed lacets, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

22nd row—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 open lacets, 2 blks, turn, sl st, ch 3,

23rd row—2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

24th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 open lacet, 2 blks, turn, sl st, ch 3.

25th row—2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

26th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, ch 10.

27th row—2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

28th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 open lacet, 2 blks, ch 10.

From here directions will not be given for the point, as it is the same as the one just completed.

29th row—For filet and rose, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

30th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, point.

31st row—After point, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

32nd row—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, point.

33rd row—After point, 7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

34th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 8 blks, 8 sps.

35th row—8 sps, 6 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

36th row—1 blk, 12 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps.

37th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

38th row—1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps.

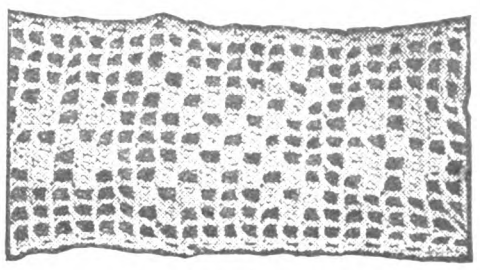
39th row—5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3.

40th row—1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps.

41st row—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk.

42nd row—1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps.

43rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk.



WIDER FILET.

44th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps.

45th row—6 sps, 5 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk.

46th row—1 blk, 15 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps.

47th row—7 sps, 2 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk.

48th row—1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, work one point with all spaces above before repeating pattern.

If a wider lace is required work one or more blocks on the point before beginning to decrease the point as directed, but in doing this above the point copy the directions for the rose and leaves as given.

Simple Filet Patterns

These three illustrations, showing a beading insertion and edging are very simple to make and all feature practically the same design.

For children's dresses use No. 30 or 40 cotton, and to trim fine lingerie No. 60.

Filet Beading

Ch 42 sts.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 8 more sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—Same as 4th row.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

8th row—Same as 2nd row.

9th row—9 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—1 sp, ch 20, skip 7 sps, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—Same as 9th row.

Repeat from 1 st row.

Filet Insertion

1st and 2nd rows—2 d c, 9 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—2 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row—2 d c, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row—2 d c, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Same as 4th row.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

Two or more rows all spaces, and repeat from third row.

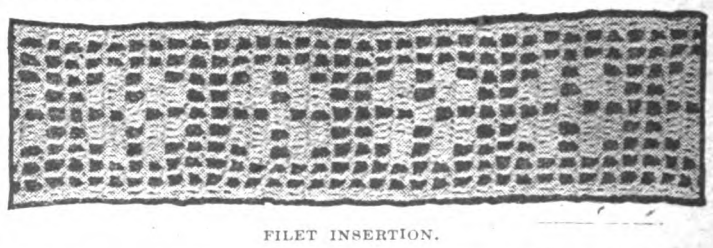
Wider Filet Insertion

Ch 38 sts.

1 st row—2 d c in 4th and 5th sts from hook, 11 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—2 d c, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—2 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.



FILET INSERTION.

4th row—2 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row—Same as 3rd row.

6th row—Same as 2nd row.

7th row—Same as 1st row.

8th row—2 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

9th row—2 d c, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

10th row—2 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

11th row—2 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

12th row—2 d c, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

13th row—2 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

14th row—2 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

15th row—2 d c, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

16th row—2 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

17th row—Same as the 1st row.

18th row—Same as the 2nd row.

Now repeat pattern from 3rd row.

If desired the pattern from the 8th to the 16th rows may be used as a repeat with one, two or three rows of spaces between. This design of crossed blocks may be easily extended, or more spaces may be worked in the width of the insertion if a wider band is needed.

Filet Towel Insertion

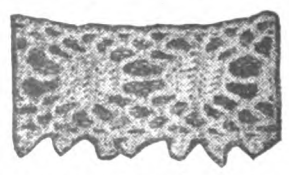
This pattern worked of white or colored silkateen is especially good for Turkish bath towels.

Ch 56 sts.

1st row—3 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—Same as 1st row.

3rd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.



IMITATION TORCHON.

4th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

Three or more rows of spaces may be worked before repeating the star like figure.



FILET EDGING.

Filet Edging

1st row—2 d c, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 6, turn.

2nd row—1 blk on ch, 9 sps, 2 d c.

3rd row—2 d c, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 6, turn.

4th row—1 blk on ch, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c.

5th row—2 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

This is center of design and scallop, repeat rows in reverse order.

Imitation Torchon Lace

Ch 18 sts, turn.

1st row—1 s c in 6th st from hook, ch 3, skip 1, 6 s c, ch 3, skip 1, 1 st, ch 3, skip 1, 1 s c, ch 5, turn.

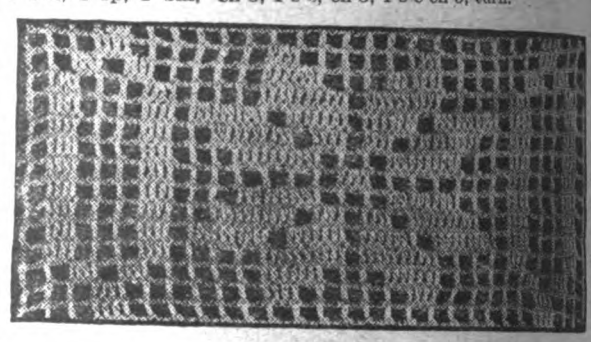
2nd row—1 sl st in 3rd ch to form p, ch 3, 1 d c on last s c, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c under next ch 3, ch 5, 1 tr c in 3rd s c, ch 5, 1 s c, under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 2 d c under ch 5, 1 d c, on treble, 2 d c under ch 5, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5, sl st to form picot, ch 3, turn, 1 d c on s c.

4th row—Ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, 5 s c, on 5 s c, 1 s c under ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c under same ch, turn.

5th row—1 s c under ch, ch 3, 7 s c on 7 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5 from p, ch 3, turn, 1 d c on s c.

6th row—Ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c, 5 s c on 5 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c ch 5, turn.



FILET TOWEL INSERTION.

7th row—1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 tr c on 3rd s c, ch 5, 1 s c, under next ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5, p, ch 3, turn. 1 d c on s c.

Repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Imitation Tatted Edge

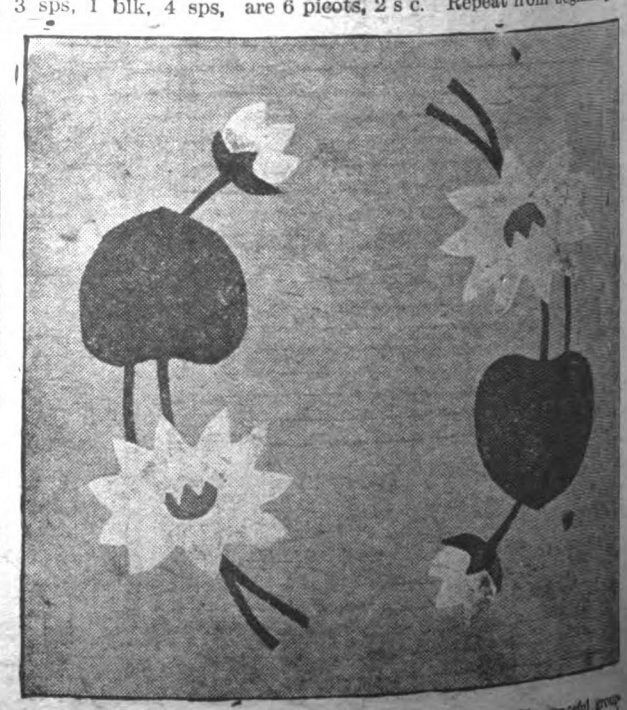
This tiny edge, if made of very fine cotton makes a dainty finish for handkerchiefs, children's clothing, collar and cuff sets or underwear.

Ch 20 stitches, slip st into 10th st from hook to form a small ring. Into the ring crochet * 2 s c, 1 picot formed of ch 3,* repeat from * to * 6 times, then 2 s c and join by sl st to first st. Ch 20, form ring as before, 2 s c in ring, ch 1, sl st to last p in preceding ring, ch 2, finish same as first ring. Repeat.

Double Loop Edging

This pattern is also worked in the length and is especially pretty made of fine thread for underclothes, of coarser thread in either ecru or white either of these edgings are very pretty for curtains.

Ch 30 stitches, sl st into 13th st from hook to form ring. Into this ring work 5 s c. Ch 3 to form picot, 5 s c. Ch 19, turn, sl st into second st before the finished picot loop. Ch 1, turn. 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, repeat until there are 6 picots, 2 s c. Repeat from beginning.



This is another effective lily arrangement by Miss Janet Becker. The graceful grouping of appliques was worked out very attractively on a light blue quilted background.

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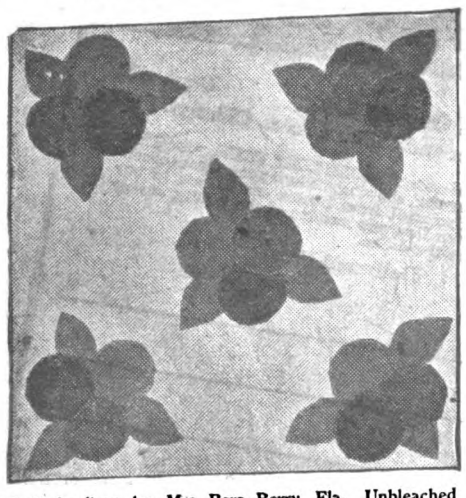
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Applique and Crochet for Busy Workers



Fruit Applique by Mrs. Bera Berry, Fla. Unbleached background, groups of green, yellow and red, backed by green leaves.

Applique Suggestions

THE different patchwork squares for applique given this month on Home Workers' pages, are all graceful designs suggested by natural forms.

In this branch of fancy work it is not at all difficult to originate your own designs, as everything attempted is merely suggested rather than copied.

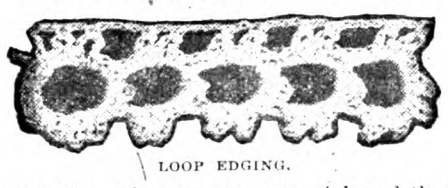
As always, rose patterns of all sorts are most popular and the wild rose appliques shown in the square block by Mrs. Henness, gives one a very good idea how much forms may vary and yet suggest the same thing.

This is because in this especial line of work color is equally as important as outlines.

One should not be afraid to copy or follow out ideas for this work without a pattern, for failure is hardly possible. Just remember that little depends upon accuracy of form, much on color and workmanship.

For example notice closely the difference in the three rose forms in the square, and yet each suggests a wild rose and nothing else.

In using this particular idea as an applique



LOOP EDGING.

decoration, select a pretty rose pink and then whatever your form, if the grouping of flowers and leaves is pleasing and the workmanship good the result cannot fail to be attractive.

In our sketch the ideas given for a bedroom set may be very easily carried out even though not exactly copied, without any pattern, and will be a success even though no two flowers are alike in outline.

This however need not be, as unity is an addition and it can be secured by using two or three outlines for cutting all of the flowers.

For the spread, draw a circle or oval to form a guide for the floral wreath. The decorations in the corners can be used on the bureau scarf, table cover and curtains. Stems if used should always be of narrow bias material.

The edges of each article may be finished either by turning hems on the right side and running with black, by buttonholing with black or binding with pink as preferred.

The oak leaf, clover and lily designs are all very good and could be used in an endless variety of ways on pillows, runners, bags and clothes.

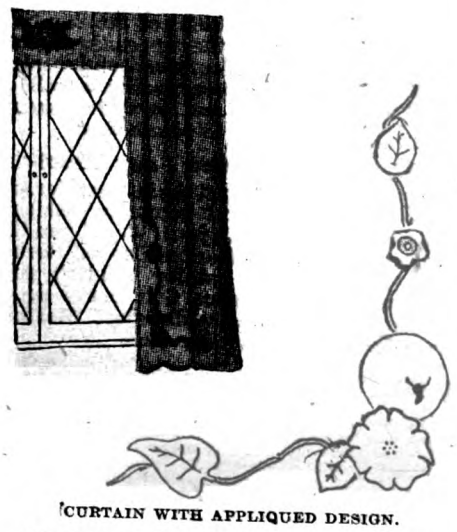
If one does not feel equal to any thing but the simplest forms, such as squares and circles, notice the block by Nellie Blair which is a very good example of what may be accomplished in this line.

Repeating groups of this or any simple motif such as th's depends largely for their effectiveness on attractive color combinations.

Fig. 3 shows the arrangement which consists of three circles overlapped and backed by three green triangles, representing leaves.

The addition of a French knot and a couple of stitches gives to each motif the appearance of a group of fruit.

Curtains with similar repeats placed alternately about a foot apart, in an all-over pattern on unbleached are very handsome for corner decorations, such as are shown on the curtain below are pretty.



CURTAIN WITH APPLIQUED DESIGN.

Checked gingham appliques for trimming plain colors are attractive too.

Either squares or circles buttonholed with a harmonious color or black, and worked into a connected pattern by running stitches or a few lazy-daisy loops go far towards making children's clothes, house dresses and aprons individual and out of the ordinary.

Loop Edging

Made of No. 30 white or ecru crochet cotton this is very pretty for curtains.

Ch 15 sts, join in ring, * 5 s c in ring, ch 5, 2 s c, ch 5, 2 s c, ch 5, 3 s c, ch 5, 2 s c, ch 12, turn ring, 1 sl st in 2 s c between last two chains 5, repeat from *. After length needed is completed work last ring thus after 4th picot, 5 s c, ch 5, 2 s c, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, 4 s c, 4 s c under next ring, ch 3, 1 tr c in last picot ch 2, 2 s c, ch 3, 1 d c in last p, ch, 4 s c. Repeat completing each ring.

Simple Over Crochet Design

Rapidly worked yokes can be made very easily in the following way and although the pattern is of the simplest a very attractive sort of herring-bone effect is gained.



OVERLAPPED FRUIT. FIG. 3.

Using No. 30 cotton for a four-inch band begin with a ch 38 sps, turn.

1st row—3 tr c in 6th st from the hook, ch 3, 3 tr c in next 4th st, * ch 3, sk 3, 3 tr c in next st, repeat from * to end of ch, making 11 groups of trebles in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—3 tr c under ch between first and second groups of trebles, ch 3. Repeat groups of trebles under each ch 3 in last row, making 10 groups in all, ch 3, 1 tr c on last treble in 1st row, ch 4, turn.

3rd row—Same as 1 st row, working the first groups of trebles in the first sp. At end ch 5, turn.

Scalloped Edging

Ch 45 sts.

1st row—1 d c in 4th ch from hook, 7 d c in next 7 sts, ch 3, skip 3, 14 d c in next 14 sts, ch 3, skip 3, 7 d c in 7 sts, ch 2, skip 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—2 d c on 2 d c, letting ch answer for first double, ch 2, 5 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 s c in ch 3, ch 3, skip 2 d c, 10 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 s c in ch 3, ch 3, 5 d c on d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—2 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 6 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row—2 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 2 d c, 4 ch 3, with 1 s c between 1 d c, ch 4, turn.

5th row—2 d c on ch, 3 chs of 3 with 1 s c between each, 2 d c on ch, 2 d c on d c, 2 d c on ch, 3 chs of 3 with 1 s c between, 2 d c on ch, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—2 d c, ch 2, 3 d c on d c, 2 d c on ch, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 2 d c on ch, 6 d c on d c, 2 d c on ch, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 2 d c on ch, 3 d c on d c, 16 d c under ch, ch 3, fasten to end of third row, ch 3, turn.

7th row—21 d c, 2 d c under ch, ch 3, 12 d c, working first and last 2 under chains, ch 3, 7 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

Now repeat the pattern from the 2nd row for the scallop.

3rd row—Skip first 2 d c, 1 d c on each double with ch 1 between, fasten to 2nd row with sl st, ch 3, turn, picot, ch 3, 1 s c between each double. The scallops are all worked alike in this manner, although the pattern above the scallops will vary somewhat.

4th row—Same as 2nd row.

Edging to Match

A suitable edging for yokes can be made to match as follows: Into the edge of all-over band work one row of spaces.

2nd row—Ch 5, 1 s c in every other sp.

3rd row—Ch 5, 1 s c under each ch.

4th row—1 group 5 tr c with picots between groups, worked under each ch of 5.

Ring Edging

Ch 12 sts, join in ring, 5 s c, ch 3, 5 s c, ch 3, 5 s c in ring, ch 19, sl st in 13 st to form second ring, 5 s c, sl st to last ch 3, in first ring (turn ring so right sides of work will come together), ch 1, 5 s c in ring, ch 7, sl st to second ch 3 in first ring, ch 1, 10 s c under ch 7, 5 s c, ch 3, 5 s c to finish second ring.



RING EDGING.



Wild Rose Applique by Mrs. Nellie Blair, Pa. White background, pink roses, centers of yellow French knots, green leaves.

Fan Bar Edging

Ch 11 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 7 d c in next 6 sts, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on last d c in 1st row, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c in next sp, 2 d c in next sp, ch 3, turn.



FAN BAR EDGING.

3rd row—5 s c, ch 3, 1 d c under end ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c in ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, all under same ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c in end 1 st c, turn.

4th row—3 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c on d c, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under 3 sps between doubles, 1 p, on 4th d c, 3 s c under ch 3, ch 5.

5th row—1 d c in 4th d c, 1 sp, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

Repeat from 1st row.

Crocheted Kimono Sleeve Sweater

This summer wrap for a child, 2 years old, requires 4 skeins white Saxony, 2 skeins colored Saxony and 1 bone hook No. 4. Begin with ch 53 sts, turn, 1 d c in 4th st from hook, 1 d c in the 49 sts of ch, ch 1, turn.

2nd row—1 s c in each of the 50 d c working through both loops of each st, ch 1.

3rd row—Same as 2nd row.

4th row—Same as 1st, then 2 rows like 2nd and 3rd. Repeat these 3 rows until there are 12 rows of doubles. Ch 55 sts for front do not break thread. Join extra wool to other side of sleeve and ch 54 sts for back.

Start where wool was left on opposite end, 54 s c on ch, 1 s c on each d c across sleeve, 54 s c on back ch, ch 1, turn. Work back in the same way.

Repeat the rows of doubles and singles until 7 rows of doubles have been completed. This last row will end on the back. Now work back and forth on 77 sts until there are 7 more rows of doubles, the last row ending at the neck. Do not break wool.

Leave 4 sts on the shoulder for the neck, join wool from an extra ball in 5th st and work to bottom of the front, making 2 rows of singles first, then 1 of doubles. Repeat, making 6 rows of doubles in all. Shorten the 4th and 6th rows of these doubles 1 st each at the neck.

For the right front ch 81 sts. This is bottom of front. Turn, 77 s c, ch 1, 77 s c, 1 row doubles. Repeat, making 6 rows of doubles as on the other side. Between the last 2 rows of singles on this side plan and make as many buttonholes as desired, ch 3 or more, skip the same number of singles, 1 s c in next st and proceed to next space marked for buttonhole. On this side drop stitches at the neck to correspond with the opposite side. Break wool. Join on opposite side of this front, work back and forth to bottom of the back, making rows to correspond with the other side, then make second sleeve. Break wool, sew up side seams and sleeves.

For the collar, with white wool make a ch of about 60 sts or long enough to reach round neck if stretched a little, turn.

2nd row—1 s c in each st, ch 1, turn.

3rd row—1 s c in each s c working through both loops of each st. Repeat 3rd row until there are 8 rows in all. Break wool. The turnover collar is of colored wool. Ch 1, 1 s c in each s c, ch 1; each end, turn. Repeat making 17 rows in all.

For the cuffs, with white wool ch 50 sts, make 8 rows same as for the collar, then 15 rows of colored wool for turnover cuff. Sew collar and cuffs in place, fulling in the bottom of the sleeve a little if necessary.

Make the belt of colored wool. Ch 22 sts,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

The Embroidery Basket

Conducted by

Beth Taske Brown

ONE cannot have too many scarfs to freshen up the living-room every little while. The scarf is equally serviceable for either a between-meal runner or a library table scarf.

The scarf illustrated here is stamped on tan linen in effective stitchery of French knot flowers. Each flower is embroidered in a different color



NAPKINS. NO. W-4.

no. W-1.

arranged according to the individual's taste, using purple, henna, copper, red, and two shades of peacock blue. All six strands are used for the knots in order to make them effective. Four strands of green are used for the outlining and lazy-dazy leaves. The centers of the flowers are worked solid in the same color as the knots, and then outlined with three strands of black, and the straight lines coming out from the center are also done with black. The edge of the scarf is in buttonhole with the wood-grey shade of floss in all six strands.

This centerpiece is 18 inches in diameter and is a very useful size for a library table, tabouret, round serving tray, or many other places where a medium sized doily may be used. The design is simple yet extremely effective with only knots, lazy-dazy and outline for stitches. The lazy-dazy flowers are done in three strands of the light blue; the sprays, of leaves and stems, of three strands of dark blue; and the French knot forget-me-nots of four strands of medium blue with yellow centers. A straight stitch of two strands of dark blue is placed in the center of each lazy-dazy stitch of the flowers, and a dark blue French knot in the center of the flower.

The edge may be finished with blanket stitch, tatting, machine or handmade lace. Directions for the lace used on this particular doily are as follows:

Abbreviations: ch, chain; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; st, stitch; tr c, triple crochet.

Ch 18, d c into 5th st, ch 4, s c into 4th st, ch 4, d c into 4th st, six times with ch 2 between 3rd and 4th st, ch 3, turn, 6 d c into loop of shell with ch 2 between 3rd and 4th st, 4 d c under ch of four, ch 2 and 4 d c under next ch of 4, d c into d c, d c into 3rd st of previous row, ch 3, turn, d c into d c, 8 d c into space between blocks, d c 6 times into loop of shell with ch 2 between 3rd and 4th st, ch 2, * tr c into loop at end of shell leaving 2 sts on needle, tr c into loop leaving 3 sts on needle, tr c into loop leaving 4 sts on needle, draw thread through 3 st, then through 2 st, ch 2, repeat from * 4 times, s c 1 st into end of ch (beginning of work), ch 3, catch under 1st ch of 2 with s c, ch 3, catch under 2nd ch of 2 with s c, ch 3, catch under 3rd ch of 2 with s c, ch 3, catch 4th ch of 2 with s c, s c into next ch of 2, ch 2, d c 6 times into loop of shell with ch 2 between 3rd and 4th st, ch 4, catch with s c between 4th and 5th st of shell of 8, ch 4, d c over d c, d c 1 st, into 2nd st of previous row. This completes one section of the lace. Repeat from beginning of directions.

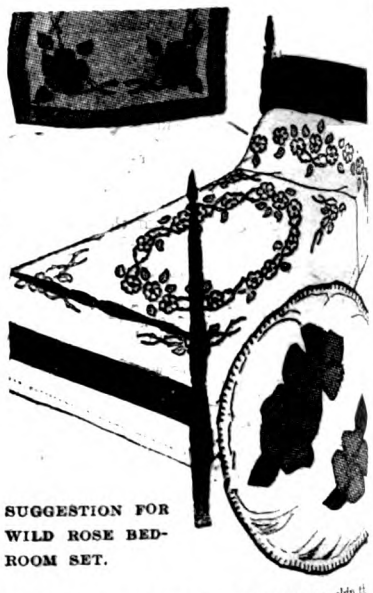
A thirty-six inch square luncheon cloth with four napkins is a very popular set for serving. This particular set illustrated is to be worked with the simple lazy-dazy and knots. The entire set is finished with fringe about one-half inch deep on the napkins, and one inch deep on the lunch cloth. This is made by first drawing out one thread the depth wanted for the fringe. Where this thread is drawn out, stitch on the sewing machine with black thread; then fringe the other threads to this stitching.

36-INCH SQUARE. NO. W-3.



NO. W-2.

The flowers are worked in reddish pink, red, orange and copper; while the clusters of knots are of peacock blue and purple. The lazy-dazy leaves and stems are of green, while black for the basket and knots in the centers of the flowers, sets the other colors off and gives the desired effect. Two strands of thread are used for the basket, four strands for the knots and three strands for the leaves, stems and petals of the lazy-dazy flowers.



SUGGESTION FOR WILD ROSE BEDROOM SET.

Patterns and Stamped goods illustrated and described in this article can be obtained from COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.—See Page 26.

From Attic to Celler

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

been added freely. Wash windows in ammonia water and wipe with old cotton cloth free from lint. After the furnishings are restored to place the room is finished, and has been done without taking unnecessary steps.

After the bedrooms are clean, close the doors and do the upper hall. In cleaning the lower floor, commence at the least used room of the living quarters. Assuming this may be an old-fashioned parlor, a down-stairs guestroom, or possibly a general utility and sewing-room, it should be thoroughly cleaned and used as a receiving place during the remainder of the cleaning. Such an arrangement saves many steps and much confusion.

Should it be necessary to extend the cleaning of the living-room into the second or third day, be sure to have your plan of procedure definitely made before starting in. Otherwise, things in general will seem in a state of upheaval. The family will suddenly need everything which happens to be at the bottom, begin to trip over things in unusual places and possibly reach the point of thinking they are being abused, all of which reacts on the housewife and causes greater fatigue than per actual physical labor.

Modern ideas of housekeeping and cleanliness have banished the carpet, the real bugbear of housecleaning. But if for various reasons you are still using one on your living-room floor, do, I implore you, take it up and do not put it back again. You may answer that your floor is unsightly, but this problem has been met in several ways. One is to cover the whole floor with linoleum, using the plain, or the undecorated plain color. Either makes a good background for rugs, which can be made from the parts of carpet showing the least wear. If the carpet is in good condition and an art-square is desired, rip off one breadth, cut off the same width from the end less a two-inch hem allowance, if it is to be hemmed, but a better edge is obtained by binding with a good quality of upholstery braid, or with strips cut from the strongest parts of an old suit. This makes a thin edge which is desirable. If the floor is smooth but has wide cracks, these may be filled and the whole floor or just a border painted a dust color which is very satisfactory.

The first day's work should consist of removing and cleaning all the pictures and bric-a-brac, and putting them in a safe place. Couch cover, pillows, any draperies and tablecovers are brushed, or hung to blow in the sun and air. The main thing to keep in mind is to finish as you go along; do as soon as these things are finished, don't lay them in a heap somewhere, but carefully fold such as require it, and place the whole in your receiving place. Remove old newspapers and magazines to a suitable place of storage. This much well done will constitute work enough for the first day and the room has been in a usable state.

Early the next morning take down the window curtains. If they simply require dusting carefully hang them by the two ends over the line and pin frequently to prevent stretching the hems. If they are to be washed, place in cold water to which one tablespoonful of ammonia to the pail has been added. In two hours, gently work through the water, drain without wringing and place in a fresh ammonia water. Work through this water and place in a warm suds to soak one hour, then wash by squeezing with the hand. Boil if the curtains are white, but if tinted, restore the tint by rinsing through a water colored with boiled tea. Hang by the two hems, and as soon as dry fold away in a drawer until they can be ironed. After the curtains are removed, the fixtures are returned to place, as this prevents their getting mixed or lying about. Roll the shade to the top. Dust the chairs and small tables and set out of the room. The larger pieces are dusted and covered. Books are dusted, shelves are wiped and books returned to place, then the whole covered. Brush the ceiling and walls the same as in the chambers. Sweep the floor. Take down one window shade, carefully unroll and wipe with a soft clean cloth over a large table. Wash the inside of window and sash, and the inside casing, and return the shade. Repeat until all the windows are finished. During the window washing you have been obliged to attend to the curtains and various other details of housework, so the forenoon will be well advanced, and you now plan to restore the room as far as possible. If you have shelves, these are cleaned and whatever was taken from them is returned. Wall pictures are replaced. Furniture is uncovered and the floor wiped or otherwise treated according to finish. Return chairs sufficient to the family comfort and call the day's work done. On the third day the woodwork can be cleaned, the curtains ironed and hung, and other furnishings replaced.

The remainder of house is cleaned in the above order. Plan your work well in advance and always make an allowance for unexpected interruptions.

Here and There About the House

Like everything else the sewing machine requires its regular cleaning. Otherwise it will become gummy from hardened oil which causes the machine to run hard and do poor work. Select a day on which you can have the machine in an open window. Slip off the belt and turn back the top. Lay several thicknesses of old cloth in the pan to catch the drip. Fill an oiler that has a generous delivery with gasolene and work it through every part of the machine until it runs clean and let it stand while the gasolene is forced into all the openings on top, then again apply it underneath until you are sure all the old oil is removed. Wipe and at once hang the cloth out of doors. Lay a fresh cloth under the machine and work the gasolene into the openings each side of the treadle and around the wheel until the old oil is removed, and lastly thoroughly oil the machine, using only sewing machine oil. Air the room thoroughly to avoid danger of explosion or fire from the gasolene fumes.

Turned needle points can often be straightened on a fine emery wheel.

If the machine belt has become loose, cut off a very small portion, and pierce a new hole just back of the old one with a hat pin heated red in a candle flame.

Cretonnes that do not require washing should be carefully hung to blow on the line, and taken in as soon as they appear free from dust. If to be washed soak one hour in cold water to which one tablespoonful of turpentine and one of coarse salt has been added to each pailful. Rinse in cold water, then wash in a tepid suds, rinse thorough two tepid waters and dry quickly in the wind. If the cretonnes are faded, they can be restored in a very pleasing way by tinting in the rinse waters. If the predominating shades are brown, add strong coffee or tea to the rinse waters. If the colors are generally light, tint with ball bluing tied in a cloth, or with pink tissue paper soaked in the rinse waters. The tinting conceals much of the fading and gives a shadow effect to the design. Care must be taken not to overdo the tinting. If the color is not deep enough from the first rinsing, more may be added to the second.

Washing sweaters for school wear is a part of the fall work and should always be done on a bright, windy day. There are two "dont's" in washing sweaters. One is never rub, and the other is never wring if you desire them to be soft and shapely when dry. Make a good suds by dissolving the soap before it is put into the water, which should be only lukewarm. Soak the sweater about ten minutes, and then press about in the water without lifting it in and out, as the weight of water will stretch the sweater. Drain off the water and add a new suds, and keep working it about until clean. Drain, add a clean water of the same temperature and work free from suds. Use two rinse waters, and the third if the sweater is very heavy. A hand vacuum washer is excellent for sweaters. Have ready a window screen covered with a clean white cloth, and resting in a slanting position or on top of two chairs. Lift the sweater from the water and lay it on the screen to dry. The screen allows the water to drip through from all parts of the sweater at once and the air to circulate.

Rub all the varnished furniture, dull finish or bright, with a furniture polish that cleans without leaving damp or sticky. This can be done after all the rooms are settled. This can be done after the wall paper was found to be loose in places along the seams, make flour paste and apply it with a flat mucilage brush, then press gently with a clean cloth.

Zinc under stoves and on tables can be brightened and cleaned with a strong solution of water and vinegar, but it must be applied over a small surface at a time and washed and wiped dry immediately. Zinc can be scoured with bath-brick and water, but the process is slow and hard.

Lacquered metals do not tarnish, for the metal is protected from the action of air and moisture by a shellac preparation, which only requires dusting and wiping with a wet cloth. If the lacquer cracks or appears worn, before the abrasion reaches the metal it should be given a touching up with shellac.

With the discarding of heavy carpets fastened in place has come the problem of finishing the floors underneath so that rugs can be used. Most of these floors are of soft wood and have had no finish of any kind applied to them. First of all, any remnants of tacks must either be drawn or driven below the surface with a nail set. Thoroughly sweep, including the edges and the openings between boards. Level and remove any surface roughness by planing. Scrub clean, and avoid leaving any soap on the floor by following each washed section with hot water.. and a cloth free from soap. Otherwise the finish will not wear well. Any stains that are liable not to be covered by the finish are removed with a solution of one teaspoonful of oxalic acid to one cup of hot water. This solution is poisonous and should be carefully labelled and kept from the reach of children.

Various kinds of crack filler are used, but a simple and satisfactory one may be made of genuine whiting and linseed-oil putty into which is thoroughly worked about 10 per cent. of dry white lead and coloring matter to match the floor. Another good filler may be made of Cabinet glue melted with a little water in a dish set in water, thickened with fine sawdust, and colored to match the wood. This must be used while hot and can be worked smoothly into cracks with a small knife.

In the Cellar

That the cellar be clean and well ventilated, especially if used as a storage place for food, is of great importance. If possible there should be a cross current of air, as the air from the cellar affects that all over the house. Openings should be well screened, and cellar windows not put in until there is danger from freezing. Where the cellar bottom is damp and board walks are used, they should be removed as soon as signs of decay appear, otherwise the rotten wood will harbor slugs and bugs that will find their way into the vegetable boxes.

The only practical way of treating cellar walls is with an annual coat of whitewash, because the white reflects the light and the whitewash is a germicide. The cellar walls should be thoroughly brushed, and scrubbed with a broom and hot soap suds before applying the whitewash.

Boxes of vegetables should rest on racks or blocks of wood to avoid dampness and mustiness. Shelves of the swinging or hanging type allow the air to circulate freely and are.. more easily cared for.

Openings through which rats and mice may enter should be filled up with a mixture of cement, sand and small stones or broken brick. Other places, such as those in partitions where the rodents may have gnawed through, may be effectively closed by covering the hole on both sides of the partition with a sheet of zinc.

The Feast of the Dead

By Everett McNeil

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THE Indians of California had many queer customs and ceremonies, at least they seem queer to us, possibly because we cannot now understand the background of religion and tradition on which they were built. One of these odd ceremonies, probably religious in its origin, might be called The Feast of the Dead. Just what its origin was no white man knows; but it probably dates back to the early history of the tribe and, therefore, has an historical and religious as well as curious interest to the student of the American Indian. The following account of this feast is taken from a description given by an eye-witness.

A few days before its coming the Indians began to make ready for this feast by preparing large quantities of food, chiefly beef, acorn pudding and tortillas (a thin round cake made from maize flour and baked on a hot, flat stone). In addition they made images to represent every member of their tribe who had died during the three preceding years. These images were made of wood and were completely dressed, including hats, shoes and stockings, in the best clothes obtainable.

Early on the morning of the appointed day the Indians from all the surrounding country began gathering at the spot selected for the feast. At about ten o'clock the squaws inaugurated the ceremonies by squatting down on the ground in the form of a large circle. The men at once took their stations a few feet behind them. An Indian priest now entered the circle and read, in Spanish, a passage from a book. This done he began to chant a song or prayer, while, at the same time, he shook an odd-looking rattle made from a dried gourd. He then read another passage from the book and then again chanted his song or prayer and shook his rattle. He did these two things alternately for some time. In the meantime the squaws in the circle were wailing and crying in the most heart-breaking manner, as if they were about to perish of grief, hugging their arms close to their bodies and rocking back and forth. This was their way of expressing their sorrow for the dead.

When this ceremony, evidently religious, was completed, the Indians all repaired to the spot where the images had been left standing on the ground. Each image was now grasped by a man. These men at once formed themselves into a line and began a march or rude dance, holding their images much as if they were dancing partners and grunting guttural grunts with every step. During this march other Indians tossed coins, baskets and pieces of fine calico up into the air. These articles were offerings from the dead and could be carried off freely by anyone who wished, except a relative of the dead represented by the images. At the end of the march or dance all the images were placed in a pile and burnt.

The feast now came next in order; and, accordingly, the eaters all squatted down on the ground and the good things were passed around by the squaws, who were careful to see that the aged got the choicest morsels.

But it was after the feast that the strangest rite of all came, the burning of a maiden, as it was called. This was not as bad as it sounds; and was accomplished by placing a young Indian girl in a hole previously dug in the ground and covering her, all but her head, with wet reeds and cloths. Then a fire was built as near her as was considered safe and a dozen or more squaws formed a circle around the girl and the fire and danced and sung as they moved around her. This dancing, singing circle was kept going around the girl during the rest of the day, fresh squaws taking the place of those who became tired. The maiden, after having passed through this ordeal, was no longer to be considered a girl. She had become a woman and could now marry whenever she found the man she wanted.

Those not engaged nor interested in the ceremony of burning the maiden, spent the rest of the day eating, playing games, gambling, dancing and having a general good time after the rude manner of Indians.

Just what the burning of the maiden symbolized is hard to tell. Possibly it was meant to symbolize the burning away of the foolish fancies of youth and the assuming of the responsibilities of womanhood. At least it was a most disagreeable test of the hardihood and endurance of the young Indian girl; and again possibly, it was to show her fitness to become the wife of an Indian, a position that often required both hardihood and endurance.

They met on the crossing at twilight,
Ne'er will they meet again—
One was a speeding motorist,
The other a railway train.

—*The Automobilist.*

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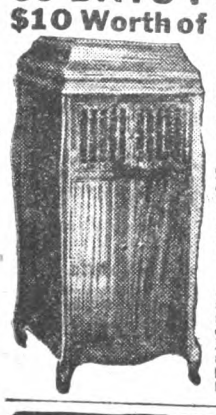
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Better Babies and Happier Mothers

By C. F. Sweeney, M. D.

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STATISTICS tell us that in 1918 twenty-three thousand women died in the United States from causes connected with child birth, and of course the actual number is far more than this, as in some sections of the country causes of death are not reported or recorded. Each year more than two hundred and fifty thousand babies, about one-eighth of the total number born, die before they reach the age of twelve months.

There is no question but what a large percentage of these deaths of mothers and babies are due to ignorance and neglect and could be prevented.

The many unnecessary and preventable dangers never designed by Nature to be attendant on motherhood and babyhood can and should be eliminated by care and forethought.

Motherhood lends to the life of a woman the sublime qualities which are the guide of the human race—pity and love.

In the feelings which motherhood inspires reside the best elements of moral perfection.

In shielding with her protection the defenceless young being for whom she has passed through the valley where the angels' whispers are almost audible, in pressing to her heart the creature thus consecrated by her travail pains, in letting herself be seized with love for the still unconscious child, who can repay her only with ingratitude and misunderstanding, woman is clothed with divine beauty, suffering and love.

All that is best in creation shines in motherhood affection, and rekindles with boundless hope the human race of every age.

For this source of love gushes forth for all, leaves within our souls unforgetable and imperishable traces and lightens with its blessed tenderness the hardest paths of our Calvary and darkest recesses of our hearts.

Motherhood, childbearing is the most wonderful, the most sacred thing the world has ever known or will ever know, whether it be the Wonderful Child born in that lowly manger or the offspring of the most ignorant and obscure individual that comes to our shores.

This being the case, tell me if you can, why an intelligent American public does not dare discuss maternity freely, fully, out in the open before their children and not consider it a subject to be discussed only in whispers, or in hospitals by nurses and physicians. I hope I shall live to see the time when we foolish physicians do not have to look intelligent children in the eye and plead guilty of bringing them a sister or brother in our black bag or that mother has now another premium from a soap order.

These children as they look back cannot respect the parties in these foolish, deceitful lies, but, alas, they must forgive them as history repeats itself, and they later, hand on the same to their children.

It has been my misfortune to hear girls who had paid dearly for their ignorance cry out, "Why did not mother tell me about these things", and more than one mother say, "My daughter has learned her lesson". Yes, she has learned her lesson, paid tuition with pain and sorrow; but madam, if you had learned your lesson and knew the duty of a true mother, all of this could have been prevented.

The first step to be taken in order to lessen the mortality of mothers and babies is to have the health and strength of the parents improved. The world is not yet ready for any radical step along these lines, but the time will come when getting a marriage license will be an important matter, and both parties will have to pass a thorough medical examination, which will include a blood test so as to make it impossible to infect each other or hand down any blood-taint to their offspring.

There is more truth than poetry to the statement made in the Bible when it says that, "the sins of the father shall be handed down from generation to generation."

We now come to pregnancy and I wish to say right here that the most delightful moment in the lives of a happily married couple is the time when the first baby arrives, strong and well and without excessive suffering on the part of the mother, nor injury to her health. And such should be the happy consummation when there is no impediment to hinder or prevent the normal course of Nature in the performance of her most wonderful work in the unceasing repetition of that miracle—the reproduction of life.

What should a pregnant woman do? Lead a happy normal life, avoiding excitement, sexual and otherwise. Do not diet but remember she is feeding two people instead of one, and eat nourishing food rather than things that tempt the palate. Keep the bowels regular and know that the kidneys are performing their proper function. This last can be proven by occasional examination of urine. If this analysis is not possible, any patient can drink plenty of pure water, and if danger signals present themselves, like severe headaches, swelling hands and feet, go on a strict milk diet, flush bowels with Sulphate of Magnesia, apply counter irritation over the small of back. Continue this treatment until all symptoms subside.

Pregnancy is a normal physiological condition, and it is the exception to the rule for things to go wrong, but it is these exceptions that we must appreciate and treat properly.

The breasts do not need any great attention except only if there is any discharge. This can be checked by a snug binder worn for a few days. And during the latter weeks of pregnancy the breasts may be hardened by bathing with solution of tannin and alcohol.

Pregnancy should last 280 days, and if the last day of last menstruation was January 1st, the baby should arrive October 8th.

The expectant mother should spend her spare time getting the baby's wardrobe ready, and this should consist of at least one flannel wrapping or receiving blanket, four knitted abdominal bands, four knitted shirts, four flannel petticoats, three night gowns, four to eight cotton slips, three wraps or blankets and five dozen diapers. Do not discuss baby's coming with anyone who has a long list of calamities to tell you about, *but with people* who have had a happy normal birth or births, such as yours is to be.

It has been my displeasure to sit during the still dark hours of the night and hear these tales of woe told to an expectant mother who was nervous, when it seemed as if I should be obliged to adopt drastic measures, but had to refrain from doing so in the interests of peace and harmony. Most of these old-fashioned nurses are wonderful as they have had many of their own (and lost some) but they do delight in telling of the accidents, forgetting the many, many thousands that are normal as they should be. If it ever happens that you have to choose between an inexperienced nurse who will do exactly what she is told or an experienced one who knows a few things herself, by all means choose the former.

The newly arrived baby is wrapped in a soft wool or outing flannel blanket, previously made warm by brick or hot water bottle, then wrapped with another warm blanket, laid on its right side with small opening above to admit fresh air. A hot water bag should then be laid against the blankets instead of upon them because of its weight. After the mother has been made comfortable, the baby should be thoroughly oiled with olive oil, white vaseline or unsalted lard, as these dissolve the protective substance that covers the skin. Wrap the navel cord in clean absorbent cotton, see that it is not bleeding and put on abdominal binder with end of navel pointing toward the chin. The nurse should observe that the baby is breathing properly, its color good, that it is warm, properly covered and lying on right side. After it has slept at least four or five hours, it should be bathed and dressed. Very soon after baby is born, the attendants should drop a few drops in each eye of either a one per cent. of Nitrate of Silver solution or 15 per cent. Argyrol solution. This is most important and has saved many cases of blindness and should be required by law in all the States, as it is in many. In washing baby, be careful not to get soap in baby's eyes, and it is best not to use soap on face for this reason. Just a line in regard to the navel string. It must be tied carefully and cut one and one-half inches from the umbilicus, and it is best to put on flannel band over it, and this is especially important if baby is inclined to cry or cough.

Umbilical hernia in babies is getting to be far too common, and yet it is preventable in all cases. The baby's bowels and kidneys should move within twenty-four hours, the mother's by the third day.

After the baby has been washed and dressed and the mother rested, it should be put to the breast. This is important as baby needs the colostrum which acts as a laxative in clearing the bowels. Every healthy mother should try and nurse her baby, as mother's milk is the ideal food and is something that even the greatest chemists cannot even imitate.

The lying-in room should be the most comfortable and most quiet in the house, and the mother should lie abed ten days or two weeks at least and not know about the incidents and accidents of the rest of the household.

Inexperienced mothers are often greatly at loss to know whether a baby is properly thriving or not, and may be unduly alarmed at small matters, or may not understand the serious nature of certain conditions.

It may be helpful to mention the leading characteristics of a normal, healthy baby, and the mothers may assume that the lack of these conditions shows temporarily, or otherwise, the baby is not in perfect health. These indications of health are:

A steady gain in weight, bowel movements of the normal number, color and consistency, absence of vomiting or regurgitation of food, a good appetite, a clear skin, bright wide open eyes, alert springy muscles, which respond readily to any stimulus, a contented expression, very little crying, quiet unbroken sleep with eyes and mouth tightly closed, no evidence of pain or discomfort, a constant growth in stature and intelligence. The baby learns to hold up its head during the fourth month. He laughs aloud from the third to the fifth month. He reaches for toys and holds them from the fifth to the seventh month. At seven or eight months, he is usually able to sit erect and hold the spine upright, and the first lower teeth appear. During the ninth and tenth months he makes the first attempts to bear his weight on the feet and can usually stand with assistance at eleven or twelve months. At one year, baby can usually speak a few words and at the end of second year baby makes short sentences. Children differ in the rapidity of their development, some slower, some faster; therefore, the mother should not be unduly alarmed at variations from this description of a normal child.

A baby should not be hurried either in learning to walk or talk, and if a baby seems nervous or with a large head, the more quiet it is kept the better. If they are encouraged to walk before their legs are strong enough, bow legs result.

The two most important qualifications for a person entrusted with the care of babies are patience and unselfishness, and with a fond memory of a good mother who brought up ten children oftentimes with not the best of everything to do with, but with a gentleness and devotion that made even long hard nights nursing seem a pleasure, I submit this paper with the following toast—God Bless the Mothers.



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Crocheted Kimono Sleeve Sweater

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

turn, skip 1, 1 s c in each st, ch 1, turn. Repeat until belt is about 25 inches long, make 2 buttonholes, then add 4 rows more. Make straps of white wool of singles a little wider than the belt. Sew to side seams and run belt through. Face the under side of the left front with a piece of ribbon before sewing on the buttons.

U. S. Drinks Half the World's Coffee

Of a world coffee production of 2,500,000,000 pounds for the year ending June 30th, states a report of the National Coffee Roaster's Association, the United States consumed 1,281,601,596 pounds.

It is noted that since the enactment of national prohibition coffee drinking has increased 21 per cent., the equivalent of 100 cups per year per capita. Equal distribution of the coffee consumed during the year ended June 30th provides 484 cups of the beverage for every man, woman and child in the United States for the year.

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Designs for the embroidery can be transferred to cloth by either the Hot Iron Transfer pattern or the Perforated Stamping pattern. To stamp with the hot iron method one needs only to spread the cloth smoothly on a table or ironing board and then place the pattern printed side down on the cloth and run a hot iron over the pattern.

The perforated pattern, as the name implies, has a series of perforations which correspond with the design to be worked, but is transferred to the cloth by a brush and stencil ink. The value of the perforated pattern is in its permanence. With care it can be used dozens of times. The hot iron pattern can be used but once.

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Stamped on white Butcher cloth	10c
Hot Iron transfer pattern	10c
Perforated pattern with transfer materials	25c
Floss to work	35c
Thread for edge	10c
36 INCH SQUARE—W-3	
Stamped on unbleached muslin	60c
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Perforated pattern with transfer materials	25c
Floss to work	40c
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Four napkins 12 inches square stamped on unbleached muslin	40c
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Send all orders to "Embroidery Basket", care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Clothes for the Woman Who Makes Her Own

By Eveline Vance

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NO doubt many of COMFORT's readers are using the Home-Made Dress Form, while others have either read or heard of its advantages and are eager for directions for making one for themselves. Right here I will mention the fact that Miss Minnie Zimmerman, president of the Loughton Woman's Institute in Essex, near London, while touring the United States and observing the activities of our extension and home economic department workers, has become so keenly interested in the making of

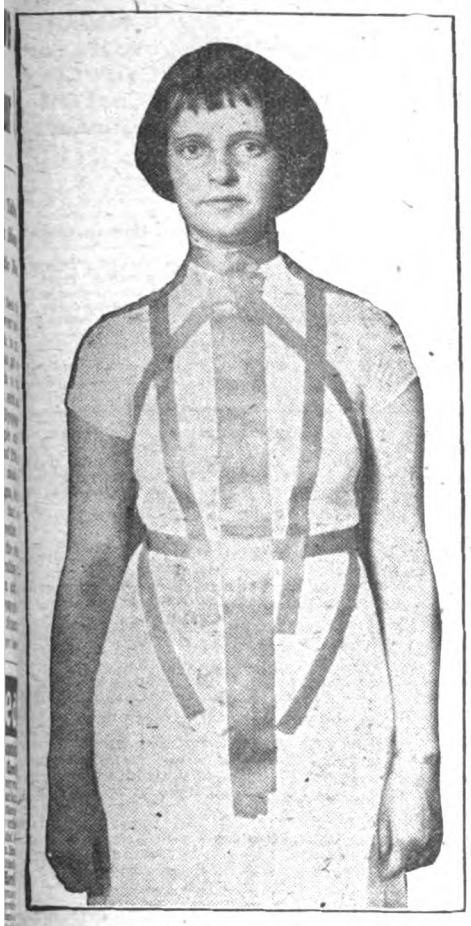


FIG. 1.—SHIRT AND FOUNDATION STRIPS.

gummed paper dress forms that she intends to introduce this labor-saving device to English housewives as soon as she returns. Thousands of women in this country, especially those in rural districts who can not get help with their sewing, have made dress forms according to instructions given by extension agents so that they can fit their own clothes more easily and remodel old garments.

However, we have thousands of women readers, who, for various reasons, cannot avail themselves of the instruction given through the extension work in home economics which is being carried on by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in cooperation with State Agricultural Colleges, and for the benefit of these, COMFORT is giving a carefully prepared description for making the gummed paper dress form together with illustrations which show the work in four different stages.

Every woman knows it is to her advantage to dress well, which does not mean she must have many or expensive clothes, but rather that she must be dressed suitably for her needs, becomingly and have a certain style which only a well-fitting garment can produce. For years the thing that bothered women in making their own dresses was the difficulty encountered in getting the garment properly fitted on themselves, but that difficulty can now be entirely overcome, for the home-made form is, naturally, an exact replica of the figure. One woman of a group helping each other make dress forms, and who chanced to be both fat and short, was heard to exclaim, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw myself as others see me, and I am going to start right in getting thin." Needless to say the remark made by this woman contained a sermon that should make us all desire to "see ourselves," that we may know beyond a doubt if our shoulders are back, or if we are acquiring an all too common slouchy attitude so destructive to health and good appearance.

The original gummed paper dress form seems to have come from one of the southern states and was called the "Home Betty." It requires three persons to do the work to advantage, two besides the model, as it is far too fatiguing for the model to stand long enough for one worker to apply all the strips. Even the fourth person would be useful providing they all work with understanding. There should be a head-worker who will also direct and thus prevent confusion.

How the Writer Made the Dress-Form Here Pictured

NECESSARY MATERIALS.—A gauze shirt, with high neck and cap sleeves, which measures six inches smaller than the regulation bust size. For instance: for a figure of 38, a 32 bust size would give the proper fit for dress-form foundation, as the gauze stretches smooth and prevents the possibility of wrinkles. One roll of inch-wide gummed paper. A piece of board, not less than three-eighths of an inch thick, to form a base if the dress-form is not to be mounted on a standard. Other materials are a sponge or cloth in a small dish of water, needle and thread sharp scissors, pencil and yardstick.

To make the form proof against moisture it should be given a protective coat of shellac or varnish inside and out, after it is thoroughly dry. A small brush and about a half pint of shellac will do the work.



FIG. 3.—ONE-HALF OF COMPLETE FORM.

It is well to have a basin of warm water and a towel for wiping sticky fingers.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.—The model should stand still. If she twists about or moves head or arms, she may stretch the moist paper or pull the strips out of place.

The work should be done as quickly as possible without sacrificing accuracy. All preliminary preparations should be made with the model seated. The actual pasting on of the strips should not take more than an hour and a quarter. A practiced team can do it in a much shorter time.

The strips should be moistened enough to soften the glue thoroughly, but should not be too moist. Beginners should take care that they do not wipe off the glue instead of merely softening it.

Where the ends meet, they should be lapped just enough to insure strength, as over-lapping will destroy the exactness of the form.

While the first layer must be well and strongly constructed, the same regard for appearance is not necessary with this layer as with the outside layer.

There can be no fixed rule for applying all of the strips. For instance, the curves of a large, stout woman will require different treatment than where



FIG. 4.—APPLYING SHELLAC.

the figure is straight and slender. The important consideration is to have two coats of paper, each to fit smoothly and of uniform thickness.

While the shirts made especially for the gummed paper forms are far superior to any other, it is possible to construct a makeshift from an ordinary shirt. If this is necessary, rip the buttonhole section off the front of a high-necked shirt, cut off the sleeves half way between shoulder and elbow, and from an old shirt cut a strip crossways (not bias) wide enough to sew on to the neck edge of shirt from which the finish has been trimmed, and to extend nearly to the ears. Remember the shirt is to be six inches smaller than the bust measure, which will bring the collar down to neck-band height when the front of shirt and ends of collar are sewed together.

PREPARATION.—All usual graments should be worn except the dress, taking care to have a comparatively smooth surface over which to stretch the shirt. Put on the shirt and with strong thread overhand the edges together.

First Coat

Pull the shirt down tightly over the hips, and pass a strip closely around the waist-line. For very heavy figures it may be advisable to make this waistband of surgeon's tape. Next, place a strip around the neck and down the center front and one each side of the front, looping each side strip well onto the center strip. The center strip must follow a straight line for it is through this and through the center back strip that the form is cut from the figure. Following these are some foundation strips that make a degree of rigidity over which to work. Fig. 1 illustrates the first steps in making form.

FRONT.—Fig. 2 shows one-half of first coat finished. If the figure is slight, the strips may be continued to the bottom of the shirt. For a full figure and over the fullest part of the bust it will be necessary to use separate pieces above and below the waist-line. Where necessary, tear the paper at the waist-line and use the balance either above or below the waist, according to length. The strips on the bust may curve toward the center. When they do this, tear off the surplus paper after it is lapped. Use short strips to extend the shoulder.

BACK.—Begin the back on the side already completed in front, lapping the strips on the shoulder and pasting the paper tightly and smoothly down to the waist-line. Paste the strips on the back as for the front.

UNDER ARM.—For a full figure, as shown in illustrations, fill in the space between waist-line and armpit with slanting strips, brought well up under the arm and alternating front and back. For a very heavy figure the strips may be started at the waist-line in center front and center back and carried diagonally across to center back and center front. For a slight figure the strips may be placed horizontally.

BELOW THE WAIST.—Paste strips straight down from the waist-line. Fill in any triangular spaces left between the strips with shorter strips. Be sure the lower part of the form is firm and strong, but do not distort the waist-line by too much overlapping there.

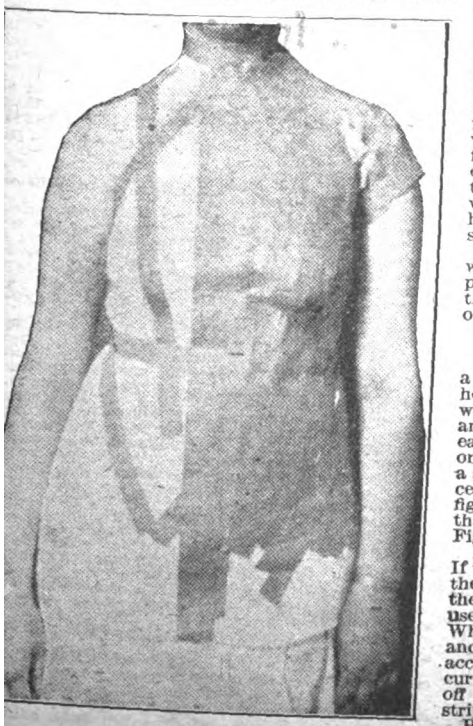


FIG. 2.—ONE-HALF OF FIRST COAT.

Second Coat

Brace the first coat above the waist by placing two or three short strips horizontally at the front and back below the base of the neck. Brace it below the waist by bringing several strips diagonally from waist-line to bottom of form. Several strips placed almost horizontally over the fullest part of the hips will help to stiffen the lower part of the form, which by reason of the spreading of the strips, tends to be less firm than the upper part. Place guide strips on shoulders and under arms to indicate where strips should meet. The front of the second coat, above the waist, should be completed before the work on the back is begun.

FRONT.—Starting from the top of the right shoulder at the neck bring strip diagonally across the chest and well under the left armpit, to the guide strip. Repeat with the left shoulder and continue with alternating strips, crossing at center front, until front is covered to the waist-line. The strips may curve toward the center over the bust.

BACK.—Proceed with the back as with the front.

BELOW THE WAIST.—Place strips as for the first coat. Cover in the ends of the strips at the waist with one or two horizontal strips.

SLEEVES.—To make sleeve, have the model stand with arms slightly akimbo, resting the hands well down on the hips. The pose must be held while the sleeve is being made and until it becomes partially dry. Paste a strip of paper around it as far down as the sleeve is to extend, and loose enough to remove readily. Draw two or three strips snugly up under the armpit and lap them on the shoulder, covering in the edge of the armhole. There will be a few wrinkles under the armpit. Fill in the sleeve with strips passing around the arm and lapping on upper side. Finish sleeve and shoulder by pasting several strips lengthwise from neck to bottom of sleeve, covering in the lapped ends.

Neck.—Place two strips snugly around the neck, making small slashes on the lower side to make them fit smoothly.

MARKING AND REMOVING.—Draw a line down the exact middle of the front and back. Several short lines should be drawn horizontally across the dividing line, both front and back, to serve as guides in bringing the halves of the finished form together. With yardstick and pencil mark several points equidistant from floor around the fullest part of the hips, keeping a record of the distance between hip and floor. Cut a line down the center front and center back, and remove the form. See Fig. 3.

Trim the lower edge on the hip line. Three persons will be needed to put the form together and the work should be done immediately after the form is removed. Cut a number of three-inch strips, moisten one-half and paste them about an inch apart along the front and back edges of one-half of the form. Now place the back edges together, and while two hold the form the third person wets the other half of strips and presses them into position. Finish the front in the same manner. It is well to put long strips on the inside of the form to reinforce the outside short ones. Stand the form on the base and if not quite level it may be trimmed even. Securely tack the form to the wood after it has been coated inside and out with shellac, but it must be thoroughly dry first. See Fig. 4.

Any reader wishing to know where to get the Dress Form Shirt and gummed paper tape can obtain this information by writing to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In many localities the cooperative making of dress forms has fostered a community spirit which otherwise might never have existed, because thrifty housewives call for material results if they are to give several hours of time away from home, or if they are to give over their kitchen or living-room for holding a "Betty School." Out of the many practical purposes of the dress-form, one is the making of them for girls going away to school or work, for then their clothes can be made at home and sent to them, an appreciated saving, for room and board make a large hole in the pay envelope.

Planning the Winter Wardrobe

With the clear cold days of autumn comes the reminder that the time for changing ginghams for serge, and sweaters for coats is close at hand. We are quite apt to go on enjoying the easy-to-wear summer garments until we find ourselves with nothing suitable on hand unless we can resort to the warmer things which we so gladly hung and packed away last spring. Recently I heard a woman express the wish that all her old clothes could be disposed of and a fresh start made. As I listened it occurred to me that theoretically this idea might be a good starting point; that is, one could make a list of what she would buy if her entire wardrobe was to be "bran-new," then, after making a careful survey of all the garments on hand with full appreciation of their real value, check off from the original list such as could be substituted by cleaning, repairing and remodeling.

With most of us the amount to be spent for clothes is more or less limited and we are searching for ways to stretch the dollar. Every housewife should make a business of taking an inventory of the famiy wardrobe, at least twice a year, just to learn, if for no other reason, how many garments have been little worn because they were not well selected. Good judgment in buying is only acquired by those who learn what they can spend and have full knowledge of the family needs, and the ability to select materials according to their value and appropriateness. Over-zealous clerks are too frequently responsible for the inexperienced or doubtful shopper buying that which later on proves to be far from satisfactory; so one must learn to understand the clerk whose only object is to sell.

Among the mistakes most commonly made is the buying of that which in no way corresponds or harmonizes with the clothes on hand. This practice constitutes a great waste, for one seldom gets much service from badly selected clothing.

A good rule for the one who would reduce the cost of clothing to a practical minimum is to wear simple clothes that require few repairs and remain in fashion. Select styles that will answer the most purposes; select seasonable colors that are becoming and not pronounced, and buy good materials, for they wear the longest and can be remodeled, and a good quality adds very much to the style and general appearance of a garment.

Right Dressing and Fashions

In no sense is the word *freedom* more expressive than in the present-day dress for women, for they are gradually freeing themselves from the bondage of corsets, and I suspect, if we knew the whole truth, we would be thanking the athletic girl for this blessing. To be in a position to obtain a near-view of the passing throngs at one of our large resorts, is to discover that we are well advanced into a corsetless era, so much more natural and stronger do women walk since the diaphram is no longer held in restraint. While a large per cent. of women and girls have gone from the narrowest type of girdle to no support at all since the dresses that hang straight from the shoulders have come into vogue, the soft waist which is being generally adopted offers a happy medium to those who call for something that can be worn loose and yet give the figure a more definite line without affecting its freedom. These waists have camisole tops, hose supporters front and back and are frequently made with a section of elastic across the hip.

Low-heeled shoes have also made their contribution toward the comfortable dress women are now enjoying, to say nothing of the health benefit they will derive by allowing the spine to maintain the position that nature intended. Women who have long worn high heels that gave their feet such a small surface to balance upon, will experience some discomfort in the change of position which the low-heeled shoes will at first give when walking, because the muscles and ligaments have become weakened through inactivity and they should be strengthened gradually by changing several times a day from the low to higher heels. Shoes for all purposes are now seen with low heels, so it becomes an individual matter as to the style of heel a woman wears. Already high heels on the street appear in bad taste and it is predicted that they will disappear entirely.

Costumes that Meet the Average Demand

By "average" I mean clothes for street wear, motoring, afternoons at home, church and informal social affairs.

Under the term "sport" clothes is a range of styles that have gone a long way toward revolutionizing women's dress. These styles have come to stay and are worn in attractive combinations. Except for indoors they are less seen in cold winter weather, but as many of COMFORT's readers migrate to, or live in the warmer climes a little talk on sport clothes will not come amiss. One of the earliest combinations was the short sport skirts, the shirt waist and sweater, and today it is as "strong" as ever. To waists have been added the slip-over blouse, which is merely a waist worn outside the skirt and finished with a four-inch band large enough to slip over the shoulders. All descriptions of sweaters are seen. New ones are added to the list, but a sweater that fits well in any style is wearable. The sleeveless sweater, which meets below the waist-line in front and fastens with four pearl buttons shares in newness with the plain tailored coat-sweater which is made in a fine firm weave. The slip-over sweater with round or V neck is still in vogue and can be highly recommended for school-room wear.

Of skirts, there is a wide range to choose from, the plaited ones being quite in favor just at present. Sport models are excellent for street wear, motoring and many informal gatherings. For extra warmth, capes of homespun and Scotch mixtures are worn and they add a touch of smartness as well.

For church, street and many other occasions nothing is better than a plain, well-fitted and made suit. Navy-blue suitings, small two-toned even checks, colored homespuns and Scotch mixtures make the most useful suits, and if cut on simple lines, the coats can be worn with sport skirts that harmonize in color. In this way two different costumes can be made from one coat and two skirts; which illustrates the advantage of considering the whole wardrobe from the point of harmony, when adding a garment to it. A simple hat, with scarf to match, that indicates the tones of the skirt will give the suit-coat an entirely different appearance. For more formal occasions the suit is worn with a fancy silk blouse and a small fur piece at the neck. Capes, mantles, loose coats and the cape suits are all shown in great variety, and surely nothing could be better looking or more useful.

Dresses that hang from the shoulders or are slightly held in at a low waist to suggest a blouse are the principles on which most of the dresses are made this season. Among the special features in the thin materials are one or two rows of plaiting around the bottom which extends to the knee, or may form two-thirds of the entire length of skirt. The short sleeves are trimmed with a plaiting, while the neck is piped. Figured or striped silk dresses are extremely simple in lines and may have side ruffles of the same material which extend from waist to hem. Hip trimmings are seen in square knots with sash ends, narrow ribbons around the waist which end at the hip with loops and ends, narrow soft folds of dress material terminating with a rosette or ornament, straight six-inch wide strips sewed on one edge to the side of skirt and left free at both ends to fall in graceful folds. Berthas have again made their appearance, adding a pleasing feature to otherwise very simple dresses. On the wool dresses they are made of ribbon which is fulled by pulling a thread in the selvage until the ribbon lays nearly flat on the lower edge. Some of these ribbons are made with one edge scalloped, while straight edges are sometimes finished with flimsy lace tinted to harmonize. Some of the berthas are made of the dress material with scalloped and bound edge to match the bottom edge of skirt. Others are of lace edges, or of net with inserts.

Over-blouses are shown in a variety of material, and styles, though the keynote is always the simple line. Many of them hang straight from the neck to lower edge, slightly held in at the hip line with gathers which are concealed with narrow string ties with loops and ends falling below blouse. Other blouses are slightly gathered all around, or over the hips into a four-inch band wide enough to step over the shoulders, or in case of large hips the band and under-arm seams for about three inches are finished open and fastened with snaps. The surplice front which closes well to the left is usually finished with the straight coat collar which is often of a contrasting material and color, many of the necks and sleeves are finished with a piping, while other necks have fitted collars.

Making Over Dresses

Old clothes should be thoroughly cleaned and pressed before being made over. Frequently two garments can be combined to excellent advantage in a straight dress, as many are made with two materials of the same color, or of a plain color combined with a striped, figured or flowered silk. In using the same colors the difference in materials should be very marked, such as velvet and a smooth wool material. The tops of these dresses may extend below the narrow string sash or end well above the waist-line where often they are finished in panel fashion or in long horizontal curves.

Many a pretty blouse is made from old silk dresses velvet or light-weight woolens. The bib collar cut square or round, shallow or deep, can be made of odd buts of organdy or lace and give an up-to-date touch to a made-over dress or blouse. As skirts are beginning to show a slight side-flare, the wide gored skirts can be brought into use recutting the gored edges until they meet the required width measurement.

Old coats of light-weight suitings can be made into over-blouses and attractively finished with soft satin collar, cuffs and band in the same shade. A careful selection of color must be made when combining new with old material.

A word regarding fall and winter color combinations well assist the woman who is substituting old for new clothes. Brown in variations lead, and these combine most effectively with henna, or a touch of turquoise blue and salmon pink in simple trimmings. Green, a favorite color during the summer, will be worn in the darker shades, but brown is better for a winter color as it suggests warmth, while green is cold. Shades of red from old coral to deep wine will share with brown in popularity. Red is effective in winter, but don't over-do it. Touches of rich tans or soft grays blend well with the red shades. Navy-blue seems never to lose its hold and can safely be worn in all materials for all occasions. Black in soft materials is particularly good for simple evening gowns and when worn with a string of white or cream-colored beads the effect is most pleasing.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

September Work

NEGLECT of any sort at this crucial time will invariably affect the supply of winter eggs, on which the real profit of the year depends. Poultry houses must be put into thorough repair and sanitary condition before the first of October, so that the birds may be placed in their winter quarters and not again disturbed.

It is my own custom to go over all the buildings in the chicken yard, mend any cracks or holes which may be found, and paint the roofs with liquid tar. The floors are scraped out to the depth of two or three inches, perches and nest boxes taken out, and the whole interior given a coat of hot whitewash. To make the whitewash, three quarts of fresh lime are placed in a pail and just covered with hot water. When the mixture commences to boil, it is stirred until the lumps are dissolved, and as it thickens, boiling skim-milk is added until it is of the consistency of cream. Lastly, a cupful of crude carbolic acid, a pound of whiting and a half pound of powdered glue are mixed in. This makes a wash which sticks almost as well as paint, and which, when applied hot, effectually banishes vermin.

Cleaning a poultry house is a task which must not be done in a slipshod way. Before whitewashing the walls, floor and ceiling with a brush, if you have a garden spray, fill it full of the liquid mixture, and apply it to all the corners, kinks and crevices, for they are the places which harbor vermin, and cannot be reached with an ordinary brush.

When the whitewashing is all done and has had time to dry, the floors are covered with fresh lime, which burns out all the impurities, and after a few hours, dry sand or soil is filled in to the depth of two or three inches. Windows are cleaned, inside and out, so that the sun may have free access; perches and nest boxes are thoroughly scrubbed with kerosene, whitewashed and replaced. When all this is accomplished, the biddies' home is sweet and wholesome.

I try to finish all this work before the fifteenth of the month, so that there will bo no delay in getting the hens into their winter quarters. Any change of houses after pullets have once commenced to lay, invariably stops them, and should cold weather start in before they have regained their equilibrium, much time may be wasted.

Vermin are disagreeable against which the poultry keeper must maintain perpetual war. A good liquid exterminator is made by dissolving crude naptha flakes in kerosene oil, using just as much of the flakes as will dissolve in any given quantity of oil. Paint the roofs, nest boxes, and any supports or frames about the house with the mixture. It does not take very long to do the work. Half an hour every Saturday will increase the birds' comfort and your profit.

Powder to use on the birds can be made for a few cents. Mix thoroughly, equal parts of finely sifted coal ashes and tobacco dust, and moisten with the liquid exterminator. Allow it to dry, and put away in cans for ready use. Tobacco dust can be bought at most florists, and at all seed stores for twelve cents a pound. An empty baking powder tin, with some holes pierced at one end, makes a good dredger.

The birds should be dusted with the powder before being put in a clean house. Hold the hen by the feet, head downwards, and shake the powder well into the feathers. Use plenty of it, and with your hand rub it down into the fluffy parts of the feathers near the skin, and especially near the tail on the body, and under the wings. If you have not been using any such precautions, or when you buy new birds, you ought to go over them every other night for a week. This will make it an easy matter to keep them free from the various pests which seem to have been specially created for the undoing of poultry keepers.

My winter houses are one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and are divided into eight compartments, into each of which I put twenty-five layers. This gives them plenty of room for exercise, even when heavy snows necessitate keeping them shut in for days and weeks at a time.

If you have pullets and year-old hens, to secure the best results they should be kept in separate coops, as they require a different amount of food. If you do not have a sufficient number of houses, it would be an easy matter to run a partition through the middle of one house, and so make two compartments.

I spend much of my time at this season of the year watching my hens, both old and young. I don't believe in keeping unprofitable birds through the winter, and the birds which look mopy are consigned to the fattening pen. Even slow, dull-looking pullets are rejected, as I want only bright, energetic birds in the laying houses.

Lazy hens, although they do not produce eggs, fatten easily, and bring as good a price as roosters. Close weeding out of unprofitable birds is really more than half the secret of success, and should be rigidly practiced.

Roosters are not allowed with the hens whose eggs are sold in the market, as infertile eggs are nicer for the table, and will keep fresh longer than fertile eggs. All the male birds are kept in one house and yard, so that they will become friendly and will not fight when distributed.

Hens intended to produce eggs for hatching are allowed free range until November; then they are divided into flocks of twenty-five, and four males are assigned to each flock, two being kept in a coop, two put with the flock, the pairs changing places every week. This prevents favoritism, the usual cause of infertile eggs. I make up my flocks in November, because I start the incubators in December, and like to have the birds running together for three weeks before using the eggs for incubation.

Exercise is of primary importance in the life of laying hens, and every means should be taken to promote activity. The most natural way to do this is to provide a heavier covering of litter on the floor and to scatter small grain broadcast over this once a day, for the birds will scratch in it for hours at a time.

Straw or hay will answer the purpose, but both cost money and take time to cut; so, in October and November, before snow falls, we go into the plantation at the back of the barn and rake up the fallen leaves, placing them in bags, and storing them in a shed near the poultry house. Twice a week, all through a bad winter, a bag is emptied into each compartment. The birds delight to work and scratch among them, which keeps them busy, and also breaks up and converts the leaves into fertilizer for spring use in the garden.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range, that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start early in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purposes, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custards than do hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns and cities can always dispose of any surplus quantity to confectioners and candymakers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price so that one does not mind using them in the kitchen.

If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards, boil and mash any waste green vegetables, small potatoes, and any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or cornmeal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skim-milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese, which are to be kept for breeding in the spring, must have a dry place to sleep in, and good feed. Chopped cornstalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in a mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they get plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now will influence their laying and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring.

Turkeys

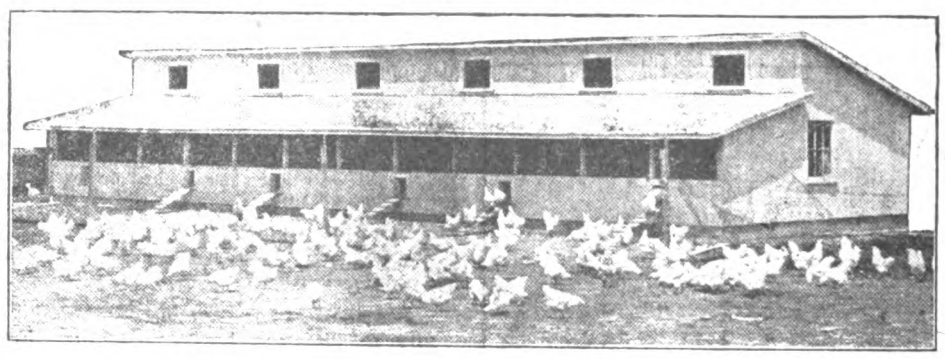
I want to give you a few hints about the care of old turkeys at this season of the year, in the hope that it may help in the raising of young ones in the spring, for during the last few years the number of letters telling about the loss of young turkeys in all parts of the country has been positively appalling, and it all springs from an intestinal disease commonly called blackhead, which is spread through the droppings of infected birds. For this reason I want you to do a little doctoring right now to get the old birds in good condition if possible.

First of all, plow the yards or grounds where the turkeys have been in the habit of congregating, and thoroughly disinfect the roosts or fences which they frequent; then once every week put forty grains of Epsom salts in half a pint of water, and place it where the birds are likely to drink from it in the morning. And before you give them their feed in the morning, mix one grain of sulphate of iron and one grain of silicate of soda and make it into a pill with a little curd cheese or bread which has been moistened with milk. The above amount is for one pill, and each bird should get one of these. At night, again try to force them to drink the water with Epsom salt in it. Or if you have only two or three birds which are pretty tame and easily handled, give them a teaspoonful of castor oil night and morning instead of the salts. Sweep up and burn all the droppings from under the roosts as early as possible in the morning. Repeat this treatment once a week for four weeks. After that time, add seven grains of catechu to every two quarts of drinking water every day for another month. After the first of the year, give the turkeys some of the laying hens' mash every morning, and all through the winter give them a good feed of corn at night.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

S. M. B.—The chicks have what is called brooder pneumonia, which is caused by a mold spore, which originates in old or mouldy hay or old litter or manure. In advanced stages the symptoms are so like white diarrhea that it is often mistaken for that disease. The vapor of tar or turpentine will sometimes help. Put two tablespoonfuls of the tar in a quart of warm water and let it steep for two or three hours, stirring frequently. Then take a good sized box with a tight fiting lid, put a smaller box or a basket in one corner, and an iron pan in



A GOOD TYPE OF SCRATCHING SHED HOUSE.

another corner. Make a brick or stone very hot, and place it in an iron kettle, and when all is ready, put the chicks in a small box, and slowly pour some of the hot water on to the hot brick. Close the lid of the large box; after it is filled up with vapor, let the chicks remain about three minutes. This is also a very good remedy for gape worm.

M. E. B.—Blackhead, a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease, which is especially characterized by sores in the cecum and liver, which are caused by a protozean which has been named Amoebae meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten-millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the coecu to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: The amœba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissue of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young pullets die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart are later symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cecum is light, it is doubtful if the affected birds have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth which do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The amœbae are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the amœbae may also be carried by ordinary fowl and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly, there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old yards and grounds where poultry usually congregate. Disinfect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather. After blackhead, I think the most serious trouble that assails turkeys is worms. In fact, some authorities declare that they are the fundamental cause of blackhead. Now, I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is to take time by the forelock and dose the old birds for worms right now. Then there will be less fear of contamination in the spring, when the young ones are around. You may not realize that the old birds have worms, for unless they are very badly affected, they cause the old birds no special inconvenience, nor mater ally affect the health of old birds; but young stock are not strong enough to stand any strain on their vitality, and what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and mature more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds, who are strong enough to stand medicine; besides it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters. When the little ones commence to arrive, chop up the green tops of onions and mix with pot cheese or any other soft food you may be using, for at least one feed a day, and don't torture the poor little creatures with red pepper. On cold, wet days, add a little ginger and sugar to the drinking water, making it just about as strong as you would for a baby.

We feed baby turks as follows: Nothing for thirty-six hours, then milk which has been turned with ordinary household rennet, or just allowed to stand in a warm place until thoroughly congealed, then broken, strained through cheese-cloth or a fine sieve, just as one does when making cottage cheese, catching the whey in a pan so that it can be used in a drinking fountain, and then feeding the curds mixed with the dry mash.

Now to the schedule of reduced feeding, which must be rigidly adhered to. Nothing for the first forty-eight hours; after that, hard boiled eggs which have been chopped fine (include the shell.) The young birds must have only the smallest imaginable quantity. If you have one of the little spoons which come with mixed mustard, use it as a measure, and divide that amount among the birds for a day's feed. If you don't use mixed mustard, or haven't such a spoon, a number nine thimble will do, but be sure it is on y half full, and that two birds share the quantity. The fourth day the thimble may be three parts full, and a pinch of finely chopped green stuff added to it (the best green stuffs are tender clover, grass or the green sprouts of oats.) The fifth day, fill the thimble with the chopped egg, and add a tiny pinch of rolled oats and a degree more green stuff. Increase the amount about a grain a day up to the tenth day, at which time the sour milk treatment should commence. At first give just a few grains mixed with still fewer grains of drymash. Increase slightly each day, at the same time decreasing the amount of chopped egg, in such proportions that by the fourteenth day the egg may be entirely discontinued. At this time the birds should be getting one quarter of an ounce of green food, half that quantity of rolled oats, a pinch of dry mash, and half an ounce of curds. This is for each bird. Keep whey before them all the time so that they can drink when they please.

By the third week, the rations should be as follows: Two ounces of green feed, one ounce of rolled oats, half an ounce of dry mash, half a gill of curds, and not quite half an ounce of small mixed grain. Remember that this amount is for one week's ration, and must be divided for seven days. Increase at the same gradual rate as before all the articles of diet except the rolled oats, which should be gradually decreased so that it is entirely left out by the seventh week, when the quantity of feed given each bird for one week should be: Green feed, four and one-half ounces, dry mash, two ounces; curds, about a gill and a half; mixed grain, a trifle over one ounce. Again increase up to the eleventh week, when green feed should be six ounces; dry mash, six ounces; curds, one quart and one gill. At this time, cracked corn and whole wheat in equal parts take the place of small grain, and the amount given should be three ounces. Continue the same rations with a slight increase from week to week until the birds are twenty-four weeks old.

The above schedule is for young birds confined to yards. When the youngsters are allowed free range, after they are two months old, the green food can be entirely omitted, and so can the mixed grain, but they must have the sour milk curds and dry mash given to them before they are allowed out in the morning and when they come up at night.

Read the end of article in first part of the department for this month.

C. F. R., P. P., E. H. C. and A. B.—Please read answer to M. E. B. in this issue.

N. R.—Please read answer to S. M. B. in this issue.

J. J. G.—It seems evident that the hygrometer does not register correctly. Are you sure that the thermometer is true, for if that does not register temperature correctly, you cannot equalize heat and moisture. Take both thermometer and hygrometer to a drug store or a doctor, and have them tested. Are you sure that the incubator is standing perfectly level? You should always use a spirit level to be sure on that point, as it is very important. Run the machine without using a hygrometer, and set a hen at the same time that you start the incubator, and every five days compare the eggs under the hen with those in the machine, using a tester, of course. Then you can regulate the moisture by the air space at the large end of the egg. If the air space in the eggs which are in the incubator develop more rapidly than they do in the eggs under the hen, the evaporation in the machine is too quick or you are airing the eggs too long each day, and you must either put a pan of moist sand or a damp sponge under the egg tray, or, if the difference is not very considerable, just curtail the time of airing the eggs for a few days. Of course, if the conditions are reversed, and the air space in the incubator eggs is not deve oping as much as in the eggs under the hen, air them a little longer each day until the conditions are equal.

W. O. K.—The hygrometer is not absolutely necessary, but it is a help to the amateur. Please read answer to J. J. G. in this issue. The make of incubator that you are using is so arranged that it requires no extra moisture.

A. H. M.—Please read the article in the first part of the department this month.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

not too long to be printed. It has taken me a long time to write it. Well, now, thanks again to all my cousins for their kindness, and good-by for a little while.

Your loving niece and cousin,
MARJORIE BUCHANAN.

P. S. Some of you asked my middle name; my whole name is Teresa Marjorie Kathleen Buchanan.

Not one of the Family, Marjorie, is going to enjoy your letter more than I did. I truly wish I could have given space to all of it and not cut out a single word. It is no small achievement of brains and energy to write as carefully and completely as you did about your antipodean home, and I offer thanks on behalf of all the Bunch. I hope you may read this copy of COMFORT, Marjorie, somewhere on the shore of a Minnesota lake, with birds you love singing in the pine woods and sunlight shining on cool, wind-rippled water. For Australia may be a wonderful country, Marjorie, but it is a country of wonderful heat. I'll wager you like Minnesota better, and if you never saw any snow in Queensland, you will surely see snow enough this winter to bury the land of any queen or king who ever walked out in a drift without putting on the royal galoshes.

I hope you had a safe and happy trip back home from the Land of Jack Rabbits, Marjorie, and that you'll tell us all about the voyage and your new life, some day in the future when the Minnesota snowflakes are keeping you indoors next to the fire.

BOX 8, SEGUIN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here comes a Texan, but I can't say I'm a "talented Texan" or anything like that. Some authors have a habit of saying "and along came a six foot Texan." Now according to my notion that wouldn't be human, much less a Texan. I'd call *that* a centipede! But nuff of this.

My description wouldn't interest anyone in particular, but it would Uncle Lisha (bless his heart!), I'm sure—because I'm a strawberry blonde. Uncle is always talking about this "Red-headed Division." I am wondering why. Red hair denotes temper, Uncle Lisha.

Everything is nice and green in Texas—especially the poison ivy. My, but you would laugh if you could see me! I'm having a swell time just on account of this same glorious ivy.

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I sure enjoy reading COMFORT and there isn't any page like "our" page, is there? Uncle Lisha, be a dear and publish this letter won't you? And I'll give Billy a Texas bear hug if he leaves my missive alone.

I know the cousins will write. That is, some of 'em will, won't you? Well, I'll be waiting!

Lovingly your niece, ANNIE LEE BERDWELL

Annie, why do you think I'm the only one that likes strawberry blondes? If I did not like us I'd have to be on bad terms with a large portion of our Big Family, for that carrot-topped, freckle-dressed section just grows and grows. As for red heads being bad tempered, some of the most cheerful and good-natured letters I read I find to be from cousins who optimisticaly describe themselves as "auburn haired." No, Annie; strawberry blondes are just as sweet and nice as strawberries and I'm for 'em both, by saucerfuls and with or without cream.

Gee, it's no fun to have ivy poisoning, Annie. As a kid, I once fell over a rail fence into a patch of the darn ivy, and what happened to me after I have remembered all the eighty-seven years which have elapsed.

Write again, Annie Lee, and tell us just how hot tempered and red haired you are. I wonder if the bobbed-haired red heads have shorter tempers than the rest of the Brilliant Division? Perhaps you know, Annie, and will tell us.

BRANTWOOD, R. 1, BOX 56, WISCONSIN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

At last I am going to pick up enough courage to let you know there is such a state as Wisconsin. I am an American by birth, although my parents both came to this country from Finland. This part of the state has been settled by Finns who lived here long enough to clear the land and pull up the stumps. Now, however, when the land is all cleared and stumps pulled, the early settlers are moving out and the English-speaking people moving in. I guess a Finn is not satisfied unless he can be a new settler, and when the country gets too open, he moves to another wilderness—not because he has to, but because he wants to! They have been settled the northern parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Now for my description: I am seventeen years old, have light bobbed hair which I am now letting grow, brown eyes and dark eyebrows. I am five feet, three inches tall and a few pounds underweight for my height. As a result of the last-named fact, the county nurse says "drink more milk, milk, milk!" And, oh, how I hate it!

At the present writing I'm spending my vacation at home, but at other times I'm away at school finishing my teacher's course. Last week we had our practice teaching in a rural school. Cousins, you can't imagine what a big feeling it is for you to get up and have a whole school mind you! It's just wonderful! The pupils remarked after we left (there were two of us) that the practice teachers had been "nice," although they were "awfully strict." We ought to maintain good discipline, for that's all we hear at the Training School—"Look after your discipline."

One of my hobbies is writing to strange people whose names I get from departments like our Cousins' Corner. It is a great deal of fun trying to picture the writers of the different letters. Won't you cousins write to me? I'll promise to answer the longest and most interesting letters.

Your Wisconsin cousin, HELEN KAARTUNEN.

Yes, Helen, you Finns are hardy settlers, wilderness lovers and conquerors of waste places. I think your people have preferred the lake-dotted and well-watered sections of Minnesota, Wisconsin and nearby States because of the resemblance the country may have borne to your homeland in Europe. I was in northern Michigan a couple of summers ago, and for a time in Hancock where there are many Finns—as doubtless you know. I talked with many a blue-eyed, two-headed, intelligent-tongued Finnish boy who some day will make a good citizen for Michigan or any other State. You, Helen, as a clever, capable young American, are an example of what our melting pot national life can turn out in the second generation—particularly when this generation is land-born and bred. Such evils as we suffer in our foreign-born or foreign-rooted population are almost always festering in cities. Work on the land, under the sun, is an antiseptic, a purgative. A soul out in the sun sweetens like a milk pail from a Wisconsin dairy!

APTOS, CALIFORNIA

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Well, here I am again—trying to be lucky enough to get this one in print, although I admit the other one didn't have enough in it to Print. I have not been a member very long, but I am very much interested in the League. Seeing that all the cousins describe themselves, I will also; I am fifteen years old, five feet, six and a half inches tall, and weigh about 130 pounds. I have brown eyes and light brown hair.

Back in 1920 when I moved to Aptos, it was one of the deadest little holes in this great State. It was owned by the Spreckles Company, whose headquarters were in San Francisco, with no interest in this place at all. But about a year and a half ago the entire ranch was sold to another company, and this company sold and leased it out. Now all the fields around the town are in artichokes. Five big pumping systems have been put in, and many houses—some very expensive ones—have been built. We have two stores, a barbershop, two ice cream parlors, a shoe shop and a pool room. We are soon going to have a movie house, a butcher shop and a big electric power house. There are only about 250 people here, but we surely are all "up and comin'," as the old saying goes.

We have a nice little home of three acres, just outside of our little city. We raise chickens and Muscovy ducks.

Aptos is just three miles from the great summer resort of Capitola. This boasts of the best fresh water swimming lagoon on the Pacific coast. We are also only seven miles from the city of Santa Cruz, another summer resort.

We have one of the finest beaches here that one could ever see. It is about fifteen miles long and over a hundred yards wide, with pure white sand and a high bank all the way.

My letter is getting long, so I will close, hoping to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

to pull most of it away, to kneel with her eyes smarting and her throat stinging, and feed the flame that ran wanderingly over what horsehair she had left.

"Oh, it won't catch!" she muttered, brushing the water from her smarting eyes. "It won't catch!" But even as she said it she heard the first snap of kindling wood.

The lower edge of the door had caught, almost before she knew it was flaming, with the strong draft under the threshold. Sparks flew out in her face as she kept on feeding the fire with the oil-soaked horsehair, that caught, flared, smoked, and was gone.

What could she do if the fire went out? If it burned only a tiny hole she could not get her hand through!

"It shall burn!" she cried fiercely, and tore at the flimsy old table till she had it in pieces. With the oily wick of the lamp to start them they burned like tinder, being old and thin. The door caught smolderingly, higher up; the smoke and the stifling smell were suffocating her, but the fire gained.

Presently she had to get back from it, and lie down on the floor to get the air the fire was drawing under the threshold.

The flames crept to the doorposts, flickered out there, caught the panels higher up with a smell of singeing varnish. But to her sore eyes the door looked strong as ever, scarcely two inches of it had burned away. She drew her skirts about her, and, standing up, drove her foot hard at the door. A charred fragment broke away, but she was afraid to try again. And the floor in front of the threshold was catching.

After all, had she accomplished nothing but to burn herself to death? Would the flames leave the door and creep into the room, filling it with fire, roasting her in slow torture till she died? Between weariness and want of air she was exhausted. She could do no more, and, lying down on the floor for the better breathing, shut her eyes to keep out the pungent, stinging smoke of the horsehair.

Suddenly a wave of heat made her start up, scorching.

The doorpost had caught, the door by the hinges was burning bravely. But the fire was creeping round the edge of the floor, till in a few minutes there would be a ring of flame round her!

It was a duel now between the slow charring of the thick door and the smoldering of the floor that was helped by the little hoards of dust that flared up viciously.

If the door burned faster she might get out; if the floor went first it meant death by inches.

She could not watch them for the stinging of her eyes; her breath hurt her as the room grew slowly to an intolerable heat. So small was it that nowhere could she get farther than six feet from the fire, and she would have stifled long ago if it had not been for invisible cracks in the boarded-over skylight. She thanked Heaven it was not glazed.

A kind of dullness crept over her body that might have deepened to a swoon if it had not been for the pricking torture in her lungs as she drew her difficult breath. Only that saved her from sinking into a stupor that would have ended in death, for little flames were licking round the edges of the floor now, flashing up into the cracks of the surbase, reaching nearer every minute to that huddled figure on the floor.

She dared not raise her head to look at the blazing door lest she should only see that escape was hopeless, only face the agony of death before her sooner than she need. A sharp anguish in one outstretched arm made her scream, sit up, leap to her feet.

The room seemed full of choking smoke, leaping flame. That was creeping fire in a crack of the floor that had burned her, a tongue of flame that had licked up the dust between the boards and died. But next time it would not die! Scarlet and orange the walls glowed in the firelight, black whirls of smoke wreathed up to the skylight, the doorway was the most awful flame of all, a very gate of hell that she must face or die in agony. Cowardice or bravery would make very little difference in that!

Dry-tongued, her throat so scorched she could scarcely breathe, Jacky turned her thick serge skirt up to her knees, holding the doubled folds of it round her with one hand. Her other arm in its cloth jacket-sleeve she held across her face, and so went as near the flaming door as she dared.

That it opened outward was the only thread of hope that upheld her. Whether it was burned through or not she dared not uncover her smarting eyes to see.

Blind, desperate, she stood as near as she could and drove her foot in its thick shoe straight and hard at the hinge of the door.

Sparks, charred, burning fragments, flew back at her in a threating shower that only singed her thick clothes as she shook them off.

With all her strength, she drove her foot again and again at the door. The coat-sleeve covering the arm across her face scorched, singed, burned nearly through where she stood at her hopeless task.

There was a roaring in her ears now, an agonized longing in her lungs for the air that was not in the blazing place; from behind her the fire crept to her very heels. Once more she could try and never again, for her strength was gone.

With all her weight, she kicked once more at the stubborn door, and nearly fell forward into the flame that surged into her face.

The hinges had torn out of the charred wood, the door was open—only a crack, but open—and it was the draft of air from the passage that was sending the blaze into her face. That one breath of air was like a breath from heaven, hot as it was. Hope made her heedless of her scorching skirts, her shoes and stockings that were singeing off her feet as she drove at the door again. And this time it gave, indeed.

It fell away from the burning post a space of some half-yard, and through that narrow gap Jacky Hamilton jumped for her life, over a threshold that flamed high.

Out in the passage she fell, crushing out her smoldering skirts with her hands, brushing the singed ends of her hair out of her eyes; tearing off the smoking boots that blistered hands and feet.

The cold, close air of the shut-up house was rapture to her parched lungs; the dull daylight of the passage rested her eyes after that flaming hell behind her—and she was not on fire! Scorched, singed, blistered, blackened with smoke, she was yet alive—yet free!

She staggered on a few paces, fell, forced herself up again, and leaned against the wall.

"I must get out!" she thought, and could scarcely move. Her back, that she had forgotten, was sickening her with shooting pain.

Were there people in the house, or was it as it seemed, empty?

"Lesard's gone," she thought, "no one else can matter. And the house is on fire, other people would only think of that."

She had no more dread of danger; the fire was in the very top of the house, and would burn everything above it before it crept down. And let it burn as it would, let the house be empty or not, she must make her way out of it as fast as she could; make her way to Gillian in jail, and that Lesard her unfaithfulness had ruined as it had nearly ruined herself.

But she could scarcely drag herself along as she crept to the end of the passage, down a rickety stair; stumbling blindly down other stairs till at last she stood in the empty entrance hall with its locked door.

Through the dirty cracked panes of the fanlight came a gleam of dusty sunshine, the spring sunshine that could be so sweet. It was day there, afternoon by the lowness of the sunbeams—that was why no one had noticed the fiery smoke from the cracked skylight.

Was it burning still? She hardly cared! She leaned against the wall trying to calculate the time she had been in this dreadful house. It seemed like years; she did not realize it had not been twenty-four hours.

With painful fingers she tried to tidy her masses of singed hair. The sunbeam that fell on her showed her blackened face, her blistered hands, her shoeless feet, with rags of stockings half-scorched away. Her beauty was gone from her, but there were no tears in her bloodshot eyes, no quailing of her steadfast spirit as once more she began to creep through the dusty house which, for all she knew, might yet be her death-trap.

Down the kitchen stairs something guided her blistered feet. And the kitchen window was raised a scant inch. Somehow she got it up, the pain of using her scarred hands making her shut her teeth; somehow she scrambled through it, and was free in the deserted mews outside.

Without looking to right or left she stumbled on, and at the entrance to a little court of five or six houses fell headlong on the stones.

A woman in a dirty blue gown gave a sudden cry where she stood at a doorway.

"Look!" she cried to a pallid man in shabby clothes. "For God's sake, look at that."

For Jacky was face down on the pavement, her hair fallen anyhow, her bare feet and hands dreadful in the afternoon light.

"She's dead!" said the woman, with an awe-struck grin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

her, and made herself offensively free with my son, who is now in Germany," replied Mrs. Coolidge, with every appearance of sorrow that she was obliged to make the confession.

"You'll have to be older than you are now to make me believe that," muttered the old lady, indignantly, in an undertone, as she eyed Isabel, and her mother suspiciously, while Viola and Alma looked the daggers they dare not use to defend their beloved Miss Douglas.

The date of her accident and advent into Lady Randal's house was identical with that of her leaving Mrs. Coolidge, their description of her was the same, and Isabel recalled to Sir Charles the evening of their ramble, when they had seen her at the villa, and she had questioned him regarding the companion.

Every one was convinced now of Brownie's unworthiness, and believed that she had taken herself out of the way because she feared an exposure on the part of Mrs. Coolidge, and dare not meet it; or that she had eloped, but who with, was the question.

All but Lady Ruxley.

Her confidence was unshaken yet.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said to Lady Randal, as she assisted her to her room.

"But, aunt, it must be so. Mrs. Coolidge's word is indisputable."

"Maybe you think so," retorted her ladyship, irritably.

"The evidence is so clear, too," resumed her niece, unheeding her remark. "I have feared from the first that you were being imposed upon. That's always the way with these girls who have no recommendation; they are all adventuresses. I only hope you won't find that she has helped herself from your belongings."

"Shut up, Helen! You are always ready to believe the worst of everybody. I tell you I believe that there has been foul play in this matter, and, if the girl has gone away, she has been driven away in some underhanded manner I can read the signs of the times, if I am superannuated, and I shall not rest until I know *more* of this matter," and the crusty old lady actually shed tears over the absence of the patient, gentle girl, to whom she was becoming deeply attached.

"The very fact of her giving a false name goes against her," persisted Lady Randal.

"That was not just the thing, of course," was the rather subdued reply. Then she added, as if a new thought struck her: "I believe that I was to blame for that, after all. I had a bad cold at that time, and was as deaf as a post. I am convinced now that she gave me her name correctly, and I misunderstood her, and she, having had trouble with those folks, let it go so."

"She had no business to do that," returned Lady Randal, with an expression of righteous indignation.

"If she never does anything worse than give an assumed name, she'll be better than some folks whom I know. I reckon you've some sins on your conscience, Helen, blacker than any that poor girl ever thought of," said Lady Ruxley, spitefully.

Notwithstanding the general belief that Miss Douglas, as she was now called, had absconded, Sir Charles gave orders that the search should be kept up a while longer.

Something might have happened to her, he reasoned, and he would give her the benefit of the doubt.

About eight o'clock Adrian Dredmond was announced. He had been to Lady Ruxley's villa, but, upon being told that she and her companion were at the Hall, he drove immediately thither.

Lady Randal met him in the hall on her return from Lady Ruxley's apartments.

She greeted him cordially, and then, taking his arm, led him into the drawing-room, where he was received with loud acclamation, for he was a favorite wherever he went.

The conversation ran in a new channel for a few moments after his entrance, but the all-absorbing topic was soon resumed, and Brownie's character was most unmercifully picked to pieces again, while with a terrible sinking at his heart, Adrian soon learned something of what had transpired, and it was with great difficulty that he maintained his composure, hoping to learn more.

But he could not bear the aspersions cast upon his betrothed, and after a terribly scathing remark upon Brownie's virtue from Isabel, followed by a bitter denunciation from Mrs. Coolidge, his indignation burst forth.

He arose, and, with flushed face and blazing eyes, demanded of the latter:

"Of whom do I understand you to be speaking?"

"Of Miss Douglas, Mr. Dredmond—the governess who came to England with us, and who has turned out so sadly," she replied, serenely, and all unconscious of the terrible storm hovering over her head.

"Perhaps you know who is accountable for Miss Douglas's misfortunes since she came abroad?" he returned, meaningly, and with a look that made Isabel's heart quake, for she knew he had seen Brownie lately, and it was possible he, too, knew all the story of their abuse.

But Mrs. Coolidge was, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"Really, no. She told me she knew no one in this country," she returned, with raised eyebrows, and in surprised tones.

"I know something of Miss Douglas, and that she is undeserving a word of the censure which you have heaped upon her this evening; and I demand that you retract every word you have said—all of you!" he said, in tones which could not be mistaken.

There was a sudden hush among the company, while all eyes were fixed upon the young man, towering so proudly in his haughty strength before them.

Mrs. Coolidge felt by no means as easy as she appeared; but hers was a desperate case, and it would not do to relax in the least her vigilance. So she glowered disapprobation and surprise upon him, while Isabel tried to curl her trembling lips in scorn.

"Really, Adrian," soothingly, said Lady Randal who began to be afraid of a quarrel, "I am sorry to see you so excited over this unfortunate affair. "I know you are very philanthropic, but I am afraid you are allowing yourself to become quixotic regarding this very singular young person."

His fine lips curled, and he turned and bowed slightly, as he replied:

"If it is quixotic to defend a pure and lovely girl in her absence from such abuse as you have heaped upon her here tonight, then I plead guilty to the charge. I met Miss Douglas several months ago in the United States. I know that she is as well-born as most of you in this room, and few possess the cultivation and accomplishments which she is mistress of. At the time of which I speak she was believed to be the heiress of more than a million, and moved in circles equal to our own, but sudden misfortune reduced her to the necessity of becoming a governess."

"Why, Adrian, I am astonished! I did not suppose that you knew aught concerning Miss Douglas," replied Lady Randal, beginning to regard the companion rather more leniently.

"Nor I, that he was so interested in the poor but misguided girl," added Mrs. Coolidge, with sarcastic commiseration.

She had never forgiven Adrian's preference for the beautiful governess that night at the opera, and could not now conceal her spite.

He wheeled upon her in an instant.

"I am deeply interested in her, madam. Miss Douglas is my betrothed wife; and I warn you to be very careful how you speak of her in the future. I could say much more, but"—with a glance from Isabel to Sir Charles—"existing circumstances compel me to be silent."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BROWNIE'S STRANGE VISITOR.

Had an earthquake shaken the house at that moment greater consternation could not have prevailed than at this announcement.

"Adrian, surely you are crazy!" almost shrieked Lady Randal, at last. "You make a such mesalliance as that!"

"Call it whatever you choose, madam, but please remember when you speak of Miss Douglas in the future, that you are speaking of the future Lady of Dunforth," he said, coldly, but proudly.

Surely a nobler specimen of manhood never braved the world's scorn than Adrian Dredmond at that moment; and poor Brownie, although in "durance vile" above them, might well look hopefully into the future, which should be passed by the side of such a noble defender as this.

Turning to Sir Charles, he made a signal for him to follow him, and then, with a haughty bow to the assembled company, he withdrew.

"Charles," he exclaimed, seizing his friend's hand when they were alone in the hall, "will you lend me your aid in this trouble? Something is wrong," he went on speaking, in tones of anxiety; "she was expecting me to come to her, and I know she would never have gone away of her own accord!"

"I am constrained to take that view of it now, after what you have told me; although I must confess, before you came, I was inclined to believe the very worst of her. I hope," he added, with some uneasiness, "that you have not been deceived in Miss Douglas."

Adrian's lips curled again.

He knew what he had reference to. Sir Charles believed that something must be wrong or Mrs. Coolidge would not have spoken as she had done.

"The future will disclose whether I have or not," he replied coldly.

"You may depend upon me, Adrian, to do all in my power to unravel this mystery. Miss Douglas certainly appeared like a very lovely person, and until tonight I admired her very much, although I have rarely met her. Believe me, you have my sympathy," and he meant it in more senses than one.

"Thank you, but I am wild in trying to think what has become of the poor child. I am almost tempted to believe——"

He checked himself suddenly.

He was upon the point of saying he feared treachery on the part of the Coolidges; but, remembering that it would not do to speak of them thus in Sir Charles's presence, he stopped.

"What?" Sir Charles demanded, with a curious look.

"I do not know what to believe," Adrian said; then added, suddenly: "You may think what you choose concerning what I have told you tonight, and the world may say what it will, but Miss Douglas is of unexceptional parentage, and I shall marry her just as soon as I am fortunate enough to find her."

After a few more minutes spent in consultation as to the best means of seeking for the lost one, Adrian departed, his heart filled well-nigh to bursting with grief, insulted affection, and anxiety.

* * * * * * * *

"Mamma, did you ever hear anything like it?" demanded Isabel of her mother as soon as they could excuse themselves from the drawing-room and retire to their own rooms.

"No; things are getting terribly mixed up, it seems to me. How, when, where did he meet her again, I wonder?"

"I have it," said Isabel. "Lady Ruxley attended the dinner at Danforth Castle; of course her companion accompanied her, and they met there. It must have been quite recent, I judge."

"Well, he won't find her again for one while, that is sure," returned Mrs. Coolidge, with a savage glitter in her eyes.

"Oh, mamma, you look almost as though you would like to kill her!" Isabel exclaimed, in a frightened whisper.

"I believe I wish she had died before she ever saw Adrian Dredmond," she answered, vindictively. "To think that she should win him, while you will only be a baronet's wife!"

Isabel flushed angrily.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

as you can, do it rapidly. You can go clear across your room rapidly, while doing this exercise, and it is excellent for ankles. So also is the first exercise given "Brown Eyes."

DOTTIE.—Your weight is about right, and your description of yourself does not indicate many defects to remedy. Your blackheads indicate that you are not quite careful enough about your skin, and perhaps not quite careful enough about your food and your bowels. See what I have said to "Donna" about a daily bodybath. This is essential if your skin is to be kept in good condition. Then your bowels must move once or twice a day fully. If you can buy a soft camel's-hair complexion brush at your druggist's, use it at night on your face, with hot soapy water, scrubbing gently but thoroughly then rinsing in hot water, warm water, cool water, and finally cold water to close the pores. Do not use soap or hot water on the face in the daytime, and of course never rub soap on the face, only dissolve it in the water at night when you are taking your nightly scrub. Use tepid water in the morning, and rinse in cold water. Keep your hair very clean and well cared for—shampooing once in two weeks.

GRACE.—The only way to reduce is to cut out fat-building foods. You are very much too fat, and unless you exercise some self-control now as to eating, you will be a great unwieldly fat woman when you grow up. So, make these resolutions: First, never to eat or "nibble" between meals. Second, to cut out candy, cake, pie, preserves, ice-cream, sodas, etc. until you get your weight down to not more than 110 at the most. You do not need so much food as you are eating. And you do need to change the kind of foods you are eating. You can eat lean meat, and all green vegetables, and all fruits (without sugar), except bananas, and you can eat fish and poultry. So you do not at all need to "starve" yourself. You can eat eggs, so long as they are not fried. You could have for breakfast, for instance, a canteloupe, or a piece of water melon, or a dish of berries, or some sliced peaches without sugar or cream, and then you could have two soft-boiled eggs. That is plenty of breakfast for anyone so much overweight. Then for lunch you can have a salad and some spinach, and any other green vegetables you wish, and some fruit. And for dinner you can have broiled steak or roast beef or a lamb chop or some roast chicken, with string beans or squash, or other vegetables, but no potatoes or rice or macaroni or white bread and butter, and then you can have fruit again for dessert. If you would try to do this, you would find yourself reducing and in three months you would be a very nice looking girl, and glad you had made the attempt. Exercises help to work a little fat off muscles, but nothing does any good in reducing unless one is willing to give up eating the fat-producing foods for a time. You see all foods do not make fat, but candy does, and other sweet things, and gravies and other fat things, and white bread, butter, milk and cream.

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Let nature clear your skin through the influence of Stuart's Calcium Wafers which you can obtain in any drug store at 60 cents a box. These wonder wafers are used by thousands of women who have learned from experience their remarkable influence to make the skin beautiful and keep it so.

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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
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One on Dad

"Willie, let me hear you count up to ten."
"One, two, three, five, six, eight, nine, ten."
"Wrong! You skipped two numbers."
"Well, that's the way my father counts."
"Is your father an expert accountant?"
"No'm! He sells gasolene."—*Judge.*

1000 Talking Dolls Given Away



Get one for nothing. Loveliest doll you ever saw—over 13 inches tall. Big blue eyes that open, close and wink. Golden hair, rosy cheeks and dimples. Dressed in cute pink rompers, trimmed with lace. White socks, patent pumps.

Can Walk, Talk and Sleep
Hold her hand and she walks. Tip her gently and she talks. Falls asleep when you lay her in your arms. A marvelous dolly—can't break or chip!

Mail Postal for Dolly
Just write your name and address on a postal card and mail it to me. I'll tell you how to get one of these beautiful dolls for nothing. Write me now—quick!

Aunt Adeline, Desk 26, 90 Chambers St., N. Y.

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What Mesmer Found Out

About the year 1770, all Germany, at first, and soon after the rest of Europe, were startled by the announcement that Frederick Anthony Mesmer, a fairly well-known scientist of those days, had discovered a miraculous force that emanated from all human beings. It enabled him to read thoughts, he said, to make others do his bidding, and to effect wonder cures.

One-half of the scientific world branded Mesmer as a charlatan and a fraud, the other half promptly proclaimed him as a discoverer of a new branch of nature knowledge. He was alike feted and abused, admired and ridiculed. Finally, the notoriety he had attained turned his head and he began to make the most extravagant claims. The result was that the really serious part of "Mesmerism" which later led to hypnotism, was submerged in a welter of fantastic theories.

The First Loaf of Wheat Bread

The baking of wheat bread is not the chance development of a custom nor an art of untraceable origin. The man who baked the first loaf is a historical figure of renown.

His name was Ching-Noung, and he was emperor of China about the year 2000 B. C. He was a great friend of the farmer, a ruler of domestic instincts, an innovator in many lines. He milled the flour, he kneaded the dough and he baked the bread. Then, having completed the task, he bade his subjects do likewise.

Europe learned all about the Chinese art of baking wheat bread from a monk, known under the name of Collap Coll Frewi. He told the British about it in the sixth century, and about the same time he carried his knowledge into Germany and France.

In 1300, baking was commercialized by the bakers' guilds of the various European nations.

Bird Builds Several Nests

Some birds get very nervous and become much excited if you approach their nests and among them is the black-throated green warbler, says the American Forestry Association, of Washington, which is conducting the national bird-house building contest for school children. Another thing about this bird is that it frequently builds several nests. Whether this is because it changed its mind after building the first one and decided to select a better location or with the deliberate purpose of deceiving any intruders who might come along is not known. The bird is very beautifully colored, the top of its head and the region nearly down to its shoulders being a yellow green, the back olive green, the throat and breast jet black and the under parts white with some yellow in them at times.



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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

HERE'S a joke, girls; it's one on me but I'll tell you just the same. You know how I pounce upon you for trifling mistakes in grammar and spelling? Well, I've been pounced upon, twice, by a most estimable lady of California. The first time, she told me I was "frivolous," and sent me a batch of lovely little tracts which I read and distributed among my friends who are more frivolous than I. Now she says I'm "irreverant," because of an innocent remark I made about religious noses. (The first time it was something about angels.) She insists that I'm not a Christian and asked the Lord for a verse for me and says, He gave her one about "children of the devil,"—meaning that I am one. I think she must have got the wrong number, don't you?

Maybe I haven't as much religion as she has; at least not the same kind, and it is my belief that a laugh from a girl I have helped will do quite as much good as her prayers, though I'm very grateful for her interest in me, but I must say that she isn't a very tactful person.

Now I'll try and be very serious. Would you like me more if I were werry, werry serious?

M. L., Pennsylvania.—The number of women who live with unworthy husbands "for the sake of the children," is surprisingly large. You must know of such cases in your own town. If the man you think you are in love with had been halfway possible as a husband do you think his wife would have left him and deprived their little girl of a father's care? I don't. Mothers are not like that. To be sure, there are unworthy wives as well as husbands, women who are not capable of making or appreciating a home and who care nothing for the welfare of their children if it interferes with their pleasure, but, thanks be, they are few. If this man's wife was like that you would know since you live in a town small enough to see the same people at the post-office every night. Do you go to the station first and wait for the train to come in, and then go to the post-office and wait around till the "mail's sorted?" But that is digressing—a habit of mine. What I want to say is this, don't speak to him on the strength of seeing him every night unless you have been introduced. If he is at all interested in you he will find someone to introduce him. I'd be willing to bet my place in line at the window that after you know him you'll wonder how you ever thought yourself in love with him.

SUNSHINE OF MISSISSIPPI.—When you promised to be his wife he supposed you meant it, and had every right to feel "blue" when you talked as you did. If you don't want to marry him why want him to come back and waste his time and yours? Better let him make the first move. If he comes back don't "joke" that way again. You have a peculiar sense of humor.

JOSEPHINE, Georgia.—There is no reason why a town boy shouldn't go to see a country girl if he is a nice town boy and she is a nice country girl. Thanks to Hennery, the difference between town and country isn't as great as it used to be.

SWEET WILLIAM, Georgia.—My dear, you must use discretion and moderation in all things. First you frightened the men away because you were too sweet and lovely to them, and I told you to be more indifferent and let them do the chasing, and you went to the other extreme and the other girls got them while you were being indifferent. What am I going to do with you? You never could understand "how high is up," could you? There is a happy medium and you'll have to keep on losing them until you find it. The average girl is born with this knowledge, just like being born with curly hair, but other girls have to have this sense sort of permanent-waved in by experience. I won't say, "Be yourself, be natural," as I do in a great many instances. Some girls can't be natural and still be popular with the men. I don't mean that you should be affected and silly and gushing and all that; rather, learn to conceal all that isn't flattering to them. Learn to listen interestedly to all that interests them from Japanese prints to bee culture. Laugh at their jokes, no matter how venerable, and admire their most ordinary achievement. Flatter them a little, they like it; in fact, they lap it up and purr for more. Never, never say, "I think you are a conceited prig, your collar is dirty and I'm not interested in prize fights, or what you told Jones the time he told you, and your mother must have been a kind-hearted woman to have let you live. "I've always been too busy to flatter the dear things, consequently I never was very popular, but I remember years and years ago, when I was about your age, I knew a boy who worked in a bakeshop. He was a generous soul and bought liberally of candy and theater tickets and all because I used to listen while he told me how many loaves of bread he had made that day. I know the personal history and habits of more than forty-five thousand loaves of bread, but he made good bread. He said he did.

I still insist that matrimonial agencies are risky things to meddle with and whoever does so should be most cautious. It is dear of you to invite me to Georgia to see you and to eat watermelon—after you lost a perfectly good man by following my advice, or did you hope I'd choke on the seeds? That's a joke. You take things so literally that I'll have to make myself plain—though Nature took care of that long ago.

HAPPY ROSE, Ohio.—"Is a young girl who cannot dance, just as popular among decent young men and women as one who can dance? If not, how much difference?" You sound like a problem in arithmetic. If she can't dance and doesn't attempt it she will be more popular with the men than if she can't dance but tries to. As for being popular with the women, she should be very popular with the women because she won't take their men away from them, unless she sits out dances with them. A clever girl can get in as much deadly work by sitting out a dance as she can by dancing, particularly if she is a better talker than dancer. (2.) Your size and general appearance as well as your age must be taken into consideration when deciding how to "do" your hair. Don't be in a hurry to put it up.

JESSIE, Okla.—Don't bob your hair. Personally, I like it if it is becoming and a person wants it very much. You don't or you wouldn't be so undecided about it. Remember that hair grows only half an inch a month and it will be a long time before yours reaches its present length. Bobbing the hair makes it grow thicker but don't bob it if it will be necessary to curl it.

ANXIOUS JERRY, Okla.—Here's a good one, a girl of fourteen engaged to a boy of nineteen and the only objection her parents have to their marriage is that his hair is red. If they don't object because of your extreme youth then they shouldn't mind a mere trifle like red hair. Why don't you wait a while, four years, say, and see if his hair isn't darker by that time? Even if it isn't you will be old enough to realize the seriousness of marriage—but I'm almost sure his hair will be much darker then.

R. J., Kentucky.—I understand, you are not jealous but there are some things you don't like, and if he takes another girl out Sundays he can't come to see you during the week. I don't blame you a bit. He isn't being fair to either of you and if he feels that he owes her allegiance, let her have him.

PETE, Kansas.—If you've known him two years and he hasn't drank liquors during that time it is safe to say he doesn't. Personally he seems all right, but you are in danger of spoiling your life and his if you marry him and find you do not love him. Can't you go away for a while, two or three months, say, and give yourself a chance to find out how you really do feel about him. Then if you find you do not care for him, tell him so, no matter if he does "look sad." Better to look sad now than to be sad when it is too late.

M. and H., Texas.—There isn't a thing you can do but thank your lucky stars matters aren't any worse. He may have a wife or two already and such being the case he couldn't very well marry you. (2.) Explanations and apologies should come from him. Since he didn't see fit to offer either and has consoled himself with another girl, why should you "cry most of the time." That's very foolish of you. Of course if you had rather stay at home and shed salty tears than go out and have a good time, it is your privilege. Would you like a handkerchief shower?

BETTY, Iowa.—At eighteen and nineteen years of age you and your fiance are too young to be married, and I strongly advise you to obey your parents and go to business college or take up some work wherein you would be self supporting. And have your fiance finish school or get a start in business. Then get married if you still want to. How do you know you'll never use your business college education after you are married? Supposing your husband should die and leave you, with children, perhaps, to care for. Wouldn't it be better to be able to care for yourself and them than to be dependent on your people or his for support? (2.) If it was a cousinly kiss, he shouldn't have minded and that is the only kind it should have been.

OLD TRUSTY, Ky.—A boy of seventeen is just a boy, no matter how industrious and true he may be. Your life has made you seem older than you really are. Have an understanding with him, if you wish, and get married when you are older and he has a home for you. In the meantime go out to work, if your mother approves, or stay home with her if you can help her more by so doing. If you think your life is hard, what about hers?

SUSAN, Michigan.—Are long curls in style now? You haven't noticed Mary Pickford cutting hers off have you? They are in style if one is fortunate enough to have them. If it "anoys" you to have a boy talk to you because you are "to" young, it annoys me because I think you are too old to spell like that, and in the eighth grade too. But I'm not scolding. A great many people make the same mistakes.

J. M. B., Ohio.—Go to school as your mother wants you to do. If he really cares he will wait two or three years, anyway, and by that time you will know your own mind better. You are quite likely to decide then that he is too old for you, and I really think he is.

WANDERING HOPE, Wis.—Don't give him a present. If he loves you he will let you know it, and presents won't help matters a bit. Don't try to bribe him.

BROWN EYES, Georgia.—Wait until he grows up. It would be terrible to marry him and then have his folks decide he could see you only every other Wednesday. They may object because of his extreme youth and not because they dislike you. Talk it over with him and decide to wait until he is twenty-one.

C. J., Missouri.—It is seldom that I advise contrary to a mother's wishes, but in this case it seems best to do so. The opportunity to go to school, be treated kindly and meet good people, seems much to be preferred than marrying a worthless boy of eighteen, your mother's choice. Pay more attention to your studies than to any man.

BOBBYKINS, Michigan.—Better break him of this sulking before it gets chronic. Next time he starts to sulk, pick up a book and read until he gets over it. If that doesn't cure him, tell him he isn't much company and that you are going to your room, say good-night and ask him to lock the door when he goes out. He may not come again but the loss would be small. A sulky husband must be most unp'easant. (2.) There is danger only in what might follow.

BLONDE-HAIRED GIRL, Texas.—Did the ring cost $5.00 or $500? If the latter, won't you send me his address? Why doesn't your mother approve of him? There must be a reason, or does she object just on general principles. I hope you will be happy if you marry him, but don't act hastily. Pay a visit to his home town and find out if his home is a regular place or a shack, and if his bank account is real or in his imagination.

HEART-BROKEN GIRL, Missouri.—You must be heart-broken indeed to write, "Shou d I of went in?"—and you a school teacher too! You did right in not going into his place of business. Let him come to you. Doubtless you have grounds for a breach of promise suit, but I know you won't do anything as silly as that. I would advise you to forget him and find another sweetheart only that I feel sure you have done so before this.

DADDY'S DARLING, Texas.—You are too young to have a sweetheart, but since you already have one, and are such a sensible little girl in other ways, your parents should allow him to come to your home. If they were wise they would do just that, because you might not care so much for him then, and there could be no gossip about you because you are meeting him away from home. He should protect you against that, and the best way to do it would be to go to your parents and ask permission to see you once in a while, and give them his word of honor that he won't try to see you secretly. If your love for each other stands the test of time I don't believe you need worry about different religious beliefs.

BONNIE BELLE, Louisiana, —You'll probably marry the man who earns the largest salary and spends all of it, rather than the one who earns less but who saves more. It does do a woman so much good to be able to say, "My husband earns $..... a week" to the woman whose husband earns only half as much. We are all more or less cats, only some of us conceal our claws better than others. This reminds me of an explanation given by a wealthy manufacturer of prepared mustard. He said that he got rich from the mustard people left on their plates and not from the mustard they ate. There's a moral to this snappy little tale if you can find it.

JENNIE, Idaho.—Do I believe that boys get tired of girls who chase them? I certainly do, just as sure as—as sure as fish on Friday.

COUSIN MARION.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Will Fred Newton, please notify Arthur F. Lanfear, Burns, Box 353, Oregon.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Ihnen, last heard of in Orlando, Okla., please notify his sister, Mrs. Otto Hoehne, Atkinson, Nebr.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my father, Linnues Parks, please notify Mrs. G. A. Ward, Aurora, 385 Benton, St., Illinois.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of "C. M." or Charlie Kooken, last heard of working in the lead mines near Galena, Kansas, please notify Mrs. A. C. Kooken, Deer River, Minn.

Anyone knowing the address of any of Wyet Burt's family, please notify Rebecca Hick, daughter of Philip Burt.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

New Testament as a prize as the one who first memorized the 13th Chap. of 1st Corinthians and was able to write it. A wee little girl learned the chapter in a short time. Then I had the pupils make a little Alphabet. Here's an example of one of the best papers.

A stands for Adam who was the first man created.

B stands for Benjamin who was the youngest son of Jacob.

C stands for Cain who killed his brother Abel.

Each one was required to read enough from the Bible to make an original sentence about each person mentioned alphabetically.

Some folks didn't like it because I had the children memorizing verses from the Bible, and said all sorts of ugly things about it. Even one of my fellow-teachers said, "There are schools where people can go to learn that Bible junk." But that hurt her worse than it did me and I went on with the work.

I hope to hear from some of the sisters, especially school teachers. Here's success to every teacher as she takes up her schoolroom duties this fall. Sow seeds of enthusiam in the hearts of the children and reap the same: sow firmness and reap obedience; sow kindness and reap love—the true mission of the teacher.

NETTIE E. HUGGINS.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a constant reader of COMFORT ever since I could read, and enjoy every bit of it.

I am a rural school teacher and have been for seven years, so I am always glad to see a letter from a teacher. I would like to hear from some country teachers, especially those doing primary work as that seems, in one way, the hardest part. For three years I taught the higher grades in a two-teacher school, but now am teaching my home school. Have eight grades and thirty pupils enrolled. I find that the hardest part is starting the child in the right way, for so much depends upon that.

I have a blackboard in the room with the names of my pupils on it and put a mark after the name of the child who has had perfect lessons all day.

At the end of every month I count the marks and give the winner a small, inexpensive prize. Then we start all over again for the next month. This has proven so much better than giving a prize at the end of the term, for when one would get behind the others he was ready to quit. Of course I don't think they should be taught to work for prizes alone but it seems a good way to help small ones form a habit of studying, which they will keep up until they are old enough to realize the value.

I let the children find mistakes in each others' reading and spelling. Of course I tell them of all mistakes they did not notice, but one would be surprised at the small number I have to tell them. The one that noticed the mistake, even if at the foot of the class, goes to the head.

We do not have written tests every month, but have "matches" every two weeks in different studies. It seemed odd at first to have third and fourth grades with higher grades but starting with simple questions such as, "What is a sentence?" and getting harder until higher grades were left, I have had third grade pupils answer questions which sixth or seventh graders couldn't. That was because they had recently studied that subject. But they are interesting and so much more helpful than the written tests.

If I can once get my pupils out of the Primer I feel all right but it seems such a responsibility for their future depends upon their starting in the right way.

We play games and have a good time at playtime and do not have any trouble keeping order. I think I have the best pupils anywhere. There is nothing I enjoy more than teaching and it doesn't seem like work.

I haven't had any interesting experiences like other sisters write about. All of them have been in school for I began teaching the year I graduated. I have had some nice trips during vacation. One was a visit to my aunt at Freeport, Texas. While there we went down to the Gulf, three miles away, and picked up many beautiful shells. We also went to the "Sulphur Mound," for which Freeport is so noted, and saw mountains of sulphur, and trainloads leaving.

Sincerely, MRS. E. B. OSBORN.

LAKE DELAWARE, DELHI, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Since my letter in December COMFORT I have received hundreds of lovely cards and letters for which I am truly grateful. I was not very well and they helped to pass the weary time. I answered all I possibly could. We've a darling little daughter who came on March 26th. We call her Merry Ethel. She has lovely gray eyes and soft brown hair.

So many of those who wrote asked me to write again to COMFORT, I must ask Mrs. Wilkinson to open her page once more for me.

We live in the Catskill Mountains. There is a good deal of rain and we had more than our share of snow last winter. Some grain is raised and a little corn. Dairying and hay are the principal things. Quite a good deal of maple syrup is made too. It goes mostly to the Maple Growers' Association. There are extensive tracts of timber in this part of the state. It is very well watered with countless brooks and springs, a well is a curiosity. About 90% of the houses have water in the kitchens. The houses, as a rule, are quite large, from eight to twelve rooms.

There is a lot of wild life too, deer, bears and the fat. Trout fishing is to be had in nearly all of the streams.

In summer a great many city people spend the season on the farms and in the hundreds of boarding houses. It is a fairly lucrative business.

I told you in my other letter what I look like. I was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, I have lived on a ranch in the Sandhills, slept under the stars, spent a year in Denver, was educated in Wisconsin, that is, the last years of my student life were spent there. I am of French, Danish and American descent. I have traveled some and had many amusing adventures. One was more serious than funny.

My hobbies—I like dancing and baseball. I am very fond of music, and paint a little. Do fancy work of nearly all kinds. I love designing, and last but not least, I sometimes write poetry, some of which has been printed.

I love all things beautiful. Even such mournful, weeping skies as we have today have an element of beauty.

Mrs. Hanika and Mrs. Brock, I've lost your addresses. Please write.

I hope you all had a good supply of vegetables and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

How You Can Make Money In Your Spare Time

By Learning to Play Your Favorite Musical Instrument This New Easy Way.

"I BOUGHT a house and lot, and paid $1,100 toward it; all earned through teaching piano," writes Mrs. Mary A. Olsen, 3715 Wadsworth St., Los Angeles, Cal. "I would not take $1,000 for my financial and social gain through your lessons. I don't know how you can give as much for so little. I think your method is just wonderful."

Mrs. Olsen is only one of more than three hundred thousand men, women, and young people who have become accomplished musicians through this wonderful new method. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a system of amazing simplicity. Every step is made as clear as A. B. C. You don't have to know anything whatever about music. You learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home, quickly, easily, and without endless study and practice. Long before you now think it could ever be possible, you will actually play well enough to be in demand as a well-paid entertainer, teacher, or musician.

The new way is fun—not drudgery. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours and regular classes. You practice whenever you can, and learn as quickly as you please.

Three Months from Today You, Too, Can Play

Is it the piano that you wish to play, or the organ, violin, guitar, harp, or cello? Do you want to learn to sing from notes? Are you eager to play "jazz" on the banjo, clarinet, saxophone, trombone, or the drums and traps? Does the cornet call to you, or the flute or piccolo? Would you love to learn the ukulele (the Hawaiian steel guitar)? Chose your favorite—and play it three months from today.

You will learn by notes—the only practical way for you to learn. There are no "numbers" and no "tricks" in this marvelous method.

Learn To Play Any Instrument

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and Composition
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Tenor Banjo	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Mandolin	Harp
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Flute	Piccolo
Saxophone	Trombone
Voice and Speech Culture	
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Send for this free, valuable book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." It costs you nothing. You obligate yourself in no way whatever. With it will be sent — without obligation — a sample lesson which proves, better than words, how delightfully quick and easy the famous Print and Picture Method is.

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September, The Harvest Month

SEPTEMBER is the farmer's month of realization, the "pay day" of the year. Coming close upon the heels of hot August, the cool nights make sleeping a joy and complete rest a reality. It may still be hot in the fields at midday, but there is a certain indescribable "tang" to the air that tells of frosts and Indian Summer not far off. In fact the threat of frost may cause worry for those whose corn is backward, and there are bound to be many readers who fall in that class. Hazy, lazy days and crisp nights when the big red harvest moon beams down on a season's work well done; big red apples in the orchard to be sold or stored for cold winter eating—or perhaps made into sweet cider; vegetables to be dug and stored in the cellar; spring pigs that are reaching market size apace. But why try to list all September's blessings that are to be found on every farm at this glorious time when the leaves are beginning to take on the tints of autumn, when the hickory nuts are ripe, and when the old hound frets and impatiently waits for that first rabbit hunt.

Now is the time to select early maturing ears of corn for next year's seed. Walk through the field, find the early maturing ears, mark them by stripping back a bit of husk or by tying bits of white rag to the stalk close to the ear, then leave them on the stalk to dry out and fully mature. Before the corn is harvested go through again and snap off these marked ears and store them separately. Have enough so that a later selection may be made for type and size, choosing those that conform most closely to the variety standard, and that show the best filled tips and best covered butts. Keep this field selected seed in a dry place where it will not freeze in cold weather, and you will have seed of high quality and germination.

Hill selection of potatoes is a practice that pays well for the time it takes, though perhaps this will not come until later in the month. Here is how it is done: When potatoes are ready for digging, choose two rows well away from the edge of the field, then dig carefully by hand. Compare the number, size, shape and quality of the potatoes turned out of each pair of hills. Though the yield may run quite uniform, there are sure to be hills that will stand out above the general average, and it is these hills that we are looking for. Avoid hills that show a large number of "nubbins" or deformed tubers. Pick out the best potatoes from the all-around best hills, choosing potatoes that are uniform in size and shape. Store these separate from the crop that is harvested later, and the increased yields that will result when this practice is followed year after year, at no cost but a little time and work, will be truly surprising.

Plant rye now in the hog lot to provide for early spring hog pasture. Early seeding, heavier than when intended for a crop of grain, gives more time to make strong fall growth, and the more extensive root system established by early seeding in a favorable season will force earlier and quicker spring growth. Now is the time, too, for the fall house cleaning in and around the hog lot. Get rid of trash that so often accumulates, clean out the house thoroughly, then give it a coat of whitewash. Ceiling, walls and floor should all be treated to this cheap but efficient aid to hog health. Mix one pound of common salt with each pail of whitewash to make a mixture that will not rub off.

How about the chicken house? It should have a house cleaning at least once a year—and the job should not be left for the "missus and the girls" to attend to, either, for it is a man's work. Take out nests, roosts, dropping board, fountains and feed troughs. Remove all old litter from the floor and old ashes or dirt from the scratch house. Then scrape down the walls and ceiling with an old garden hoe, digging out the cracks that are sure to be found in such places as around the windows with a putty knife. These cracks are the hiding places of lice and mites that await the return of the farm flock to their winter home. Clean the roosts, dropping board, etc., out of doors, then give them a liberal application of coal tar disinfectant made according to the instructions printed upon the can. Inside of the poultry house spray or use a whitewash brush to get the disinfectant over every inch of ceiling and walls, particularly in the corners and around windows and doors. If the floor is of wood, treat this also; if it is of dirt, a disinfectant soaking will do no harm. Then fill the dusting box with new clean dirt or ashes, replace the roosts, nests, and dropping board, clean the windows so that they will admit the light they should, see that the roof ventilator is in working order and not clogged with sparrow nests, fill all rat holes with concrete, and the house is ready for winter occupation.

Choose Sugar Beet Land Now

Many farmers who grow sugar beets have learned from long experience that the time to decide where next year's crop will be grown is now, in early September. Others who raise this crop can well afford to follow their good example.

In deciding where beets will be grown, every grower should see that the land selected is well drained and that it is in a good state of fertility. Clay or sandy loam soil serve best for beets; light sandy soil or muck soil should be avoided, as both dry out too quickly during periods of drought. Clover, corn or potato land, to which a liberal top dressing of well-rotted manure has been applied before plowing, usually serve best for sugar beets.

Good drainage is highly important for this crop. If land is low and subject to flooding, or even if the water table lies too close to the surface in a wet season, beets will not thrive, but will be stunted, underfed and undernourished. Even when the excess of moisture is only temporary, the effect will be lasting; crippled beets will not overcome the damage and delay, even when good growing conditions are restored later in the season. The ideal condition for beets is, besides a soil in good tilth, a soil in which the water table is not too close to the surface. This condition induces the formation of a single well-defined tap root, and discourages the formation of the numerous side roots common to beets grown on wet land. Many rooted beets, even though they may grow to large size, are usually coarse and poor in quality. But if the land selected is rich in humus and is reasonably fertile and well drained, the crop will thrive and return a profit. Get the land manured early, then plow it as soon in September as possible. Fall plowing improves the tilth, allows for early and repeated discing next spring and permits a good early start with this crop without delaying other farm work.

Surface Rot of Sweet Potatoes

Infection with surface rot may take place slightly before or during sweet potato harvest, or it may take place in the early storage period. For this reason it is recommended that, wherever possible, harvesting be done only during dry weather and that the potatoes be allowed to dry in the sun for a few hours before picking up. Conditions in the storage house should be dry and warm when the potatoes are put in, so that curing will begin promptly. Potatoes that are dug in damp weather, piled and stored immediately in a storage house that is not perfectly dry, are most susceptible to surface rot disease.

Surface rot has many characteristics in common with black rot, caused by *Sphæroneme fimbriatum*, but nevertheless it is an entirely different and distinct disease that is readily distinguished from black rot. It has now been discovered that the organism responsible for the surface rot disease is *Fusarium oxysporum*, inoculations with which under moist conditions in storage have produced the disease.

The disease is generally recognized as a storage trouble by growers, and is characterized by nearly circular brownish sunken spots, usually several in number. These vary in size according to age, and may attain a maximum size of about three-fourths of an inch. Three well-marked stages of the disease are noted; the first, which consists in the formation of the spots; the second, a shrinkage of the potato; and the third, the drying up of the potato, which makes it entirely unfit for food. The last stage is usually most pronounced during the latter part of the storage period.

How to Make White Lard

Is the making of pure white lard becoming a lost art on our farms? Country merchants who occasionally buy lard or "take it in trade" from farmers, say that white lard is now uncommon, while once it was almost the rule. Perhaps the methods once employed so successfully by pioneer housewives has been lost in the rapid advance in all things culinary. Anyhow, here's how to make lard that is really *white*.

Keep the leaf lard separate from the fat that comes from trimming the hams, shoulders and sides. Render out the leaf lard first, as it is the highest grade product and most desirable for home use or sale. Before throwing the fat or trimmings into the kettle, cut into one-inch cubes after all the strips of lean have been removed. The lean meat sticks to the kettle and also gives the lard a scorched taste. Do not cook fat with the rind on; this helps produce a dull or dirty color. Do the rendering in a big iron kettle, filled about three-quarters full of the uniform sized cubes. Keep a moderate steady fire under the kettle and stir the cubes frequently. If the lard foams, the fire is getting too hot. When the cracklings become brown and are light enough to float, the cooking should be stopped. Dip out and strain the lard through muslin cloths into stone crocks or lard pails.

To whiten the lard, stir occasionally until it cools; when it is almost cold and is practically "set", stir vigorously. This will cause it to whiten and become smooth. A teaspoonful of soda is added by some to each 20 gallons of lard to produce whiteness. Store in a cool, dry place that is free from odors.

What Causes Mottles in Butter?

Mottles appear in butter from time to time, to the dismay of the housewife and even of the expert commercial buttermaker. It has now been found that mottles appear only *in* salted butter that has been improperly worked. The deep yellow patches in mottled butter contain relatively large and few water droplets; the whitish dapples contain a great number of very minute droplets. This indicates uneven and improper working. Study has determined that the presence of salt disturbs the water-in-fat emulsion and that uniformity *in* the emulsion is restored by the process of working.

"In order to prevent mottles," according to the creamery experts who conducted the investigation, "butter must be worked sufficiently to accomplish this fusion and reemulsification of water and brine." This point is usually reached when butter has been reduced by working to a plastic, tough and waxy body. The working must be uniform throughout the churn. Overloaded workers and workers that are improperly set, loose, or slipping, will not work butter evenly and are likely to produce mottled or wavy butter. Therefore, when a batch of butter is found to be mottled, wavy or marbled and uneven in color, inspect the churn to see that everything is in good working order, then proceed more carefully with the working in future.

The Weight of Newborn Calves

"What breed of dairy cows gives birth to the largest calves?"

That is a question frequently raised by dairymen who each argue lustily that the honor belongs to their own favorite breed. Considerable study has been given to the subject, with the result that now definite facts and figures are available. To put an end to argument, the following figures are presented:

Brown Swiss calves, average at birth	100 pounds
Holstein calves, average at birth	90 pounds
Dairy Shorthorn calves, average at birth	73 pounds
Ayreshire calves, average at birth	70 pounds
Guernsey calves, average at birth	67 pounds
Jersey calves, average at birth	55 pounds

A close study of additional results of the investigation show several interesting points. In the first place, though it might be expected that the size of the offspring would depend directly upon the size of the dam, such is not always the case. The average weight of Dairy Shorthorn dams tops the list, with Brown Swiss second and Holsteins third; but it will be noticed that the weight of Dairy Shorthorn calves drops to third position. Among Ayreshires, Guernseys and Jerseys the weight of the dams has a direct bearing upon the weight of the calves of the breeds.

A second interesting point is that in every breed the birth weight of bull calves averaged considerably higher than that of heifer calves. Brown Swiss showed an average difference between males and females of 17 pounds; Holsteins, 7 pounds; Dairy Shorthorns, 1 pound; Ayreshires, 6 pounds; Guernseys, 5 pounds; and Jerseys, 6 pounds. Except in the case of the Dairy Shorthorn, the difference is quite marked.

A third interesting point is that the weight of calves at birth, instead of being directly proportional to the weight of their dams, really increases more rapidly as we advance from the smaller to the larger breeds. For example, Brown Swiss calves have a birth weight of 8.9 per cent. of the weight of their dams; Holsteins, 7.9 per cent.; Ayreshires, 7.1 per cent.; Guernseys, 6.7 per cent.; Jerseys, 6.3 per cent.; and Dairy Shorthorns, only 6 per cent. The Shorthorns are the exception that is said to prove the rule, for except for this breed, the decrease in percentage of the birth weight of calves as compared to the weight of their dams is quite marked.

It may be well to add that there seems to be little immediate proof that the weight of the sire has a direct effect upon the weight of his offspring at birth; his influence seems to become apparent only after calves are born and begin to grow. The age of the dams, however, does have a bearing upon the weight of their calves, as an increase is noted with each lactation period until the fifth is passed, then a corresponding decrease takes place.

Pea Straw for Feeding Sheep

The question often arises "Is pea straw a safe feed for breeding ewes and lambs, and what kind of results can I expect from its use?" An experiment recently completed at the Washington Agricultural Experiment Station, Pullman, Washington, gives some interesting information on the subject.

A lot of 6 lambs fed an average ration of 3.49 pounds of pea straw gained 30.8 pounds per head in 120 days, and produced fleeces averaging 10.17 pounds. A similar lot of lambs fed an average ration of 3.42 pounds of alfalfa hay gained 43.7 pounds during the same period and produced fleeces weighing 10.41 pounds. Each of the lambs in both lots received one pound of grain daily. Though the lambs receiving alfalfa hay showed the greater gain, the extremely low price of the pea straw showed this to be the more profitable roughage when both gain and cost of gain were considered.

During an average winter period of 80 days, pregnant ewes receiving pea straw and grain required 0.16 pounds more grain daily than did ewes fed on a standard ration of alfalfa hay and 0.5 pounds of grain. After lambing, a group of 7 ewes and 9 lambs were continued on each of the roughages, the amount of grain being varied to secure an equal growth in both groups of lambs. During the first 60 days of the suckling period the alfalfa hay lot consumed 1.9 pounds of grain per ewe daily, while the pea straw lot consumed 2.93 pounds of grain. Here again the low price of the pea straw made it an economical ration for ewes with lambs, but the additional grain consumed left but a small margin in its favor over alfalfa hay.

Corn Webworm Eradication

Early fall plowing is the one and only remedy for corn webworms, and this simple control measure should be taken in all regions where this pest is known. Plowing as late as October is of little or no value, as by this time the webworms are already safely housed in their winter webs under the ground surface. Therefore the sooner the early plowing is begun, the better results will be. Land that has been in sod or pasture, or that has lain fallow and has grown up to weeds, should by rights have been plowed even earlier, in July or August, if it is to be planted to corn next year, but September plowing is certainly better than later plowing.

Grasslands of all kinds, such as pastures, meadows and lawns, furnish the normal food for sod webworms, but they also gnaw young corn plants below the ground surface and deform them to such an extent that recovery and the production of a crop is seriously impaired or entirely prevented. After the corn is once planted and the ground is found to be infested there is no practicable method of getting rid of the worms; therefore prevention *now* is the only safeguard of the crop for next year. Discing in the spring, the application of plenty fertilizer to force early growth and the use of sound seed of strong germinating qualities are all beneficial, but should not be depended upon alone. Poisoning and trapping have given unsatisfactory results. Injury to grasslands themselves is difficult to control and little can be done except to plow up the sod and plant to some crop that is immune from attack.

Wet Cotton Fiber Injured by Pressing

Recent tests conducted by the Department of Agriculture have fully proved that compressing wet cotton to high density increases the per centage of waste and reduces the breaking strength of the yarn. The tests also showed conclusively that compressing cotton to standard or high density when in a dry or normal state is not injurious to the spinning value of the fiber.

The varieties of cotton tested were pure strains of Cleveland Big Boll, Delta, Rowden and Webber No. 49. All of the various types of bales were tested; namely, a flat bale with a density of 12 to 15 pounds per cubic foot; a standard or railroad compressed bale with a density of 22 to 28 pounds; a high density bale with a density of 28 to 40 pounds; a high density bale compressed wet; and a round bale with a density of 35 pounds per cubic foot. The strength of yarn made from cotton that had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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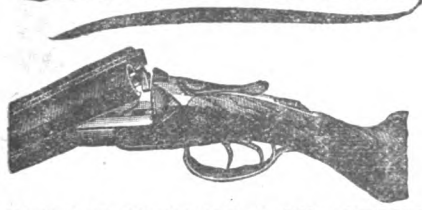
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Where Traplines Cross

A Story of North Woods Trails

By Kenneth Fuller Lee

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CHAPTER I.

HUMPY Jean was in a savage mood, even for him, and at best he was very far from being angelic. Less than five feet in height, with long, gorilla-like arms reaching to his knees, he was most repellent in appearance. Dame Nature had taken a few pains to do a perfect job on him, as the unsightly hump between his narrow shoulders attested. As is frequently the case, the little man's mind was even more warped and twisted than his body.

Despite the handicap of physical and mental deformity, Humpy was justly ranked among the most skillful trappers in northern Maine; his yearly catch of furs would average well with those of such experts as Joe St. Auber, Redmond, Holloway and MacDonald, each of whom annually reaped a rich harvest from the bearers of valuable pelts.

There was this distinction between Humpy Jean and the others: They were normal, honest and fair-dealing men, who took great pains to keep well within the bounds of law; killing only when it was necessary and pulling their traps when the season closed.

Humpy, on the other hand, trapped in season and out, killed at times out of shere deviltry, and had been known to boast that he once supplied a chain of lumber camps with their winter's meat by slaying more than a hundred deer during the time of the deep snows, running the helpless animals down on snowshoes and slaughtering them with his keen-edged ax.

It was a fine afternoon in late September, the hardwood ridges flaunted wonderful colorings, busy jays called to each other, Nature was in a peaceful mood. In front of his camp, Humpy was mulling over the happenings of the past few days. His trapline, running through almost a hundred miles of practically virgin wilderness, he had always regarded as his own personal property. The fact that a strange trapper was now cutting in on it, at a point where Humpy anticipated getting a good catch of beaver, aroused the little dwarf's ire almost to the point of frenzy.

Nervously raising and dropping the milled hammer of his stubby Winchester carbine, he muttered wild, half-formed threats of vengeance on the unknown trapper who had dared to encroach on his territory. Humpy's dog, a mongrel cross between an Airedale and some sort of terrier, incautiously crossed between him and the door of the little cabin. Hopping with spider-like agility to his feet the venomous little dwarf kicked the unsuspecting animal half-way across the yard, where it dropped and lay moaning with the agony of its broken ribs. Grinning malevolently, Humpy stood watching the poor beast writhe for a moment, then, slowly raising his rifle, he deliberately shot it through the head. "There, dam' you, that'll teach you to keep out of my way," he snarled between clenched teeth, jacking the empty shell from his rifle as he scuttled into the cabin.

Hastily starting a fire in the little sheet-metal stove, the dwarf took down a slab of bacon from the nail on which it hung, scooped a handful of coffee into the dirty coffee pot, poured in a dipper of cold water, opened a can of beans and dumped them into a skillet, still muttering and swearing under his breath. "I'll plug that . . . . fur thief the first time I get sight of him," he gritted, spitefully kicking an unoffending stool from his path.

He slid crab-wise over to the rude table, filling a tin plate with steaming beans and bacon, which he devoured wolfishly. His meal ended, Humpy piled the dirty dishes into his wooden sink, then picked up an empty pack-basket, into which he put a small coil of wire, several traps, and his belt-ax. He filled the magazine of his rifle with soft-nosed shells, shut and locked the cabin door, and slipped silently into the timber.

CHAPTER II.

Smoke curled peacefully up from the chimney of a tiny log cabin on the banks of Bear Brook; the sound of a buck-saw eating its way through a white-birch log came cheerfully through the forest. Inside the little cabin, Peggy Lane, a bride of less than a month, whistled softly to herself as she peeled the potatoes for the noon meal. Her big, muscular husband, the musician who was responsible for the buck-saw solo, now darkened the little doorway.

"Peggy Girl, how about some dinner?" he queried, sweat standing out in little beads on his bronzed forehead, and running down inside the flannel collar of his shirt. Clinton Lane went at sawing wood as he did everything else, and his wife glanced at him affectionately as she replied, "Most ready, Clint. I'm going to French fry these potatoes, and the meat is done already. You must be pretty tired; you've sawed more than a cord of that birch since breakfast."

Clinton glanced affectionately back at his busy little wife, and thought to himself that few men were so blessed with a true mate. She fitted into this rude environment, far from all pretense of civilization, as easily as did Clint himself. Despite the absence of nearly all conveniences, she appeared to be enjoying herself thoroughly, making the most of what she had to work with in a manner which delighted her big husband beyond words.

The couple had been told that no one was trapping the section they were in. Accordingly, they had made plans to spend the entire winter in camp, picking spruce gum and running a pair of traplines. They had made of the tiny cabin a cozy home. Peggy had made red curtains for the four windows, they had brought in a few rugs for the rough board floor, and the crevices between the logs were solidly chinked with clay from the bed of the stream close at hand. A huge pile of sawed and split birch was growing steadily under the shed roof back of the camp, in anticipation of the thirty or forty below zero which was bound to come later.

In the shed a fat buck and an equally fat doe swung side by side frozen slightly, while in a little storeroom inside the camp several large hams, slabs of bacon, a bushel of beans, two whole barrels of flour, with potatoes, apples, and canned foods of all sorts were piled in sufficient quantity to carry the couple well along into the winter. A few luxuries in the shape of seeded raisins, a large bag of mixed nuts, and some pop-corn on the cob, had been added. Clint and his wife felt that the winter ahead would be a pleasant one, whether they made much at the trapping game or not.

"Clint, can I go with you when you make those beaver sets, so I can find them if you should happen to be laid up for a day or so?" asked Peggy, placing a platter of browned deer-meat and crisp potatoes on the little table.

"You certainly can, as soon as we get the dinner dishes put away," her big husband replied, sliding out of his leather jacket and sitting down at his place. "We ought to get quite a little bunch of stuff out of that colony," he went on enthusiastically. "We'll try some of that castor scent that Saulnier gave me, and if there are as many beaver there as I think there are, we'll clean up in good shape this winter."

"Maybe we can make enough to buy those camps at Lost Pond, in the Spring. Wouldn't that be just splendid?" Peggy retorted, with an eager flush on her smooth cheeks at the thought. She and Clint had discussed the Lost Pond camps as a remote possibility, but so far had been unable to raise the money needed to buy them.

"Two thousand dollars is a lot of money, dear. The camps are easily worth more than that, and we could make a fine thing of them, but it'll take a lot of fur to bring that amount," Clint answered, not wanting to hold out false hopes which might not be realized.

Thus they talked during the noon meal, laying plans for months ahead, neither dreaming of the actual peril which was even then taking form about their little cabin. On a rug in front of the door their big Airedale, Rags, watched them eat, and when the meal was at last completed, he came forward for the leavings; Peggy placed these in a tin plate and set it beside the stove, where the husky pup made quick work of the scraps of fried meat and potato, wagging his stubby tail and whole rear end with appreciation. "Did like, didn't you Rags?" asked Clint. The dog came over and put his head on his master's knee, looking up with his honest brown eyes alight. "Better take Rags along, hadn't we?" Peggy assented. "But we will have to watch him, or he'll get tangled up with another of those porcupines," she added.

They cleaned up the dishes and put them away, then, each taking a 22 repeater and a few traps, they set out for the big swamp where their beaver colony was located. Rags worked ahead and flushed a big flock of partridges; his barking told the couple that the birds were treed, so Clint and Peggy stole cautiously in. At the foot of a big birch, Rags sat alertly up, yapping frantically at five or six fat biddies who craned their necks to watch him. "You take the lower right-hand bird, Peggy," whispered Clint, and the little rifles smacked together, two birds thudding solidly to earth. The rest did not move. "Take the right-hand bird again," said Clint. With the double smack of the 22's one bird came down with a thud, the other slanted to earth and started running, trailing a broken wing. This suited Rags; with a yelp he started in swift pursuit, hurdling logs and brush-heaps. Peggy and Clint fired simultaneously at the last bird, which flopped down beside the first three. By the time they had retrieved the down birds Rags had caught the cripple, but refused to bring it in. He stood guard over it, proudly wagging his stub of a tail, awaiting the forthcoming words of praise from his beloved master and mistress.

Stuffing the birds into Clint's pack they continued along the blazed trail for a mile or so, till the shine of water ahead apprised them of their nearness to the beaver pond—their destination. A small flock of black ducks still clung to the open water below the big beaver dam. With a great splashing and beating of wings the birds arose and swung in widening circles over the little pond, quacking excitedly among themselves in a conversational manner.

Taking off his pack, Clint tore a big hole in the dam and concealed three traps in the muddy bottom near the opening. He fastened wires to the dam and attached a rock to the far end of each, slinging the rocks out into the pond. The sliding ring of a trap chain was placed over each wire in such a manner that a beaver getting into one of the traps would have freedom to dive, the trap and drag sliding down the wire with him, drowning him effectively.

Other traps were set under water at various points along the shore of the pond; twigs were dipped into the castor scent to serve as a lure and no other bait being used, as the beaver feed almost entirely on bark and the pulpy wood coating under the bark.

Peggy found a couple of openings where bank beaver resided, and in these also traps were placed, being staked out with wire in the same manner.

Suddenly Rags set up a fearful clamor and darted into the underbrush. Startled at Rags' unusual behavior, and feeling that something must be wrong, Clint dashed after him in time to see the dog felled by a savage blow from a club in the hands of an unknown assailant whose body was concealed by the dense undergrowth. Wild with anger he rushed in to protect his dog. A scurry in the brush came to his ears. Rags' attacker was making his getaway, but for the moment Clint was vitally interested to learn the extent of the dog's injuries. Lying motionless, his head doubled under him, Clint for a moment thought him dead, and his eyes blurred with tears. Anger succeeded his grief, and carefully examining the ground the track of a small moccasin caught his eye. Racing to the top of the next ridge he listened for further sounds. All was silent, and he hurriedly retraced his steps.

As he reentered the clearing he was overjoyed to see Rags weaving hazily to his feet, uninjured except for a big lump on the back of his head.

"How did Rags get hurt? Was it a bear, Clint?" asked Peggy, her eyes wide with excitement.

"If it was, he was pretty handy with a club, for there is the stick Rags was knocked out with. His moccasin track proves him to have been a small man, or at least one with small feet. I trailed him to the top of the ridge but he got clean away. Whoever he was he must have been spying on us for some reason, though why he should do so is beyond me."

"Rags must have seen him, Clint, and attacked him because he thought we were in danger from him. But who could possibly have any reason for trying to injure us?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Some woods-queer hermit, perhaps," said Clint, who had never heard of Humpy Jean, and could think of no reason for enmity on the part of anyone.

CHAPTER III.

"That dam' dog! If it hadn't been for him I could have bounced a bullet off his master!"

Humpy Jean was busily soaking iodine into a series of punctures in his leg where Rags had sunk his teeth just previous to being clubbed into unconsciousness.

"There are two of them, and that makes it all the worse; but if they stick their noses into my trapping ground they'll get theirs." It was quite evident that Humpy's temper had not been sweetened any by his encounter with the visitors that afternoon. "If I can get the man, the girl wont stay here long alone," he reasoned.

It did not occur to Humpy that he had more trapping ground than he could possibly handle alone, outside of the one beaver colony which he considered that Clint had taken from him. With him it was "whole hog or none"; the idea of any competition was odious to him. His entire life had been spent in killing, and in his twisted mind there was little difference between the life of a man and that of an animal.

Among his possessions was a patent spring-gun—a short barrel and lock attached to a swivelled post, with a wire running parallel to the barrel. In use, the swivelled post would be stuck into the ground and a piece of meat or fish fastened to the end of the wire would serve as bait. An unwary fox, raccoon or bear, as the case might be, upon grabbing at the bait would be shot between the eyes with the 38 slug with which the weapon was loaded. "Maybe I can fix that thieving cuss with this," chuckled Humpy vindictively, as he slipped a ball cartridge into the short barrel.

Putting the deadly contrivance into his pack, the dwarf set out for the beaver pond. It was fast growing dark but he knew the trail well, and soon reached the point where Clint had set his traps in the hole torn in the big dam. A short distance below the traps Humpy went into the brush and stuck the swivelled post into the ground, then fastening a fishline to the trigger he carried this across the trail about a foot from the ground and attached it to a little maple. Going back, he adjusted the gun barrel to point breast-high and pulled back the hammer.

"When he comes along tomorrow morning that'll fix him, an' I'll make it look as if he shot himself. Hope she don't come with him, though, with that dam' dog!"

Hastily looking over the premises to be sure that he had left no incriminating signs of his presence, Humpy betook himself into the shadows again, slinking stealthily to his own cabin to await the morrow. Sleep forsook the dwarf that night, the rustle of a mouse along the log walls, the crackling of wood in the stove, and the sudden wail of a bob-cat out in the black night kept him shivering and wide awake; but remorse had no part in it, and he had no intention of trying to prevent that which he had so deliberately set in motion.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hallo, there! This is no time for trappers to be asleep!" Big Dave Burns, the game warden, stood in the little clearing on Bear Brook and shouted to Clint Lane, who had overslept that morning. "Come on out and see a fellow," Dave roared merrily.

A moment later Clint came to the door, rubbing his eyes and smiling a good-natured welcome. "Glad to see you, Dave; wait till the Missus gets dressed and we'll have a bite to eat. What are you doing over in here? Not looking for me, are you?"

"What have you been doing? Ain't got any moose meat hid out, hev ye?" asked Big Dave shrewdly.

"You are welcome to all you can dig up, Dave," retorted Clint. "I'm mighty glad you came in though, for things have been happening around here that I don't understand, and maybe you can help me figure them out."

"Spin your yarn, then," said the warden, glancing speculatively at Rags, who just then came to the door, the big lump showing plainly on the top of his head. "Who gave him that?"

"That's just what I want to know," said Clint angrily. "Some son-of-a-gun is letting himself in for a whole bundle of hard luck by doing that to a dog of mine" he went on. He then told Dave just what had happened the day previous, and asked him what he made of the affair.

"Wa'al, did ye ever meet up with the party called Humpy Jean?"

"Can't say as I have. Who is he and why should he be spying on me?"

"Don't know as he has been. Seems likely he *might* hev been, though, s'long's you're trappin' on his grounds. Humpy ain't quite all there, he's a touchy leetle cuss, 'nd he's meaner'n a lucivee."

This was the first intimation that Clint had received of the presence of another trapper in the section, and he was immediately convinced of the correctness of the big warden's theory. He resolved not to say anything of the matter to Peggy for fear of frightening her.

"Clint, ef that leetle runt hez a grudge agin you, take my advice an' light out uv here. He ain't the kind to stop at nuthin', he knows the woods better'n you, and he's part nutty anyhow. I don't want the job of lugging you in with a bullet smashed through yuh."

Thus spoke Big Dave, and in his words volumes were hidden. Himself practically immune to fear, yet for his friend he felt deepest anxiety, knowing the type of miscreant he had to deal with.

"No dwarf is going to run me out of this section, and that is flat!" Clint felt affronted to think that Dave held him in so low esteem; he also had an idea that Peggy would think less of him if he left the country because of the enmity of a hump-backed rival trapper. "Come on in and we'll eat; then I'd like to have you go with me to look over the beaver sets we've made."

Peggy greeted the warden cordially and the two men sat down to a table laden with fried deer liver and onions, hot coffee and doughnuts, which disappeared as if by magic.

"Aren't you feeling well, Dave? You don't seem to be eating a thing," said Peggy slyly, as Dave helped himself to his fourth doughnut.

"No m'm," said Dave gravely. "My stummick has ben acting sumpin terrible lately. Old Doc Brann sez as how I should go on a diet, so I've been sticking to biled dinners, fried sausage, mince pie and sech. I've allers been mighty fond of hot biskit, but he says they aint good fer me; so now I open up nine or ten of 'em around my plate and let 'em cool off!"

Clint and Peggy laughed uproariously, while Dave sheepishly reached out for the last doughnut on the plate. "'Spose I'll have to resk it, but I'd ruther be an old maid than miss that doughnut."

After breakfast Clint kissed his wife good-by and, picking up his pack and rifle, set off up the trail with Big Dave, Rags frisking on ahead as usual. The two men conversed in low tones as they swung along through the woods.

"Do you think that dwarf would take a shot at me?" Clint asked incredulously.

"Wa'al, I wouldn't give him a chance if I could help it. He's pretty handy with a gun and would pick you off from behind a tree if he took a notion. You'd stand as much show as an angle worm in a fish hatchery!"

As they started to cross a small brook a large mink flashed into sight below them, crossing a sand-bar. Clint tossed the little 22 to his shoulder and fired without apparent aim. At the shot the mink jumped spasmodically and rolled to the edge of the water, where he lay motionless.

"Whoopee! That was *some* shot! Guess you kin take care o' yerself when it comes to shootin'," yelled Big Dave as he retrieved the dead mink, pointing to the dark spot of blood welling from its ear.

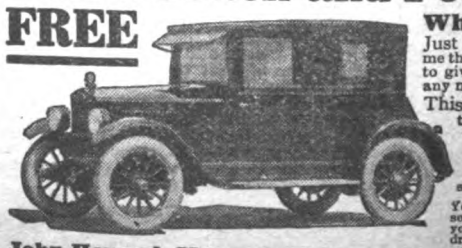
"Easy money," laughed Clint, as he slipped the heavy little body into the pocket of his hunting coat and resumed the trail.

They now approached the edge of the beaver swamp, and Clint said softly, "Dave, there was a bunch of duck in here yesterday. Take it easy and maybe I can get a crack at one of them." The two stole quietly forward, with Rags still slightly in the lead. Not a twig cracked under foot as they made their way toward the open water below the dam * * * * *

The crashing report of a gun shattered the still morning air. Rags leaped high and came running excitedly back to meet the two men. Big Dave snatched his Luger from the holster under his arm and ran up the trail with Clint in close pursuit. Nothing was to be seen, and Dave commenced to circle the spot from whence the shot seemed to have come, his pistol poised for instant action. Clint watched the warden in puzzled confusion, rather expecting a bullet from some hidden foe and wondering from what point the attack would come.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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John Howard, Manager, National Auto Club, Dept. 106, Batavia, Illinois

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

see this in print in grand old COMFORT I would like to hear from all the cousins near my own age, especially those from my own State. I will answer as many as I can.

Your loving nephew and cousin,
HENRY JESSE HARRIS

Henry, I'm glad to know your 250 Aptosians are all "up and a comin" down among your fields of artichokes. A town needs to be only as dead as the people who live in it. You sound alive, and I'm sure the other 249 are just as lively now that the sleeping acres have been awakened. The holding of large tracts of land in idleness away from the hands which might use the acres and develop them is always an evil. It is one that has been gradually but not entirely overcome in our biggest and broadest acred states. To give people access to the land and keep them happy and prosperous there is the secret of happy and prosperous government. Rather it is no secret, but a course that the tendency of modern-day national life does not follow. When wealth accumulates in cities and men decay there, so national life decays. Conditions on the land constitute always a barometer-reading of national weather. This has been so down all history. When the condition registered has been "change and storm," it has been a dark time for old empires.

RAYMOND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

For a long time now I have wanted to write— to come into your circle and talk a while. I live in the hills region of the Palmetto State, where the clay and the sand of the ancient sea are both meet. The sand is mostly tiny quartz pebbles. The predominating forest growth is the long-leaf pine which often reaches a height of over a hundred feet. This pine is tall and straight, and has few limbs except a tuft of them at the top. The needles are eight to twelve inches long and the cones are as large as a quart cup. Rosin and turpentine fill the pores of the wood in the mature trees. They make splendid lumber and produce large quantities of turpentine, tar and rosin.

The North Edisto River is one and a half miles from where I live. It is a slow-moving stream, narrow, deep and black, with wide swamps on each side. The water gets its dark tinge from the decaying vegetation, but is clear. The swamps are mostly black bogs with a jungle growth of vines and bushes, and many big trees such as cypress, gum and tulip. Sometimes, on still mornings we have heard the bellowing of the alligators. The swamp is infested with snakes, moccasins and others. An abundance of beautiful birds, flowers and insects also exist in its dark recesses. Edisto means "Medicine Man River." Before going to war, the medicine man of the local Indian tribes got water from the river and sprinkled it on the ground —thus indicating how the blood of the tribe's enemies would be poured out. Then he would quench burning pine knots— showing how he would, with his power, blot out the opponents' lives.

A great misfortune has befallen our farmers: a small insect, the cotton boll weevil, has destroyed three crops for us in succession. Many thousands of colored people, who made a living in the cotton fields, have moved away. Their lusty and melodious songs no longer rise from the happy laborers as when they hoed, plowed and picked the cotton.

We have a fine climate, with green crops often growing the year 'round. Our good soil will grow corn, peas, potatoes, sugar cane, rice, truck, and support poultry and livestock—but marketing conditions are bad.

A few words about myself: I am just a country lassie with medium brown hair, brown eyes and fair complexion. I weigh 110 pounds. I live nine miles from town and get lonesome sometimes, but I read and do fancy work a great deal in addition to housework, and I care for a flock of hens and visit some, too.

Now a word for COMFORT: I have been a subscriber for several years and think it is the best paper in the world. Why don't more of the cousins from South Carolina write? I have only seen three letters from this state. Write to me cousins, for I often have the "lonesome blues."

Affectionately your niece, LUCIA RUMFF.

I just gotta congratulate you upon your letter-Lucia. Upon your astoundingly clear handwriting and your well-expressed description of that part of the Palmetto State where you feed the chickens and do fancy work in between egg-gathering times. There must be good schools in Raymond—or a bright scholar!

Mr. Boll Weevil and his large family have indeed made great havoc in your main crop, Lucia, and even Uncle Sam has had to take a hand in fighting the pesky pest. Your words about your negro cotton pickers made me think of the lines of an old song which went, if I remember right:

"Picture tonight a field of snowy white,
Here the darkies singing, soft and low;
It's there I would be, for someone waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow."

If Mr. Boll Weevil has stopped the "soft and low" singing of your happy cotton field laborers, Lucia, it is just another grudge we will have to chalk up against the weevil family. There is a natural resilience, flutiness and harmony about negro voices which makes their singing of peculiar charm, I had rather hear such a chorus than the thrills of the most cultivated soprano or the most throaty baritone of the opera stage. Our Crowd will take care of your "lonesome blues," Lucia, and anybody who gets one of your cleverly and clearly written letters will be in luck, I'll say.

BOX 532, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Perhaps I ought not to write again and expect you to give space to my worthless writing; but I feel that I must express my thanks for the many letters I received. It was an utter impossibility for me to answer all of them—for there were over a thousand. Some came from those high on the tower of happiness, others from those deep in the "slough of despair." My mood often responded to the mood of these writers, but the general emotion from all of the letters was one of joy.

Many asked how I liked to teach. I find it neither the Utopia of some imagination nor the horror of the dreams of others. There is much to encourage and to inspire higher, greater efforts; there is much to discourage and break down the high aims of the real teacher. My school is over and I have permanently left the profession. With my experience, yet without seeming a booster, I hope I may say that no one merits more support and honor from the nation that do its school teachers.

I thank you for advising me to be master of the books I read. If you could see my books, you would not think that I do not master them. Every passage and every theory that I cannot agree with is marked. From time to time, I try to find the author's line of reason. Finally, if we still do not agree, the passage is covered with a pencil mark. How do you like this system of reading?

Oh, yes: don't let me forget! I am no longer living at Greason. I am now in one of the busiest sections of the state. Pittsburgh, with its huge iron mills, is only a few miles distant. It has been well called "The Smoky City," for all of the coal entering from the surrounding regions, it seems as if one quarter must pass through the flues into the air. All around is the rushing world. I truly believe this is the age of speed in travel, business and pleasure.

I am very curious to know the name of the person who has been writing to me and signing herself "Bobie Lou and Dean." I have some very important things I would like to say to said person. I would be very glad if she would write me, signing her name.

Sincerely yours, PAUL FINKEY.

We'll all be glad to have news of you again, Paul. You do not tell us what you are doing with your wise young brain now that you have given up teaching. Yes, teachers do merit "support and honor," Paul. The worth and influence of a good teacher, a true teacher, is incalculable. Yet the best and truest teaching is fairly rare. Of course certain facts and rules, the elements and ingredients of knowledge must be given. This is no small task in itself. The tools of the brain must be placed in a child's hands and he must be urged to use them and use them correctly. And then, beyond that, the best of teaching can awaken the child to express himself, to become more than a receptacle for book-knowledge.

No classroom equality, no systems of shortcuts and facilities of mental gymnastics, can give the results often hoped for by our educational specialists. Results are always found to be less or more than the teaching, and this must be always so. It has always been so when schools and systems were simpler and scholars fewer. There are brains which are sponges, brains which are sieves, brains which are machines—and brains which are dumbbells! You know this if you have been a teacher, Paul, and perhaps the joy, too, of finding the right sort of answering chord in some finely tuned young mind destined later on to make harmonies of wisdom for its fellowmen. A teacher is a Giver, Paul—and the Givers are the blessed, even when the Takers are many and the Thanks unseen.

ALBUQUERQUE, 410 E. SANTE FE AVE., NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Just twenty-three years ago today I received my first piece of mail from the United States Post-office. It was a copy of "COMFORT" I was a very young chap then and I placed great store by that paper, and as well as I can remember I kept that copy of COMFORT for many months. Since that time I have been a pretty steady COMFORT "fan" and considering my naturally talkative disposition and my quill-pushing profession, I think I have held my peace wonderfully well.

Mention of the word "profession," brings me to the principal motive that prompted this letter. In the many years that I have zealously read the COMFORT Cousins' Page I have seen almost every class, nationality and profession come in for a write-up; all have had champions to extol their virtues and hold up to the world the importance of their particular set in the human scheme.

THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT THE STENOGRAPHER!

It hardly seems possible that in all these years no stenographer has "felt the call" to speak out in behalf of this noble calling. Certainly there should be more than one among the million or more members of this profession who would raise a voice to tell Uncle Lisha, the Goat, and the whole cock-eyed world that the quill-pushers are all right. At any rate this silence has ended; here is one to champion the cause of the great army that writes the letters that keep the world's business in smooth running order. The real importance of this calling is sadly underrated by the average individual, but it is nevertheless a fact that fully eighty per cent. of the country's great men made use of that wonderful combination, pencil and typewriter, as a stepping stone to their greatness. By the same method, thousands of others are today hammering their way upward to distinction. If the stenographers of the country called a "walk-out" the world's business would be placed in the same position as a motor without oil. It couldn't go.

But enough of that for the time being. Let us hear from someone else on the subject. For the present no doubt some of the "back-easters" are asking; 'why does he not tell us something about the West?'" That is a good large question; so large, in fact, that I hardly know how to start the answer. If all the cousins would pack their bags and come out here I would take pleasure in cranking up the "hoopie" and showing them everything worth while in New Mexico, and that is covering a lot of territory, for we certainly have some worth-while things to see. This State can boast of having the oldest inhabited village on the American Continent as well as the oldest church in the United States. We have all the mountains, deserts, canyons, etc., of the other western States equalled, if not surpassed and no place can show a more quaint, picturesque, or wider range of scenery ingeneral. The various tribes of Indians here follow more closely the original tribal customs and show less effect of the "white man's coming" than in any other part of the country.

Albuquerque is by far the largest and most important city in the State. It is located on the famous Rio Grande, about which whole volumes could be written. It is situated on the eastern side of the river along an immensely fertile valley but the Albuquerque of today has far overgrown this valley and now spreads along the entire slope that leads off up to the mesa, or plain, two miles or more from the river. Beyond the Mesa, running parallel with the river, is a beautiful mountain chain; the majestic Sandies, forming a fitting background for the wonderful setting spread out below. These mountains are twenty miles away but the mesa is so absolutely level and devoid of landmarks, and the atmosphere so clear, that the average "tenderfoot" will gamble that the distance is less than three miles.

Health seekers from every point of the compass attest the fact that this is the most wonderful climate in the world. Sufferers from asthma, tuberculosis, and similar complaints, discard their medicines and become strong again through the action of the atmosphere alone. The sun shines every day in the year, the nights are cool, the days pleasant, and no words can accurately describe the wonderful sweetness of the air as it sweeps along in a gentle, but almost continuous breeze from beyond the Rio Grande.

I haven't space to tell a hundredth part of it, but I have considerable spare time and some postage stamps, and invite everyone who is interested to write. Especially do I want to hear from every other stenographer and typist in the United States. I promise to answer every one of them and send them some literature and pictures. Also would like to have a personal letter, or better still, a personal visit from Uncle Lisha and the Goat.

Regards to all, E. A. BLOUNT.

I'm giving place to your fervent plea for the stenogs, E. A. Yep, your profession is the important first cog upon which the business wheel revolves. It would have to move pretty slow without your army of dot and dash and curlicue makers. If I were just such an army member, I could make our Family's always growing wheel grind through its grist of letters much better than I do in my slow old-fashioned way. For I'm a darn poor typist, E. A., and I don't know a curve of shorthand.

You give a shining picture of life down near the Rio Grande, E. A., and in between tapping of the types you and your "hoopie" must get in some fun and sunlight. It's a long trail to Albuquerque and I don't know whether Bill and I will ever get that far from Brooklyn and the trollies, although I'm sure the climate would be good for Billy's atrocious rheumatism. But here's thanks for your invite, and if I ever hit town, I'll drop in to show you how fast I can write "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" on any Albuquerquan writing machine. I'm some typer, E. A., when I get both fingers going and my eye peeled!

MAPLE HILL, KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Greetings from a new cousin! And I hope my letter gets by Billy's inspection. First let me describe myself: I am nine feet five—or else five feet, nine inches tall, and I weigh about 156 pounds. I have brown hair and eyes and a tanned complexion. I am not so durned much uglier than anybody else But, Uncle, don't think that I am a beauty, for I am not.

How many of you cousins would like to go fishing for a week or two? I'll make the flapjacks and bile the coffee, if any of you can catch fish enough for a good mess for me to fry.

Maybe you would like to know what kind of a place I live in? It is a rough hilly country, with lots of rocks. It is mostly pasture land, except along the creeks. The hills pastures are now all full of cattle.

I will close with much love to Uncle and all the cousins, and I would like to hear from any that would care to write.

Your nephew, EARL GILLASPIE.

Just as you say, Earl, if you don't want to be entered in our Beauty Contest or in Bill's Album, all right. We'll leave you out and not even put you in the appendix or in the vermiform. Yet if I should be durned hungry some cool, dew-kissed Kansas morning after a fishing trip, and you should come into my tent with a tin plate heaped high with steaming flapjacks and sizzling bullheads—why I'd think you as handsome as William Allen White or the front door of an Emporia restaurant. For it is truly a beautiful thing to be a good cook, Earl. On a fishing and camping trip a chap that burns the flapjacks on one side and makes weak coffee is ugly as sin—no matter how handsome his sideburns may be—even if they are handsome as those of Cousin L. Hollis Bowen!

Earl, if you and I ever fish the Maple Hill creeks, I'll let you wiggle the frying pan and agree to keep it full of perch, bullheads, or any other sort of finny food that swims in the Kansas floods. We'll even keep two fry pans going, and when you get tired flipping the flapjacks, we'll let Bill hold the handle and bake the flapjacks scientifically and according to the Encyclopedia Brittanica formula.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Mind Your Own Business

A woman stopped here the other morning and asked for permission to blow up her tires. When she had put in 110 pounds ,I said:

"Lady, you are putting in too much air. You will blow out your tires."

"Oh, no, I won't," she replied, "my husband told me to put in sixty pounds a week, and we are going away for three weeks."—*The Car.*

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department, subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

W. T. D., Kentucky.—We are of the opinion that a remarriage during the lifetime of the husband or wife, unless divorced, is a bigamous and illegal marriage under the laws of all the states of the union, and that the party contracting such a marriage would be liable to punishment for such act.

V. B. S., West Virginia.—If as we understand from your communication your father died in 1906, and the present holder of the property in Massachusetts claims title to some land through a purported quit claim deed from him dated and acknowledged in the year 1916, we think you should have no difficulty in having this deed and the conveyance of the property set aside in the proper action brought for the purpose.

A. J. D., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman has no interest in her husband's property unless she survives him except that during the marriage she is entitled to be supported by him, unless she forfeits her right to such support, so that if the property you mention all belonged to your father you acquired no interest therein upon her death during his lifetime, but if the property stood in your mother's name, and she died without a will you would have inheritance rights in her estate, depending upon the nature of the property and upon who was left as her heirs at law and next of kin; we think the share of any minor child should during minority be administered by a properly appointed guardian.

Mrs. J. H., Pennsylvania.—We think it will be necessary for your husband to sue the man who refuses or neglects to pay him the wages he owes him.

Mrs. X. Y. Z., Michigan.—We think that if the property you mention all stands in your and your husband's names as tenants by the entirety or as joint tenants the whole property upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

Mrs. M. H., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that during the marriage a married woman shall have the right to acquire, hold, use and control her separate property except that she cannot sell or mortgage her real estate without her husband's signature and that she cannot bar his right to his curtesy in the real estate in case he survived her and in case children were born alive to the marriage; we think, however, he is entitled to own and control property turned over to him by his wife even though such property at first belonged to her alone.

Mrs. M. J. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think step-children have any inheritance rights in their stepparent's estate, except that they, of course, would inherit from their own parent's estates such interest as may in turn have come to the parent from the stepparent's estate.

Mrs. J. S. M., Nebraska.—Your mother has a legal right to make a will provided she possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence from an other person, but we are of the opinion that such a will cannot dispose of such property as she voluntarily turned over to your stepfather during her lifetime; she can, by will, dispose of only such property as she owns at the time of her death.

A. A. G., North Carolina.—We do not think you can now enforce your claim for damages for personal injuries after a lapse of 17 years.

Mrs. M. C. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if you were the sole beneficiary named in your husband's life insurance policy neither your children nor any of your former husband's relatives have any interest in the property purchased by you from the proceeds of that policy, but if such policy was payable to your former husband's estate we think the children of the marriage would have an interest in the proceeds of such policy if they were not cut off by will.

R. L. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother died leaving no will your father, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive one-third of her separate personal estate absolutely, and one-third of her separate real estate for life, and his one-half share of the community property, the balance of the estate going to your mother's children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think any person in interest can, in the proper action or proceeding, compel a division of the estate, or the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale.

W. T. D., Kentucky.—We think the remarriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he is not divorced, would be a bigamous marriage and would make such man liable to prosecution for such act, regardless of where such remarriage took place.

V. B. G., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your father possessed proper mental capacity and was not under undue influence of any other person, he had a legal right to make such division of his property among his children as he saw fit regardless of whether some of the children received larger shares than the others.

A. M. J., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the marriage of either males or females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. E. R. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property rights of the husband and wife are not affected by the fact that the marriage took place in some other place; we think property voluntarily turned over by the wife to her husband becomes his property and is subject to his disposition and control; we think the husband is liable for the support of his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has means of her own sufficient to provide for her support.

Mrs. M. S. W., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a widow, leaving no will, and leaving two children as her only heirs-at-law and next of kin her estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal shares to such children.

Mrs. G. S., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that women become of age at twenty-one, but that married women may make will and bar dower at eighteen.

M. B., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any interest in the land in Georgia, if you and your ancestors have neglected to prosecute your claim to same since 1865.

Mother, New Jersey.—We do not think you would be entitled to have the name of your small son changed to that of your present husband without notice to his father, if the father is living.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

About Repairs

SOME automobile owners entertain the belief that the repair mechanic is a miracle worker and that all troubles should vanish immediately before his magic touch. While such a condition is surely desirable it is not always humanly possible. The owner will often work on his car and after many hours of labor find that he has not helped conditions but if anything has made them worse. It is then that he will speed off to the mechanic and expect the miracle to take place.

One instance which I well recall was when an owner brought his car into the shop and stated that the engine was not hitting evenly. A test of the compression proved that two cylinders were developing 65 pounds compress on while the others developed from 30 pounds to almost nothing. Inquiry divulged that the valves had been ground in and carbon removed. The owner had handled the work and stated that he had blued the seats and he was absolutely sure of the valve seating. It was impossible to shake his belief. After much persuasion he agreed to the pulling off of the cylinder head and to his surprise it was noted that carbon was piled under several exhaust valves, preventing their seating. The valves had been newly purchased and were of a 45 degree angle. The valve seat next was checked and this proved to be 40 degree angle. The owner had acted in good faith and had put in several hours of hard work. Grinding a valve of one angle into a seat of another angle had produced a seat which did not stand up. When the seats were cut to a 45 degree angle and the valves refaced to the same angle, they were easily ground in to a perfect fit.

Owners who do their own repair work or have the same done by others who are not completely familiar with the car should be careful of the parts replaced to make certain that they are of the proper kind. If care is not used along these lines, it is a simple matter to create a condition which will baffle the mechanic who specializes on repair work for that particular make of car.

When new parts are needed they should be purchased from the car manufacturer or from the authorized representative. The parts clerk should be given the model and serial number of the car as he will then be in position to pass out parts of the same pattern as originally furnished with the car. This is the only safe method.

The owner is also sometimes hasty in passing judgment on a repair job.

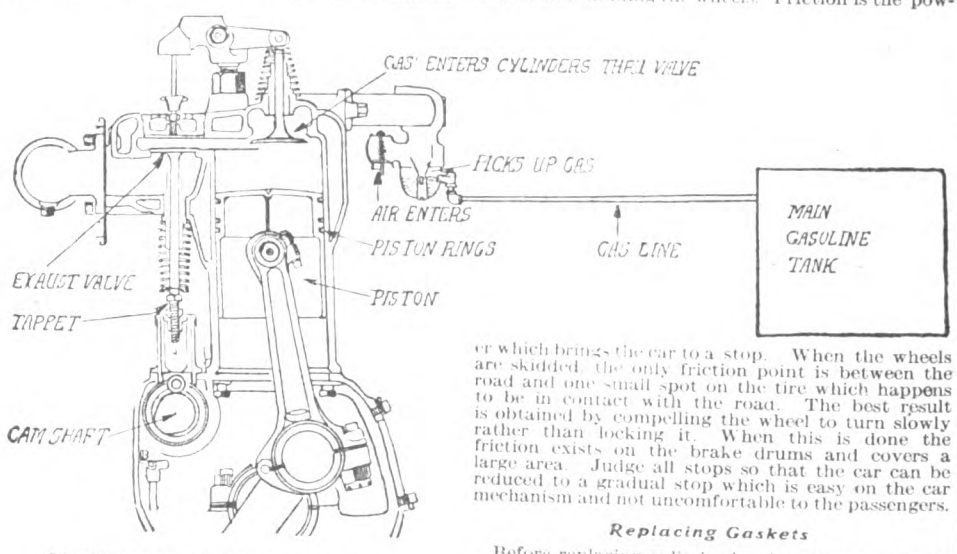
One owner whom I can recall had a friend do considerable work on his car. Shortly afterwards he called at the shop stating that the engine was missing badly. He was loud in his condemnation of the work which his friend had done and expressed his sorrow that he had not brought the car in at the first. Inquiry brought out the fact that the engine had operated very satisfactorily when the friend had finished but had started to miss after being driven for a few days. A check of the job showed that the friend really had accomplished a good job of tuning. He had ground the va ves, taken up the bearings and accomplished various other minor adjustments. The cause of the mistiring was due to having set the valve tappets up a trifle too close. The valves after a little driving had pounded down into the seat bringing the valve stem closer to the tappet. The expansion which took place when the engine warmed up was sufficient to cause the valves to stick open. A slight adjustment to the tappets restored the necessary clearance and produced a smooth running engine.

Gas Engine Operation

Several inquires received of late would indicate that there are now many readers of these columns who do not possess a clear understanding relative to the operating principle of the gas engine as used in the automobile.

Gasolene is first poured into the storage tank. If the tank is at the rear of the car, turning the engine over creates a vacuum which lifts a certain amount of fuel out of the storage tank and places it in a small tank where it is in position to flow by gravity to the carburetor as needed. As the gasolene flows into the carburetor it comes in contact with a float which, when a certain level is reached, closes a valve and prevents any more gasolene from entering. After entering the carburetor, the gasolene flows in a jet where a certain amount is picked out by air which is drawn through the carburetor and around the jet by the suction, or downward, stroke of the piston. On the way to the carburetor the gasolene and air become thoroughly mixed taking the form of a gas which is combustible. This gas enters the cylinder through an open valve. After entering the cylinder, the valve closes, and on the upward stroke of the piston the gas is tightly compressed. At the point of highest compression a spark takes place in the cylinder and explodes the tightly compressed gas. The explosion drives the piston down on what is termed the power stroke. This is the stroke which gives power. When the piston is at the bottom of its power stroke a valve opens affording a passage from the cylinder to the muffler. The next upward stroke of the piston sweeps the burned gases through this opening into the muffler and finally into the atmosphere.

Regardless of the number of cylinders which make up the engine, the same operations must take place in each cylinder. No two cylinders fire at the same time. The power strokes may occur in rapid succession but, although the interval is very brief, the explosions are separate. The operations through which a cylinder must pass are suction, compression, power and exhaust.



ONE-CYLINDER 4-CYCLE GAS ENGINE.

Waiting

The gate tender at the railway crossing is not hired by the railroads to hold up traffic. This is contrary to the belief entertained by many who seem to be of the opinion that he has the power to lift a long freight off the track so that traffic may go on. It must be admitted that a long wait at a crossing tries the patience of the driver but if one would take the time to consider he surely would appreciate the folly of the action which many times takes place. It is amusing at times to wait at a crossing when the gates are down and have a long freight come to a stop across the path of traffic. All is peaceful for about a minute but if the freight has not started after that period then there is certain to break forth the chorus of horns from the waiting motorists. The engineer is hundreds of yards away and cannot hear the chorus. Even if he could hear them he would be helpless to take any action. The gate tender up in the tower becomes the source of admiration. Heads pop out from the sides of the cars and the glances are directed at the tower. What is really expected of this man is beyond the writer to determine. The noise becomes a nuisance to the residents in the neighborhood of the crossing and is really uncalled for, as it has no effect in obtaining action.

Another matter of interest is the racing of the engine while waiting at the crossing. Some drivers believe that they are called upon to step on the throttle every five seconds. Some engines when stiff or not properly adjusted are apt to stall when idled for a long time. If it is not desired to shut the engine off the tendency to stall can be overcome by opening the throttle a trifle, placing the speed of the engine at a point a trifle above idling. Racing the engine at short intervals as above described causes rapid heating is not good from a mechanical standpoint and last, but not least, is a condition which commands considerable attention from people on the street and in cars. It is anything but desirable.

Healthful Pointers

Driving Down Hill.

Considerable has been read at different times regarding the proper procedure when driving down hill. Some instruction books yet publish recommendations relative to turning off the ignition switch and permitting the car to coast with the clutch engaged and the gear shifting lever in high. Nothing to my way of thinking could be more contrary to the principle of operation. The throttle valve controlling the amount of fuel taken from the carburetor cannot be fu'ly closed. When the ignition is turned off the engine is drawing a small amount of combustible mixture from the carburetor. This mixture which is not fired attacks the oil on the cylinder walls and thins it. The mixture is then pushed out into the muffler where a certain percentage remains. Consider the condition which takes place at the base of the hill when ignition is turned on. The hot gases from the first exploded charges are pushed into the muffler where they come into contact with the combustible gases which col ected there while coasting down the hill. The result usually is a loud explosion in the muffler, many times causing the muffler to tear apart. When the engine is to be used as a brake close the throttle but do not turn off the ignition switch.

Cleaning Strainer

Strainers are often placed in the carburetor and gasolene line to catch particles of dirt. In time the fine meshed screen may become clogged with an accumulation of foreign matter and require cleaning so as not to impede the flow of fuel. The best way to handle this is to blow the particles off with air pressure. Never try to pick the particles off with a pin or nail as this is almost certain to spread or damage the screen so that straining action will not be perfect.

Proper Use of Brakes

The best effect is not obtained by locking the brakes and skidding the wheels. Friction is the power which brings the car to a stop. When the wheels are skidded, the only friction point is between the road and one small spot on the tire which happens to be in contact with the road. The best result is obtained by compelling the wheel to turn slowly rather than locking it. When this is done the friction exists on the brake drums and covers a large area. Judge all stops so that the car can be reduced to a gradual stop which is easy on the car mechanism and not uncomfortable to the passengers.

Replacing Gaskets

Before replacing cylinder head, carburetor, manifold, water and other gaskets rub them on both sides with a cup grease or heavy oil. This will insure a tight joint when the stubs and bolts are drawn up.

Carbon

When the engine knocks and loses power on the hil s or should it keep on firing after the switch key is turned to the off position, the indications are that carbon has accumulated in large quantities in the cylinders. Scraping is the best way to rid the cylinders of this substance. However, it is not always convenient to have the work done immediately and should the owner desire to improve the operation it is well to experiment with liquid removers. After the motor has been thoroughly warmed up pour in about three or four teaspoonfuls of kerosene in each cylinder and allow to stand over night. The car will emit considerable smoke when first started in the morning but will soon clear. A mixture of alcohol and kerosene is said to be very effective when used in the above manner. Some liquid carbon removers proffered for sale on the open market contain acids which are injurious to the motor.

Battery Hints

Never lay anything on top of the battery.

Do not hold lighted match or other open flame in mouth of cell when trying to determine the amount of electrolyte.

Keep all connections tight and covered with vaseline to prevent corrosion. Wipe off spilled solution with waste or rag wet with ammonia.

Take the specific gravity reading of the battery before adding distilled water. It is not reliable to take the reading directly after adding the water as it has not had the opportunity to become thoroughly mixed with the electrolyte.

When one cell continually requires more water than the other cells the indication is that the jar is leaking. A leaky jar allows the electrolyte to leak out and causes the cell to weaken. It is always well to have the jar repaired at once as it may weaken the battery to a point where it will not furnish sufficient current for operation. This may occur when you are urgently in need of the car or miles away from help.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
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30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.60	1.65
32x3½	2.25	.90	34x4½	3.75	1.65
31x4	2.50	.90	35x4½	4.00	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.00	1.65
33x4	3.00	1.40	35x5	4.00	1.65
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30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
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—and much more is being made by many of our 4000 Paul men demonstrating and selling—
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—greatest improvement ever made. Air Gauge in valve stem of every tube shows pressure at a glance. Build a profitable and permanent business of your own. Experience not necessary. We teach you how to sell and give exclusive territory. Free boot explains all.
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30x3½	8.25	13.95
32x3½	9.45	15.95
31x4	10.65	17.45
32x4	11.85	19.75
33x4	12.45	20.95
34x4	13.25	21.95
32x4½	13.45	22.45
33x4½	13.95	22.95
34x4½	14.45	23.45
35x4½	14.95	24.90
36x4½	15.90	26.45
35x5	15.90	26.45

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FREE TUBE WITH EACH TIRE

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

"Let us go and see how it fares with her now; methinks the proud beauty will be somewhat humbled by this time. But, humbled or not, she will have to stay there until after your marriage, for if Mr. Dredmond should find her now, there would be an end to all your fine plans," said Mrs. Coolidge, moving toward the draped door.

She shoved the heavy bolt, and the two women entered Brownie's prison.

They found her sitting upon the floor, looking pale and wan.

The light which they bore blinded her eyes at first so that she could scarcely see, but she arose as they entered and stood in haughty silence before them, and holding the precious casket tightly clasped in her hands behind her.

"Well, how do you like your place of retirement? Quiet, isn't it?" sneered Isabel, while she began to walk about the place as it to examine it.

The insulted girl deigned her no reply.

"Miss Douglas, I have come to make one more appeal to you. Are you willing to accede to my terms?"

"No, madam!"

"Will nothing move you? Cannot I persuade you, under any circumstances, to let Isabel retain those jewels a while longer, and you keep silent about them?"

"You cannot, madam; there is a limit to human endurance I have reached that limit."

But scarce were the words spoken when she uttered a cry of pain and dismay.

Isabel had glided stealthily around behind her, and with one powerful blow had dashed the casket from her hands.

The next instant, and before Brownie could turn to prevent her, she had captured it, and with a low, mocking laugh, glided from the place.

With all her spirit roused to battle, Brownie sprang to follow the artful girl, but Mrs. Coolidge barred the way.

"No, no, miss, you cannot leave this place tonight; you are in too dangerous a mood," she said.

"What do you mean by detaining me here?" Brownie demanded, almost passionately.

"I mean just what I said, that you are too dangerous to be let *loose* tonight, unless you will solemnly promise not to make any trouble for us."

"You are very much mistaken if you think you can make any such terms with me, Mrs. Coolidge. I do not fear you in the least, and unless you restore my jewels, and let me go at once, I shall make such trouble that you will rue it until your dying day."

"You do not fear me, and I have power to keep you here indefinitely?" she retorted, flushing angrily.

"That may be, but there will come a day of reckoning sooner or later," Brownie replied, dauntlessly. "You do not suppose," she added, scornfully, "that in this nineteenth century you can keep me concealedd for any length of time. I shall be missed, if I am not already, and the whole house searched for me."

"You have been missed, and the whole house and grounds have been thoroughly searched for you, but no one has thought of looking here for you, Miss Douglas," Mrs. Coolidge replied, with a malicious gleam in her eyes.

Brownie's heart sank, and she grew whiter about the mouth at these words, but she would give no outward sign of the growing fear in her heart.

"May I ask how long you intend to keep me in solitary confinement? You are aware, perhaps, that people cannot live very long shut up in a dark place like this," she said, thinking to frighten her into letting her go.

The woman started. She had not thought of its being solitary confinement before, and it was a good while before the grand wedding would come off.

She meditated a moment before replying, then she said:

"I will endeavor to see that you do not suffer, Miss Douglas, but I must keep you here for the present. Undoubtedly you know that Isabel is to marry Sir Charles Randall very shortly, and I am resolved that nothing shall interfere with that match. If I should let you go now, you would raise such a breeze for us that everything would be upset. There is only one condition upon which I would release you," she concluded, with a searching look into the young girl's face, and really feeling anxious to let her go, if she would only keep silence.

"What is that?" demanded Brownie, quickly.

"That you would go quietly away from Vallingham Hall and conceal yourself from everybody until after the wedding; then, I promise you, we will return the jewels to you."

The delicate lips curled, and the lovely eyes flashed ominously.

"Will you?" asked her enemy.

"No! I will not yield to you in a single point!" was the haughty reply.

"Very well, there is nothing more to be said, then. I will arrange a good bed for you, give you plenty of books and papers to read, and bring you food three times a day. You shall have plenty of candles, too, so that I imagine you will manage to exist quite comfortably for a few weeks," and she left the room as she spoke.

Mrs. Coolidge soon returned, and Isabel with her, bringing a mattress, bedclothes, and a tray containing a dainty supper, the former having taken care to provide it, knowing that her prisoner had been long without food. They also brought her a chair, and left her a candle, and then retired, leaving her somewhat anxious for the future, but by no means subdued.

Left to herself, Brownie's first work was to eat her supper, for she was really very hungry, and the inner man thus strengthened she felt somewhat more cheerful.

She arranged her bed, for she was weary with sitting for so many hours upon that stone floor, and then retired, feeling rather lonely and sad, but confident that the Lord, her shepherd, would care for her there as tenderly as in her own room; and ere long she was sleeping soundly.

She never knew how long she had been sleeping, for her rest had been unbroken and dreamless, but she was suddenly awakened by a cold clasp upon her hand!

In an instant every sense was unlocked, and she was broad awake, with that instinctive consciousness of a horrible presence, which people sometimes have when danger lurks near.

The candle still burned, and lighted the place with a reddish glare, for she had not extinguished it, feeling that the darkness would have been too horrible, and by its light she could distinguish a strange-looking object kneeling by her side.

With a cry of terror she started up to find herself face to face with a form so misshapen, so frightful, so weird and uncanny, that the sound suddenly died upon her lips, and left her paralyzed with fear.

The creature immediately arose and moved away from her a pace or two at seeing her so terrified.

"Have I frightened you? I am so sorry, and yet I might have known. But, do not fear, I would be the last person in the world to harm you," were the words which greeted her ears, in tones so soft and gentle that Brownie involuntarily raised her eyes, and was at once reassured, though still so weak and trembling from her first fright that she could not speak.

His head was very large for the rest of his body, and rested forward upon his breast, while his shoulders came up so high that he seemed to have no neck at all; one hand hung limp, withered, and helpless by his side, while one foot and leg were twisted entirely out of place, the heel being where the toe should be.

Ah! he was a sad-looking object, but Brownie felt no fear of him now.

He had a true, good face, full of intelligence and mental power, and while she looked into it, a great pity came into her eyes, and the tears involuntarily started.

He was quick to read her sympathy, for he said, with his sad smile:

"Thank you; I see you don't fear me any longer."

"Oh, no," she answered, gently; "but I did not think any one could get in here, and I was startled at first."

"I ought to have been more careful, but I did not like to speak loud enough to wake you, lest I should be heard," and he glanced toward the door.

Then he added:

"Can you trust me sufficiently to let me take you out of this miserable place? I came to release you."

"Can you? will you?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Oh, yes, I can trust you fully!"

"But how did you get in here?" she asked, the next instant.

"I have been here many times, and yet I never entered by that door," he answered, pointing to the door by which Brownie had come in, and speaking somewhat bitterly.

"But how did you know I was here?" and she looked perplexed, for she could not detect so much as a rathole anywhere.

"I overheard all that passed between you and those women," he answered, with a nod in the direction of Isabel's room.

She looked more astonished than ever.

"Come this way and I will explain it all to you," he said.

He stooped and picked up the candle, and then moved with difficulty to the opposite end of the cell.

Holding the light close to the floor, he continued:

"Do you see that semi-circular block of stone about a foot and a half in diameter?"

"Yes."

"And what looks like a huge iron bolt set close to that small round shaft of stone which runs clear to the ceiling?"

"Yes."

"If you will step upon that block, and press your foot firmly upon that bolt, you will find that this stone pillar will begin to slide slowly down. When you have descended about four feet you will see a short flight of stone steps; step upon these and this shaft will return to its place. Follow the stone steps and they will lead you to a comfortable room; I left the door open, and there is a light within, so that you will have no difficulty in finding the way."

"But you—you will have to remain here, "Brownie said, hesitatingly.

It all seemed so wonderful and mysterious to her, that for a moment she could scarcely comprehend it.

"As soon as the shaft returns to its place, I will join you; only one can go at a time, because the platform is so narrow," he replied.

Brownie lifted her clear eyes once more and searched his face.

It was a noble countenance, and full of marks of pain and patient suffering, and while she looked it seemed suddenly to grow strangely like some other face which she had seen, but whose she could not at that moment recall.

"Yes, I will go," she said, and stepped upon that semi-circular block of stone.

"You will only be alone for a moment," he said, "for I shall follow you immediately; now lean close against the shaft. There! now plant your foot upon the bolt—so. Now you are all right."

Brownie obeyed his directions without a fear for she saw that he was only intent upon serving her, and she felt herself going slowly and smoothly downward.

A moment more and she found herself in another dark closet, or passage, from which a short flight of stone steps led up to an open door, through which a light shone, dimly lighting the place.

She stepped from the platform upon the stairs, and the shaft instantly began to ascend again.

Following the stairs, she soon found herself, as she had been told, in a large, airy, and comfortable room.

The walls were hung with ancient and faded tapestry, but the flo r was carpeted with bright, warm colors, and the room was quite tastefully furnished.

It was lighted by two tall wax candles in silver candlesticks, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. There were several bookcases well filled with nicely bound volumes, and a few fine engravings, with some beautiful drawings, hung upon the walls.

She had not time for a more minute survey of the apartment, for she was rejoined by her strange companion.

He smiled at her look of wonder and curiosity, and after shutting and locking the door, and dropping the tapestry over it, said:

"Now, I will explain how I happened to know that you were in trouble and needed assistance."

He moved a few steps further up the room, thrust aside another portion of the hangings, and Brownie saw the same shaft or pillar of stone that she had seen in the cell. At the right of it she also saw that a portion of the stone wall had been hammered or chiseled away, until only a very thin surface divided the two rooms, and this had been punctured full of tiny holes, through which could be seen the light of the candle which they had left behind; and yet from the room they had just left nothing of this could be detected.

"Ah! I see," Brownie said.

"Yes," the young man replied, while a look of infinite pain swept over his features, "it is always very quiet here, and tonight while reading I was startled by the sound of voices and a low, mocking laugh coming from this direction. Much astonished for nothing like it has ever happened before, I threw down my book, crept to this spot, and listened. Although I could not see very distinctly, I could hear, and soon discovered that some one had been forced into yonder cell to cover up some dark deed or other. I learned that your name is Miss Douglas, and that you possess a very brave spirit, for you refused to yield to your tormentors, when most young ladies would have begged and prayed to be let out upon any terms."

He concluded with another glance of admiration.

Her lips curled in a little mischievous smile, as she wondered how Isabel and her mother would feel the next time they unbolted that door, and found their bird flown!

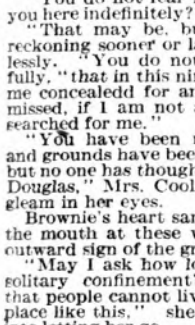
"But I don't see how you got the shaft down those stairs," she said, in perplexity. Her spirits were rising every moment.

"It works in the same way from this room that it does from the other; only when it got down, I moved around to the opposite side without stepping off, and then, not pressing upon the bolt, it arose to its place again. I thought it best for you, however, to come up by the stairs, fearing you might fall from the platform if you moved," the young man explained.

"How came these holes punctured here, and this stone cut away so?" she asked, feeling deeply interested in the strange piece of machinery and that riddled wall.

"There is a sad story connected with that, Miss Douglas, which I fear it would do no good to relate," was the pained reply, while the white face flushed a sudden, vivid crimson.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

are busy canning. I started the middle of May with rhubarb.

Your COMFORT sister, Mrs. Purl R. Grudny.

P. S. Mr. Grudny's name is Purl, his twin is named Earl.

TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is to tell you how much I enjoy the chats and helps of our Corner. Yes, "ours" for having taken COMFORT so long I feel that there's a chair for me too and that it is "our" paper.

I wanted to write years ago and tell you about my "dream home" but never did, so I tell you now that it is no longer a dream but a reality. Of course my dream began several years ago but it is only two years since we really went to work in earnest to acquire a home.

Living in a rented house, paying a high price with nothing to bring in either profit or pleasure, outside of my husband's work, we decided we'd enjoy poultry, a garden and a cow. Sour milk cost us thirty cents per gallon. Just here I want to tell you a little of how I managed to save and make things "reach." After a mistaken move in search of the "Honey pond" we had less than $100.00 in the bank. It was summer and my husband wore his winter suit with the lining removed from the coat. All of my last year's dresses that were light or faded I treated to a good bath in the dye pot, making them over, and freshening up with new collars and cuffs, "made from scraps." Others were made into dresses for the little daughter. All of our everyday underwear, nightshirts and gowns were made of sugar sacks, purchased at the grocers for ten cents each. Our general wear hosiery were the cotton ones. I could get lovely hosiery in town for $2.50 and I could and did order them from catalogues at seventy-five cents! I took an old straw hat from the scrap bag, gave it a coat of dye and retrimmed it. For fall wear I made a satin turban. Purchased a fairly nice coat suit and made one new blouse. I cut the tops from a pair of expensive kid shoes, bound the edges with tape and wore them to church all the next spring. I still have the Oxfords thus obtained, as well as the suit which is still doing duty. We bought nothing for the house that was not a necessity, and it is wonderful the things one can get along without! I always cooked dinner and supper at the same time, that is, together. We have always eaten cold food for supper, this saved the gas bill. I saved all fat from meats to season vegetables, never threw away cold bread or left-overs but converted them into something else. We had the laundry done out as I was not strong. Last spring we bought ten acres of woodland and hired a space cleared, large enough to set the house, then, by working evenings, we cleaned, burned brush, watched our little bungalow grow, and did many things about the place. When the house was finished I began to tack canvas while my husband painted. I hung paper and though I had never done such work I must have made a success of it as I've received many compliments on my work. I also stained and oiled the floors, then we moved in and after that, I helped do the fencing, build poultry yards and houses and made a garden, cared for my little flock of Leghorns and my flowers and many a night found me eating supper after ten o'clock to get up by six the next morning.

As I worked I grew stronger. I now do all my own work at home. I have always made our clothes and baby's little bonnets and hats. I make rugs of rags, crochet, knit and embroider. I am a flower lover and hope someday to have many kinds. We are very proud of our little brown house in the woods. We have a fine well and do not owe one cent. By doing as much work as we could we saved a good many dollars. My work at $2.50 a day was enough to buy a nice cow and fifty pure-bred baby chicks. Of course had we hired a man it would have been much more. We plan to raise our own feed for the chicks and cow, have a garden every year, and a three-acre orchard planted.

Shall I come again and tell the sisters about the interior of my little house and how I have planned to save steps and time?

I can see Mrs. Wilkinson's gentle face as she ponders over this writing of mine, but, dear, I'm using the pencil and dime tablet for the same reason that I'm wearing cotton hose, only this time it is to furnish the house that's already built. You'll forgive it I am sure. (It would be all right if you wrote on wrapping paper, Mrs. W.)

To the young married people especially, I want to say that anyone can own a home. However small it gives that sweet contentment, of Home, that no rented house, however grand, can give. What joy I found in planning my house. I drew all the plans myself, keeping in mind the size of our little bank account. We paid cash for our land and building material, though land may be had on the installment plan and on easy terms. If you'll just set something ahead to work for, let nothing turn you away, and learn to do without what you don't need, you'll have a home in a short time and you can keep on with your church work or other social activities. I never miss an opportunity to attend divine services.

One word more, let's have only one standard for our girls and boys.

DREAMER.

THAYER, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

It is now nearly seven years since my last letter appeared in COMFORT, and I received over one hundred I tried to answer all but just couldn't as I had met an old sweetheart while visiting near my old home in Virginia and was preparing to be married. We spent a few months in Virginia then moved to Jacksonville, Florida.

Right here I want to speak of something of which I have thought a great deal—the training of girls for some future lifework, *as well as the boys*. Although the day of "woman's rights" is here and though we speak of women being on an equality with men, still there are many girls who go through high school, or perhaps not that far, who are content to wait at home with but one main idea—to make a successful marriage. And do I hear someone ask, "Well, is not a woman's chief mission in life to marry, rear children and make happy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

Adding sulphuric acid in order to bring up the reading of the electrolyte is risky producere except when handled by an experienced battery man.

Don't short the terminals with the plier handles or some other metal article just to see the sparks fly. It does the battery much harm.

Questions and Answers

MAYBE LATE TIMING.—I have a 1915 model Ford car which is giving me trouble enough. It began cranking hard, grew worse until it would not crank hot or cold—even though it had been running a minute before. Then I put in a 1923 engine with a new stationary coil, though still using the old ignition but it would not start with cranking. Since then I have had the magnets recharged three times, but with very little, if any, benefit. Furthermore, since the recharging the engine gets so hot that in driving three miles the radiator boils nearly dry. I also have to run my car with the carburetor open one and a quarter way round. I now have dry cell battery installed for starting with crank. Kindly help me to locate the trouble. Mrs. E. R., Mud, Texas.

A.—From this distance, I am inclined to believe that I would change repair shops. I cannnot understand why it was necessary to recharge the magnets three times. This is unreasonable. The carburetor as now set is not badly out of adjustment and should not be the cause of overheating. The new motor should have corrected any motor irregularity which would cause trouble of this nature. Possibly the ignition timing is late and this would be one point which I would check closely.

SPARK PLUGS SHORT CIRCUIT WITH OIL.—Our 1921 model Ford pumps so much oil that the spark plugs short-curcuit with oil almost as fast as we can clean and put them back in. Have put in new rings, and cylinders don't appear to be scored. Please tell me the cause of this trouble.

J. McD., Cherry Tree, Texas.

A.—It would be well to first drain off the old oil in the motor and refill to the proper level with a light grade lubricant. In the flywheel casing will be found two pet cocks. Run a wire through the cocks to make sure they are not clogged. Pour in the oil slowly until it flows out of the upper cock. Leave the cock open until the oil stops running, then close it. This is the proper oil level. If this does not correct the trouble it will be necessary to pull the cylinder head and measure the cylinder bores. They may be a trifle oversize and require rings of a different size. If the oil level is correct and the rings are properly fitted the cylinders should not pump oil.

CHANGING IGNITION SYSTEM.—I wish to put a magneto into my 490 Chevrolet. Please tell me how it may be done. Will any four-cylinder magneto work in this car's ignition system?

R. H. M., R. 2, Olathe, Colo.

A.—I am unable to state just how you would proceed to install a magneto on your car. I assume that you desire to replace the generator with the magneto and if such is the case allow me to point out some of the difficulties you will encounter. You will be eliminating the producer of current. Should you use a storage battery you will have no means of keeping it charged. Use of the starting motor, lights, horn, etc., will quickly exhaust the battery which means that the electrical system will always be a source of trouble. There is no doubt but that a magneto can be installed, but consider the disadvantages instead of the advantages with which you will have to contend and I believe you will decide to repair the present system and enjoy the benefits.



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32x3½	2.75	1.40	33x4½	3.75	2.35
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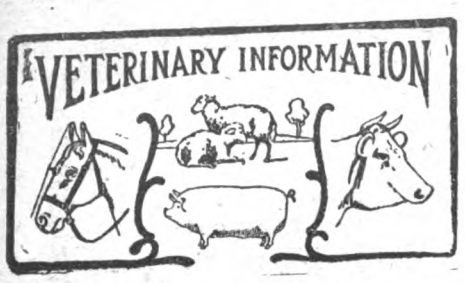
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THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 866 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

EVERY dairy cow should have a rest of at least six weeks before calving. During that time she stores up material from which milk will be manufactured when she "freshens." Feeding during the rest period should be complete, to provide all the protein, vitamines and minerals needed by the body. When not so supplied the cow robs her own tissues and bones of mineral salts and other elements and may become dangerously weak or go down paralyzed. Lack of rest and complete feeding commonly causes little or no milk to be secreted at calving time. Start "drying off" the cow eight weeks before she is due to calve. Milk her once daily for two or three days; then once in three milkings; then once in four miklings. Some cows dry off quicker than others. If, for instance, a cow is giving 15 pounds of milk per day and one milking is dropped out she will give perhaps 12 pounds next time. Then milk once daily until milk shrinks to 10 or 11 pounds a day after which drop to one milking in three periods. That usually stops milk secretion. If not stop grain and feed dry hay.

SUMMER ITCH.—I have a mare that has pimples that come every spring and stay until the hair grows longer. I know she must itch because she bites and scratches herself until the blood comes. It is mostly on the neck and front legs. A. E. N.

A.—The mare will be less likely to have the itching skin disease mentioned if you clip her about the time the coat begins to shed and do not feed her green grass or corn until the season of hard work is over. Should the trouble start mix one tablespoonful of granular hyposulphite of soda in the evening feed and apply to the affected parts as often as found necessary, a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one-half an ounce each of oil of tar and coal tar dip and one pint of cottonseed oil.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, ten years old that is lame just above the ankle, in one of her front feet. It seems to hurt her all the time and when she stands she rests on her toe. H. S.

A.—Pointing of the foot indicates that the seat of the lameness is in the foot below the fetlock. A search should be made for corns, stone bruise, nail prick or quarter crack. If such a cause is not found clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister it by rubbing in a mixture of one dram of powdered cantharides, one dram of biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it in for 15 minutes, then tie the mare so that she will be unable to lie down or lick the blistered part. Wash the blister off in 48 hours and then apply a little lard daily. It may be necessary to repeat the treatment two or three times at intervals of three weeks. Do not apply the blister in very hot weather. At that time better keep cold wet swabs upon the hoof-head.

CATARRH.—I would like information about my dogs. One, especially, snuffs as though he had a bad cold. Last winter he had a discharge from the nose and eyes and, at times, was weak. The other seems to have a slight attack of it. Mrs. E. A. S.

A.—Catarrh of the head apparently is present. Syringe out the nostrils twice daily with a lukewarm 1-to-1000 solution of chinosol by means of a soft-nozzle ear syringe. Also let the dogs sleep in a small room in which has been placed a kettle of steaming water containing an ounce or two of compound tincture of benzoin or oil of eucalyptus per quart.

CHOREA.—Will you suggest a remedy for my Collie dog, eighteen months old. She had distemper, three months ago, and since then has a twitching of the face, on one side, and a jerking in the sides and stomach and growing worse. Mrs. J. W. B.

A.—The dog is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus' dance), which commonly follows distemper and is practically incurable. Let the dog live an outdoor life as far as possible. Once daily feed cooked or raw meat, but not pork, and also give the soup, with vegetables, poured on stale bread. Do not feed corn meal or potatoes. Fowler's solution of arsenic is a popular tonic in this disease. Start with one drop twice daily in a little water and every two days increase the dose a drop. Stop for a time if any alarming symptoms appear and later repeat the treatment. Also give cod-liver oil twice daily starting with a teaspoonful and gradually increasing the dose as required.

RUNNING FITS.—I have a two-year-old dog. When he gets hot he takes spells of running—something like fits. Around my neighborhood dogs are taking those spells. What is the cause and is there a cure? I. M.

A.—In some cases of this sort an abscess in the rectum has been discovered as the cause and liberation of the pus quickly stopped the occurrence of fits. In most cases, however, hookworms are the cause. To dispel them withhold feed for 24 hours and then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft gelatin capsules. The dose is one drop per pound of body weight for a puppy and two drops per pound for a grown dog. Great care must be taken not to break the capsules when being administered. At time of a fit confine the dog in a dark, cool, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grain of bromide of potash in water according to age and size of dog and if necessary repeat the dose in 20 minutes. As far as possible, keep a susceptible dog from becoming excited.

"FREE MARTIN" HEIFER.—I have a cow that has twin calves, a heifer and a bull. Which, if either will be barren? L. A. R.

A.—The heifer calf twinned with a bull almost invariably is sterile but the bull is fertile as are twin heifers and twin bulls. The barren heifer is termed a "free martin." Occasionally such a twin heifer proves fertile but it rarely pays to raise such a heifer with the hope that she will breed.

MANGE; WORMS.—I have a dog; his hair is coming off in spots. He is so poor that what we feed him doesn't seem to do him any good. I think he has worms. Will you tell me what to give him. T. G. W.

A.—Tapeworms probably cause the thriftless condition. To expel them give the following treatment. Confine the dog in a clean-swept box stall and withhold feed for 24 hours. Then give one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in one-half an ounce of simple sirup for every 25 pounds of body weight of dog. Repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings. When the treatment has been finished clip off the coat, tub the dog in a bath of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer and when dry rub in a little of the following mixture on the worst affected spots. Four ounces of flowers of sulphur, four ounces of oil of tar and one pound of melted, unsalted lard. Repeat the application when seen to be necessary. Treat a new part each time and do not cover over one-third of the body at any treatment.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Will you tell me what to do for my cow? She has freshened with her second calf and is giving from two to two and one-half gallons of milk. I fix my milk up at night and by morning it is ready to churn. After churning from one and one-half to two hours I make about one tablespoonful of butter from two and one-half gallons of milk. By night the milk is water on the bottom and milk on top and not sour. I feed the cow meal and hull. Mrs. H. J. B.

A.—Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in separate bottles sterilized by boiling and label each so that the source of its contents will be known. In that way you will be able to find if all of the quarters of the udder yield abnormal milk or if one or more is to blame. We fancy, however, that bacteria in the milk utensils may be to blame for the trouble. More scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun-dry the vessels. Set the milk in a new, cool, clean place. Use only pure water for cooling and cleansing purposes. It would be better to run the milk through a separator and then set the cream to ripen before churning. Do not churn the whole milk. Churn at a temperature of 54 to 58 degrees F. in summer. If cream foams add salt and a little water at 70 to 80 degrees F. Do not feed cottonseed meal when there is trouble in churning.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow, five years old that gives bloody milk out of her right-hand teat. She has had one calf and it is weaned. She seems to be in good health and is not going to freshen. Please name the cause and give a remedy. M. M. W.

A.—By rolling the teat between the thumb and finger you may be able to feel growths which bleed from irritation at milking time. When such growths are just inside the opening of the teat a veterinarian can remove by operation, but when high up it is best to let a calf nurse or dry off the secretion in that quarter. That, too, is the best treatment when chronic mammitis (garget) is the cause as that disease is incurable.

DISEASED COW.—I have a cow twelve years old. She eats heartily and gives two gallons of milk each day. She has a discharge from the ear, the odor of which is offensive. Chewing, white froth drips from her mouth. When fresh, the milk and butter has a rancid taste. Is it fit to use? M. M. L.

A.—Milk such as you describe is unfit for use. Better have a veterinarian test the cow with tuberculin by the intradermic and ophthalmic methods combined as she may be afflicted with tuberculosis which is contagious and incurable and makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. That disease is more likely to be present if the cow was shipped in from another state. Spinous ticks may be the cause of the ear trouble. They may be removed by filling the ear with a mixture of cottonseed oil and pine tar. Then after perfectly cleansing the ear with wood alcohol fill it with finely powdered boric acid.

FITS IN DOGS.—I have a dog eight months old. She will be walking along and it seems as if something were the matter with her. She will run and bark as though after something, but never bites. She has from one to two a day, but not every day. She is poor and does not eat much.

A.—Hookworms are commonly the cause of such fits which are brought on by excitement. To expel the worms withhold feed for 24 hours; then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft geletin capsules. The dose for a puppy is one drop per pound of body weight and for a grown dog two drops per pound. At time of a fit confine the dog in a cool, dark, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potash in water according to age of dog. Repeat in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary. In some cases a boil or abscess in the rectum has found to be the cause and liberation of the pus by lancing has ended the trouble.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

homes? All well and good, but when the day of adversity comes to those not heavily burdened with this world's goods, what then? I will tell you of my own case.

I have two dear boys, Belmont and James and when they were thirty-two and eleven months old, their father's mind became unbalanced and he was taken to an asylum. It all happened so suddenly I had no time to prepare myself for the terrible shock, but through all the nightmare of the next few weeks, I kept saying, "I mustn't give way for the children's sake, I mustn't." It was the one thing which kept me up. I tried to think what was best for me to do. My parents lived in Ohio but I had been obliged to leave there because of the cold winters for my lungs are weak, so I could not go there.

We had a houseful of furniture, a small car, a couple of hundred dollars and that was all. Before I was married I had graduated from a three-year high school and had six months of college work, which was the extent of my education. I had taught school five years but I realized that the requirements for teachers were much higher than before, and I bitterly regretted my limited education. I have an aunt and uncle here in the Ozarks where the climate is delightful and with their help I got a school. I sold the car and all our household goods, and with the help of my parents I bought a little home here, though I was forced to go in debt for it. I am a strong advocate of people buying their own homes. It doesn't pay to rent for a long time. This is my third year teaching in Thayer and now my home is almost paid for and I have been going to college every summer and taking correspondence work every winter.

I have three big lots, fenced in. I hire a girl while I teach and my two boys have been as well and as happy as two little ones could be.

Two years ago my husband left the asylum, but I was afraid the same thing might happen again and I had gotten a divorce. Just before Christmas he surprised us by a visit and he soon convinced me that he was all right. We were married on December 26th, after three years of separation. I have resigned from school here but am going to college next month to stay the rest of the year when I will get my life diploma, after having made up the fourth year of high school work and completed two years of college work. Then we are going back to my husband in Savannah, Ga., and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that if the occasion demands I am perfectly capable of supporting myself and children! After what I have passed through it seems like a very important fact. If ever I have any daughters I shall do my best to fit them for some vocation in life.

Another thing concerning which I have very decided opinions, is the subject of birth control. I think that every woman should have the right to decide just how many children her strength and their pocket-books will allow them to rear properly, and that they should have no more than that. Also to avert to the first part of my letter, I think that if every woman is capable of earning her own livelihood, whether she does it or not, it means greater happiness at home than where a man feels that after marriage his wife is tied to him so that she has to stay with him, no matter how he treats her, simply because she has no way to earn an honest living. What do the sisters think about these matters?

Best wishes to all. MRS. ETHEL SHAFER MILLER.

ROSWELL, 419 E. 4th ST., NEW MEXICO.

HELLO, MRS. WILKINSOM AND COMFORT SISTERS:

The main subject of my letter is to let the sisters know about this little western city. Many were anxious to get a description of it. And I want to thank the sisters for their kindness and generosity with their flower seeds. I received a very valuable collect on and hope they grow well. At least seventy-five to one hundred people wrote to me and I shall try and answer their questions through this department.

Roswell is a city of 9,000 inhabitants. Its altitude is 3,600 feet. There are 320 days with more than 20% of sunshine, very little cloudy weather. It is the gateway to the Lincoln National Forest and is on the southwest trail,—Kansas City to El Paso, Texas. Also on Lea Highway from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles.

Every year Roswell ships out about 1,000 cars of fine apples, 1,500 cars of pea green alfalfa. The cotton crop of 1922 Durango cotton estimated at $750,000. The wool crop of 1922 estimated at $850,000. Cotton growing has become a fixed industry. Truck farming is another important feature. The raising of cattle and sheep is done by nearly all in the farming section.

The school system here is excellent, with modern high school and six ward schools. Twelve churches. Ten miles of paved streets. There are 750 flowing artesian wells furnishing pure drinking water and water for irrigation.

In Roswell is situated the New Mexico Military Institute, the second best in the U. S and the best of its kind in the southwest.

The climate and altitude are especially adapted to patients with lung trouble. They are starting a $100,000 sanitarium to accommodate the tubercular patients.

There are some interesting sights here in this western country, one, for instance, being the bottomless lakes, about twelve miles east of Roswell. Also the Lost River caves are the famous cave at Ft. Stanton, eighty miles west of here. The end of this cave has never been found. I went in one day, with others, to look around. The entrance to the cave is so small you can just squeeze through. We left a guiding string behind us so we could find our way out again. We went two miles or more and on our way out nearly lost our strings and I said when we got out I would never go in there again.

Quite a number of people are coming here to take up homesteads as there is land to be taken up around here. Some people prove upon their land and make enough to buy a modern city home. Others become discouraged and leave. I believe in the saying, 'First be sure you are right, then go ahead." Don't let others change your ideas unless for something better. Have a way of thinking for yourself.

Many of the sisters, in their letters to me, expressed themselves as though I had a lot of grit, nerve, etc., to get a little home of my own. It takes nerve and determination to stick to one thing and win out. One must expect handicaps but face each one bravely.

I enjoy the helpful letters that the sisters write. Sometime I'll give my experience in the Great Fire and Earthquake disaster of April 18, 1906, which I encountered in San Francisco.

MRS. PETE FAHRLENDER.

GRAND ISLAND, 303½ WEST 3RD ST., NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have a problem to solve and am coming to the Corner for help.

I am twenty years old and as I lost my mother when I was only fourteen, and my father was quite poor and had a large family to care for, I had no opportunity for the thorough education I so much desired. But I found work to do and by saving the money I earned I managed to secure a scholarship to the Business College here. I had gone seven months and had completed the bookkeeping course and made a grade in English, Arithmetic, Salesmanship and Spelling when I was obliged to go to work again. I have a good position here and the work is easy but I want to go back to school in September and finish my course, which all leads up to my problem.

My younger sister came here last fall intending to take the same course in college I was taking. She had finished only the 7th grade in school but had studied at home and after entering school here kept up in her studies with the other students and was doing splendidly when she became ill with pleuropneumonia. That meant weeks in the hospital and doctor's bill and even after she was able to leave the hospital she was too weak to return to school and the doctor ordered her to go West for the summer. Fortunately we had a married sister living in the mountains and there Josephine is regaining health and strength. I am afraid to have her come back here to school. The doctor thinks it would be better for her not to. Do any of the sisters living in the West or the South know of a good girls' school where I could send her and where there would also be an opening for me to work, either as bookkeeper or stenographer, and where I could pay her tuition and other expenses for the salary I could receive.

I can furnish the best of references for both of us. I would appreciate it so much if you would write to me if you know of a school of this kind.

Sincerely, ELIZABETH MILLER.

Elmore City, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I have been married ten years and have two children living, a girl eight years old and a baby boy eleven months old. My home is in the oil fields. When I tell you there are places where the oil stands in puddles like water you may not believe me. Nevertheless it is true and last winter they brought in a well about a quarter of a mile from my home, that flowed for nearly fifty-six hours. The oil went as high as the ninety-four foot derrick and then drifted with the wind for a thousand feet from the well. The well was at the foot of a slight rise and the oil would run back down the hill into earth tanks. The men who worked around the well wore slicker suits and hats and they were dripping in oil. It was a wonderful sight and people came from miles around to see it. There is also a wild abandoned gas well near here. It blew itself out. It was so strong it could not be capped in and the ground finally fell in, derrick and all. The hole is about thirty feet deep around the edge, about two hundred feet in diameter and they say it is 700 feet deep. It is always full of water up to within twenty feet of the top. Why don't the other sisters write and tell of the curious things near them?

I will be thirty years old the 19th of this month. Am five feet seven inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. I have dark hair and eyes and a dark complexion.

I shall be glad to get letters and will answer as many as possible.

Mrs. Augusta Kelley.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

C. C. Johnson, Hebron, Md. Down and out financially as a result of a series of misfortunes, and with a wife lately taken to an insane asylum, this worthy man asks a boost from COMFORT readers to give him a new start. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. One of our League's old shut-ins who has been helpless within four walls for twoscore years. Deserving and grateful, he again asks aid. Mrs. Mary E. Williamson, Tomahawk, Ky. A widow of fifty-five years, caring for a mentally deranged niece of twenty-one. She asks help in her struggle to support her little household. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppard's, Va. Half-blind and physically incapable of support, this man's case is pitiful indeed. W. D. York, Chavies, Ala. An old man of 78 upon whom the struggle of life hangs heavy. Help him to lighten the load. Mary M. McGill, Portis, Ark. With her right leg amputated above the knee, here is a brave and loving-hearted woman who seeks financial help to purchase an artificial limb. Mrs. Jennie Robbins, Monmouth, Ill. R. F. D. 1. Far from friends and fifteen miles from town, this is a lonely member of our League asking for letters and for cheer. Give her a joy-boost, cousins! Pearl N. Cockram, R. R. 1, Box 31, Woolwine, Va. Weakened by fever so that he is incapable for many months to come of self-support, this young man of twenty-three asks temporary aid of cash and warm clothing for the coming winter. Well-recommended. Adam Budesheim, Men's Surgical Ward, Samaritan Hospital, Troy, N. Y. Letters of cheer are asked for this lonely boy of eighteen who is a long-time sufferer in a hospital ward. Mrs. Sallie Sutton, Boons Camp, Ky. A mother almost blind and with two girls, five and nineteen years of age, and two boys, nine and fourteen. The case of this family is pitiful in its destitution.

We have a sad listing this month. Read over the necessarily short statements of names and conditions—and then try and imagine the true situations the few bald words cover, but cannot truly convey. Strivers, sufferers, brave dwellers in pain and darkness these are. Help them with what money and cheer can do to ease their lot.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

The number of feet of lumber cut in the United States during the year 1920 amounted to 33,798,800,000.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own?

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home.



She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth**, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silverold buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

S. B., Fullerton, N. D.—Surely it is pleasant and correct to be willing to take part in the work of a home where you are visiting and where no help is kept. (2.) As to taking sides in an argument between husband and wife, this is a delicate matter and depends upon your intimacy as a friend of the household and whether or no you are strongly pressed by both to give your opinion. We think you might express this, when asked, if it was concerning a matter having no particular bearing on personal home relations or affairs.

M. T., Brownsboro, Tex.—Berry, plum, and all pies, are eaten with a fork. In the case of pies containing cherry or plum pits, these are quietly slipped from the lips back to the fork and then conveyed on the fork back to the plate containing the remainder of the serving of pie. (2.) Yes, you should certainly say, "Thank you," when given a plate serving at a social or other like entertainment.

ANDIE, Alabama.—Moles and like facial blemishes may be removed by a capable dermatologist, and we do not recommend that you attempt the removal yourself through any home methods. Scars might result.

JUST SIXTEEN, Huron, S. D.—You should thank this boy when he brings you home from any entertainment to which he has taken you, and tell him that you have had a pleasant time. (2.) No expense of peanuts, lemonade or sideshow need be borne by a girl who is taken to a circus. This is up to her escort's wallet and it is properly his duty to pay all admittance fees and incidental costs of the entertainment.

MILLY, Texas.—When introducing yourself to strangers you would not use the title "Miss." It is only necessary to say, for instance, "I am Mary Smith." (2.) It would be the boy's place to say, "I am delighted to have met you." Send us your other questions at another time.

HOPELESS, North Carolina.—Although opinion differs in the matter, our own is that it is best for the lady to follow behind the usher in going down the aisle of a theater or church, and for the gentleman to come last of the three. However, modern-day etiquette does not regard it improper for the gentleman to precede the lady in such instances. (2.) When you want to make what you call a date with this girl, that is, ask her to accompany you to some dance or other entertainment, you do it by stating plainly just what you want. Say, for instance: "Miss Blank, won't you let me call and take you to the dance next Thursday night?" Isn't this easy?

JACK, North Carolina.—By registering at a hotel, is meant the signing of one's name and home address on the book which is open on the desk before the clerk. Before doing this, you may, if you wish, ask the clerk what are the hotel's rates for such accommodations as you require—specifying if you want single or double room, bath, etc. If the rate is satisfactory to you, register, and the clerk will assign you to a room, calling a bellboy to take you and your hand baggage to the quarters assigned you. Should the clerk require you to pay in advance, he will specify this. If not, you pay on your departure, asking for your bill at the desk. Large hotels have the matters of payment handled through a cashier's department to which the clerk may direct you. In smaller houses your payment will be taken by the clerk himself. Bills are not usually rendered for less than a week's stay, although one may be asked for and obtained if desired, or if there have been a number of incidental charges for telephone calls, meals, etc. (2.) You need not remove your hat when at the soda fountain with this girl, although it is correct usually to remove it when the ice cream or soda is taken at individual tables. The hat can be laid on some vacant chair if no other place is more convenient. Usually the waiter bringing the order of soda or cream takes the payment, and you should offer it to him. If payment is made at fountain or cashier's desk, the waiter will give you a check indicating the amount you are to pyy.

ROSA, Arkansas.—If you are expecting the arrival of this boy as a caller, it would be pleasant and correct for you to open the door and be first to meet him. (2.) We see nothing improper in this boy taking you to church if your parents do not object.

J. T. C., Oklahoma.—Although as a widower we do not think you should call or pay definite attentions to this widow before a year has elapsed since your bereavement, yet there would be nothing wrong in your attempting a little preparatory chat and friendly relationship with her in church when you meet her there. This will pave the way for asking if you may call to see her, when the time has arrived that you may properly do this without causing unpleasant criticism or comment.

L. E., Montana.—We think you were entirely correct in refusing to dance with this stranger at the street party you tell us about. It was the place of this man to obtain an introduction to you in some way through one of your friends who might be one of his also. And at any rate you did not lack partners.

ANXIOUS, Missouri.—Write just as nice a letter of thanks as you can to your fiance when he sends you this engagement ring. Tell him how well you like it and how much you think of it—and him! And of course you should also, in your various letters, mention, with thanks, the candy and other gifts he mails you. It is this young man's place to speak to your parents concerning this engagement, and we think he should have done this before affairs had gone so far that he had sent you this ring. But if you have given him reason to believe they already know of your relationship through your telling, why he cannot be blamed for not bringing the matter up before now. Best set it this up at once and come out in the open, so that your parents know how things stand between you. When a girl talks of being married in the fall and her parents know nothing at all, even of an engagement, it seems hardly the right thing—to speak mildly!

R. J. S., Fla.—Tiny individual pickles may be regarded in the same way as olives—that is, as food which may be taken from the fingers. Any pickles of a cut, sliced or moist nature should assuredly be eaten from a fork, however. (2.) Consult the menu at this restaurant with your escort, and let him give to the waiter the order for the dishes you select. A simple luncheon in the warm season might be, a soup, a salad of some sort, and any pastry or ice cream which you prefer. Also hot or iced tea or coffee. For dinner, you may order oysters, a soup or a fruit cocktail as a first course, to be followed by a roast meat and any potatoes and vegetables you select. A salad may be added before the dessert if you are very hungry. Have a demi tasse, which is a small cup of coffee, with whatever sweet you order for dessert.

L. O., Tennessee.—If you love this young man you may have known for so long, and in every other way he fulfills the requirements of a good husband, we do not think you should let these vague stories of what happened during his school course interfere with your acceptance of his proposal. Surely your knowledge for so many years of his character is worth more than these gossipy reports which seem, from your letter, at least, to have no established basis. And at most they are not very serious in a boy in his teens. If you love him, accept him, is our advice. But your letter does not sound as if your affections were seriously engaged—not when you speak of the other strings, you have to your bow—or should we say beaus to your string?

J. C., Macon, Ga.—The proper courtesy is assuredly being shown this young man when he is placed at table at your right hand, yet as he is your daughter's caller, we think as much courtesy and more pleasant results would be established by placing him at the right of your wife, and thus bringing him next to your daughter's seat on the diagram you send us.

B. F. H., Arkansas.—Yes; your choice of white for your September wedding gown is entirely appropriate. COMFORT wishes you all happiness.

F. E. T., Colorado.—Bashfulness is another term for self-consciousness—which is, of course "consciousness of self." When you are bashful you are thinking of yourself too much, of what people are thinking about you and how you may be appearing in their eyes. Youth is naturally conscious of self as it makes a new appearance in the world and in social affairs, and this is rightly so. We would not give much for a boy or a girl who could not blush and did not often do so. Physical nervousness and sensitiveness of temperament may increase the natural bashfulness of youth, but the best remedy is to get outside of self as much as possible and to start thinking of others and not oneself. Try speaking slowly, giving a little thought to what you say before you say it. Do not feel that everyone is looking at you and considering you and your appearance. Very likely they are thinking of themselves or of something totally unconnected with the awkwardness you may think you are showing. Those with the best manners will recognize youth's first social timidity and aid a bashful boy in every way to feel at ease. And Time, you may be sure, will remedy your difficulties and bring you assurance and what the French call "savoir faire."

B. W., Hillsboro, Ore.—We are sure we cannot tell why this young man is so strong with his assurances of affection when alone with you and then neglects you in public. We think you are right in considering it curious and a matter to feel hurt about. Either by hints or in plain words let him know that his protestations do not seem to be borne out in practice. If he takes you to a party or to a dance and fails in his duty as an escort, he should be brought sharply to account. We fear he feels too sure of you and that you would do well to let him think differently for a while.

V. B., Fayette, Ala.—Of course you should "make up" with this boy whom you once slighted by refusing his escort. If you have thought better of this and he is still at your feet, so to speak, let him know in boy-and-girl language that he is now not displeasing to you. This ought to be easy for golden hair and blue eyes to do.

A. C., Quincy, Miss.—The matter of leaving home to marry at eighteen is one to be carefully considered in the circumstances you mention. We are inclined to say yes if your parents are not too opposed to the project. This young man has waited long and faithfully for you, is able to support you, and has, from what you tell in your letter, the qualities that should make you happy. Perhaps you might make a compromise: obtain your parents' consent to your marriage at the end of one year during which you can continue your schooling. If your faithful suitor knows for certain that you will marry him at the end of this period, he might be willing to add this much longer to the time he has loved you.

BLUE EYES, North Carolina.—Your letter gives us an unpleasant impression of this young man who calls himself engaged to you and continues to break dates with you and to flirt with other girls. If he is as uncertain as this now, he would make a more uncertain husband. Bring him to book and tell him your relation with him must be at an end if he continues his attentions to other girls. We do not see a very happy way for you out of the difficulty. We fear this chap is of the philandering, chasing sort and is not one that your more faithful and tender heart can safely tie to and find happiness. But give him a chance to prove that he really loves you enough to stick to you and his promise. If he fails, let him go to make some other girl unhappy. For better a grief and a short unhappiness now than later years of the same.

A. E., Hamilton, Ala.—You may say to this relative you meet for the first time: "We should have met before, but it is good that we meet now!" Then smile and shake hands cordially. (2.) When your boy friend brings you back from this "singing," you may say: "Thank you for bringing me home. I enjoyed the evening very much."

INQUISITIVE, Homer City, Pa.—In introducing these relatives and "in-laws" it is well to state relationship. It helps conversation and clears up any chance of misunderstanding. Your nervousness in making introductions will be helped by speaking slowly, and thinking about what you have to say before you say it. No conventional reply is needed to the conventional "I am glad to meet you." It is best to take the remark smilingly and let talk begin.

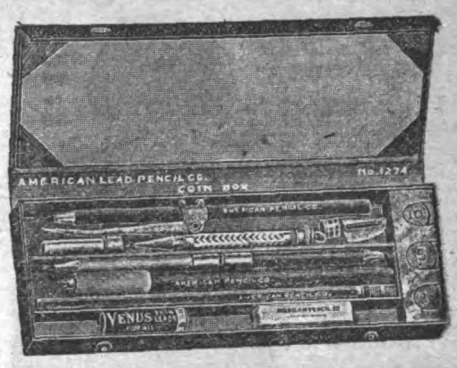
E. W., Rex, Ga.—In connection with the Thanksgiving season at which your birthday party is to take place, there would be no decorations so appropriate as those of the harvest season. Have jack o' lanterns made from big pumpkins peeping out with lighted faces from various corners. Frame your doorways with cornstalks tied with big bows of orange colored crepe paper, and have festoons of strings of red apples curving about in appropriate places. And do not forget pumpkin jardinieres filled with flowers and foliage. In your main room, where possibly you may dance later on in the evening, suspend a fine big red ear of corn from the chandelier or center of the ceiling by a red ribbon, and have the celebrated and fun-making red ear decorated with a big bow of bright red. Your guests will soon note the red ear's relation to the mistletoe, and merriment is certain to arise. For your refreshments, have your table decorated with yellow flowers, yellow crepe paper, and pumpkins hollowed out and filled with fruit, doughnuts, nuts and candy. As a menu, we suggest cold chicken, bread and butter sandwiches and biscuit, pickles and jellies, coffee, cider and cake.

You and your guest will have suggestions for appropriate and fun-filled games, and we add the following: If you have twenty guests, for instance, let each guest be supplied with ten sheets of white paper, tied together with pumpkin-colored ribbon and bearing at the top his or her name. Pencils are supplied and the sheets of paper are numbered from one to ten. Partners are selected, and at a given signal by a bell or motor horn, each guest begins to draw the picture of his or her partner. Three minutes only are allowed for time, when the signal sounds and a change of partners occurs, and the portrait drawing recommences. No names are added to the drawings, and when the ten changes of partners have occurred, the portraits are all called in and pinned up on the wall for exhibition. Each guest in turn tries to guess as many as possible of the likenesses, and a prize should be given to the most successful guesser. Much fun can arise from laughable mistakes. A prize should also be given to the guest who has, by popular vote, accomplished the best-drawn likeness. As another contest a small pumpkin can be hollowed out, its seeds placed inside, and a piece of orange crepe paper pasted over the top of the pumpkin. The guest guessing nearest to the number of seeds can be given a box of home-made candy or other prize.

Let the birthday presents of the party be displayed on a separate table, covered with orange crepe paper and with a pumpkin centerpiece about which the gifts may be grouped.

The evening may end with dancing, and some informal singing.

An Everpointed Pencil and Coin Bank come with this



Useful Pencil Set

Gift No. 9153.

For Three Subscriptions.

COMFORT'S host of schoolboys, and big folks too, will be delighted with this convenient 8-inch case of rich grained leatherette with its big supply of writing and drawing supplies.

The particular features of this box are the Everpointing pencil and the handy compartment bank for pennies, nickles and dimes.

In addition to these two useful pieces each box contains a compass with pencil attached, a pen holder with rubber finger grip, a box of four extra pens, an eraser-tipped pencil, Indian No. 2, a combination red and blue pencil, a pencil sharpener and a large soft rubber eraser. There is also a box of 12 Venus thin leads and one dozen Perpetual Point refill leads for the Everpointing pencil. The partitions in the box hold everything securely in place. The set is made by the American Lead Pencil Company and is considered by them to be one of the handiest, most useful sets in their assortment. Just to add one last touch of utility, they have inserted a removable sheet of blotting paper on the inside cover.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 5c each we will send you this useful Pencil Set, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9153.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Winter and Summer
Enjoy the Beauty of an Everblooming Garden of Flowers

Winter or summer you can enjoy a perpetual garden of everblooming flowers and plants. Winter's frosts and snows need not shut out the pleasant companionship and beauty of growing things. This collection of house plants and bulbs will make the long winter months radiant with an unending series of brilliant blossoms, foliage and fragrance. And when the springtime comes again they will continue to bloom in your summer garden outdoors.

The collection consists of 5 favorite house plants and 6 popular bulbs. The plants are all well rooted, hardy stock, and guaranteed to grow. The bulbs are from tested stock and should any fail to grow they will be cheerfully replaced.

Read the description below and the terms of our Free Offer. Then send your order.

Boston Ivy—No. 1

This beautiful Ivy, with its thick, dark, glossy leaves is just what you want to climb around the window. It is a rapid grower and hardy.

Two Narcissi—No. 2

Narcissus bulbs can be grown in a shallow dish partly filled with water and small stones. You will enjoy these beautiful fragrant flowers during the coming months. The flowers are double and extra large and retain their fragrance for a long time.

Fuschia—Black Prince—No. 3

This well-known house plant needs very little description except to say that the variety that we are including in this collection is the prettiest of them all. The flowers are dark purple and extra large. The foliage is glossy, giving the appearance of being waxed. You will like this plant.

Two Hyancinths—1 Blue, 1 White —No. 4

These double flowers may be grown in pots or in the water the same as the Narcissi. The flowers grow on long spikes and are especially fragrant. You will want these flowers for your indoor window garden. They will give your rooms a cheerful atmosphere.

Coleus—Brilliancy—No. 5

This is the most beautiful plant to be seen anywhere. It is literally alive with color. The foliage is its chief attraction. Every shade of the rainbow is to be found on its leaves. This is an exceptionally attractive plant that will give the home a cheerful appearance.

Geranium—Ricard—No. 6

The flowers are a brilliant scarlet, each bloom being large and full. This variety is a heavy bloomer and has dense foliage. The Ricard is a new variety which is much prettier than the common red varieties.

Calla Lily—No. 7

This wonderful lily needs but little description with its large leaves and waxen white flowers which are from five to seven inches long. Plant this bulb now and have it in full bloom during the winter months.

Chinese Sacred Lily—No. 8

This is one of the most beautiful of all known lilies. Its coloring is exquisite and with its dark green foliage makes an exceptionally pretty plant. The outside of the flower is white with a slight tinge of yellow. The inside of this lily is a canary yellow shading to pink at the top. When you see this lily in bloom you will thank us for offering it to you. This lily will be included as an extra free gift if you send your order for both collections within 15 days.

Cyclamen—White—No. 9

This attractive plant is one of the prizes of this collection. Large plants in full bloom sell from $3.50 to $5.00 each at the greenhouses. The young plants that we supply will be in bloom by Christmas or soon after and you will have a plant that will fill your neighbors with envy. The beautiful white flowers closely resemble Orchids and the attractive variegated foliage combine to make this the most pleasing plant of the lot.

How To Get the Plants and Bulbs

5 House Plants—Collection No. 8901. Consisting of one each of the following plants: GERANIUM, ENGLISH IVY, COLEUS, FUSCHIA, CYCLAMEN, will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own).

5 Bulbs—Collection No. 8911. This collection consists of 2 Hyacinth, 2 Narcissus and 1 Calla Lilly Bulb and will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own).

Order Both Collections and Get **Free** the extra gift of Chinese Sacred Lily. Collection 1802. This collection consists of both the 5 house plants and the 5 bulbs and if you send us the two subscriptions required within 15 days we will send you as an extra gift, the Chinese Sacred Lily.

Send all Orders to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Stout French Serge

$3.98

Sizes 39 to 55



PRIZE DESIGN

Yes! The season's newest most popular style, in imported French Wool Serge and lavishly Silk Braid Embroidered. A most graceful model for stout women, and only $3.98 on approval. Not only that, but six pairs of ladies cotton hose FREE--yes, included without charge with every dress ordered, for a limited time only! Positively the most amazing offer of the year, but surely as an advertisement for Gordon Bates Co., so that every woman may KNOW that Gordon Bates values are without equal anywhere, anytime.

Send No Money

Embroidery in black and gold braid gives the necessary note of smartness and decoration to this becoming one-piece dress. Banding on yoke and sleeves is of fine black braid. Long narrow sash ties at front in popular style. And the material--imported French Wool Serge--insures most generous service. Be sure and send quick. No, don't miss this advertising offer! Sizes 39 to 55 inch bust measure in black and navy. **Order black by No. 12436, Navy by 12437.** Remember--on approval. And six pairs black cotton hose free. Just pay postman on arrival, plus few cents postage. Your money, every penny, gladly refunded at once if you are not delighted and amazed at this bargain.

Six Pair Hose FREE

With Every Order

Gordon Bates Co.
Dept. 918
Minneapolis Minn.

10 DAYS TRIAL



1000 of these Home Barber Outfits for Comfort subscribers at **HALF PRICE**

This introductory half price sale won't last long. The 1,000 will soon be sold. You'll have to hurry. Each set consists of 1 close cutting barber's hair clippers, one 7-inch barber comb, 1 barber hair shears of razor like steel. This is our regular high grade $4.00 set, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Special offer complete outfit only $1.98 if you decide to keep the set--less than price of clippers alone.

MOTHERS Save time, strength and money. This outfit cuts children's hair perfectly in 5 minutes. Always have the children's heads looking nice. Quicker and easier to do it with this outfit than to go to the barber shop.

GIRLS WITH BOBS

For good looking bobbed hair this splendid set is as necessary as your brush and comb. Clip it close in the back and with these shears you can always get a perfectly even bob. THE WHOLE FAMILY will use this set and save barber bills. Four hair cuts pays for it if you get in on this special offer.

SEND NO MONEY Just write today and ask for the home barber outfit. It will be sent by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman $1.98 and postage. Use the outfit for 10 days. Then if you are not perfectly satisfied return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. K Topeka, Kan.

Handsome **FREE** **Wrist Watch**



Guaranteed time keeper. GIVEN for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TODAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 32-Z Lancaster, Pa.

How Would You Like To Grow Hair in a Month?

Getting bald, hair falling and fading? If you want to grow new healthy hair right away I will send you absolutely Free a sample of the famous Alexander Glandahair. No cost, no obligation, just send name to ALEXANDER LABORATORIES, 5100 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

UNLUCKY?



Then wear this Mystic Serpent. Replica of Ancient Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells, and symbol of **GOOD LUCK** in love, business, games. Heavy, weird and startling. Genuine **14-Karat** gold shell, 3 year guarantee. Men and Women. Secret "formula for luck" **FREE.** Send measure (string tied around finger.) **ALA X. BABA, Box 55, 116 Str. Sta., New York.** Pay $2.27 and postage to postman on delivery.

District Salesmen Wanted, all or spare time. Earn $1500 to $3600 yearly. We train the inexperienced.



NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

WATCH FREE



This fine American made Watch, new style, stem wind and set, **GUARANTEED** to keep time; Given for selling only 8 boxes of **ROSEBUD** at 25c each and returning the $2.00. **EASY TO SELL. We TRUST YOU.** Order today.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 142, Woodsboro, Md.

Would You Like to Have $75 a Month Extra?

You can!—by spending only a few hours a week introducing Dixon Household Necessities. Most complete line of soaps, toilet goods, extracts, etc., offered. Everybody buys—again and again. Make $200 to $300 a month full time. No experience or capital needed. No delivering or collecting. You must write quick to get agency. Just say, "Send me your Great Special Offer."

DIXON MFG. CO.,
DEPT. 5, DAYTON, OHIO.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE



for selling 15 packages Bluine at 10 cts. each. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we send rifle.
Bluine Mfg. Co., 81 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

F. J., Parsons, Tenn.—The Sam Houston you ask about was an American soldier who was born near Lexington, Va., March 2, 1793. He died at Huntsville, Texas, July 25, 1863. Houston's father, who was a veteran of the War of the Revolution, died in 1807 and Sam's mother, with six sons and three daughters, went to East Tennessee, close to the Cherokee country of that time. The boy grew up to an active life among the Indians, by whom he was much liked, and he fought in the war of 1812 with Great Britain. He emerged from the war a lieutenant and later became an Indian agent in connection with the government's dealings with the Cherokees. He after became a lawyer, adjutant general of Tennessee, district attorney, representative, and finally governor of Tennessee, to which office he was chosen in August, 1827. He married in 1829, but separated, for unknown reasons, from his wife after only three months of wedded life. He turned then toward his old friends, the Cherokees, and by official act of the ruling chiefs was admitted to all privileges of the Cherokee nation. He took an active part in championing all causes of the tribe. In 1832, Houston began to take a leading part in the revolutionary movement forming in Texas against the Mexican government, and when the war with Mexico began, he became military chief of his district. Any U. S. history will tell you of the famous part which Gen. Sam Houston took in the Mexican war and the securing of the independence of Texas, of which he became president. When Texas became a state in 1845, Houston was one of the first senators sent to Washington by his grateful fellow citizens. In 1859 he became governor of Texas. Write to the county clerk of Walker County, Huntsville, Texas, concerning any descendants of Sam Houston who may be living in that or other local ities of the state. (2.) You are only forty miles from Jackson, in your state, the city where Union University is located. Show your mysterious "black rock" to some professor at Union who specializes in mineralogy. He will be able, we are sure, to promptly identify it for you, and this will be much better than attempting to mail the heavy specimen. From your brief description, we guess that the rock is a meteoric fragment.

V. E. W., Widewater Va.—The common black soot obtained when cleaning out a stove is considerable of a specific to use against the ravages of bugs and worms which attack cabbage and melon plants. Replace the dusting whenever rain, wind or showers have destroyed the protection. Arsenate of lead or Paris green made into a mild spray solution are the usual bug cures for potato vines. It is well to mix a little slacked lime with these poisonous sprays. The solution sticks better to the plant and the danger of burning the foliage is lessened. The packages in which you buy this spray material will tell you in what strength they should be mixed.

M. S., Jennings, Okla.—Henry Ford's home is at Dearborn, Michigan, where he may be addressed. (2.) We know of no information bureau maintained by the Federal Government, although the various departments of our government grant through literature and otherwise much information connected with their particular lines and activities. (3.) We must tell you that such gathered battlefield relics as your cigar box collection exist literally by tons, and we could not tell you where you might dispose of what you have picked up. (4.) Ask some G. A. R. veteran concerning the original name and use of the lead "slugs" you mention.

L. H., Wisconsin.—We certainly do not believe that a man's proper vocation can be told by an inspection of his nose shape or the color of his eyes, although it is probable that a man's abilities along certain lines could be judged by one versed in human nature who would join to mental tests and questions some of the fundamental laws—or traditions—of physiognomy. To this extent the claims of "vocational experts" are justified. Also we believe that as an adult who is capable of asking the questions you do in as intelligent a manner as you phrase them, that you could extricate yourself from being what you call a "round peg in a square hole" as readily as could any "expert" who must always fail to know you as well as you know yourself. A man's life is often a record of holes and mistakes from which he pulls himself, and the oftener he helps himself and the less he is helped from these sloughs, the more certain is his future success and strength. We have little faith in or praise for modern-day methods of cheap-john "science" which attempts to make the average man over from something he has been for many thousands of years. We would not care to recommend to you any "vocational expert."

Mrs. W. A. G., Georgia.—The inscription in your violin is intended to convey the impression that the instrument was the handiwork of Paul Maggini in Brescia, Italy, in the year 1695. We say "impression," because we are compelled to doubt that your violin is of this age or craftmanship. As we have many times printed here, there has been and is a thriving trade established in the marketing of fraudulent "old violins" which contain inscriptions stating them to be the productions of old makers. We believe that your instrument is one of these often creditable imitations. Show it some day to an expert violinist in one of our big cities.

Mrs. H. C., Oklahoma.—See reply above to Mrs. W. A. G., Georgia. The markings in your violin are in Latin and meant to represent that the instrument is the work of Antony Stradivari, in Cremona, Italy, in 1636.

Mrs. G. H. W., Missouri.—See reply above to Mrs. W. A. G., Georgia. We are very sure that Joseph Guarnerius did not paste this printed inscription in your violin in the year 1714.

T. A. R., North Carolina.—We could not tell you of labor demands or conditions of pay at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but we feel very certain that it is not necessary to look for a supply of help as far south as North Carolina. You can write, if you wish, to the Supt. of Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss. M. H., Clovis, N. M.—Harold Bell Wright, the author, may be addressed at Tucson, Arizona, his home.

L. H. S., Arkansas.—Most assuredly a Stradivarius violin is of "extra value," provided it is a production of that most famous of violin makers. But inscriptions are more easily made than are great violins. We fear you are but the possessor of a more or less cleverly made and marked "fake" old violin. See reply to Mrs. W. A. G., Georgia, in this issue.

Mrs. I. G. S., North Carolina.—Experts say that the past two hundred years have left but some thirty of the violins made by Stradivarius, and that these are now in the hands of collectors and museums. All COMFORT readers who have violins marked as having been made by Stradivarius should please take notice of the fact stated above. The evidence is practically certain that the trade in fraudulent old violins is increasing—and numbers many of COMFORT'S readers among buyers and owners of these variously marked instruments.

Mrs. W. E. S., Mississippi.—It is almost impossible to glue or cement glassware or china so that it will stand repeated washings in hot water, but it is possible to repair it so that it can serve with careful use or little handling. Try any of the china cements that your druggist or hardware merchant may recommend. There are many good ones on the market—that is, both merchants and cements!

Mrs. R. B., Missouri.—Marie Corelli was born in 1864 in Italy. She became the adopted daughter of Charles Mackay, a well-known Englishman, and received a careful and cosmopolitan education in France and Italy. In 1886, she wrote her famous, "Romance of Two Worlds" which made for her a reputation her future novels maintained. What you call Miss Corelli's "creed" is doubtless best shown in her works. We do not know of it being otherwise formulated or taught by her or any of her admirers. Miss Corelli is still living and makes her home in England.

A. L. F., Oklahoma.—There are but a few thousand acres of vacant public land left in your state, and the one U. S. Land Office is located at Guthrie. Write the Register there for information regarding what acres are still available and their situtaion. (2.) We would be unable to pass capably upon the reliability of this Oklahoma land company you name. Best let your local bank officials investigate for you and report.

Mrs. M. T., Alabama.—As a later subscriber, we publish for you the method of re-silvering a mirror which was given in this column in the issue of July, 1920: "The re-silvering of a mirror is by no means an amateur job, and we doubt very much if you can successfully accomplish it at home. The following method is one which, for its simplicity, is recommended by the "Scientific American." The mirror is placed face downward on a table. With a piece of cotton, clean and polish the place to be re-silvered. Now spread out on the spot a piece of tinfoil a little larger than the place to be repaired. After spreading smoothly, let fall on the center of the foil a drop of metallic mercury and, with a bit of cotton, rub the foil until it becomes brilliant. Now place on this new amalgam a piece of writing paper and on it pile books or a weight of other sort. The weight need not be great, but sufficient to keep the new amalgam smoothly in contact with the glass. The amount of mercury needed should correspond as nearly as possible to three drams to each square foot of glass that is to be silvered.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

been baled wet in a round bale with a hard core was found to be reduced 7 per cent. In each case where cotton was baled wet, the amount of waste was increased. Therefore it was determined that dry baling is far superior to baling when cotton is not in dry or normal condition.

Succulent Feeds for Dairy Cows

Succulent feeds are of more importance for dairy cows than for other farm animals; the extent of this importance is not fully appreciated by a great many farmers. These feeds are essential to the most economical production of milk. Their cooling, slightly laxative action aids greatly in keeping the digestive tract in good condition. They are highly palatable, as a rule, and whet the appetite of cows so that larger amounts of roughage are consumed than would be the case if only hay and other dry forage were fed. The consumption of the larger amount of nutrients which they encourage naturally results in greater milk production—and greater returns from the sale of same.

Corn silage is the cheapest and most satisfactory succulent feed available. It is highly relished by cows, furnishes a steady and uniform supply of high quality feed for winter, and is economical by virtue of the large tonnage that may be grown per acre. Where a large enough number of cows are kept to prevent its spoiling, it is excellent for summer feeding also. Corn cut when the kernels are nicely glazed (dented in the case of dent varieties) but when most of the leaves are still green produces best silage. Only good silage should be used; moldy silage is likely to set up digestive disorders. A common rule is to feed three pounds of silage and one pound of roughage for each 100 pounds of live weight of each cow. Silage may be abused by overfeeding it, by feeding it in poorly ventilated barns which results in the production of "off flavor" in milk, and by careless feeding of silage that has become spoiled by mold or other cause.

Corn stover silage, made from cured corn stover after all the ears have been removed, is worth far less than silage made from silo-ripe corn ears and all. It is preferable, however, to dry shredded or cut corn stover, as it is more palatable and is eaten with much less waste. The feeding value of corn stover silage is about 60 per cent, as much per ton as good corn silage. Rations including corn stover silage will require additional amounts of good hay and concentrates to make them compare with rations containing normal corn silage.

Sunflower silage has been found to vary widely, as have the results from its use as a feed for dairy cows. Where sunflowers grow successfully, unusually large yields of silage per acre are secured. The silage is less nutritious than is corn silage, however. In certain feeding trials it has been found to be as much as 40 per cent lower than corn silage in digestible nutrients. But where the growing season is too short or is otherwise unfavorable for corn growing, sunflowers for silage undoubtedly have a place among crops worthy of recommendation.

Sorghum silage, made from the grain and the sweet sorghums, ranks next in value to corn silage. Sorghum varieties that will mature fully in any given locality, and the refuse crushed cane from sorghum mills may be made into silage and fed to dairy cows to very good advantage.

Pea vine silage, made in pea canning districts from the vines from which green peas have been removed for canning purposes, is a highly nutritious feed for dairy cattle. Where it is fed *after* milking time to avoid fainting the milk with the rather strong odor of the silage, it is prized highly as a succulent feed, and the fact that these vines are considered as waste and may be had for little or nothing adds to the economy of their use for silage.

Legume silage, made from clover or alfalfa, is far more difficult to make of the same good quality as corn silage, but either may be made into silage in seasons when the weather is unfavorable for haymaking. When clover or alfalfa is to be made into silage, allow it to cure for a few hours in the swath after mowing. This reduces the water content and improves the quality. Do not let drying proceed so far that the crop will not pack well in the silo; thorough wilting is desired, but not drying to brittleness. These same general rules apply to such crops as peas-and-oats, soy beans or cow peas and to others less commonly grown for the same purpose.

Roots such as mangels are excellent for dairy cows, and serve nicely as a supplementary source of succulence, but not as a substitute for silage if both can possibly be provided. Feeding trials have shown that one pound of dry matter in roots is equal to one pound of corn or to a mixture of barley, oats and rye. It is therefore safe to figure one pound of roots as being equal to one pound of dry matter in grain. As an appetizer for test cows, and as a succulent feed that keeps the digestive tract in fine working order, roots are of great value.

Wet beet pulp is liked by cows and may be fed with good results when cows are fed from 50 to 100 pounds of wet pulp daily with concentrates and hay. Wet beet pulp is considered worth about one-third as much as corn silage per ton. Cows should receive plenty legume hay in addition to the pulp allowance; otherwise weak calves will result, doubtless due to the fact that the pulp is low in lime.

Number of Ears Influences Corn Yield

For years careful selection of seed corn has been followed to standardize certain types that produce a single ear per stalk, or under particularly favorable conditions, two ears per stalk. Today we have as a result two distinct types, one commonly listed as a single-ear type, the other as the prolific type producing more than two ears per stalk. In the South where both kinds are extensively grown, experiments have recently been completed testing under ordinary farming conditions the yielding qualities of each, and determining whether or not the large ears borne by the single-ear type yield more per acre than the smaller ears of the prolific type.

In these experiments the prolific type was found to be more productive than the single-ear type. It also was more efficient in increasing the yield per plant and in increasing the number of ears per plant. While the single-ear type was more efficient in increasing the weight of the ear, the prolific type produced a larger yield per acre because of this percentage of several smaller ears over a few ears of larger size. The results of the experiment indicate that in sections to which both types are adapted, the prolific will be the more productive under conditions of ordinary field culture, as it is self-adjusting to meet varying soil conditions and state of fertility.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farm, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

TO GET RID OF MOLES.—Will you please tell me how I can put an end to the moles that are plowing up in my lawn, eating my flower bulbs, and destroying my carrots and potatoes? I have tried putting poison in the burrows, but the moles are just as numerous as ever, and the damage goes on. Mrs. J. J. V.

A.—Moles do much damage to gardens and lawns it is true, but they *do not* eat bulbs, vegetables or grass roots. The damage is due entirely to the disturbance they cause to the soil, loosening it about the roots of growing plants. Moles live entirely upon animal matter, such as earth worms, white grubs and other insects. While they are found to be numerous, it is a certainty that insects of all kinds, both adult and larvæ are numerous also in the garden soil. Otherwise the moles would not be working in it so persistently. The moles are not responsible for the injury to your garden crops *directly*, but still they are partly to blame. The moles make the endless burrows; pine and field mice and shrews follow the burrows, eating the bulbs and damaging the crops growing in the ground. Trapping is the one and only certain way to control moles. Special mole traps are on the market; buy half a dozen and set them as directed by the manufacturer. You will soon get results. Don't try to use ordinary traps such as you would for rats; they will not serve. Poison baits will do no good against moles, but poisoned slices of apple and potato will perhaps rid the runs of mice and shrews. Thus, between the trapping and the poisoning, you should be able to get the upper hand of the pests. Remember that mole skins are valuable if taken in the fall or winter, and tan those you get at that time. It may help pay for the damage they have done.

Find Prehistoric Corn In Tennessee Stone Caves

Corn that grew in Tennessee in prehistoric times, possibly before Joseph put away his seven years' supply in Egypt, was unearthed recently by W. E. Meyer, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and sent to the United States Department of Agriculture for identification. During recent excavations in Davidson County, Tenn., Mr. Meyer came upon a number of stone slab graves containing mortuary vessels. Some of these held specimens of charred maize in fairly good condition. From the size and shape of the grains it was possible to identify the variety as Mammoth Rowed Tropical Flint, a form about half way between true flint and popcorn.

The same type of Indian corn occurs in the West Indies, and there is no question in the minds of scientists but that there was a very early communication between the West Indies and North America. Not only corn but beans, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco are of tropical and subtropical origin. These staples, now so important throughout both hemispheres, found their way into North America and were cultivated beyond the Great Lakes in Canada long before the discovery of America. There is abundant evidence of communication between the West Indies and Florida, and up the Mississippi and its tributaries.

The Alphabet and Who Started It

The Phœnicians, who are credited with more inventions that have lasted all time than any other nation, are said to have been the first one to use a systematized alphabet.

The first obtainable records date from the ninth century, B. C., but even then the use made of distinct letters was so elaborate that it probably originated at least one or two centuries before.

Students of ancient languages have come to the conclusion that the Phœnicians accomplished their task by applying efficiency to the use of Egypt's hieroglyphics.

At the very dawn of history they carried their message to the Greeks, and it was they who gave the standard arrangement of letters and adopted the name under which it is known to this day, the word "Alphabet" being composed of "alpha," the first letter in the Greek alphabet, and "beta," the second.

The Man Who First Saw Uranus

The discovery of the planet Uranus may not mean very much to the average man, but to the science of astronomy it was an event of the greatest magnitude, and the man who brought it about is looked upon even today as one of the greatest savants of all times.

This was the great savant, Sir William Herschel, who, in 1781, after indescribable struggles with adversity, finally located Uranus in the heavens. Being poor, he had to construct his own telescope, and with it he accomplished wonders in his chosen field.

He first thought he had discovered a comet but his later researches convinced him that a planet, until then unknown, had come into his vision.

George III. had many faults, but he appreciated scientific merit. He placed Herschel on his permanent pension list with 400 pounds a year, and thereafter, the famous astronomer, faithfully assisted by his sister Caroline, added discovery upon discovery to his record.

In the modern hospitals when a baby is born a print of the child's foot is taken and on the same paper the thumb-print of the mother, for identification. It is claimed many mothers fear hospital action. It is claimed many mothers fear hospital accouchement lest the nurses "mix those babies up."

—*Dearborn Independent.*

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The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious ses should be taken to your local doctor. Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, ugusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give ur address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. S. C. S., Scranton, N. C.—The pain in back is eumatic. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of icylate of sodium Drink plenty of water, and avoid eets and pastries of all kinds. You might also, as local remedy, iron the back. Apply a moderately t iron over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out mustard water.

Mrs. C. B., Roseboro, N. C.—There is no danger far as tuberculosis is concerned; but you should ve the boy examined and find out if he has enlarged nsils and adenoids. If so have them removed at ce and this tendency to constant spitting will be viated.

"Blue Eye", Wenday Gap, N. C.—In your next tter kindly give full name and address to warrant a ply. You can develop the chest by proper breathing ercises. Consult your local doctor and have him escribe the proper exercises for this purpose.

Miss H. C., Castlewood, Va.—Hayden's Viburnum mpound can be obtained at any reliable drug store. ke as directed in the article referred to in another mber of COMFORT.

Mrs. A. G., Mt. Carmel, Ill.—Have the bladder shed out witha solution of permanganate of potasm. Use a teaspoonful of a saturated solution to e pint of hot water. Of course you must have this ne by your local doctor. You can also take after eals a five-grain tablet of urotropin.

Mrs. P. D., Covington, Va.—Dobell's solution can obtained at any drug store, as it is an official preparaon. Catarrh can be cured if not due to nasal obruction, which can only be cured by operation.

Mrs. A. R., Shaw, West Va.—Have your son's scalp assaged and apply at night a two per cent. solution resorcin, to stop his hair falling. Dissolve the resorn in equal parts of alcohol and rose water.

Mr. R. L. C., Cleveland, Tenn.—Basham's mixture n be compounded by any reliable druggist. It should made up fresh and kept in a cool place while being ed.

Mrs. S. E., Newville, Pa.—Have the warts removed use of the actual cautery. This is the only sure way.

Miss G. S. W., Holmes, Iowa.—You may or may not ve tuberculosis. Have your sputum examined and d out. If you have a beginning tubercular lesion the lungs, better change your climate at once. Diet r Bright's disease is milk, and milk only.

Rev. M. A. T., Addison, Ala.—Better be examined y some good nose specialist and find out whether or ot you have some nasal obstruction. If this is the se have the obstruction removed surgically. In the eantime you can use Dobell's solution which is official d can be compounded by any reliable druggist.

Mr. W. T. W., Sturgis, Miss.—You probably have a gh blood pressure. Take after meals ten drops of turated solution of iodide of potassium well diluted. void sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels free. he nose-bleeding is a good thing as it relieves the headessure.

Mrs. M. M. A., Sanger, Calif.—You have ruptured me of the fibers of the large back muscle. Gently assage the back and apply over hot flannels wrung t of mustard water a hot flatiron In other words on e back in the region of the pain. Think your trouble urely a local strain.

Miss A. H., Richland, Mo.—Have the "birth-mark" emoved by use of carbon dioxide snow. Of course is must be done by some surgeon accustomed to the se of the snow. The result will be more than satisictory.

Mrs H. C. L., Plaquemine, La.—You seem to have mild form of epilepsy. Avoid meats of all kinds; eep your bowels free; eat sparingly always, and take fter meals five grain tablet of bromide of sodium.

Miss D. L., Surray, Va.—You have a neuritis. Take teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted after eals. Also massage the limbs at night.

Mrs. E. J. A., Lenoir, N. C.—Have your dentist lean the teeth and remove matter that is present around or between the teeth and gums. Then wash the outh three or four times a day with a solution of hlorozene. Dissolve one tablet in a glass of hot water.

Mrs T. B., Southfield, Mass.—The difference in ize of the breasts has no significance. Just wait until ou are confined and they will be all right again.

Mrs. C. A. S., Condersport, Pa.—Rheumatism. Have your husband take a five-grain tablet of salicylate f sodium after meals.

Mrs. J. M., Hunter, North Dak.—May be you have mong other things a so-called floating kidney. If so ave it replaced. Your weight and rheumatic condiion will be helped by taking five drops of a saturated olution of the iodide of potassium well diluted after eals. You should avoid sweets and pastries of all inds and on the alternate days use only one quart of nilk in divided doses as food and drink. If you follow his diet and treatment you will reduce and be benefited n every way.

Mrs. L. L., Moccasin, Mont.—Massage your hands nd limbs daily. Have your daughter's eyes examined or correcting lenses. The sties come from eye-strain. She can also apply to the lids at night yellow oxide of nercury ointment. Use a one per cent. ointment.

Mrs. B. L. T., Greensboro, N. C.—May be if you take good tonic to improve your blood during your pregnancy you will not flow so much at confinement Try tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals for one or two weeks at a time.

Mr. G. B., Evergreen, L. I.—You are rheumatic. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Also avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds.

Mrs. G. B. W., Taunton, Mass.—Have your hair shampooed and then apply a two per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose water. This should stop the hair from falling out.

Mrs. J. C., Belle, Mo.—You have answered your own question. Have your little girl take a prolonged nap in the afternoon so she will not sleep so soundly at night and she will be cured of the bed-wetting.

Mrs. D. M. L., Charleston, Va.—The "brown spots" can be removed by applying with care a one-to-one-thousand solution of corrosive sublimate to them once or twice a week. This is a poison and must be used with care and not too often.

Mrs. E G., Madison, Maine.—Have your teeth looked after by some competent dentist and use, as a mouth wash, one tablet of chlorozene dissolved in a glass of hot water. This remedy will cure the mouth condition, if used three or four times a day, and continuously.

Mrs L. S., Ashby, Minn.—The bats will not hurt any one as far as we know.

Mrs. J. S. N., Denmark, Iowa.—You seem to be suffering from a chronic malarial poison Take after meals two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted after meals. You can also iron your shoulders and back with a hot flatiron applied over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water.

Mrs. E. O., Winchester, Tenn.—By all means have your teeth attended to at once or you may become a chronic invalid.

Miss P. W., Summerville, Ill.—Vinegar is harmful if used too long and will not reduce you. Diet and exercise will do more for you in every way.

Mrs. McC., Gate City, Va.—Your gums need the care of some good dentist. Have them thoroughly cleaned and then use some good tooth-powder and keep them in good condition. Your other trouble is due to a morbid mental condition. Just mix with your friends as much as possible and, in time, you will forget your morbid fear and supersensitiveness. There is no other way to overcome this condition.

Miss. M. G., Greenville, S. C.—Small moles and warts as well are supposed to come from a bacterial origin. Have one or more removed by use of the actual cautery and the others will disappear.

Mrs. H. A. A., Corinth, Miss.—You must wear an elastic woven bandage during the day for the enlarged veins on leg. You can also take as a tonic a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals. For the vaginal discharge use a douche of normal salt solution morning and night. Use about a teaspoonful of salt to the pint of water.

THE BLUE HAT

By Ernest L. Thurston

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IT happened because John Conrad ran for the street car and caught it. There was no reason for haste. His boarding house, where dinner awaited him, had no drawing power. Rather, it repelled by its lack of home atmosphere and by its overcharge of those varied and heavy odors which present one with practically the whole bill of fare, past as well as present, when one opens the front door. Moreover, another car was in sight. But it is an instinctive habit of the real American to run for a car. So John developed an extra burst of speed, swung aboard as the door closed and instinctively made for the one vacant seat. As he reached it, the car rounded a sharp curve and he was precipitated neatly and with dispatch against a young girl seated by the window.

"Oh, please pardon me. That was exceedingly careless of me and—" he added with his ready smile, "of the motorman. I shall write the Traction Company tomorrow, directing it to establish a rule for slow speed on all curves."

The girl looked up with a slight smile and a little nod of acknowledgment. John caught a delightful glimpse of clear, frank dark eyes, a firm but sweet mouth and a positive little chin, all framed by her dark hair and by a dainty blue hat that somehow spoke of spring and out-of-doors. A straightforward little business girl she was, dressed for her work, perfectly capable of taking care of herself, yet mightily alluring to the clean young fellow beside her.

John Conrad felt strongly the dainty attractiveness of her. Girls had had no place in his life during his few months in the great, strange city in which he was struggling to make his place. The girls and fellows had always been running into his home in the old village and he and his sisters into theirs. Real comradeship had been a natural part of his life. A wave of utter longing and homesickness passed over him.

"You're a thoroughbred and a little beauty. Wouldn't I like to know you?" he said to himself, "Think of getting away from that factory after office hours for a walk in the park, or a tramp out into the country with you, or to the movies, or for a canoe ride, or for a bite at a tea room."

Lonesomely, he pictured her at the other side of a little table overlooking the river. Just then, in the stillness as the car stooped, he heard her say quietly,

"Splendid! And then we'll stop at the Greenwood Inn for a salad and parfait."

"I know just the corner and the table, overlooking the river and the island." The words were out, impulsively, and then he caught his breath as the girl looked up sharply, with mounting color and embarassment.

"For the——. Oh, there I go again. I spoke without realizing, before I could think. I did not mean to be rude. I—" John stumbled in his distress.

"And I," said the girl, "was evidently thinking out loud about something. It doesn't matter."

John looked down at her as she turned away and gazed out the window, the color still deep in her cheeks, and the suggestion of a smile about her lips. She looked more enticing than ever. A daring thought came into his mind. Again, impulsively, he turned to her.

"Please do not be offended, but may I say just a word? I do not wish to presume in the slightest degree, or to appear unmanly."

The girl looked at him with a queer little flicker of light in her eyes, but said nothing, and gathering his courage, John went on,

"I'm a stranger in the city and I'm absolutely starving for an acquaintance with a nice girl—with you. My name's John Conrad. I'm a chemist for the Randolph Manufacturing Company. I'm working all hours to make my work *go* there. It's new and untried. And I've missed home and the girls and fellows horribly. You look so delightful you make me homesick. Won't you give me a chance to get acquainted with you? Put me up against anything you wish. I was wishing for all I was worth that I knew you well enough to take you out to supper or just to an afternoon tea room. That was on my mind when I spoke out just now. Would you,—could you save my life and do it? You *must* know I'm honest and straight about it."

The girl gave him a straight, keen look, but hesitated thoughtfully before she spoke.

"I know you are honest, but it's—," and then after a moment she went on, a little smile playing about her lips, "I'm nothing but an office stenographer, a business cog, but if you really care to do it I will let you take me to—" she hesitated and then laughed, "the Greenwood Inn."

Joyously he piloted her to the quiet and cheerful Greenwood Inn, sought his particular table, overlooking the river and wooded island. There, over salad and parfait and other dishes they established communities of interest. John told her of his work, of his interest in the new field of which he was in charge and of his efforts to convince the president of the company of its value. Her interest was so evident, and her questions drew him on so skillfully that finally he noticed how keen they were.

"Either you know something of the business I am in, or you are an expert at cross questioning. Do you happen to know anything of our line?"

"Yes," with a smile.

"And where did you learn it, may I ask?"

"In the Randolph Manufacturing Company."

"What! Say that again."

"I'm your president's new stenographer." Then she giggled. "You have possibly seen my back bent over the typewriter when you have been in the office recently."

John gasped, then reached out and seized her hand.

"Why it's *your* voice I've heard over the telephone when I've been summoned to the office. I knew it was familiar. Why we're not strangers after all, are we? When I'm in that office, facing the Old Man's cross fire of questions, I can't to save me tell who else is there. Thundering crickets! What have I been missing all these weeks!"

"And do you think, sir," she laughed, "that I would go off to a tea room with a young man who does not know me, and who does not even know my name, unless I knew quite a little about him? However Mr. Ranfield has given you a very good word in my hearing. So I dared, and I'm not sorry."

"Well, this is sure my lucky day. Now I want to be made properly acquainted with your name. And, say, I've a hankering to know what you were thinking about when you spoke out in the car."

"My name is Elizabeth Robinson. As to that remark," she began to color but looked him straight in the eyes, "do you think it proper to inquire as to the secret thoughts of a young woman, on so slight an acquaintance? However, I will tell you. This city is very strange and cold to me too, and I'm but a boarding house girl. I was—sort of—wishing a young man would take me out somewhere this evening."

"The fates are smiling on me," said John reaching over to shake hands again. Somehow he felt impelled to shake hands on every slightest occasion.

A little later, as they wandered through the park Elizabeth told him just a bit about her life. Her paremts had died when she was a child. Then had come a few years of schooling under the care of distant relatives. Now she was supporting herself and in training for an executive secretaryship. Then she turned the talk back to him and to his home life in the distant village. Somehow she drew him on to talk of his friends and neighbors, seemingly deeply interested in the little sketches he gave of them. Gradually she carried him back to reminiscences of his boyhood days.

"When I was a kid," said John, "harvesting was the great time."

"Gathering fruit, and having all the apples one wanted."

"Yes, and choosing the best pumpkins for Hallowe'en."

"And probably sneaking off with mother's best sheet to help make the ghost."

"You sure know it. And going chestnuting up the Back Ridge."

"And going fishing, I suppose."

"Sure, with most of the girls afraid of the worms. And then came the winter coasting and the maple sugar run. Funny thing, it comes back to me now. A small crowd of us kids used to go together in those days, but my boon companion was a girl. She was my age, about twelve or fourteen, when she suddenly left town. She was gritty and game for anything. She was my first and only love. I was going to marry her when we grew up, but I've never seen or heard of her in all these years since she moved away. Let's see, what was her name? Betty, that's it, Betty what? Betty, Betty, Oh, Robinson, Betty Robinson. Why, Great Guns!" He looked across at a hot-faced laughing girl, "*You're* Betty Robinson."

Later, considerably later, Betty said they really *must* go home.

"There's a car, let's run for it." and hand in hand they raced across the grass and caught it.

As they swung on the straps on the way back to the now warm and friendly city, and he looked down at the bright face beside him, his eyes kept going to her hat, with a puzzled look.

"What *is* the matter with my hat?" said Elizabeth finally, "Don't you like it?"

John thought for a moment.

"Prettiest ever. *Now* I have it," he exclaimed triumphantly, "my first and only love always used to like to wear a pretty blue hat."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

CHARLESTON, 410 WALNUT ST., ILL

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wish you would publish a few words of thanks for me to the many kind sisters who sent me letters, tracts and books, in answer to my request some time ago. I am not able to write personal letters, as I have tuberculosis. I am sixty-five years old and have read COMFORT half my life and I like it better all the time.

Love to everyone, MRS. MARY E. GRAY.

OLDS, ALTA., CANADA.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:

I am coming to you with a request.

We have lost a dear brother in our home and my mother is grieving her heart away. This is the second child she has lost. My brother was twenty-five years old and was sick just a few days.

I thought maybe the sisters would write comforting letters to her and help cheer her up, as I am a long distance from her. Her address is: Mrs. G. E. Gadd, Colome, So. Dak.

MRS. J. C. CRAMER.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR READERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and enjoy it, especially the sisters' letters.

I am a school teacher and they deserve sympathy but you will find few to acknowledge her need of it. While I have been teaching only a few years, I think I am competent to say a little on that subject. To my way of thinking it is a great and particu ar work. If children love their teacher they are almost sure to try to imitate her in one way or another. Therefore, not only do we impart to them our knowledge of the subjects taught, but we also help to mold their character. The minds of children are as an unwritten book, upon which the parents, teachers and experience may imprint the thoughts and ambitions that may help in forming a noble character. Thence, it behooves us to "watch our step."

Wishing all good luck, SMILES.

God's Girls

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I think God took a patch of blue
To make your baby eyes;
They are so much alike, the two
God's babies and God's skies.
I think God took a robin's call
To make your baby words;
I cannot tell your song at all
From music of the birds.
I think God took a woodland rose
To make your baby lips.
They are pink petals like to those
The honey-merchant sips.
I think God took a bit of sun
To make your baby curls—
Of all His treasures, every one,
God makes His baby girls.

Sent by Mrs. W. Schoenefield, Wentworth, S. Dak.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

At fruit time make a screen frame to run different kinds of fruit butter through. Mine is about twelve by eighteen inches. Nail four boards together for frame, then tack the window screening on to boards. If this screen is used, apples do not need coring, as the screen catches the stems, seeds, etc.

Before using a new quilt or after washing an old one, bind the top with a piece of goods, old or new, about eighteen inches wide. Practically all the handling will come on this piece which, when soiled, can easily be removed and washed, thus saving washing the entire quilt. I take my quilts apart to wash them. Then after beating the cotton filling, I tack them together again and they are as fluffy as when new.

MRS. HELEN JACKSON, MAXWELL, NEW MEXICO

How many of you ever tried:

Putting about a tablespoonful of water in the whites of eggs when beating them? They are much easier and more quickly beaten and it makes almost twice the amount without changing the quality.

Putting a cushion of some kind (I use a quilt or pillow) on a chair or tal stool and sitting down to iron. It is as easily done and much less tiresome.

Using a vegetable ladle for taking up butter. Much of the milk will drain out; it is especially good if the butter is too soft.

Cooking over your old butter for shortening purposes. Just cook the milk out and pour in a jar. I like this much better for cake and cookies than I do fresh butter. It will keep indefinitely.

Using warm vinegar to wash arms and hands when you get lye on them.

Binding a place where a rusty nail has stuck, or a thorn or cut for that matter, with turpentine on sugar. If you haven't turpentine, coal oil is almost as good.

Wetting baking soda to the consistency of paste and binding to a sting of any kind, centipede included Change about every ten minutes until two or three applications have been put on.

Add a little cocoa to bread pudding when making it. It is a "nice change."—FRECKLES.

Cayenne pepper will drive ants away if put into cracks.

Cloth wet in vinegar, wrung dry and wrapped around cheese will keep it from moulding. Keep in a cool place.

Pour a little kerosene into trap of kitchen sink occasionally. It keeps it clean.

Don't Wear a Truss

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable, Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.



MR. G. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157T State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS



Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A pair of scissors are essential in a kitchen. Use them to open fish and chickens and to cut meat into small pieces.

When making gelatine, use one-quarter the amount of boiling water called for to dissolve the gelatine and use ice water for the balance. This causes the jelling to take place more quickly.

THE KITCHEN STUNT SISTER, GEORGIA.

Grass stains may be quickly and easily removed from white serge by covering the spots thickly with powdered magnesia. Leave the powder on for a day or longer and then brush off.

To remove mildew, put one teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water, strain twice through a cloth, then saturate the mildewed article in this and lay in sun. A more simple way is to soak the article in sour milk one day and night and let remain in sun next day.

Grease spots on velvet may be removed by rubbing briskly with alcohol.

Oil spots may be taken off white linen with turpentine. This will also remove tar, paint and varnish.

Ink may be removed by soaking in fresh milk.

Tea stains will come out if they are covered at once with salt.

Common lump starch made into a paste is fine for cleaning silver.

To clean white iron beds, use one-half cup of soda dissolved in one cup of vinegar.

LUCY, WEST DURHAM, N. C.

Requests

Cure for chronic constipation.

Wanted: To hear from sisters living in Arkansas as to land, weather, labor conditions, etc. —MRS. ANNA JAY, FLAT CREEK, STAR ROUTE, MISSOURI.

Where to get an American Family Cook Book.

How to make a toy horse on wheels.—ALICE ENGMAN, WANNASKA, MINN.

Poem: "The Old Negro Preacher on Prohibition," and any other negro recitations.—MRS. CHAS. M. ANDERSON, FORT PIERCE, P. O. BOX 605, FLA.

Poems: "Bingen on the Rhine" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."—MRS. CHLOE GASTON, MILBRIDGE, R. R. 2, MAINE.

Wanted: To hear from sisters who can knit the man's vest described in January issue of COMFORT.

GRACE SARTIN, WARSAW, MO.

Poem beginning: "I've got an older sister, who's got a stylish beau."—GERTRUDE MILLER, CHETEK, R. R. 5, WIS.

Poem: "Socrates Snooks."

Wanted, the following songs, with or without music. "On the Beach at Long Beach." "The Drummer Boy of Waterloo." "Banks of the Wabash." "Waxford Town."—MISS OMA NEWELL, WESTVILLE, R. R. 1, ILL.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. Albert Parten, Las Cruces, P. O. Box 1052, New Mexico, October, November and December 1922.

Mrs. Joe Helget, Williamstown, R. R. 2, N. J., September, October, November and December 1922.

Mrs. Iva M. Bland, Sedalia, 410 S. Hancock St., Mo., January and February 1923.

Mrs. Lee F. Norton, Lake Toxaway, N. C., February 1923.

Miss Alice L. Fielder, Park Falls, Box 80, Wis., May 1922.

Eleanor Heck, Barthage, R. R. Box 8, Mo. January and February 1923.

Mrs. Tara Conner, Osco, Ky., December 1922, February, March and May 1923.

Mrs. Frank Moffett, Williamsport, P. O. Box 40, Indiana, January and February 1923.

Mrs. Nettie Warren, Miles, Box 41, Texas, July and August 1922.

F. A. Thorpe, Wynot, Nebraska, November 1922.

W. W. Hopkins, Darlington, Maryland, January, February and March 1923.

Mrs. W. E. Barnes, Syracuse, 124 East Pleasant Ave., N. Y. February 1923.

Mrs. Ruby Hughes, Garland City, Box 95, Ark., December 1922 and January and February 1923.

Mrs. Victor J. Rider, Dunkirk, 210 Robin St., N. Y. January and February 1923.

Mrs. Leona Rust, DeSoto, Wisconsin, March, April May and June 1922.

Mrs. Fred Harris, Star City, Sask, Canada, Oct. 1922.

Mrs. Clara Haser, Malta, Box 551, Mont., Oct. 1922.

Sisters' Circle Pin



Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of Friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

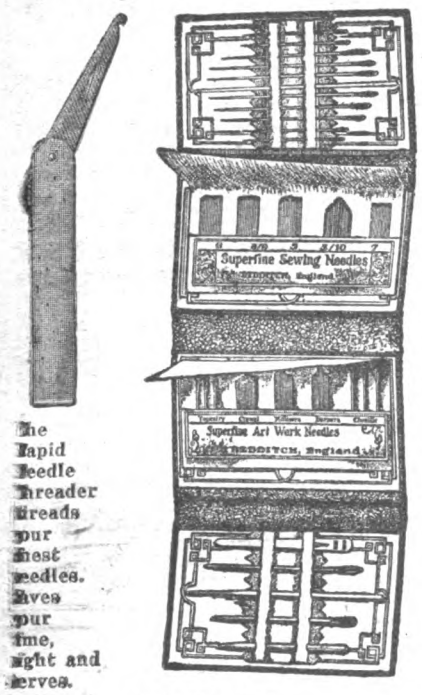


If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and probably wholly overcome your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days. Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-5 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Any Gift on This Page Is Yours for 2 Subscriptions



The Rapid Needle Threader threads your finest needles. Saves your time, sight and nerves.

Gift No. 1132.

Rapid Needle Threader FREE with Every Needlecase

The addition of the new handy needle threader makes this favorite sewing set still more useful to COMFORT'S needleworkers. The complete set comes in a neatly folding leatherette case 3x14 inches and consists of 75 gold-eyed sewnig needles, 15 milliners' needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 embroidery needles, ring needles, stiletto, crochet book and several other useful pieces—in all 142 useful pieces.

All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gauged. This needleworker's companion is a practical necessity in every home.



Antique Jewel Box

Gift No. 9952.

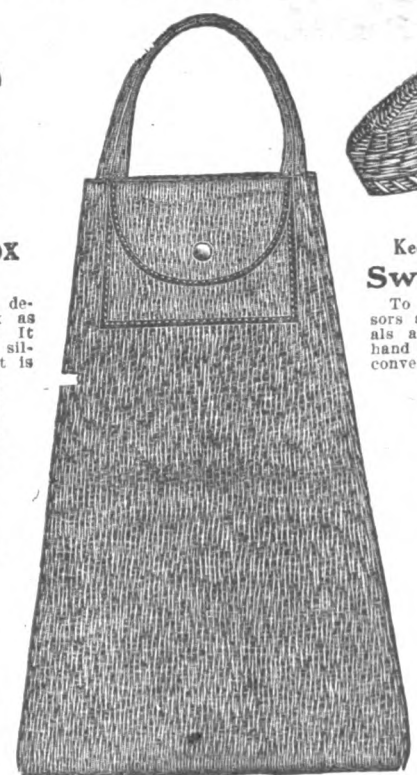
It seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.



2-Piece Toilet Set

Reward No. 9982.

This is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and they never fail to please. Each set is carefully packed in a strong carton which will bring it to your home in perfect condition. Why not order one today?



Gift No. 1752.

Yes, Two Subscriptions Get
3 IN 1 SHOPPING BAG

A handier bag than this has never been devised. It may be used as a hand bag or opened up to twice its size (as shown in the illustration) for shopping purposes. When folded it measures 9x9 inches, when unfolded, 11x16 inches. It is made of waterproof, art-grained leatherette. Closes with snap fasteners. Large and roomy when opened. Serviceable and neat when closed. Th change purse (also shown in illustration) adds the finishing touch of utility. It is rightly the "3 in 1" bag—change purse, neat hand bag and roomy shopping bag, all three in one.



Gift No. 1512.

Keep Your Sewing Work in This
Sweetgrass Basket

To keep needle and thread, scissors and thimble, embroidery materials and buttons all conveniently at hand every woman needs one of these convenient work-baskets. Fragrant sweet grass and colored reeds combine to make a basket of rare beauty. It is 6 inches in diameter and about two inches deep. Every basket is fashioned by hand by American Indians.



Gift No. 1232.

Opera or Field Glasses

Although commonly known as opera glasses, these glasses can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods.



Gift No. 9992.

10-Inch
Cuddly Teddy

Every little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him.

The soft, smooth plush of which Teddy's furry hide is made is steadily growing more difficult to obtain. This year, in order to be sure that there would be enough bears to supply our club-raisers we began buying last April. To make sure of your bear better send your club at once.



Birthstone Rings

Of Sterling Silver

These handsome birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman and girl who wants to be in style should wear one with the stone which corresponds to the month in which she was born.

Jan., Garnet; Feb., Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; Aug., Sardonyx; Sept., Sapphire; Oct., Opal; Nov., Topaz; Dec., Turquoise.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

Reward No. 7833.

Reduced from Three to Two Subscriptions.

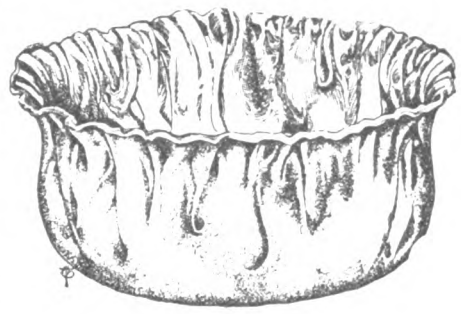


Hundreds and hundreds of our club-raisers have sent us three subscriptions for this stylish mesh purse and have felt abundantly repaid for their efforts. Now to make room for new gifts we offer the remainder of our supply for only two subscriptions. We can assure you that the value is the extreme value that can be offered for so small a club.

The new "Gate Top" mesh purse comes with a 10-inch wrist chain, is handsome, stylish and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost."

Classic Design
Silver Bon Bon Dish

24-K Gold Lined.



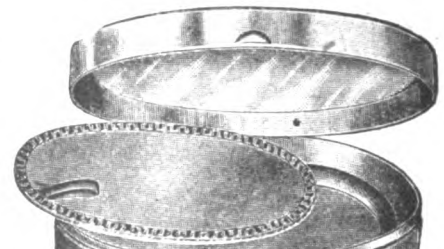
Gift No. 9942.

This beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and 24-K gold lining.

We have sent out many thousands of these dishes to club-raisers and have received many compliments on their beauty, utility and extreme value.

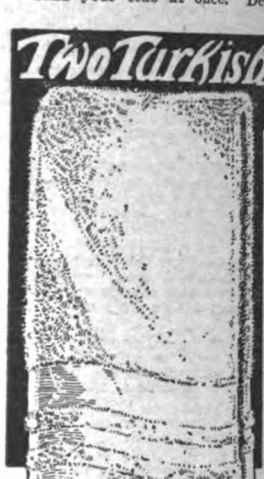
Mirror, Powder and Puff In This
Handy Vanity Case

Gift No. 1772.



A high grade mirror, a generous-sized powder compact and a satin covered powder puff all neatly enclosed in a beautiful golden case with hinged cover briefly describes this new gift. The cover of the case is beautifully chased and lacquerd to prvent tarnish. Case can be refilled with new powder compacts. Powder comes in three shades—flesh, white and brunette. Which shade shall we put in your case?

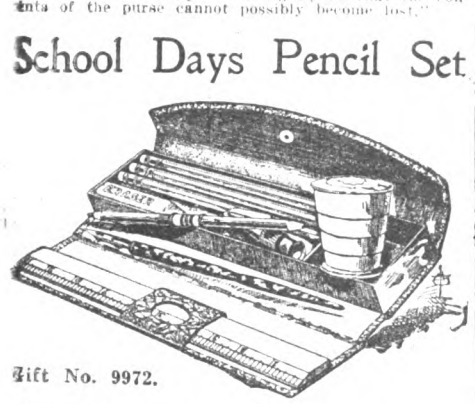
Two Turkish Towels



Gift No. 9912.

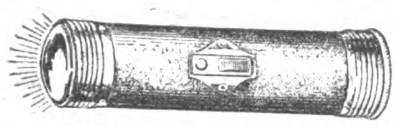
After bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom guest-room or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleecelle surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of comfort. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. They are 15x32 inches, which is a good convenient size for all-around use, are of good weight, well made and finished. Remember we send a pair for two subscriptions.

School Days Pencil Set



Gift No. 9972.

Here is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value—assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1-2 inches long and 2 1-2 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.



Every Home needs a
Handy Flashlight

Gift No. 1212

Don't stumble around the house or barn in the dark or with the uncertain aid of dangerous matches or lanterns. A flashlight will throw a penetrating beam of light far in front of you or wherever you want it. This flashlight is 6 inches long, 1¼ inches in diameter, equipped with powerful battery that will last many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple pressure of the thumb turns the light on or off as desired. Absolutely safe. Can't blow up, blow out nor set anything afire.

Every Scholar Needs a Serviceable Fountain Pen Like This

Gift No. 1462



Self-Filling Pen

We have examined many fountain pens, first and last, but we have never before found such a good writing pen as this self-filler.

To fill all you have to do is to raise the lever on side of barrel, dip the pen point into any good writing fluid and, after the reservoir has filled, snap the lever back into place.

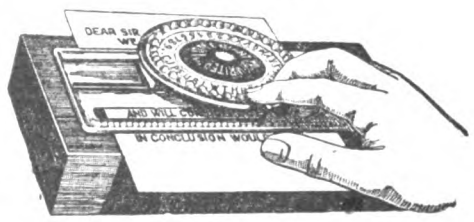
Pen is 6 1-2 inches in length, made of best hard rubber, finely chased, with genuine 14-K gold nib.

The manufacturer fully guarantees this pen to give satisfaction. It combines all the qualities of pens that sell for several dollars.

When school begins there will be a call for a serviceable pen like this. Why not send for it today?

Little Giant Typewriter

Gift No. 1202.



This is a practical, satisfactory machine that writes very distinctly. It has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from one to ten, and the punctuation marks. You can use any size letter paper on it up to five inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work very well. It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice.

Crystal Necklace



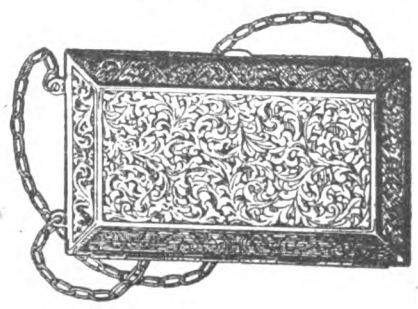
Gift No. 1161.

Right from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its actual colors because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Nifty Vanity Case

Gift No. 1152.



Every woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3 3-4 inches long and 2 1-2 inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs.

Any Gift On This Page for Only Two Subscriptions

You can have any gift on the page if you will send us only TWO subscriptions.

Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us two yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c a year. Each subscriber will receive COMFORT one full year and you will receive whatever gift you select. Remember that your own subscription counts one in any club of two or more.

All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Send All Orders to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

After Five Years

By Jean O'Brien

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

He called himself a fool, a romantic fool, for going where he was going. It was always ridiculous for a man to walk back to the past this way Why had he ever urged her to meet him here? Why, having done so, was he twice a fool to go keeping his promise? Well, he told himself, "I'll never do it again. For all I know she may be a brazen creature by this time, who'll jump at the chance to fasten herself on me, maybe for life."

He recalled their last interview, and the little, but charming supper at the Casino, as he walked up the steps and seated himself on the first bench to his right, as agreed. It was the time when the wisteria bloomed, even here in the city, it had been blooming then, for they had come over here to look at the blossoms and to inhale the delightful perfume of them.

Nervously, he sat down to wait. She was not here—yet. What a relief it would be, he thought if she did not come at all. He helped himself to a cigar and smoked while he waited. Before him, on the Mall, lovers, or people who thought they were lovers, strolled northward and southward aimlessly, trying to lose themselves in the shadows of the park.

At last a voice—hers, though different from that of five years before—made him start. Turning, he looked up into her face. What he saw was not altogether pleasant.

He could see very little of her hair which he fancied must be "dragged" back into an unlovely tight knot under her shabby, formless hat. She had forgotten, apparently how to adjust a hat; she knew, once.

How poor her clothes were too. Poor black, of all hues the cheapest. As he said gently, "Oh, how are you? Won't you sit down?" he noticed that her skirt was almost touching the ground as she stood, and that her coat sagged, and her shoes—horrors—were cheap, unblacked, and so large that they actually turned up at the toes. He was glad the place was secluded; all the better for this disillusion with a vengeance.

"I thought," she began seriously, "You might not be here. But I came anyway. Even when I saw you I almost planned to walk on without speaking."

He wished she had. Yet he said, "I'm glad you didn t do that. Well, how have you been all these years?" and he laughed a little as he motioned her to the seat beside him.

She sat down, twisting her hands nervously. Ungloved the hands were and less beautiful than they had been five years ago. She too, laughed as she replied to his question. "I've been up and down," she admitted." Mostly down. It doesn't matter though."

"That's too bad. You should have succeeded if you've kept the character and the mind you had—five years ago."

"Ah—but I haven't. When I met you I believed in people, and in myself. After—I doubted everyone, including myself. It's easy to fail when you feel so."

"You mean—I was perhaps responsible for your lost faith—even your lost fortune?"

"Oh, no." She turned frank, shining hazel eyes upon him for an instant, "No one is to blame in my life, but myself. Nor in anyone's I suppose. But if you please, I'd rather not be too serious—just now."

"Very well; after another minute I'll excuse you from explaining. But first, let me say I was at least honest, wasn't I, when I said I couldn't—marry you—because of your family?"

"Yes," she agreed calmly, "You were honest—then. But were you honest when you married—"

He made a gesture of impatience, almost of anger. "No, I wasn't. I deserve the rebuke. She had no family, nor character either. I married her for money. With the money I've won a career. She is—dead. You knew?"

"Yes, so I read. So—you've succeeded?" She eyed him appraisingly.

"I see," he said, "That's a question, not a statement. Well, I an a failure, in some ways."

"Oh, so am I. But I might have been worse. Might have *done* worse."

"Yes. You too, might have married for money; or—sold yourself without marrying. I ought to congratulate you. Somehow, I thought you would go under. You loved company, you were temperamental, warm-hearted, gifted, poor. The proud kind that no one—" he sneered, "*helps!* Yet—you've been strong enough to keep your freedom."

"If," she interrupted bitterly, "I ever had it."

"Well, there, let's not make this a wake. I proposed this meeting and so it's up to me to make it as pleasant as I can. After we'd had our 'understanding' that night, about my being unable to marry you, I thought you'd never keep the promise I'd exacted earlier in the evening. Somehow, I got you to promise because, honestly, I was more interested in you than in any woman I'd ever met; I wanted to know what five years would do to you—and to me, psychically, financially, every way. Well, there—enough of the *past*. Suppose we go to some place and have a little supper as we did five years ago?"

He really trembled for having said this, fearful lest she use a woman's privilege and say she would like to sup at the Casino. How embarrassed he would be, under the circumstances.

But her answer relieved him greatly. "I'm hardly dressed," she said smiling, "for any nice place; my level would be the 'Busy Bee' or some such joint."

He laughed. "Well, choose the place. I'm game."

"Very well," she said rising, "Let's walk east; that will be toward my home anyway, and we can choose some place we pass."

They had walked several blocks in silence, and had come to a dingy restaurant, where she stopped and said, "would you care to try this?"

He entered readily, though frankly he was averse to trying it. She ate heartily, explaining truthfully that she had come out without any supper. She seemed quite at home in the dinginess. He noticed with pleasure that her table manners were above reproach and her conversation as good as ever before.

The voice which seemed a little harder, and the enunciation, which seemed more careless, changed at times. As if, in his presence, so he felt, she regained her old possibilities. He remembered how well she used to read, and her clever imitations of various players. How interesting it would be to resurrect that old self, which lived once, mostly for him; how charming to make it greater than ever.

When the meal was finished and paid for, he walked out with her again. At the door she said casually, "It'll be all right not to come beyond the corner."

"But why not—go to your door?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"Any good reason?" he smiled down at her.

"Yes," she said seriously, "there's a good reason." And suddenly, she smiled too but only for an instant.

"Oh!" He thought possibly her house was so poor she did not want him to see it. He felt very sorry. Standing irresolutely under the corner electric lamp, he looked down at her and said, "When can I see you again?"

"I hardly expected that," she confessed. "Well, let me see. In two weeks about—if you'll give me an address, I'll write and let you know."

He gave her a leaf torn from a pocket note-book with his address written on it. "I'll be glad to call on you—at your home—if you'll let me," he said. He was much surprised to learn he really meant this.

"Thank you—I'll write in about two weeks. Good-by."

He put out his hand, and only then did she extend her own. "Good night," he said, "and good luck. I'm glad to have met you again."

* * * * * *

Two weeks and a few days passed, when he saw a plain, shabby little envelope on his table with the rest of the morning mail. Just as he thought, the note inside was signed with *her* name; Julia Fair.

He read it curiously. "Dear Mr. Landon. If you care to call next Friday I'll be glad to see you here. About four o'clock if that suits you." She gave an address on Avenue A. which sounded hideous, he thought. He answered at once, reflecting that a poor woman deserves the highest courtesy.

On Friday afternoon, when he walked far eastward, he anticipated real pleasure, and he smiled to himself at his first idea that he could "do something" for her. It began to look as if *she* would do things for *him*. Wake up his soul, his ambitions, his old ideals.

The reveille of all these finer things, he reflected, curiously, would be all the easier because she used no personal charms such as once fascinated him so greatly. Charms which had kept him contemplating her changing face, graceful hands, light figure, instead of that character which had stood so nobly the test of years, defeats, and want.

At last he reached the number he sought. A poor shabby house almost tumbled-down. It looked almost as if she had *tried* to find a bad one. The iron rail was broken away from its moorings on the stoop; the stone steps were broken and empty sockets gaped where once were old bells to be pulled.

In the halls, as he ascended, for she lived up four flights, smells of cooking, soap-suds, disinfectant, assailed his nostrils. The cries of children vied with the shrill voices of women scolding, and of a girl singing, who shouldn't.

Julia Fair had her name written on a slip of paper and nailed to the door. He knocked, and she let him in, at once.

As he murmured a greeting, he took in swiftly the place where she made her home. A poor, bare place, not a thing in it to stir one's soul, unless it was the realization of the fortitude necessary to live and grow there.

The wash-tubs were covered with clean oil-cloth, and a small table too. A cat and a plant fought for the sunniest spot in the window. Two chairs, a few dishes and utensils, completed the furniture of this "living-room."

He caught a glimpse of a poor bed, in a narrow adjoining room which reminded him of a cell. A little trunk stood by the bed, evidently serving as both seat and dressing-case at times.

Julia wore a calico house dress and gingham apron, both ironed badly evidently by herself. On her feet were old felt slippers. But she looked much better even so, than in the seedy black of their last meeting.

He was very glad she did not allude in any way to her surroundings, nor to her poverty. How well-bred she was in this, he thought. He talked to her of such things as they used to speak of five years ago; ambitions, art and artists, Greek plays, nature—his own work and travels.

It pleased him to imagine he was carrying her once more to her Holy Land; to the sort of Arcadia where she really belonged. It pleased him still more to hope he might, delicately, somehow, offer her means to reach something like that Arcadia and stay there forever after.

Every hour she spent in this place would hurt *him* now; he knew that it must be the wrong place for her. Finally, deciding he *must* offer something he said, "you should have a better at least a different—chance. Tell me what you would like to do and I'll find means for you to get it."

She smiled, and considered for a full moment. Then she said seriously deliberately., "the thing I'd like to do—is what I'm doing. Please don't ask questions; and above all, don't worry. The thing I like to do is to develop my own soul in my own way; without help—without—excuse the harsh word—without interference—from others. Poor people—" she seemed instantly to regret having used the word 'poor'—"we love our liberty of choice—of renunciation—as much as—other people. I'm glad though—always shall be glad—to see you—if you care to continue coming here."

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said gently, "surely you must know that. Then I'll ask no questions. Indeed, I'm very willing to accept you as you are. Surroundings of course, matter much less than character."

She appeared to dismiss the whole subject of herself and her affairs and began talking of trivial things. And after about an hour she announced "we must have some tea now."

He protested against it, fearing it might cost her more than she could afford; but she insisted. "The cake is baked already," she said, "and I've put the water on to boil."

Presently they sat down to the tea; the oil-cloth was left on, and she did not furnish either him, or herself, with a napkin. The dishes were common and heavy, but by way of pleasant balance, the cake was uncommonly light and good.

As he sat opposite her he found himself trying to calculate how much a yard her dress might have cost: it was so very like what one sees in prisons; this, and the common spoons, and dishes, almost made him feel she must be trying to destroy his illusions about her. He wondered how she could be so brutal to herself; surely, in these circumstances, nine women out of ten, would have either kept him away from her house, or else, bought just a few decent things.

He fancied that the sting of his parting words to her, five years before, his light rejection of the love he knew now she must have given him, had awakened a resentment in her which lived and flourished all this time, and his presence made it burst forth upon him, to hurt him in these little ways by showing him what *she* lived with, and rose above; to show him that she was above acting for such as he; that she would not spare him but let him see the naked truth everywhere.

When he left her, he asked if he might come "next Friday; every next Friday." She considered and then said, "well, yes, but in the evening; about eight. At four, I'm usually busy."

For seven weeks he called. Each time he offered her something. Even though she refused "help" he thought she might change her mind. He was really sorry to see her buried, psychically, by poverty which he could relieve. He offered her a chance, on the stage, and the wardrobe which would be necessary there. He offered to pay the rental, to buy furnitire for a nice apartment. Then he offered money—to be used in any way she thought best. But she refused everything. Then, just before his seventh visit, he sent her a basket of fruit and some violets.

Even this she seemed to resent. From *him*. "I'd rather you didn't send me things," she said. He felt confused, cheap.

"I'll be giving up this place, in a few days, "she said, "and I've been thinking perhaps it might be better if you didn't come to see me."

His own shock at this news, announced so quietly, astounded him. He wondered why he felt so hurt. "Why"—he stammered, "what have I done?"

She only smiled. "Oh—please don't feel hurt. You've been kind as you could be. Only—I don't think it's well to go on; these weekly visits, they can't be spontaneous; you've just made coming here a habit; maybe a bad habit. I think probably you've drifted into a situation you'd like to extricate yourself from. But you can't—gracefully. I don't mind being *dis*graceful; so there you are. I just want to give you back your liberty; and to thank you once and forever for having left me mine."

"You think," he stammered, his face reddening. "I've come here because I pity you? Nothing more?"

"Well—yes. That's a natural impression, isn't it? Why else?"

"It's not true," he said. "Not true. At first I *did* pity you. But now—I think I'm beginning to pity myself. Of course, I recognize your right to dismiss me from your house; from your life. I dismissed *you*, far more coolly, far more cruelly. "A thought flashed upon him, and his color mounted still more. "Is it possible you are trying to 'pay me back'?"

"Oh—please," she protested, "don't think me so mean. I admit you *did* hurt me five years ago. Perhaps ever since I've been a little too much on my guard to prevent anyone, especially any *man*, from hurting me again. If I thought *that*—I'd be sorry. For no one has the right to be always saving her own soul regardless of the reast of the world."

"You have the right to dismiss me," he repeated mournfully, "but before I go I'd like to say something. When a man has something to give, the best thing he has, he should offer it; whether it's to be taken, or left. I love you. I've divined it for some time; at first I admit I fought against loving you; but now my whole will is my ally. I love you more than I've ever loved any other, more than I can ever love any other. I want to marry you. I'll be glad to give you as much time as you want, to know me better; to know your own feelings better."

He thought her smile was very beautiful as she began to speak. "You—are so much better than I imagined," she said. "I really don't know what to say. Maybe I'd better not try to answer you just now. Only of course I must thank you. I realize you've offered me—more than any other man has offered. More, doubtless, than any other ever *will* offer me. But I hate to be mercenary. A generous man deserves better than such a woman. I would like to be sure I did not accept a generous man as a last resort—from the poorhouse; I'd like him to be sure, too. So—I'll wait; and only say thank you, now." She put out her hand.

He clasped it in his own and asked, "When can I see you again?"

"Next—Saturday," she said, pondering, "about eight." Then she wrote an address on a slip of paper and gave it to him.

He put it in his pocket. "Perhaps I'd better go at once and leave you to *think*, he said, smiling, "the more time I give you, the sooner I may hope for a decision."

"Yes," she agreed, "good-by."

"You *will* see me though," he asked anxiously, "you're not thinking of going away where I can't find you?"

"Oh, no. I'll see you. And—if you change your mind—just write. I think you're acting on impulse; generous impulse. A week isn't much time but it may be enough to warn you that you've done a foolish thing today. If such a warning comes, please—for my sake and your own—write and tell me. It will be better than to go on misunderstanding."

"I see you can't believe I've changed in five years," he said. "I deserve the very worst you can think of me; I admit that."

"Indeed, I think you deserve the very best. But we can't help our impulses; they *will* lead us astray. I was only trying to protect you from your better self."

"That s hardly moral is it?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, maybe not. I'm not always moral. Good-by."

So he left her. More charmed than ever by her personality. All the way home he asked himself, "how could I have known her so well and yet so ill, five years ago? What a young fool I must have been."

* * * * * *

The following Saturday, just just before eight, Roger Landon walked along Eighth Street, till he reached the address she had given. He liked the aspect of her new home. It was a broad house, old for New York and its hall was suggestive of class, atmosphere.

He wondered could Julia be a servant for someone here? But no, she would have told him the name of the family. Perhaps she had a tiny, dark room up at the top of the house.

He examined the bells and saw her name beneath one. He touched the button and a second later the hall-door was opened.

Opened by—was it *Julia?* Yes, and this was the face, the figure, the taste, the air, of five years before. But with an added charm of fuller womanhood. His charmed glance took in gratefully her her soft satin dress of a beautiful blue with a billow-lace blouse beneath a nice little satin jacket. Her bronze hair was swirled about in a sculpturesque fashion he loved and remembered. An artful artlessness, just right—for her. As he followed her in, he noticed the snugly fitting black pumps on her pretty feet.

She led him into a large and lovely room on the lower floor. The walls were lined half way up, with books; above these, good sketches hung. Casts, bowls filled with brushes, an easel, portfolios, betrayed the home of an artist.

The old tapestry furniture showed the taste of its owner. Two candles in old brass candlesticks, and shaded by rose colored shades, cast a soft light upon a table, where a Cupid and a Psyche upheld a row of little books.

Julia, indicating the easiest chair, near the little circle of light said, "won't you sit down, please?"

As Landon sank gratefully into the chair, he said, "well, *this* is the sort of place you *ought* to be in."

Julia smiled. "I'm so glad you like it. Here I have lived—for nearly three years."

He started. "What?"

She colored a little. "Yes, I've deceived you," she confessed. "I wanted to see, that night, if you'd care even if, as you thought, I'd gone down. I wanted to see if you'd pretend you didn't know me, or, if you'd agree, hypocritically, to help me, and then disappear. So I made a plan. When I found you really wanted to do something kind, if you could I took those two rooms in that tenement to see how you'd *wear*. I wore the old clothes so you wouldn't be—you know—sex-attracted and I succeded better than I deserved. You were serious, and you really tried to learn what my soul was like; that's what I've always longed to have a man do. Most of them never get beyond a woman's white skin." She was white and scornful.

"I'm so glad," he blurted out, "so glad you—lied. I might have acted worse if you had looked that first night as you look now."

She smiled. "When you asked me—that last time—to marry you, and told me you loved me, I could not believe it; it seemed too good to be true."

He got up quickly and took a step toward her but she rose too, and said, "don't. You must let ne finish all I have to say. I was so happy. But I was a little bit afraid you might be saying it all from pity; so I couldn't take a mean advantage; I had to let you see this place; I'm not so poor; I teach the rich debutantes, and gilded youths to draw a little and paint, and to chatter knowingly about *art*. You see, I have made *some* compromises to 'get on.' I want you to know—you don't *have* to marry me to save me from starvation, or the streets." He took another step toward her, but again she said,"no. Wait. I have more to say; I've always loved you; even when you didn't deserve it. I'm not skillful at showing how much I care. It would take *me* a lifetime. I—I'd been keeping you in a shrine, and I wanted to see whether you deserved it. I'm so glad you've been what I hoped, for there could never be any other for me; there never has been; I'm like that."

"I'm so glad you are," he said. "Though it's more than I deserve." Then he went swiftly to her and took her in his arms. "I've been punished," he said, "whether you realize it or not. I've lost five years of *you*. Nothing worse could have happened, unless I lost you forever. But maybe I can make up for the lost time."

"I hope you can," she said mischievously, "because you haven't only cheated yourself; you've cheated me."

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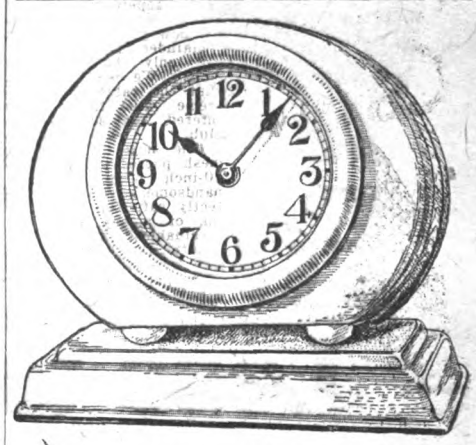
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Agents—Make $10 a day representing line ...household, toilet, foods and extracts. ...dern Laboratories, St. Louis, Mo.

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Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free Samples. Chicago Shirt Manufacturers, 241 W. Van Buren, Factory 122, Chicago.

Agents. Tailoring, Raincoat and Side-Line Men—with or without experience get our tailoring proposition. Positively biggest money-maker in America. We supply elegant swatch line outfit. Big assortment of samples and handsome carrying case. Territory going fast. Write at once. Dept. 234, Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., 131 South Peoria Street, Chicago.

You can make big money selling Ladies Silk underwear and silk hosiery. Samples free. Liberal commission. Write for terms to Linke Bros. Dept. F. 119 West 23rd St., N. Y.

Agents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Case Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

Start in a permanent business of your own selling guaranteed Hosiery and Underwear direct from mills. No capital or experience is needed; many representatives make $3,000 to $5,000 per year. Become our district manager—get others working for you. Write for details to Malloch Knitting Mills, 239 Hastings St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Agents—Something new. $8 to $16 Daily easy. New patented Cutlery set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Your pay daily. No experience necessary. Men or women. Full or spare time. M. H. Mathews, 1129 Kennedy Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Wanted. Our line of very high-grade perfumes, extracts and cosmetics is a well-known and exceptionally profitable one. Exclusive agency contracts. Manford Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: Big profits, no competition. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,00 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 102, 314 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders, we deliver and collect. Your pay in advance. Outfit furnished. All colors—grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 2069, Cincinnati, O.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-R, Chicago.

Earn $10 to $25 a Day. Sell beautiful, durable, "Novo," Hosiery, Knitted Neckwear and Full-cut Shirts. Direct Mill to Wearer. Complete family line, silks, sport wools. Customer satisfaction defies competition. All or spare time. Investigate. Novo Mills. Dept. R, 3rd & Sedgley, Phila., Pa.

Free Offer captivates customers. 20 first day—$20.00 profit. 100 celebrated necessities. National Products Co., 846 Grand St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Agents—New style guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All colors. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Full line of silk hose. Write for particulars. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 117, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents—Earn $60 cash every week and get your own clothes Free besides, taking tailoring orders. We are the only house that pays double. No experience necessary. Real cloth samples sent Free. Full or part time men write at once to this big reliable house. Established 1896. A. E. Stern, Sales Manager, 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. 834, Chicago.

Agents—Sell shoes direct to ladies at home or at work. Fast selling line. Liberal pay. Splendid opportunity. Apply now. Style-Arch Shoe Company, 502 Butler Bld.., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tailoring Salesmen. Add 50% to your profits. Get the Wright line of Mens' and Boys' Clothes. Lowest prices in America. Every customer for mens' suit is a live prospect for a boy's suit. Women buy too. You double your sales and profit. Large samples of mens' and boys' clothes in one outfit—handsome carrying case—Free. Write for full particulars. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison, Dept. C 32.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72 609 Division Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Sells Like Hot Cakes; Big Profits; New Ironing Wax Pad and Asbestos Rest; Clamps Board; Perfumes Clothes; Outfit 10c. Yankee Mfg's, 380 Atlantic Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

Agents—New Luminous Glass Name Plates, House Numbers, Glass Signs, Etc. Shine at night—Everybody wants them—Big profits. Your pay in advance, we deliver and collect. Elegant samples furnished. Crystal Products Company, 69 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ohio.

Agents—Steady income. Large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

We manufacture an article of wearing apparel that can be sold in most every home by men or women agents. Enormous demand and no competition. No other firm is selling this same article direct to consumers. Our prices are 50% less than retail stores. Our agents make big profits and get them the minute they make the sale. Absolutely no experience is necessary. We can use part or full time workers. If you want a big money making proposition—easy sales and no competition write us at once for full details. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison Sts., Dept. D 32.

Salesmen! Sell boys' suits. The biggest money-making side line in America. Boys' suits can be sold right along with your present line to both men and women. No competition Big profit. Sample outfit that fits in pocket. Write for full particulars. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison, Dept., B 32.

MALE HELP WANTED

$133—$192 month. Railway Mail Clerks Steady work. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-12. Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140 - $200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Earn up to $400 monthly, living expenses paid. We place men and women; trained in spare time at home for hotel executive positions. Easy Terms. Free Booklet. Stand. Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

Railway Postal Clerks: Start $133 month. Railroad pass; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, A-2. Columbus, Ohio.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150-$250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Girls—Women, 15 up. Become Milliners. $35 week. Learn at home while earning. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-800 Rochester N.Y.

Ladies—$10 to $15 daily possible selling a line of factory priced rubber goods specialties for women direct from manufacturer. Free catalogue. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 905, Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. Government wants girls—women 18 up. $1400-$1800 year. Steady work. Short hours. Vacation. Experience unnecessary. Common education. List positions—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-9, Rochester, N.Y.

Women wanted as representatives of Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Dry Goods, Hosiery, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 619 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Girls—Women. Learn Gown Draping—Making. $30 week. Learn while earning. Fascinating. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 501, Rochester, N.Y.

Earn $20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 2-Y, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

$400 Secures 120-Acre Farm. 9 Cows, Horse, 4 a. Oats and Hungarian, acre corn and potatoes, large vegetable garden, hay, 100 poultry, hog, furniture, full implements included to settle quickly; convenient 2 RR towns; fine 7-room house, big barn. Price $3000, only $400 needed. Page 308 Big Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

California has more independent men and women than any other state. Investigate at first hand; go now. Round trip summer excursion fares, on the Santa Fe, until Sept. 30th, limited to Oct. 31st, liberal stopovers. Opportunities in California for the man of moderate means, who desires to establish a home in a delightful country, are better now than ever. Lands reasonable in price; long time payments granted. California State Land Board offers choice twenty acre farms at Ballico, Merced County, on unusual terms. Write us if interested. California folders free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Mo.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-M, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Sell us your spare time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant profitable profession; easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.

Gov't Positions, $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

Wanted:—Local Manager in each county for outdoor advertising. Big Pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. National Co., 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Silvering Mirrors, Headlights, Tableware, Replate stoves, jewelry. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

REMNANTS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

POULTRY

Purebred Chicks: 7c up. Twelve best varieties. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State Cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

338 Screaming Acts, Sketches, Monologs, Parodies, Recitation $2. Complete Minstrel Show $5. Gamble Pub. Co., East Liverpool, O.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, C8, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

$$$ For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 200 Security Bldg., Santa Monica & Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Big Money In Writing photoplays, short stories, poems, songs, etc. Send today for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical help in writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll. This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1962 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

First trial offer—Any size kodak film developed and six glossy prints 20c. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418, Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c, **Prints 3c each.** Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Use Tailor's Mending Tissue to mend your garments. Needed in every home. Three yards 25c. The A. Bauer Co., 8 Arcade, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Increase Your Family Income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 858-S. Hudson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. B. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

Switches—$2 Made the sanitary way. From your own combings $1.50. Booklet free. Mrs. E. Mack, Canton, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works perfectly on all sewing machines. Improved, superior in every way. The only attachment made that does perfect work. Price $2.00 prepaid with instructions. Fully guaranteed. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-C, Hamtramck, Mich.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Makes beautiful work. Literature and testimonials free. $2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept D, Sedalia, Mo.

POST CARD CLUBS

Exchange Letters and Postcards. Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhaven, N. Y. (Stamp).

LAND SEEKERS!

Opportunity awaits you near thriving city in Lower Mich. 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts, only $10 to $50 down, bal. long time. Write for free bklt. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

BUSINESS BY MAIL

$25,000. I made it small Mail Order Business. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free 12 Articles worth $3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N.Y.

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hree Wheel Chairs in August

)2 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the three August ...eel chairs are: Mrs. Maude Hall, R 1, ...kadelphia, Ala., 150; Sherman Tidwell, ...nnis, Miss., 74; Ethel M. Long, Mc- ...skill, Ark., 64. The figures following ...eir respective names indicate the num- ...r of subscriptions sent in by them or ... their friends for them.

Mrs Maude Hall, age 36, has been dis- ...led the past sixteen months due to ...structed lymphatic circulation in her ...wer limbs in consequence of which ...r left leg had to be amputated just be- ...w the knee, and she has lost the use ... her right leg. She is a great sufferer, ...d her husband, who is a farmer, has ...hausted his financial resources for her ...edical and surgical treatment in the ...ort to restore her to health. She is the ...ther of five bright little children. It ... a sad case in every aspect, but the ...eel chair will mitigate her suffering ...d alleviate the distress of her family.

Sherman Tidwell, age 18, is unable to ...lk or stand because of white swelling ... his legs. The wheel chair will be a ...y to this afflicted child and a help to ... mother in caring for him.

Ethel M. Long, age 8, has never been able ... walk, due to hydrocephalus (enlarged ...ad with water on the brain). Her head is larger than that of a grown person should be. She can sit supported in a rocking-chair, and can use her hands and arms, but cannot stand. Both of her parents are living, and as there are three other children, two boys four and five years of age respective, and a baby girl, they have their hands full providing and caring for the family. Needless to add that this wheel chair will be a blessing to Ethel and her parents.

The three chairs awarded in August being only half the number awarded in July may seem a considerable decline, but it is no discouragement to me because it is no greater drop than usual at this season when summer work, summer vacations and hot-weather lassitude cause an annual temporary abatement of effort on the part of our subscribers in behalf of the wheel-chair applicants. With the advent of crisp fall weather the Wheel-Chair Club will quicken its pace; and I beg our readers to start the acceleration immediately, for we have a list of poor shut-ins distressfully in need of wheel-chairs.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GARNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. for the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Joshua Baker, Ala., for Mrs. Maude Hall, 150 subs; Mrs. Claude Camp, La., for Eunice Camp, 42; Miss Ruby Greer, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 21; H. F. Fielden, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 21; Mrs. W. A. Yeats, Texas, for Leota Yeats, 25; Mrs. Ella Burkdall, Mo., for Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, 35; Mrs. Whit Alford, Ala., for her daughter, 16; Mrs. Essie Tidwell, Ala., for Mrs. Frances McKroy, 13; Geraldine Ball, Nebr., for Arline Klingaman, 12 subs. and $1.50; Mrs. W. A. Nix, Texas, for R. B. Banks, 11; Mrs. Minnie Owen, Mo., for Jewel Lightfoot, 10; Mrs. L. A. Smith, Texas, for Mary Woodall, 9; Annie McGahee, for Annie Carpenter, 9; Philip Sentel, S. C. for General, 7; Mrs. Cora Blackwell, Tenn., for Jack Brooks, 7 subs; Mrs. A. N. Weibe, Texas, 6; Miss Ruby McBrayer, Ark., for Ethel Long, 5; Mrs. L. G. Camp, Ark., for Oneds Gartman, 5; Mrs. J. M. Davis, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5 subs. and $3.00; R. B. Banks, Texas, for Carl Banks, 5 subs. and $1.00; Mrs. Laura Frase, Md., for J. L. Swanson, 1 sub. and $1.00; Lafayette Swanson, N. C. own chair, $20.00; Mrs. A. McClellan, Mont., for General, $5.00; From a Friend, $5.00 for General; Mrs. J. C. Seafer, W. Va., for General, $4.50; Weems Chapel Sunday School, Tenn., for General, $3.50; J. B. Banks, Texas, for Carl Banks, $2.00; A Florida Friend, Fla., for General, $2.00; Ricardo Belden, Conn., for General, $1.25; Mrs. W. S. McCulloch, Ill., for General, $1.00; Sarah R. Smith, Fla., for General, $1.00; From a Friend, Mass., for General, $1.00; Betty P. Doubt, for J. L. Swanson, $1.00.

Turn About

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride $14 of the $15 salary and kept only $1 for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife $1 and kept $14 himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"I'll admit I don't know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."—*Topeka State Journal.*

Bless Him

A man to praise
Is Henry Groner;
He never says
"I pulled a boner."
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*

A man to praise
Is William Groat;
He never tries
To rock the boat.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

I'll save my praise
For Henry Ruffler;
He never drives
With open muffler.
—*Newark Advocate*

I'll hand my praise
To Lester Leak;
He never says:
"What's the idea?"

I give my sympathy
To Peter Punk;
He's the comp
That sets this bunk.
—*Anon*



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

12 Dinner Plates, 9 in.
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in.
12 Soup Plates, 7¾ inches
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 5¼ in.
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
1 Platter, 13⅛ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10⅛ in., with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7¾ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

$1 Brings 110-Pc. Martha Washington Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

FREE GIFTS with Catalog Orders

A superbly decorated Dinner Set, so beautiful and of such splendid quality that you must see it to realize what a bargain it is. Send only $1 and Hartman will ship the complete set. *Use it for 30 days on Free Trial.* Then, if not satisfied for any reason, send it back and Hartman will return your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, **take nearly a year to pay**—a little every month. *Remarkable Presents Given Free—See Below.*

Your Initial in Gold, Surrounded by Wreath of Gold, in 2 Places on Every Piece (Gold Covered Handles)

Beautiful Colonial Martha Washington shape. All handles are of solid design and are covered with gold as found only in costliest sets. Every piece decorated with a rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and 2 pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by gold wreaths. Notice the beautiful white lustrous body. It's a set you will be proud to put on your table—and at our price an unrivaled bargain. And if you act quickly you also get

FREE Beautiful Centerpiece, Six Dainty Doilies to Match and 6 Silver Plate Knives and Forks

We want to prove to 50,000 more customers that Hartman gives the best merchandise, biggest values and most liberal terms ever known. And to get these 50,000 new customers at once we send, **absolutely FREE**, the centerpiece and 6 doilies; also the 6 heavy, richly patterned knives and 6 forks pictured above. The centerpiece is 36 inches in diameter and the doilies are 12 inches in diameter. All are "Indian Head" linene and are finished with dainty embroidered scalloped edges. The 6 knives and 6 forks are of fine extra silver plate decorated in artistic fleur-de-lis pattern. To get these free articles you must send AT ONCE. The offer is limited. Only 50,000 will be given Free—so act quick.

Order No. 320EEMA18. Bargain Price, $34.85. Pay $1 Now. Balance $4 Monthly.

The Centerpiece, 6 Dainty Doilies to Match and 6 Silver Plate Knives and Forks are FREE



FREE Bargain Catalog FREE GIFTS

316 pages of the most astounding bargains in furniture, rugs, carpets, sewing machines, silverware—everything for the home; also farm machinery, etc.—*all sold on our easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial.* Also explains Hartman's gift plan by which you receive many splendid articles such as glassware, dishes, silverware, tablecloths, napkins, etc., absolutely FREE with your purchases. Send a postal for this big free bargain catalog today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Important!

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for three years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 5616 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Enclosed find $1. Send the 110-Piece Dinner Set No. 320EEMA18, Price $34.85, as described, and with it the centerpiece and 6 doilies; also 6 silver plate knives and 6 forks absolutely FREE. It is understood that if I am satisfied, I will send you $4.00 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, $34.85, is paid. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied, after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all goods back and you will refund my $1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Print Initial You Want Here

Name..... Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office..... State.....

If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below

Send shipment to.....

HARTMAN Furniture&Carpet Co.

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VOL. XXXV
NO. 12

HARVEST NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

OCTOBER
1923



See "Little Miss Brown's Harvest", on page 10

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Europe Aghast at the Specter of Another War Raised by Italy's Bombardment and Seizure of Greek Island

THROUGHOUT Europe consternation was the general feeling caused by the astounding tidings of Italy's precipitate and unwarranted action in bombarding and forcibly seizing Corfu, the capital and principal city of the Greek island of the same name, in an effort to enforce her demands against the Greek government for indemnity and other amends for the murder of the five Italian members of the Commission appointed by the Council of Ambassadors to decide the boundary dispute between Greece and Albania.

Since the close of the World War mutual jealousy and distrust had engendered unfriendliness amounting almost to hatred between the Greeks and Italians, and conflicting national interests and ambitions for territorial expansion had seriously strained the relations between their respective governments. Under such conditions it was most unfortunate that the Council of Ambassadors of the Allied Powers selected any Italians to serve on the Commission to establish the boundary between Greece and Albania.

The civilized world was shocked and the Italian people were enraged by the official report, on August 28th, that the five Italian members of this Boundary Commission had been assassinated in Greece near the Albanian frontier which they were locating. The Italian government immediately sent the Greek government a humiliating ultimatum demanding the privilege of participating in the investigation of the crime and the detection and pursuit of the murderers, that upon conviction they should suffer the death penalty, that a representative of the Greek government attend the funeral of the murdered Commissioners, that the Italian flag be saluted by Greece, and that within five days Greece pay an indemnity of fifty million lire (equivalent to two and a half million dollars). Italy asserted, in justification of her extreme demands, that a Greek official had aided in the commission of the crime, and charged that the Greek government was responsible, if not as direct instigator, because its hostile attitude and the anti-Italian propaganda it had put out or allowed to be circulated had incited the perpetrators.

In reply the Greek government denied these scandalous accusations, repeated its previous expression of deep sorrow and regret, declared its voluntary purpose to send a representative to show its respect for the dead, and its willingness to pay a reasonable indemnity as the crime was committed on Greek territory where the victims were under the protection of Greek authority, but refused to salute the Italian flag on the ground that such amends would be an acknowledgment that the deplorable incident was a deliberate insult to Italy by Greece, and declined to permit Italy to dictate the administration of justice in the Greek courts as being a gross indignity and infraction of the national sovereignty of Greece. The Greek reply concluded with an earnest request that, if its offer was not in all respects acceptable, the points of difference be referred to the Council of the League of Nations (of which both parties are members) for final adjudication.

Italy promptly answered that she insisted on exact compliance with all her original demands. Meanwhile she had secretly mobilized her army and navy, and without waiting for the expiration of the five days of grace specified in her ultimatum dispatched a military and naval force to seize the neighboring Greek island of Corfu, the largest and most important of the Ionian archipelago. Reports vary slightly as to minor details and the exact hour of certain occurrences, but it is undisputed that the main facts are as follows:

On August 31st the Italian admiral in command of the expeditionary forces established a line of blockade completely surrounding the island which is about forty miles long and fifteen to twenty miles wide. In the afternoon of the same day he brought some of his ships into the harbor of Corfu City and demanded surrender of the island. The Greek Governor asked for time to communicate by telegraph with Athens and get instructions from his government; but before instructions could be received the Italian ships began shelling the town, directing their fire chiefly against the useless old fort, a relic of antiquity, and the police station and school, which buildings were soon demolished, and the ruins burnt, and against the barracks. The entire Greek garrison consisted of only 150 men and offered no resistance against the powerful attacking force. Under cover of this bombardment the Italian troops landed and took possession unopposed. The Governor and ten other Greek officers were taken on board one of the Italian ships and held as prisoners, but the little garrison retreated into the interior of the island. The Italians have since arrested other Greek officials and have set up a military government of their own over the entire island.

Aside from the question of whether or not the seizure of the island was justifiable, the shelling of this peaceful, defenceless town that was not offering, and could not make, any resistance against the overwhelming force that Italy had sent to take it, was a barbarous act of needless, wanton cruelty. Although the firing was of short duration the bursting shells killed a number of the inhabitants and wounded others. The horrible barbarity of the bombardment is vividly described by Col. Stephen E. Lowe of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the American Red Cross, serving at that time in the Near East Relief at Corfu. The old fort and barracks had been turned over by the Greek government to the American Near East Relief and the British Save the Children Fund, and were occupied by hundreds of orphans who were being cared for by these two charitable organizations.

According to the *Associated Press* report Col. Lowe, describing the bombardment, said: "The number killed reached twenty. Thirty-two wounded are now [Sept.3] in the hospital, and there were perhaps 50 slightly wounded. Of the 20 dead 15 were children. All the killed and wounded were refugees or orphans from American and British orphanages housed in the old fortress. The large number of children among the casualties was due to the fact that several shells landed in the barracks which were being used as orphanages, while shrapnel shells exploded in the water in front of the fortress, where 400 Near East Relief orphan boys were bathing at the time the firing began." Col. Lowe then told how, when the bombardment began, he hastened down to the quay to meet the first Italian officer that might land and implore him to have the "futile firing" stopped, but that it ceased about the time he reached the landing stage. Such fiendish cruelty would be unbelievable were it not vouched for by an eye-witness of such high standing.

Puts League of Nations to the Crucial Test

WHILE these momentous events were occurring the supreme governing body of the League of Nations, composed of delegates representing each of the fifty-one nations that constitute the League, was in regular session at Geneva, Switzerland. The great, primary purpose for which the League of Nations was conceived, organized and exists is to preserve peace throughout the world by intervening in vexatious disputes between nations and deciding them in accordance with right instead of might, and to prevent, cheek and restrain acts of war and other forcible aggressions by or against its member nations, such, for instance, as the present dispute between Greece and Italy and the recent forcible aggression by the latter. Greece denied the charge of culpability in connection with the murder of the Commissioners and asked Italy to submit their dispute to, and abide by the decision of, the League of Nations Council. Italy, instead of accepting this peaceful method of settlement to which she was in duty bound by the League covenant which she had accepted when she became a member, immediately and without giving the League Council an opportunity to intervene committed an outrageous act of war by bombarding and seizing Corfu. Then Greece appealed to the League Council to intervene and adjudicate the whole matter in accordance with right and justice. In reply to the League Council's notice of Greece's appeal Italy flatly refused to recognize the authority of the League Council to arbitrate this dispute, and threatened to withdraw from membership in case the League should attempt to meddle in this vexed affair between her and Greece. Thus the matter stands at the present writing (September 6th).

The general trend of public opinion in most of Europe and all America, as reflected in editorial comment and utterances of men prominent in public life, denounces Italy's demands for reparation as excessive, unreasonable and intolerably humiliating, and condemns her bombardment and occupation of Corfu as an act of war vengefully conceived and ruthlessly executed against a small, weak nation, on doubtful provocation; for as yet the murderers and their motive are unknown. No other incident since the outbreak of the World War has so shaken Europe; for it was a similar military aggression against little Serbia, by Austria, to enforce a like demand for unreasonable and humiliating reparation for the assassination of an Austrian prince, that in 1914 started the great holocaust of war which raged around the world for more than four years. Therefore it is not surprising that from some quarters came gloomy forebodings of another great war as the result of Italy's rash act.

But the greatest apprehension, and that most commonly expressed, is that Italy's stubborn refusal to recognize the right of the League of Nations to intervene in her dispute with Greece will not only impair the League's usefulness but imperil its very existence. The League of Nations has been hopefully relied on by its member nations as a sort of international fire department vested with ample authority, fully equipped and ever ready to respond to an alarm of war and quench the incipient blaze before it could become a conflagration. An A. P. dispatch from Geneva, where the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations are in session, dated September 5th, reports that "consternation and much sadness prevail everywhere, for it is generally, though reluctantly, admitted that the League has been unable to withstand the first great test of its practical use as machinery for regulating differences between nations, as one of its leading members had declined to concede its competence. Hence, there is a growing sentiment among the smaller countries that, if the League covenant applies to them, it apparently does not bind the great powers of Europe."

A Swiss newspaper, in its September 5th issue, commenting on the situation, says: "Once again events demonstrate that we can impose peace only by war. So long as the League of Nations has no powerful army it will only keep from fighting those who are incapable of employing with advantage the eternal argument." In other words, might still makes right when a nation like Italy deems it to its advantage to fight, which goes to show that our country acted wisely in not binding itself by the League covenant which is so soon treated as "a scrap of paper" by one of its leading subscribers. In some quarters hope is still expressed that England and Spain with the support of Sweden, Belgium, Uruguay and other small nations may yet prevail on Italy to accept intervention. But it is predicted that if Italy should persist in her refusal the League of Nations will soon be disrupted.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



He asked her to draw back the bolt and push the door open.



He bent and touched her hand with his lips, with a murmured farewell.



Vain hope! The figure quickened his steps coming directly toward her.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures a situation in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge to be governess to their two younger daughters and a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge finds her so radiant decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and, when leaving, escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave, Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Asking for her address, Isabel does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Peasewell's pary, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and coming home a year later said it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to New York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a cousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isabel walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given by the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his grandson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn and recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to Lady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel Coolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death and determines to make her his wife. Lady Ruxley, reaching home, finds a summons to Vallingham Hall. Adrian asks his grandfather's permission for his marriage, which is granted until he learns his future wife was born in America and is in reduced circumstances, and leaving her position as governess under false accusations, withdraws his consent and threatens disinheritance. Lady Ruxley brings a box of papers to Brownie requesting her to find an operetta, among which is the note written by Mehetabel Douglas and suppressed by Helen Capel, now Lady Randal. Going for a walk Brownie meets Isabel in the hall and demands her jewels. Isabel refuses to return them. Later, passing Isabel's room, the door being open, Brownie sees the casket, secures it and faces Mrs. Coolidge as she leaves the room. Refusing to give up the casket, and convincing Mrs. Coolidge she can prove by Lord Dunforth, her right to the jewels, Mrs. Coolidge requests the loan of them until after the wedding. Brownie will not yield. Mrs. Coolidge succeeds in entrapping Brownie into a cell-like room. Isabel coming in seizes the casket. Brownie escapes by the help of a human misshapen in form and feature.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HERBERT RANDAL.

"I BEG your pardon. I did not mean to be inquisitive, or to arouse any unpleasant memories," Brownie hastened to say, but she looked somewhat disappointed, as well as embarrassed.

He saw it, and, after a moment's thought, continued, speaking more to himself than her:

"During the last few years of my life I have been led to recognize a higher power as guiding my life, and I have been praying that its bitterness might be removed. I am not sure but what that prayer is beginning to be answered by the events of tonight, and your presence here. So why should I not tell you?"

Then, with sudden decision, he went on:

"Miss Douglas, this place has been my home all my life. Yes," as he saw her look of surprise, and speaking with great bitterness, "a galley slave is scarcely more of a prisoner than I have been ever since my unfortunate birth. I have never seen the outside of these buildings, excepting four blank walls which inclose a small court; I know not what my surroundings are, what my country is like, and, beyond my own attendants, scarce have seen the face of a human being. I think I must have been born with a deformed disposition as well as a distorted body; for, as a child, I was subject to fits of passion, so furious and of such long duration, that those who had charge of me deemed me insane and unsafe for the time, and used to confine me in yonder cell until I came to my senses. The bolt, you perceive, can be fastened on this side, so that the shaft will not move, and I could not get out until they released me. I used to grow frightened and almost idiotic shut up in that dismal place, with its sepulcher-like stillness, and I really think that in those days I was more brute than human. Forgive me for disturbing you with my sorrow—it will overcome me at times. But, as I was saying, I used to think I should die shut up in there away from every one; so, after my passion exhausted itself and I was let out, I would busy myself, when I was alone in this room, by cutting away this wall, and puncturing these holes; and then when they put me in there, I would creep close to this spot, and, with my ear against these holes, I could hear what was said and done here, and did not feel quite so lonely and wild."

A shudder seemed to shake his whole frame at the remembrance of those fearful days.

"No one but yourself," he continued, "knows to this day that the wall has been mutilated thus."

The more she heard him talk, the more she wondered who he could be—this sad young cripple, who was so gentle, yet repulsive, so intelligent, yet to all appearance scarcely human. She looked at her watch, and found it was four o'clock. The young man, noting the act, suddenly said:

"How thoughtless in me, Miss Douglas, to keep you standing all this time. I suppose you will be obliged to remain here until daylight, as there is no way for you to get back into the Hall except by going outside from here, and of course it will be useless to attempt that until the household are astir. If you can be comfortable here for an hour longer I will do my best to entertain you. I have books, and all the latest periodicals, and there is an easy-chair by the fire, which I know you will enjoy."

He led her toward the fire, which really made the somewhat dismal apartment very cheerful.

Her thoughts were filled with this young man; she longed to know more of his sad history, and why his life had been rendered such a blank.

It could not be that he was really insane, and that it was necessary to confine him thus! Was she with a madman?

The thought for the moment startled her so that she actually felt faint. But, no; one look into that calm, patient face, with its deep, intelligent eyes, completely banished all fear, and left her more in the dark than ever.

"You are very weary," the young man remarked, seeing her listless attitude.

"No," she answered smiling; "but I am wondering how my explanation regarding my absence and sudden reappearance will be received by Lady Ruxley."

"Ah! I had not thought of that," he replied, with a painful start, and a vivid flush crimsoning his white face.

"You are an inmate of the family, then?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"I am companion to Lady Ruxley, although before coming to her I was governess in the family of that woman who entrapped me into yonder cell." She then related to him something of her troubles with Mrs. Coolidge.

"And it is her daughter who is to marry m—Sir Charles?" the young man asked, deeply interestedly.

"Yes."

"Is she anything like her mother?"

"Very much like her," Brownie said, dryly.

"A fine wife he will have, I fear!" he answered, with curling lips.

"I am very sorry for him," the young girl replied, gently.

"He is very nice, I expect," said the cripple, his lips quivering painfully, while he shaded his face with his hand.

"He is indeed a very fine young man, I am told."

"Would you mind telling me what he is like?" and Brownie wondered why his tones were husky and tremulous.

She described him as well as she could, and concluded:

"To sum it all up, he is very handsome, and as good—they say—and noble in proportion."

A heavy sigh was the only reply, and then he appeared to be sunk in reverie.

After an awkward silence, he suddenly aroused himself, and said:

"Miss Douglas, you and I are both placed in a very trying position by the events of tonight. It did not enter my mind that any explanation would have to be rendered as to your release from yonder cell, although I should not have hesitated an instant about aiding you had I thought of it. I see now that some account of it will be necessary, but I must tell you frankly that it will bring the direst confusion upon the inmates of Vallingham Hall, when you return and make known the fact of your imprisonment and the manner of your release."

"I expected it would be somewhat embarrassing to Mrs. Coolidge and her daughter, but how else will it bring confusion?" Brownie asked, wonderingly.

"Because it will have to be known that I was instrumental in it, and there are but two or three people in the world who know of my existence; consequently, it would involve some very awkward explanations on the part of at least one individual, and that is my own mother. Miss Douglas, my name is Herbert Randal!"

"What! are you Lady Randal's son?" demanded Brownie, in astonishment.

"Yes; and Sir Charles is my own brother, although I have never yet looked upon his face; neither do I remember having seen my mother more than half-a-dozen times in my life," he replied, with intense bitterness.

"Impossible! Why, it is too horrible!" ejaculated the young girl, more and more astonished and shocked.

"It is even so. It does not seem possible that a mother could so far forget her motherhood as to willingly condemn her own flesh and blood to what I have been doomed ever since my birth; but it is true, nevertheless. I was born abroad while my mother was traveling one summer, but I was such a misshapen mass of humanity that she went into convulsions upon first beholding me, and has seldom been able to bear the sight of me since. While my father lived I was kept out of the country, and I do not believe that even he knew of my existence; but after his death my mother had me brought here, and hired an old woman and her son to take care of me until I was about fourteen years of age. They often abused and ill-treated me, and I think perhaps it was owing to this that I was so ungovernable at times. Since that time a broken-down professor has had the principal charge of me and my education. He has been paid a high salary upon the condition that he would never betray his trust. I think he would be glad to see me in different circumstances, but he has an invalid sister depending upon him, and he has no other means of support. I am never allowed to go out, except under circumstances of the utmost secrecy, and then only into a little court hemmed in by the blank walls of these buildings, and I live here in this secret chamber, unknown to all but my mother, my tutor, and my servants."

"Dreadful!" murmured Brownie, almost moved to tears by the sad recital.

"You may well say that. It is dreadful to be shut up from the beautiful world—for I read of its beauties, if I cannot see them; but it is more dreadful to be shut away from all affection and kindness. In my youth I could not patiently bear it, and gave way to those fearful outbursts of passion of which I have told you. If my father were living, things might be different, for I have heard that he was a good man. My brother I have never seen, and I suppose he does not dream of such a thing as a relative like me; and while my mother not only cannot bear the sight of her crippled son, she is also ambitious that the one who is a credit to her should profit by all the advantages possible. My first thought when I resolved to release you tonight, was that perhaps the event might open a way of escape for me also, and that I could go away by myself and no one ever know who I am. But your connection with Lady Ruxley, and your having been an inmate of the family, will make it necessary that my agency in the matter be explained. Of course, in order to justify yourself, you will have to tell how you came to be shut up, and the next inquiry will be, 'How did you get out?' "

"I see," said Brownie, with curling lips; "and if I proclaim the fact that a young man by the name of Herbert Randal, who has also been kept a close prisoner for over twenty years by a heartless mother's decree, liberated me, it is going to make it very uncomfortable for Lady Randal. Pardon me," she added, flushing a lovely color, and dropping the scorn out of her voice, "but I honestly believe the time has come when it is right that the world should know of your existence, and that you should know something of your kindred and the world in which you live," she concluded, indignantly.

"I sometimes go to a little old chapel, which incloses one side of the little court of which I have spoken. I found an entrance to it through the vaults, and I sometimes go there to read. I might have escaped long ago in that way had it not been for my tutor, whom I knew would be reduced to the most abject poverty if deprived of his situation, and so pity has kept me here."

"But you might go out and assert your rights. Of course, a portion of all this property would fall to you, and then you could see that he did not suffer," interposed Brownie.

"Yes, I might do that, and perhaps thereby gain the hatred of my brother. I want his love—oh, I crave the love of some human being!" he cried, almost passionately.

"He has sent you a friend at all events, if you will allow me to be such," Brownie said, impulsively, and reaching out her hand to him, while two bright tears rolled over her flushed cheeks and dropped upon her black dress.

"Ah! then this is the beginning of good things for me, and I will accept it as a precious omen," he replied, clasping her hand warmly, and his eyes lighted with a deep, and sudden joy. "I do not mean to complain," he added, a moment after, "for I have many things to be thankful for, and I thank my Maker every day that He gave me this ugly body rather than a blunted intellect. I have my books, and moderately good health, though that would be better, I think, if I could be more in the air. But I try to feel that all my privations are sent to teach me some great lesson in life, and fit me for better things."

Brownie sat in deep and perplexed thought for several minutes. There were evidently only two things which she could do; either leave the Hall altogether and hide, as Mrs. Coolidge had proposed, letting her disappearance still remain a mystery, or boldly face them all, and let the guilty suffer for their own wrong-doing.

Herbert Randal read something of Brownie's thoughts in her troubled face.

"I do not see that there is but one course for you to pursue, Miss Douglas," he said, "and that is to explain everything in a straightforward way. Perhaps if you could conceal the fact from all but the immediate family that it was Lady Randal's son who released you, it might save some scandal."

"Do you not think it right and just that the fact be made known?" Brownie asked, gravely, adding, "I shall never rest content until I know you are at liberty to go and come at your own will and pleasure, and have your rights."

"You are very kind. I shall leave it all to your own judgment. If it is necessary, of course the secret will have to come out. You can judge how much of an explanation may be necessary as soon as you reach the Hall."

He took the candle, and sweeping aside a portion of the tapestry hangings, revealed an iron door. He asked her to draw back the bolt and push the door open.

She did so, and saw a flight of stone steps.

He limped down these, she following, and soon came to what appeared a grated window.

He told her to slide back the grating, when she would see another bolt which fastened the window.

She obeyed, and slipping the bolt, the window swung open on hinges, when, descending two or three more steps, they found themselves in what he had called a court, but what was in reality a small, ancient burying ground, surrounded on two sides by the walls of the Hall, and on the fourth by that of the old chapel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BROWNIE LIBERATED.

"You would not suppose that Vallingham Hall concealed such a spot in its very heart, would you?" Herbert Randal asked, as they stepped into the court.

"No; it is an enigma to me even now."

"Where you have been tonight is a portion of the original buildings. The chapel and the Hall have been built around this square, and, as you perceive, there are no windows overlooking the place, which was once used as a burial ground, although nearly all evidences of that have disappeared."

"Take care!" he cried, as she stumbled and nearly fell over a grave; "I did not think we were so near that. It seems strange that it should remain when all the others have disappeared."

He halted for her, for her sudden fall, the weird place, together with the night of excitement made her so weak and trembling that she could scarcely walk.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, pityingly.

She shook her head and tried to smile courageously, but he saw that her lips were white and quivering.

It was beginning to be light overhead, but hemmed in by those towering walls, the place, with its deep-tangled grass, and damp, moldy smell, was fearfully gloomy and ghostly, while her guide, with his misshapen form, and his white waving hair and haggard face, rendered more ghastly still the flickering, uncertain light of the candle which he bore, made it seem like some haunted spot in which restless spirits roamed at will.

When they reached the chapel there was another grating to be removed, another window, from which nearly every pane of glass had disappeared, to be opened, and they came to another flight of stone steps.

These they descended cautiously, for they were becoming loosened from their place, and were falling to ruin, and soon found themselves in a vaulted cavern, dismal and gloomy enough for the dwelling-place of the dead.

The candle flickered and flared, giving an uncertain light, but Brownie could see the mutilated shelves which were ranged along the side, each containing a silent occupant, in its moldy, worm-eaten coffin.

A gasp of fear told young Randal something of what his companion was suffering.

He halted at the foot of the steps, and said regretfully:

"Miss Douglas, nothing but necessity would ever compel me to bring a delicate lady into such a dreadful place; and now, if I can only persuade you to put your hand upon my arm, and close your eyes, I will guide you safely through this vault, and you need never realize what is in it."

She laid her hand lightly upon his arm and he thrilled at the touch.

It was a new and strange experience for the lonely boy, and one which he long lived upon in remembrance.

The abode of the dead was soon traversed and they came to still another flight of steps.

Herbert Randal, mounting them first, lifted a trapdoor, and setting his candle down, reached his hand to Brownie, and in another moment she was standing safe, but nearly exhausted, within the altar of the chapel.

The young man made her sit down and rest while he talked cheerfully and interestingly of the place, hoping thus to turn her mind from the horrors through which they had just passed.

After a while he arose, crossed the chancel, and led the way to a small side door, whose key was in the lock.

This he turned and pushed the door open, letting in the fresh breath of morning.

The relief which Brownie experienced was expressed by a long-drawn sigh, and, looking up into her companion's face, she smiled a wan, faint smile, as she said:

"I fear you will think me very cowardly, but indeed my nerves were nearly unstrung by excitement and anxiety before this last experience."

"Do not speak of it; I am sure you have borne it bravely. And now, if you will follow that path," he added, pointing it out to her, "it will lead you directly through this grove, around to the front of the Hall, where I think you will find no difficulty now in entering."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

OLIVER Goldsmith never would have said, "Man wants but little here below," if he could have read the letters describing their Ideal Wife, that the men have written to the Sisters' Corner.

Here are a few of the requirements:
Petite, etherial widow, whose husband was hanged.
Good form, freckles and red hair.
A flapper.
A non-flapper.
Knowledge of fishing, hunting and swimming.
Good cook and sense of humor.
Good family.
Buxom.
Ability to shoot a rifle and slip through the mountains like a cat.
Interested in medicine.
A Christian.
A Presbyterian and have read the Bible.
A musician.

There are a great many more, so many, in fact, that not all the letters can be printed for which we are sorry, but we are glad that so many men read the sisters' letters and letters from them would be welcome at any time on any subject.

This discussion of Ideal Husbands and Wives was intended in the abstract and not, as so many seemed to think, in the nature of a Matrimonial Agency.

Without a doubt, there will be romances follow these letters, and while COMFORT will rejoice at any that culminate happily, it assumes no responsibility for those that terminate unfortunately. We like to think that every reader of COMFORT is honest, but do not blame us if you find one that isn't. Use discretion in writing to any stranger, regardless of where you get the name and address, and it isn't a bad idea to use discretion when writing to friends.

Here's to the men!—Ed.

MUNCY, R. R. 6, PA.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Will you allow me to come in and discuss the "Ideal Wife and Husband" subject a while with you? Thanks I won't stay very long.

In the first place, I believe that women should not expect more of their husbands than they are willing to give, themselves. By this, I mean, they should not demand a husband better than they are. In my opinion, marriage should be an equal partnership, each sharing equally in everything. In fact—if they live up to the marriage vow, they will be doing just this.

I think Mrs. B.'s letter in July COMFORT was a good example of broad-minded observations. And I'll wager that she and her husband get along all right.

Now for my ideal of a wife. In the first place, she must be a respectable woman, who is willing to help make a home. (I do not merely want a place to stay). She must be willing to rear children, although I believe that the number of children should depend largely upon the financial possibilities of the family. Personally, I wouldn't want a large family. But of course, everyone to their own ideas on this subject. My ideal wife should be a good cook, and neat in her appearance at all times, not given too much to cosmetics, or in other words, just a common woman with good sense. She need not be of high society, but of good moral character.

To those who picture such high ideals, I want to say that I fear that if they wait till they find one that comes up to those ideals, they'll probably have to wait a long time. Possibly stay single all their lives. However, better this than an ill-mated marriage. I think a couple contemplating marriage, should understand each other fully, before marriage. Little hidden faults found out after marriage, often are the cause of an inharmonious married life. I do not desire my wife to be *perfect* and it would not be fair to expect *her* to be perfect, for I am far from being perfect myself. And above all, she must be jolly and good natured, for otherwise, we would be sure to disagree. I would like her to be attractive looking, although not necessarily pretty.

Taking it altogether, I think the average man, appreciates a woman who is a good companion at all times, kind, loving and thoughtful. And I think the man should measure up to these requirements, himself, if he expects to have a happy married life.

A Steady Reader of COMFORT.

AUGUSTUS H. TRICK.

STATESVILLE, N C

TO SISTERS:

As a bachelor I have followed your discussions of your Ideal Husband with much interest and keen enjoyment and I am delighted to see so many hold such high ideals. If all our women and girls had the high ideals expressed by some in the Sisters' Corner and would put them into practice by refusing to keep company with men who did not measure up to their ideals I believe we would soon note a marked improvement in the standard of our manhood.

Mrs. W. says one whole issue of the Sisters' Corner will be given over to the men in which to tell of their Ideal Wife and I am going to discuss some of the things my ideal wife should possess, though I am sure I will not be able to give full expression to my ideals.

The first requirement in my Ideal Wife is love. She must love me as deeply and truly as I will love her for I believe that upon this one requirement is based the foundation for congeniality and a true sense of happiness in married life. My Ideal Wife is broad-minded and intellectually inclined, congenial, sympathetic and always understands in any situation. She has courage, wisdom and patience, a sense of humor and always proves to be bigger and better than is expected of her. She is kind and generous and has a sweet disposition, lots of temper but is always able to control it under any situation. In short, she is a woman above petty things and one who brings out the best there is in me.

Morally she is above reproach. I do not think that size or type is essential to a happy married life, though my ideal woman is of small or medium size; a well-developed figure and is inclined to the brunette type. Naturally I would like for her to be attractive of feature but you know the saying, "Beauty is as beauty does" and I think that beauty of character and disposition is far more to be desired than beauty of feature. She is neither bold nor of the clinging-vine type, but rather, she fills the "happy medium" between these extremes. She is full of life and takes a keen pleasure in life and its many amusements, yet she does not put any of these pleasures before her home, children and duites as a wife and mother. She is a deep lover of music and nature, is optimistic and meets life with a smile.

These are only a few of the qualities necesaary in an ideal wife and I have not mentioned the kindred subjects which can be discussed in connection with this subject. Perhaps I may do so later. But I wonder how many will agree with me in what I have said. If anyone wants to write to me I'll be glad to have their letters but I am not making any promise as to how many I will answer as this will depend upon circumstances at that time. With best wishes to all, I am

Cordially, CLARENCE E. BEAM.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am glad you have let down the bars so that we men can get a word in, in self defense, I for one never did believe the women had a right to "shoot" at us from behind a wall like they have been doing, so please accept my thanks for this one chance, and if I don't get my money's worth it will not be your fault.

Regarding the discussion of the "*Ideal Husband*" some of the sisters certainly have a great idea of a man, but it is dollars to doughnuts that if they had their own *ideal* in trousers, that they would soon spoil him, because I *know* that a woman can make, or break a man almost at will and more good men are ruined,—as husbands—by peevish, nagging women than by all the other influences combined including intoxicating liquors.

Now for the other side of the discussion, we have some ideals also.

My *ideal* of a wife is, (1) a Christian, as to church membership that is not important, but she must be trying to live right. (2) A mother, in every sense of the word. (3) Love husband above all things earthly.

Personally I have done, and still do lots of traveling, and am in all kinds of homes and I have studied the home life of people of all classes, in the past few years, and I am still looking for the *ideal* home, I have not found it.

One home in particular, I have in mind. All of the family belong to the same church that I do, and I have been a frequent and welcome guest in their home for years. I thought that home *ideal*, husband loves wife, wife loves husband, and both love the children, but just a few days ago I saw an example of pettishness on the part of that wife that dashed my ideal to pieces, and spoiled my confidence in another woman.

I will have to say for some of the women and girls that have expressed their ideal, that I most heartily agree with them in some points, that is regarding liquor and tobacco, don't let any man make you believe that he can't quit either of these vile habits, for he can do it, and if he has not love enough for you to do so at your request,—and you are not already tied to him—take my advice and let him go, for he will only make you miserable.

In regard to quitting these habits I speak from experience. I have been intoxicated for weeks at a time, and used tobacco in all its forms, and I quit both, not at the request of a woman however, but for the sake of the lowly Nazerine.

And listen girls, do you know you have it in your power to stamp out this curse of curses, cigarettes. If the girls would only refuse to have anything to do with the boys who smoke them, they would soon be a memory instead of a menace.

In conclusion let me say girls stick to your ideal till you find him, then keep him that way, and you wives that have not your ideal, start making him, out of the man you have.

Here is a recipe that has my guarantee to do the job but it may take some time to do it, depending on how long the case has been running.

First, never nag, nagging is just exactly like oil added to a fire—makes a bad matter worse—and never brings any good results.

Second, keep neat and sweet, if a man comes home tired and hungry after a hard day's work, he likes to meet a neat, smiling woman, and if he knows there is such a welcome waiting for him it helps shorten the hours of toil, and makes life seem a little more worth the living; but if on the other hand he has a grouchy, nagging, dirty wife, what attraction has home for him, so girls while you are fixing a standard for men why not set one for yourself and then try to live up to it, and above all never think of going into a home of your own until you can take Jesus in it with you, or it will in some ways—at least—be a failure, for nothing is worse in the homelife than a vulgar, profanewom an, not meaning that all women who are not Christians are vulgar and profane, but a number of them are or become so.

With best wishes to all, JUST A. MAN.

Just A Man.—Do you think it fair to condemn a woman because of one example of pettishness? Otherwise, I like your letter.—Ed.

NEWPORT, R. R. 4., TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS:

It is very kind of you to give us a chance to tell what our "Ideal Girl" is like. I am sure that I appreciate the opportunity to try and give you a pen-picture of that dream girl o' mine.

But say! Let's you and I get acquainted first. I want you to really know me; then maybe you can feel that what I say is sincere—straight from the heart. I am not *perfect*—not by any means! But I do wish you to know I'd like to be. It is my sincere desire to do the right thing always; because I know God is just; and—"We'll reap exactly as we sow."

When I look back over the past I can see many, many mistakes. Yet there are no scars because of 'em; which I must carry with me to the grave. Boys have laughed at me because I wouldn't be a "regular fellow"; but I ask you, Does it pay? Will the magic words of preacher convert your "wild oats" into good seed and bring happiness in married life? I should think not! If it were so I would certainly do things which, otherwise, I won't.

Frankly, I don't ever expect to meet "My Ideal Girl"—unless I, at least, try to be worthy of *her*. So it is my wish to be what God, my mother, and the best girl in the world would have me be. Of course I can't reach such ideals—but dear friends, I'm really trying.

Let me take you back to the past a few moments; then we will get out in the future with *the girl*. I am just a great big brown-eyed boy. ('Way back when I was little, a very dear old lady often spoke of me as "the boy with such pretty brown eyes", and I wondered, even then, if—someday—a girl would think 'em pretty too.) More than anyone else, I must thank *mother* for my good luck in avoiding the evil habits which boys so easily learn. I don't smoke. Didn't even learn in Uncle Sam's Army where he gives his boys cigarettes. Neither do I drink or swear. Oh, I wanted to be big and strong. That's why I didn't learn to smoke. I am six feet, two inches tall and weigh 195 pounds.

Honest! Girls, can you really mean that, in your visions of a happy married life, you see a "Morris chair and pipe"? That either eliminates me—the husband—or, I can "see" my head in your lap during the "after effects."

The girl I would like to love and marry possesses that God-given wisdom which enables her to discern the worth-while things in life. She ignores mere trifles and considers obstacles along life's pathway merely as something to be overcome. She believes in the infinite goodness of God and has sublime faith in the ultimate victory of right over wrong.

I want a girl who is so pure and womanly she would scorn the thought of sacrificing her character and good name for even a King's ransom. One who could endure the nervous strain, temptation, and fame of a "movie" star—and still be a pure, noble woman. In other words, her intense desire for love and a happy married life must be greater than anything else. The vivid picture of a happy home and children must be so strong in her mind that she will forsake *temporary pleasures* and go on being true to her "Ideal Lover."

Wonder how many will write—wishing me luck in finding such a girl. I just wish I could get a letter from every "single" one of you.

Your Tennessee Friend, LUTHER HUFF.

Luther.—If I had a daughter of marriageable age I would want her to marry a boy of your ideals.
—Ed.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

"Couldn't get what I wanted and the devil wouldn't have what I could get," sums up the secret of the single blessedness (?) of more myriad human beings than all other reasons put together. Certainly it has been the bar to my matrimonial inclinations and aspirations and still holds me in its handicap.

And what were the qualities of the wife of my early dreams?

Pretty, petite, dressy, educated, refined, etherial, feeding upon manna and sipping dewdrops, angelic and loving, untouched with the censual and voluptuous—an Undine incarnate.

Forty years of close association with my school girls as well as their "bigger" sisters, have convinced me "there hain't any sich critter" and it's well there isn't. Girls and women, for the most part, are only their fathers and brothers in petticoats, sometimes with a little veneer of refinement and feminine deceit.

With the gas of my youthful balloon let out and my "up-in-airness" well settled earthward, what are my wifely requirements today?

Simply, fair looker and dresser of course, some refinement and accomplishments,—mostly a healthy, good-natured woman, maid or widow, unincumbered; middle aged, good housekeeper and homemaker, country trained, still rather petite and with the grace and spirit of the good Lord Jesus within her heart, guiding and inspiring her every walk and talk.

If a widow, besides not being incumbered, I very much prefer that her first husband was hung or at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

HARRIET C. Allen, 805 E. B'way, Louisville, Kentucky, wins the Sisters' Pin for October with her recipe for Swiss Steak. The prize-winning recipe is the one that gives the exact proportions and easiest and best way of combining the various ingredients used. Don't say "a little" of this and "just enough" of something else, else you'll never win a prize.—Ed.

SWISS STEAK.—Beat one cup of flour into a four-pound rump or shoulder steak, using the edge of a heavy saucer. Sear the meat on both sides in hot skillet, using four tablespoons of lard. Place in roaster and add three pints of hot water, one small can of tomato pulp, three onions sliced, one garlic button, and salt and pepper. Coves closely and bake slowly for two hours. For a change, one cup of celery or one cup of carrots, diced, can be added. Potatoes may be baked in with the meat, adding them one-half hour before serving.

Harriet C. Allen, Louisville, 805 East B'way, Ky.

CANNED FOWL.—In answer to the one who, in "COMFORT Sisters' Corner" requested the way to can chicken, I will give my method which will, perhaps answer if none better is given. For one medium-sized bird one pint can or two half-pint cans well sterilized will be needed. Cook the fowl, salted as for your table, in your boiler or kettle until well cooked, then remove to a platter and separate all meat from the bones and pack into the jar until it is full lacking one-half inch, then put in water from the boiler until jar is full. Put on new, good rubber ring and cap with one wire snapped in place on top of can. Now place jar in boiler of warm water with water covering jar and boil three hours. Do not let jar touch bottom of boiler. A few iron spikes will answer in bottom of boiler. Put other jars around meat jar to keep it upright, or a wire rack is better. After boiling three hours fasten top on permanently and set aside to cool and to test for leaks. Set jar, bottom side up and after cooling put away in a dark place. I have canned all kinds of meat this way and have never failed to succeed.

Mrs. Will P. Winslow, Oakland, R. R. 35, Me.

POACHED EGGS ON VEGETABLE HASH.—This is a dish that takes care of many small left-overs that might otherwise be wasted. Asparagus, carrots, beets, turnips, potato, cabbage, left-over cereal and rice can all be used in making delicious hash. Avoid using much fat. A good gravy or a little left-over white sauce



POACHED EGGS ON VEGETABLE HASH.

makes the best moistening. The addition of fresh boiled potato is an improvement to any vegetable hash. Shape the hash into individual servings and fry, or bake in a hot oven. Lay on a hot serving plate, and place a poached egg on each.

POACHED EGGS.—Have water boiling in a frying pan, adding two teaspoons of salt to the quart. Break each egg separately into a saucer and slip into the water. The water should not boil again after the eggs are put in as it tends to separate the thin edges of white from the egg. Very gently push the eggs from the bottom to prevent their catching on.

SUGAR CURED PORK.—After the meat is thoroughly cooled, rub each piece with salt, or make a weak brine and let the meat remain in it three or four days. Drain and pack meat in barrel with hams and shoulders in the bottom, using strips of bacon to fill in sides or put on top. For each one hundred pounds allow eight pounds of salt, two pounds of dark brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter. Dissolve all in four gallons of water and pour over the meat. Bacon strips should remain in this for four or six weeks and hams and shoulders six to eight weeks. Then drain and smoke. If bugs ever bother smoked meat, mix borax and black pepper together and rub over meat.

Mrs. Hazel Wervee, Rushville, R. R. 6, Ind.

CANNED BEEF OR VEAL.—Cut meat in pieces small enough to go into glass fruit jars. Fill quart jars one-half full of meat, then add one teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of pepper and finish filling jar with meat. Place rubbers on jars and turn lids down tight then unscrew lids one turn. Use old rubbers on jars while boiling as the boiling ruins the rubbers. Place jars on a rack in a boiler. Fill boiler with water to within an inch of top of jars. Bring to a boil and let boil three hours, adding more boiling water as it is needed Now take jars out, one at a time, and put on new rubbers, which have been dipped in hot water, and seal as you would fruit. When ready to use, empty meat into a pan and warm. I use the broth for gravy and we are very fond of the meat.

Mrs. A. C. Willis, Lindsay, Calif.

CANNED PORK.—Fill glass fruit jars with mostly lean meat. Use the fat for lard. I seldom put in bones unless to be used soon. Add one level tablespoon salt to quart jar. Put rubbers and lids on but do not screw perfectly tight. Put board or something in bottom of boiler, put cans in and fill to top of cans with cold water. Let come to boil and boil four hours. Lift from boiler while hot and screw air tight, using new rubbers. This will keep indefinitely.

Mrs. J. T. Jones, Glendora, Calif.

THE DELICIOUS PEACH.—Take two or three large peaches, yellow ones, fair and smooth, for each guest whom you expect to serve. Place them in a vessel and pour very hot water upon them until they are entirely covered. Let them remain in the scalding water half or three-quarters of a minute and then pour a covering of cold water upon them and add a lump of ice as large as a cocoanut. After they have stood in the cooling bath ten or fifteen minutes, lift them out one by one and remove the skin which can be done with surprising ease by starting it with a knife and pulling it gently with the fingers as one does in peeling tomatoes after a similar treatment. When the skins are removed put the peaches into a large earthern dish being careful to pile them on top of one another, as little as possible and place the dish in the refrigerator. Ten minutes before it is time to serve them lift them carefully one at a time into a large dish, a cut glass salad bowl answers the purpose nicely, and cover them with finely chopped ice. At the table the hostess is to serve them in flat plates, not in small deep dishes, and for each person there must be a fork and a small fruit knife with which the pits can be removed easily. Served in this way and with fine sugar and a pitcher filled with golden cream, a dish of peaches becomes a luscious melting dream, a dish fit for the gods.

Mrs. Minnie O. Mackintosh, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., Cal.

TRIPE IN BATTER WITH DRESSED POTATOES.—Cut tripe into serving pieces. If pickled, wash and cover with boiling water and allow it to cook very slowly on the back of stove. Boiling is liable to toughen the tripe. It should cook about twenty minutes. Drain



TRIPE IN BATTER WITH DRESSED POTATOES.

and cover with skim-milk, bring to the boiling point, drain and wipe dry. Season melted butter with pepper and salt, brush it over both sides of the tripe and then dip in batter. Quickly fry in deep fat.

BATTER.—Beat one egg with one-third cup of milk and mix with one cup of sifted flour sifted twice again with one third teaspoon of salt and two scant teaspoons of baking powder.

If the tripe is fresh, wipe clean and broil over coals. Spread with melted butter, and sprinkle with salt and a little pepper, or it may be served with tomato sauce.

Boil potatoes, cut into eighths, dress with melted butter, salt, a little scraped onion and heat in a hot oven.

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A FORGOTTEN LOVE

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST CHANCE GOES!

There are queer lives in London, and Annie Sloane's was one of the queerest.

She was on the music-hall stage, where she did surprising feats that were half-strength, half-trick. But she cared nothing for her profession, and had not a friend in the world but the furtive-mannered man she was talking to. And him she loved with all her soul, though he sometimes disappeared from her ken for months.

He would have pulled her back now as she made a quick movement to the girl lying on the pavement.

"Don't go near her, Annie!"—he had turned with disgust from the blistered hands, the bare and dreadful feet. "She's only some drunken beast, and she's all over erysipelas, or something."

"Don't talk rot!" There was scorn in the way she turned on him. "Don't you see she's been burned?"

"Burned, is she?" He sauntered toward the woman, who was on her knees by the pitiful thing that had been Jacky Hamilton. "Well, she's come by it honestly, I'll bet! But I'll call a policeman to send her to the hospital, if you like."

"Hospital!" She had turned the girl's face to the light (but he did not see it, having turned away to light his pipe) and something in the wanness of it cut at her heart, for she was country-bred and not yet callous to the cruelty of a great city. "I've seen hospitals," she went on, almost fiercely; "I know what they're like—and I'll give any other woman a chance to speak her mind before I send her to one. This girl's no tough, either! Can't you see she's only a kid? Get out of my way!" imperiously; "I'm going to carry her into the house."

As if the weight of an unconscious girl was nothing, the woman had caught her up, moving with her burden as easily as a man, Jacky's face hidden on her strong shoulder. She was not the "Feminine Hercules" of cheap music-halls for nothing.

"Lord knows what mess she'll get you into!" the man remarked; but he moved as he was told.

"I'll do what I like," she said viciously; "I'm not your wife yet, Tom Smith! Do you think because I do turns at the halls I'm not a woman with a heart in my breast? Don't you dare go and tell no police about her, either, for it's none of your business!"

She swept past him bearing Jacky like a baby, her unrolled hair hanging in a golden flood, and disappeared into the house. The man glanced about him nervously and slipped away out of the little court behind the house Lesard had found so convenient.

A sudden commotion in the street in front of that empty residence was inaudible in the untidy bedroom of the Feminine Hercules. She never dreamt the fire-engines were extinguishing within a stone's throw the very flames that had burned her protegee.

It was a mystery, like half the fires of a great city, and amounted to nothing. Sir Charles Vivian, driving by in a hansom in that frantic search for Jacky, which was his only way of serving Gillian hardly noticed the smoke from the shabby roof, or dreamed the girl he sought was nearer to him than for many a day. And Jacky Hamilton, her errand all undone, her freedom a mockery, knew as little that behind one block of houses the man was passing who could have finished her work for her.

Of a truth, the Feminine Hercules was thinking little of the outside world as she laid the girl she had rescued on her own bed. There was a kind of passion in the eyes that had been so hard. She had had a little sister once who had been hurt in the streets and taken to a hospital. The woman's lips quivered as she remembered that Polly had died calling for the sister the nurse had never sent for. And something in this girl's face reminded her of the other who was dead.

"It's for Polly's sake," she said, dashing the tears from her eyes; "perhaps where she is she'll know I haven't forgotten her! But there weren't no need to tell Tom Smith that," with unconscious cynicism, beginning to cover the scarred and blistered skin with her best cold-cream.

Jacky moved sharply as her strange nurse anointed and bandaged her burns, but when they were covered from the air she lay quiet, never moving as the woman washed the smoke from her pale face and reddened eyes. But they opened suddenly as the woman put her into bed. Bloodshot, anxious, pitiful, they gazed at the woman, and their look wrung her queer, kind heart.

"Bide still, my pretty," she coaxed; "you're with friends. I'll take care of you. Yes, yes," as the girl muttered something about going, "you'll go in a minute; just you drink this first."

Something cool and bitter in her parched mouth, a soft pillow under her head, and Jacky Hamilton sank into a dreamless sleep. The dose of laudanum Annie Sloane kept for toothache had done its work well, and, half-dead with exhaustion, Jacky slept painlessly. For days she only woke to drink some milk and drop to sleep again, for, by some instinct, the woman kept her drugged.

"There ain't no call for her to suffer with them hands," she observed one day to her friend, Mr. Smith, when they sat in her untidy parlor, pointing to the door of the bedroom in which Jacky lay dozing. "And she's got a bruise on her back to turn you sick. No, you can't see her!"

"I don't want to," the man returned indifferently. He was pale, and carelessly dressed; his hand shook as he lifted the glass of whiskey beside him. "I only want to know when you're going to get rid of her. You've had her a week."

"Well, she don't make any difference to you!"

He looked at her, a handsome, strong animal in her tawdry tea-gown. He had come across her by chance, and her defiant vitality had attracted him. When he was with her he found he forgot things that haunted him night and day, until within the last week. But not even she could keep away the terror that the last two days had brought him, and he looked round the room like a hunted beast before he answered her.

"I want to marry you; I want to get out of this," he said, breathing short through his teeth. "I'm sick of London. I want to clear out and go to America, now—tomorrow! America would suit us," nervously; "think of the money you could make!"

"Money! That's all you think of, I believe," suspiciously, "that's why you're marrying me—because I can support you. And why do you want to get away? Oh, I'm not blind! There's been something queer about you these two days, and I believe you're in some scrape you are scared of. I've seen you watch the door," tossing her angry head. "I've known you've been blind drunk every minute you've been away from me!"

The glass in his hand shattered on the floor.

"My God, Annie! What are you saying?" he had grown ghastly. "How do you know who might hear?" And then he flung himself down at her knees, weak as water.

"Oh!" he cried, "don't you see you're all I've got? Don't speak to me like that! Marry me and come away with me. Can't you see," lying so that it sounded bitter truth, "that it's drink I'm frightened of, that's ruining me? I was a gentleman once. My God, look at me now!"

"Hush, hush!" she said tenderly, and, shrewd as she was, believed him. "I'll marry you, safe enough, if you can swear you love me—that it's not for my money you want me. I always knew you were a gentleman, but I—I'm no lady!"

"You're all I want," he said, with a dry sob, clinging to the strength of her, comforted by her fast-locked arms. "Annie, look here! Marry me today. You're right; I'm blind drunk every minute I'm away from you. Let me stay here, where I feel safe; don't drive me out into the streets again. I tell you I daren't, daren't, leave you!"

There was desperate truth in his voice and she knew it.

"Stay here, if you like," she said simply. "I can sleep with the girl in there, and when she's better I'll marry you. Only let the drink alone, for you're starting at shadows now. It wouldn't take much to give you a go of the horrors."

"Horrors!" he clung to her hands. "Oh, Annie, I'm in hell now! What difference between that and ——" he stopped himself, for she had risen.

"I'll get you some medicine," she said practically; "and you stay here and fight off your hell, as you call it. It's heaven to me to have you here, if you'd like to know," and she hurried to the bedroom door, as if her own words shamed her.

"I've got to go out now," she continued over her shoulder. "I'll just see how that girl is first."

The man threw himself into the chair she had left, a strange look on his face still.

"You won't tell any one I'm here?" he said insistently. "And bring back the papers when you come—all of them."

"All right," she returned carelessly, shutting her bedroom door behind her. But once inside she stopped short.

"Why, you're awake!" she cried. "You're better—at least if you haven't turned feverish."

Her patient for the first time was sitting bolt upright in bed. The coarse whiteness of her borrowed night-gown showed off her milky throat, her gold-colored hair. Only a dark stain under her eyes and a curious flush kept Jacky Hamilton from looking herself again. Annie Sloane laid a hand on her forehead.

"You're not feverish—you're just better!" she said.

"I feel dizzy."

"That's the laudanum I gave you. But you needn't have any more, unless you're in pain."

Jacky shook her head.

"I'm all right—you've been so good to me!" she whispered. "But tell me how long I've been here. Is it long—since that day?"

"Just a day or two," soothingly.

"A day or two! Oh, why didn't you keep me awake and let me bear the pain?" for that day or two might mean anything. "Oh!" with a sudden wildness, "I must go! Give me my clothes. I must go."

"Get up and try," glancing at the clock while she made a hasty toilet for her evening's work.

Jacky, flushing with effort, stood in the middle of the room and caught at a chair suddenly with her bandaged hands as a man's voice called "Annie" from the next room.

"Oh! who's there? Who's that?" she breathed.

"It's no one—just my young man. He won't come in."

"What's his name?" great drops of perspiration were round the girl's mouth.

"Smith. Why?"

"I don't know. He—his voice—reminded me of something." White as ashes, she fell back on the bed, for the man had called again, and his voice was the voice of Brookes, the butler!

Yet it was madness to think it, for how could Brookes be here?

"Shut up, Tom; I'm coming!" shrieked Miss Sloane through the door. "What do you mean he reminds you of?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing! It's because I'm not well, and he startled me. I must go out, and I can't stand."

"Wait till morning and I'll take you," kindly.

"Oh, will you? Jacky put her face up to the painted one that was near it as the woman stooped to tuck her in bed. "You're so good, and you don't even know who I am! You've never asked me."

"I'll ask in the morning. I can't wait now," and she rushed out, caring very little who the girl was she had taken in for Polly's sake. She would be gone tomorrow, and her name did not matter. She little knew how soon she would be cursing herself that she had not listened to the girl's story, any more than she noticed that she had left ajar the door of the bedroom, where Jacky Hamilton sat in her bed hearing what to her was like the trumpet of the Judgment Day.

"Hurry back," the man was saying," and bring the papers. They're trying Flash Lesard for murder, and it will—amuse me"—thickly—"to read about it."

Lesard! Then it was Brookes. She had not been dreaming. Why was he here, and why was his voice so dreadful when he spoke of the murder? He could have nothing to do with it.

"It was Lesard!" Jacky thought wildly. "But can this man know anything? Why did he say this afternoon that he was frightened to go out?"

Shaking, heedless of the pain it gave her, she got out of bed and huddled on her clothes, leaning against a chair for support. Her stockings were gone, and she dragged a pair of Annie Sloane's over her bandaged feet.

How weak she was, how slow, when any moment he might go away! Yet something prompted her to go over to the dressing-table and smear out the waves of her hair with vaseline till, with that and her pallor, she looked like enough to the Mary James of Hamilton Place; though, even as she did it, she was sure that Brookes—if this were he—could know nothing that would not ruin either her or Lesard—the real Lesard.

She was ghastly as she softly opened the sitting-room door, her eyes all that looked alive in her haggard face.

The man did not see her; he was looking into the street, with his side face toward her.

It was Brookes! The girl caught her breath, and the man turned as if he were shot. She saw plainly that his face was changed as by a miracle; remorse had drawn a finger round the mouth, terror round the eyes.

"You, you!" he cried, and threw out his hands to keep them away. Was this Mary James, or was it only that he had the horrors, as Annie said? "Speak! can't you?" he almost screamed. "That is, if you're flesh and blood," or either she was a phantom of his sodden brain, or the hounds of death were on him. He would die rather than face Lesard in the dock.

"What do you want the papers for?" she said slowly.

"I should think you knew enough about that murder!"

He started back against the wall.

"You did it—you and Lesard!" he cried. "I don't know anything."

"Do you know who I am?" her voice suddenly strong. "I'm Jacky Hamilton; I never was really Mary James—and I mean to save Lesard!"

"Then you'll hang!" The man shook like a leaf.

"Not if you help me. You know——"

Brookes cut her short with an oath that was little less than a shriek.

"I help you? I?" and as if death had touched his elbow, he turned and ran.

Jacky fell back against the doorpost. What had she done? He might have helped her—and now he was gone.

CHAPTER XXXII

FACE TO FACE.

No murder trial for years had caused so great an excitement as that of Gillian Hamilton and Lesard.

The two missing witnesses were not the least mysterious thing about it. What could have become of the butler—the lady's maid, who had been said to be her mistress' sister? The courtroom was hushed as Mrs. Gibbs came on the stand.

With desperation in her eyes, knowing quite well that she lied and Lesard knew it, she identified him as his brother, stubbornly refusing to allow that there were two Lesards. She gave damning evidence, too, against Gillian, letting the absent sister go scot-free, since it was no matter which of them had killed Marchmont so long as one of them paid for it. In her way she was faithful unto death to the man she had loved, for after her cross-examination, she knew quite well that on leaving the court she would be apprehended on that old charge against Mary Gresham and finish her life in prison for starving helpless children. Yet she would bear that cheerfully to see Marchmont's murderer swing.

On the second day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution closed, things looked black enough for Lesard and Gillian. Blacker still when the defense began, and there was no one to support his assertion of an alibi on the night of the murder. His servant was forced to admit his master had been absent from eight in the evening till ten the next morning, and no jury could doubt he had had more than time to get to Hamilton Place and back.

His open statement that it was his brother who had been there, and not he, was knocked to pieces by witness after witness, who swore there was but one Lesard. It seemed that in all London there was no one who knew there were two.

Gillian damaged his cause more than any one, for, in spite of all her lawyers had told her, she could see no difference with her cried-out eyes in this Louis Lesard from the one she had loved. Evidence about that night in the cave she would not give, and that her silence brought her near to being hanged herself she did not care. Jacky must be dead to have deserted her, and no one else mattered. She shut her eyes as she looked up and saw Charles Vivian's haggard face.

The block of stone that held that handprint had been quarried out and brought into court. Gillian never winced as it was shown to be the exact counterpart of her own hand, except for a trifling shortness of the little finger that might have been accident.

And Lesard, who knew Jacky's little finger as a priest knows his prayers, had no mind to speak. They were sure to find Jacky, and that thing would hang her.

A look of rage came in his eyes when Atkins was sworn as a witness for the defense. Was his lawyer mad? Atkins could ruin him.

But Atkins, who would have liked to clear Lesard, only dwelt at great length on two facts—first, that it was nearly certain that the murder was committed in the cellar and not up-stairs, and, second, that the girl who dropped that blood-stained cuff in the tunnel was the girl whose handprint they had seen, and who had committed the murder. Lesard was ghastly when Atkins ceased speaking, yet, oddly enough, the color came back to his face a little as the cross-examination began and the man was forced to admit that it was Lesard who had taken him to the cave; Lesard who had shown him the narrow pathway where he had found the cuff; Lesard's own pencil that he had picked up in the cave and given back to its owner.

Gillian bowed her head in her hands. If she spoke now what good would she do? Only ruin herself and him.

Lesard's lawyer looked grim and worn as he turned over some notes.

"My Lord," he said to the judge, "in common fairness to my client, Miss Hamilton should be allowed to speak to him. She may not be certain that she did not see him in the cave, but she must be if she is confronted with him, be certain that he is not, and never was, her husband."

A hush of expectation fell on the room. What would the judge do?

But the judge's eyes were turned to the door. A girl, lame, with bandaged hands, whose face shone like an angel's, was pushing her way through the crowd, had stopped by Sir Charles Vivian.

"It's I—Jacky!" she said, and her voice rang through the quiet. "Sir Charles, make them take me."

Gillian cried out, and the note of it caught at a man at the heart. For this was Jacky, who might be come in time to die!

Lesard's face grew gray.

Jacky it was. He could not believe his eyes as she was sworn and put on the witness-stand, still knowing that she held in her hand evidence that kept her out of the dock. And as all the long story of Hamilton Place came from Jacky's lips, and the truth tore Mrs. Gibbs's lies to shreds, the latter would have turned and run if she could.

Judge and jury alike held their breath as the whole history of the jewel robberies, the murder, the restoration of the stolen goods, came out.

Lesard, who had been ashy at the thought that his little love had come to accuse herself, grew dark flushed with pride as she told her tale very simply, sparing herself not at all, and ending with the discovery that there were two Lesards and she had taken along taken one brother for the other.

"It was on Tuesday, the tenth of March that I burned my way out of the empty house the other Lesard shut me in," she ended, "the afternoon of the day Gillian was arrested."

Sir Charles Vivian started. Lesard this Lesard had been with him that very day. He pencilled a hasty note to the lawyer for the defense.

"And on that day Mr. Louis Lesard was at Sir Charles Vivian's house and at Hamilton Place," said the lawyer triumphantly. "He missed the eleven o'clock train he was to have taken with Sir Charles, to go to Hamilton Place, and there was no other till three, in which case he could not have reached London till six."

The prosecution objected.

"A man had, according to the witness imprisoned her in an empty house, but who was to prove that it had been a Lesard at all?"

The brilliant color left Jacky's face.

"That is the dreadful part of it," she said slowly. "That woman, Annie Sloane, who took me and was engaged to Brookes, Mr. Marchmont's butler, whom she only knew as Tom Smith.

"Yesterday, the first day I was better, I heard his voice in the next room to hers, where I was lying. When she went out I got up and went in there, and while I was speaking to him he ran out of the house. When she came home she was frightened, for she said not been like himself all day. We were out in the all night looking for him, and this morning she caught her breath as at a dreadful memory, 'as found him.'

"He was at King's College Hospital; he was dying, for he had been run over in the street. When saw me and knew he must die, he made a statement and signed it. He thought I knew more than I and he—oh! I think he was glad to make amends." Her voice rang out sweet and pitiful, even for the man who might have ruined her life.

"But the poor woman who helped me!" She faltered, then with a gesture that was somehow grand, handed a paper to Lesard's lawyer. There was not a sound in the room as he read it aloud to sign from the judge.

"I John Brookes," (it ran—)"being at the point of death, do declare, on my solemn oath, this a true confession, made for no other reason than to wish to die in peace.

"I was ostensibly butler at the house of Paul Marchmont, better known as Jim Adams, burglar. He had taken *Hamilton Place* as an retired country gentleman in order to rob the neighboring houses, adopting the granddaughter of the former owner in order to get himself entree. There was an organized gang—Billy—— (whose other name I never knew), Victor Lesard, Marchmont and myself. The first two did the robberies, Marchmont and I found out who had jewels worth while stealing.

"I began to suspect Victor Lesard of not playing to play fair, the first thing that made me certain being my discovery that he had a brother of whose name he passed; I saw he could establish us all and clear himself by having his brother incontestable alibis. I watched him, and him entering the cave by the outside passage on night of the murder. I told Marchmont, who down, but I had an accident and fell on the At least, I thought so. I now know that Hamilton, who was in fear for her sister's life me up. But after my fall I got up and quietly after Marchmont. I don't know was so quiet, but I was.

"The tunnel to the cave curved, and in the of the curve I stopped. I had no light. could see Gillian Hamilton in front of the the light from the cave. She was crouched as if she was frightened, and she had her her ears. I could see over her, and I saw mont and Lesard in the cave. They were ing. I heard Lesard boast he had taken the diamonds, and I saw Marchmont throw a him. It cut his shoulder. Lesard turned stabbed him. I saw him fall.

"I saw Lesard go away without looking at but I was afraid to move. I saw Mary whom I now know to have been Jacqueline ton, come out from somewhere and run to mont, trying to stop the blood from his I saw her wash her hands in the stream, the stone, so that I knew afterward how of it was there. I saw both girls leave the the outside way, and then something send me crazy.

"I thought they knew all about the and had gone to tell the police. I ran into past Marchmont, and looked into the we kept the jewels. They were gone—and all. And a rage came over me against mont for letting them go. They were all

"I tore off the handkerchief that the on his breast, and I stabbed him that lay by him—twice. I owed him grudge, for he drove me hard; but then. It was I, and not Victor Lesard, him. He might have bled to death from wound, but no more.

"I felt calm when I had struck him washed my hands and ran to tell the She and I together carried him up-stairs up the blood in the cellar, so that there suspicion that the stolen jewels had been there. She thought Miss Hamilton had No one suspected me but Sir Charles knew nothing.

"When Louis Lesard was arrested for jewels I knew he was not the man who them, though I witnessed against him. cause I was frightened of Victor Lesard truth. But by degrees a terror grew could not rest when I knew an man who was guiltless were arrested I hid myself for fear my nerve should confess if I were summoned as a drank all the time, except when I Sloane, to get Marchmont's face out of My only hope was to marry her and America. I loved her and she friend in the world.

"But going to her house on the got a fright. I was standing house on Chives Court, when who I thought was out of England. plainly, coming out of the back house, at three o'clock in the dow opened on an empty off that. He came through the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

HER HUSBAND'S OTHER WIFE

By Emma Garrison Jones

TWO women love Roy Dorringcourt, the one passionately, the other devotedly. He loves both, or thinks he does, and marries both; but neither woman at the time of her marriage knows of the existence of her rival. Under an assumed name he courts and weds his first bride and takes pains to keep this marriage secret, for he is of a wealthy, aristocratic family, while her social status is so far inferior that she mistrusts him even from his first declaration of love. Her passionate nature and consuming love of him despite her suspicion are pitifully manifest in her answer to his proposal of marriage.

"Tell me, Dollie, do you love me?" he whispered, his lips touching her flushed cheeks.

"No, no! you do not mean what you say. You are making sport of me because I am a miller's daughter. You'll go back to your own world and leave me as soon as you're strong enough."

"Ah, Dollie, how cruel you are! I swear I am in dead earnest. I love you with my whole heart—I'll never go and leave you; I'll marry you tomorrow, if you say so."

Dollie lifted her head and looked at him, a passionate glow in her black eyes.

"Do you mean that?" she asked, in a panting whisper.

"Yes, I mean it. Try me and see. Now, tell me if you love me?"

She threw her strong young arms about his neck, and hid her face in his breast.

"Yes, yes, yes—I love you!" she sobbed. "I loved you that day on the river; I shall love you till my dying day."

"Now, I have told you," she added, raising her head and looking at her lover with blazing eyes; "but let me add one word more: I love you so much that if any other woman ever dares to come between us, I'll take her life! Bear that in mind."

"Have no fears, my little sweetheart," he said tenderly; "no other woman will ever come between us; you are my first, and you will be my last love," and at the moment he really meant what he said.

And so they are married secretly by the country parson and for six months live together happily in a little cottage love-nest by the river where they first met by chance, and then——

But what brings their idyllic bliss to a tragic end, how and why he wooes and weds a lovely and confiding woman socially his equal, his first wife's extraordinary avengement, how the second wife bears her tribulations when faced with the appalling fact of his first marriage, how he is pursued and tortured by a relentless Nemesis, and how the Fates finally straighten out this tangled web of life, all can be learned by reading the complete novel which will be run as a serial story in COMFORT.

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BREAD READY FOR THE OVEN.

By Violet Marsh

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As bread occupies so prominent a place in the diet, it certainly ought to be well made, well baked and properly cared for. Moreover, any girl or woman who desires to be known as a really good cook, will wish to excel particularly in bread making. Although wheat is the leading bread cereal in this country, housewives have learned that many desirable products may be made from meals and flours of other substances or from a mixture of these with wheat flour. Corn has always been an important bread material in this country, but it is within comparatively recent times that rye, oats, barley, rice, peanuts and soy-beans have been gradually added to the list. The war helped greatly in sharpening our knowledge of bread-mak-



PREPARATIONS FOR BREAD-MAKING.

ing materials with the result that white bread has been considerably displaced by the more nourishing and healthful darker loaves.

With the routes of the bakers' delivery carts being extended throughout the country, it would sometimes seem as if the art of bread-making in the home might become obsolete, which would be a great mistake, for a good home-made loaf cannot be surpassed in flavor and texture, and it costs much more to buy bread than it does to make it. Three quarts of flour and one quart of skim-milk is the chief cost of three loves of bread and a large tin of rolls if made at home, when if bought from a baker, this amount would at least cost 65 cents.

Because the process of bread making requires so many hours it seems to many as a very laborious task, when as a matter of fact, if one will be painstaking with the first few lots of bread and have the assistance of a bread-mixer, the knack is soon acquired and all ideas of a hard task will disappear in the satisfaction of having golden brown loaves from your own oven.

Good yeast bread is often described as porous or as containing a large number of holes and cells, all of which are of about the same size if well raised and baked. A loaf of bread should be light in weight, considering its size. The loaf as a whole should be elastic, and if pressed out of shape, as it often is when slices are cut from it, should regain its form when the pressure is removed. Bits of bread, if bent a little between the fingers, should show a like springiness.

There is a general idea among dietitians that yeast bread is more wholesome than the baking powder "hot" or "quick" breads. However this may be, it is quite probable that hot breads, because of their freshness and softness, are often swallowed hurriedly and without thorough mastication, so that it is especially important that thorough baking, lightness and porosity should be obtained in their preparation as well as good flavor and appearance. The rapid eating of hot breads is one cause of constipation. Thorough mastocation of bread is important because the process of digestion begins in the mouth. Hot fresh breads contain so much moisture that they quickly form into a soft mass in the mouth, so that it is only by thorough mastication that the digestion juices of the saliva can be properly absorbed. The physician will prescribe toast for the invalid and child because its hardness renders chewing necessary and thus causes a thorough mixing with the saliva.

General Yeast Bread Directions

Everything connected with the process of bread making should be scrupulously clean. This is true of all forms of cookery, to be sure, but there is a special reason in the case of bread making. Dirt almost always contains bacteria, and these are likely to produce in dough substances which spoil the flavor of bread. Yeast has no flavor which survives the cooking, and the substances which it produces, carbon dioxid and alcohol are driven off by the heat of the oven. Bacteria on the other hand, are likely to produce sour or rancid substances which are not removed by baking. All utensils, therefore, should be clean; the liquids should be scalded; the dry materials should be kept from the dust; liquid yeast should be kept cold and well covered; the hands should be washed and the nails cleaned before they touch the dough.

A bread-mixer costs little compared to the number of years it will give service, and it is a great asset in making excellent bread with a minimum amount of labor. The ingredients are all put into the mixer at once, the top is adjusted and the handle turned until the dough is smooth and cleaves from the sides. No kneading is required. The cover is then removed so that the dash can be taken out of the dough, then the cover is replaced and a cloth laid over it to keep out the air.

If a mixing bowl is used, the liquid with yeast and other ingredients are put in with about one-half of the flour which is stirred and beaten until it is smooth and cleaves from the spoon. If this is done it saves much kneading as the remainder of flour stirs in without lumping.

Flour must be sound and free from foreign taste and odor. Hard-wheat flours, made from spring wheat or hard winter wheats, are often known as bread flours and usually produce a somewhat larger and more spongy loaf. Soft-wheat flours are made from soft winter wheats and are known as pastry or biscuit flours. They are better adapted than are hard-wheat flours to the making of quick breads, and they require a little less shortening. Somewhat more soft-wheat flour is required to combine with a given volume of liquid than hard-wheat flour, because the latter has a greater water-absorbing capacity. Hard-wheat flour feels slightly granular when rubbed between the fingers. When pressed tightly in the hand, it does not retain the imprint of the fingers very long and when shaken soon falls to powder. Soft-wheat flours are of quite a different consistency, and when rubbed between the fingers feel very soft and smooth and retain the imprint of the fingers when pressed.

Good yeast is necessary to successful bread making. Compressed yeast, if used, should be as fresh as possible and free from any odor other than the well-known yeast odor. It should be fairly soft, but should break easily. It should never be mixed with any liquid which is more than lukewarm. Liquid yeast should always be kept covered in a cool place. It should have a yeasty odor only, and should not be kept more than two weeks without freshening.

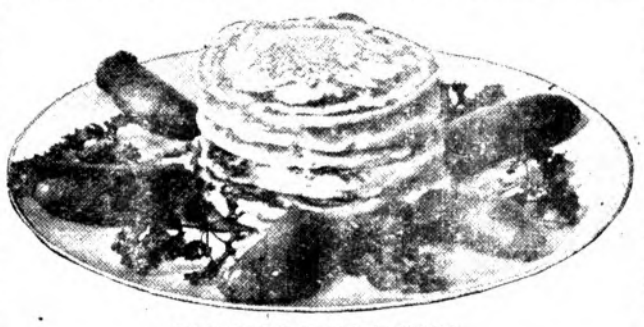
The liquid used in bread making may be whole milk, skim-milk, water, or the water in which pared potatoes have been boiled, or a combination of these liquids. All liquids should be scalded and allowed to cool until lukewarm. The use of milk increases the food value and gives to the loaf a desirable tenderness and richness, besides keeping it moist longer than does water alone. A small amount of potato water, or of mashed potato added to the sponge or dough in bread-making will hasten the fermentation appreciably, and the bread will remain moist longer than ordinarily.

There are two general methods for making bread, one known as the "straight-dough" process and the other as the "sponge" process. In the "straight-dough" process all the ingredients are mixed at one time and the dough is made of the proper consistency before rising. In the "sponge" process only half the total amount of flour is used at first. The mixture is similar to a soft batter and after the first rising the remainder of the flour is added. An overnight sponge must be kept in a cooler place than the straight dough process as it rises much quicker.

Short Process or Straight Dough Bread

Preparations for bread mixing are begun by scalding the liquid in a double boiler. This recipe calls for one quart of milk. If liquid yeast is used, three cups of milk will be sufficient. To the hot milk add four level teaspoons of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of shortening. Stir and allow to become lukewarm. Add one yeast cake which has been dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, or one cup of liquid yeast. Pour into the bread mixer or bowl. Stir in three quarts of sifted flour according to general directions given above.

If mixed in a bowl, turn onto a floured board and knead from five to ten minutes. The bowl should hold three times the bulk of dough or more. Cover and set in a warm place, but not where it will heat. When the dough has risen to twice its bulk, cut it down and let it rise again which will take about one hour. Turn onto a lightly floured board, chop with a knife until all the air bubbles are cut, and then divide into four loaves. Take each part and knead and cut until shaped into smooth loaves, then lay into tins. Spread the top with a little melted butter, cover with a cloth and let the loaves rise until they have a little more than doubled in size. Use as little flour as possible. Many prefer to rub the hands with butter instead of using flour.

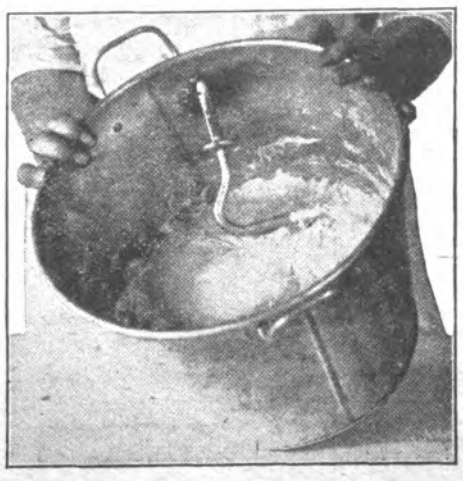


FLANNEL-CAKES AND SAUSAGES.

Bake the loaves from 50 to 60 minutes. The oven should be quite hot at first and the loaves begin to brown at the end of the first 15 minutes. Gradually reduce the oven heat. Turn the pans occasionally so that the loaves will bake evenly. After baking, place the loaves across the edges of the pans and cool thoroughly. Bread should be kept in a perfectly clean covered box of tin. If bread becomes damp, or after three days old, it is well to place the loaves in a hot oven on the top grate for a few minutes.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Have ready a dish of warm melted butter. Instead of making the entire amount of dough into loaves, reserve a part for rolls. Cut off pieces that will shape into rounds about three inches across and about one-third of an inch thick. Shape with buttered fingers. Lightly brush with the melted butter, fold once, and lay in tin about one-half inch apart. Cover and set in a warm place until they have doubled in size. Bake in a hot oven until well browned.

CLOVER LEAVES.—Shape the dough into tiny balls with buttered fingers, brush with warm melted butter and place in muffin tins. Raise and bake the same as rolls.



USING BREAD MIXER.

POTATO BREAD.—(One loaf) One cup of freshly boiled and finely mashed potato, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of butter, one-half tablespoon of sugar, one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in four tablespoons of lukewarm water, or four tablespoons of liquid yeast, and about two and one-half cups of sifted flour. Proceed as for straight dough bread.

SOUTH CAROLINA YEAST CORN BREAD.—Mix two cups each of corn meal and flour and add enough warm water to form a stiff batter. Dissolve one yeast cake in a little lukewarm water and beat it into the mixture. Cover and set this sponge in a warm place until light. Scald one quart of meal with boiling water, beat in two cups of freshly boiled and mashed sweet potatoes and two teaspoons of salt, and when the mixture is cooled to lukewarm, add it to the sponge with two quarts of flour. Pumpkin may be used instead of sweet potato. Rise and bake same as straight dough bread.

OAT AND WHEAT BREAD.—Bring one pint of milk to a scald in a double boiler, add one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of molasses and two tablespoons of sugar. Stir in one cup of rolled oats and cook twenty minutes. Set to cool and when lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water. Thoroughly mix and add one cup of seeded and chopped raisins and three-fourths cup of broken walnut meats. Mix and add two cups of sifted entire wheat flour. Proceed as with straight dough bread.

RYE BREAD.—Scald one quart of milk with one mixing spoon (large) of shortening and four level teaspoons of salt. Cool and add two yeast cakes mixed with one-half cup of lukewarm water and two tablespoons of brown sugar. Beat into this two quarts of sifted flour and set this sponge to rise until it doubles in bulk. Cut down and stir in rye flour until stiff enough to knead which will take about one and one-half quarts. Proceed as with straight-dough bread. Add caraway seed if desired.

PEANUT BREAD.—Stir one cup of peanut meal or flour into each quart of wheat flour and proceed as with straight-dough bread.

RAISIN BREAD.—When mixing bread add three-fourths cup of seeded raisins after one-half of the flour has been stirred in.

FLANNEL CAKES AND SAUSAGES.—Scald two cups of whole sweet milk and gradually add one and one-half cups of fine corn meal mixed with one cup of cold milk. Cook until well thickened. Stir in four even tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar and cool to lukewarm. Add one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-third cup of lukewarm water, beat well and set to rise over night. Cut down, drop by spoonful on a hot griddle pan, when full of bubbles, turn and cook on the other side. Do not cook on too hot a griddle. Serve with baked sausages.

Apple Pectin

By making a supply of apple pectin at this time it will be ready to be combined with such fruit juices as strawberry, raspberry, blueberry, peach and other fruits that are deficient in natural pectin.

Apples that are not quite ripe must be used. They must be sound, hard and tart. Wipe the apples and cut crossways into thin slices without paring. The cores and parings contain the greater proportion of pectin. Use five pints of water to four and one-half pounds of apple. Have the fire hot to assure rapid cooking as the quality of pectin depends much on a short period of heating. As soon as the apple is cooked to a pulp, pour it into a jelly bag to drain the same as in jelly making. Measure the juice, pour it into a large shallow kettle or agate pan, cover and quickly bring to a hard boil. Remove the cover and continue boiling until it is reduced to one-fifth of the original amount. Pour into hot sterilized jars while boiling hot and seal.

To use, combine with rich fruit juices, using one cup of pectin to four cups of juice that contains some pectin, or two cups of pectin where the juices contain little or no pectin. Many housewives add a little of the apple pectin to all their jellies so that there shall be no doubt about the success of their product.



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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Thank you. And, Mr. Randal, I feel that I owe you a great deal. I trust it will not be long before we shall meet again under happier circumstances," Brownie said, heartily, as she held out her little trembling hand to him.

He took it, while an expression of infinite sadness swept over his face.

"I shall always remember you, and I believe we shall meet again," Brownie said, with quivering lips, and eyes which were swimming in tears.

He bent and touched her hand with his lips, then, with a murmured farewell, he closed the door and went back to his loneliness and desolation, leaving Brownie standing alone in the gray dawn, a strange, deep tenderness in her heart for this poor sufferer, whom God had stricken so heavily.

She leaned wearily against the door and looked about her. She had felt tenfold more dreary than when she had been shut within the cell, for she was still in some doubt as to what was best for her to do, and as to what her reception would be if she should return to the Hall.

She was cold, and weak, and faint, and it was quite a distance around to the front of the hall, but, after a few moments spent in deliberation, she turned into the path leading through the grove.

The morning was cloudy and misty, and within the shadow of the trees, most of which were spruce and pine, the gloom was most oppressive, while the keen air pierced her scant clothing, chilling her through and through.

She had not gone many steps when the crackling of twigs made her start nervously and look around her and her heart stood still with fear as she beheld the figure of a man, enveloped in a long, dark cloak, coming toward her with rapid steps.

She stopped, her heart beating like a trip-hammer, and stepped behind a tree, hoping he had not observed her, and would pass on without noticing her.

Vain hope! The figure quickened his steps, coming directly toward the spot where she stood.

What to do she knew not.

If she attempted to fly he could easily overtake her. If she remained where she was, and harm came to her, no one could hear her cries and come to her aid.

She felt that her strength was failing, the strain had been so great upon her nerves during the last twelve hours that she knew she could not endure much more; but she resolved to meet this new danger as bravely as possible, and, stepping forth from her hiding-place, she went forward with dizzy brain and bated breath.

Another moment and she found herself face to face with her lover, Adrian Dredmond!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONSTERNATION OF THE COOLIDGES.

During all those hours so full of adventure to Brownie, Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel had been sleeping heavily, for both had been well-nigh overcome with the excitement of the evening previous, and a sense of their own guilt in the matter of the young companion's disappearance.

They did not wake until quite late the next morning, when Mrs. Coolidge's first act was to order a good hot breakfast, telling the servant that she did not feel able to go down to eat with the family.

As soon as the servant departed, and she was assured that the guests were all assembled in the dining-room, she crept into Isabel's room, and together they sought their prisoner.

They drew the bolt, and pushed the door open cautiously. All was silent and dark within, for the candle had burned down to the socket, and then gone out.

They entered and called Brownie by name.

There was no reply, and with a nameless fear in her heart, Isabel rushed back into her own room, lighted another candle, and returned to explore the cell.

One glance served to show that it was empty!

But with the vain hope that all guilty people have they began turning over the mattress and bedclothes, as if they expected to find her concealed underneath them.

"Where can she be?" gasped Isabel, white as the wrapper which she wore, and shaking as with the ague.

Mrs. Coolidge shook her head, and looked up at the small grated window above them.

She mounted upon the chair, and seizing one of the heavy bars, shook it.

It did not so much as move, and even had it been possible to remove it, their captive could not possibly have reached the window to escape, it was set so high in the wall.

"Isabel, I firmly believe that girl is a witch, for none but a spirit could have escaped from this dungeon!"

"Mamma," exclaimed her daughter, suddenly, "I do not believe you fastened the door last night, and she came out when we were asleep!"

"How foolish you are," was the impatient reply. "I am very sure that I shoved the bolt, and I do not believe it possible that she could have worked upon the door in any way to have slipped it back."

However, to satisfy themselves, they went out, shut and bolted the door, and then tried, by gently working it back and forth, to see if the bolt would slip.

No; it remained firm and tight, and the matter still continued to be a mystery, and a terribly tantalizing one, too.

They tried all the different doors leading from their own rooms into the corridors, but all were locked, excepting the one by which the servant who had brought the breakfast had entered, and Mrs. Coolidge had been obliged to rise to admit her, so that they knew it could not have been possible for Brownie to have escaped that way.

They knew well enough if Brownie had escaped and returned to her post, that the deepest shame and disgrace awaited them.

They little thought, however, during their anxious and almost ludicrous search in the cell, a pair of keen, bright eyes had been earnestly regarding them, while it must be confessed that Herbert Randal never enjoyed anything in his life so much as their anxiety and discomfiture regarding the beautiful maiden whom he had so opportunely aided.

The two disappointed plotters were, however, somewhat reassured, upon descending to the drawing-room, to find that Brownie's disappearance was still the theme of conversation, together with the startling announcement which Adrian Dredmond had made.

Lady Randal looked anxious and annoyed, and was somewhat irritable.

Lady Ruxley was too ill to rise, being overcome with solicitude as to the fate of her companion, a fact which was received with the most cheerful resignation by most of the company, since it relieved them from the sting of her sharp tongue.

Sir Charles was very grave and preoccupied, and while he was not exactly cool, yet there was a certain dignity about him which somewhat awed his betrothed. There were some things which he could not understand, in particular, Adrian's stern words and manner to Mrs. Coolidge, which the more he thought about them the more mysterious and inexplicable they became.

Altogether it was not the happiest company in Christendom that assembled in the Vallingham Hall drawing-room that morning.

Every door that opened made Isabel and her mother quake with fear, and both would gladly have given up every jewel in their possession to have been freed from that horrible suspense.

Several days passed, and still there was no news. Their anxiety began to abate, and with every passing hour they breathed more freely, yet that puzzled, wearing question was ever before them:

"Where is she?"

The drawing-room concert, or musical soiree, came off according to appointment, but did not prove very satisfactory. It was not really a failure, but there was a lack of inspiration which made everything drag, and it was with a uniform sense of relief that at the end of the week the gay company dispersed, while Sir Charles, Lady Randal, Isabel, and her mother departed for Paris, intent upon the all-important *trousseau*.

The two latter were only too eager to plunge into the pleasures of the gay French metropolis, and busy themselves with the cares which the next few weeks would involve, hoping thus to drive more unpleasant thoughts out of mind.

* * * * * * * * *

When Adrian Dredmond recognized his betrothed in the dim light of that dismal morning, he sprang forward with a cry of joy, mingled with dismay, and folded her close within his arms, while Brownie, utterly overcome by the reaction from excessive fright to a sense of security, and that her troubles were all over, burst into nervous sobbing, and clung to him with a grip so fierce that he was startled.

"My darling, my darling, what does all this mean?" he asked, soothingly.

But she could not tell him; the floodgates were open, and the storm must spend itself ere the calm would come; the restraint which she had imposed upon herself had been so resolute and of such long duration that, now she had once given the rein to her feelings, it was not easy to regain her self-control.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Cubby Bear and the Fox Hunt

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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BUNNY Rabbit threw open the door of Mamma Bruin's house one cold October morning, without stopping to knock.

"Help me bring in my Bunny Babies, quick, Cubby Bear!" he cried.

Cubby, feeling sure that some dreadful danger threatened, rushed out without asking Bunny to explain. Time enough for that later.

Together they brought in the little cart, then shut and barred the door.

"What's all this for?" asked Grandma Bear, as Cubby flew around drawing the shutters and fastening the windows.

"Men—and boys—and guns—and dogs!" Bunny's eyes bulged, and his teeth chattered with fright.

A sharp tap sounded at the door.

Bunny shrieked.

Grandma Bear stepped briskly to the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Shinyblack Crow," came the answer.

"What is the trouble this morning?" asked Grandma, as she opened the door.

"Oh, a terrible time!" answered Shinyblack. "I came to see if you were all safe here."

"Then it is true that——"

Loud voices, shouting—human voices—interrupted Grandma's question. Another sound followed which sent terror to their hearts; the loud, fierce barking of dogs.

A long, reddish streak dashed past, fleeing for its life.

"Oh, it is Foxy Reynard!" cried Cubby Bear.

Following Foxy Reynard, a dog came into view; a lean, savage looking creature, tearing past, eyes staring straight along Foxy's trail.

Shinyblack Crow hastily scrambled in over the doorsill, and the door was closed.

"Foxy has been to the poultry-yard one too many times," he said. "Wise Owl warned him, and now the farmer will stand it no longer, and has started a fox-hunt."

Bang!

They all jumped at the sound of a firing gun.

"Oh, why did Mamma Bruin go out after nuts this woeful day?" questioned Cubby. "I must go and find her!"

"I will go with you!" offered Shinyblack Crow.

They waited a few minutes, until the sounds without had died away, then went forth into the chill air.

"See—how plainly the tracks show on the frosty ground!" said Shinyblack Crow. "They would have no trouble in following Foxy by that, even without the keen scent of the hounds."

Cubby shivered, partly from the cold, but more from fright and misery.

"Oh, I wish we knew where to look for Mamma Bruin!" he moaned.

"We may come across someone who has seen her," Shinyblack Crow said. "I usually see all that is going on, flying around over the forest, but I have thought of little beside the fox-hunt this morning."

"How did you know about it first?" asked Cubby.

"I heard Woozie Weasel scratching and whining at Foxy's door. There was a fresh pile of feathers, and Foxy was inside his den, resting after a night out of doors. 'Come out, come out!' Woozie called to him, 'or you will be trapped here in your own home!'

"Trapped? Not I!' Foxy answered. 'Go away!'

" 'But listen!' Woozie called. 'The farmer is coming, and other men—a crowd! Fox-hounds are with them! I hurried to bring you word. They will soon be here!'

"At that, Foxy hurried out, and away. He will have a race for his life!"

"Where can he go?" asked Cubby.

"Where can he *not* go? He knows the forests and fields for miles around," answered Shinyblack. "I know something of his tricks. When he is being chased, he runs around in large circles through the woods—which means that he may be soon around this way again, with all the others following; so we must watch, and listen!"

Nowhere did they find Mamma Bruin, nor anyone who had seen her that morning, and poor Cubby felt sick from worry.

"Oh, I hear them—I hear them!" cried Cubby, as a sound of tumult came from the distance, and he covered his ears with his paws.

"To cover—to cover!" called Billy Bluejay's shrill voice, and little animals went scurrying by.

Busy Beaver thrust his head up out of Big Brook.

"If you could only swim under water to come to my lodge," he said, "you could hide there and be perfectly safe. Do you dare to try?"

"There is no need to risk drowning," answered Cubby, "and I am looking for Mamma Bruin."

"Good-by, then! Take care of yourself!" and Busy Beaver disappeared under the water.



"TRAPPED? NOT I!" FOXY ANSWERED. "GO AWAY!"

While Busy Beaver and Cubby Bear talked together, the little fleeing rodents had gone out of sight. The sounds of the hunt drew nearer. Shinyblack Crow, cawing out warnings, rose above the trees on swift wings, and Cubby found himself alone.

Not for long, however, for Foxy Reynard suddenly appeared, seemingly from nowhere. His eyes looked strained and anxious, and his long tongue hung from his open mouth. Seeing Cubby, he jerked out the words,

"Keep—right—behind me, Cubby Bear! They are after us—but I will lead you!" Then he dashed past.

Poor Cubby! He stood dazed for a brief instant, then, terrified, he obeyed Foxy's words, and scampered after his old enemy as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Cubby had thought he knew all the ins and outs of Pleasant Forest, but Foxy led him over a hard trail; in thickets he had never explored before, over rough rocks which hurt his paws, through scratchy underbrush. Sometimes they passed familiar places, sometimes Cubby knew not where he was.

If Foxy was running in a circle, as Shinyblack Crow had said, then the circle was widespread and over a wearisome course!

Cubby's breath came in painful gasps. His legs felt too weak to go further. But he must, he must!

He was headed straight for a great rock, and close beside him, to the right, the ground fell away in a steep bank, sandy and barren below.

Where next?

Foxy had come this way—he was sure of it. But where had Foxy gone? Up over the face of the rock?

Triumphant barking sounded close behind. A dog sprang toward him, snapped at him, and down over the steep bank they rolled together, while the rest of the pack swept by, swerving to the left of the rock, following Foxy's scent.

Cubby lay still for a few moments, then sat up, putting one paw to his head, where a big bump was swelling.

The dog lay on the sand, his eyes closed.

Cubby looked up the steep, high bank, wondering if he could climb up and get away unseen.

"But I could not leave the poor dog like that," he thought.

The dog suddenly opened his eyes, and sprang to his feet.

"Oh, you!" he snapped angrily, at sight of Cubby. "Why did you get in the way, and make me forget my business of fox-hunting? Now I have had a bad fall, and am out of the race, while the others have kept on the scent!"

"I am sorry!" said Cubby meekly. And indeed he looked sorry. He was tired out with the race, and his swollen head was aching. "I was afraid, and I did what Foxy Reynard told me to do!"

"You can't have much sense!" sniffed the disgusted Cubby in disgust. "To do what a fox tells you. Didn't you know he only wanted to get you into the race to be between him and danger! Be thankful a man with a gun did not get near you!"

They started to climb the bank, but it was too steep, and after trying several times, only to fall back, they looked around for a better chance, the dog all the time growling that his master would never never let him take part in a fox-hunt again.

When at last they were out of the sand-pit, they were only too glad to part company—the dog taking up the scent of the trail once more, Cubby starting homeward.

"Home is the place for me to go," he said to himself. "Mamma Bruin can take care of herself better than I. She would never have been fooled enough to get mixed up in the hunt!"

When he reached home at last, what was his joy to find Mamma Bruin, there, safe and sound, and just ready to start out looking for him!

Late that afternoon, Robbie Reddie came tapping at Mamma Bruin's window.

"Good news, good news!" he called cheerily. "Come to Wise Owl's tree and hear about it!"

They all hurried to the place of meeting.

Wise Owl sat in his doorway, and on a dead, broken limb of the tree was Shinyblack Crow, while on the ground stood a crowd of the forest people who had come at Robbie Reddie's call.

"A hard day it has been for us all," said Shinyblack Crow, "and of course everyone wants to know how the fox-hunt ended. I am tired, for I have flown around everywhere, watching to see what happened. The men and dogs divided after a while, in several groups, to drive Foxy out of the forest, into the open fields. He crossed the road and raced across the fields, keeping to the fences and bushes wherever he could. Shots were fired at him, and if I am not much mistaken, he lost the tip of one ear.

"He ran in among a herd of cattle, and started up great excitement among them. Then out into the open he dashed once more, making for the river, where a row of trees edged its bank. Between the trees he dashed, then plunged into the water.

"There were bushes leaning out over the bank further down, and Foxy kept out of sight beneath them while he went down stream a little way. Then he landed once more.

"The water had broken the trail, the hounds had lost the scent, and though *they* and the men hunted all around, Foxy got away. He did not dare come back home, though, and I waited and watched until I saw him cross the river and go off, miles away, into far-reaching forest land."

"I only hope," said Wise Owl, "we *all* hope, that Foxy Reynard has gone for good, and that we shall never see his face again *here in our Pleasant Forest*."

"We do *not!*" cried an angry voice, and Woozie Weasel suddenly stood among them, his eyes flashing. "He *will* come back—he *must!*"

"How happy and how peaceful it would be here," said Racky Coon, "if only Foxy would stay away, and Woozie would go to find him!"

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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
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HERE in the great city the peace of October days is hardly to be traced and their beauty is unseen of men. In the parks the leaves already are faded and fallen, having changed only to brownish-yellow and yellowish-brown, they are withered after half life and are dead without glory. The season's haze is swallowed up in the smoke of soft coal and the murk of gasolene and oil. Frosty mornings are memorable only as giving forebodings of the high price of unpurchased coal. October is but a tenth month of a city year—and winter is coming!

This is man's autumn, without hue or ecstasy, but I know that God's colors are hung now on mountain woods. Somewhere the splendor and serenity of the month I love best has arrived. Remembering this, feasting on imagined beauty, I try to take my October vicariously by remembering other autumns when I have not been city-tethered and town-tired. I always feel that in October's serenity, its emanation of peace and quiet strength, Nature is found more than ever to be reflection of that Spirit which is beneath and behind all things of what we call "the visible world." In all races, in all men, where life has not ruined imagination, Nature, for them, has stood thus in spiritual kinship and parenthood. I say "where life has not ruined imagination," for many of us are thus pitifully impoverished and time-crippled. Life enspells us and we early lose dream and vision. The "trailing clouds of glory" are no longer about us; we "become adjusted to our environment," as the modern phrase sadly has it; but somehow this adjusting seems to work differently than the makers of the adjustments plan; the world's machinery goes badly awry and turns out strange products.

Although whatever upward gains man has made—and as yet these are not many—can be said to be but answers to the vision and spiritual insight of men who have dreamed in the past, yet it is the code today to disparage our visioners and mock our mystics. "Give us facts," say the Mr. Gradgrinds and apply for membership in their nearest Rotary Club. It is the sturdy fashion, so long as digestion works well, to believe that man can live by bread alone. Faith in anything unseen is merely a spiritual appendix, with an increasing number of eager surgeons ready to operate—after proper anesthetics have been given. And while the patients are listed as "doing well" and encouraging bulletins are given out, yet the mortality continues to be strangely high!

For I do not mean to tire of telling you here that it is only as we can keep our sense of spiritual reality alive that we can be said to live at all. Otherwise we but walk about, motioning and mouthing for a few years of noise and futility. We need now men in whom all life is one of aspiration and dream, and who are spiritually rich enough to turn this aspiration and these dreams outward in service to the race. By "spiritually rich," I mean that they shall have a vitality of vision, a discernment of values, sufficient to know true ways from false; that they shall be able, by their own vision or by having found kinship with the Spirit of all things, to see beyond the self-seeking which blinds, and make their lives real in the service of all and of One.

The thought of men and nations has turned selfishly inward. As they have visioned only their own success and power, so have their dreams been short and their awakening cruel. Yet they still choose the same dream and their "which of us shall be greatest" becomes not only question but prayer.

We honor routine and build systems; we establish "scientific methods" only to see these become useless before our proud eyes. Then we haste to new routines, to rebuild more elaborate systems, to cast forth discarded "science" and enthrone some "new discovery" so that our boasts of "man's progress," his "conquests of the material world," may go on. No attempt is made but by fools and dreamers to make conquest of the errant soul of man, his quenched spirit, and to link him with the only reality, the only progress which means Life—and Life abundantly.

For man keeps himself spiritually alive by turning his thought outward in love and service to his fellows, and not inward in service of his body and his self. Only as he gives is he given unto. Only as he loves and serves is he at his best. Only as he loves his fellow can he love God. When man orders the world to his own self-conscious, selfish will, we have the individual killing which is murder and the collective slaughter which is war. We have the worship of the intellect whose end is vanity and ashes. We have a man thwarted and distorted by uncontrolled passions and phantoms of self which lead him only to darkness, to disease, to death.

We need to hear less of man's "conquests" over Nature, over savage (?) races, over the poverty, and more of his *conquest over self*. We need to learn less regarding the latest modes in "discoveries of science" and be taught more concerning the discovery of the spirit which is in man. For there are discoveries, conquests, eternal revealings and uncoverings of what that spirit can do when linked in harmony with the Spirit which is behind our world—which is our world.

Here in this season of Nature's greatest peace, the rest and quiet time of the year, the unrest and discord of all material "conquests" are felt in more appalling contrast. Man's boasted powers are but holding together his self-shattered world, while the nations claw for fragments. Yet our earth and our race are young—eternally young, as young as Spirit. There are signs that tell us we will yet make the last and real conquest, that we will yet turn to something more than dynamos for power, and that greed and gain will not be forever banner and altar. Because these signs and prophecies are as old as the heart of man, they are the more certain to be fulfilled. It is only the waiting which is hard.

Somewhere in mountain valleys I have left behind me there will be the ending of an October day as I write these lines. And over those resting valleys; yes, over this great, noisy, greedy, pulsing city, will fall the peace and strength of that Spirit whose "dwelling is the light of the setting suns" and in the souls of men. To live and move and have our being in that Spirit is to make the strength, the peace and beauty of October ours forever.

And now for the letters:

MONETT, MISSOURI. P. O. BOX 33.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Did you ever notice that the Ozarkian cousins always select a lonesome, rainy, dreary day to write our learned and unappreciated specimens of literary genius to the League Corner? Well, we do. Cousin William Hurley introduced the idea and it has been running rampant ever since. As a proof that the idiosyncrasy still exists, I am disregarding Billy's love for certain types of stationery, and am writing to you today while the dripping trees are bending low before the strength of the wind, and the distant hills are wrapped in an impenetrable mist. Loneliness, thy name is a rainy day in the Ozarks! Imagine if you can a world in which there seems to be no living creature a world which has for its roof a lowering dull gray sky and for its floor a boundless area of drenched green grass, a world which seemingly is inhabited only by lashing, roaring trees—and over all is the rain, falling like a gray veil over hill and valley. Do you wonder that we cousins from this part of the country turn to the Corner for so ace on days of this kind?

For years I have greeted the arrival of each issue of COMFORT with a yelp of joy, and have eagerly devoured the contents of the Cousins' Corner with a "Gee, I wish I could do it" feeling; but I have always stood somewhat in awe of that irrepressible representative of goathood, Billy. But now, after much bolstering up of my courage with the knowledge that he has refrained from dining on other letters from Missouri and *might* do so again, I have resolved to make a feeble attempt and see what happens.

I won't tell you much about the town of Monett, as I do not wish to speak ill of the dead; but the surrounding country is beautiful. I have seen a great deal of this good old United States, but I have never yet beheld a place that could surpass the Ozark country for picturesque scenery. We have miles of forest, excellent hunting, and an abundance of fish in our clear mountain streams. Roaring River, that famous summer resort, is situated only a few miles from Monett and we are only a short distance north of the original "Shepherd of the Hills" country which Harold Bell Wright has immortalized in his much-read novel. Some of the western cousins have told of their beautiful sunsets, but a sunset in the Ozarks need fear no rival. The sun has always had a queer attraction for me. If I were not a plain, common, everyday Methodist, I think I would be a sun-worshiper!

Boys, don't object too much to the girls' use of kalsomine and paint. If you could see some of them without it, you would realize that it was a blessing in disguise, perhaps, but still a blessing. Personally, I abhor the stuff so thoroughly that nothing under the sun could bribe me to put it on my face. One thing is certain, when a girl starts using that disreputable invention called rouge, there can be but one result; the longer she uses it the more she will have to use—and the more she uses the worse she will look. Figure it out for yourself!

The favorite topic for discussion in all places and all circumstances seems to be the utter hopelessness of the young people of today. Some folks are laboring under the delusion that the present-day young people are mentally, morally and physically inferior to those who inhabited this mundane sphere when *they* were young! Where this gloomy assortment of pessimists found any foundation for this theory I cannot say; but I would like to tell them in a few concise words just what I think of them. The youngsters of today are not one bit worse than their ancestors were fifty or a hundred years ago. If anything they are better developed mentally and physically, and have a higher moral standard, than the young people of yesteryear. Deny it, you who want to, but it is true; and most people are broad-minded enough to admit it.

In accordance with the ancient custom of the Corner I will describe myself. I am five feet, three inches tall, and weigh 125 pounds. I have a mop of golden-brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. Then, to add insult to injury, I am twenty years old. I do not smoke, swear, or believe in woman suffrage. I am one of those much-discussed (and "cussed") specimens, an only child. I get rather lonesome sometimes, so won't you cousins all write to me? Every blessed one of you? I'm not making any rash promises about answering, but I'll do my best—and that's all anybody can do.

In closing, I want to say that I consider the COMFORT's League of Cousins the greatest organization in the world, bar none. I am more than proud to be a member of this wonderful Family, and I prize my League emblem more highly than any article of jewelry I ever owned. For this matchless organization we have to thank Uncle Charlie, Uncle Lisha and, bad as I hate to admit it, Billy the Goat. Three cheers for all *of* them!

With all kinds of *love* and good wishes, I am
Your niece and cousin, IRENE HARMON.

Nope, Irene; I register a decided negative. I have never noticed that the Missouri letters (anyway the last thirty thousand or so) were damp and rain-spotted and dripping with Ozarkian gray and gloom. And in spite of all the *lashing*, drenched, roaring, dreary adjectives you moistened your letter with, I thought it was a strangely sunny effort after all. Perhaps the sun *was* shining on the tip of your pen and pink nose all the time you were writing! I remember how Cousin William Hurley fooled us and *I'm not as Ozark-trusting as I once* was in my early-Uncling days

I'm surely sorry Monett has passed away, Irene. When did it die? It is always a little sad and lonely to live in a dead town—particularly when the undertaking has been badly done and some of the prominent citizens are yet above ground and sitting on cracker boxes. Why don't you move over to Roaring River where there is more noise? You may have read, Irene, of my several-times stated intention of some day settling down in the famous Ozarks with a tame mule or two, a shotgun and a few fishhooks. And so I'm glad to be warned in time about Monett and I shall avoid real estate—or cemetery lots—in that vicinity. I might possibly get along quietly in a dead town, but not Billy. He must have someone always about to listen to him. Anyway when it draws near to election time or a choice of presidential prospects, Bill thinks either Macaulay or Mark Twain would make good presidents, but unfortunately he finds that they are both dead. Just like Monett, Irene!

BIG STONE, KENTUCKY

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS.

I am ten years old, four feet tall, have brown hair and blue eyes. I live on a farm of 150 acres. My father is postmaster at Big Stone and also owns a store. We have four horses which I like to ride. Ruin Creek is close to our house and I go in swimming and can swim on my back. I go fishing every once in a while, but have never caught any big fish. The other day while running a race, the horse stepped on a rock and fell; it did not hurt me, but skinned the horse's head I would like to receive letters from all the cousins.

Your nephew and cousin, PAUL PENNINGTON.

Paul, I'm really, truly sorry to hear that one of your four race horses skinned his eyebrow on a Big Stone so that you could not come under the telegraph wire a winner in this local Kentucky Derby.

It's fine to have a creek, Paul, even only a ruin of one, nearby so one can fool the hot weather by swimming on one's back, front, or even left ear. I like to swim, Paul, and last August I beat a Pennsylvania sunfish by two feet in the finish of a hundred-yard dash.

Maybe the reason you can't catch any big fish, Paul, my boy, is because you do not use the right bait. Did you ever hear of the man who drifted out to sea in an open boat which had, luckily, a hook and line floating in the bottom of it? Well, Paul, history says this man kept himself alive for three weeks by fishing—*using his toes for bait!* When he was picked up by a coasting schooner, he was just baiting his hook *with his sixth toe.* So the next time you are swimming on your back in Ruin Creek, Paul, try wiggling your little toes in an appetizing manner. You might get a bite!

FENN, IDAHO

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Tap, tap, tap! May I come in? I am from the Gem of the Mountains. We live on a farm on what is known as Camas Prairie. It is surrounded by mountains on three sides and buttes on one. On the west side the Salmon river runs; on the east side the Clearwater. We can see the Seven Devils which are about seventy-five miles from here. They are always covered with snow. Our mountains have wonderful scenery. My Dad runs the tractor for the boss. Come out in harvest time and I will let you run *it*.

There are seven of us children: Zelma, aged 14; Muriel, 10; Oscar, 8; Myrtle, 6; Claire, 5; Gene, 4 months, and myself who was 12 on July 19. We older girls do the milking, wash dishes and cut wood for mamma and papa. Also we do other small chores. Mother believes in having us learn to be useful citizens.

I have a pet calf and a cat. I am in the seventh grade at school this term. I am a blonde, five feet, two and one-quarter inches tall, and I weigh 93 pounds. I have blue eyes and I am a throughbred American. I love to read the cousins' letters, also books. I am learning to cook, but not much as yet. Mother takes COMFORT and we all love to read it.

Well, I will close, or else you will get tired of reading this and feed it to Billy. I hope to see my letter in print.

With love to you and all the cousins, I am
Your niece, MILDRED ALICE NELSON.

Come on in, Mildred; don't stop to knock. I should think you would be glad to get away for a while from those Seven Devils. It's good you can keep 'em on the other side of the river and seventy-five miles off. Some people have seven devils after them all the while—and it can't be pleasant—especially in hot weather. That is unless the devils were covered with snow like your cold brand of infernal citizens. Mildred, I do hope those Seven Devils were not named after you seven kids!

I'm not coming out to run your tractor, thanks. I might run it into the Salmon River and get the boss peeved. Once I tried experimentally to run a Brooklyn trolly car. I almost ruined the city police force and sewer system. I am probably the only man and Uncle in the U. S., Mildred Alice, who cannnot run a Ford, and so I might not be good at the wheel of a tractor—which I am sure cannot be half as tractable as a well-broken and well-busted Lizzie.

Mildred, I'm glad you are a thoroughbred American and a blonde. All my nieces believe I favor blondes; they have found it out in some way, so I might as well confess and let the awful fact be known. But anyway all the Nelsons are blondes and always have been—even Lord Nelson. Bill is a brunette, Mildred,—or he was up *to* the time he dyed his whiskers.

BUENA VISTA, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Well here I am again. While we're having a tropical downpour, I'm going to try to write a few lines. Tent is leaking in a few places, but that's nothing when a fellow gets used to *it*.

As you see from my address, I am in Florida. Buena Vista is a beautiful little suburb of Miami. And because it is a quiet place, I like it. I arrived down here January 11, after three weeks on the road through mud axle deep in many places.

To give a detailed account of the trip, (which I have all written down in my note book) would take up too much space. Will only relate a couple incidents, and pass on. Near Raleigh, N. C., we stopped for the night, which happened to be "The night before Xmas," because the mud was too deep for night traveling—in fact we could get no farther that night. Well—we wanted some water to drink. I started out to hunt some, went up the road a mile or so, failed to find a house; then went back to the camp. My brother and I started out again, this time through a swamp, following a trail through the woods. We ended up at a deserted cabin at least a mile from NOWHERE, and no water. Then I remembered seeing a house back about a mile the way we had come, so we went back to the camp, and back the road—found the house—nobody at home but a rather vicious dog. I finally made peace with him, and found the well, and we went back. Near Macon, Ga., we had bad luck, tore the rear end out of our car, by towing another tourist along. When we arrived here, they left us and now don't know us and we hauled them from Macon clear down here, after their car had given out—that's the way we got paid for the favor. Well, as I was going to say, we were forced to camp for a whole week, and fix our car.

Of course we didn't allow this to put a damper on our spirits, and we got through O. K. We stopped several times during the trip to take pictures, or to admire the scenery. And once near Camden, S. C., we stopped and helped a lady whose child had fallen and broken its arm. And I must say that ALL of the Southern people that we met, surely used us fine, and if ever I go back over that same route, I will stop and see them, if only for a few minutes at each place. Whether

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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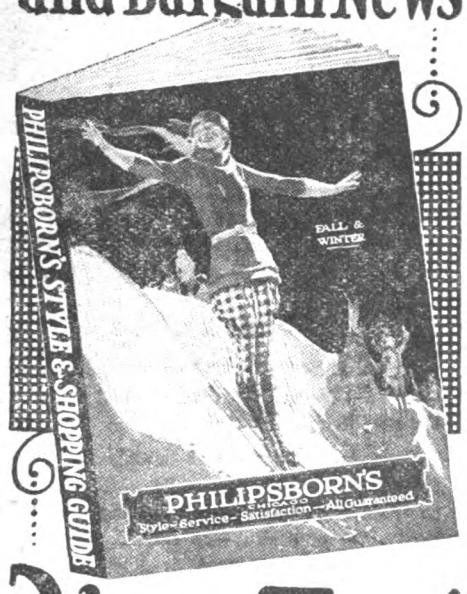
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Little Miss Brown's Harvest

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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LITTLE Miss Brown emerged from her tiny cottage, shut and carefully locked the door, and although an involuntary shudder shook her thin shoulders as the October blasts swept about her, she resolutely straightened and steadied herself and started toward the village.

Little Miss Brown had been designated "little" since early young-ladyhood. Thus named to distinguish her from an older sister, the "little" clung even after the elder sister had ascended, as little Miss Brown hoped, the golden stairs.

Her footsteps crackled in the fallen leaves which played in swirls down the lane and the corn shocks seemed to moan mournfully. Yet the scene was not dismal and the gathered herds at the various farmhouses which she passed, lowing contentedly, spoke of a bountiful harvest and a good year.

But what had her harvest been? Little Miss Brown often thought this, when the golden harvests came along. It seemed that each year brought her nowhere, as far as world's goods were concerned. Plenty to eat she had, 'tis true, more than enough, but that was all. Very little money came her way, and as she thought how, from year to year, the little cottage was growing more and more rickety, with no prospect of its being repaired, and as the walls grew more and more faded from cleaning wall paper that was past all cleaning, it really seemed as if she were not getting on at all.

"Why, after all, though, should it make any difference? I am an old woman already, every one knows what my house looks like, and they all love me, so why should I complain? I can enjoy the pretty things in the beautiful homes of the Uptons, the Starkes and the Wellingtons, so why should I care if I don't have them?" Thus her cheerful view of life and she was content.

She directed her steps toward the beautiful home of the Starkes and her errand was, in a sense, one of mercy. Whenever anyone wanted someone to sit up at a sick-bed, little Miss Brown was always called, and she always responded.

At the Starke home this night, young Gabriel Starke lay ill, and dangerously so. Tired with their vigils, the family had called for succor and little Miss Brown responded.

Because Gabriel was so sick, his family had telegraphed to Rutherford Granger, his boon college companion, who, though after college had gone his separate way, never lost sight of Starke and kept in touch with him and loved him better than a brother.

He was now rushing to Barkerville in a high powered motor car and fate decreed that at the moment he rounded a corner of the village street, little Miss Brown should attempt to cross. The wind came in for its share in the near-tragedy for it whisked little Miss Brown's old-fashioned cloak into her face at the crucial moment the car turned the corner.

Thank God for the brakes which held as well as they did! otherwise little Miss Brown's earthly pilgrimage would have been over. But though they did their noblest, still the effort was not quite enough to keep her from being thrown to the street and injured severely.

Rutherford Granger sprang from his machine, picked up the inert figure and brought her to the only place he knew of—the Starkes.

The door was opened to him as he hastened up the walk with his limp burden.

"Call a doctor, quick!" he ordered.

"Why, it's little Miss Brown!" exclaimed Nora who had opened the door.

They brought her to one of the beautiful chambers of the Starke home and soon the doctor appeared.

He shook his head. "Maybe it's internal injuries—but we'll see."

* * * * * * * *

When little Miss Brown awoke again, it was night. The wind had died down and through the window could be seen, sailing through ragged clouds, a glorious harvest moon, while in its effulgent light a well-built figure of a man sat, looking afar off over the landscape.

As little Miss Brown moved, he immediately turned toward her.

"Are you awake?" he queried softly.

"Yes," Miss Brown responded, wondering who he was.

"My name is Rutherford Granger—I am Gabriel's friend and it was my machine that knocked you down at the corner. I'm dreadfully sorry, but really, I can't say it was anyone's fault. However, I shall make all amends that I can for, after all, it was my car that injured you. I suppose it will be quite an inconvenience for you to be here for several weeks?"

"Well, no," little Miss Brown returned, for his sorrow was so sincere she wanted to comfort him. "I think I shall rather enjoy it—that is until I am moved to my own home."

"Ah, but you shall not be removed from this room until you are able to walk from it. I shall insist that it be so."

"Then I shall not mind it one bit," little Miss Brown declared, for the prospect of spending a few weeks in that lovely room was pleasing. The furnishings were of newest type, the curtains and drapes delightful to the eye, there was electric light, soft rugs and other luxuries which made her own bedroom at home, neat though it was, seem like unto the cell of a nun.

"Thank you so much for saying that," Rutherford replied gratefully. "I thought I might have put you way behind in your work—and harvest time is canning and preserving time for the ladies, is it not? I am not up much on housekeeping."

"I don't do such an awful lot of that, Mr. Rutherford," little Miss Brown replied, "and if I make more than I need, I give it away. My neighbors are very kind in giving me fruits and vegetables and so forth. But as I have to look out for just myself, it doesn't take much to keep me going. And I've done my fall housecleaning. I'm afraid to clean much more for if I do I guess I'll go through the paper to the plaster. My house is just a poor, tumble-down little place, Mr. Rutherford, so you see it will be almost a pleasure to occupy a beautiful room like this for a few weeks."

Rutherford was silent for some moments. Then he said:

"You are certainly well beloved here, Miss Brown. It wasn't but a few moments when everyone knew of the accident and the townspeople called without cessation until it was too late to call."

His words cheered little Miss Brown.

"You know, Mr. Rutherford, sometimes I am apt to be a little discontented because I have so little of this world's goods, but when I hear words just like you have spoken, it seems to make up for anything I might not have. You mentioned harvest-time, and when I was younger I was apt to complain of my harvests—they were so meager. Now, though, I realize that all the while I have been harvesting the love and good will of the people of Barkerville, and after all isn't that the best harvest?"

"Undoubtedly it is. Of course, one likes to be comfortable and have things, but to have them at the expense of loss of good will isn't worth while."

"That's what I think and while I'd like to have the nice things I dream of, still maybe it's pleasanter dreaming of them than having them in reality."

"What is your dream, Miss Brown?" Rutherford queried.

"O, you'll think me a foolish old woman for wanting the things of my dream, but I'll tell you, just the same. I dream that I'd like to have my little cottage fixed up—but most of all to have electric lights in it and a pretty floor lamp in the window. Isn't that foolish?"

"Why should it be?" Rutherford asked kindly. "No harm in wanting nice things if we don't let the longing make us discontented."

They had been talking quietly, slowly, and there had been little intervals of quiet between sentences. Little Miss Brown found it delightful to converse thus intimately with the millionaire friend of Gabriel Starke. She had often heard of him and understood that he was very proud and even haughty. How poorly people judge, she thought. A more worldly person might have thought that he was exerting himself to be thus agreeable to lessen the chances of a suit at law for personal injury on the part of little Miss Brown.

To demand reparation for her injuries was the last thing in Miss Brown's mind, however. She studied the handsome profile as Rutherford sat there in the moonlight and somehow she found her heart yearning over him with motherly affection. How must it feel to be the mother of such a son? For Rutherford was about twenty-six and she was—fifty.

With nothing but the kindliest feelings in her heart toward the young man her consciousness drifted away and she fell into a peaceful sleep.

* * * * * * * *

The following morning there was cause for rejoicing in the Starke household for Gabriel passed the crisis and was out of danger and little Miss Brown's injuries were found to be less serious than first supposed.

This news sweet Dorothea Starke imparted to Rutherford as they breakfasted together the next morning. Dorothea was one of those girls whom riches seemed only to have sweetened. There was in her manner a gracious, mysterious aloofness that seemed to set her apart from the run of girls. A something that would have held at bay the worst of brutes.

"Dorothea," Rutherford began after she had imparted her news, "I want you to take me to little Miss Brown's home."

"Surely, if you wish, Rutherford," Dorothea answered, "but I am afraid you will not be impressed with it. It is a tiny tumble-down place, that looks particularly dreary after the vines have shed their leaves."

"That's just why I want to see it," Rutherford answered. "Just think, Dorothea, here is that little woman called upon by everyone in the village when in need, yet they allow her to live in a tumble-down little shed."

"Why, Rutherford—" Dorothea began. "We didn't think——"

"Yes, Dorothea," Rutherford interrupted gently, "no one thought that she might not be perfectly contented in that little shack of hers. Why, do you realize that she told me she actually *enjoyed* the accident since it allows her the luxury of your home? I saw that in spite of her sweet content there is in her heart the desire for something better than she has. Suppose the poor dear woman had been killed last night? Everyone came to inquire how she was, and if she had been killed how many consciences might have been berating their owners today. We ought to do something for her. I shall at any rate, but why not have the whole village in on it?"

"What would you propose, Rutherford? We cannot give her money—she would think it charity. You see we began in the wrong way. We'd call on her to do nursing as a favor and made it up by sending her a bushel of apples or something of the sort and got into the habit of it. To change now and give her money would have been a hint that we sensed her poverty and were extending charity. I've thought often that we ought to do something but—well, I'd dismiss the idea and think no more about it. And while I have said we didn't think, I believe it was more that we didn't know just what to do. So, what would you propose?"

"Well," and Rutherford's eyes twinkled, "I believe I have the solution of the matter. Here it is. Why not make her cottage into a livable place?"

"It is a splendid idea, Rutherford!" exclaimed Dorothea, "let us go over at once!"

Suiting action to word, Rutherford got out his big car and they started for little Miss Brown's place. It looked cozy and comfortable as it drowsed in the sleepy autumnal sunshine but on close observation one saw the pitiful little makeshifts that little Miss Brown had resorted to. The yard, though, was beautifully kept and the late asters and winter chrysanthemums still bloomed bravely.

Dorothea had secured the key and opening the door, they went into the tiny cottage. Everything was exquisitely neat, but the age of everything testified to little Miss Brown's dire poverty. The curtains at the windows which looked so neat, on close examination showed untold mending, and what was true of the curtains could be said of everything in the house.

They went from room to room.

"It seems dreadful that while she was an angel of mercy for the sick, we allowed her to put up with such dire need," Dorothea said, her voice a little unsteady. "But we must make amends now."

"Well," returned Rutherford cheerfully, "let us be thankful that we found out before it was too late. Now, I intend to do the whole cottage over, put it in A-1 shape before she comes back to it. If the village wishes, it may do its share."

"I believe everyone would want to help," Dorothea answered, "and next Sunday after church we will discuss the matter."

It is surprising how thoughtless humanity will do right when they know the object of their good will is deserving. How much more charitable we all would be if we knew that all charity asked was charity deserved! Ah, if mankind could not dissemble in matters of this sort!

Rutherford selected for his share, the wiring of the little cottage, the fixtures and a beautiful polychrome floor lamp. The Starkes determined upon the redecorating. The Wellingtons ordered new floors and the outside painting, and so down on the whole list of those who had been the recipients of little Miss Brown's unobtrusive kindnesses.

And it seemed that Providence, too, wanted to take a hand in this blessed work, for the glorious Indian summer days permitted the painters to get the outside painting down so that the coming frosts would not injure it. Daily new and beautiful things were sent to the little cottage now changing as if by magic to a place of delight.

Granger and Dorothea superintended it all. They endeavored to place everything just as little Miss Brown always had it, and they were quite familiar (or at least Dorothea was) with such little objects as she treasured and were careful not to disturb them. So it was that the familiar family pictures which little Miss Brown loved remained in their usual places on the walls, the little knick-knacks and bric-a-brac that she liked were left in their accustomed places. Thus the room, while it had a new and charming aspect, bore with it a homelike familiarity, a clever blending of what had been changed with what remained so that little Miss Brown would not feel strange but only that her dream had come true.

"Isn't it jolly fixing up a home!" Rutherford exclaimed one day, "and even though we're doing it for someone else. How glorious then, it must be to do it for oneself!"

He looked laughingly at Dorothea, but there was something in that teasing look and laugh that made her blush, for similar thoughts had stirred her mind as she had worked, but she pushed them aside for Rutherford—well—Rutherford—well, she mustn't think such thoughts!

At last the cottage was finished, and then on one of those brilliant days, when it seems that summer makes a final effort to live before giving up the ghost, the doctor pronounced little Miss Brown well enough to go home.

She was expecting it, but as the decision came, a cold hand seemed to clutch her heart. She had become so accustomed to the dainty room, to the convenience of the electric light, that the thought of cleaning oil lamps every day and all the rest of the inconveniences she had been accustomed to seemed almost unbearable. But there was no other way, she had had her taste of luxury and now she must go home.

So she prepared.

When she reached the door, outside stood Rutherford's big machine glittering in the sunlight, ready inviting her to ride.

"I shall drive you down to your house, Miss Brown," Rutherford said, "and Dorothea will accompany you. I believe you will have plenty of company this afternoon."

Little Miss Brown flushed. She did not like the idea of Rutherford seeing her poor surroundings but there was no help for it.

So she got into the beautiful car and off they started.

Rutherford, however, did not intend that he should go directly home and he drove over the wonderful concrete highway for miles and miles while the soft autumnal winds blew the color into little Miss Brown's cheeks.

"The world is kind," she thought, as she saw what Rutherford was doing. "Poor lad, he wants to make it all right with me, I suppose. I wonder if he realizes how much I enjoyed my stay at the Starkes?"

Thus she speculated upon the matter, and then as she noticed the happy eyes and the rosy blush of Dorothea whenever Rutherford turned his sparkling eyes upon the girl, she wondered if indeed, some sweet emotion was not stirring the hearts of the young people as they sat beside each other. And then she thought back to the years when she was a girl and of stalwart Bud Culver whom she had loved. He had gone off to the Spanish-American War and had never returned for he had been killed at the charge of San Juan Hill. No one knew her romance—no one knew and she had had her chance.

Rutherford now asked her if she'd prefer to return, and really wishing to do so, she assented. He thereupon turned the car and started back and soon came to the familiar landmarks of Barkerville.

As she observed them, little Miss Brown felt the going home spirit. There was something comforting in the thought after all. Home was home and as the poet sang, be it ever so humble there's no place like it.

So she strained her eyes for a glimpse of the tiny cottage. But as she sought the familiar spot, her brain seemed to reel. What was that little cottage gleaming white through the scarlet runners growing where the old tumble-down shack should have been. Had she suddenly become strange to the road she had known for years? Were they right? Wasn't Rutherford mistaken?

He, however, stopped at the cottage.

"But Mr. Rutherford—Dorothea—what—what——"

"Just a little surprise for you, little Miss Brown," Rutherford said gently. "A token of the good will of your neighbors."

"But—but—why?" gasped poor little Miss Brown, "what have I done?"

They had been leading her up to the house and now entered. Little Miss Brown looked around in wonder, and speechless walked from room to room.

"My dream! My dream! O, dear God, it has *it has* come true!"

They gave her the benefit of seeing it in its most inviting aspect. Now Mrs. Wellington, the minister and his wife and others came in.

"Why did you do it all?" gasped rather than asked little Miss Brown, as she had repeated many times already, "I don't know why you should!"

"You have Mr. Granger to thank for the idea, sister Brown," "and all your neighbors for the rest of it—not that Mr. Granger did not do his share," he smiled correcting himself. "You see you should thank us, I hardly know. When you were hurt, we realized then what you meant to us and we all felt that we never had shown our appreciation of all your unselfish devotion to the community. When you spoke of your dream to Mr. Granger he determined to make it come true and gave us all a chance to help. We hope you will like the result, as we tried to make the dream come true as closely as we could with your ideas. It is the culmination of all your good works, and may I say a harvest which you are most justly entitled to?"

When the minister finished speaking, little Miss Brown could only nod.

"We are all going to stay to tea, little Miss Brown," began Mrs. Wellington, and the whole party settled down to a regular sociable bee. All this put little Miss Brown in her element—no chance of entertaining women like Mrs. Wellington in her own home!

The afternoon waned, then the guests slowly departed until none were left but Dorothea and Rutherford.

And then Rutherford did what was the hardest for him to do. He asked little Miss Brown if she would accept a little book—he would never feel quite right if she did not.

With the look he gave her, she felt she could not refuse, and why not accept a little book?

At the moment, however, she did not know it was a bankbook with a five hundred dollar deposit entered therein.

* * * * * * * * *

"It was worth all of our efforts, wasn't it, Dorothea?" Rutherford asked, as with Dorothea beside him, his machine glided smoothly back to the Starkes.

"Worth it? Indeed it was. Such a dear, happy little task! How I enjoyed it!"

"Dorothea," and Rutherford laid his hand gently over hers, "would you enjoy fixing up another home for yourself—and me? Would you, Dorothea?"

"O, Rutherford! I—I—look out, you're going into the ditch!"

"It's hard proposing and running a big car with one hand, so Dorothea you'll say 'yes' won't you?"

Dorothea smiled at him and there, in that smile, she showed herself like all other women.

"I could think of no happier occupation, Rutherford, dear," she said.

Brainograms

By Blair Tremaine.

HOW MANY COLORS DO YOU KNOW?

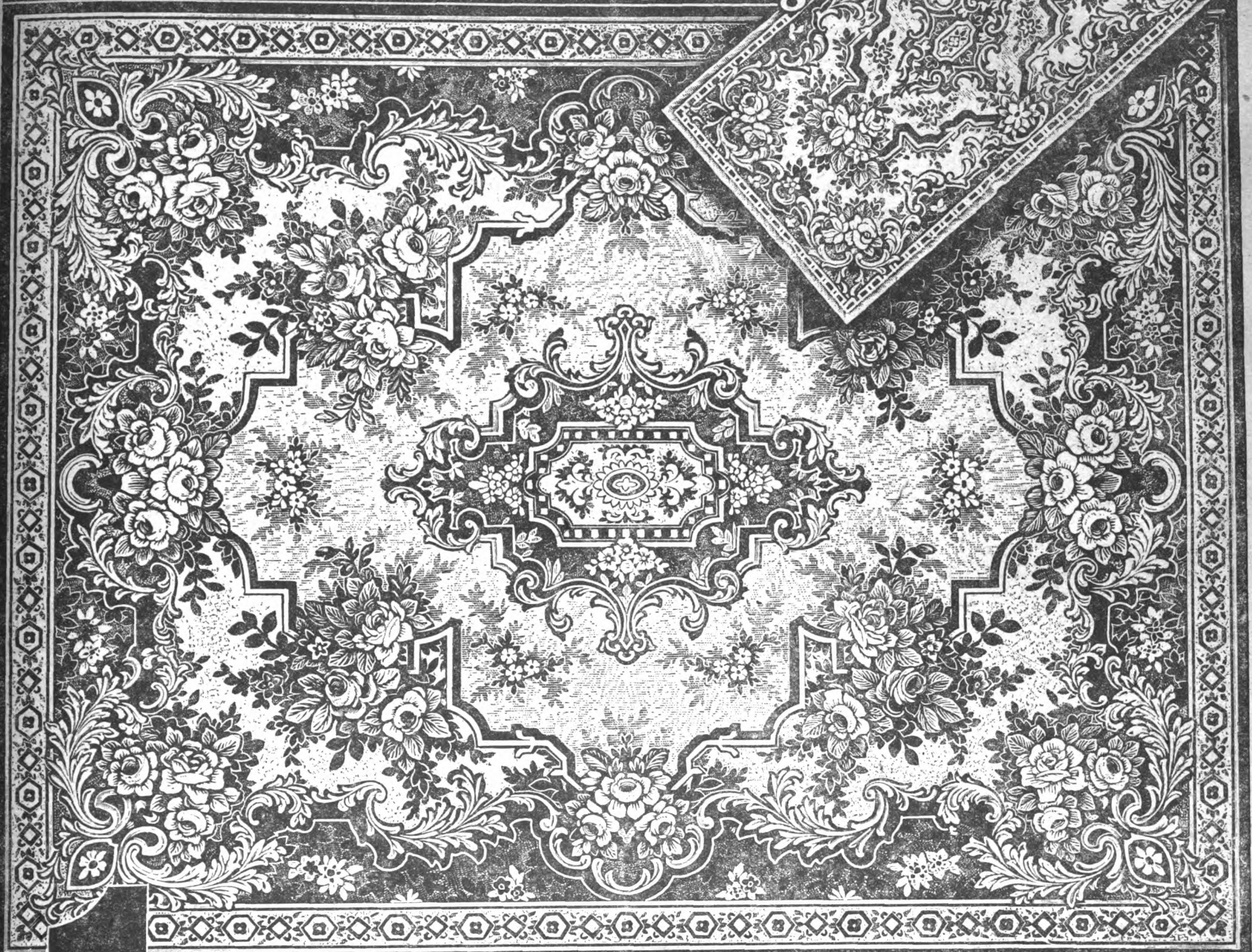
1. A nation's warships.
2. The rich part of milk.
3. The River Colony in Africa.
4. Mourning.
5. The bride's color.
6. The coward's.
7. The soldier's.
8. A caged songbird.
9. The kind of a fever accompanied by a type of rash.
10. A Catholic official.
11. Denmark's capital.
12. The royal shade.
13. Autumn's prevailing tint.
14. An inlet of the sea.
15. To put a person ashore and leave him to his fate.
16. The cap of a college freshman.
17. Who wrote "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard?"
18. A province of France.
19. The token of anarchy and revolution.
20. A political appointment.

ANSWERS.

1. Navy.
2. Cream.
3. Orange.
4. Black.
5. White.
6. Yellow.
7. Khaki.
8. Canary.
9. Scarlet.
10. Cardinal.
11. Copenhagen.
12. Purple.
13. Brown.
14. Bay.
15. Maroon.
16. Green.
17. Gray.
18. Burgundy.
19. Red.
20. Plum.

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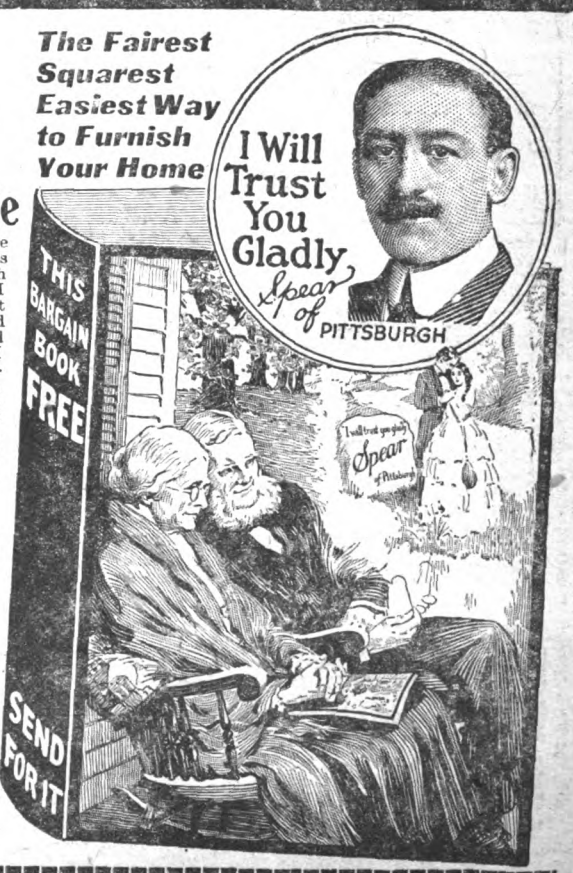
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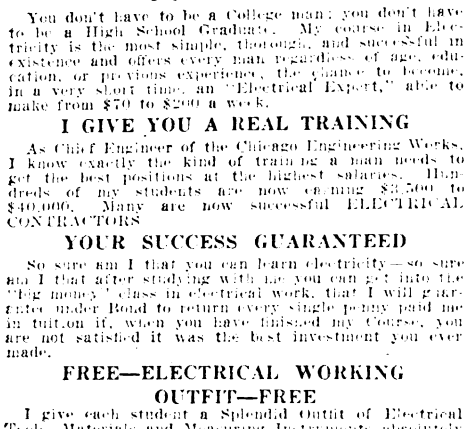
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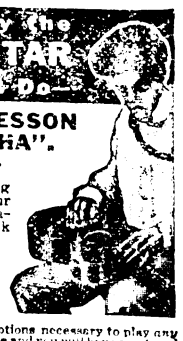
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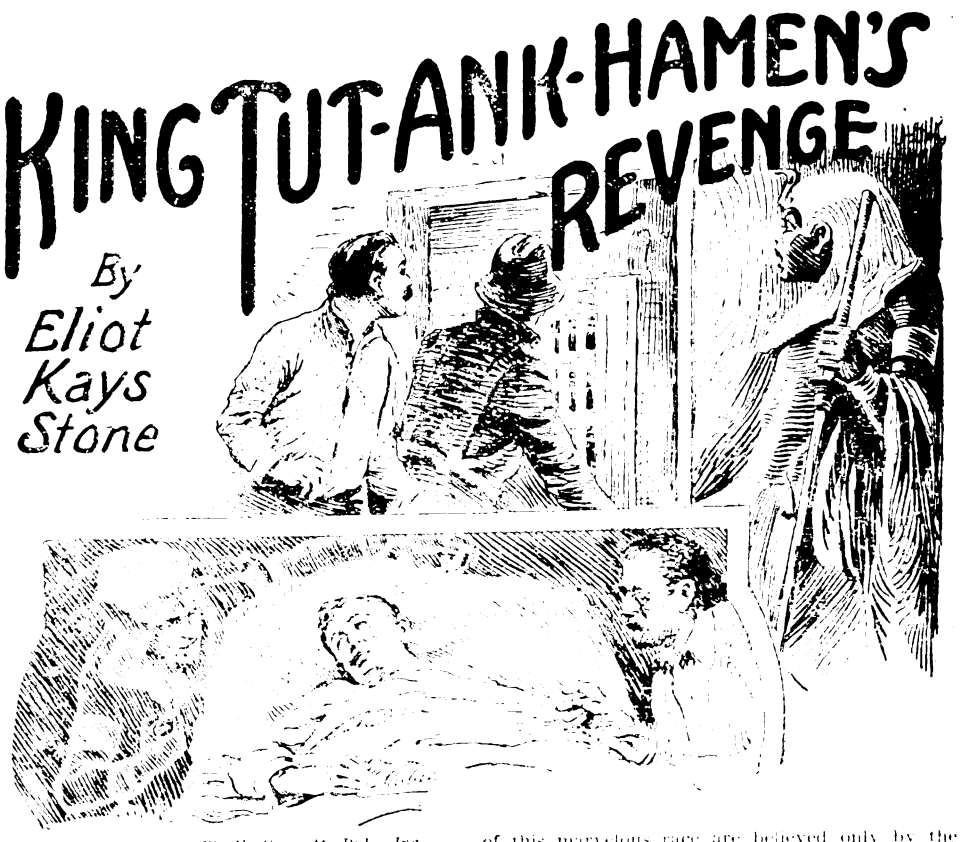
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KING TUT-ANK-HAMEN'S REVENGE

By Eliot Kays Stone



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IS King Tut-Ank-Hamen having his revenge?

Is the mysterious death of Lord Carnarvon and the mystifying illness of Howard Carter attributable to natural causes or did this Pharaoh's Ka inflict upon them the revenge threatened on the "Seal of Execration" inscribed on all tombs of the Pharaohs?

Were insidious poisons hidden in the tombs to insure the infliction of the death penalty upon those who should afterwards enter them? Was Lord Carnarvon the victim of the bite of some insect?

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaims Science, the modern God, but are the prophets of this new God always right?

King Tut-Ank-Hamen may at any rate be fancied as exulting with his Ka on the outcome of events.

"Ha ha," we can almost hear this ancient potentate chuckle. "Ye scientifically-minded desecrators of my tomb and disturbers of my age-long slumbers, ye know now what it means to brave the curses of a Pharaoh. Your scientists may explain it away as pleases them best, but the ancient curse of my magicians has fallen upon ye."

Nor is King Tut alone in his belief.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expresses the belief that an elemental spirit in the tombs takes revenge on all that enter them. "It may be very well," he said, "to record this as the bite of an insect, or some other illness, but the fact remains that many men who have entered these tombs have come to sudden death."

What did Ibrahim Cyrana, the Egyptian priest say in Paris shortly after Lord Carnarvon's death? "The vengeance of the Pharaohs has been wrought upon Lord Carnarvon. Howard Carter may laugh, but he also will soon be stricken down."

Millions of Ibrahim's countrymen will unquestioningly share his views, for the modern dwellers on the Nile are not one whit less superstitious than their ancestors.

The oriental fear of the "evil eye" is universal among all classes of Egyptian society, which fear the Arabs well express in the proverb, "Charm from the eye of a girl, sharper than a spike; charm from the eye of a boy, more painful than a whip," to prevent the dangers of which these ingenious people employ many charms. Even in the higher walks of Egyptian society rings of silver wire are worn by both sexes to guard against the "evil eye." No mother in Egypt would think of exposing the face of her new-born child to a foreigner, and so great is this fear implanted in the breast of the Fellaheen mother that she leaves the face of her child unwashed for months and even years, fearing that an attractive child would bring upon it the "evil eye." This is probably one cause of the frightful prevalence of ophthalmia in Egypt, for, in the summer especially, an infant's face is simply a mass of flies, which, to add to the discomfort of superstition piled upon superstition, are never brushed away, as this act of kindness is considered unlucky. Some Fellaheen paint on their doorways "the bloody hand," others paint thereon the legend, "Bism'illah, ma' sha' 'llah" (In the name of God, may God keep evil from it), while the more wealthy inscribe it on the iron or brass knockers on their doors, to protect their dwellings from the "evil eye."

Charms against the "evil eye" are not the only ones resorted to by the Egyptian to avert from him the misfortunes of life. Charms are even attached to the necks of camels and the radiator-caps of "flivvers" to insure the safety of these means of locomotion. On many Egyptian houses may be seen small windmills or men-like images, their arms revolving in the wind to ward off evil spirits. Nubian mothers insure a fortunate life for their boys, at least, by taking the infant when forty days old to the brink of the Nile, where its eyes are anointed with *kohl*.

Nor have modern Egyptians lost their reverential awe of certain animals, such as dogs, cats, and serpents. It is considered "unlucky to kill a snake in a house; and so general is this belief," states R. Talbot Kelly, in his "Egypt Painted and Described," "that I understood that in the native houses of Cairo may be found cobra, which are confined to one room, and so constantly supplied with food as to be perpetually in a comatose condition." There is also a proverb, "God bless the house the birds build in," which gives rise to swallows' nests being frequently found "in most inconvenient positions in their living-rooms."

The scarabeaus was the emblem of immortality to the ancient Egyptians. To their descendants it at least represents fertility, and accordingly, "the harem woman, whose social standing and happiness depend so much on the fact of her becoming a mother, eats the insect in this belief and hope. . . . some of the women eat them to become fat, as this is a necessary adjunct to Egyptian beauty. It is believed, however, that the desire to grow fleshy is often expressed only to veil the real motive in eating the beetles." (William McE. Dye: Egypt and Abyssinia.)

Like the Chinese, the Egyptians have great respect for and fear of the myriads of genii, who lurk in every portion of the land. The Ginn, as the Egyptians call their genii, are of a very old family, having been created sometime prior to the entrance of Adam and his delightful spouse upon the Garden of Eden, at which place they proceeded to turn the world topsy-turvy by partaking of the forbidden fruit. The Ginn occupy a position a little higher than man, and a little lower than the angels, and, according to authentic accounts, were created of fire. They are, therefore, hot stuff, and though not immortal, generally manage to survive the shocks of time and of the elements for several centuries. They eat and sleep like mortals, and mate with each other or with human beings. They differ in form from man, and can take on at will any desired form, and can make themselves invisible whenever necessary or convenient. They are ruled over by forty, some say seventy, kings, all possessed of the title of Sulyman or Solyman. Ginn Ibu-Gann, the last of their monarchs, and from whom the Ginn derive their name, is credited as being the builder of the pyramids, for what man could erect such massive edifices? The full details of the history of this marvelous race are believed only by the credulous, even among the Moslems, as many of the fables are not recognized by the Koran. Few however doubt the essential facts concerning them which are here given.

While they are confined to no particular spot, being privileged to roam the earth at pleasure, their principal and favorite resort seems to be a chain of mountains, known to the Egyptians as *Kaf*. To have an idea of this locality one must have a knowledge of Egyptian geography, which is a science peculiar to itself; and it is only to Egyptian geographers that this mountain is known. Be it known then, that according to the Egyptian atlas, the earth is a plain surrounded by the Ocean (name of ocean not specified), which ocean is in turn encompassed by the chain of mountains, *Kaf*, which apparently performs the useful office of holding in the waters. It is on this range that the Ginn have established their headquarters, and if they would only be content to remain there, the Egyptians would not have to devote so much thought to them, but unfortunately the Ginn are restless creatures and ubiquitous in their habits. They are everywhere. They live in rivers, ruined houses, walls, baths, ovens—every place conceivable. They infest the solid matter of the earth and the firmament. From this latter vantage ground they learn the future from the whisperings of the angels, and divulge them to magicians and soothsayers, who, in turn, pass them on to anxious humanity for a consideration. As it is known that the Ginn are everywhere, the Egyptians are very careful to offend none of them. Before any water is poured on the ground permission is asked of the genii. "Destroor" (permission) is the magic word, and a person does not let a bucket down a well, strike a light, enter a bath, or do much of anything else, without uttering it, or words of like import.

Like the genii of the Celestials, the Ginn seem to have a marked propensity for taking unto themselves the shape of a dog, cat or some other animal, generally domestic. Amusing stories proving this are told, and none of them are doubted. Perhaps, this statement should be qualified, as these stories are amusing only to the Western mind. But the Ginn are not without their redeeming features, as they form a convenient scapegoat for uncaught and unpunished offenders, and they are often accused of throwing tiles from the roofs of houses, and doing other mischievous and malicious acts. Can it be that they are responsible for the numerous unsolved murder mysteries which have so fruitlessly perplexed the brains of our highly intelligent police in New York and other of the larger cities of the United States? If so, what a world of iniquity can be laid at their door.

The effects are either evilly disposed genii or spirits of the dead. Ancient tombs, dark corners in temples, and such places are their favorite resorts. But many spirits, of course, haunt the scenes of their activities in the flesh, especially if the spirit was torn from its habitation by an act of violence. Another form of Ginn are "Ghools" who commit many atrocities. They appear in monstrous and terrible shapes, sometimes that of an animal, and infest graveyards and other secluded places. Their favorite food is corpses, but this does not prevent them from devouring the living who come within their power.

Not content with ascribing such supernatural powers to these creatures of the fancy, the ignorant and superstitious peoples of Egypt have a supernatural reverence for those classes of the population who are the least entitled to their respect. Like the noble "Red Man" of our own country, the Egyptians believe the idiot and fool to be favorites of the gods. Egypt is in fact the paradise of the fool. His very weakness constitutes his strength. An absence of wit is proof that the idiot is in communication with God. Only the most dangerous lunatics are kept in confinement; the others are allowed to roam the streets at will. Idiots are looked upon as saints. A saint-ship is a particularly desirable berth in a country like Egypt so that it is not surprising that impostors swell the ranks of the idiots. Many go about entirely naked and can offer the foulest indignities to women with impunity, so great is the respect in which such saints are held. Others wear *dilks*—a long cloak of many colors and fabrics—a kind of crazy-quilt. These wear a turban and are usually armed with a staff, to which cloths of various colors are attached. One can tell they are either fools or adventurers by the many maniacal acts which they commit, and which undoubtedly add to their fame and reputation for holiness. They are supported by alms, which they rarely have to solicit, as it is thought that misfortune will fall upon those who are disrespectful or unkind to these "saints." A celebrated saint is known as a *sheykh*, *marabit*, or *welee*. At the head of these is the *Kuth*, who, although he is often seen, always contrives it so that no one suspects him to be the *Kuth*. He is always clad in mean apparel and carries himself humbly. He mildly rebukes those who are impious, especially impostors. Although little is known concerning the *Kuth*, it is certain that he has several favorite resting places. One of these is the roof of the *Kaabah* at Mukkeh, where, though never seen by mortal eyes, twice at midnight he is heard to call, "Thou most merciful of those who show mercy." The *Kuth* is also fond of stopping at the gate in the southern end of the old city of Cairo, and he has many other inferior stations in the same city. Welees do not always have an easy time of it, as they are sometimes commissioned to do some very difficult things. Others are as hard on themselves as any Medieval hermit.

Various superstitions cling to the mosques in Egypt. In the Amr Mosque in Cairo there are two pillars between which only the elect are able to pass. Several superstitions are associated with the Kalaun Mosque in the same city, where, according to Mr. Kelly, "the particularly ornate 'mihrab' is credited with healing virtue, and any day men and women may be seen rubbing lemons on one of its pilasters, and licking up the moisture in the firm belief that a cure will ensue. A little stick hangs on the railing of the tomb; this is used to cure fools or idiots by striking them on the head. Women also bring their ailing children here for relief. In this case water is poured into a large porphyry bowl, and with another piece of the same stone they grind until the water is red and muddy, the mixture being given to the children with absolute confidence in its wonderful property." Many Moslems believe that no one can paint the Red Mosque at Bulak. Some misfortune will surely befall anyone attempting it.

Charles Dudly Warner encountered in his ramblings through Cairo "a very interesting old gate of one of the quarters. The gate was a wooden one or two leaves, crossed with iron and fastened with heavy spikes, and not remarkable except as an illustration of one of the popular superstitions of the Arabs. The wood is driven full of nails, bits of rags flutter on it, and human teeth are crowded under the iron bands. It is believed that if a person afflicted with headache will drive a nail into this door he will never have the headache again. Other ills are relieved by other offerings, bits of rags, teeth, etc. It would seem to be a very sure cure for toothache to leave the tooth at the gate."

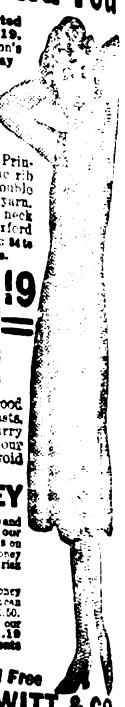
The magic of the ancient Egyptians was powerful, there are Ginn, efreets and other supernatural beings at their command—the Pyramids stand as a frown down upon few who will not find it most easy to believe that King Tut-Ank-Hamen is enjoying some revenge.

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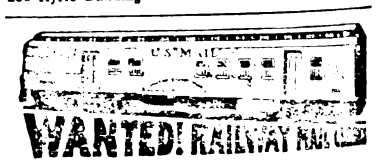
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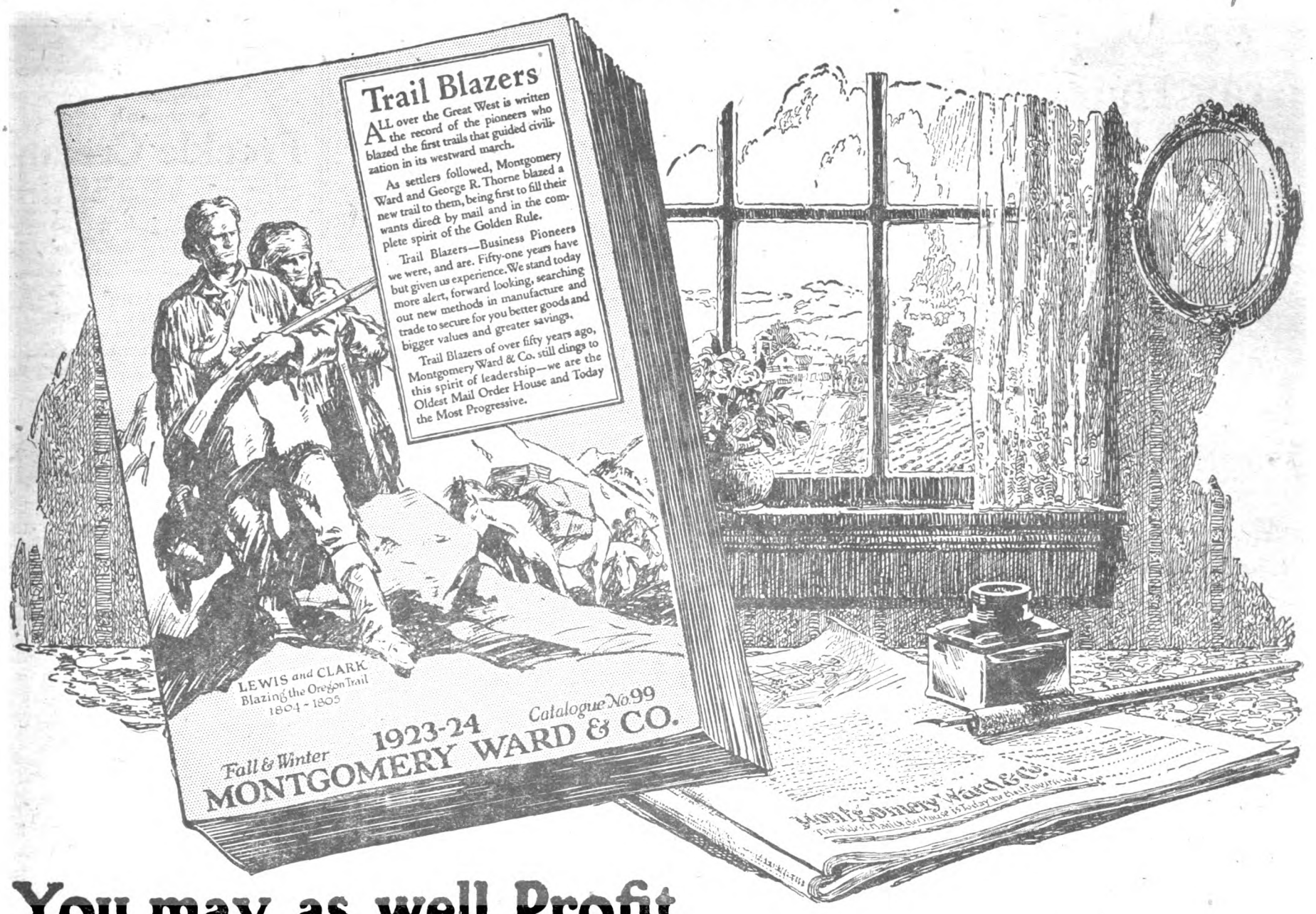
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A Cake of Pumice

"I wish I hadn't such ugly elbows," wailed a young girl of my acquaintance.

And her elbows really weren't pretty to look at. You know the kind—yellow and rough, instead of dimpled and soft.

But it would have been a simple matter for her to acquire the elbows she desired. The yellow color and the rough texture were both the result of neglect. In bathing, she had no doubt given her arms a hasty rub with a wash-cloth and assured herself that they were clean. But elbows need more consideration than that.

The girl who would have pretty elbows must possess a nail or soft bathbrush, and a cake of hand pumice.

We will assume, of course, that she takes a complete body bath daily, for without this she not only will fail in perfect cleanliness but her skin will suffer in time. So, when the daily bath takes



USING PUMACE FOR ROUGHENED ELBOWS.

place, this girl in pursuit of pretty elbows uses her brush and plenty of hot soapy water and scrubs those elbows of hers thoroughly. Not hard enough to irritate the skin, but much harder than she would scrub the other skin of her arm, for elbows are tougher of texture.

A little cold cream massaged into the elbow after such scrubbing and thorough rinsing will keep the skin soft and pliable.

If the skin of the elbows is goose-pimply, or rough, then the cake of toilet pumice must be called into play. With this, before bathing, the elbow should be gently rubbed until the rough surface is somewhat smoothed. Use the pumice a couple of times a week until the roughness disappears. After applying it, follow with the bath and the cold cream.

Toilet pumice has other uses which makes it invaluable for the toilet. Too thick or impervious soles to one's shoes often produce callouses on the soles of the feet, through keeping them warm and moist. Such callouses in time produce corns on the soles. Both corns and callouses can become very painful, so the feet should be carefully watched and callouses disposed of as soon as they show signs of appearing. The feet should be carefully bathed daily, well dried especially between the toes, and rubbed with cocoa-butter. If they are inclined to be moist, omit the cocoa-butter and dust with powder, rubbing it in with the palms of the hands.

If callouses already exist, bathe the feet, soap the callous spots and then gently rub with a cake of hand pumice until the callouses are all rubbed away, after which rinse thoroughly so that no soap or pumice remains.

Stains on the fingers can often be removed by gently rubbing with pumice. In fact, a cake of toilet pumice is useful in many emergencies.

To avoid the callouses on the soles of the feet, be careful in selecting shoes. The feet must be aired, and if shoes are worn which have impervious soles then no air can get to the soles of the feet and the skin hardens, in time making a callous. That is why it is bad to wear rubbers except for the brief time in which one is walking in the wet. As soon as one comes under cover, whether in the house, at school, at the movies, at church, the rubbers should at once be slipped off. For the same reason, shoes which are soled in such a way as to be as impervious to air or moistureas rubbers, will produce the same conditions.

Comfortable feet are essential if one is to be happy, rested, pretty. With painful feet, the face shows a tenseness, the nerves are strung to irritation, and both temper and appearance are spoiled, so it behooves us to be careful in picking our shoes.

Answers to Questions

BLACK EYES.—If one cheek flushes while the other is pale, your circulation would seem to be out of order. You need exercises that will equalize the circulation, and should practice them daily. Take plenty of liquid, also, and try to eat nourishing foods—not necessarily fattening foods unless you need fat, but foods that give energy such as steak, broiled; roast beef, mutton, lamb, lamp chops, soup, eggs, soft-boiled or poached, or scrambled if you are careful that they are not allowed to harden. All these foods will give you strength and build up your blood. Milk to drink, cream on cereal and fruit, will do the same thing. Just what to eat depends on your weight. If you are over weight, you should avoid the milk, cream and cereal; if you are thin or none too fat, eat them as well as the meats I recommend and the eggs. A good exercise for you is what we call "sawing wood."

To Equalize the Circulation

Stand erect, knees straight, spine firm, chin slightly raised, chest out. Place the feet eighteen inches apart. Raise the arm high above the head, with elbows rigid and palms together. Now throw them out and down with great force and back between the legs. Breathe in as you raise the arms, breathe out as you throw the arms down. The knees must not be bent, but kept at all times rigid, the body bending only at the waist. Repeat this exercise from ten to twenty times; the lesser number until you have practiced it for a number of days and can increase the amount of exercise without tiring you or making you dizzy. Whenever an exercise makes you dizzy, it is time to stop it.

All arm and breathing exercises will be especially good for you. Remember the amount of fresh air you take into your lungs has a great deal to do with the purity of the blood, and this in turn affects the circulation. The bowels must be kept in good condition not by cathartics but by the foods you eat—stewed prunes, bran muffins, spinach, oranges, baked apples, whole wheat bread, etc., And of course you must give the body the material out of which to make good red blood.

Quince Seed lotion for the hair is made by soaking the seeds in hot water for several hours, then straining. A good recipe is as follows:

Quince Seed Bandoline

Hot water one-half pint; Quince seeds one and one-half drams; Cologne water, one-half ounce; Oil of cloves, six drops; Oil of lavendar, six drops.

After the seeds have been soaked in the hot water, the resulting thick liquid should be strained, and to this the cologne, cloves and lavender oils should be added. As a matter of fact, you can make a little bandoline at a time by using just a few seeds and hot water. It should not be too thick, or the hair will look pasty.

No, I do not think a marcelle once a week, or the use of a curling iron, will injure the hair unduly, provided always that the iron used is not too hot. A careful hair-dresser does not use too hot an iron, but rather goes over and over the wave to make it last. I think that with care in handling the hair, a marcelle once in two weeks would give you enough of a wave to last very nicely. Really the hair is much prettier after two or three days, when the stiff artificial marcelle is loosened, than when just dressed. And if you comb the hair but do not brush it, the wave will last very well. That is what I do. If you intend to have a round wave, and do your own curling, be careful not only about the heat of the iron, always testing it on paper first, but also about using it too frequently.

MISSOURI.—If you are five feet and six inches tall, you should weigh about one hundred and forty-three pounds when you are a few years older. At sixteen, you are entitled to weigh about one hundred and thirty-five. Weight depends somewhat upon the size of one's bones. A small-boned person can weigh more without looking large than a large-boned person. With your dark brown hair, dark gray eyes, and dark complexion, you could wear olive green, wine color, mahogany, a dark reddish purple, a dark pinkish tan. You should also be able to wear seal-brown and navy-blue. The brown could be touched up with trimmings with a little orange or red, the olive-green with yellow or turqoise blue. One way to secure a little variation in color is to use different materials together, as satin to trim broadcloth, or velvet as trimming on woolen dress materials. There is a difference in color through the difference in texture.

L. V.—It is dangerous to meddle with moles, as they sometimes develop into serious growths if they are picked or irritated. Large fleshy moles can sometimes be disposed of by tying a thread tight about their base. After a few days they blacken, wither and fall off. But again let me caution you that meddling with moles sometimes causes more serious troubles.

A. F.—I can't tell you how to remove the brown spots on your cheeks, but if you will regulate your diet, cut out coffee and tea and fried foods, eat sensibly and only at mealtime, drink plenty of water between meals, keep the bowels open so that they move twice a day, I think you may find that the brown spots will disappear of themselves. Practice the exercises given "Black Eyes" in this issue.

GRAY EYES.—There are certainly all kinds of eyes in the world, judging by the pen-names that come to me! Well, about that tan. If you could be with me as I write and see the fashionable young women working harder than they ever worked in their lives before trying to get a wonderful coat of tan, you would be inclined to smile. Here you are bemoaning your tan, and here are others bemoaning their lack of it! They sit out on a raft in the broiling sun an hour at a time, and then rush to a mirror to see what has been accomplished. With tan so fashionable, I shouldn't worry about mine if I were you, but if you still feel you wish to dispose of it, use a bleach, such as I will tell you how to make, and afterward watch your skin with care, wearing a wider-brimmed hat in the sun, and rubbing in a little cold cream always before going outdoors. Wipe off any surplus cream with a bit of cotton, and dust on some powder. Large veins in the hands usually indicate poor circulation, so practice the exercises I have recommended to "Black Eyes." Let your small girl's tanned skin alone. Another summer, see that she has broad-brimmed hats. As she grows older, merely protect her skin with proper headwear, and if it tans, let it! For the baby's hair, the best and only thing is massage. Feed the baby well, of course, so that it has plenty of good blood to nourish hair and make it grow thick; then every day hold it in your lap and gently go over its scalp, massaging it thoroughly. Slip your fingers each side of your child's hair under the hair, then pressing the fingers firmly move the scalp back and forth on the skull and round and round on the skull. Change the position of the fingers and repeat the treatment, and so continue until the whole head has been gone over. What do I look like? Oh, my dear, what an undertaking you have laid out for me! Could you describe yourself? Of course you couldn't! Now, here's that bleach:

Buy some almond meal and a jar of "theatrical face cream." Take one spoonful of the cream and into this mix meal until it is thick and smooth, then thin a trifle with hot water until it is easy to spread. Cut two squares of cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and snip a hole in the center of each for your nose. Dampen both, and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute, and then apply the mask, pressing it down so it touches the face in every part. Over this mask place two hot Turkish towels, folded, one over the upper half of the face to the tip of the nose, and one over the lower half of the face, leaving just the nostrils uncovered. You will need a bowl and pitcher of very hot water at hand, and the towels must be replaced frequently



CONSIDER THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES BEFORE BUYING.

made hot again with the water in the bowl. Squeeze them out quickly and apply, each time. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take such a bleaching treatment twice a week for three weeks.

LASSIE AND LADDIE.—Your hair is dry at the ends, and probably does not receive enough nourishment, hence the split ends. Your method of shampooing is all right, and the time between shampoos is of proper length. But you probably need to build up your entire bodies a little, giving them more nourishment, blood-making food, so that there may be nourishment enough to extend to the tips of the hair. Brush your hair gently each night, clear to the very tips, thus spreading the natural oil the entire length of the hair. It might not be a bad idea to mix one teaspoonful of olive oil and one of castor oil, put just a little in the palm of the left hand, quickly whisk your brush across it, and then brush your hair with that brush. But you should only have a couple of drops in the hand. Massage the scalp to make the hair grow, doing it every night. Keep the scalp well aired.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Adv.



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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

entrance to the court. I could have touched him, but I got into a doorway. His face turned me sick, for I thought he was hanging round suspicious of me, to catch me and get his brother off.

"When he passed I went to Annie Sloane. She gave me a drink, and it made me careless. I saw her pick up a girl who fell in the street; but she had gold-colored hair, and I never looked at her face. A week after I went to Annie Sloane's again, because I was nearly out of my mind with nervousness. I knew the police were looking for me, and I didn't know why. And in Annie Sloane's house I saw Mary James, the maid, whom I had last seen in the cave at Hamilton Place.

"I ran out of the house and through the streets, for from what she said I was certain she knew. I never connected her for one instant with the girl who had been burned.

"I make this confession because I cannot otherwise die in peace. That there are two Lesards I can prove, and not I alone. On the night of Sir Simon Wellford's ball Victor Lesard was seen by Gillian and Jacqueline Hamilton. On that same night I, having taken advantage of my supposed master's absence to go to London, saw Louis Lesard dining at a cafe. I thought it was Victor, and followed him home, because I could not understand it. Even close to him, I could not believe it was not Victor, till I returned to Hamilton Place and found he had never left the neighborhood. It was after that I discovered he habitually used his brother's name.

(Signed) "JOHN BROOKES."

When the long document was finished there was silence as the judge summed up the case. But the jury did not even leave their box.

"Not guilty!" the foreman said promptly, and Lesard's iron composure gave way for the first time.

His lips trembled as he saw Gillian caught in Jacky's arms, as he saw her turn to him with a look that sent the blood to his heart. It seemed hours as he waited through the judge's address; he hardly knew or cared that Mrs. Gibbs would be committed for perjury, as well as for the old story of baby-farming, or that she stood raging that Brookes had cheated the gallows. But at last the prisoners were free to go, "without a stain on their characters."

Lesard looked neither to right nor left as he followed Gillian and Jacky out. His lean dark face was eager, his hawk's eyes misty, as he touched Vivian's arm.

"Where are they to go?" he said, and did not even look at Jacky. It was not here, before a gaping crowd, that he and she should meet.

"Bailey's Hotel," said Sir. Charles calmly. "They can have my rooms. They can't go back to Blake Street."

Wife or no wife to a thief, he would take care of Gillian!

Lesard nodded.

"Best for now," he assented, and was touched to the quick as Vivian gripped him by the hand in silence, for only he knew that if all else failed Gillian and Jacky, Lesard would have lied himself to his death to save them.

But Jacky, standing at last beside Gillian in their own sitting-room at Bailey's Hotel, was nearer despair than ever in her life. Lesard had never spoken to her, had vanished into the street as they drove away with Vivian.

"He can't forgive me," she thought, "and he's right." Yet her heart swelled as she looked at her bandaged hands; surely she had tried to right the wrong her distrust of him had done.

"He's done with me," she said to herself dully; "done with me," and then she turned with a leaping heart.

The door had opened softly. Lesard—tall, dark, splendid—stood in the room. But there was a look on his face Jacky Hamilton had never seen.

With one glance at him, Gillian had slipped from the room. Just so had Victor Lesard looked to her when the world was young, and now he was a millstone about her neck. But no one saw her go—for once Jacky had forgotten her.

"Jacky!"

Lesard stood devouring her with his eyes, but she dared not look at him.

With a little cry she pushed him away as he would have caught her to him.

"You can't forgive me, I did it all," she said with shame, and coldly. "I never was loyal—never!"

For sole answer he lifted her bodily, put her in a chair, took the bandage from one half-healed hand.

"You—not loyal—when you did that—for me!" he whispered, and his eyes had tears in them as he saw the raw scars.

"I was almost too late—and I wrote those letters that nearly ruined you. Oh! if I had killed you what would I have done?

"Lied for me, died with me, as I would have done for you," said Louis Lesard, lightly enough; but he stooped and kissed the hem of her fire-marked gown.

"My wife!" he said softly, as if he prayed.

It was long before either of them remembered Gillian; then Jacky, contrite and ashamed, cried out with self-reproach:

"Oh, poor Gill! And, Louis, Sir Charles! I'm sure he loves her and she's bound till she dies to ——" she could not speak the name.

Lesard gave a queer, short laugh.

"He says he will serve seven years for her, wait forever—but he won't need to! Victor has a wife in Canada. My lawyers stopped me to tell me so—that was what kept me. She has been married to him for five years, and she is coming over, nearly frantic, because she thinks it was he—not I—who was arrested. You knew we were Candiaans, didn't you? Victor went to the devil there, and only followed me to London because Canada was too hot to hold him. The reason I could bring no Canadian witnesses to my identity was that Victor was supposed to have been killed out there. I never spoke of him here because I knew what crimes hung over his head at home. He was my brother. I promised my mother to be patient with him, as, God knows, she was patient! But there'll be little need now. He daren't come back to England!"

Jacky started to her feet.

"Louis, I feel dreadfully about Annie Sloane!" she said. "She nursed me, and I repaid her by—you know what! What can I do for her?"

"Very little—till she forgets!" he thought; but what he said was quite different.

"Does she hate you? Then you shall go tomorrow and try to comfort her. You forget you have all the money you can spend now, Jacky. And some of it can go to Annie Sloane."

"Gill!" she interrupted him. "I forgot her. Oh, I must go and tell her!" Poor Gill, who would be happy to know that the man she had loved had deceived her!

Lesard caught her wrist in an iron clasp.

"You'd better let Vivian tell her," he said, with a queer laugh. "Would you have liked any one to come between you and me today?"

THE END.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

any of them were Cousins or not, I do not know. So if any of you cousins were bothered with three men, in a big green Chevrolet car you'll know we were it. Also, if any of you say the above described car with the words "PENN-STATE TO MIAMI FLORIDA," painted on the back of it, with the motto, "FLORIDA OR BUST," added to it—IT WAS US. By "us" I mean that the party was composed of my pal I mentioned in my other letter, my brother and myself.

While my brother is thinking seriously of "backtracking" for home, I am planning on going farther. I've been in this place long enough to suit me. Me for back where the trees grow, and where one sees grass growing. Down here all you see is sand, palmettos, etc., on the ground and pine and palm trees (where there are any trees at all). The ONE place I like in Miami is the Ocean Beach. And believe me, I surely spend a lot of time there (when I'm not working.)

And now for a little discussion: Ruth's letter needs some criticism, or I'm mistaken. And you all (Southerners say "yo' all") know my way—plain blunt criticism. Here goes: I am rather surprised to know that you "like" me, Perhaos it is as it is with me. I like you for your plain speech. I will never agree with you though—that a real He-MAN will use cosmetics. Perhaps if you'd see me now, you'd declare my appearance could be bettered by the use of some powder (for I look something like a Mexican). These tropical places are surely hard on a fellow's complexion Or that is—as far as a fair skin is concerned. For I'm tanned and sunburned till my own mother would have to look twice to recognize me. But what's the use hiding it with powder? I'm not ashamed of it. Rather I'm proud of it—it shows that I love the out-of-doors, and am not ashamed of its effects.

I'm sorry old top but I'm thinking you'd have a bigger task on your hands than you ever had before, if you'd try to teach me to like the girls. Because I'd refuse to be taught. I need no teacher. What I learn, I learn by experience; thus have no one to thank. And it'd make a lot of difference in the girl's personal appearance, whether I'd take the trouble to like her or just know her. For first appearance generally tells me pretty near what they are. Human faces are like an open book for me, no matter how much they're disguised with cosmetics.

And to come direct to the point, the fact that you have your hair bobbed, lowers you in my esteem somewhat. Yes—it's a fact. I DO NOT like bobbed hair Fact is, it shows to a certain extent that at least the girl is too much guided by fashion, instead of BRAINS. I do not mean to infer by this, that you haven't any brains. Oh no, that wouldn't be a just accusation, for you have displayed by your writing that you are equipped with a good brain. But it certainly played you false when you had your hair bobbed. A woman's hair is her "crowning glory" if she has such a glory. What a fool a woman or girl is who has nice hair, to cut it off just to please fashion—a false god.

Just add the knickerbockers, and a few other things of fashion's latest craze, and you have the typical girl of 1925. But I notice with relief that the skirts are almost full-grown this year in length—if not in breadth, Although a few of them persist in holding to the old style—I mean last year's style. And fashion has decreed that women wear long hair this year, so let's see you girls hustle a growth of two feet of hair. See if you can do it as quick as you got your locks cut short.

I pity Jack if he allows ANY woman to conquer him in five minutes, whether in a dark corner or a light one. And I pity the woman that tries it on me. I positively will not tolorate a flirt.

Well I guess I'd better "fade"; I've scolded quite a bit, and you girls are looking rather peeved, so I'll close. But not for good. Look for a letter at the end of my next lap. I'm only 1,000 miles from home yet.

Ever the same, AUGUSTUS H. TRICK.

P. S. I don't know where I'll be when this is published. Perhaps buried—with powder.

Well, old timer, here you are, emerging from your cloud of powder and pillar of puffs like an avenging six-cylindered archangel. I'm sure we are all (even Cousin Ruth!) glad to hear from you again and have news of the first lap of your "see the U. S." journey.

Gus, you sign yourself "ever the same", and the same you are, it is easy to see. Still a doughty champion ready to tilt against shams, false gods, and the inhumanities that keep us unhappy, separate and less than ourselves. You have a real gift, old boy, if you have the insight, the intuition, that can make faces "like an open book" to you. For the world turns out masqueraders of both sexes and in many disguises—of which cosmetics are often the least. As for these countenances being "an open book," Gus; have you noticed that some of 'em are like a pocketbook, but not an open one!

You tell Ruth that she has more brains than hair, Augustus; and I can fancy her reading this, giving her bobbed locks a valiant toss and seizing her ready fountain pen. Better step on the gas, Gus, and keep south of Minnesota. Your red curls may not always prove a charm to keep you from disaster and feminine wrath. Remember the girls are keeping their powder dry and you had best let sleeping puffs lie.

PILOT ROCK, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

As I did not see my first letter in print, I am trying my luck again. I've been a constant reader of dear old COMFORT for several years and think it is the best magazine I take. Well, I guess I'm the first one to write from this county. I live out here in this wild west, as some may call it, but I like it fine. We live on a large ranch just eight miles below the Blue Mountains We also have a large mountain ranch where we turn our cattle during the summer months. Our mountain ranch is covered mostly with timber.

So many of the cousins describe themselves, so here goes; I am seventeen years old, have brown hair and eyes, and weigh 120 pounds. Well, Uncle I'm sending you a picture of myself standing up on my own horse. So you see I love to ride horseback and ride after cattle. I would like to get letters from some of the boys and girls living in the Wyoming and Montana cattle country on ranches, and I will answer all letters received from these and any other cousins. I wish some of the cousins were here as I write, to eat cherries with me as they are ripe now. As it is almost time for the stage driver to be along, I will close now—and write more next time.

Sincerely your niece, AURA M. J. CABLE.

Aura, you'll never have to pay four bits to see the "Greatest Show in the World" when you are such a bareback artist yourself. I viewed with charm and astonishment that picture you sent, showing that you can horse-trot as well as fox-trot. Billy put the photo in a prominent place in the Wild West Division of his famous Album— which, by the way, now consists of twenty-seven volumes and an appendix.

When I read letters like yours, Aura, I breathe a little deeper of the gas and grease ozone that floats in through my window. I close my eyes and try to see the waving tops of fir trees and not the waving tips of some fur piece. And I say to myself: "Here is America; this is her voice. This is our great country where broad, sun and wind inhabited acres still spread below the Blue Mountains." None of the city's festering sores is under the shadow of Pilot Rock.

I'm sorry you had to cut your letter short to keep your date with that handsome young stage driver, Aura. You might have told us more about the life that is lived on your summer and winter ranches. Perhaps you have to carry a snow shovel at your saddle bow when you "ride after cattle" in January, up on the white slopes of the Blue Mountains.

DANVILLE, 184 SOUTH MAIN ST., VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Will you permit a tar-heel to enter your circle? Although this is a tar-heel writing at present from Virginia. I dearly love old COMFORT and especially our page. Let everyone meditate for a moment over the splendid rules printed on our enrollment cards. These cover all the ground that the word "comfort" can imply. If each and every individual should conform to these simple rules, what a better place this old world would be in which to live.

Let me say a word in regard to the letters which we write; let us put our best efforts into these letters and strive to make them more and more interesting and beneficial. Uncle Lisha, in his monthly talks, puts forth real efforts and imparts to us some of his store of wealth of wisdom. These talks are practical and helpful. We must remember how many thousands of readers scan COMFORT. Some of our letters may make an impression on someone's mind which impression will last for good or evil. God forbid that it ever be the latter!

You are probably wondering who is talking in this manner. I can only say that I am a lad of twenty golden summers. Have been graduated from high school and at present I am taking a secretarial course. I was reared in the hills of old North Carolina, the best state in the Union. Don't get angry because I said that, for it's natural for every native to say his state is the best. I taught school this past winter and endeavored to train the dear children for better citizenship. I strive to be honest and frank in all walks of life and my personal motto is: U. O. 2 B. 2. Can you read it? As to looks, that is of no great importance as it is not what a man looks like, but what he is that counts. I might say that most people look up to me. Oh, I heard some say: "Some important fellow!" No; Nature has blessed me with more than six feet of stature, and naturally folks must look up to me if they see me!

You may judge from my letter that I am a serious fellow, but I am only a boy grown to the size of a man. I hope I'll always be a boy. I enjoy fun to a certain extent, but I believe that some of our people are not serious enough. Soon we all have to pass the last milepost and we will come to sum up our life's work—and the sum total will be "regret." We may find that we have not been a comfort to others and have been entirely selfish. As we go through the garden of life let us pluck the lilies of purity and leave the red rose of lust behind—for soon the leaves will be shed and nothing but the stain left.

With best wishes to all, I'll say "au revoir."

Your nephew and cousin,
U. B. COBLE—or "ole Ben"

You talk, Ben, with a lot of wisdom early harvested in those "twenty golden summers" you tell us about. Your first score is a good one in the game! To be honest and frank, that is to be truthful and sincere, is no easy end, much though it may be desired. Yet sincerity is perhaps found oftener in youth than in any other period along life's road. There is some of the rarest and sweetest of sincereity to be found on the lips and in the heart of a fine-souled boy of fifteen or sixteen. I have seen this, perhaps, three or four times in my life and it has been a remembered thing. It is rare and it deserves worship and praise. I am not ashamed to say that when I have stood before it I have metaphorically taken off the shoes of my soul—feeling that I was in a holy place. It is hard to see this fine thing, this beauty of frankness vanish. The delicate and perfect bloom is often soon gone in the soil and crowded handlings of life's passings. The fine light, the eager answer of truth to truth, of generosity to generosity, of love to love, can fade from eyes that, in the end, become only shadowed hollows that curtain what the years bring of untruth, dissimulation, and lost illusions.

I believe, harder than I believe many things, that youth deserves and needs more careful soul-handling than it receives in current treatment at home and in school and university. We could make a finer world by a little finer and more understanding handling of those who are to come after us. Our colleges, for instance, standardize youth to a spoiling of himself and his time. The teachings of these institutions, their trending and molding, is of a past generation—and the best of youth is always a dream ahead! Why must we put them back? There results too often a stultifying that injures. And the same injury works often at home. There is curb and criticism, not love and direction. There is the desire to hold and restrain, rather than the sympathy and understanding that builds and releases. Growing things seek sun, and young hearts need love. It is literally their water of life. When it is not given or found, there is a faulty growth.

Well, Ben, you started me going on a subject I could say a lot about. I've said enough to show you that I'm "serious," too! Ben, be a boy just as long as you can, with all of a boy's honesty and frankness to which you are able to hold. It will lengthen well out your "twenty golden summers" and give you golden days.

WILBURTON, BOX 327, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Now I shall try my luck as a member of the League of Cousins—the Happiest Family in the World! Oh, Uncle, I was so proud of my button and certificate which made me a member of the happy bunch.

It is so hot today. These hot days are against the fleshy cousins aren't they, uncle? I'll wager you are fleshy, too, Uncle. Are you?

Well, I hail from the Indian Territory, as it was known before statehood—the home of the five civilized tribes—I being a member of the Cherokee Tribe! No, I don't look like an Indian, although my mother does. I am a mixed breed: Cherokee, English, Dutch and Irish. These are all I can think of just now.

I guess you are all wondering what kind of a looking person I am to be of so many nationalities. Well, I'm just a farmer's daughter and a large-sized brunette with dark brown eyes and hair (just bobbed). I'm five feet, seven inches short, and I weigh, ah-er-well, you can just guess at this and it will have to do you.

O—O—it's kinder cool again now, and the wind is blowing so I can hardly write.

My goodness, girls what are we going to do with such naughty boys? We girls have *so many* faults while the boys are *just perfect*. If they would just look around them a little they could find enough faults of their own without letting us girls down so hard—we poor brainless little idiots. Is it nice for the boys to drink? Is it good for them to chew, smoke and use this filthy snuff? Several boys have said to me: "You use too much powder," or "you have too much powder on your face." Oh, but I get back on them! They have as many or more faults than we. They are just *small* boys, so I don't pay any attention to them. Most of them haven't any sisters—they just haven't any nice sisters to contend with and to slap their jaws and teach them some sense. But, oh my! they just sure like these butterfly type girls all the same!

Uncle, why don't you tell us exactly how you look, or put one of your pictures in COMFORT so that we can tell what kind of a looking person we call uncle?

Yes, I got it in for you, Uncle, 'cause you don't like brunettes. If you don't print this I'll know it's because I'm a brunette. I'll answer all who send stamps if it takes three years. But I don't think so many as that will write to me. Now I must stop this chattering.

Your cousin and niece, OZELLA PITCOCK.

No, Ozella, I am *not* fat. Where did you get this plump idea concerning the lines upon which my noble figure is formed? The fact is that I am built somewhat like a good stout lath, or maybe like a two by four when you look at it from the narrow side. I am as lithe and graceful as an Oklahoma sunflower swaying in a June breeze. I can tie my shoes without puffing and run up five flights of stairs two at a time—and still have breath left to say "Good morning." I declare again that I am not fat, Ozella, and I am hurt by your suspicion. You should not risk any bets on my weight. Who could love a *Fat Uncle?* Yet as for bets, I'll just make you one, Zellie! I'll wager a quart of ice cream that you weigh more than I do! Now, come on! Confess and send me your weight—certified to by the Fairbanks Scales Company. I'll agree to let you get weighed before dinner and you need not give me a speck or spoonful of the ice cream if you win!

I'm glad you get some of that powder back on the boys who criticize you, Ozella. I saw a young chap the other night whose left shoulder was quite liberally whitened and I fancy some girl had been getting back at him some in this talcum game. You can't teach a boy anything by slapping him, Zella, no matter how hard you swat or how many times you land on the point of his jaw. They can take a lot of this punishment and still come up as smiling and conceited as ever. Look at Cousin Gus Trick saying the same old things in his letter this month. A boy convinced against his will is sure that he is dead right still.

No, Ozella, I am *not* fat. And I like *some* brunettes!

ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my second letter. Billy must have chewed up the first one. However, my motto is to try until you succeed, so here I am again.

First, I will try and describe myself: I am five feet, eleven inches in height, weigh 183 pounds, have steel gray eyes and brown hair. I am seventeen years old and good-natured when I'm not mad. So this is a pretty good description of myself at the present time.

I live one and a half miles from Elkins on a farm of 70 acres. The animals on our little burg consist of two horses, two cows, three hogs, some chickens, one yaller purp, and the old cat and three kittens under barn—which is quite an outfit, don't you think, Uncle Lisha?

I am going to start to High school this fall, which is at Elkins, a fine walk.

We have just finished stacking our oats and wheat and are expecting the threshing machine here in a day or two. Say, Uncle, did you or Billy ever thresh any? It sure is a hot job.

Uncle Lisha, I am very much interested in the letter that one of the cousins wrote from a place called Loveland—which place I intend entering some time in the near future. So, Uncle, you just tell that cousin I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Summer Diseases of Babies

DURING the last two talks we have used as our subject, summer diseases of babies, and this month we shall discuss cholera infantum, and while this is more often seen during hot weather, it may occur at any time of year.

Cholera infantum, or as it is often called, "Summer complaint," is an acute catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, the mucous membrane being irritated or inflamed, together with irritation of the sympathetic nervous system occurring with first teething. It is characterized by severe colicky pains, vomiting, diarrhea, and may be accompanied by fever with great prostration, occurring in babies who are teething but who have been previously healthy.

The symptoms are a simple diarrhea, followed by great muscular weakness, some nausea, spasms of griping pain in bowels, great depression, seems hard for baby to breathe, coldness or dampness of the whole or part of the body, cold, pale lips and tongue, great thirst, weak cry, and sunken pinched look to the face.

Cholera infantum is often mistaken for some of the other intestinal troubles of babies and it is important that you know at once what the illness is, for within a few hours you have a seriously ill baby with rapid wasting of its strength and flesh. The most important point to remember is the sudden and severe line of symptoms, that you will notice at once, the great weakness, prostration that comes on in a few hours. The movements from the bowels soon get watery, soaking the diapers or clothing and leaving a green stain, and you may get from ten to twenty movements per day.

The causes of this disease are teething or extreme heat which continues for several days at a time. July and August are the months that give us the most of these cases but it may occur at any time of the year.

The reasons for this are extreme heat, water supply at its lowest point as a rule, and containing more decayed vegetable matter.

Teething is a powerful predisposing cause of cholera infantum and you rarely see a baby ill with it before teething, or after the teeth get through.

Improper diet is another common cause, including sudden weaning or change in food, accidental or careless use of unwholesome food or milk, or unripe fruit or blueberries. Do not allow a baby to eat uncooked blueberries or blackberries until the child has its teeth and can chew them thoroughly and then they are not an ideal food. Unhealthy surroundings, dampness, decayed vegetable matter, poor water, water that has been contaminated by the soakings from cess-pools or sewers.

There are a few things that parents should bear in mind as preventives of cholera infantum; be sure your water supply is good and pure and not contaminated from privies, stable or henyard; do not allow vegetables to decay, or sewers or drain pipes to clog up, see that baby sleeps in well-ventilated room.

In a great many cases it is easy to find the causes of the disease, causes that are due to recklessness and carelessness and can be remedied.

There are parents who would cheerfully give their lives for the protection of their baby, but who through thoughtlessness will expose it to the serious dangers of improper food or water or allow it to breathe the foul air from an obstructed sewer-pipe or cess-pool.

The question most frequently asked is: How can I tell that my baby has cholera infantum and not some of the many intestinal troubles with disturbed stomach that cause frequent bowel movements?

The points of difference are as follows: the season of the year, baby teething, the frequent severe vomiting, the sudden early weakness, the very rapid pulse, with or without fever, cool or cold surface of body, pinched anxious expression, sighing or irregular breathing, with great thirst and great prostration.

In a few words, a child ill with cholera infantum is suddenly, seriously ill with a line of symptoms that are characteristic of this disease alone, and while other bowel troubles may appear somewhat like it they are never attended with the sudden weakness which is almost a collapse, cold clammy skin, pinched look of baby as if it had been sick for months.

Preventive measures are very important in all diseases but in none more so than in cholera infantum; clean up your homes, inside and out before warm weather comes; clean out your cellars; see that the water you use is clear and pure and that there is no chance for it to become infected by its surroundings.

If you use well water, see that the well is cleaned out often enough to keep it clean. See that there is no chance for privy or stable to drain into it.

In some soils a stable or henyard will infect a well at an unbelieveable distance if the well is located on lower ground than the stable.

This is brought about by the soaking into the ground and then getting into one of the many streams that supply the well.

In regard to treatment, send for a physician at once and until he arrives put the baby at rest and use measures to relieve pain and support its strength; you may use mustard or spice poultices or turpentine stupes on bowels. Cool sponge bathing with alcohol and water is very good; also put cold cloths or ice cap to the head if it is very hot. Stop all food and give barley water, albumen water and fresh beef juice.

Five to ten drops of brandy with food or by rectum or hypodermicly if baby seems very weak.

Peptonized milk is very good food in this disease.

If baby is very thirsty give it small pieces of ice in a gauze well wrapped up and let baby suck it.

Subject for next month is *Diptheria*.

Questions and Answers

CURDLED MILK.—Can you tell me what to do for my three-months-old nursing baby as there are lumps of curdled milk in every movement from the bowels and this has been so ever since she was born?

Mrs. J. M. K., Randleman, N. C.

A.—Evidently your milk does not agree with baby. Should wean her and put her on modified milk.

LENGTH OF PREGNANCY.—How many days is a baby carried after the beginning of pregnancy?

Mrs. A. M. D., Dakota.

A.—280 days from the last day of last menstruation.

DATE OF DELIVERY, AUTO RIDING—LIME WATER.—When should I expect my baby? Last day of last menstruation was May 13th.

Would it hurt me to ride 284 miles during the latter part of August?

Would a tablespoonful of lime-water before breakfast hurt me? Mrs. R. R. A., N. Dak.

A.—(a) Feb. 17th (b) No, if you have a careful driver. (c) No, absolutely not.

VOMITING OF PREGNANCY, DATE OF DELIVERY.—What can I do for vomiting of pregnancy and the headaches that follow?

When should I expect baby? Last day of last menstruation was March 24th.

Mrs. C. N. M., Duscall, Tex.

A.—Keep bowels regular, also be sure that kidneys are performing their function, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise; eat simple foods, liquid diet if vomiting often. (b) Baby should arrive Dec. 29th.

WORK DURING PREGNANCY, DATE OF DELIVERY.—Will it harm me to work in a factory during pregnancy?

Last day of last menstruation was May 10th. When should baby arrive? Mrs. C. F., Benton, W. Va.

A.—No, not during the early months if the work is not too hard. (b) Feb. 14th.

DATE OF DELIVERY, TIRED FEELING.—When should baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was April 11th.

What can I do for myself as I am tired all the time?

Mrs. W. F. G., Defiance, Ohio.

A.—(a) Jan. 16th. (b) Get your druggist to put you up a bottle of Elix Iron, quinine and strychnine. Take a teaspoonful dose after each meal.

CHRONIC DIARRHEA.—My three-year-old boy has chronic diarrhea, not ill, but bowels move five or six times a day. He does not walk or use hands as he should on account of a slight paralysis following whooping cough. Please suggest diet for him.

Mrs. A. V. C., Knippa, Texas.

A.—Get your druggist to put up the following: Two ounces each of Liquid Bismuth and Elix Lactated Pepsin and give baby a teaspoonful dose three times a day; lessen dose as bowels respond to the treatment.

Give baby a quart of milk a day with tablespoonful of lime-water with each four ounces. He may also have toasted stale wheat bread, custards, coddled eggs, baked potato, cooked cereals, oatmeal, cream of wheat.

Should rub the arms and legs thoroughly each day with cocoa-butter; do not hurry him about walking or using arms.

CÆSAREAN SECTION OR LAPARO-HYSTEROTOMY.—Will you please tell me what the cæsarean operation is? Mrs. E. E. H., Wilsall, Mont.

A.—An operation which consists in cutting through the walls of the abdomen and the uterus and extracting the child, and while it is a major operation, the results are very satisfactory if done by a skilled surgeon.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.—I am an expectant mother and am very nervous; also have lots of indigestion, pains in stomach and back.

Mrs. R. F., Frankfort, Ind.

Get your druggist to give you some tablets containing one grain each of Valerianate of Iron, quinine and zinc and take one every three hours. Keep bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia and after each meal take two teaspoonfuls of Elix Lactated Pepsin.

DIARRHEA.—Is it harmful for my bowels to move three and four times a day during pregnancy? Normally I am constipated. When should baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was Jan. 28th?

Mrs. W. W., Nealsville, N. C.

A.—Yes it weakens you if you have this number of movements, especially if the movements are watery. Take five-grain doses of Bismuth Subnitrate three or four times a day. (b) Baby should arrive on or about Nov. 4th.

BRONCHITIS.—Can you tell me what to do for my four-year-old boy who catches cold easily and is inclined to be croupy? He wheezes at night when he breathes. Mrs. J. T. L., Oakland, Calif.

A.—If your baby has large tonsils or adenoids have them removed, build up his general health with good nourishing food, also teaspoonful doses of Pepto-Mangan. After meals three times a day give him one-half teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid, (Gardner's) and I think you can clear up this bronchial condition.

SWOLLEN FEET.—I am an expectant mother. What causes my feet to swell, also blue spots on legs? When will baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was Jan. 15th. Mrs. C. A. C., Elwood, N. Dak.

A.—The swollen feet appear to indicate that the kidneys were not performing their function; for this put teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar in pint of water, to which add a cut lemon, sweeten a little and try and drink every day.

Get some flannel, cut on a bias, four inches wide and make some bandages twenty feet long (sewing ends together), and bandage swollen legs from the toes up to and above the blue spots, as these are varicose veins and the bandaging will relieve. (b) Baby should arrive Oct. 22nd.

CONVULSIONS.—When my last baby was born I had convulsions for twelve hours, but did not have any before baby was born. What was the cause? What can I do to prevent this occurring again as I am now pregnant? Last day of last menstruation was June 3rd. When should baby arrive?

Mrs. F. B. B., Lake View, N. C.

A.—The most common cause of convulsions is that the kidneys failing in their function, urea begins to accumulate in the blood and poisons the nerve centers and unless this condition is relieved causes uræmic convulsions. Aside from this the causes are, violent emotional disturbance, anæmia, reflex irritation due to indigestible food and fecal accumulations.

Have urine examined for albumen, be careful about condition of the bowels and there is not much danger of you having convulsions with the coming baby. (b) Your baby should arrive March 10th.

DATE OF DELIVERY, MARKING CHILD.—Can you tell me when to expect baby? Last day of last menstruation was April 14th. (b) Can a baby be marked during the first month or two, or can it at all?

Mrs. G. B., Vernon, Texas.

A.—(a) Jan 19th. (b) No, I do not believe a baby can be marked.

POOR CIRCULATION.—My right arm goes to sleep and if I hold a small article in my hand it gets numb. Please tell me cause and cure. (b) What do you think of dilators for constipation and piles?

Mrs. D, A. L., Ark.

A.—This numbness is caused by poor circulation and you can get relief by the following:

Put two teaspoonfuls of Epsom Salts in pitcher of hot water and hold the hand and arm in this with water as hot as you can bear it, do this for half an hour, adding hot water from time to time.

Get your druggist to put you up some tablets containing the following: Iron Reduced, one grain; Acid Arsenous one-fiftieth grain; Strychnine, one-sixtieth grain. Take one of these tablets after meals and at bedtime.

Would not advise dilators for constipation or piles; for constipation use Cascara Sagrada; for piles use Iodex suppositories.

WHOOPING COUGH.—What can I do to relieve the spells of coughing in my two babies, aged two and one-half years, and eight months, who have whooping caough?

Mrs. I. P., Cordova Ala.

A.—Cresoline in the form of vapor has a wonderful effect in whooping cough and you can get a Vapo-cresoline lamp and burn it in the bedroom while babies are sleeping. Tincture of Belladonna in two to five drops dose every three or four hours has a splendid effect on the spasms of coughing, but could not advise your giving this unless a physician or nurse was in attendance to watch the pupils of the eyes to note the effect of the medicine.

UNDERWEIGHT.—My three boys, aged 2, 4, and 8, weigh, 37, 35 and 27 pounds and do not gain in weight. What is the matter with them, and how can I make them gain in weight?

Mrs. M. B., Provident City, Texas.

A.—Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and do not allow them to play too hard or too long at a time. Underweight may be a family characteristic.

SMALL NIPPLES, DATE OF DELIVERY.—What can I do to enlarge my nipples, as they are very small?

The last day of last menstruation was April 9th. When should baby arrive?

Mrs. A. H. Olmstead, Ky.

A.—After baby arrives, hold over the nipples a glass bottle that is heated by hot water, then quickly pound out and applied, this will draw out nipple.

(b).—Baby should arrive on or about February 8th.

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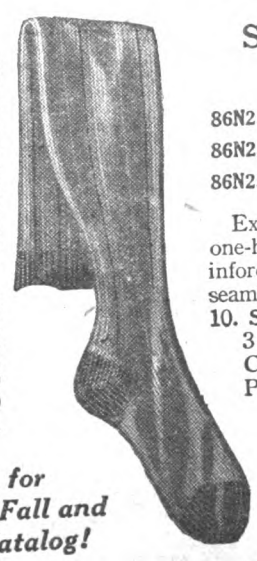
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A TOUCH OF ROMANY

By Felix J. Coch

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WHETHER it was the lazy langour of the early spring morning, or whether, perhaps, it was the result of having stayed up until—well, unknowable hours the night before,—the ideas would not shape themselves to the pen.

Dorothy took up a sheet of the thin, white paper, —wrote a heading, placed her pseudonym beneath; started a sentence,—managed to get half way through; then, crumpled the sheet in her stout little hand, and threw it aside. It would not do!

"What in the world the people do who have to live by their pens I'd like to know!" she mused looking wearily, and half-angrily out the window.



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"That plot's just as plain to me—I see those situations just as clearly—and yet I simply *cannot* put things down in such a shape that they'll get by!"

Down in her heart of hearts the girl knew the exact truths, of course; she was tired; suffering from a plain case of brain-fag.

Dropping her pen, and pushing the paper back to the rear of the desk, she leaned into the cushions of the armchair. Her eyes wandered between the drawn curtains, fluttering lazily at the window, and out into the mass of budding foliage, to the avenue. There, just now, the spring sun danced on the wet highway, where snows had been just lately melting; a scissor-grinder called his trade, a nurse was trundling a little one; all the world seemed to be calling to come out-of-doors and play!

Accentuating this challenge to the *wanderlust* the more, just beneath the open window, on their own walk, Bridget was humming "Little Rover", as she plied her broom at the regular Saturday morning "outside-work."

Things at Roosa's moved as *per* time-table in the matter of day's work always. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, each had their set tasks, each of which took about just *so* long, and so began and ended at about a given period. So you might have rested assured that, weather permitting, every Saturday morning, at about half past nine, you might have seen Bridget, with her pail, out on the walk, plying the broom, or the brush, on the outside work. With quite as much accuracy might you have foretold that every Saturday morning, up in her boudoir, Miss Roosa indulged in her favorite avocation,—writing, let us hope *for print*.

The spring breeze,—the rhythmic swish of the broom below; perhaps it was the theme of Bridget's song, sung in a voice that was not wholly unmelodious,—had their effect on the tired brain of the pseudo-literateur, and the girl began to find the thought-train flowing the more easily.

She turned at the desk,—seized the big pen, and then—well, just then occurred the incident without which, it is safe to say there would not have been born the present story!

First, from far out of distance there came a strange jingling of bells, like distant sleigh-bells on a frosty morning.

Next,—and then accompanying this, as it continued drawing ever nearer and nearer, there came the calls of children, their laughter, their shouts; all the hubbub of a miniature mob almost, of girls and of boys, evidently following a mysterious something.

Looking up, Dorothy saw the something coming toward her from the lowermost end of the street, and then out of a quiet cross avenue. In that direction there was only Brown's house; then came a broad vacant lot; then one had the Roosa's.

Whatsoever this unknowable something might be, it had stopped at Brown's; but, finding windows barred, and *for rent* signs about, it was now moving on.

The girl rose from her chair to study the mysterious comer, when Bridget knowing but too well the shortest cut to her young mistress's favor, burst into this sanctum of sanctums, to which no intrusion was to be made, on any count, except on cleaning days,—unheeding.

"Quick, Miss Dorothy! Where is your camera?"

"There's coming just the kind of picture you been wantin' so long, an' as you been a tellin' me to keep an eye for!"

Even as she spoke, Bridget had the girl's hat from the closet-shelf near, and was bringing the little camera from a dresser-drawer, where the girl kept it handy for just such occasions as these. Pictures of such sorts helped tremendously both to sell the things she wrote, in the first place, and, in the second, to swell the checks which were then paid!



A GYPSY CHIEF.

Dorothy in turn, stopped not on the going.

With a touch to her hair, and a touch to her cheeks, she seized the waiting camera and followed the maid to the porch, and then down the walk to where the gypsy-caravan was already halting.

The wagon in which this particular tribe was traveling was a model of its sort, she marked immediately. It was one of the newest styles of the homes upon wheels built for the richer tribes of gypsies who do not care for the home-on-the-motor-truck employed elsewhere now, that infest the suburbs of our cities in the spring.

At far front, a dusky driver had a seat; this set well back, with a pane of glass placed just before, to protect him from warm spring showers. Next to this driver's seat, in a recess, there was a place for the stove; this serving to heat the entire wagon through the chilly evenings, as well as for cooking when the rains poured outside.

Just behind this sector of the wagon, and reached by a sliding door that folded off, very neatly, into a niche in the wall, there was an improvised china-cupboard, scullery, linen-closet and fruit-cellar; shelf on shelf, crammed with just everything a gypsy heart might desire. The doors to this were open now,—evidently carelessness after belated breakfast here,—and the contents stood revealed to whosoever would gaze!

So much, then, for what one might have seen at first glance.

Even as Dorothy's well-trained eye marked each of the details, the wagon lumbered slowly on. Then a rear view of the van presented.

Berths to hold two persons each, and then set two high, were exposed at the rear here. Access to these was given by a winding stair, a miniature, almost, of those to the backs of the trams of London. At the edge of one berth, a bench these lower ones formed by day; the upper folding against the sides of the wagon; a gypsy woman sat, mending a shirt. Two little children were just across from her.

Behind,—perhaps in order to enjoy the great out-doors the more, —there was a gypsy boy of fourteen years of age or so; a girl, perhaps a year his junior; and then a big, black dog, who trudged along bravely in the highway.

Dorothy rushed off toward the caravan.

"Stop! Stay a minute! I want to get your pictures!" she called at them, eagerly.

The gypsy driver reined his team. Evidently, in the course of their peregrinations, he had fallen afoul of a very great many such enthusiastic picture-seekers.

The gypsy woman too, had heard; she was leaning out of the window at wagon-side to see just what would happen. Meanwhile the children and the dog drew close.

"Silver! You must give us silver, if you want our pictures!" the woman called now to her, covering the face with an arm, against a shrewd snap-shot, before Dorothy had half-ways aimed. The children slipped into the van and hid, the driver turned his back upon her.

Meanwhile, the neighborhood boys and girls, the other children from nearby avenues who'd been following the van, laughed, and scattered themselves in the roadside grass to see what the outcome might be.

Dorothy knew but too well the value of such pictures as promised, in work of her sort, to stop at so slight a matter as "silver." Already the splendid types of genuine Romany had gone squarely to heart with her! She knew what their pictures would mean to the editors to whom shown!

She turned to Bridget, watching also.

"'Got any money with you?" she asked.

Bridget fumbled the big leather pocketbook, kept filled for hucksters, cash-grocers' boys and the like.

"I've only got a silver dollar in change, Miss Dorothy!" she replied.



IN ROUMANIA—GYPSY FAMILY IN FRONT OF MUD HOME WATCHING FOR TOURISTS.

"That ought to do. Lend it to me."

Then Dorothy proceeded to bargain:

"Now, if you folks'll drive the wagon just a little more into the sun there and gather around it, and pose for me in a group, and then as I place you, —singly or in couples,—I'll give you this dollar."

The gypsy-woman, shrewder than her spouse, haggled a moment.

The girl, however, would not be blackmailed.

"No," she fibbed exquisitely, "It's not worth more than that to me. Gypsies come through here ever so often and if you folks won't pose for that, I'll wait till the next tribe comes. I guess I can do without, as well as you can."

With that she turned, and stepped off, toward the houses.

The gypsy woman was disconcerted. Her husband growled an unknown something, and a gypsy boy called out:

"*Now* Ma!"

Evidently dollars aren't picked up as easily as that, the long trails over, with Romany the days through.

"Come back, Miss! We'll do it for the dollar!" the woman called at last.

Suiting action to his wife's word, the man drove the wagon into the most golden patch of sunshine visible; struck the attitude the girl requested, and the button was snapped.

Meanwhile the gypsy woman, came from the wagon for the group-picture to follow, stood in the path beneath the trees here, staring at the girl in a curious way; seeing, of course, but rather as does one whose thoughts are otherwheres!

Suddenly, waving the inquisitive neighbor-children out of hearing with a gesture that left no misunderstanding, she turned toward her caller, and said:

"You—are—Miss—Dorothy—Black?

"Your—father,—he—was—the—man what open the big coal-mines in Kentucky?

"Your father, he die by fall down shaft in coal-mine!

"You only child.

"You no cousins in this part country. You no aunts.

"You got lots friends. You much liked!"

The woman drew closer still, as one who would impart a tremendous secret.

Then she put a big, brown hand upon the girl's fair white one; smiled, as one would to show the kindest feelings to the *visavis*, and said:

"Remember what tells you now old woman from Romany:

" 'Friends don't stay always friends!' "

Bridget had slipped away for some cookies for the gypsy children; she was back and distributed these.

Her mistress stood silent, looking, quizzically puzzled, at the gypsy woman.

Hard matter-of-fact, prosaic, and unromantic though the Anglo-Saxon likes to presume himself to be, the lure of the occult persists,—an inherited trace it is, perhaps,—in the veins and will out, given just half-ways the chance!

Romany,—the gypsies,—the chance to peer off to the future—it gripped her, it grips you, it grips me, howsoever much we may deny.

The gypsy woman, knowing her shaft to have struck home—as such shafts from her, she knew well, invariably did—stepped a bit closer still.

Quietly she turned the palm of the girl upon her own hand. Then she bent over, and scanned the white flesh closely. She took the dollar the girl had given her; crossed the palm, looked off to space, and in a low, far-away, almost musical tone of voice went on anew:

"Me see a parting of the ways.

"Me see that there is sickness by you."

The girl's mother was bed-bound; a lingering disease.

"Me see you often in big trouble, wondering who to turn to—to help you—to give good advice!

"Me see you worry over future.

"Everybody must someday say good-by for always to the dear ones.

"You no lose the dear one for long time yet—but, someday—she is like us all."

Manifestly the gypsy had studied hard to improve her English—such English as she must employ in telling fortunes where-so-e'er.

Subconsciously, Dorothy was wondering where woman had read such lines, or who it might be that had taught her.

Consciously, she could not help but finding herself marvelling!

Frankly, this reading of her mind—this stating conditions in which the girl was bound at this time—was small short of miraculous!

The theme of the lonely future was the one which played in Dorothy's mind more, perhaps, than any one other!

When Mother went across the Big Divide and she was all alone, well-to-do though, she might be, what then?

Accustomed to such seances as this, the gypsy man and his oldest boy were keeping the neighbor children away.

The gypsy woman pressed down the thumb of the girl a very little; then straightened two fingers.

"You got—" she paused a moment, "many friends.

"Three of these want to marry you.

"The one,—I see a needle—I see cloth——"

She must have meant Rendigs, the tailor.

"He nice feller, but—he too loose with his money! He not save; he cannot for himself now;—he wants rich wife.

"You take care!

"Next man—you, he—good friends now.

"But never last for life as friends.

"He older in his ways than you now. No theater —no concerts—no movies; no going out, see folks, no dances. He take you out now 'cause he want to marry you.

"After you married—night to home always; no place—no movie-shows!"

Motion-pictures, strangely enough, were Dorothy's especial hobby. She attended very nearly every first national production to come to town.

Nor, in turn, did it take a Solomon for her to guess to whom the gypsy had alluded. Tom Hoard had been coming oftener and oftener of late. He took her here, there, the other place, but more times than once she had remarked how absolutely little interest he showed in the entertainment forming the program.

Once, especially, at the most thrilling bit of climax in the stupendous silent drama on the screen there, she had turned to him for an expression, only to note him half-asleep. Again, on their way home from a symphony concert he actually could not recall the soloist's last name.

"Nice fellow, Hoard, but—perhaps the gypsy was right!

The woman bent the thumb back a little farther.

"Now," she continued softly, but a strange tremor in her voice the meanwhile," there comes the other;

"He love you very, very much.

"Now, he write a story to give you when it finished—because he know you, too, like to make stories here.

"Long time 'fore he knew you, he spent all money can spare on books, on hearing big men talk, on music.

"He know much as you do about movies—pictures—about all the things you love.

"You two marry—you be happy—very happy!"

The gypsy crone raised her dark, wonderful eyes to the girl's soft brown own and fixed them as might some magnet. She laid her soft brown hand on the softer white one once more and stroked it very gently.

Her tones were strangely low, sweet and clear.

"Me see that man—he be a teacher—and you go on—and on—and on! Happy—so happy! He love you much—Oh, so much! I see you, in his play months—on ships—on trains.

"You go England—our England. Some day you go down the blue river—the Danube—to Romany—our old home. You see the gypsies—Romany; then you remember the gypsy-woman — me — what tell you all this happiness if you *do*—you pick now—as gypsy woman says!"

The man on the wagon-seat called at this point. They really would have to go!

The little gypsies scampered aboard the wagon; the woman bowed, gypsy-wise, to the girl, and took her seat.

The wagon and its bells rattled on merrily toward the next house, where, again, the woman slipped to a door to tell fortunes.

The girl was left behind.

She threw herself to a porch-chair and thought!

Somehow, the gypsy's message was disconcerting!

Foolish?

Of course those things were foolish!

But, foolish or no, it was stran——

There are thoughts left implanted in the minds of the best of us, at times, often by those of meaner degree, that sink home—that fall deep, and that stay!

The more we may try to forget the same, the more we ponder them. The more we ponder, the more convinced we grow.

Dorothy returned to her desk, but the scenario she'd been writing, resting there half-finished, seemed tame, lame, commonplace. She tore it up, and threw the shreds to a basket at one side.

She tried another, then made another, start. Thoughts simply would not come. She gave up in disgust!

Finally, having no rest, she stepped to the bookshelf, and proceeded to scan the account the Encyclopedia gave of the gypsies. Next she dug out an old book of her girlhood days and read more still of these nomads.

But behind the tale—behind each printed page—there rose high the thought—the comparison made —of the three men, and, along with this, the wonderful truth and the accuracy of the gypsy's characterizations. The girl found herself pondering the matter ever more deeply.

By and by the sick mother waked from her long morning nap and Dorothy stepped to the bedroom to tell her a part—but not all—of the morning's experience. They discussed the gypsies—what the girl had read of the subterranean hovels they tenant in Roumania and the like. Then came noon, and life went on as it otherwise would.

It's a strange phase of human nature that we so often discover in people just what we seek to find.

The proverb has it that "To the good all things are good!" and whether that be true or no, to the seeker there most assuredly comes—again and again—that for which he makes his search.

"Ask and it shall be granted unto thee!" it is written, remember.

Dorothy Roosa began to measure her suitors in the terms which the gypsy had set her!

Handsome Joe Rendigs was a mighty nice fellow —good dresser—good spender—attentive; but he had a dozen strings to his bow—was settling to none; counted all these girls as his friends, and so nothing would come of it.

Quiet George Higgins was a student—no more. He enjoyed being with Dorothy because—as he put it once, "she talked sense." She could interest herself in the marvels of Nature—in his ultra-technical discoveries in botanical biology—she could enjoy the hitherto unexplored world the microscope opened for him, as well as talk of much lighter things. But Higgins was too wrapt in his sciences to bother his head over wooing. So with the other men, possibly meant by the gypsy; she found this point and that which excluded them from the list of possible winners.

By and by she narrowed down to the three anew, as the gypsy had done—and the more the words of the gypsy crone returned to her ears, the truer those words appeared!

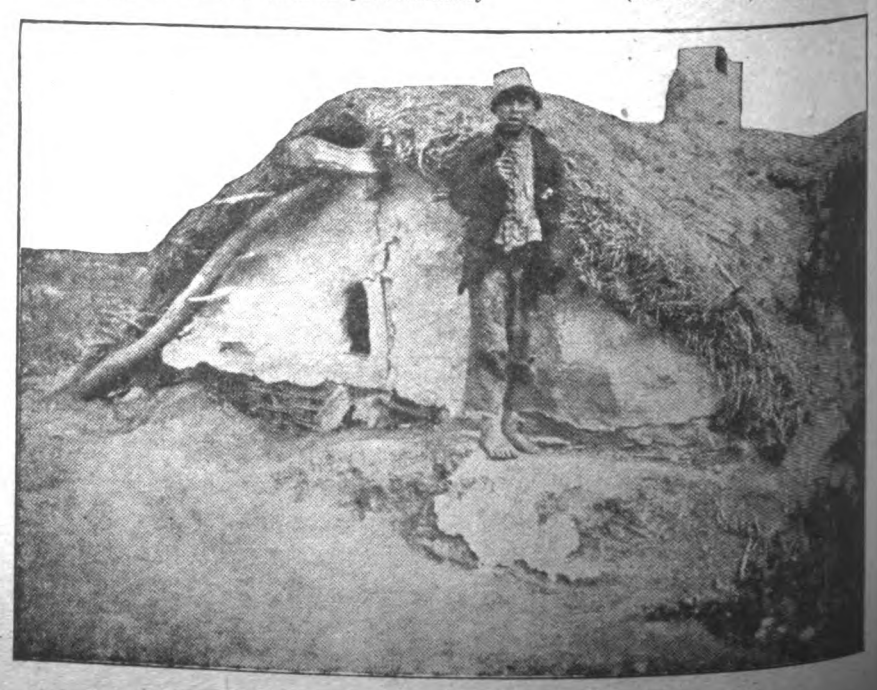
While man may do the proposing, it is woman who leads up to—who really paves the way—to it! It doesn't take a half-ways skillful woman any time at all to show the most ardent suitor that he simply has no chance at all—and *this* without ever approaching the real theme of marriage squarely; nor yet wounding his feelings in the least.

So it followed that bit by bit, the one man, the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



A GYPSY KIDDIE.



ANOTHER STYLE OF DUGOUT DWELLING IN GYPSY LAND.





Auto-Knit 20 dozen pairs of socks for this America Vacuum Cleaner complete with attachments.

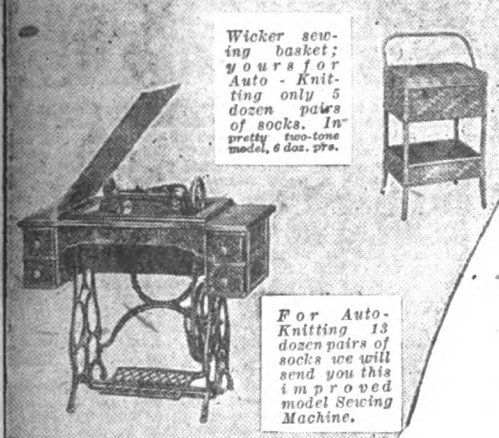
Auto - Knit 2 dozen pairs of socks and we will send you this handy electric iron.

Chest of Rogers 1881 Silverware, guaranteed for 20 years, sent to you for Auto-Knitting only 5 dozen pairs of socks.

Younced Auto-Knit only 8 dozen pairs of socks for this beautiful and useful 7-day clock.

You Can Earn these Things at Home— In a New *Double Quick* Way!

A Unique Plan Now Doubles the Purchase-Value of Every Auto-Knitter Dollar—Paid for Spare Time Work at Home



Wicker sewing basket; yours for Auto - Knitting only 5 dozen pairs of socks. In pretty two-tone model, 6 doz. prs.

For Auto-Knitting 13 dozen pairs of socks we will send you this improved model Sewing Machine.



For Auto-Knitting 15 dozen pairs of socks you can secure this wicker set consisting of desk and chair. Desk alone, 10 dozen pairs: chair alone, 5 dozen pairs.

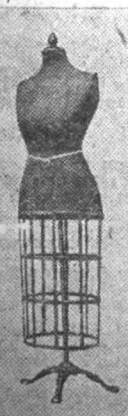


Handy valise, reinforced in leather. Sent for Auto-Knitting only 3 dozen pairs of socks.



Handsome phonograph with clear, beautiful tone. Yours for Auto-Knitting only 35 dozen pairs of socks.





Auto-Knit only 2 dozen pairs of socks for this useful Dress Form in your size.

A NEW kind of money will henceforth be paid to men and women who work in their spare time at home on the Auto Knitter. It is double-value money. It is money that does double duty in buying the things you want.

Let us explain the amazing new plan to you in this manner:

Miss Stasie R. Harabis, of Texas, made $400.00 Auto Knitting for 7 months in her spare time at home. That $400.00 under the new plan, would actually have $800.00 purchase-value.

Mrs. O. F. Ladd, of Arkansas, Auto Knit 2500 pairs of socks in one year. Under the new plan she could have furnished her home with these earnings.

In other words, this new idea represents PROFIT-SHARING in one of its most generous forms. It gives you the greatest value for your spare time. It doubles the value of the money you earn — pays you in dollars that buy twice as much value as ordinary dollars.

As an Auto Knitter home worker you select your own hours, work as much as you please. For every dozen pairs of socks sent in by you we pay a standard, fixed price. The wage-rate now paid to Auto Knitter home workers is greater than ever before in the history of this organization. And now, through the new plan, your pay-check has just twice the purchase value!

Auto Knit Those Wasted Hours Into the Luxuries You Have Always Wanted

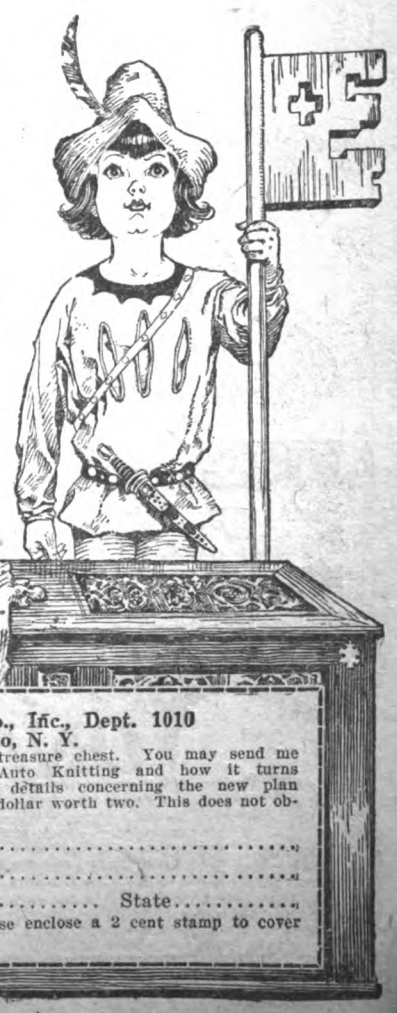
Our Big FREE Book Tells How

Perhaps it is an attractive new phonograph you would like to have. We will send you the one illustrated for Auto Knitting only 35 dozen pairs of socks!

Or it may be a sewing machine you want, or a new dining-room suite, or a vacuum cleaner, or a washing machine. See how you will be able to furnish your home by Auto Knitting those wasted hours and half-hours into double dollars—under the new plan.

Only 5 dozen pairs of socks bring you a 26 piece chest of beautiful Rogers 1881 Silver Plate, guaranteed for 25 years. Only 17 dozen pairs bring you a handsome white enamel Kitchen Cabinet, fully equipped. Only 8 dozen pairs bring you a Mahogany Davenport Table.

Our big Reward Book, now ready, illustrates the many useful and beautiful things you can now earn *double-quick* in your spare time. We will be glad to send you a copy free.



Send For Full Information

The coupon is a golden key that will open the treasure chest for you. Use it—today, before you forget. Thousands will take advantage of this great opportunity. You cannot afford to let it slip by.

Let us send you complete details. Just clip and mail the coupon—and it will bring you all the information you want regarding Auto Knitting and the new double-dollar plan. We will include a copy of the Reward Book.

No cost. No obligation. Just your name and address on the coupon. But send it off today, before you forget. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY Co., Inc., Dept. 1010, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 1010
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. Also all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

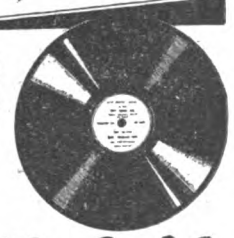
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Note—The treasure is heavy. Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing to you.

Home Sweet Home
Lullaby (Erminie)
Old Folks at Home
Sweet and Low
In the Gloaming
Annie Laurie
Ben Bolt
Old Black Joe
Auld Lang Syne
Schubert's Serenade
Comin' Thro the Rye
Last Rose of Summer
Kathleen Mavourneen
Love's Old Sweet Song
My Old Kentucky Home
Nearer My God To Thee



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On Eight Double-Face Full Size 10-inch Records

Here are the songs that never grow old—the favorites you remember as long as you live, ballads that touch every heart. Just the music that should be in EVERY HOME. Eight full size 10 inch double face records—16 wonderful old time songs—quality guaranteed equal to highest priced records—All for only $2.98. Can be played on any phonograph.

SEND NO MONEY

Try these records in your own home for 10 days. If not delighted the trial costs nothing. Don't send a penny now. Pay postman only $2.98 plus few cents for delivery on arrival. Money back at once absolutely guaranteed if you are not more than pleased. Mail Coupon or letter NOW. This offer may not be made again.

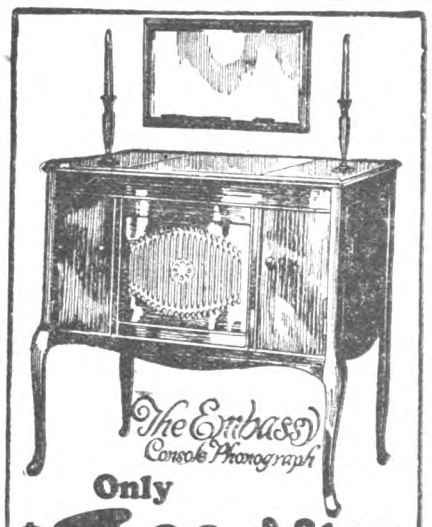
National Music Lovers, Inc., Dept. 610, 314 Fourth Av., New York

Nat. Music Lovers Inc., Dept. 610, 354 4th Ave., N. Y.

Please send me for 10 days' trial, your collection of Old Time Songs on eight double-face ten-inch records, guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus few cents for delivery on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.

☐ Mark X in square if you also desire Patented Record Album at the special price of only 69c (store price $1.00). Holds eight records.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



The Embassy Console Phonograph

Only $100 After Trial

An offer which removes all risk and doubt. Enables you to hear its wonderful tone and to inspect its beautiful design. Sent on free trial. You are the sole judge. If you like it, keep it, and send us only $1.00 as first payment, after the free trial. Easy monthly payments after that.



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A disc instrument which plays all makes of disc records.

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CONN

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

Little Dog Angels

By Frances L. Garside

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"High up in the courts of heaven today
A little dog angel waits,
With the other angels he will not play
But he sits alone at the gates;
'For I know that my master will come,' says he,
'And when he comes he will call for me.'
* * * * * *
"And his master far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whisteles low
For the dog that is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears,
And dreams that his master's call he hears,
And I know when at length his master waits,
Outside in the dark and cold
For the hand of death to ope the gates,
That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the
shivering dark."

TO mention the Canine cemetery in the suburbs of Hartsdale, New York, a little town nestled in the hills thirty miles from New York City, is to start an argument. Those who have never known the comfort and courage found more surely in the love of a dog than in the love of a human being, contend that to lay aside ground in which to bury dogs, and to erect monuments to their memory is criminal. They mention, to clinch the argument, the poor children who might be clothed and fed with the money that goes into marble.

But those whose hearts are still tender over the loss of a four-footed friend can agree only so far, but no farther. It may be wicked to erect a mausoleum costing thirteen thousand dollars "to the memory of Sally and Toodles" when children the world over are going to bed hungry; but—a pause, the defender of those who love dogs, beyond the grave looks down. It is almost as if he felt a little cold muzzle pressed against his hand. He sighs, and lamely concludes:

"After all, it is their business."

It is their business, and so seriously do they make it their business that this little last resting-place for dogs has grown from thirty little green mounds the first year twenty-eight years ago to over four thousand, there being over four hundred interments in the past year. These faithful little friends are not buried, and then forgotten. There is never a mound that in time resembles the forgotten one in a cemetery for human beings; the little mound is promptly sodded, a monument is erected, flowers are planted in their season, a uniform covering of pansies in May, with the first snows of November hiding a coat of scarlet begonias. It is the most exquisetly kept cemetery in the United States and the largest canine cemetery in the world.

The idea had conception in the brain of Dr S. K. Johnson, a veterinary surgeon of New York City, while traveling in Europe. There was one in London, one in Paris and one in Edinburgh—little cemeteries for good dogs whose days had ended. He came back to America, purchased the land at Hartsdale, and from the beginning it found favor among those who had loved and lost four-footed friends.

"Ah," those who live in other sections of the country may say, "only New Yorkers would be so foolish as to go to such expense for a dead dog." But a man who moved with his family recently to New York state from Alberta, Calgary, felt the family circle was incomplete, and had the body of his dog disinterred from its resting place in his dooryard in Alberta and brought to the Canine cemetery in Hartsdale. Another man moving from New York to make his home in Switzerland (He was a Scotchman) took the body of his dog from the cemetery, placed it in a metallic casket, and took it with him.

Again the argument ending with a translation of this expense into clothing and food for destitute children, and against the silence of the man who is thinking of a certain little dog angel.

The grounds, which at present cover more than seven acres, spread over the slope of a hill, falling in terraces to the paved street below. Above the entrance to the large iron gates stands a bronze and marble monument to the memory of the American War Dog. The money for this was raised by voluntary subscriptions. If any one felt that it was a foolish expenditure, he somehow was not so decided in his views after gazing on the walls of the cemetery office a framed obituary of a dog whose name deserves memorizing in marble.

Who's Who and Why

Obituary.

Terrier Fido J.

Son of Rover Terrier and Woofie of Yorkshire.
Born September 1, 1912.
In Squire McCormick's Hay Barn.
1914-1915.
Slew 34 woodchucks and 17 rats.
March 6, 1915.
Moved to City and gained Blue Ribbon at Dog Show.
July 7, 1915.
Rescued Child from Drowning in Park Lake.
August 28, 1915.
Gave chase and cornered kidnapper in park.
Nov. 6, 1915.
Tore seat from trespassing hobo's trousers.
Night of Jan. 7, 1917.
Hung on to notorious second-story man until master could cover him with a revolver.
June 9, 1917.
Rescued Italian baby from burning tenement.
July 24, 1917.
Led searchers of outing party to children lost in the heart of woods.
Oct. 5, 1917.
Joined Red Cross for War Relief Service in France.
April 8, 1918.
Killed in act of succoring wounded Americans.

After reading this tale of bravery and courage, one can appreciate the desire of people to make some effort to memorialize their own pets; perhaps they did not do such outstanding deeds of heroism as the war dog, but they were always "faithful and true."

These are the words "Faithful and True" that appear on monument after monument raised to the memory of a dog, a cat, or a horse, for canine are not the only pets that are mourned. There are some forty-odd cats, one lion, two monkeys, two horses, and a number of parrots and canaries sleeping in marble-marked graves in this last home for pets.

The inscriptions are on the whole in good taste, but occasionally one is a little disturbing. "To the memory of Nellie, Erected by her Loving Papa," rather shocks one, but the next one to it relating the fidelity of Bim is more fitting, and a visitor to the cemetery heaves a sigh of kinship with the man who erected over the grave of Gyp a stone that relates, "Home is not what it was when Gyp met me at the gate."

Mrs. Vernon Castle has a plot in which lie three dogs and a monkey. One inscription reads:

"My adored Zowie,
Died August 21, 1917.

I do not cringe from death so much
Since you are gone, my little friend.
Thy dear dumb soul will wait for mine
However long before the end."

There are monuments of the size and cost that would designate the last home of a bank president in towns of fifty thousand population; the mausoleum "To the Memory of Sally and Toodles" is larger than the mausoleums found in the average cemetery for human beings; one dog lies under a marble dog basket, selected and carved in Italy to serve this purpose. Some of the stones are adorned with set-in photographs of the pets lying below; many of the plots have rustic benches. When a dog is interred there are the customary floral offerings from friends of the family, and the little tiny mound has the same ghostly streamers of white and pink chiffon that wave in the breeze from graves in the cemetery for human beings in the valley below, a cemetery that, with its fallen stones, overgrown weeds, and general air of neglect, is a poignant contrast to the last home for what some call "Only dogs."

The price of a grave is fifteen dollars, ten dollars for a plain pine box, and two dollars for interment, making the cheapest grave cost twenty-seven dollars. But few are put away in plain pine boxes; there are coffins for sale ranging in price from ten dollars to $250. The cheaper ones are of wood; in the more expensive the inner casket is of steel with hermetically sealed top. All are lined with white satin. There is a receiving vault for holding coffins till the ground is prepared, but it is rarely used except in winter when frozen earth may render the digging difficult.

The epitaphs show that very few of the pets died young. One of the tombstones relates that the cat under it reached the age of eighteen years. Some of the dogs lived to as ripe an age; many lived to be fourteen. Few stones give the date of birth, proving that the pet under the stone was a mongrel and had nothing but his love with which to make friends when he came into this world. Each owner to a lot receives a deed just as in other cemeteries. In 1914 the cemetery was incorporated so that its permanence for this purpose is assured. The average lot in the cemetery is 6 feet by 6 feet, costing $90.

To return to the thirteen thousand dollar mausoleum "To the Memory of Sally and Toodles," and the allusion it invariably invites to destitute children, is to go back to the difference of opinion between the man who has loved, and known the love of a dog, and the man who has not.

But remember that the two words seen most frequently on the markers of these four thousand little graves are "Faithful and True."



Photo by Bouse.

DOG CEMETERY AT HARTSDALE, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

least sent up for a long term or richly deserving both.
"Only this and nuthin' more."

BACHELOR BILL.

Welcome, Bachelor Bill! Where have you been these long, long years? The Sisters have been asking about you. You know you were rather a favorite with them even if they didn't approve of all you said about them.—Ed.

ANAHEIM, R. R. 5, BOX 175, CALIF.

DEAR SISTERS:

So many girls write about their ideal Husband that I'll tell of my Ideal Wife. I hope some day to get her. I want her to have blonde hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion and be five feet six inches tall and weigh about 130 pounds.

I don't want one of the baby-doll, let-mother-do-all-the-work kind. If a girl won't help her mother she won't help her husband. I don't care if she has bobbed hair for it is not so much trouble as long locks. I want her to be a good cook and neat housekeeper and keep herself as neat after marriage as before and have a smile for me when I come home. I want her to love music and play some kind of an instrument. I want her to be capable of taking care of at least eight children as my ideal home has four boys and four girls.

I am eighteen years old, have brown hair and eyes, am five feet, six inches tall and weigh 136 pounds.

CLYDE HORNE.

Now Clyde, don't you go and let yourself become a crank on efficiency and make your wife have bobbed hair, just so it will take less time to care for it. I suppose you'll allow her seven minutes a day in which to "do" her hair,—from 5:14 to 5:21. At that, somebody has got to be efficient in money making to care for four boys and four girls, and Father is usually It, so you'd better start in saving your money.—Ed.

ROCKFORD, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT NEIGHBORS:

I have been receiving and enjoying COMFORT for some time, but have kept silent. I am like some people who go to an entertainment; they sit, listen and enjoy it, but never slap their hand or give any expression to show that they are getting their money's worth.

I am inclined to turn a new leaf and express as briefly as possible my ideas—as this issue will be given over to the men.

We all know this quotation: "Experience is the best teacher," but how many young girls, who enter the state of matrimony will take advice from their elders—not many. They think life should continue the same after they are married as before—one continuous courtship. Doing nothing but following dances and shows.

Always bickering over the slightest trifles, not trusting their husbands out of sight for five minutes without getting jealous and starting an argument. Raising Cain when their husbands come home from work and read a paper because they don't give their entire attention to them immediately. Now girls and young women is this the kind of women you are going to make or are? Then don't get married before you have some sense, there is always plenty of time left, never any rush.

A husband always loves his wife, more than ever spoken, but give him half a chance, let him have time to himself when he is tired and doesn't want anyone to bother him. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Solitude gives him plenty of time for reflection. So if he has made a mistake he will surely try to amend it. Your husband will always live up to what you expect of him. But if you keep pecking away at him, accusing him of false things, he in the end will most likely deceive.

The Inks that God has coupled shall not be broken. Therefore, if ye take not God with you into your state of matrimony, don't expect to 'ive happy in the future. But when two become one, minds pull in the same direction for a definite aim, there is sure to be happiness and success.

MR. R. MUELLER.

STEELVILLE, MISSOURI.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

May I come in for the first time? I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and read it with delight and watch for its arrival. I always read the letters in the Sisters' Corner first and have found them interesting, especially those in the June issue in regard to the Ideal Husband and seeing an invitation open for the brothers to tell of their ideal wife, I will tell mine.

She must love me above everything else for which I will reciprocate; must be good looking, clean and neat, a Christian in the truest sense of the word, but not necessarily of the same religious belief as my own, must be my equal or superior to me, patient, cheerful and courteous with a good character and reputation, a companion, who will bear, suffer and enjoy with me everything that life would bring us. She must be a lover of her home and children and the great outdoors. She must have a good disposition and easy to get along with and not let worry and trouble take all the fun and joy out of life. She should be willing to make our home any place where it is to the best of our advantage. She must never nag or quarrel as that has ruined more homes than anything else. I don't expect her to be just perfect or not have any faults, because that's impossible and we all have them. I don't care if she is from the city or country if she can qualify. Those are the things I'd ask of the girl I would marry.

I quite agree with Girlie from Tennessee referring to jealous couples, and also about the man that will not give his wife a dollar to spend, or trust her out of his sight. He may rest assured that in the end she will outwit and deceive him and be as false as he suspects she is.

I am five feet, eleven inches tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes and am 25 years young, weigh 145 and am a lover of all sports. Hoping I pass the sisters' censorship.

Very sincerely, A. STENO.

CONE, TEXAS.

DEAR EDITOR:

My Ideal Wife must be what people call a flapper. She must have bobbed hair, well-penciled eyebrows, an artist at make-up, dress in the height of fashion, wear short skirts, high-heeled shoes and love to dance and travel. She must love me better than any other fellow though I don't care if she flirts with the other fellows, just for fun. She must allow me the same privileges she takes. I don't care whether she is a blonde or brunette, if I like her.

I have black hair and eyes.

GEORGE THETFORD.

Georgie, Georgie, what a broad-minded young fellow you are. You must be all of seventeen years old.—Ed.

WILD WEST, TEXAS.

HOWDY SISTERS:

I may not be much of a man as you will probably find out, but I do know what kind of wife I want—a buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a sock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, whistle with the boys, handle an oar, do a bit of fishing, and be a lady withal is just the girl for me, or for any other man to marry. But you, ye pining, moping, pale-faced, wasp-waisted, consumptive, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth, my dear girls, is that you need more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more frankness and less mock modesty, lose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion. Breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom and become as beautiful as the God of Nature designed.

COWBOY.

My Dear Cowboy.—Where have you been and how old are you? Don't you know that the girl such as you describe went out of style and existence along with Grecian Bends and waterfalls? The girls of today are being censored because they have, or take, too much liberty and have no modesty—but I like them, and think they are a little bit of all right.—Ed.

KREMLIN, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As the men are invited to tell of their *Ideal Wife*, I will tell of mine for she is surely my ideal. She stood by me through poverty and as better times came we would plan what next to do.

When this country opened to homesteaders on the 16th of September, 1893, at twelve o'clock, I made the race. I ran thirty-two miles on a cow pony and got a fine claim. It was a hard struggle to make a living and at the same time hold down a claim, but the country proved to be good farm land and we improved. Now, after thirty years, we drive to the city over paved roads, where I have chased the antelope in years gone by. Seven years ago we went west and got a ranch in Colorado. We kept a store on the trail for three years and did very well, but on account of the boy's education we came back to Oklahoma.

Now sisters, you see my *Ideal Wife* has helped me and at the same time helped herself. But don't think that we agree on all things for we do not. Therefore, we have a chance to learn something, as we found out long ago that neither one knows it all.

We have two sons, Cecil, 18 years old, over six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds. Russell is ten years old and large for that age. The Mrs. is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds, and I am nearly six feet tall and weigh 212 pounds.

As we are getting old we will retire from active farm life and watch the oil derricks as they are being built nearer and nearer our holdings. But I don't have to sell out and go to the town in order to retire, but can live right here on the farm and enjoy life with my Ideal Wife.

J. E. HILL.

Mr. Hill.—It is splendid of you to give such a tribute to your wife while she is alive and can appreciate it. So many husbands wait until it is too late.—Ed.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have just finished reading COMFORT Sisters' Corner and found so many letters written on the Ideal Man, I have screwed up my courage to give you a few pointers on my Ideal Woman.

First, she must be good to look at, with perfect features and form, small hands and feet. She must be always neat, clothes never dirty or mussed up no matter what her work may be. She must honor and obey her husband, be ready to go at his least word or command, never talking back, but always cheerful and kind, granting her husband's least wish, always seeing to his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

The Embroidery Basket

Conducted by

Beth Taske Brown

NOW that the Christmas season is approaching, a few suggestions for gifts are illustrated this month. It is so interesting to make gifts for your friends and, on the other hand, your friends will be so pleased if your gifts to them include a few stitches of your own making.

For the housewife, an apron is an ideal gift. This particular apron comes stamped on unbleached cotton cloth with all the cutting lines indicated, and also directions how to sew together. The design is of conventional flowers worked in two shades of brown and two shades of red with long and short buttonhole stitch. The number of strands of thread used in the flowers is three. The round flowers are brown, while the ones that wind out from the center are red. The centers of the brown flowers are solid in orange surrounded by black French knots. The clusters of French knots among the flowers are worked with six strands of orange floss. The larger leaves are worked in a long and short buttonhole stitch on the edge, while the stems and veins are outlined. The smaller leaves are worked solid in satin stitch. The apron is finished with a narrow hem all around and then a running stitch of black on the stitching line.

If one cares to further decorate the apron, trim off the hem allowance and finish the edge with brown bias-binding that matches the embroidery cotton. For some time unbleached cotton cloth has been effectively used in bedroom sets, curtains and table-covers, and now this material has found its way to milady's wardrobe where it is seen fashioned into aprons and slip-over dresses. This particular apron is new in design and will grace any occasion calling for some protection to the dress. Girls going away to school would be delighted with this stylish apron as well as the young matron who stays at home.

A very nice and also extremely useful gift is a towel of guest size. The one here illustrated is of simple yet very effective design. The ever popular wreath is easy to do, and this design of daisies, clustered a little to one side of the center of the wreath, is unusual and attractive. The girl, who is collecting articles for her Hope Chest, or, the housekeeper, who entertains will appreciate this excellent gift.

Towels have a way of wearing out and must be replaced, so it is always safe to include them in the gifts you make for your friends, for "the more the merrier." With the advent of the guest towel has come a departure from the pure white huck-a-back and damask to something more colorful and decorative. To use a towel daintily embroidered by your hostess is a personal compliment.

Now the Kiddies are the ones who enjoy Christmas most, and how they do love to have a present they can wear. This cute little eating set provides a good-sized bib with a tray-cloth to match. The design is of interest to the children being a duck all dressed up in jacket and sunbonnet walking around in the grass. The whole design is outlined except the duck's eye and the buttons on her jacket which are done solid, the lower edge of the jacket which is buttonholed, and the grass which is done lazy-daisy. The color scheme used on the set is yellow for the duck, blue for the bonnet and jacket, black for the duck's bill and feet, and green for the grass. Three strands of the thread are used for all of the stitches on the set. For the finish around the edge of these pieces the blanket stitch is used, done in three strands of the blue.

Giving a child this attractive eating set on Christmas is making the mother a gift as well, for the bib-age is a trying one and there never seems to be an over-supply of changes. A square of thin rubber sheeting under the bib and held in place by tiny gold colored safety-pins is a great saving.

No one ever seems to have too many bureau scarfs. A change every little while is welcome. Also, it is a treat to be able to match a scarf with a pincushion. Covers that have become spotted and otherwise disfigured, yet are too good to entirely banish, may be used in less conspicuous places, while new ones replace them for more particular wear. Many a faded and stained cover has been made to do further duty by being dipped into a strong tea bath. Here we have a scarf and pincushion set to match, which is embroidered in solid, outline and knots. The daisy flower is done solid in white, and outlined with three strands of a light shade of pink. All the rest of the embroidery with the exception of the knots, is also done in three strands of light pink. The knots are made of six strands of dark pink.

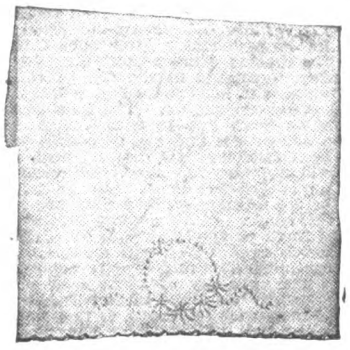
The edge of this set is effective, yet so very simple that any one can do it without much effort. First draw a thread out about a half an inch from the edge of the cloth, then turn and baste a very narrow hem to that space. This drawn thread gives a line to go by so that the crochet stitches will be even. With No. 30 crochet thread and number 8 crochet hook, single crochet over the hem into the space made by the drawn thread, *s c again about one-eighth inch from first s c, ch 4, and make p cot into top of that stitch, s c again about one-eighth inch from second s c, ch 3, s c one-quarter inch from previous s c and repeat from *. The pincushion is finished in the same way and has four eyelets in order that ribbon may be laced around the cushion at either end. This idea of a pincushion top just laid on top of the cushion saves laundering two pieces and lacing the two pieces together.

While designed for a bureau scarf, this cover is equally useful on the sideboard, buffet, a table that sets against the wall or a commode.

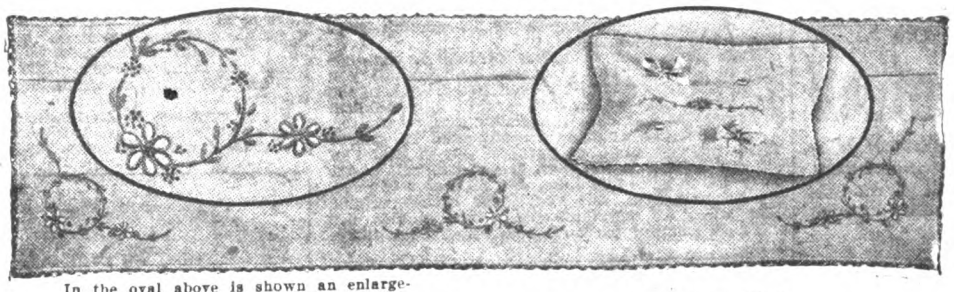
One of the greatest charms of a gift lies in having it in perfect condition and daintily wrapped. If it is a piece such as illustrated on this page, the work should be kept in a fresh sewing apron or towel while in process and when finished rolled in a wet clean cloth until evenly dampened and then pressed dry. Hang to air before folding. Wrap in tissue paper and tie with bright narrow ribbons or fasten with Christmas seals. Where the gift is simple it may be accompanied by something from the pantry shelf, such as a tumbler of jelly, some choice apples, a square of rich cake wrapped in paraffin, or if the giver lives in an evergreen section, a Christmas wreath will extend the message of good cheer.



APRON W-8—AN IDEAL GIFT FOR MILADY'S WARDROBE.



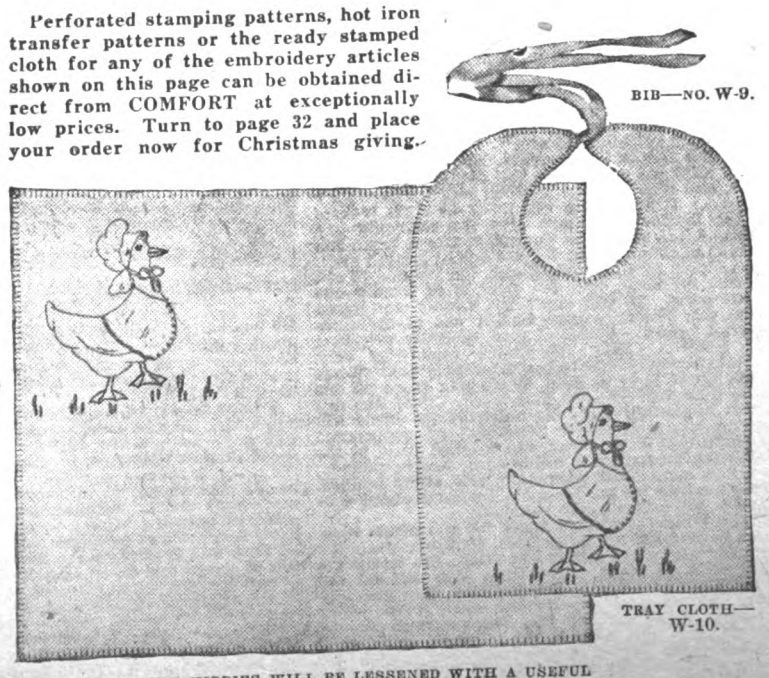
TOWEL W-7—WHO EVER HAS TOO MANY TOWELS?



In the oval above is shown an enlargement of the design worked on the scarf. SCARF W-5.

PINCUSHION W-6.

Perforated stamping patterns, hot iron transfer patterns or the ready stamped cloth for any of the embroidery articles shown on this page can be obtained direct from COMFORT at exceptionally low prices. Turn to page 32 and place your order now for Christmas giving.



BIB—NO. W-9.

TRAY CLOTH—W-10.

THE CARE OF THE KIDDIES WILL BE LESSENED WITH A USEFUL GIFT LIKE THIS.

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Lovely New Designs

NO where does beautiful needlework show to such advantage as in household linens. From the simple edging for a guest towel to the elaborate pattern for a centerpiece—each design in Clark's O. N. T. Book No. 11 will offer interesting suggestions for gifts and home use.

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Vestibule Door Curtain	8, 24	Bedspread Stripes and Blocks	17, 18
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THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY,
Dept. 152, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York



"What A Creole Is"

By Felice de Valence

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THROUGHOUT the country an ignorance prevails concerning the Creole.

"Oh!" someone will say, "the Creoles are all of negro extraction."

Or, perhaps: "I hear that the Americans refuse to associate with the Creoles."

Through misrepresentation of these people by writers, because of ungrounded superstition, and unverified reports, the most amazing mistakes are being continually made, simply because most persons have never had the truth clearly explained.

The word Creole was originally Spanish, and was applied only to American descendants of Spaniards. However, the term spread to the French West Indies, and was brought up to Louisiana by the San Domingons. The earliest settlers in Louisiana, who were mostly from New Brunswick (Acadia), Canada, and Paris, never used the word. In the course of time, the term came to include all people of French descent, except the Acadians. *For many years the real Creole has been considered: a person born in or near the tropics, with absolutely no negro blood, but of pure French and Spanish extraction.* The term, Creole negro, was used to distinguish a negro born in this country from one brought from Africa; he he was never spoken of as a Creole, but always as a Creole negro.

The Creoles are a charming people, quick-witted, intelligent, with gracious manners; they enjoy life thoroughly, are eager for amusement and pleasure—gloriously care-free. But they are very devout in their religion, very warm-hearted, generous and sympathetic, and most loyal to what is held dear.

The girls are noted for their beauty. They are usually small and slender, with oval faces, regular features, great brown or black eyes and very lovely dark curly hair. Their complexions are particularly noticeable, being usually light olive, very clear and soft and of a becoming pallor. Their vivacity of expression, and their lithe grace add much to their attractiveness.

The Creoles of the better class speak pure French or Spanish, sometimes both, but more often French. Those of the lower classes use a *patois*—a literal translation of bad English into corrupt French. All the people prefer to speak in the foreign tongue, and do so on all possible occasions. In every shop and store in New Orleans there are French speaking salespeople; many restaurants cater almost exclusively to the Creole trade. At the beautiful old St. Louis Cathedral, in the midst of the Vieux Carre (French Quarter), at ten o'clock mass on Sundays the sermon is preached in French.

The fame of the Creole cooking is justly widespread. Strangers in New Orleans immediately inquire where the delectable, highly-seasoned, distinctly original dishes may be had.

In the old days the Creoles mingled with no outsiders. They were antagonistic towards the English-speaking population, which lived above Canal Street on the other side of the city. But of late years the two peoples are much together—to the pleasure of both.

The Creoles have played an important part in the history of Louisiana, and the descendants of the aristocratic families are very proud of their heritage—a distinguished one—of brave service, generous loyalty and strong devotion towards all that was worthy.

The Beginning of the Royal British Navy

It is interesting to note that the British government, despite the fact that the English were a great seafaring nation, even in the ancient times, accept the building of the ship "The Royal Harry" in 1488, as the beginning of the Royal British Navy.

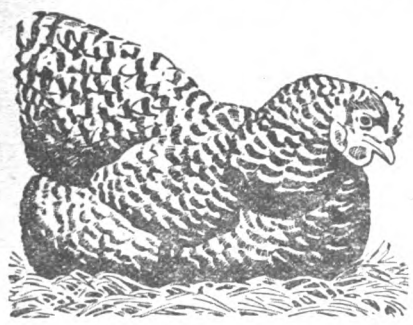
It was Henry VII, who had ordered its construction and within the 10 years following 30 ships patterned after that model, were launched.

The famous British Navy List, without which no navy department the world over would consider its records complete, did not appear until 1914, when the celebrated actuary, John Finlaison, prepared the first edition of this historic publication.

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

thanks to Reefer's More Egg Tonic

Says one COMFORT Reader



"'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend,"

writes MRS. MYRTLE ICE, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50."

15 Hens—310 Eggs

I used "More Eggs" Tonic, and in the month of January, from 15 hens I got 310 eggs. MRS. C. R. STOUGHTON, Turners Falls, Mass.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left. MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day; April first I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal. EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich

160 Hens—150 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record I have 160 white leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs. MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

$1.00 Package FREE

The letters above are just a few out of *thousands.* I have already convinced over a million poultry raisers of the value of my More Egg Tonic. In order to convince you, too, I offer a full size $1 package FREE. Read my FREE offer **below** and ACT—for bigger poultry profits.

Results Guaranteed

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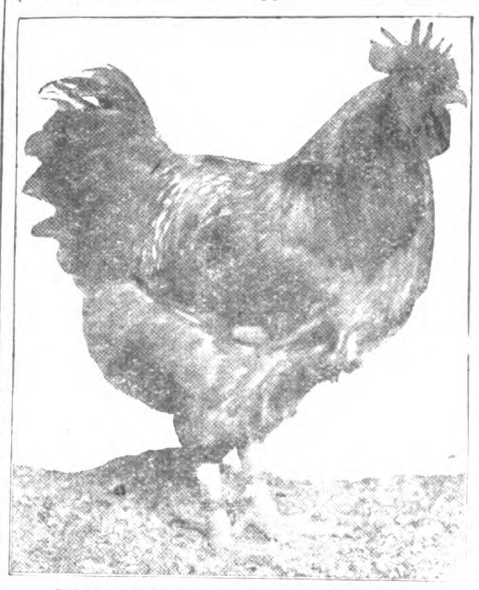


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Food That Will Fill the Egg Basket in Winter

IN August and September we discussed the matter of housing and selecting stock, so now we can turn to the general care and feeding of the birds kept specially for winter-egg production.

Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled, and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay. Don't forget that to produce eggs they must have plenty of water to drink, and, as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen; small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and in consequence is unprofitable. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had,



BUFF ORPINGTON COCK. BY REQUEST.

nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed.

Now the real poultryman, who depends on his fowls for his living, knows by experience that it pays to provide Biddy with all these things when she cannot find them for herself. Besides, there is another advantage, the chicks which will be hatched in the spring will be stronger, and make quicker growth, than those hatched from eggs laid by poorly fed hens.

Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring, as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty which are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters in the night their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, so it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a recurrence of moisture day by day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air continually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence to a great extent the general care and feeding of your stock. In sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations rich in fat and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern states they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of the fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of the egg is used in the shell, which contains about 50 grains of salts and lime, and 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbolic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the head of carbons. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be so foolish as to expect a biddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

During the last two years we have almost entirely changed our plans for feeding the laying hens, and find the new method much better than the old. Instead of a wet mash at eight o'clock in the morning, we now give the following dry mash at 2 p. m.: Ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, ten pounds of ground corn, ten pounds of white middlings, ten pounds of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of freshly cut green bone. If you can't get freshly cut green bone, use twenty pounds of any one of the commercial brands of animal feed specially prepared for poultry. Mix the above quantities very thoroughly and keep in a barrel for daily use. When fresh green bone is used, don't mix more at one time than will be used in a week. Feed the dry mash in shallow pans, as much as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. At suppertime a mixture of corn, wheat and cracked corn, in the following proportions: whole corn, twelve pounds; cracked corn, eight pounds; wheat, eight pounds. This mixture we scatter over the litter about 4 or 4.30 p. m., according to the light.

The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and in rushing about to pick that up, push the smaller grain down into the litter, so rarely get any of it at night. But when they get off the roost the first thing in the morning, they are hungry, and start looking for the small grain, which compels them to take just the vigorous exercise which they need early in the morning to set their blood circulating, and to warm them after the long night on the roost. About eight o'clock in the morning we fill up the drinking fountains with water enough to insure its being warm after it is poured into the cold galvanized pans. At twelve o'clock the drinking fountains are again filled with water, and about a pint of cracked corn is scattered on the litter for every forty hens. They also get their vegetable food at noon. In the early winter this is usually cabbage or beets, but later in the season we depend entirely upon sprouted oats, each bird being given about a square inch of the sprouts and matted roots. Green vegetable food is most important, and is usually the most difficult for the farmer to provide during the winter, but now that the price of grain has gone down, it will pay to sprout oats for the laying and breeding stock. There are several sprout cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which ranges from five to fifteen dollars; but there are plenty of people who don't want to spend five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a home-made cabinet which only costs two dollars.

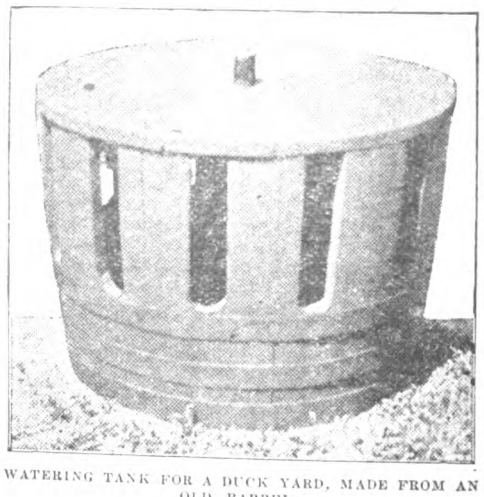
Get a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. Line this with zinc at the front end, running the zinc up to about fifteen inches. Then set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards make a top to fit it. Then get eight pairs of iron shelf brackets from a five-and ten-cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches above. Make legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, cut a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rests on the first set of brackets. This tray must be made at a plumber's shop, but it won't cost more than seventy-five cents. The three other trays can be made of light wood. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays must be left open, and a piece of burlap tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through. A brooder which has a tin chimney is the best to use, so there is no fear of smashing. When in use, after the chimney has been pushed through the hole in the bottom of the cabinet, a block of wood must be placed under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place, and bring the top of the chimney within an inch of the zinc tray, which is kept filled with water. The oats are put into pails of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray.

I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with flannel, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet.

The three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally the bottom tray, getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop sufficiently to feed, and at that point it can be removed, and the trays dropped down so that the second and third trays are at the bottom, and what was at the bottom is at the top. If you have only a few hens and don't think it worth while to make a cabinet, a few shallow boxes will do almost as well. A shelf behind the kitchen stove, or some other warm spot is a good place to keep them. Make several holes at the bottom of the boxes for ventilation, and cover with burlap or wire cloth to prevent the oats falling through. Soak the oats in a pail of water over night, and in the morning spread them about two inches thick in the boxes and cover with a double thickness of newspaper. Each morning, remove the newspaper and stir the oats with your hands; spread evenly, and sprinkle with water until the oats begin to show, after which don't disturb the oats, but still sprinkle every morning. Replace the paper after sprinkling, until the sprouts are over the edge of the box, as it keeps them from being dried and toughened by the dry outer air of the kitchen. In about nine days the oats will be a thick mass of fine roots, and the sprouts will be two or three inches high, and ready for use. Break into small pieces, so that each hen will get a share. The whole mass of roots is to be used, as well as the sprouts, for there is as much food value in one as in the other. A piece about seven inches is enough for twenty hens. After once commencing to use the sprouts, start a box every day or every other day, according to the size of the boxes and the number of hens to be fed, so that you will have a continuous supply. The oats are ready to feed when from two to five inches high. Just cut a sod—roots and all, of course—and feed to the hens at noon—the improvement in the egg yield will surprise you. A sod six inches square is enough for twenty-five hens. Divide it into small pieces before feeding, so that they are all sure to get a fair share. Don't neglect roosters, for a fair percentage of sprouted oats in their rations insures fertile eggs, which will mean good hatches when the incubators and broody hens get busy.

The quantity of night feed you will have to gauge by what the birds will eat. Hens must go to roost with full crops, or they get cold and miserable before morning, when the egg basket will suffer; but there should be no whole corn left on the floor for them to get in the morning, for if they can fill up on whole corn when they first get off the roost, they will just stand around all day without taking any exercise. Our plan is to go through all the houses, give what we think is a good supply, then start in at the first house again, and give a little more when it seems needed. After watching the birds for a few nights you will soon be able to gauge the right amount. The quantity of feed is one of the points on which experience is the only teacher.

When eggs are to be marketed, it is advisable not to let any male birds run with the layers. But, of course, about three weeks before eggs are wanted



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for incubation, your best hens should be selected, divided into small flocks of from seven to fifteen, according to the breed you are keeping, and as good a rooster as you can afford to buy introduced to each flock.

I tried an experiment last winter with ten pullets, which may be serviceable to some of our folks who only keep a few birds. Their rations consisted of oats scattered in deep litter at seven in the morning; at eleven o'clock, sprouted oats and beets, buckwheat, Kaffir corn mixed in equal parts—one quart. At three o'clock, a warm mash made of potato peelings or small potatoes which have been mixed and mashed with beef scraps, oil meal and ground oats. About two tablespoonfuls of scraps and half a cup of oil meal and a pint of oats to every quart of mash peelings; two quarts of the mixture. For supper, they had buckwheat and oats mixed—one quart. The potatoes, buckwheat and oil meal are all fattening, so of course generate heat, which is necessary to winter rations, and balance the want of these qualities in the oats almost as well as corn would have done.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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A Touch of Romany

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

other man, of the triumvirate of gallant wooers came to find, despite themselves, that somehow, Dorothy Roosa after all wasn't quite the girl for them. There was something lacking, something gone, from her manner towards them—some charm that had held them before!

Simultaneously, the star of Stanley Wilkins had been just as proudly ascendant!

The more the girl saw him, somehow, the better she liked him. There was something in his very enthusiasm—in his half-boyish exuberance over just the things she loved—that appealed to her.

"I played 'hookey' from the alumnal-banquet the other night," he confided, "to finish a story I'm working on.

"You know, I've got what I call a bully plot for a love-story: fellow parts from a girl after some silly gossip—goes to a mining-camp—makes a strike—shared with a rich magnate in developing the claim, both work like Trojans.

"Motion-picture man comes to take pictures of the miners at work—induces the young boss to pose in these as he makes his round.

"Film is shown the country over, with captions telling how the hard work of that young owner accomplished all of this.

"Picture comes to the girl's own town; people recognize the man; chatter of what he's accomplished. Set the girl to thinking—then investigating. Slips out to a town near the mine, and learns all sorts of nice things. Finds, among other things, the gossip untrue—writes the man this—begs his forgiveness for the things she'd said—and you can guess the rest."

Then they discussed it together.

Another time he had declined an invitation to an ultra-fashionable ball—in order to hear a quartette playing the city that night only. So there had been many other little happenings that gave her insights into his nature.

It's a poor rule, of course, that won't work both ways and as the woman came to admire the man the more, his love for her too, grew the deeper.

Spring had grown to summer; summer to fall; fall had turned to winter.

People had already drawn their conclusions; the other men were "staying away," as they said—realizing that the girl was won. Everyone said that Wilkins was engaged to Miss Roosa—everyone except Wilkins and the girl.

Wilkins, master mind at many arts and crafts; a power though he was in the community here, had something of brave Miles Standish in his make-up. He would go up to the cannon's mouth; he had won the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C. in France in the war—but he dared not face the *no* of a woman!

Little by little Dorothy came to realize how the land lay.

Things grew ever tenser till there came a winter-evening, and he had come to call as usual.

The ordinary commonplaces of greeting over this night, however, Wilkins drew from his coat-pocket a budget of booklets issued by leading ocean-steamship lines—diagrams of the state-rooms to the major boat of the Shipping Board, schedules of sailings and the like.

"Do you know," he said, more enthusiastic than he'd been in some time now, "this is going to be my septennial year, and so I can celebrate.

"Six years have I labored and done all my work—toiled and saved, and so on—without vacations of which to speak. Now, on this seventh, I will rest!

"I want to see Europe—see the homes, the haunts, of the masters. I want to stand at dusk in Stratford and look at Shakespeare's tomb in the church-floor. I want to see the spires of Notre Dame in Paris—to *feel* my history, if you please, on the spots where it occurred. I want to visit Belgium and mark what those plucky folk are doing by way of rehabilitation.

"And *say*, do you know, since you've shown me the pictures you took of those gypsies that day, you've rekindled in me the first *wanderlust* I suppose I ever knew—'wanting to go back, on their trails, to Roumania—the ancient home, in Europe at least, of the gypsy. All of my life—ever since, when a child, I hid behind some tree lest the gypsies who passed kidnap me for sale somewhere—I've wanted to go to the Balkan States they are today—to that starting-point for the long trails of the gypsy.

"Grandmother, dead these many years, no doubt whetted that desire tremendously in my youth—she used to tell me of the gypsies *she* knew in Europe, and of how her father, in turn, had traveled through their mud-cities along the Danube.

"I want to see those towns and then I want to hear the genuine gypsy-music, as it's played in the *cafes* of Buda Pest, and elsewhere, Hungary over."

The man's enthusiasm at the treat in store was quickly getting control of him. The exuberance come of near-realization of a life-time of hoping and planning would not be contained.

"The girl sensed, somehow, that something else, too, was in the offing; that the man had a something he would say first and yet—he did not dare.

She entered into his enthusiasm quickly; it was woman's eternal privilege—her proper step into the breach. Would he go here? Would he be there? Would he visit——?

He *would*—and the joy of it all broke the fetters. All the long, carefully-plotted campaign leading up to the point he had sought, all the things he had drilled himself to say, by rote if he must, at this time, vanished from memory, as if in thin air!

"Dorothy," he whispered quickly, sharply seizing her hands for very eagerness before he knew it, "I've just received a call as full professor at the University here—a life-time job—at a salary that's too much for one, it's surely meant for two.

"I want that trip as a sort of finishing touch of preparation for the post," and then—well then, before he realized it, it was said, "I want you along—you—my wife!"

He halted.

He read her answer with the guilty eyes with which he faced her.

Then:

"Since you say so," and he stooped and kissed her, "we will proceed to the making reservations for our spring-time wedding-trip."

* * * * * * *

Just far enough removed from the shore-line of the Danube to be safe from the perennial overflows of the river and best reached by the sluggish *droschkies* which one may hire at Gradobor or other neighbor district-towns, the gypsies throw up burrows like those of the garden-mole, except that they are upon a much huger scale. In these they live for a season or two; while the men and the women and the children "hire out," to till the fields of the nearest landed proprietor.

Gypsydom is picturesque in its poverty here, and travelers on the Danube do well to break their journey long enough to stop and see.

One glorious late-autumn afternoon, roughly a year and a quarter since the day of the gypsy-caravan's meandering into the quiet suburb there in Cincinnati, a *droschky* of the sort suggested drove, full-tilt, toward just such a gypsytown—an American tourist and his wife.

"Dorothy," and the man's voice quivered with his tense excitement as the nearer of the burrows began to undulate the horizon here, "do you know that coming in view of this gypsy-village is marking a red-letter day in my life for me?"

"It's the concrete symbol—the 'visualization,' I suppose I should say—of what actually served as the starting-point for the wooing of what is now my wife!"

His words were stumbling just a little in their meaning; excitement had the best of him.

The woman looked, a trifle askance.

"Just what do you mean, dear?" she asked him.

"I mean that I have prepared for you just the very best sort of a plot for a double-barrelled love-story, or a triple-barreled hymeneal scenario, that the big Anglo-Saxon writing-game has probably ever known!"

He straightened on his seat, struck the attitude of the proverbial raconteur, and then went on:

"Once upon a time, and really not so many, many years ago, a poor young instructor in a big Mid-Western college loved a girl very deeply. True to all form, with stories of such sort, while he loved deeply, he also loved almost hopelessly, for while he labored and strove to secure such promotions as would mean a salary upon which a girl of her sort might be kept, other luckier suitors—sons of rich men, whose influence, if nothing else, gave them *entree* to just such positions—were not staying behindhand in their own pursuit of her hand.

"You can spin that part of your story, your script, out just as far as you like, of course. Burning the midnight oil, going dinnerless and supperless to save, tutoring in holidays, and all the heartache and the pining that you please!

"Finally, seeing himself lagging more and more behind the rest, if but for the attentions they could pay—theater, motorings, little suppers, flowers and the like—the man reached the conclusion that he must turn to the drastic—and then there came home to him the ancient axiom that 'all's fair in love or war!'

"You can have the slovenly, but good-hearted char-woman who cleans his garret-room and who knows his secret remind him of that—or wake him to the need of action, if you wish to, in your tale.

"So, to repeat a bit, the man settled himself on a bench in the park to deliberately campaign for his lady!

"Campaigning, he reviewed every phase of the battle he must wage upon rival suitors.

"Measuring thus every friend of the girl that he knew, he reached the conclusion that there were really just two who seemed about closing in, one or other, for the winning.

"And, in justification of his act—for a reader, and audience, always demands moral justification for any seeming unfairness otherwise; as you know—he *knew* that neither of these men could make the girl anywheres nearly as good a husband as he would himself."

The man stopped a moment—perhaps to survey the colony of hummocks all about them here; perhaps to let so much of the story—the opening chapters of the "double-barrelled romance," as he had called it, the resolve of the poor man to win the girl from her rivals, whether or no—to sink home.

The woman beside him sat severely erect. Woman's intuition made her half-fearful, half-desirous of knowing just what was coming. Not every wooer of what *he* would have become his bride was clever enough to deliberately sit down and campaign thus. But, a woman doesn't exactly like to have herself looked upon as a subject for deliberate campaign.

On the box, the Roumanian driver whistled the *Kara-George March*, utterly oblivious of his charges' word. The wind from the Danube played the river reeds and set them to creaking and groaning.

"Pondering and repondering the matter, the lover fell back upon a something his college professor of psychology had emphasized—the value of driving squarely *home the* desired notion—the desired idea.

"'If you want someone to do something,' Dr. Slaughter used to say again and again and again, till all of us, of his classes knew the sentence by heart, 'get them to *want* to do that very thing, and this by driving all possible advantages for them to doing the thing squarely home. Don't let them feel driven—let them believe they're leading, driving. And give them time to dwell, of their own parts on the idea.

"I don t know if I'm making myself altogether clear," the man swerved a little from the thread of story. "Briefly, the lover should be shown, in that script you're to write, as resolving to resort to a proper use of what is often called the 'dominance of an idea.'

"You *sabe?*"

Beginning to understand, or believing that she did, she nodded, affirmatively; but—severely!

"Happening into a motion-picture show—seeing some gypsies upon the screen there, the man was seized with the idea that builds the actual thread of the story!

"He would turn conversation, next time that he called on the girl of his heart, to the motion-pictures; a simple matter. He would tell of having seen this film, with its marvellous gypsy-pictures—an obvious step then. He would lead conversation on to what he'd read from time to time, (and, incidentally, that next evening, at the Public Library, (all a 'purpose), of the gypsies. He would fill the girl with interest, wonder, enthusiasm for these nomads of the public ways. Nothing marvellous at all in such step-by-step procedure.

"Having shown mi-lady the romance, the fascination, Romany Rye presents to all who'll simply stop and see, he would urge her to weave her own tales about them. He would urge that she write a story, a motion-picture script, of life among these homeland gypsies.

"Her story must be true to life, of course; every bit of local color must be exact. Audiences, readers, both, demand such things.

"And to get that local color?

"What so simple as to have all the good folk about keep weather-eye open for the coming of some gypsies to town; and then take snapshots, to refresh memory, of those gypsies?"

The man laughed a little.

His wife's face glowed anger—and she was still more beautiful for it!

"Now you *are* understanding, aren't you?" he laughed a little.

"But, we're almost at the stopping-place, so I must hurry on:

"Having interested the woman in the subject of Romany—gypsies—the next step in the plan that stole home to him as he watched the movie that first day, required the coming of the gypsies she'd require to some point where she might reach them!

"A little thought to this part of the subject, and the man resolved to find a gypsy-band.

"Broadcasting return post-cards to police-headquarters of some twenty cities near at hand, finally brought word of the presence in the suburbs of one of these towns of a band.

"A week-end trip to the city, to the camp-site, cost little when weighed with results obtained.

"Nor did it cost a great deal—weighed with those results again—to arrange with those gypsies to alter their route to include the girl's home-town—Cincinnati, it just chanced to be," he put in archly here—"and then to make a point of passing—*at an appointed hour* daily—the girl's father's very attractive suburban place.

"Naturally," the man hurried to conclusions, "the gypsies would camp just outside that srburb, and if, by any chance, things miscarried first time, they would pass, and repass, the girl's home, until somehow the two parties to the story simply *would* connect.

"Then, well—then the girl would take the pictures! *We know* she would.

"And then—well, then the gypsy-woman would tell her fortune—and thereby send the good word, that the girl *must* pick the stated suitor, *home!*

"So, then, there would be 'planted,' Dr. Slaughter liked to put it, 'the dominant idea.'

"Bridget, of the girl's home, bribed to help on, as result of a meeting, on her day off, arranged with her by telephone—would assist in the 'playing that idea' in the girl's mind the while.'

"'Bridget had seen the gypsy-movie.' Had her mistress seen it? No—then she should. Back in Ireland, Bridget knew the gypsies. Wonderful the accuracy with which they can foretell!

"Bridget, too, would bend every effort to advise the gypsies, by phone to the nearest drug-store, just the time when they should pass.

"And Bridget saw to it that when they passed, she called her mistress.

"As for the rest of the story, you——", but the gypsy children and the gypsy dog were clamoring so loudly, all about now, he could not finish.

The driver bowed, as is these drivers' fashion, and helped the lady to the ground.

The gypsy-leader approached to welcome these strange guests, as is the gypsy custom always here.

The woman rose, her eyes flashing; half in anger, half, and more though, to confess it, in mute admiration for the skill, the cleverness, the innate brain-power, was the way she put it to herself there, of this man—*her* husband; used to just this one end and that to win *her!* Neither the tailor nor the other man, nor the legion of admirers otherwise, would ever have thought of that!

"You're a mean, nasty thing, *so there!*" she flung at him, while the gypsies, understanding the tone, if not words, of her message laughed.

"Come on and hurry! I want to snapshot these gypsies while the light's right!"

And, without further reference to the plot for script, or script of story he'd prepared for her, that day at least, she led on, squarely to the heart of the gypsy-town—to the very heart of old Romany Rye, as both he and she had so long pictured it—and the goal of their wedding-journey!



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

would like to have that cousin write and tell me something about the mysteries and joys of that Loveland of hers.

Uncle, can you play any music? Or Billy? I can play the violin and guitar until it makes your head ring and your feet think of the song: "Let the Rest of the World Go By."

Well, I'll say *au revoir* for this time. If any of the cousins write, I'll try to answer all I can.

Your nephew and cousin, GLENN HELMICK.

Glenn, there are no reliable guidebooks to Loveland. Such information as one can gain is always a little out-of-date or misleading. The journey must always be one of discovery and sometimes there are shipwrecks, desert islands and bobbed-haired natives to be met with on the way. It's a trip full of dangers and delights, Glenn. However, I'll wish you "bon voyage" and hope you will write and tell us what you think of the country and its inhabitants—both blonde and brunette.

I do not produce any music, Glenn. I buy mine all canned and ready to eat. It's safer in the long run—or if you can't run fast enough to escape the neighbors. I try to profit by Billy's experience in learning to play the saxophone. You never heard about this? Well, he and I were waited upon by a committee of near-residents who, after a session of remarks and expostulations, ended by saying that either Billy or they would have to be chloroformed. They said that life simply could not go on as it was. They seemed so pained and earnest about it that I persuaded Bill to make a wall ornament out of his saxophone and now he has it hanging under the record of his grandfather's services in the Civil War. It seems that the old chap ate up the uniforms of two Confederate generals and so won a pension for eighteen years before he finally died in 1897 of acute indigestion.

FERRIS TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I will try my luck for once! I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years and I certainly enjoy it.

Uncle, I surely must agree with some of the cousins about the powder puff, for I do not like it—although a wee bit sometimes helps the looks.

My, doesn't Cousin Maude Parker boost Arkansas? I live in the black land section of Ellis county where it takes four good mules to pull an empty wagon after a rain. Some mud!

I am just a common Texas farm boy with dark brown hair and eyes and dark complexion. I have five feet, nine inches to my height and you can guess my age between 21 and 25. I'm still single.

I would like to hear from all that care to write, and I'll answer all I can.

With love to Uncle and all, I remain,

Your nephew and cousin, W L. HEATHERLY.

You seem to be enduring cheerfully your lonely bachelor life down in all that Ellis county black gumbo, W. L. It certainly seems a waste of good mule power to use four of these noble, sweet-tempered animals to pull an empty wagon. And why do you want to go after rain? Surely a wagon load of rain would only make more mud, or so it seems to my dusty brain. I never heard much about Texas mud, W. L., or that it was any worse than even Cousin Maude Parker's fabulously famous Arkansas can produce. But I have heard a lot of talk, some of it rather impolite and vigorous, concerning Texas sand and its way of not remaining long in one place. In fact, Texas sand seems to want to be traveling all the while. It never stops long except when it gets in somebody's eyes or ears. I heard an extravagant Fort Worth man say once that half of Oklahoma and two-thirds of New Mexico had been formed from sand blown out of Texas. He claimed that replevin proceedings ought to be started from Austin against both states. I hope your mud doesn't reach as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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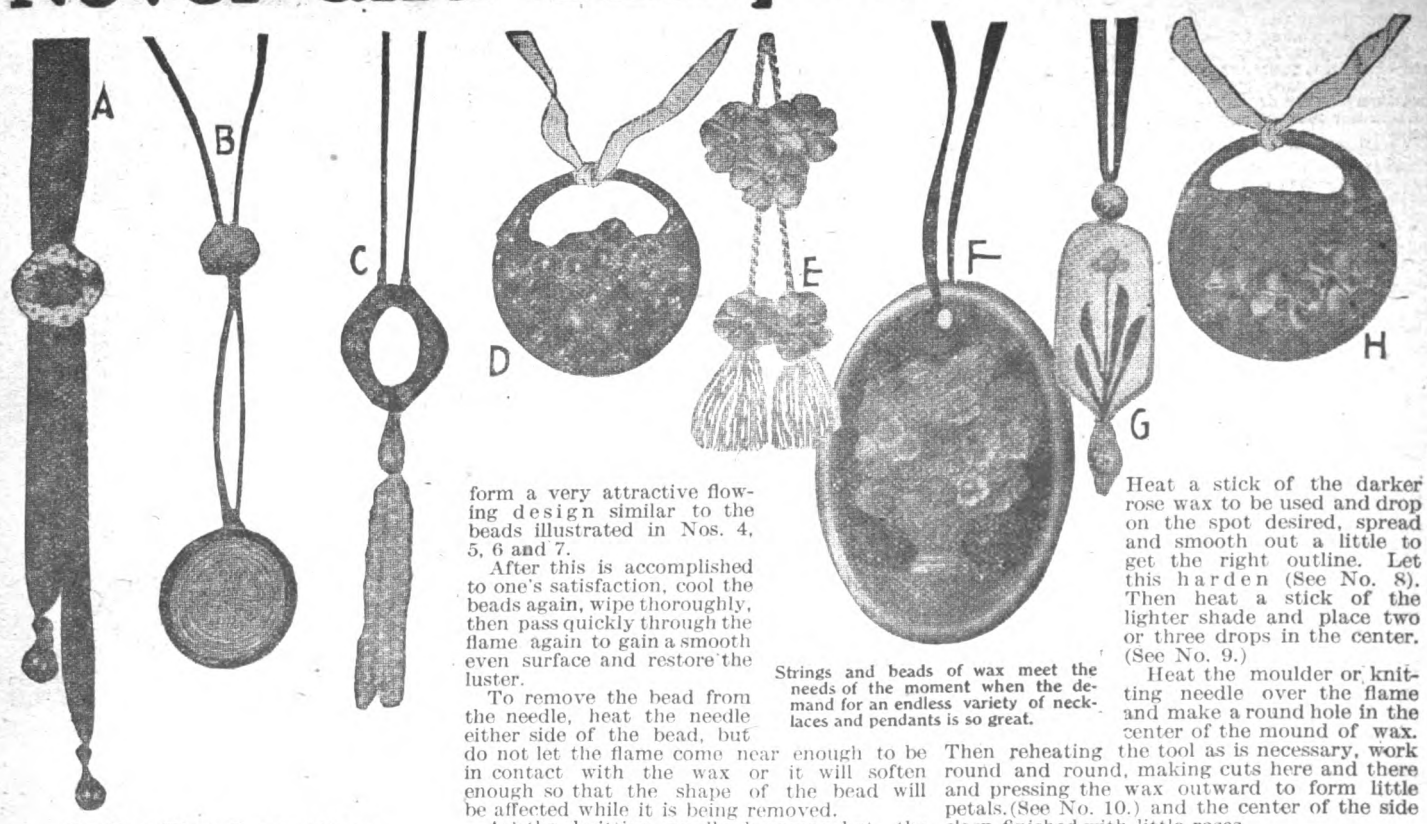
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Strings and beads of wax meet the needs of the moment when the demand for an endless variety of necklaces and pendants is so great.

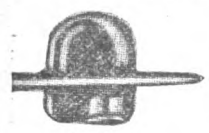
Sealing-Wax Decorations

THE collection of articles shown on these pages this month illustrate some of the many ways in which ordinary sealing wax can be used as a decorating medium.

This modern and fascinating art and these examples of how it can be employed we feel sure will help to solve the gift problem for many of our readers this year in a new and also an economical way.

The wax can be used in several different ways.

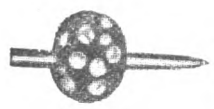
First by softening and forming into shapes. over a small flame or applying directly to glass, celluloid or cardboard, or it can be made into a sealing-wax enamel by combining it with alcohol, and then applying as paint or enamel with a small brush.



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3

It is a very flexible medium and the art of using it effectively can so easily be acquired, that any one can successfully learn how to make beads, pins, earrings, fancy buttons, girdles and bracelets, and also decorate boxes, bottles, toilet articles, vases and a host of other things so that they resemble the lovely luster wares.

Sealing-Wax Beads

As the beads are so easily made it is best to begin by practicing on these. For equipment one will need only a few sticks of the wax, an alcohol or chafing dish lamp, an ordinary steel (vegetable) knife, No. 12 steel knitting needle, a wax moulder (orange-stick may substitute), a glass of cold water and some soft clean cloth. Use one piece for wiping the beads dry and one for keeping one's tools clean and free from wax.



No. 4

If possible secure a piece of glass or marble on which to work, or even a child's ordinary slate, then the beads and pendants can be partly shaped by pressing and rolling on this smooth surface as the beads cool.



No. 5

The warmed blade of the knife is also sometimes useful in shaping or the heated point of the knitting needle. This is especially good to score or make lines on the beads running either horizontally or vertically.



No. 6

To make beads, cut the sealing-wax sticks into pieces about the size of the bead desired with the heated blade of the knife. Use one stick of wax as a foundation color. Heat the end of the knitting needle over the alcohol lamp and press into the wax as shown (see No. 1.) If large beads are desired press one piece of wax on each side of the needle. Revolve slowly over the flame, being careful not to melt the wax too much. Work slowly and shape the beads gradually as the wax softens. (See No. 2). As the bead takes on the correct shape dip it into the cold water once or twice to harden. Always dry thoroughly with the cloth before heating again for if any water remains on the surface bubbles are liable to form. When the foundation wax is symmetrical in shape if a combination of colors is desired, heat the ends of the different sticks of wax one at a time and dot on the cool bead (See No. 3). Revolve slowly over the flame again until the wax softens then turning as seems best. With a little practice one can blend the colors so as to form a very attractive flowing design similar to the beads illustrated in Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.



No. 7.

After this is accomplished to one's satisfaction, cool the beads again, wipe thoroughly, then pass quickly through the flame again to gain a smooth even surface and restore the luster.

To remove the bead from the needle, heat the needle either side of the bead, but do not let the flame come near enough to be in contact with the wax or it will soften enough so that the shape of the bead will be affected while it is being removed.

As the knitting needle becomes hot, the bead can gradually be loosened. Slip it back and forth two or three times before it is finally slipped off then the hole through the center will be clean cut and smooth as shown in illustration No. 4.



No. 8

As the sealing wax comes in some three dozen different shades lovely blues, greens, reds with black and gold can be combined in almost limitless ways.

Fancy Shaped Beads

After cutting the wax into pieces the size of the beads desired for large beads such as Nos. 6 and 7 cut each piece of wax again lengthwise and proceed as directed for smaller beads.



No. 9

In addition to round, oval and long beads, the shapes of each of these forms may be varied by flattening each side of the beads while the wax is still warm and before it is removed from the needle. No. 6 is a flattened inch and a half long bead with rounded end.

No. 7 is a well-rounded bead with oval pointed ends. Long beads can also be finished with almost square ends.

A large square, diamond or fancy shape such as No. 11 can be used for the slide or center of a pendant.



No. 10

In shaping beads care must be taken to work when the wax is not too hot, and the fingers should be moistened slightly when handling the wax.

Bead Necklaces

Wax beads of the same or graduating sizes may be strung together closely or beads of the same size showing spaces of cord between are the simplest arrangements.

Fine silk cord of any color may be used, but for many of the necklaces, as the beads are of colors, black cord is really most effective.

In stringing beads tie a knot on either side of each bead to hold it in place. See I and J above.

To fasten a "drop" to the center of a necklace use a small piece of wire cut from an invisible hairpin. Double the ends of the wire together to form a loop. When the "drop" is partly shaped slip to the end of the needle. Heat the end of the wire loop, press into top of the "drop", cool, wipe, then complete shaping and slip off the needle. Fill the hole with a bit of wax and round off the end.



No. 12.

For variety small glass beads may be combined with wax beads.

Suggestions for stringing.

Of any color combination make 1 drop, 2 large beads like Nos. 5 or 6, 3 small beads like No. 4. Knot center of cord to wire loop in drop, inch sp of double cord, knot, 1 round bead, knot, 3 in. single cord, knot, 1 glass bead, 1 round bead, 1 glass bead, knot, 3 in. cord, knot, 1 glass bead, 1 large bead, 1 glass bead, knot. From center repeat 2 groups, knotting cord together in center between last 2 groups.

Suggestion No. 2. 1 yd of cord, 8 round and 3 oval wax beads like No. 5. Fold cord on each side 9 in. from center tie knot, on each cord string 1 round bead, knot, 2 in. space, knot, 1 round bead, knot, repeat again, 3 in. space, knot in oval bead, 4 in. space, knot both cords together, 1 oval bead, knot cords together, then finish each end with 1 round bead.



No. 11.

Suggestion No. 3. Flattened square drop, 1 small glass bead, round wax bead, glass bead all strung closely. Five-inch space of cord on either side then group of 1 glass bead, 1 round wax bead, 1 square flat bead, 1 round wax and 1 glass bead. Knot between each.

Pendants

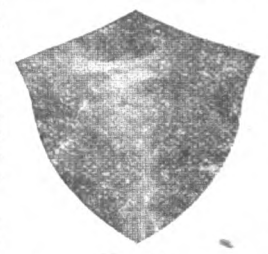
For many of the really exquisite little pendants such as are illustrated, card foundations are wax covered and then decorated with flowers, fruit or conventional forms.

After a little practice well-shaped flowers, especially roses can be indicated with a few strokes of the moulder.

For these two or three shades are necessary. Heat a stick of the darker rose wax to be used and drop on the spot desired, spread and smooth out a little to get the right outline. Let this harden (See No. 8). Then heat a stick of the lighter shade and place two or three drops in the center. (See No. 9.)

Heat the moulder or knitting needle over the flame and make a round hole in the center of the mound of wax. Then reheating the tool as is necessary, work round and round, making cuts here and there and pressing the wax outward to form little petals. (See No. 10.) and the center of the side clasp finished with little roses.

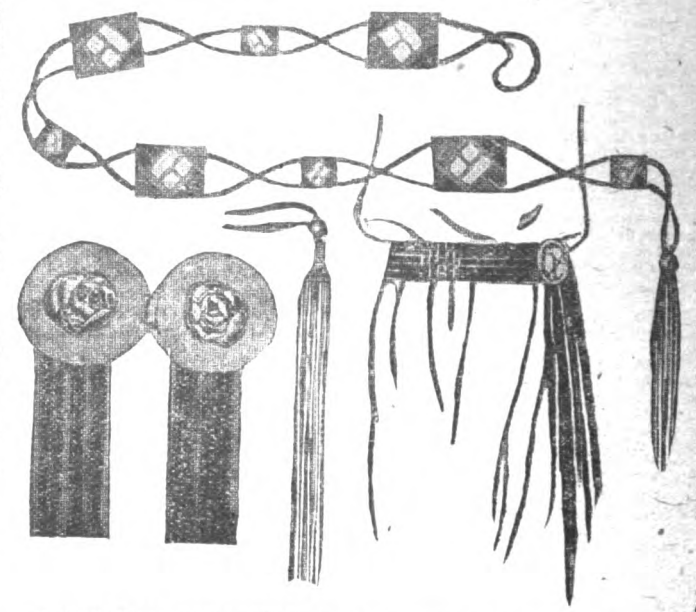
For leaves use green wax, working a drop out into a leaf like shape while warm. For wild roses and forget-me-nots place a tiny bit of softened warm wax in position for each petal, then shape with strokes from the center outward. For the centers use a bit of yellow wax or a small glass bead.



No. 13.

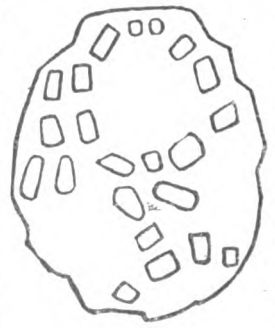
Pendant A. Black grosgrain ribbon run through a small buckle. The foundation of cardboard is covered with black wax. When hardened decorate each side with a rose, specks of green leaves and tiny forget-me-nots. Pendant C shows another way of using a similar buckle. In the foundation cardboard make holes for tying in the silk cord and the tassel of small glass beads.

Pendant B. Silk cord, one flattened round bead of yellow and black and an inch on a half circular foundation cover with black and then yellow wax. Cover the edges as evenly as possible, have the yellow wax quite thick and onto this while the wax is still soft press any article, such as a fancy button or a medal, heat slightly and cool to restore the luster.



A SIDE CLASP AND GIRDLES WITH SEALING-WAX DECORATIONS.

Pendants D and H. These gay little basket-like shapes have for their foundation ordinary tin-rimmed tags. Cut the upper part of the cardboard away as shown, leaving only the tin rim.



No. 14.

The first design (D) features a group of purplish blue grapes and green leaves on an apple-green background. For the grapes cut, heat and stick in place the wax for the grapes, dot on wax for background as needed. Heat and blend. When foundation is nicely covered, add wax to the grapes, soften and round up.

Design H has a blue-and-gold blended background decorated with three white flowers with yellow centers. These flowers can be made on court plaster as are the forget-me-nots and pressed into position while the wax is still warm.

Forget-me-not Design E. Pink silk cord and tassels. Flowers cut from court plaster, two pieces for each flower. The petals are tiny as each flower when wax covered should be less than a half-inch in diameter.

Cover one side of each flower with blue wax, place on the cord and on the back press another flower. Hold together closely. If necessary shape edges of petals with a pair of small sharp scissors. Heat and round over edges with wax. Finish the center of each flower with a bit of yellow and a dot of coral.



Design F. This two-inch oval cardboard is covered with turquoise blue wax finished with a moulded rim of grey. The basket is of brown, marked with the end of the knitting needle, and filled with flowers of the brightest colors. This odd but attractive combination is hung on a narrow black ribbon.

Design G is shaped of cardboard as shown in No. 12. Wire loops as before described are used to attach both the oval drop and the small round beads which are of wax.

The pendant is covered with amber wax, decorated with a white lily and green leaves.

Designs I and J are simple but effective ways of stringing. I features a fancy-shaped pendant similar to diagram No. 11 while J has for a drop a large oval bead such as No. 15 of varied colored wax.



No. 15.

Design K. A circle, crescents and two small triangles of bright blue scarlet and green. The colors are laid on in a conventional design and strung together with black cord.

Such a design as No. 14 is particularly good for a pendant of one colored wax. Say jade, coral, blue or amber. Punch holes as shown in the foundation and on the two or three solid places round up the wax into a mound. Use a toothpick to smooth the wax in the holes. No. 15 shows the finished pendant.

Gift of Girdles

Any article which is so essential to our present costumes can not fail to be a pleasing gift.

Heavier silk cords will be needed for these as the beads or other wax motifs used are larger than in the necklaces.

For the side clasp illustrated use two and one-half inch wooden button molds covered smoothly with black velvet for the foundation. To the edges on the under side sew securely a large hook and eye.



ROSE DECORATED WAX-COVERED BUCKLES.

Decorate the center of each button with a wax rose made as illustrated in No. 10. Cover the velvet completely with black wax and finish each button with several strings of small black beads.

A tassel for the end of a cord or side panel may be finished with sealing-wax beads or a shaped wax-covered top.

A very handsome girdle of wax medallions can be made up of blues, greens and reds combined with black silk cord. The simplest shapes are most effective alternating motifs of two sizes. For closing the girdle loop the cord through the finished end drawing it through as far as necessary.



BEAD CUFF LINKS.

Earrings

As jewelry is so much in evidence, earrings are again the fashion. Wax drops may be made in many ways but space will only allow of one suggestion.

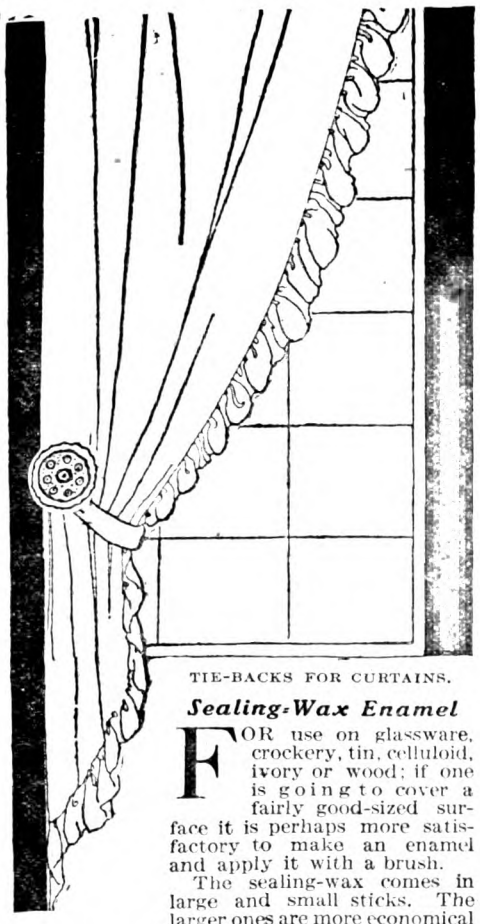
For these shown, two small brass rings, a bit of wire and the top of a ten-cent pair of earrings



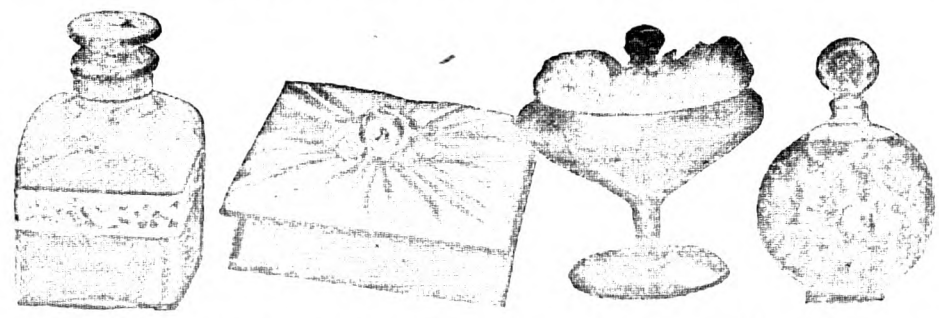
EARRINGS.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Fashioned from Ordinary Sealing-Wax



TIE-BACKS FOR CURTAINS.



Humble bottles, boxes and even a ten-cent sherbert glass can be converted into charming little affairs by the addition of a few flowers or a coat of sealing-wax enamel.

Sealing-Wax Enamel

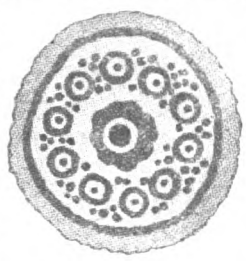
FOR use on glassware, crockery, tin, celluloid, ivory or wood; if one is going to cover a fairly good-sized surface it is perhaps more satisfactory to make an enamel and apply it with a brush.

The sealing-wax comes in large and small sticks. The larger ones are more economical for vases, candlesticks, bowls, flower-pots and other articles which require considerable wax to cover the surface.

To make the enamel, a glass jar with a screw top cover is necessary, a smooth wooden stick for stirring, an asbestos mat and some alcohol (not wood alcohol).

The wax should be cut up into small pieces and placed in the dry clean jar. Set this on an asbestos mat on the back of the stove, or over the low flame of a gas or oil stove. Leave the jar uncovered and heat until the wax is melted.

The wax must not boil and the heating has to be done very carefully so as not to crack the jar. When the wax is entirely melted, remove the jar from the stove and allow the wax to cool somewhat. Then slowly, drop by drop stir in a little alcohol. If there is a sputtering the wax is still too hot. Continue the stirring and add alcohol until the wax is thin. One part of alcohol to three of the melted wax makes a smooth heavy enamel which can be applied to large surfaces with a good-sized brush.



DETAIL DESIGN OF CURTAIN HOLDER.

For a painting enamel one part alcohol to one part of wax is a good proportion. After the enamel is thoroughly mixed it will not harden even when cool. To keep, screw the top on the jar.

If too much alcohol has been added leave the jar uncovered until it thickens a little by letting the alcohol evaporate.

To save cost and the work of covering large surfaces, the painted tin candy and lunch boxes which are now so popular can be given a touch which will make them entirely different by the addition of a few wax flowers.

In doing this it is necessary to scrape or scratch the paint from the portion to be decorated, roughing the surface up a little or the wax will not stick.



LINGERIE RUNNER.

Another dainty little gift which is quite "Frenchy" looking, is made by partially covering one of the small gift powder boxes with blue, pink or lavender wax and then working out a spray, garland or group of small flowers on the cover.

Curtain Tie-Backs

Particularly effective holders to use on curtain tie-backs which are again in style, are but another one of the ways in which wax can be utilized.

Very good imitations of the old glass Colonial designs may be used by employing conventional sort of rosette designs worked out wholly in one color such as amber, amethyst, blue or ivory white, or an opal like combination can be made by blending blues and pinks with white.

To make the foundation proceed as follows: cut a two and one-half-inch circle of cardboard to the center of one side, attach a small brass ring by thread or a bit of wire. Cover back and front with one coating of enamel and while the wax is still warm press on to the center of the cardboard a two-inch wooden button mold. When thoroughly dry, cover all completely with a second coating of enamel. Dry, then on wax indicate the design with a sharp pencil.

The combination of dots and circle shown is very simple and in coloring would fit in almost any room. To copy this, use gold for the first two coats, for the third coat cover the button only with peacock blue. Next run a line of black around the edge of the button. Next round, dot on ten drops of orange, leaving about a quarter inch between each. When dry put dot of white in center of orange. Dry thoroughly, now surround the orange with small violet dots, care being taken not to run them together. Put a small violet dot on centers of white. Let dry. Paint irregular violet center over the blue, dry, then all but cover this with a coat of geranium. Next a quarter inch dot of light blue, then finish the center with yellow, orange or gold.

Such a pattern as this can be carried out very successfully as it is so simple. Several can be made very much alike if the different colors are painted on each one in succession. Do not work to get an even effect but make one stroke answer, any resulting irregularity really being an addition.

Desk Sets

Such a set as is here shown would surely be an acceptable gift.

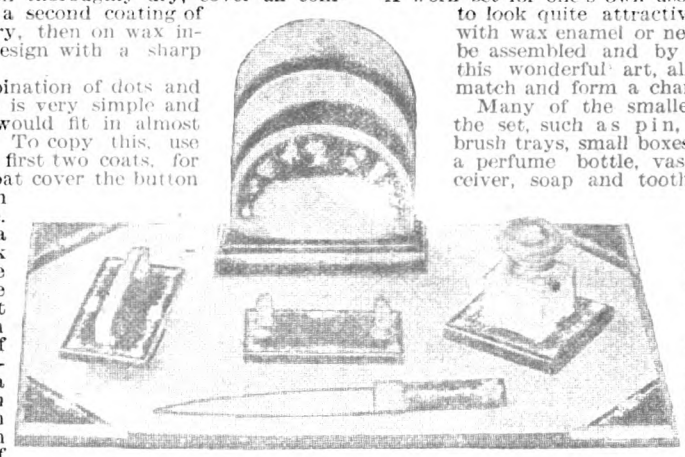
The various articles needed including a small inkstand, letter rack, paper-cutter, etc., can be purchased, the blotter-pad bound with pasteboard corners easily made, and then all decorated to match.

In this set roses cut from crepe paper are grouped on a black background on the letter rack and arranged in a running border on the other articles. A coating of this wax enamel applied to a shabby leather set will make it almost as good as new, unless of course, the leather is actually worn out and ragged.

Toilet Set

A worn set for one's own use can be made to look quite attractive by coating with wax enamel or new articles can be assembled and by the magic of this wonderful art, all decorated to match and form a charming whole.

Many of the smaller articles for the set, such as pin, comb and brush trays, small boxes for powder, a perfume bottle, vase, a hair receiver, soap and tooth-brush cases and all the various manicure implements can be found in the ten-cent stores. The brush and mirror will cost more but need not be of an expensive grade of celluloid.



A WAX-DECORATED DESK SET.

When several pieces are to be decorated it will cost less to use the larger sticks of wax for the foundation color at least. Thin the sealing-wax enamel as directed to the consistency of milk.

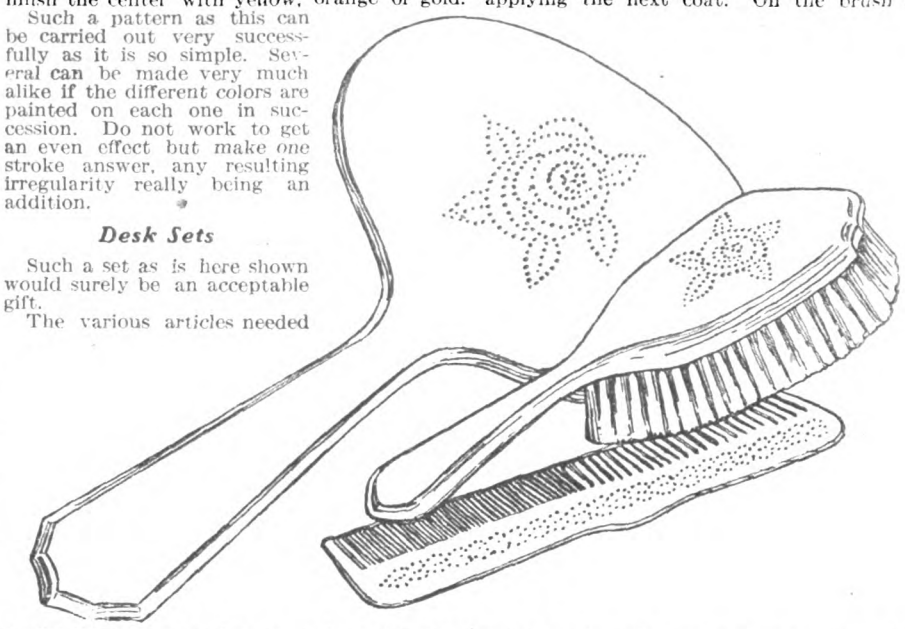
With a flat brush apply this in thin coats, giving every article at least three coats and allowing each one to dry thoroughly before applying the next coat. On the brush and mirror paint each side, each time allowing it to dry before turning over and painting the opposite side.

When the background is thoroughly covered with a smooth even coating of color select any colored design and place in position or if an outline pattern is to be used, trace it on to the wax by means of a sheet of carbon paper and sharp pencil.

For a raised design of dots forming a continuous outline such as is here shown, use a thicker enamel and place the dots at regular distances apart.

In this example a mist or very soft grey enamel was used, the rose design being dotted in on this with a copper bronze.

Other light colors such as rose or blue combined with gold, old blue or coral with white, or black and white combinations are all very pretty and effective.



A celluloid brush, comb and mirror may be treated with enamel to match a hair receiver, powder box, cream jar and other toilet accessories.

Novel Bracelet

Enough fine black silk cord to encircle the wrist either once or twice, one large and 12 small wax beads and one bunch of small glass beads will be needed to carry out this idea.



WAX BEAD BRACELET.

Any color combinations of sealing-wax can be used for the beads, according to fancy and strung on a colored cord if preferred. A black silk cord however, tends to emphasize the colors used in the beads and can safely be worn with more gowns.

King Tut Turban

These popular and pretty turbans which come in a straight length and are draped snugly about the head to keep one's hair in place, are made of two and one-quarter yards of water-proof maline or georgette.

An ornament is used in the center of the front and under this the ends are tucked.

The ornament can be made very easily of wax, selecting and utilizing a design as suggested in these columns and cutting a working foundation from cardboard or court-plaster.



KING TUT TURBAN.

How to Get Designs

Ideas and designs for use in this work can be appropriated from color pictures, crepe paper and paper napkins. Cut out the design carefully and paste it on to the object to be decorated. If this has already had one coat of wax, simply spread the design out and press into position while the wax coating is still soft. With a small brush now paint over each color with thin wax enamel, duplicating the original colors used in the design.

In the case of flowers or fancy ornaments such as the side clasp and the front turban ornament a raised effect can be obtained by waxing some parts of the design much more heavily than others.

Waxing Large Pieces

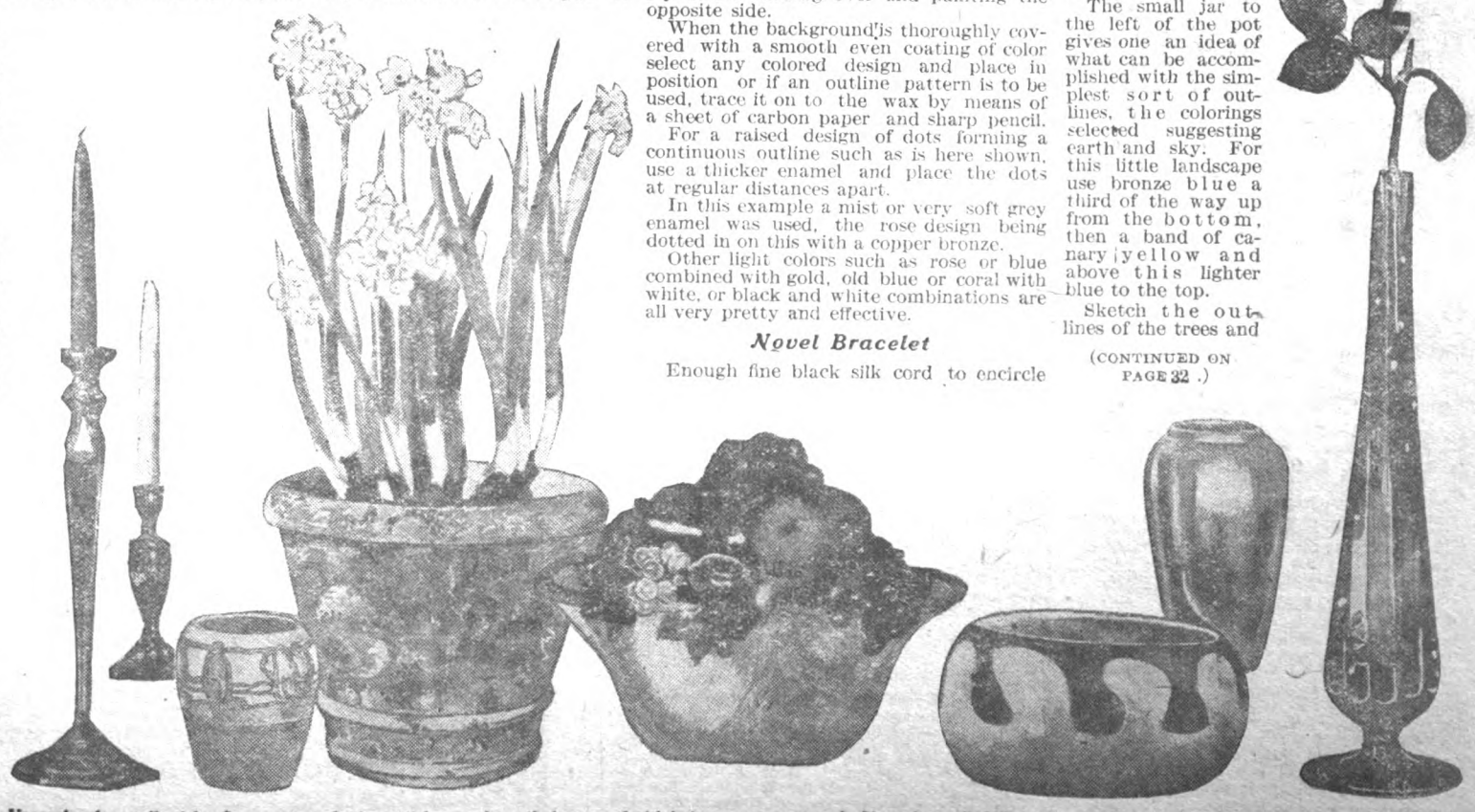
For vases, jars, pots and bowls well blended combinations of different colors are the most popular as these effects can be so easily obtained. The flower-pot and fruit bowl are good examples of this variegated decorating.

In covering a large surface use the wax rather sparingly, and place dots of the same color some distance apart, heat, blend and then add more wax as needed.

The small jar to the left of the pot gives one an idea of what can be accomplished with the simplest sort of outlines, the colorings selected suggesting earth and sky. For this little landscape use bronze blue a third of the way up from the bottom, then a band of canary yellow and above this lighter blue to the top.

Sketch the outlines of the trees and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



Vases, bowls, candlesticks, flower-pots and other articles may be entirely covered with hot wax or wax enamel. If wax is applied direct, dot colors on from end of a stick, hold article over the flame, revolve slowly, always in the same direction, allowing the wax to melt and blend. Add more wax as needed.



Candlesticks covered with wax add an attractive note of color to a room. The smaller one illustrated is an inexpensive wooden one coated with black wax and decorated on the bowl and base with rose on leaves arranged as shown in the detail above.

The flowers are more attractive if two or more shades are used. Do not putter but form each petal with one or two strokes.

See directions for making roses on page 22.



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31x4	3.00	1.50	34x4½	4.00	2.50
32x4	3.00	1.75	35x4½	4.25	2.50
33x4	3.25	1.85	36x4½	4.25	2.75
34x4	3.50	2.00	35x5	4.25	3.00

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30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.60	1.65
32x3½	2.25	.90	34x4½	3.75	1.65
31x4	2.50	.90	35x4½	4.00	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.00	1.65
33x4	3.00	1.40	35x5	4.00	1.95
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30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
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Connecting Rod Adjustments

THE connecting rod bearings are subjected to severe service. They should be inspected at least once a season and adjusted if loose. There are two kinds of connecting rods in general use, one kind having the cap hinged to the rod and using but a single bolt to clamp the parts together. This is termed the hinged type of connecting rod. The other kind of rod known as the marine type, bolts are used on both sides of the cap. The cap must be entirely removed before the rod can be released from the crank shaft.

All connecting rods are not adjusted in the same manner. Same rods are provided with a number of thin shims between the rod and cap. In the event of the rod becoming loose, one or more of these thin shims or laminations may be removed.

Other rods are not provided with shims and any wear can only be compensated for by removing some of the metal from the rod cap. Such an adjustment is made by removing the cap and catching it in a vise. The ends of the cap are then drawfiled a little at a time. Frequent replacing of the cap and drawing up of the bolts is necessary in order to determine the fit.

After tightening up a rod, the fit can be determined by opening all relief cocks and pulling the engine over either with the hand crank or flywheel. It is unnecessary and even dangerous to adjust a bearing until it is difficult to turn the engine over.

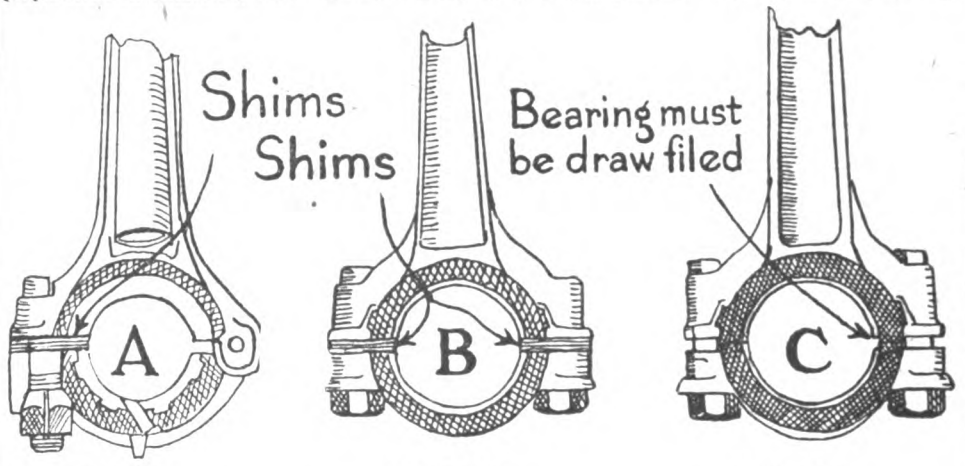
After properly adjusting one bearing it is well to slack off on the adjustment and then adjust another rod. Proceed in like manner until the last rod has been adjusted and then tighten all rods. If locks are provided to prevent the bolts from backing out make certain they are in place.

When it is necessary to tow a car in order to loosen the bearings it is an indication of poor workmanship.

When the bearings are tightly adjusted, there is danger of the babbitt melting out providing care is not exercised to run the engine very slowly at the first.

The majority of manufacturers have exchanged propositions on connecting rods. Whenever a rod is burned out a new one can be obtained by sending in the old rod to the manufacturer or authorized dealer at a price ranging anywhere from 50 cents to two dollars.

Rebabbitting the rod by the owner is not advisable unless he possesses a special jig in which to form the bearings. Usually the manufacturer's exchange proposition affords the biggest saving.



HINGED TYPE. MARINE TYPE. MARINE TYPE.

Leaky Rings

When the engine is lacking in power, it is well to test the compression of the cylinders. In the absence of a compression gauge, a fairly accurate check may be made by turning the engine over with the hand crank and noting the resistance offered by each cylinder. When little resistance is offered, it is easy to determine whether the rings or valves are at fault by raising the hood and placing the car close to the cylinder block. If, when the engine is turned over slowly with the hand crank, there is a prolonged hissing sound, the indications are that compression is leaking past the piston rings. No hissing sound is produced by compression leaking past the valves.

Grade Crossing Menace

Highway Commissioner Frederick Stuart Greene of New York has recently authorized the use of a distinctive method of warning motorists and all others of the presence of railway crossings. The grade crossing is still a menace to travel and although different safety methods have been taken, the death toll at such places is still heavy. The Commissioner intends to mark the pavement. The first warning will consist of two wide parallel stripes painted one foot wide and placed five feet apart. These stripes will stretch across the pavement and will be placed 230 feet from the nearest track. At 125 feet from the nearest track will be another warning stripe, this also being one foot wide. Still as a last warning of the presence of a railway crossing will be another signal 25 feet from the nearest track. This signal will be two feet in width and will resemble the markings on railway crossing gates inasmuch as it will consist of diagonal bars in black and white. This method surely gives all travelers plenty of warning of the presence of railway crossings and should be the means of reducing crossing accidents to the minimum.

Lights Fluctuate

When the car lights brighten and dim at the different motor speeds it is an indication that the battery is weak. As the speed of the motor increases the generator picks up the load and supplies current for the lights. However when the motor speed is decreased beyond a certain point, the load is shifted back to the battery. The battery being weak causes the lights to burn dimly. The remedy is to have the battery recharged and to make certain that the terminals are not corroded.

Many times one light will refuse to burn constantly. Pulling the cable or jarring the lamp will often cause the bulb to resume burning. When such a condition is experienced, the trouble is usually due to a loose connection. The remedy is to release the terminal and tighten the screws which hold the cables. If the two wire system is used make sure that the two wires are insulated against each other. Clean the terminals before connecting to lamp.

Useful Pointers

Close Parking

In places where parallel parking is in force, one will sometimes see a space in which he believes it possible to park but due to position of the cars in front and rear of this space, maneuvering is necessary. Running head in is usually impossible under such circumstances as it is impossible to run the rear end of the car into position. The best way to park when the above condition is presented is to run parallel with the head car and then back into the space. Once the rear end of the car has been moved against the curb, but little maneurvering is necessary to place the front end in position.

Use Hand Throttle

When driving over rough cobble stones or on roads that are extremely rough it is difficult to use the foot accelerator and maintain an even operation of the engine. This is due to the condition of the road causing the uneven foot pressure on the foot accelerator. When such a condition is presented it is much better to discard the use of the pedal and control the engine operation with the hand throttle. This lever can be set or manipulated so that the jerky action of the engine can be avoided.

Balloon Tires

A new type of pneumatic tire for passenger cars has recently been placed on the market. This tire is much larger, thinner and lighter than the standard tire and for these reasons has been termed "balloon tire." This tire gives greater cushioning to the car.

Out of Matches

One of the pathetic sights in life is to view a smoker out of matches. While the smoker usually attends to the supply of matches carried on hand, it will no doubt be well to know that should the supply run out, he can obtain a light from the engine. If there are relief cocks in the cylinder head, one of these will supply the necessary torch when opened. Fire spits through an open relief cock when the engine is running. A cigar or cigarette can often be lighted by placing the end of it against the hot exhaust manifold.

Garage Shades

The housewife pulls down the shades to prevent the sun from fading the draperies. The owner who keeps his car in a garage having windows exposed to the sun should take this leaf out of the wife's copy book. The car is usually run into the garage in a certain position. The sun coming through the window will strike a certain part or parts of the car. Naturally these parts will fade out the finish quicker that the balance of the car. While light is desirable for the garage, the windows should be fitted with shades which can be drawn to exclude the sunlight.

Draining Crankcase

Draining the crankcase and refilling with fresh oil is beneficial to any engine if properly handled. However, too many owners believe that the operation merely consists of taking out a plug, allowing the oil to drain away and then refilling with a fresh lubricant. This is not sufficient as the oil in the splash basins cannot be drained away in this manner, neither will all the lubricant drain out of the pan. If there is a pint of dirty oil remaining in the engine, the addition of three quarts of clean oil will not produce 3½ quarts of clean oil. It will give 3½ quarts of dirty oil. After the old oil has been drained off about one quart of flushing oil should be poured into the engine. Flushing oil is light and can be purchased at any oil station. It is inexpensive and is produced for the purpose of cleaning out the engine. Run the engine a few minutes and then drain off the flushing oil. The fresh oil can now be poured into the engine. Save the old oil drained from the engine for lubricating the spring leaves.

Prevent Chattering

The time required to grind in Valves to a perfect fit can be greatly shortened if the seats are first recut and the valves refaced. When this is done, the register is assured and the grinding is only needed to remove one or two high spots. If the workman is not familiar with the work of recutting valve seats he is apt to allow the cutter to chatter. When this is done, considerable more work is involved than would have been the case if the work of recutting had not been attempted. Chatter marks cannot be removed by continued cutting as the cutter will only follow the chatter marks. If the flutes of the cutter be filled with grease before using, the chances of chattering is reduced to the minimum.

Speed Cops

Not all speed cops are mounted on motorcycles. Some cities now have automobiles on the road driven by officers in plain clothes. These cars travel the streets at the speed prescribed by law. Any drivers who pass this car are speeders and the registration number is taken. A car of this kind operating in a city known to the writer brought in more revenue than the three motorcycles combined.

Answers to Inquiries

PUMPS OIL EVEN WITH OVERSIZE RINGS.—My 1920 model Ford car has pumped oil ever since it was new although I have put in two sets of oversize rings, but without much benefit. I don't think the pistons have ever fitted tight enough. When turned up so the top you can take hold of the tops of them and shake them in the cylinder. There is about as much clearance as the thickness of a tin snuff can. Do you think that ten or fifteen thousandths oversize would fit and stop the oil-pumping? B. C., Athens, Ala.

A.—Too much is often expected after installing new or oversize rings in an engine. Merely installing new rings will not correct a certain trouble; they must be fitted. If the cylinder bores are worn oval shape then the rings cannot be fitted. Before installing rings the cylinders should be measured with inside micrometers. If the measurement discloses that the bores have worn oval shape, they should be ground out to the next largest size which will restore the roundness. Regarding the piston clearance do not be deceived about the purpose of the pistons. They have nothing to do with the leaking of oil or the holding of compression. A piston could have .040 inch clearance and still do its work providing the rings fit the bore. The piston having this clearance would be apt to slap but the compression would not be affected. The rings are the pieces which hold the compression. I do not know the exact clearance allowed Ford pistons, but the usual allowance for cast-iron pistons is about .001, while aluminum is given about .005 to .007 inch. Determine the fit of the rings and condition of the cylinder bores. When the motor is reassembled, a few small holes drilled in the lower piston ring groove may help the oiling trouble.

PISTON RUSTED TO CYLINDER.—Owing to the fact that I left my motor-boat engine in a three-day rain with the spark plug out, the piston rusted to the cylinder. How can I get the rust out so the piston will move? Also please tell me where I can purchase the piston rings; they are 3—¼. J. W. L., Jacksonville, Fla.

A.—Remove all the water from the cylinder bore and then pour on top of the piston a mixture of kerosene and cylinder oil. This mixture will in a few days attack the rust sufficiently to allow the piston to be broken loose. You should be able to purchase new piston rings at any accessory store.

REAR END TROUBLE.—I have a D-45, 1916 model Buick, and have put in two ring gears on main drive and two pinions within the last eighteen months. They broke out one or more teeth. Can you tell me what is the cause of this trouble and how to eliminate it? Do the Buick people make gears especially for hard service? F. L. T., Fayetteville, N. C.

A.—You do not state whether or not the new gears were purchased direct from the Buick factory or authorized dealer. Frequently an owner will purchase such parts from dealers in pirate parts. These parts are inferior to the standard parts and will not give the proper service. The manufacturer uses the proper steel, heat treated to a certain formula to give just the right amount of toughness. These are the parts that give service. Pirate parts may be purchased for a few cents less than the parts made by the car manufacturer, but experience has taught thousands that the money saved is poor economy. If, however, you have purchased the manufacturer's product then it is to be assumed that the alignment is affected. The housing on which the ring gear fits may be sprung. The face of the case may need truing or a new case may be needed. If you have purchased Buick parts, it might be well to write directly to the Buick Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich., and state your trouble. An instruction book will assist you in making the correct adjustment.

It Can't Be Done

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30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.40	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.70	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

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100,000 Tires



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Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30x3	$7.25	$11.95
30x3½	8.25	13.95
32x3½	9.45	15.95
31x4	10.65	17.45
32x4	11.85	19.75
33x4	12.45	20.90
34x4	13.25	21.95
32x4½	13.45	22.45
33x4½	13.95	22.95
34x4½	14.45	23.45
35x4½	14.95	24.80
35x5	15.90	26.45

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Glorious October Days

"They's somethin' kinda hearty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and the buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin': and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

WHEN James Whitcomb Riley wrote those lines about October, he felt just as you and I feel—but somehow he had the knack of putting his feelings into words, words that will endure throughout the ages. Riley loved October, and told us why; we all love October, but we lack the power of choosing words to express our high regard. Why, every farm boy loves the month when the walnuts, ripe and brown and tempting, are fairly calling to him from over on the hillside—calling to him to come, stain his hands by shuckin' 'em, then earn a scolding by his teacher. The older boys—and Dad and even Gran'pa fall in the class of *boys* at this time—feel the strong urge to shoulder a gun and "play hookey" a-huntin' squirrels or rabbits. Perhaps there are teal and mallards down along the creek or in the marsh? Maybe the fence over there needs mending, so we take the gun along. Queer, isn't it, that such a coincidence can be discovered in a time of need? Why, even old stiff-jointed Toller and young Bell, the rabbit hounds have been actin' odd of late; they know it's October and time to be out in the woods while the dew is on the ground! Better catch the spirit from them, folks; get out and enjoy October, for it comes but once a year. Youth and health must ever be considered in the same breath—and remember that youth is really a condition of the heart, not of the body!

October Reminders

If you wish to brighten the windows this winter at a small expense, now is the right time to pot some of your brightest annuals. You can pot petunias, verbenas, portulaccas, in fact almost any of the free bloomers you like, and they will produce abundant flowers indoors. In truth, most of them will bear larger and finer flowers than they produced outside. Snapdragons with finer spikes than you ever saw in the garden will reward your efforts; sweet alyssum too seems to like house culture, for the spikes are larger and heavier and the blossoms are brighter, larger and seem to last longer. Before potting any of these, severely cut them back. Use rich soil and large pots, then keep the soil moist and the results will be truly surprising. Few of the regular house plants will be prettier; besides, these annuals must be considered as *extras*, simply added for good measure. And how Mother will love them, and her callers will admire them, adding a full measure of pride to her personal pleasure.

October is a busy month for everyone in the farm family with little time in which to enjoy the bounties which the month has to offer. Many "chores" must be attended to by all, indoors and out around the fields and barns alike. But one necessary chore that often remains undone, to come up to haunt us throughout the winter every time we pump soft water for wash day or for our cleansing basinful to lave our face and hands, is the cistern; there never was a cistern built that did not need cleaning out occasionally—annually would be far better. Then there are the gutters and rain pipes. These fill with leaves and twigs and trash, to block the flow of water, causing a low water level in the cistern. Clean them out before heavy frost, clean the cistern too, if it is not too full, then go into the winter with full assurance of a supply of clean cistern water.

Needle Grass Damages Lamb Carcasses

The barbed seed cases of a plant commonly known as "needle grass" have been the cause of a great deal of damage to sheep and lamb carcasses in the southwest. The seed of this grass which is common in sheep-raising sections of Texas and adjoining states, matures in the latter part of May and is shed in June or July when dead ripe. The dry seed cases, about one inch in length are hard and sharp and are provided with retentive barbs which enable them to work through the skin and into the flesh. Sometimes abscesses are formed as a result. In other cases the wound heals and the "needle" when found may be mistaken for a small tick. The irritation it produces causes the greatest objection to "needly" carcasses.

Before the meat can be marketed it is necessary for the packer to trim out these spots and sometimes parts of the outlying muscles in several portions of the carcass must be cut away. As many as six needles have been found within an area two inches in diameter and occasionally has been found infecting a region four or five inches square. Needles seldom go deeper than an inch into the flesh, but they do move about over a considerable area in some instances.

Careful observation by inspectors of the Department of Agriculture stationed at the Fort Worth packing plants show that needles are found more often in the carcasses of lambs or young sheep than in those of older animals. Two possible explanations for this have been offered; the first that the grass grows little more than a foot high or not tall enough to reach the more expensive cuts of larger animals; the second that for some reason not fully understood the fleece of lambs picks up and retains the needles to a much greater extent than does the fleece of grown sheep.

The damage done by needle grass is costly to packers and sheep raisers, as is shown by the fact that packers are often forced to sell lambs costing around 13 cents live weight, or 22 to 24 cents dressed for a price as low as 10 cents a pound. In one lot of lambs examined by the Government inspector, out of 95 lambs 29 were found to have needle grass infections. In another lot of 100 lambs, 40 were infected. Therefore some method of prevention is imperative.

As a means to that end, it is suggested that needle grass be heavily pastured in the early spring while it is still quite tender and before seeds are matured. In this way it will be kept down and seed formation would be prevented to a considerable extent. Thus the cause of the trouble would be lessened.

Fall Management of Lambs

Lambs bought on the fall market for fattening must be accustomed gradually to rich green feeds such as rape, soybeans and cow-peas. The method most commonly used by experienced feeders is to put the newly purchased lambs on a comparatively dry timothy or bluegrass pasture when they arrive on the farm. Here they are allowed to rest and fill up on grass for two or three days. Good, fresh, pure drinking water is highly important at this time, and an abundance should always be easily available. Do not make it necessary for lambs to *hunt for water* while they are still strange to the place—a not uncommon mistake that often proves expensive. After two or three days on the dry pasture, turn the lambs into the corn field for an hour but not until they have had their morning fill on the dry pasture. When the hour has expired, bring them back to the dry grass pasture and keep them there until the next day. Increase the time allowed in the corn field by half an hour each day over a period of a week; at the end of this time they may safely be allowed to remain for a full day in the corn.

Lambs will eat the leaves of corn, at the same time trimming cut weeds and grass that may have grown since the corn crop was laid by. They will also eat the stalks that are "down," but they will not break down erect stalks to get at the ears as long as there is plenty feed within easier reach. Therefore, when it is intended that the ears as well as the lower leaves are to be pastured off, the stalks must be broken down for lambs. Just enough stalks should be broken down each day to satisfy the lambs and furnish the grain they need. If more is broken down at one time it will be wasted.

Remember that *feed* makes the fat lambs. Remember, too, that as the fall season advances feed becomes more scarce and less palatable. This applies particularly in cases where lambs are given the run of cropped land, to pick up a living in the fence corners and on the stubble fields. But even for lambs kept in the corn field the same facts hold true in a measure. They should not be kept there too long without some additional feed, if they are to be marketed as fat lambs. This is particularly true where rape is not available. Some of the largest and most successful lamb feeders begin to feed silage as early as November 1st, allowing as much silage as the lambs will "lick up clean" in an hour morning and evening. Provide plenty of salt and fresh water. See that the lambs get sufficient exercise to keep them healthy and lively. Provide some sort of shed or barn in which lambs may take shelter from wet weather or storms, but do not make the mistake of close housing in dark, damp, poorly ventilated buildings. A shelter shed open to the south or southeast and with a gravel or dirt floor that does not become muddy in wet weather is all that is really required in the way of shelter in most regions.

Sand Blowing Prevented by Trees

"Sand blows," or areas of shifting, drifting sand, are a serious menace to agriculture in many regions. Still worse, they are on the steady increase, due to the removal of timber by logging, by fire and by clearing of land for agricultural purposes. Land that has "stayed put" for centuries while covered by timber, soon dries out and commences to drift when the timber is cut off. This is especially true of certain sandy regions in the lake states and here we find experiments under way to determine the best remedy for sand blows.

Willow and poplar cuttings placed one foot apart in rows have been found to give the best results, according to the Michigan Forestry Department. Poplars made a remarkable growth of from four to eight feet in a year. Even though the original root collars of many of the young trees were covered by 6 feet of sand, the trees showed a 100 per cent. survival. Though willows did not make as rapid growth, they stood the effects of deep burying equally well. The particular usefulness of both willows and poplars was in barriers or screens planted several rows wide along drainage ditches and on the windward side of farmsteads where the presence of the trees effectually prevented sand encroachment and consequent damage.

Beach grass was useful in helping to hold in place, but it was found to be useless for use in barriers. Small spruce and pine trees did not survive deep burying when planted alone, though the western yellow pine, *Pinus ponderosa*, did well under the adverse conditions. The experiments proved the advantage of planting willows and poplars as temporary shelter for longer lived trees such as spruce and pine, however. Given shelter and protection while young, these will soon become established and independent and in time will produce a valuable crop of timber on land that would otherwise be waste.

Kerosene Cure for Thistles

Most farmers worry more or less about that troublesome weed pest, the Canada thistle. Some farmers worry because they have the pests well established on their farms; others worry because they fear that they will get the pesky things. Then, too, some farmers do not worry, even though they have the thistles and have them *bad*. Such men are not given to the worrying habit—but it would be far better for themselves and for their neighbors if they were more prone to lie awake nights thinking of ways to rid their fields of the prickly weeds with the pretty blue-purple flowers.

Here is a new remedy that is now coming into use, and with good results, to judge from many reports received. It is known variously as the kerosene method or the kerosene cure, and it is especially useful to eradicate thistles from pasture land or from fence corners where they may not be easily reached by tillage implements. For thistle patches in cultivated fields, summer tillage persistently and carefully practiced is still the most favored, the cheapest, and by far the easiest and most satisfactory method of eradication.

To get rid of thistles by the kerosene method, cut off the plants with a tile spade, leaving a sharply defined cup in the earth. Strive to have the cut-off root exposed at the center of the bottom of the cup. Then simply pour a cupful of kerosene into the hole. Keep a careful watch for new growth that will be likely to spring up from old, well-established roots. This is almost certain to happen and patience is necessary if eradication efforts are to be successful, for a second treatment of all new growth must be performed in about ten days after the first "dose" was administered. Do this at intervals of a week to ten days throughout the season, if new growth persists in springing up. Sounds like a large undertaking, doesn't it? But it is not such a chore as it sounds. As a proof of the effectiveness of the kerosene cure, a patch of Canada thistles numbering somewhat over 3,000 plants was reduced to *four* by the second treatment. Another case reports that a patch of 10,000 plants was killed except for fourteen by the first application, and the second dose got the upper hand of these survivors. Still another case reports that in a patch containing some five square rods, only one thistle survived the second application. From this we feel safe in saying that the kerosene treatment for Canada thistles, if carefully and persistently followed, will give good results.

Hints on Wintering Bees

Winter killing is responsible for heavy losses in northern states. Average losses run from 15 to 20 per cent, but 30 per cent. losses are not uncommon, and beekeepers have even reported losses running as high as 80 to 90 per cent. in large apiaries where 100 or more colonies are kept.

Successful wintering with little or no loss is possible when proper temperature is maintained during storage when liberal quantities of good stores are provided and when bees of the right age are wintered over. Winter care of bees covers three distinct periods. The first, or fall, period extends from September 20 to November 20; this is the period of preparation of bees for winter. It is important at this time to see that every colony has a young queen not more than two years old, whose maximum egg-laying period has not yet been reached. Provide plenty of good stores and allow the bees to arrange their own brood nest. Have the bees well protected and sheltered from prevailing winds. Do the feeding before the first week of November when cold nights prevail.

During the second period, or winter period, extending from November 20 to March 21, the bees may be expected to remain in the hives without flight and should not be disturbed except under extreme conditions. Those in storage should be in absolute darkness and the temperature of the bee cellar held at a constant range of 45 to 50 degrees. Excessive moisture will not be apparent if the proper temperature is maintained. Ventilation of the bee cellar is likely to do more harm than good. The third or spring period is from March 21, or the time when the bees are sent out, until the middle of May. This is the period for rebuilding the loss of colony strength caused by winter conditions.

To insure greater success place the bees in a location where they will positively be protected from direct wind; to do this provide some kind of a wind break if necessary. If colonies of maximum strength are desired at the beginning of the honey flow provide each colony with some outside covering or packing as soon as the bees are put on their summer stands. Provide every colony with more stores than you think it can use during the months of April and May. If you do not have combs of honey, use sugar syrup. Give 40 to 50 pounds; the common allowance of 10 to 20 pounds is not half enough. The strong colony will need 75 to 100 pounds of stores to build up during the spring and if the bees cannot get it in the field the beekeeper must supply it. Bees must have ample room, and the beekeeper who has swarms in May should not be proud of the fact as it is a sure sign of neglect in one way or another, possibly overcrowding.

Copper Carbonate Prevents Smut

Dusting seed wheat with copper carbonate prevents stinking smut, and the new dusting treatment is preferable to the old formaldehyde treatment, according to findings of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. Several reasons are advanced in favor of the dust treatment over the dip treatment formerly used so extensively. Dusting with copper carbonate saves time and labor; the seed may be treated at any time before planting, then held in readiness for planting; as the seed does not become wet, it is not injured by freezing, nor is there any danger of heating or sprouting if it is held for a long time prior to planting. Another advantage is that the drill need not be set to handle swollen grains, as is the case following the formaldehyde treatment. Copper carbonate dust does not injure the seed as formaldehyde sometimes does. In fact, the dust has a stimulating effect upon seed germination, thus increasing wheat yields.

Copper carbonate dust can be purchased at any drug store for around twenty cents per pound. Two ounces of dust will treat a bushel of grain. Treating is best done with a home-made barrel mixer that operates similarly to a concrete mixer, for the dust must be thoroughly mixed with the grain to gain best results.

Copper carbonate controlled the smuts of oats, and it is thought likely that the dusting treatment will prevent rye smut and covered smut of barley, as well as kernel smut of sorghum and the various millet smuts. Further experiments will be conducted to fully determine its value as a preventive of these diseases. Certain smuts against which formaldehyde was not successful, such as loose or naked smut of wheat, timothy smut and corn smut, have not been prevented by the new dust treatment.

Storing Vegetables for Winter

At least twenty kinds of garden vegetables can be kept in a fairly fresh state for winter use if proper storage methods are employed. This list of course includes the commoner vegetables, such as potatoes, onions, parsnips, rutabagas, carrots, cabbage, pumpkins and squash, but in addition there are a number of others that can almost as readily be stored. These are horseradish, salsify, leeks, celery, chicory, winter radish, dry beans and others.

Temperature in the storage cellar should be low enough to prevent decay, but at the same time sufficiently high to protect from frost. For most vegetables this is from 54 to 38 degrees, but for pumpkins and squash a temperature of around 50 degrees or more is required. Good ventilation is necessary, as dead air favors decay and accumulation of moisture on the roof and walls of the storeroom. Potatoes and root crops that are to be stored should be carefully sorted over and only those that are entirely free from bruises should be placed in storage. Do not make the mistake of having the vegetables bins too large nor too deep. A depth of four to five feet will allow sufficient ventilation to prevent overheating, but shallower bins are better where they can be used. Onions, squash and cabbages keep best in single layers piled on open racks. Since excessive moisture favors decay, the storeroom should have perfect drainage; the damp floored cellar is never satisfactory.

Cleanliness in the storeroom is an essential factor. Clean up the storage cellar before it is used, for bacteria and fungi of decay flourish in rubbish and decayed matter left over from last season. Do not permit vegetable tops to mix in with roots in storage, for to do so is to invite early decay.

Onions should be thoroughly ripened and cured and dried in the field, in drying sheds or on slat trays, before they are placed in storage. Soft onions and those with thick necks and loose skins do not keep well. Even while the best selected onions are kept in storage it pays to go over them occasionally, picking out the few that will be found to be turning soft. Thus decay is prevented from spreading.

In the storeroom fitted with movable bins and slatted racks, it is easier to take these fixtures out of doors for cleaning than to do the work in the cellar. Besides, the benefits of a "sunbath" will add greatly to the success of your cleaning. Scrape off old dirt and fragments of decayed vegetables that are sure to adhere tenaciously to planks, then wash thoroughly with scalding water, reaching all parts. Then leave out in the sun for a day or two in a place where there is freedom from dust and roosting chickens. Move back into the cellar, which has been put in order in the meantime. Look at the windows to see that they are in good "working order," then everything is ready for the arrival of the vegetables that we are all so glad to see on the dinner table in cold weather.

Fresh Rhubarb in Winter

To provide a supply of fresh rhubarb for winter use on the farm is a comparatively simple matter where good lusty roots may be dug out of the home garden. The juicy, tasty, tender stalks secured by "forcing" in the cellar will be so greatly relished by all the family during cold winter months that the work required to grow them is in reality a pleasure. Here is how to go about it:

Lift out the root clumps with a spade after the first killing frost, but before the ground has frozen hard. Two working together can lift out the roots better than one, we have found; if two spades are forced into the soil simultaneously from opposite sides of each root clump, the root is disturbed less and more soil adheres to it. Pile the roots in a heap, with the dirt adhering to them, then cover with six inches of straw or hay and leave until they have frozen. The best place for the pile of frozen rhubarb roots is in the shelter of a board fence or building, where they are left to be taken into the cellar as needed. A few at a time, the roots are taken into the cellar, spaced close together in a row, with about three inches of loose soil scattered on the floor. For convenience choose a corner of the cellar where the forcing may be done out of the way, and where the temperature never ranges more than ten degrees below or above 50 degrees F. After the roots are in place scatter more soil to fill in between them and to cover the crowns a couple of inches deep.

Soak down the forcing bed thoroughly, using lukewarm water if that can be conveniently done, as water that is slightly warm gives quicker and better results. Darken all the windows of the part of the cellar in which the forcing is done; use old burlap bags or pieces of carpet to shade the windows. Where forcing is done in an open cellar where the windows cannot be conveniently darkened and where it is not advisable to partition off a small room to be used as a forcing room, use old porch awnings, stack canvasses or large pieces of burlap to make a screen that will effectually shut out light from a small enclosure around the roots. This may be done by simply tacking carpet, burlap, etc., to the ceiling and joists, allowing it to hang down to the floor. Keep the roots watered and be careful to prevent too great changes in temperature, as extremes in either direction will be harmful.

From the time the roots are set in the cellar to the time that the delicate pink stems are ready for the table will vary from three to five weeks, a month being the average. The stems produced will be juicy and fine flavored, less "woody" or fibrous than the ones grown in the garden, and the leaf growth will be extremely small if light is excluded. To keep up the supply of fresh rhubarb, bring new frozen roots into the cellar from the outdoor storage place every two or three weeks, then set and care for as directed above. Before the soil freezes in the late fall, it will be found a good plan to fill a large box with rich soil from the garden. This, if kept handy in the cellar, will be ready when necessary for making new beds—a much simpler arrangement than striving to dig the necessary dirt after it is frozen. For the needs of the average farm family, six or eight roots planted at a time will be ample. Try forcing rhubarb this winter. Once tried, you'll never be without it.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

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Questions and Answers

POISON FOR RATS.—Will you please tell me the best way to get rid of the rats that cause so much annoyance and damage around my buildings? I have tried trapping, but they soon get wise to the traps. Dogs and cats may help some, but not enough to keep the pests within bounds. Poisons have not come up to expectations for them; besides I'm a bit afraid of them, with chickens and children around the place. The fall and winter months are the worst time, so if you can tell me how to get the upper hand I will feel greatly indebted to you. John C. McQ., Ohio.

A.—Poisoning is the quickest and best all-around means of controlling rats, but much depends upon how the poison is used and a lot more depends upon how thoroughly the job is done. Here is how to use it: Always offer rats a variety of poisoned baits. For instance, make one meat, another vegetable, and the third miscellaneous. Meats may consist of Hamburg steak, sausage, canned salmon, bacon or fat trimmings. Vegetables include fresh fruits, cantaloupe, tomatoes, green corn, baked sweet potatoes, mashed bananas, or even a spoiled can of jam or jelly. Miscellaneous baits may be made of eggs, cheese,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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The Woman with the Hoe

By Laura A. Smith

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THERE has always been strong affection between Mother Nature and her human daughters. The outward and visible sign of this affection may be one little dwarfed plant, trying its best to grow in a pot on a tenement window-sill. Or, it may be shown by the woman with the hoe, out in the open, cultivating her flower garden or tilling the larger fields. Women have always been equal co-workers with men on the farm. There is nothing new in this situation, some will think. Yet, there are several new and interesting features about it. First, there are now in the United States, 770,055 women engaged independently in agricultural pursuits. That is, they are not listed as "helpmeets." They are farming for themselves.

Another interesting item concerning the woman with the hoe is this; the real woman farmer, daughter of generations of tillers of the soil and wife of one today, is emancipating herself from drudgery. All throughout the West, these women have installed domestic machinery in their kitchens. For every utensil or machine the farmer uses to lighten the labor in the fields and barns, the wife places one in the kitchen and dairy to lighten the labor there. The washing machine, vacuum cleaner, carpet-sweeper, dishwashing machine, fireless cooker, now do much of the work for the farmer's wife. She is making good use of her leisure time thus gained. She has an automobile, she attends the Farmer's Institute where she exchanges ideas with other bright women. She subscribes to the Reading Circles and State circulating libraries. She travels through the United States and abroad with her husband when the harvesting is over. The rural free delivery, the trolley, telephone and big mail order systems have connected the farmhouse with all the cosmopolitan centers. The woman of the farm is taking advantage of these improved conditions to rest from her drudgery and improve herself intellectually.

The city woman of means, the worn-out business woman, the woman who stands for higher education—these are the ones to whom farm life makes the strongest appeal today. Literary women, college professors, actresses, women of each and every profession, go about their daily tasks with the chicken farm or some other farm bee buzzing in their bonnets. Take them through the ranks, from the one with the letters of several college degrees after her name, to her who scrubs other people's floors, all are hungering for the smell of new-mown hay and country life. The woman farmer of the last generation is becoming emancipated. The urban woman is harking back to Mother Nature for rest for tired nerves, health for weak body and stimulants for the mind and the soul. She wishes to lay her head as it were, on Mother Nature's kindly conforting breast. She wishes to change gilded mirrors and all the trappings with which the city surrounds her for reflections in shady pools. She wishes to fill her soul with the health-giving odors of garden, orchard and fields.

Steeped in education, her life ordered by theory, the would-be woman farmer is timid. She dreads entering a new field and traveling a new path alone. "I must farm," she says, "but I must have some theories to work upon. I cannot just take a hoe and a rake and go out and raise crops." Recognizing her desires and her needs, big colleges, Columbia for example, are adding an agricultural course and inviting women to take it. All throughout the states, women students are plentiful in all the agricultural colleges. They are fast finding out one or more women can live independent, congenial lives on farms. They can have better food at less cost, can save immensely in the matter of clothes, can learn to conserve their forces and farm intelligently and market to exclusive patrons at good prices.

Near New York City a young woman who is a practical and successful farmer has agreed to allow her farm to be used as a school to show other women how to farm. A woman who spends the winter near Columbia University devotes the rest of the year to raising clean, sanitary pigs. She sells these at her own price. She is a woman who likes to experiment. She found physicians would pay 60 cents a dozen for eggs from hens fed on celery and similar food. These seemed fine eggs to give the patients. One year she cleared $900 by selling newly hatched chicks. She raised turkeys for a few families, novelties in winter vegetables, and made a penny here and a penny there. Her latest venture was to seed down an abandoned Connecticut farm with white pine. This is free from taxation and in twenty years she will have the timber for the cutting.

This is only one up-to-date woman with the hoe. Of the entire 770,055 in the United States some devote themselves to flower raising—roses, violets, old-fashioned garden flowers or gather and sell flower seeds. A South Carolina woman is a tea grower. A Massachusetts woman, who moved to Mexico runs a coffee plantation. A woman in Arizona has a successful ostrich farm. Three sisters, and scores of other women run cattle ranches in the West. A California woman, herself a successful farmer, organized a union for the purpose of encouraging women to take up farming, and dairying, stockbreeding, poultry-raising, fruit and flower growing, landscape gardening, cultivating vineyards and managing estates. California women farmers engage especially in horticulture as New England ones, market maple sugar. The navel orange is said to have been introduced by a California woman. Shipping bulbs to retailers is a California industry, and one bright woman saw the possibilities in marketing the plume-like pampas grass.

The woman inclined to harken when Mother Nature whispers: "Come and make your home with me," has a wonderful variety of work from which to choose.

She may have pastures and herds and market milk, butter and cheese. She may have an attractive poultry yard in small space with white frames, wire netting—as dainty as she chooses. Several years ago, two sisters stopped teaching school and bought a farm. They decided it should be a white farm. They raised white chickens, ducks and geese. "No," they said, "there is no extra profit in white poultry but it looks so pretty running about on the green grass. Besides after twenty years of blackboards wouldn't you want to look at something white?" Unanswerable argument, because a woman's. Beehives and honey, vegetable and herb gardens, hothouses radiant with flowers, fruit and olive orchards, vineyards and wide-spreading meadows, cornfields and timberlands may be her work shop.

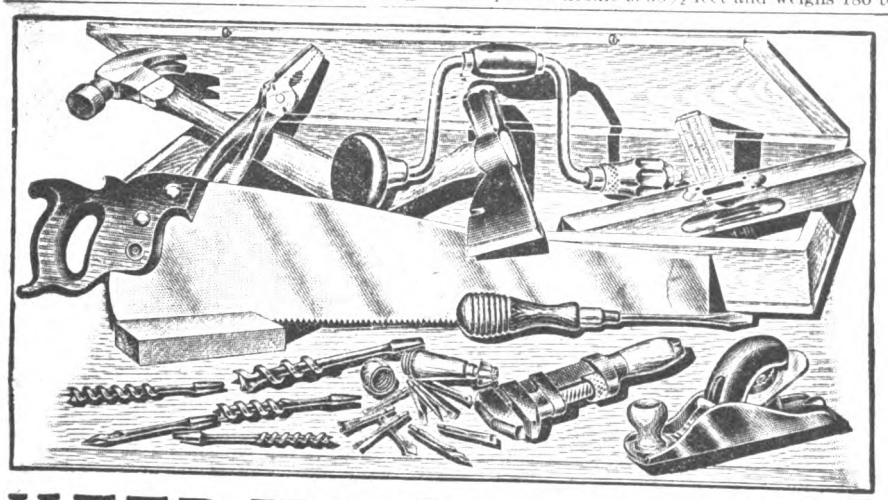
"A garden is a lonesome thing, God wot,
Rose plot, fringed pool, fern'd grot
The veriest school of Peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! When the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

About a century ago the woman farmer was everywhere, and perhaps at her best. The slave women of the South tilled the rice fields, planted tobacco, sowed the cotton seed and helped in the harvest. On the farms it was the women who raised the garden truck, vegetables and herbs. They tended to the poultry breeding. They milked the cows and made and sold the butter and cheese. More than this, they became so adept in spinning and weaving flax and wool from their fields and flocks, that when the spinning mills were established, the women workers were all ready and experienced. They stepped right in and became a big majority of the factory workers of the New England States.

At one time there was great excitement over raising silkworms and making silk in America. James First sent over the silkwork cocoons. Prizes of money and tobacco were offered for spinning and weaving silk, and history recounts that women won the far greater share of the prizes. It was they who fed the worms, reeled, spun and wove the silk. Even before Revolutionary days, three women were noted as silk growers. They were Susanna Wright, Grace Fisher and Mrs. Pinckey. Today our Government is making experiments in silk culture in some states and employing women to look after the work.

A young girl and her girlish vanity led to the manufacture of straw goods in Massachusetts in 1789. Miss Betsy Metcalf of Dedham wishing to adorn her fair head, experimented with meadow grasses. She bleached and braided these and sewed the braid into so comely a bonnet that all her neighbors admired and copied. Out of this little experiment, grew straw works at Dedham which employed over 7,000 women. No small part of woman's work in that period, was the raising and distilling of healing herbs, and making of family medicines. Each farm was a factory in itself, a world if you will, for thereon grew or was manufactured everything which human life needed for its sustenance. We know that the women of the past century were unusually wide awake and active, that they were considered by historians as far ahead of their times in all save the reading of light literature. The men fully appreciated the good work of their wives and other women relatives When in 1870 the western farmers formed the Grangers' Association they made it a rule that no grange could exist without women members. In all the Granges and all the Farmers' Institutes and all the work done by the Government toward helping farmers, the demands of women are given equal prominence with the men. They hold a conspicuous place in the United States Agricultural census as producers of national wealth.

The world's record obelisk has been unearthed at Assouan, Egypt. It is 113 feet long, 14 feet at base, and eight feet at narrow end, and weighs 1,200 tons. Cleopatra's needle is 68½ feet and weighs 180 tons.



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Street or rural route number on line above.

City and state on line above. 1160

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

peanut butter, stale bread soaked in milk, kitchen leavings, or cereal either cooked or dry. Mix the poison thoroughly with each kind of bait so that rats cannot eat even the smallest portion without eating poison also. Mixing is easy with Hamberg steak, cheese, cereal, etc., using a spoon to work in the poison. Other baits are better treated by spreading the poison on with a knife then working it in. When the three kinds of baits are prepared, divide into portions of about a teaspoonful each and place them freely about premises where rats are known to be numerous. Place baits carefully, not haphazardly; set a meat bait, then a fruit bait, then a bait of a third kind. Set them ten to fifteen feet apart. Never mix the baits, or set them in a group. Do your baiting in the late evening, but before dark. Next morning make the rounds early, gather up dead rats and *pick up* the baits that remain. Make a note of the kind of bait that has been found most attractive by the rats and use this for several days or until the rats "get wise" to it. Then try three new kinds of bait. Bait every night and pick up in the morning as long as there are evidences of rats around the place. Don't stop too soon; your work will have been done to no avail, for the rats will soon be as numerous as ever. Keep poison baits out of reach of dogs, cats, fowls and children. Do this by using good judgment in selecting the places where baits are placed or by protecting baits from anything larger than rats. Placing baits in the evening and picking up remaining baits in the morning also is a protection.

FILTER BOX FOR CISTERN.—Please give me a formula for filling a filter box for purifying water with which a cistern is filled. We depend on irrigation water to fill our cistern and the ordinary charcoal filter seems to me inadequate for such water.

Is second cutting of cane for hay poisonous to cows? I have been told that such is the case.

E. P. N., Arvada, Colo.

A.—A comparatively simple type of filter that is widely used with satisfaction for filtering drinking water consists of a clean wooden barrel, a removable muslin cover, clean sand changed from time to time, and charcoal as a purifier and deodorizer. First cut a hole either in the bottom or on the side close to the bottom of the barrel. Over this place a screen to keep charcoal from coming out of the opening. A cone of screen, double thickness will serve the purpose. Then place a layer of charcoal, say six inches in depth in the barrel bottom. Over this pour clean dry sand, such as would be used for concrete work; avoid the use of fine-grained, "clayey" sand and use "sharp" sand. Fill to within six inches or so of the top of the barrel. Place a muslin cloth on a barrel hoop over top of barrel to remove such foreign matter as twigs and leaves. Change the cloth frequently. A filter such as this will supply you with water that is free from sediment and the charcoal will remove objectionable odors. This filter will operate at a fair rate of speed but no efficient filter can be called rapid for a filter that allows for a free flow of water is not doing the work it is intended to perform.

The second cutting of cane for hay is not a safe feed for livestock, though it is not *always* poisonous. For some reason, prussic acid is found frequently in large enough quantities to poison livestock in cane that has been frosted and also in cane that is immature. For this reason it has long been the custom to avoid its use for feeding livestock, putting into practice the "safety first" idea that it is well to use in all such matters. For full particulars regarding prussic acid poisoning and the presence of this poison in the cane, we refer you to a bulletin issued by the Nebraska Experiment Station, Lincoln, Nebraska, which will be mailed to you free upon request.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

When there is a large family to supply the table scraps containing meat, potatoes and bread, leaf scraps and oil meal can be omitted, but to get the best results from table scraps, they should be put through a meat chopper and be thoroughly mixed; otherwise one hen is liable to get all the fat, another all the vegetable, which means that neither will get a balanced meal. And what is more, the hen who wins a large piece of fat is very likely to have an attack of diarrhea and become dangerously ill.

Another small economy is to dry all the egg shells left from the table cooking. Crack them up and add them to the mash, for they will take the place of grit and oyster shell. Of course such a method of feeding is only practicable for the small flock. Farmers should cull just as rigidly and get rid of all the unproductive birds, but as they usually grow much of the necessary food and have sufficient room to grow good-sized flocks, it is better to devote their time and energy to making birds produce as many eggs as possible during the winter months, in spite of the price of grain.

Feed and cleanliness are the two great factors. When I say feed, I don't mean quantities of one kind of grain. The hens must have a variety to furnish the different elements necessary to keep them in good condition and provide a sufficient surplus to form eggs, or they can't lay them. You can feed a hen lots of food, but if it lacks the ingredients which are necessary for the different parts of the egg, it is just wasted, for the hen won't produce eggs, even though she may be so fat that she develops liver trouble or apoplexy. What constitutes a well-balanced ration varies considerably in different parts of the country. In cold climate it takes a good deal of rich food to sustain bodily heat, therefore what would be a well-balanced ration in Dakota would be positively detrimental for birds in the South. For this reason, I collected this information from experiment stations in different parts of the country about their method of feeding laying hens, hoping that our readers will be sensible enough to accept the vicarious experience of the experienced poultrymen who made a study of the subject in the various climates.

The New York Ration

This ration has given the best results when used with large and small flocks at the Cornell experiment Station, and is widely used in the Eastern States.

SCRATCH FEED.—Fed morning and afternoon in straw litter: Wheat, 60 pounds; corn, 60 pounds; oats, 30 pounds; buckwheat, 30 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in hopper which is kept open during the afternoon only: corn meal, 60 pounds; wheat middlings, 60 pounds; wheat bran, 30 pounds; alfalfa meal, 10 pounds; oil meal, 10 pounds; meat scrap, 50 pounds; salt, one pound.

GREEN FEED.—Beets, cabbage, sprouted oats, green clover or other sufficient food given at noon in a quantity that the hens will immediately eat up clean so that none is left to spoil. Oyster shell, grit and water are available at all times.

The Indiana Ration

SCRATCH FEED.—Scattered in litter morning and evening, about one third of the daily allowance in the morning, and two-thirds in the evening: Corn, 100 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds; oats, 50 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in an open hopper accessible at all times except to the heavy breeds, in which the hoppers are kept closed until noon; Shorts, 100 pounds; bran, 100 pounds; meat scrap, 60 pounds.

GREEN FEED.—Alfalfa silage, beets and cabbage, as much as the hens will eat immediately. Milk is fed regularly when available. Grit, shell and charcoal are kept constantly available in open hoppers. Fresh water is always at hand.

The Maine Ration

This ration is used successfully in Northern New England and in other portions of the Northern States where cold winters are the rule. It is designed for winter pullets during the winter period.

SCRATCH FEED.—Cracked corn is fed in the litter in the early morning. At ten to eleven o'clock in the morning equal parts of wheat and oats are fed at the rate of two quarts to each fifty birds.

DRY MASH.—Kept before the birds at all times in open hoppers so that they may eat all they like of it. After the fifth month, or just past midwinter, linseed meal is given only every second month; Wheat bran, 200 pounds; gluten meal, 100 pounds; corn meal, 100 pounds; meat scrap, 100 pounds; low grade flour, 100 pounds; linseed meal 50 pounds.

GREEN FEED.—Sprouted oats, mangels, cabbages or a mixture of these, as much as the hens will eat up clean once a day. Grit and water always at hand.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of food stuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, mouldy, or old hay causes more sickness among hens than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores and germs, which float in the air when the hens dig up the material, and are inhaled by the birds, and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by the hens, causing white diarrhea in chicks hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped cornstalks topped with dried leaves, as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we used the combination of corn-stalks or straw. The shavings are particularly valuable, because they are cheap and prevent the other material from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

M. C. B.—You don't say whether the birds are old or young, which makes a great deal of difference in judging the symptoms of disease. They may be just in bad condition, indigestion or lice, or they may be suffering from tuberculosis. Kill one of them and examine the liver, heart and intestines. If they appear normal, just give the birds a mash made of ground feed moistened with castor oil for two mornings in succession and put a little asafetida in the drinking water for two or three weeks. If, on the other hand, you find any spots on the liver or heart, you may decide that you really have a serious disease to fight. Read answer to E. R. W. and J. R. in this issue.

M. G.—I am sorry to tell you that the sores on the joints which refuse to be healed by any of the remedies you have used, and the fact that one of the birds has already died, point so strongly to a tubercular con-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

comfort, letting him have the best chair, the best food, the most comfortable place at the table; in fact, seeing that he gets the best of everything. She should be never tired, sick, sleepy or hungry. Her dress should be very modest, long skirts, long sleeves, and high neck, with no frills to attract the attention of other men. She must be very industrious, really, "Work" should be her middle mane. She must do all of her own housework, including washing, ironing, sewing, scrubbing, caring for poultry, cows, pigs and children, also feeding the horses when hubby comes in from the field, tired and cross, if wifey should happen to have a day in the house, which would be seldom, because my Ideal must help me with the field work. What if the children are neglected and the washing and other housework left undone? She can make that up by extra work when the rush of field work is over, anyway, those are things that don't amount to much, nothing hard nor any worry about housework or raising children. And I would never marry a woman who expected me to carry in the wood and water. But the modern woman, the woman of today, would she ever do those things, the things which are plainly her duty, the things her grandmother did and never complained of? What is the world coming to anyhow, with the business women, the women in politics, the school ma'am, the girl with the bobbed hair, the flapper and Heaven knows what else. It gives me shivers to think of what men may have to do in days to come.

Come on men, tell us of your Ideal Wife, maybe we can bring the modern women to their senses and save them yet.

MERE MAN.

Mere Man.—Sears and Roebuck have some wonderful values in door mats.—Ed.

COLORADA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to break into your circle and I feel a little like I am intruding. However, my wife was so fond of the Sisters' Corner that I feel a little bit of ownership in it. She has gone to her rest and left me with three children age eleven, eight and six years old. The two younger ones are girls. All can cook biscuit and corn bread. The boy has cooked light bread. They can cook cakes and pies and various things. I learned to cook a large variety of things as their mother was sick some time. I find no trouble in the following of recipes. Wife and I believed in starting children to doing light things early as they are not so awkward as when older, or at least we did not expect so much of them and their mistakes are more easily forgiven.

I remember a saying, "If we could see ourselves as other see us." I have in mind the topic of interest to so many of you and right it should be—that of pleasing our companions. Being of the opposite sex, I can see you as you can't see yourselves so to speak.

In the first place I considered my wife my equal in all things, except strength. Because I took a load of farm produce to market and collected the money and because I cultivated the crops that I sold and didn't sell anything out of the garden, didn't make me feel that she had no part in the making of it. She was helping me make it while she kept the house, garden, tended the cows and chickens. We always went 50-50 in the pocketbook. First we got the things necesasry to make a living and later when we had more than a living we got nice furniture and labor-saving things we both had to use. I would spend her butter-and-egg money for myself, tools to use, or provisions and I would use the money for the regular products. She would do the same. In other words what was hers was mine and we never said we'd let the other pay for anything just because we were not to use it. While we lived in the city and there was only my pay check, I felt that she was half owner still, because she kept our home, tended the children, and made life worth living for me. I learned lots more about a woman's work during her illness and since her death, than I would have dreamed I could.

I suspect my letter is getting long, so will end by saying that what I prized the most in my wife was her virtue honesty and cleanliness. She couldn't always be togged up, but was pleasing to me at any time because I had sense enough to understand; however, I enjoyed to see her have a chance to look her best. She had a wasteful mother, but was very saving herself. Mrs Wilkinson has my address and I will answer all correspondence. I would appreciate recipes for cooking canning, etc. I am 38 years young, have brown eyes and auburn hair; five feet, ten inches tall and weigh 183 pounds, medium built, live in the best climate in the world and enjoy the best of health.

JUST-A-HOME-LOVER.

SLATY FORK, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As you have been talking about your Ideal Husband I want to say a few words about my Ideal Wife. First, she must love me and the children above everybody else. We are taught in the Scripture that wives should love and obey their husbands. Second, she must have a good, quiet disposition. Third, she must tend strictly to her own business and not meddle with others. Fourth, she must be able to shoot a rifle and slip through the mountains like a cat. I live in the mountain state of West Virginia.

S. R. COLEMAN.

Mr. Coleman.—I hope you aren't a moonshiner. —Ed.

BANDON, R. R. 5, BOX 97, GEORGIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Owing to the fact that you've turned the Corner over to the men for them to express their opinions of an Ideal Wife, I will describe my Ideal.

First, she should be a Christian and a home lover; regardless how humble home is it can be made cheerful by two home lovers.

Second, she must be a non-flapper and not too much of a powder puff and rouge user.

Third, she must be an excellent cook and housekeeper. Charitable and friendly to all, helping those who are in need but not stooping to degradation, last but not least, she must be a lover of children. She must be willing to help her husband provide a home and a living for the kiddies, or, in other words, she must be an allround woman and of a good family.

My Ideal should be above doing the following things that are done by girls of today, smoking cigarettes, drinking, flirting, gabbing at everything that wears breeches. She must have no enemies. My Ideal should be content to follow Mother Nature and remain in the style of wearing dresses.

We are all lovers of women because our mothers are women, but don't let us expect too much of them.

I've met my Ideal and am satisfied.

Love to all and a hundredfold to Mrs. Wilkinson and all officers of dear old COMFORT. My wife has been a subscriber for three years.

WILLIAM D. RAY.

COOPER, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

Since Mrs. Wilkinson promised to let us menfolks have a whole issue of the Sisters' Corner to give us a chance to tell of our Ideal Wife, I've been wondering if Mrs. Wilkinson would let a man from Texas come in. I'll promise not to stay long and I'll make a long story short.

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT, having joined them this year, but my sister or some one in our family of seven boys and five girls, all living too, and three girls and four boys at home, have taken COMFORT for a number of years. When one of my sisters got married she took COMFORT with her and I've been a member of the COMFORT family ever since.

But to tell you of my Ideal Wife is what I came in for. Yes, I was married about six months when I was twenty-one, and this "Mother-in-law" stuff was the cause of a divorce six months later. I am thirty-two years young now and I haven't found my Ideal mate. Now do not misunderstand me, I do not mean that I haven't seen a girl that I thought perhaps would measure up to my ideas, but I haven't been personally acquainted with one. I do not think my ideas are too high, for I do not expect her to be perfect in every way; we all have our faults, and naturally she will have hers. Each man or woman, when mated, should adjust his or her faults to meet the faults of the other. Love is the most profound and deeply rooted thing in everybody's life. It is very difficult to make this point understood, because so few people really experience love. Love is something right outside our province. Some people think they know what love is, and they think they have experienced its sweeping passion. But they confuse a means that may be associated with love—which is but a small part of love—with love itself. Consequently they cannot understand the real nature of love and its expressions. Where there is true love there can be no lust.

But here is my mental picture of my ideal future wife. She must be broad-minded, able to sit down with me and talk over business matters, intelligent enough to carry on an interesting conversation. Clean-minded and honest. She must be a Christian and may belong to any church, for I believe all good people will get to heaven regardless of what denomination they belong to. She should be a womanly woman, industrious of loving disposition and sympathetic, brown or black eyes, and a brunette. She should weigh somewhere between 120 and 150 pounds and less than five feet, ten inches tall. Of course a natural blonde girl is mighty hard to beat, and I do not mean to say that they are barred. But you asked for ideals and that's what I'm giving you. My Ideal Wife should be willing to talk over all things relating to our future life. By so doing we may learn to appreciate and respect each other more for respect is the wonderful keynote of love. We should understand each other perfectly before marriage so that we both may work toward the same goal in life.

There is a certain lady who lives at Clay City, Ind. and who is a subscriber to COMFORT that can vouch for my statements as to my ideas and I hope she sees this in print. If it hadn't been for dear old COMFORT I wouldn't have known there was such a girl in this world.

Another thing about my Ideal Wife. She should be willing to live far enough from town to have our own garden and just oodles of chickens and some fruit. Although I never intend to be a farmer still, I live on the farm, making my way as an agricultural writer.

Well, some black or brown-eyed girl might want me to describe myself before I go. I am 32 years young what most people call a blonde, gray eyes, fair complexion, weigh 145 pounds and am five feet ten inches tall.

JACK L. BAKER.

HARLOW, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The sisters' letters in June were certainly interesting. Now we men know what to expect. We all have faults. Even the Man of Galilee did not claim to be perfect. No one is perfect but the ideal He taught.

My Ideal is a sweet, loving woman, good natured, good cook and housekeeper. Higher ideals than her mate and an everyday Christian, not merely a "church" Christian. She must have some education, a good form, freckles and red hair. A pretty face doesn't count. She must be a real helpmate and pal, sweet at all times, even in calico. Love is the real foundation, even among the heathen. Marriage is a bond of friendship, a bond that should not be lightly broken.

OLD BACH.

ATHENS, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON:

I have noticed many letters from the sisters asking for letters from the opposite sex on the present subject.

I wonder if Ruby Nelson would go fifty-fifty with her dream man. We shouldn't expect the wife or husband to be something we can't be ourselves.

If the girl I married had her ideals set as high as yours how badly she must have been disappointed. I didn't quite get my Ideal Woman but what she lacked in one thing she has made up for in different ways. We disagree on lots of things but kiss and make up and disagree again.

My ideal is first of all a good mother. Men are just grown up babies and we need mothering lots of times. She should be jolly, a pal, one who has her opinion of things and will hold for them. One should be fond of athletics, as swimming, boating, hunting, fishing and things like that.

Mentally, she should be able to discuss with me on any subject that might arise. She should be willing to take as she gives.

Although we have been married several years, she is still the girl, the pal and the sweetheart of our courtship days.

Mrs. B. of West Virginia, if you were my wife I shouldn't want you to tell me your past. Why ruin the lives of your children and your husband. Perhaps he is keeping something from you that you would dislike just as he does this. Men are not angels. Just quit worrying about it and it will not seem so bad. I could overlook anything in the past if I loved her enough to marry her and if she were true after marriage. We all make mistakes and most of us profit by them.

JUST ONE OF THE HIMS.

NASHUA, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading the sisters' letters in June issue of COMFORT on the subject of an Ideal Husband, it seems an opportune time for an old bach to have a turn at the bat and tell about his Ideal Wife.

My wife would have a loving disposition, moderate temper, and a fair education; must possess personality. She would be the same wife when away from home and in company that she is at home. A neat but not extravagant dresser. Good cook and a sense of humor. A wife like this (build and look matters little) would be a Heaven on earth. Traits, to my notion are not born instincts, but can be acquired by knowledge and training.

Yes, a dryland farmer, five feet, ten inches tall, light brown hair and born in the summer-time back in the nineties.

Please don't send any endless chain letters. Others are welcome.

With best wishes, B. STENBAKKEN.

SCOTTSVILLE, R. R. 2, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May an eighteen-year-old boy join your happy circle and express his opinion on the subject suggested by Mrs. Nelson?

"An Ideal Wife" said a man who claimed he had one, "is not only a wife but a mother, pal, partner and sweetheart.

"To go with him and grow with him he needs a pal, a chum who will thrill with him before Titian and cheer with him for Babe Ruth, who knows how to serve a ball and is just as ready to take a hurdle. A pal will not take her husband from the interests that fill his life nor make them flat for the lack of her. She will fill, not divide, she will complete his life."

Of course the husband must do his part to make the thing complete.

Everybody cannot get the wife or husband they wish but they can appreciate the good points they do have.

FRAZIER HALL.

ROCK HILL, R. R. 7, SO. CAR.

HELLO FOLKS:

Mrs. Wilkinson said the men might write as to their Ideal Wife so here I am.

My Ideal Wife must have at least a high school education, be a Presbyterian, have read the Bible, be interested in medicine, must not dance but may have bobbed hair, must not be jealous, and at least five feet, three inches tall, weigh 125 to 150 pounds, of medium complexion, brown eyes and dark, but not black, hair.

I am six feet, three inches tall, weigh 150 pounds; have gray eyes, dark hair and medium complexion. I am studying medicine. I neither drink, chew nor swear, neither do I drink coffee.

Just a parting word to tell you that I am opposed to dancing both ancient and modern; also excessive powder, rouge and lipstick.

Your new brother, HORACE B. JOHNSON.

PARIS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FOLKS:

I have been reading COMFORT for a good many years and although I am not a sister, I am interested in the Sisters' Corne as I am married to one of your sisters who has read it for over twenty years.

As Sister Mabel Clare has asked Mrs. W. for our admission and she has granted same, I will enter and take a seat. Your discussion regarding an Ideal Husband is getting very interesting for us.

Mrs. Ida, I want to give you a few comforting words. Don't be despondent. Maybe while you are wondering if you will ever have an Ideal Husband he is wondering if he will ever have an Ideal Wife.

Now for my idea of an Ideal Wife; but first I want to tell you that I am not wanting a wife for I have one, an Ideal one, and if she were not you wouldn't find it out.

Give me a woman with a brainbox full of good, common, human sense, a good will, clean of body and soul with a tender, loving heart toward her husband and babies and she can't be but Ideal.

Wishing each and every one of you an ideal companion and hoping to hear from some of the brothers.

Sincerely, MR. SHORTY.

CENTRALIA, R. R. 1, BOX 163, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

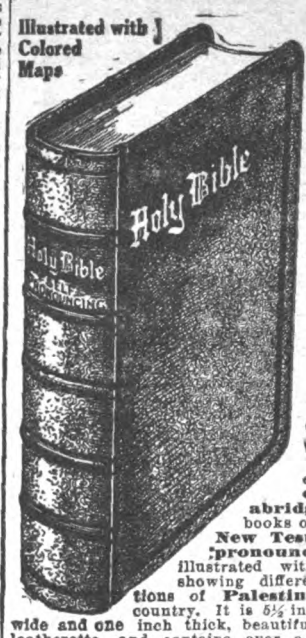
I hope, Mrs. Wilkinson, that this letter proves to you that I appreciate the fact that you have opened the door to us men, even if it is for only one issue of COMFORT. I doubt very much though if there will be room to publish all the letters that you will receive from male readers of your department. You will find, I am sure, that a great many of us are just as interested and just as eager to take part in the discussions as the opposite sex, although our letters may not be as interesting.

The sisters' letters telling of their Ideal Husband were very good; and from the various descriptions we men would do well to hold our heads up and walk the straight and narrow path. I believe it is generally agreed that men expect more of women than women do of men. If that is the case, there must be some wonderful women in this little old world.

In expecting too much of each other we are apt to fall into the same error as did the man who insisted upon governing the weather. This man wasn't satisfied with the weather so after much pleading he finally persuaded God to let him govern it for one year. Under his management the weather was most beautiful,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Self-Pronouncing Bible



Illustrated with 3 Colored Maps

Reward No. 8793

Given For A Club Of Three

SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket or hand bag, yet **complete and unabridged** containing full books of both the **Old and New Testaments**, is **self-pronouncing** and handsomely illustrated with **colored maps** showing different interesting portions of **Palestine** and surrounding country. It is 5½ inches long, 3¾ inches **wide and one** inch thick, beautifully bound in black **leatherette** and contains over a **thousand pages** finished with round corners and red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact **all Bible students** at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described if you will send us only three subscriptions.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Toilet Set



THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 8½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours *absolutely* free if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For only *five* one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at *50 cents each*, we will send this fine Three-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7635.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Birthstone Rings



Any month given for ONE Subscription

Any woman who could have her choice of only one ring would probably choose a birthstone ring. Jewelers and ring manufacturers tell us that birthstone rings are the most popular rings in the world. Everyone wants one. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one but it is exceedingly stylish.

Five-year Guarantee.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate or acceptable.

There's a stone for each month. Wear the stone corresponding to the month in which you were born: This list tells you what stone to choose:

Garnet, January; Amethyst, February; Bloodstone, March; Diamond, April; Emerald, May; Agate, June; Ruby July; Sardonyx, August; Sapphire, September; Opal, October; Topaz, November; Turquoise, December.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you any one of these genuine gold-filled Birthstone Rings free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give the number and month of the ring you wish.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own?

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is **even more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth**, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.



FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



TANGOS

5¢

a Bunte-blended, chocolate covering, thick and rich, then—marshmallow, toasted peanuts, maple cream—all in one, the tasty candy treat supreme.

A Bunte Candy

BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO

BEAUTIFUL NEW SLENDERIZING SILK and WOOL EMBROIDERED SERGE DRESS

Regular and Stout Sizes 32to54 Bust



$3.98

Think of it! Only $3.98 for this rich looking, smartly tailored Serge Dress! During this sale only, no extra charge for larger sizes. Picture gives only faint idea of the exquisite beauty of this ultra stylish creation. Brings slimness and grace to the heavier figure. Only limited sale—one to a customer. Be quick, before this astounding offer is withdrawn.

Send No Money

Fashioned from fine quality Longwear Serge, along lines favored as the vogue in fashion centers. Richly embroidered in contrasting color in Silk chain-stitch embroidery with distinctive medallions in wool French Knots. The V shape roll collar is all the rage. New wide flare sleeves embroidered at cuffs. Self material sash to be tied at back—front or side as desired. Splendidly made in every detail, in latest style, you will be justly proud to wear this wonderful dress. Just send your name, size and color, no money now. On arrival pay postman $3.98 and postage. After try-on if you are not more than pleased, every cent of your money will be quickly returned. COLORS: Navy Blue or Brown. SIZES: 32 to 54 bust. STATE SIZE AND COLOR.

No Extra Charge for Big Sizes Now

MoneyBack Guaranteed

C 1923, I. M. O. Co.

INTERNATIONAL MAIL ORDER CO. Dept. K149. CHICAGO



THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL SLEEPING DOLL FREE

This big doll is jointed at the Elbows, Shoulders, Knees and Hips. Has Turning Head, Closing Eyes, Beautiful Hair, Pearly Teeth. She is elaborately dressed, wears a swell little bonnet, and a complete outfit of lace trimmed underwear, also shoes and socks that you can take off and put on. We send this big doll to you, also Doll's Carriage, both free for selling only 20 packs Standard Bluing at 10 cents. Write today.

STANDARD BLUING CO., DEPT. 875, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

VIOLIN & BOW GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY

SIMPLY SEND NAME & ADDRESS NOW

WE TRUST YOU



Fairest and squarest plan for 28 yrs. makes us most reliable.

JUST GIVE AWAY 12 Big Art Pictures with 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverine which you sell at 25c a box as explained in great illustrated free catalog of 100 startling premiums. Extra free gifts and huge commissions reward you handsomely. Millions use Cloverine (a wonderful household remedy) for cuts, burns, chapped hands, sores, pimples, etc. Easy to sell. write quick. Be first in your town. The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept, V-16, Tyrone, Pa.

MONEY $ For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

far as Dallas, W. L., so that you have to hook up four mules every time you want to call on a Dallas girl. Speaking of Dallas, I remember they used to have a gin barrel factory in that city in the old B. P. days. I wonder what that factory makes now, W. L.? Churns, perhaps,—or water—tight wagons in which to go after rain!

DU QUOIN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

My dear cousins, did you ever notice that after you had finished reading all of the other cousins' letters in dear old COMFORT that you had a desire to scratch off pages and pages of—well, anything, and send it to Uncle Lisha? That is what possesses me now, that desire, only of course these letters must be interesting—which I admit mine will be! I like the kind that are cheerful and gay. Cousin Billy Mayer's is a good example, only I would not be doing justice to other girls and to myself if I did not say that I do not agree with him on some subjects. But I don't think it is necessary to discuss this now, since bobbed hair is not worn so much any more, or, as Billy expressed it, the "mania" has sort of subsided. There is almst too much expression in that term, don't you think?

Most of the cousins describe themselves, but I will not bore you with that it will suffice to say that I have been called "different"—just why I do not know. It may be because of my homeliness, though again it may be on account of my beauty. But I think it is more likely to be because I am an idealist and I will not sacrifice my ideals. For I believe if our ideals are high and good we will try and live up to them and thereby achieve a greater good.

I am interested in and enjoy those letters in which cousins describe the beautiful scenery and country in which they live. Of course, since I live] in Illinois, which is the prairie state of the Union, I cannot tell you of winding mountain streams and majestic peaks rising into the fleecy clouds or standing silhouetted against the azure sky. But, after all, it does not take those things to make beauty, for I believe a sunset can be almost as beautifully viewed across a rolling prairie, with the distant tree-tops forming an irregular skyline behind which Old Sol can hide the glory of his face. I say, almost as beautiful, because I have heard and read so much of the wonderful beauties of a sunset in the mountains or valley, or of a sunrise at sea, that it would be folly for me to say that a scene here could equal these! Some day I expect to, or at least hope to, view these wonderful and far-famed sights. When that happy day arrives I will certainly meet some of the immense family of COMFORT, although for the present I shall have to be content to send you all my very best wishes—Uncle Lisha included.

Yours sincerely, AGNES C. M. PUNDSACK.

You'll make us curious by announcing that you are different, Agnes, and then not telling us how or where or why. But I'll say you *are* different, and a great deal different and in a good way—if you are thus by refusing to sacrifice your ideals. for ideals, as perhaps you have found out, are the hardest sort of things to hang on to—worse than a fat eel or a greased pig. We start in on this ideal business with a firm grip, a high head and a bright eye, and we end up, a little bent, a little duller of eye and groping about trying to get another grip on the slippery and vanished things. At last we put on a sickly grin and pretend that we haven't lost anything at all—or, if we have, we don't care! That's the history, a sad one, of most ideals, of many dreams, Agnes.

When I go a-fishing, Agnes, and I want to hang on to an eel I have caught, I rub my fingers in the sand and take a new grip. That's the best way with ideals, too. I've found it takes a lot of sand to hold on to 'em, a lot of grit. Yet if we don't hang bravely on to the good we have visioned, found or achieved, we are left with nothing worthy to pass on or divide and life has been a poor battle for us in which we have played a loser's part. I'm glad, then that you are different, that you are a sand and grit idealist, Agnes. The fight is worthwhile and it's a good course worth finishing.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

First of all I want to greet all of my new cousins, I hope they will let me in their family without any fuss or hard struggle, for I am a very poor fist fighter—especially when I am thinking of getting my good looks destroyed. I'll tell the cousins how I do look, for if I didn't they might throw this nationalized American-Hollander out of the first twenty-story window and destroy that Dutch face of mine. I would like to state my weight, but according to the last few years I vary between 160-190 pounds. At present I weigh 185 pounds. My weight changes according to how the world treats me. Lucky enough my height stays the same, which is five feet, seven inches, in my stockings. I am heavy built. I have blue eyes, brown hair, small nose, eyes and ears, and reddish complexion. Now I have given as much of a description of myself as most cousins do, except that I am letting you guess my age—which is between 35 and 40. I am single—always have been. But now, girls, do not expect an answer to all your letters if you write, for I am very busy at present, working through the day and cooking my meals at night.

How many of the cousins are striving to become millionaires? Well, I am, and I am one in my dreams; in reality I only lack $999,999. Now many have been striving for an education? I have, but started late in life and, learning another language when I knew but little of my mother tongue, found it very hard indeed. I would give all I have saved of that million if I could obtain an education equal to that of a school-teacher. But such is life. "It's a great world if you don't weaken." And, as the sayings go; "The world is as we make it" and "Smile and the world smiles with you." Oh, this world is hard, all right, but how much brighter it is when we meet a smile!

I am a stranger in California of only a few months. I am wondering (as I do often) what opportunities California will bring me. I would be glad to hear from any of the California cousins and COMFORT readers who could tell me where good fertile land could be bought cheap and on easy terms. Near town and close to good markets. I will thank all in advance who may write.

Uncle must thank Billy for me for being so drowsy and sleepy that my letter could be slipped by him. I'll close, wishing Uncle Lisha and all you cousins good luck.

Your cousin, GERRIT BAKKER.

Gerrit, you old Dutchman, you're right about smiles being a sovereign softener of the world's hard crust. They help a lot. Our Crowd know this. We are a Smiling Bunch and so are glad to welcome you, your smile, and your shifting pounds.

I've gotta say right here how much I admire anyone of another country who, like yourself, can make such an attainment of our language. For English must be a tricky tongue to learn, it seems to me, Gerrit. You have done well, and your victory here should encourage you in any other struggles you may have to make in your adopted country. May California treat you so that your shadow and weight may not decrease. We need such new citizens as much as they need us.

PHILADELPHIA, 1716 Mt. Vernon Street, PA.

DEAR COMFORT COUSINS:

Allow me to step in and shake hands with every cousin in the League. Just a week ago today I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Uncle Lisha, and I hope to shake hands with Mr. Gannett some day.

I was a personal friend of Uncle Charlie. I used to visit him and I admired and respected him very much. I felt sure that our new Uncle must be a fine man, too; so I visited him and I can say that I am well pleased with Uncle Lisha. I received a warm and genuine welcome, and after several hours conversation I know we have a leader in whom we can place full confidence. Like Uncle Charlie used to do, Uncle Lisha keeps well posted on the various questions of the day, so that he can supply the cousins with advice and counsel. You all saw his picture in January COMFORT, and I wish to say that in addition to being good looking he is an old bachelor. I hope that none of the girl readers will be deserting Cousin Jack Wilcox after reading this news!

Wouldn't it be nice, Cousins, if we could hold a reunion sometime? But I think we would have to have a whole state to hold it in, there are so many of us.

I work in Uncle Sam's coin factory here in Philadelphia, and I thought perhaps you would like to know how your spending money is made. Gold and silver metals and their alloys (900 hundred parts pure metal and 100 parts copper) are put into crucibles and reduced to liquid form. This is poured out into moulds and ingots made according to the size of the coins that are to be minted. Copper and nickel and their allows (copper, 95 per cent. with zinc and tin, 5 per cent.; and nickel, 25 per cent. with copper, 75 per cent.) are melted in electric furnaces, the liquid poured into moulds and the resulting ingots taken to the rolling room. There the ingots are reduced to the proper thickness of the coins that are being made. The rolled strips are then run through a cutting machine and what are called "planchets" are punched out. These planchets then go through milling machines which puts the nurling on the edges of the blanks. After these milled blanks are cleaned and annealed, they are fed into the stamping presses by an automatic arrangement and the impressions made. Then the coins are run over slowly moving reviewing tables and all the defective pieces picked out. All silver and gold coins are run through the automatic scales, and any coin that is too light or too heavy is thrown out by this ingenious piece of machinery. So you can see that only coins of the proper weight get out to the public. We make money for most of the South American countries. At the present time we are coining the new peace dollars.

Well, cousins, I am thirty-six years old and not ashamed of it. I have brown eyes, brown hair, not very good looking, weigh about 160 pounds and am five feet, six inches tall. My chief accomplishments(?) are: I don't drink, smoke, chew, lie, steal, swear or run after the girls! I'm not married.

I was in the army, but I did not get overseas. I hope Uncle Lisha will give his views on the achievements of the armament conference at Washington. Let us hope that war will never again visit the world, and that what was accomplished at the conference will help to keep war in the background.

Well, I'll close with another handshake all around and a wish for the success, prosperity and happiness of all.

Sincerely your cousin, GEORGE DREISBACH.

George, I'm sure all the cousins will be just as glad to give you a few thousand handshakes as I was to give you mine when you dropped over from Philadelphia. The cousins will all respond with a mighty chorus when I say a friend of Uncle Charlie's needs no introduction to the Big Family. I blushed so, George, when I had to write about the nice things you said about me, that the paper on my machine was all scorched along the edges. But I know the cousins will take what you have said with the necessary barrel or two of salt.

I am glad you told the cousins about that mighty interesting place in which you make your money, George. We are all interested, of course, in making money, but the difficulty for most of us is that we cannot make enough of the blame stuff. This difficulty doesn't have to bother you, George, and I suppose, if you have to, you can stay an hour overtime any night and make a few thousands extra for yourself. But I want you to take pity on the rest of us, George, my boy, and hurry up the machinery of your mint so that by making a few millions more every day there will be more to go 'round. Don't waste time manufacturing pesetas and centavos for these South American countries. Why, we can use all the cash your Philadelphia money mill can turn out without shipping any south. For there is certainly a shortage, George. I've known about it for some time. And now you prove it by what you say about these new Peace dollars you are turning out. Neither Billy nor I have had a look, much less owned one of these coins you are producing. We have lots of dollars that are piece dollars, George, and mighty small pieces at that; but we haven't been able to connect with any of your handsome new-fangled hundred-cent cartwheels. So I say don't let a wheel stop nor a belt slip until you have turned out enough of these dollars so that we can all have at least one. Bill says he wants two—but you needn't mind him. Most of us spent so many War dollars that we will be mighty glad to have you grind out a few Peace dollars to fill up the hole in the toe of our old stockings or under the lid of the sugar bowl or teapot.

And speaking of war, George, as you did and want me to, I do not think anyone should look at the results of the Washington Conference distrustfully. We must always creep before we can walk. The conference is a good big creep toward the time when we can march away from war, carrying banners of rejoicing. The great cataclysm has shown Europe how close to national bankruptcy and physical and spiritual destruction such a conflict can bring those who are in a struggle as to "who shall be greatest." While I, or you and others, may think there is not enough of turning away from old paths, not enough of sackcloth and ashes in the repentance of Germany, and in the seeking of practical ways to peace by other nations—yet we must welcome every move, however slight, that brings us out of old and dangerous ruts of national traditions. Certainly the less we have to fight with, the less fighting we can do. The more scrapping the less scraps. In New York State we have a law imposing heavy fine and imprisonment upon anyone carrying concealed weapons. We have found it best to limit by law the maintenance of a citizen's protection and community rights to an armed police force. Some day, George, we may get around to such a law of nations, and may limit our implements of force and destruction to those in the hands of an international police force that will patrol the world. National ambitions and adjustments do not seem to admit of this being done quite yet. But until we are ready and are sensible enough to do this, any little removal of fourteen-inch guns, sixty-million-dollars battleships and tricky concealed submarines from the pockets of the nations, is a decided help. Why you, George, for instance, won't have to make so much money if there are not so many war toys for Uncle Sam to swap good Peace dollars for!

TOCCOA, BOX 387, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am so glad that I have succeeded in getting you over my wireless! I have been trying for so long and have just been able to get you. When did you install your set? I have heard so many concerts that have been broadcasted from Boston. It is so wonderful, I think, to be able by waves of air to produce sound so many, many hundreds of miles away. I have been wanting to be a cousin for so long, but I could not get in touch with you. May I be one now? I should be so glad to be one and help carry on the business of making friendships by mail.

Now, cousins, one and all, I wonder how many of you feel very romantic tonight? Over this little city, that nestles among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a most thrilling and enchanting Southern moon skims her way through a starlit sky. Tonight is an ideal night for a moonlight picnic. What is more fun than a congenial crowd on a moonlight picnic?

How many of you like camping? I have never been, so now you can imagine how I thrill with anticipation of a week to be spent in the heart of nature, close to a lake unexcelled in beauty in all this region. We expect to indulge in all those sports dear to nature-lovers. Sitting for hours at a time is small pay for the privilege of seeing the cork bob, playing with the ripples that murmur around it. Look! it goes under, and breathless with excitement and joy you pull to the shore a perch or bass. And we can spend a fair portion of the day enjoying a swim. A swim late in the afternoon gives to a tired and frazzled teacher a rest, and relieves her body from tension and her mind from the cares and duties that haunt her after her schoolroom door has closed behind her.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES 3 doz. 1.50 6 doz. 2.2 9 doz. 2.50 12 doz. 3. Make A Dainty Christmas Gift Write for Style & J. CASH, Inc. 11th St. South Norwalk, Conn.

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH FREE



An exquisite little Bracelet Watch in the new Platinum finish. Jeweled crown, satin finish, Roman dial, engraved design on case. Stem wind and stem set. Guaranteed to keep good time. Has a good quality black ribbon with patented adjustable clasp. A very stylish Wrist Watch for young Girls and Ladies. Illustration does not show beauty of the design and finish.

Given for a few hours work selling our Perfumed Sachet at 10c a package. Write today for 24 package order and easy plan for obtaining this handsome Wrist Watch FREE.

Jones Mfg. Co., Dept. 817, Attleboro, Mass.



3 PC Toilet Set Given

For selling only 8 boxes of Rosebud at 25c each. Easy to sell. Big premium catalogue sent with goods. Order today. We trust you. Old reliable Co, established 30 years.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 114, Woodsboro, Md.



Gold Filled Monogram Ring FREE Guaranteed for 3 years. To introduce our Sweet Smelling Sachet Powder, we will send this ring, gent's size, hand Engraved with your three initials for selling only six packages at 10c. FAIRY QUEEN PERFUME CO. Dept. 862, Attleboro, Mass.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch



Guaranteed time keeper. GIVEN for selling only 16 cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TODAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO. Box 32-Z Lancaster, Pa.

VIOLINS

$20 STRADIVARIUS MODELS $6.75

SAVE 50 per cent—BUY from old established wholesale firm. Fine tone imported maple bench-made Stradivarius Models.

IMPORTED BOW & INSTRUCTION BOOK WITH EVERY VIOLIN FREE

Order now—send no money—pay postman, satisfaction guaranteed. J. Mapo Co., Wholesale Musical Dealers, 50 Fifth St., N.Y.C.



FREE

Watch Bracelet, Self Filling Fountain Pen, Lavallier or Pearls, Two Imit. Diamond Rings, and Clutch Pencil. All Six FREE for selling only 25 bottles of perfume at 15c each. We trust you. Send at once to BOSTON PREMIUM CO., Desk 79, BOSTON (15) MASS.

4 RINGS FREE

GENUINE DIAMOND YOUR BIRTHSTONE



WIDE WEDDING SIGNET—YOUR INITIAL

GENUINE DIAMOND, Signet with your initial, your Birthstone and wedding ring 14K Gold Plated Guaranteed 3 years. Write today for 12 packets Perfumed Sachet, easily sold at 10c each, send us $1.20 when sold and these four Beautiful Rings are yours. Extra Presents Free.

LANE MFG. CO., Dept. 232, MT. VERNON, N. Y.



WE GIVE YOU this beautiful Watch for selling only 40 pkgs. of beautiful Post Cards at 15 cents per package. Many people buy 4 or 5 pkgs., they are so pretty and cheap. Credit given. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STANDARD CO., 23 So. Clinton St., Dept. 41, Chicago.



ALL GIVEN 10 YEAR WATCH CHAIN AND RING

Stem Wind, Stem Set, Fancy Engraved Back, Guar. Timekeeper. Also dainty Chain & Beaut. Stone Set Ring. All Positively Given for selling only 20 Famous Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c ea. Order Today. Send No Money. GARR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside, Dep.-101, Chicago

District Salesmen Wanted, all or spare time. Earn $1500 to $3600 yearly. We train the inexperienced.



NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn fifteen to fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant profitable profession; easily, quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods Limited. Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.



BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE

14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month given free for selling only 6 pieces of our fine Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry.

Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 1, East Boston, Mass.



THIS WATCH RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

Beautiful Nickel watch. Keeps perfect time. Stem wind and set. Five year guarantee. Sell only twelve boxes of famous Mentho-Nova at twenty-five cents a box to help us advertise and this splendid watch is yours. Don't delay. Send name and address to-day—be first to earn this and other wonderful awards in our premium list. Send no money, we trust you.

U. S. Supply Co., Dept. B0-7, Greenville, Pa.



Stem Wind and Set

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE

We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, guaranteed time-keeper; 10-year guarantee; Sterling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 30 cards of our fast selling dress snap fasteners at 10c a card. When sold send $3 and we'll send Watch and Ring.

Home Supply Co., 428 W. 59th St., Dept. 126, Chicago

Keep Your Money

BUT SEND FOR HANDY ANDY!

SEE PAGE 28

Salesmen Wanted

Every woman wants this handy kitchen convenience



Write for FREE book. Tells how men and women are making good with Tyler's Ideal Fiber Cutter. You'll be glad you answered this ad.

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Hannah Takes a Hand

By Ruth Merwin

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"BET you a cookie, Hannah, Miss Margery marries Lee instid o' Parker," declared Caleb Hewitt, his blue-gray eyes twinkling as he watched his listener's face stiffen at his prophecy.

"Bet you two cookies she don't," Hannah Weston flung back in disgust. She took a lavender-checked apron from the basket and shook it vindictively toward him before placing it on the ironing-board.

"Wall—I donno as she's got any more sense than other females, Hannah, and you got to remember when God A'mighty made woman he made her outen a man's rib—not some o' his brains."

"How could he?" Hannah sniffed comtemptuously. "He knew a man could git along without a rib or two, but that he hadn't got no brains to spare. If Adam'd had a mite less, I don't know what would have happened him—he surely made a big enough fool o' himself as it was. Caleb, and the rest of you men have been following in his footsteps ever since."

Caleb grinned appreciatively at the thrust as he balanced his chair so that the slightest movement on his part would precipitate him on Hannah's snowy-white kitchen floor. It was such fun to tease her until her black eyes sent out fiery sparks and her plump cheeks—fresh and rosy as a girl's in spite of her forty-odd years—grew as red as poppies.

"Guess you're gittin' your Bible history mixed," he drawled, "as I remember the story, Adam was gittin' along jest fine till Eve come along and made him taste her apple."

"That's right, Caleb, lay the blame all onto Eve! If you ain't your great-great-granddad right over." Hannah drove her flatiron over the lavender apron with such vehemence that she decapitated one of its buttons.

"But I seen Miss Margery out ridin' with Lee this very mornin' and he was sittin' up that clost. They was drivin' past that new home o' hisn too."

"Call that a home? Looks more like an opery-house or a town hall. If Miss Margery'd go there to live, she'd git lost some day, and the p'lice would have to turn in and hunt her up. It sprawls all over the lot and there ain't a shade tree anywhere around that's bigger'n my thumb. If you want to see a real home now, look at Robert Parker's place. One o' them oak trees o' hisn is worth more than Lee's whole outfit."

"Lemme see—bout how old is that there house o' Parker's?" Caleb looked eager for the information.

"Never mind that!" snapped Hannah. "It's built for keeps as folks ust to build when I was young, and it'll be standin' when that new-fangled contraption o' Lee's is a pile o' junk. And convenient—why, Miss Margery's mother and Mr. Robert's mother were great friends, you know; she had this very kitchen patterned after Mis. Parker's and I'd like to have you show me a prettier anywhere."

Caleb looked critically at the spacious kitchen with its many conveniences. The afternoon sunshine, sifting through the snowy muslin curtains, made the well-polished range shine like ebony and the metal kitchen utensils glitter jewel-like.

"It sure is a pretty place, Hannah," he agreed. Then flushing to the roots of his thick sandy hair he added, "an' you seem to—to fit in mighty well!"

"Don't try any soft soap," warned Hannah, although her face vividly reflected his color. To hide this she took an unconscionable time to select the next garment from her ironing-basket. "If you'll stop sayin' things about Miss Margery, it'll be worth more to me than barrels o' soft soap."

"But s'pose they're true, Hannah, what then?" Caleb let down his chair with a thud. "Don't I have a chance to see things? The new Missus is sure bound to make a match between that there nephew o' hern and Miss Margery. You kin put that in your pipe an' smoke it. Don't she fix it so they'll have to set together in the car every time I take 'em out ridin' an' don't she keep talkin' like they was sweethearts a'ready? Even the Mister is beginnin' to say things—he's still that daffy about the new Missus that what she says goes. An' as fer Lee—don't he act like he owned Miss Margery? It's gospel truth I'm tellin' you, Hannah."

Her eyes grew alarmed although her words were still defiant. "So that's Mis. Whitney's game, is it? Well, she ain't won it yet, and she's got me to reckon with. When it comes to fightin' for Miss Margery, I can fight!" She clenched her fists as if she were facing her enemy. "Mr. Robert and Miss Margery have been sweethearts ever since they were babies, and if she thinks she's goin' to separate 'em now and marry Miss Margery to that—to that—" she struggled for a comparison—

"Cur?" suggested Caleb.

"No—puddle dog. One with long curly hair and a big bow o' pink ribbow on its neck. All that Lee fellow cares for is to look pretty and to buy everything he wants. If he thinks he's goin' to buy Miss Margery, he's made one grand mistake. She wouldn't take him if he owned all the gold mines in the world. She loves Mr. Robert and she's goin' to marry him in spite of all Mis. Whitney can do. I wish I was as sure o' gettin' to Heaven as I am o' that."

"Hello, Hannah, what is it you're so sure of?" asked a musical voice as the subject of their discussion entered the kitchen.

"Nothin' much, Miss Margery." Hannah bent low over her ironing-board with flushed face. "Caleb was lippin' me as usual and I was tryin' to give him as good as he sent."

"An' she done it, Miss Margery," chuckled Caleb. "Trust a woman for that!"

Hannah hung the garment she had ironed on the clothes-bars and smiling looked at the girl. "Why, you look like an angel just dropped down from Heaven, Miss Margery, in that pretty new dress. Don't she, Caleb?"

"Wall, never havin' seen one o' them species, I reckon I hain't no proper jedge, but you do look mighty fine, Miss Margery."

"Thank you Caleb. Have you time to see if the skirt hangs all right Hannah? I didn't know Caleb was here or I wouldn't have come just now."

"I—I come to borrer the screw-drive," explained Caleb.

"You borrowed it yesterday, Caleb, and you can't git it again till you've brought it back once," innocently remarked Hannah, her eyes glued to the girl. "Of course I always have time for you, Miss Margery."

Caleb arose reluctantly. "Miss Margery looks like a bride, don't she, Hannah?" he inquired smiling significantly as he went away.

Hannah made no reference to his remark until, with the gravity of a judge settling an important case, she had decided that the skirt hung as it should.

"Your dress is beautiful enough for a weddin' garment—only as I told you before, you look, in all that white fluffy stuff more like an angel than a human bein'. Seems a pity they ain't no marryin nor givin' in marriage in Heaven, for the brides would look so sweet. I always picture angels as havin' big, dark-blue eyes an' shinin' gold-hair jest like yours."

"You're such a flatterer, Hannah," smiled Margery, her pale cheeks flushing a delicate pink. "Aren't you afraid you'll spoil me?"

"Tellin' a body the truth never spoils anyone. Mr. Robert seen you in this dress yet?" Hannah questioned, trying hard to make the query sound casual.

"No, he hasn't. My stepmother brought it from the city yesterday. She made daddy buy it for me to wear to Mr. Lee's house-warming party next week. I didn't really need it and it cost a heap of money; it's a Paris dress. She says dresses made here haven't any style."

"What a crazy notion," sniffed Hannah. "Why, we've got dressmakers right here in this town that's as good as them Paris men that do the sewin' over there. Your dress is mighty pretty though an' I'm glad Mr. Robert'll see you in it at the party next week. He's goin', ain't he?"

"I hope so, Hannah, but—" her face shadowed. Before she finished, her stepmother appeard. Mrs. Whitney was a thin, over-dressed woman of Hannah's age. Her scanty peroxide hair was marcelled, her eyebrows visibly penciled and her sallow cheeks vividly rouged.

"Why, Margery, what are you doing in the kitchen?" she asked scornfully. "You'll be sure to soil your Paris gown in such a place! I've some news for you—that Parker fellow has sent regrets. Says he can't come to Reginald's house-warming because he's going away. Reginald says he knows it a mere pretense and is so indignant—for your sake. If he really had cared for you, he'd have come. Come on, dear! Reginald's going to take you out to the Cromwells in his new car, then he and I are going on to the city. We'll pick you up on our way back." Taking Margery's arm her stepmother hurried her away, stopping a second to call back, "you've had your orders for dinner, Hannah; see that they're carried out!"

After the two had left, Hannah ironed on like an automaton, her mind seething with indignation.

For twenty years she had been housekeeper in the Whitney home and after the death of Margery's mother she had devoted her life to the child's welfare. For her sake she had nipped in the bud her own love affairs.

"Didn't I promise Miss Margery's mother that I'd take care of her, and do you think you can make me break that promise?" she asked each persistent suitor. "Why, the man don't live who can make me leave her as long as she needs me!"

As the years passed all her love of romance centered in Margery's affairs. She carefully scrutinized all of the child's boy-lovers and finally selected Robert Parker as the most worthy. As she watched their rapidly growing attachment, she began to build gorgeous air-castles concerning the two.

Six months before had come the utterly unlooked-for marriage of Mr. Whitney. The new Mrs. Whitney heartily disapproved of the relationship existing between her stepdaughter and Hannah, and while she was too wily to do anything openly, she was constantly finding ways of interrupting their visits. Hannah's years of devotion to the girl counted as naught with her.

But dearer to her heart than the separation of the two was her determination to marry her stepdaughter to her nephew, Reginald Lee. In this way she would not only get rid of the girl but a wife like Margery would help her dissolute relative to settle down into a decent life and so free her from the anxiety she had suffered concerning him. So subtle had she been hitherto that even the Argus-eyed Hannah had been blind to her machinations.

"If I ain't been one big fool," Hannah moaned to herself as she folded the last garment and put away her ironing utensils. "And if Caleb hadn't said what he did, I wouldn't have suspected what she was tryin' to do even now. I'll always have to thank him for that. I've been blind as a bat to let that she-devil do as she has, but the game ain't finished yet. I'll beat her even now—though it'll prob'ly mean the poorhouse for me, if I go agin her."

Going to the phone she called Robert Parker's number and in a voice that shook like a wind-blown leaf told him he must come to her right away as she had something important to tell him.

"Ain't he and Miss Margery played hours and hours in my kitchen, and do you supoose I'm goin' to be afraid of him now?" she fiercely asked her trembling self as she awaited his coming. "Why he's always that smilin' and pleasant to meet that nobody needn't be scart o' him."

This reassuring image disappeared however as she admitted her visitor a few minutes later. His set face and unsmiling eyes made him seem a veritable stranger.

Dropping limply into a stiff-backed chair opposite him she remained silent a long moment wondering what to say. The kitchen clock ticked louder than she had ever heard it before. She fixed frightened eyes on a horizontal bar of sunshine that wavered on the wall—a fitting symbol of her own trembling uncertainty.

"Well, Hannah, why have you sent for me?" her visitor questioned. "You aren't in trouble, are you?"

"No—tain't me. It's you—you and Miss Margery."

"Margery in trouble?"

The consternation in his voice made Hannah surer of her ground and she hastened on, "Mr. Robert, don't you—don't you care for Miss Margery any more?"

For a moment he drew himself up haughtily. Then as he looked at Hannah's beseeching eyes, he answered as sincerely as she had hoped. "Yes, I do—care more that I ever knew a man could!"

"Why don't you come to see her as you used to?"

"She doesn't want me."

"Did she tell you she didn't?"

"Don't you think, Hannah, you're getting a little too personal?" he asked frigidly.

"Did she?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"You needn't, for I know jest who told you 'Twas Mis. Whitney."

"What difference does it make who told as long's it's true?" he asked impatiently.

"But it ain't!"

"What?" He sprang to his feet.

"It ain't true," Hannah repeated decisively.

"Are you sure, Hannah? Why, she said—I—I thought that Margery's fancy for me was just a childish feeling that she'd now outgrown!"

"If Mis. Whitney ain't the limit," sneered Hannah. "And you believed her. Why, Mr. Robert, I thought you had a mite o' common sense!"

"But girls don't often marry their first loves," he defended.

"Mis. Whitney's kind don't," she retorted.

"Hannah, for heaven's sake tell me the real truth! Isn't Margery in love with Lee?"

"Land sake, no!"

"But Lee has a fortune, and if a man loves a girl unselfishly he'll let her marry the man who can give her the most!"

"Quotin' Mis. Whitney again, ain't you? When folks love each other, money ain't got nothin' to do with it," she declared sentiously.

"Do you really believe, Hannah, that I could make Margery happier—with the little I have to offer—than Lee with all his money?" he asked breathlessly.

"Have you seen her lately?"

"I couldn't—under the circumstances!"

"Well, she's lookin' pretty peaked these days and I hain't heard her laugh like she does with you, for a long time. Of course I ain't sayin' for sure that she misses you—but mabby she does."

"Heaven knows I've missed——"

"A man can't feel them things like a woman," Hannah interrupted coldly superior. "Tain't in his nature." Then seeing Parker's hurt look, her eyes began to twinkle. "Miss Margery's at the Cromwells this afternoon. Her step-ma and Lee are goin' to call for her about six o'clock. Mabby you could beat his time, Mr. Robert."

"Hannah Weston, if you aren't a real sport, I never saw one," he stopped even in his haste to kiss her on each flaming cheek.

"I'm goin' to git Mis. Whitney the best dinner she's had since she come here to live," Hannah promised herself when her triumphant heart had grown calm enough for her to resume her work.

She was near the end of her elaborate preparation when Margery danced into the kitchen and flung herself into Hannah's outstretched arms.

"Oh, I'm so happy—and we owe it all to you! If you hadn't sent for Robert, I don't know what would have happened. "The color in her cheeks which outrivaled Hannah's fled but came back as she finished. "You see, Hannah, Robert thought I didn't care for him any more—that I was going to marry Reginald Lee." She lauguhed with scornful glee. "Wasn't that silly? But—but he says he believed it because he cared so much for me and wanted me to be happy—as if I could be happy with anyone else. Aren't men funny, Hannah? And he was going away tomorrow on a business trip—going without even saying good-by

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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A jury of eleven artists — sculptors, craftsmen, painters and critics — picked this, the design of Miss Mary Bishop, as the lamp combining the most beautiful proportions, harmonious tones and practicable design of all those at the Art Alliance of America's exhibition of 1923.

The base is cast in medallium, of rich, statuary bronze finish, which not only allows the artist's delicately refined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved in their charming simplicity, but also insures their permanency. The shade, designed as a unit with the lamp, is in tones of grey-gold-brown graded into ivory brown—chosen by Miss Bishop to carry her scheme of color harmony—with deep, rich, brown stripes toward the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass.

Why the Decorative Arts League Paid $2,500 for this Lamp in order to Sell Replicas of it for only $5.90

WEARIED with the drab commonplaces offered by lamp manufacturers, with their ill-proportioned, unbalanced designs and garish colors—particularly those few poor specimens adapted for burning oil—the Decorative Arts League determined to procure, for reproduction, the most beautifully designed, harmoniously colored table lamp, adaptable for either oil or gas as well as electricity, that the best artistic talent in America could produce, cost what it would.

The assistance of the Art Alliance of America was enlisted and a great national competition arranged.

Cash awards of $1,300 were offered, and eleven eminent artists and critics selected by the Art Alliance to act as jury. Over 250 artists entered the competition, from 26 different states and provinces. 307 different designs were submitted. Though all were beautiful, many of them surpassingly so, the final verdict went unanimously to the lamp of Miss Mary Bishop (illustrated above), and she received the Blue Ribbon and Grand Prize of $600.00.

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Thus was secured for the League, at a total expense of something over $2,500, the one design for a table lamp unmistakably supreme for its purpose. And this, the Blue Ribbon Lamp, each one bearing the artist's signature, is now offered for a limited time by the League to those who appreciate the possession of such artistic things.

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That is the League's purpose—to prove that the most substantial and artistic things need cost no more than drab commonplaces if the right methods of production and distribution are used.

Most of the League's offerings are never advertised to the public, but are offered privately to corresponding members. (Such membership costs nothing—it merely registers your name as wanting to be informed of the League's offerings and given the members' prices on them in case you ever wish to buy. See Coupon below). Only a few times a year some especially great triumph, like Aurora, or this Mary Bishop Prize Lamp, is publicly announced, and then only for the purpose of widening the corresponding membership to include a few more discerning people.

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Earrings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

will be necessary. Make the drops of wax, attach with wire to the ring and fastener, then cover the ring and top completely with the wax. Blue, coral, black or any color may be used.

Waxing Large Pieces

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.

shores. Color these with a coat of light green, dry, then outline with a darker green.

The smaller bowl shows another way of allowing one color to flow over another in a very simple but effective manner. The vase behind the bowl is a very pretty blend of apple green at the top, run over a vase of bronze blue.

The bud vase at the right is of blues and greens dotted with orange.

A set of bottles for holding toilet articles may be decorated with bands and the words Bay Rum, Cologne or Ammonia.

A silk-covered jewel box such as is shown on page 23 is doubly attractive if finished with a group of wax roses.

The small perfume bottle is completely covered with small flowers cut of court plaster and hen covered with wax as described on page 23.

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For those readers who wish to take up the fascinating art of wax work we have procured a handy wax craft outfit which contains everything necessary for making all kinds of novelties such as are described in the foregoing article. This outfit contains twelve 4-inch sticks of fancy craft wax, two each of the following assortment of colors: black, gold bronze, jade, green, azure, old rose and verde green. This wax is made especially for decorative work. It is quick flowing, slow to burn and hardens with a brilliant lustre. The colors included in our assortment will produce an almost endless variety of harmonies. The outfit also includes a wax melter or alcohol lamp with a wick and snuffer, a 5-inch needle, a small spatula and a wax moulder.

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COMFORT Offers You Embroidery Articles at Slight Expense

In October "Embroidery Basket," page 21, this month, are shown several interesting pieces of embroidery which many of COMFORT'S needleworkers will be anxious to make. The designs illustrated are simple but effective and described so thoroughly that anyone can quickly make them.

Designs for the embroidery can be transferred to cloth by either the Hot Iron Transfer pattern or the Perforated Stamping pattern. To stamp with the hot iron method one needs only to spread the cloth smoothly on a table or ironing board and then place the pattern printed side down on the cloth and run a hot iron over the pattern.

The perforated pattern, as the name implies, has a series of perforations which correspond with the design to be worked, but is transferred to the cloth by a brush and stencil ink. The value of the perforated pattern is in its permanence. With care it can be used dozens of times. The hot iron pattern can be used but once.

For those who prefer to purchase the cloth stamped with pattern all ready to work, COMFORT supplies all the essentials—cloth, floss or crochet thread. Whatever you want—patterns, cloth or floss—make your selections from the articles shown on page 21 and then order from this list.

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- Stamped on Pamico Cloth 75c
- Hot Iron Transfer pattern 20c
- Perforated pattern 40c
- Floss to work 15c
- Crochet thread for edge 15c

PINCUSHION—W-6
- Stamped on Pamico Cloth 20c
- Hot Iron Transfer pattern 10c
- Perforated pattern 15c
- Floss to work 15c
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TOWEL—W-7
- Stamped on linen huck $1.25
- Stamped on cotton huck 35c
- Hot Iron Transfer pattern 10c
- Perforated pattern 25c
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APRON—W-8
- Stamped on unbleached muslin 75c
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CHILD'S EATING SET BIB—W-9
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- Hot Iron Transfer pattern 10c
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TRAY CLOTH—W-10
- Tray stamped on Butcher Cloth 20c
- Hot Iron Transfer pattern 10c
- Perforated pattern 20c
- Floss to work 20c

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

dition, that I am afraid you are going to have serious trouble. Better kill the hen that is now affected, and examine the intestines. Read answer to E. R. W. and J. R. in this issue.

W. S.—From your description of the condition of comb and throat, I think the hens must have been affected by one of the bacterial diseases which cause white diarrhea. Keep a close watch on all the flock and kill any suspicious looking birds, as the chicks that you have reared this season are very liable to carry the germs. It will be better to sell off the majority of your flock during the winter. Clean up the yards or the ground where the birds usually congregate and buy what eggs you want for hatching next spring.

E. R. W.—You were quite right in thinking the hen had tuberculosis and you will find it very difficult to eradicate. Tuberculosis fowls present a constant decrease in weight and the difficulty in breathing is quite manifest. In connection with every case of tuberculosis there is to be found at work as a factor in the disease, a germ—bacillus—and this germ must be present to confirm the diagnosis. There have appeared cases enough of tuberculosis in poultry yards, apparently contracted from sick cows, to warrant our being on the watch for all sources of possible trouble. Even a case of a single bird going "light," should be quarantined as a possible source of future trouble. Your best plan will be to kill and burn the sick fowl. It is not safe to depend upon burying the bird. It may become exposed through the efforts of some dog, and so become an object of danger. The sick birds disposed of, then turn your attention to the protection of the well members of your flock. Clean out at once all litter from the houses and yards. Take off a thin layer of soil from the earth floors of the pens, and a little from the bare yards near the houses. Brush up the insides of all the buildings and remove all the dust and cobwebs from the windows. Whitewash in a thorough manner the woodwork of the buildings, not forgetting the roosts and dropping boards. Last of all, scald all drinking and feed vessels. If you have the time and inclination to doctor some of the cases in the beginning of the disease, you will find the use of good tonics and cod liver oil to give fair results in a small proportion of the sick fowls. Birds that are really tubercular are seldom cured by any treatment. Any good emulsion of cod liver oil mixed with the mash will help nourish the fowl. For a tonic there is nothing better than the arsenate of iron in pill form, 1 50th grain each, twice a day. If the breathing is at all labored, the use of the syrup of hydriodic acid, five drops three times a day in mash will do much to relieve the condition.

J. R.—I am afraid the turkey has what is called blackhead—a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease, which is especially characterized by sores in the cecum and liver, which are caused by a protozoan which has been called Ameba meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest; it may be summed up as follows: The ameba is a miscroscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases causes thinness. When the disease in the cecum is light, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least one to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any stage. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The ameba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the feed with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the ameba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted to turkeys by them in the ordinary manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly there is little danger of infection. Plough up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregate. Disinfect the coops and houses and don't let the turkeys roost in the same houses with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather.

H. W.—Please read answer to J. R. in this issue.

A. C. H.—It is against our rules to publish breeders' addresses in this column. You must have some birds in your flock that are carrying and spreading the disease which is commonly called blackhead and which was supposed until recently to affect turkeys only, but which is now known to attack all poultry. Read answer to J. R. in this issue.

M. K.—Read answer to E. R. W. in this issue. I fear the ground on your place has been badly infested with germs from birds who are carrying tubercular germs, as both your young and old birds showed some symptoms last season.

J. B. L.—I cannot think that the birds are pure bred Buff Orpingtons, as you said that some of their legs are green. The Standard of Perfection, which is the only accepted authority, gives the following description for Buff Orpingtons: Comb, face, wattles and earlobes, bright red; beak, pinkish white; eyes, a reddish bay; shanks and toes, pinkish white; plumage, rich golden buff, bright and glossy; underbody, slightly lighter shade of buff, free from all foreign color. Weight: cock, 10 pounds; cockerel, 8½ pounds; hen, 8 pounds; pullet, 7 pounds.

R. McC.—The condition you describe of mouth and throat suggests that the birds have diptheria, which shows many of the same symptoms as roup and blackhead. The disease is strictly contagious and probably never develops as the result of exposure to cold and dampness, although these conditions favor its spread and tend to increase its malignancy. The contagion is generally introduced by newly purchased birds or by birds which have been to exhibitions and there exposed to sick fowls. Sometimes it is carried by pigeons and other small birds. Very often an outbreak is caused by contagion from an apparently well bird, which had the disease and recovered months before.

The contagion is spread through the mucus which escapes from the nostrils, or that which is forced out through the acts of sneezing or coughing, in the saliva, the secretions of the eyes, and also the excrement. When the disease appears in a flock, the floors of the houses, the drinking cups and feeding troughs are at once infected by the diseased birds, and the well ones soon contract the disease from the contaminated water and food. It is consequently but a few days before a large part of the flock shows symptoms, though some are much more severely affected than others.

Diptheria begins as a local irritation or inflammation at some point on the internal surface of the throat, mouth, nostril, or eyes. At this time the general health is not yet affected, and there is nothing but the diptheritic deposit to indicate that the bird has been attacked.

The treatment of fowls affected with diptheria requires much time and patience and as a rule does not pay. It is better to kill those affected, bury or burn their carcasses, disinfect the poultry houses and in that way eradicate the contagion as soon as possible, even if the whole flock must be sacrificed.

If it is decided to treat the sick birds, they should be removed from the flock and put in a comfortable, well-ventilated room which may be easily disinfected. Make a solution by dissolving two drams of common salt in a quart of warm water and with a soft brush or a pledget of absorbent cotton dipped in this solution gently brush or rub the false membranes until they are disintegrated or loosened from the underlying tissues. Sometimes it is necessary to scrape them off with a spoon or knife, but it must be done carefully so that bleeding will not be caused or the sensitive tissues injured. After the false membrane has been removed, moisten a pledget of absorbent cotton in a two per cent. solution of lysol or carbolic acid and apply it for a minute or two to the diseased surface. A solution which gives good results is made by dissolving 35 grains of chlorate of potash and two grains of salicylic acid in one ounce of water and adding one counce of glycerine. This may be applied to the diptheritic spots three or four times a day with a pledget of absorbent cotton.

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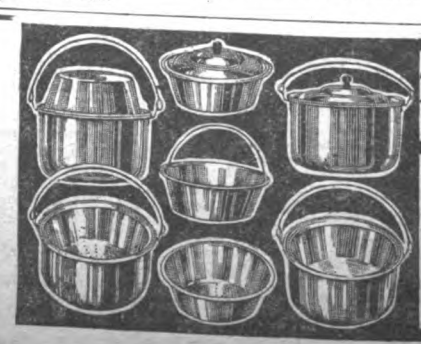
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D. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having a surviving widow and children, such surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances from the personal estate, would receive one-third of the personal and real estate; we think such widow would also be entitled to homestead rights in case decedent owned a homestead at the time of his death; we do not think widow's share can be cut off by will; we do not think that property in which decedent had but a life estate would form any part of decedent's estate; we think such property would be disposed of in the manner set forth in the will or other instrument under which decedent received his life estate.

P. H., Kentucky.—We think if you have a proper reason for having your name legally changed you should make your application to your local courts; we think it will be necessary for you to employ a local attorney to prepare your papers for you.

Miss M. K., Iowa.—We do not think there is any basis for the superstition that the finding of a four-leaf clover will bring you luck, except that it may make you happy and all happy people are lucky.

Mrs G. I. I., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be legally disinherited by will provided the will is legally drawn and executed and the testator possesses testamentary capacity and no undue influence is exercised upon him at the time the wi l is made; we can form no opinion as to the advisability of signing the paper you mention without an examination of the same. (2.) We think that if the man from whom you purchased the house refuses to live up to his guarantee, it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him for the amount of damages you have suffered by reason thereof.

M. F. E., West Virginia.—If the young man to whom you loaned the ring refuses to return same it will be necessary for you to bring an action or proceeding against him for its recovery.

Mrs. J. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that subject to right of dower and other charges thereon the estate of an intestate, if such intestate leaves no issue would all go to the surviving spouse if the estate does not exceed $7,500 in value, after payment of debts and expenses, such surviving spouse would also receive one-half of the excess above this amount, the balance of such excess going to the intestate's parents or their descendants depending upon who is left.

M. A. T., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence of any other person at the time of making the will and provided the will is legally drawn and executed.

E. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of any person dying without a will, which came to such intestate in any manner except by descent, devise or deed of gift, shall all go to the decedent's surviving husband or wife provided such decedent left no child nor descendant of a child.

A. E. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of the note you mention can enforce the payment of the same against either of the endorses of such note in case the maker of the note has defaulted in the payment of such note.

Mrs. L. O. J., South Carolina.—Under the laws of both your state and the state of Missouri, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated the custody of the small children of the marriage is one for the court to decide taking into consideration the best interests of such children, the award of such custody being sometimes made to the father and sometimes to the mother and sometimes divided between them depending upon the evidence produced by such parents upon a hearing before the court.

Mrs. C. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and no undue influence is exercised upon him at the time the will is made, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed. In the absence of a will we think your husband would inherit a child's part from his father's estate.

Mrs. L. S., Minnesota —We think the statute of Limitations has long since run against any claim you or your ancestors may have had to property formerly owned by your great-great grandfather.

Mrs. J. N. W., California.—It may be possible that you and your husband's property is held so that upon the death of one the whole property becomes the sole property of survivor, but we can form no opinion as to this without an examination of your title deeds and other documents; such property as stands in your husband's name alone would upon his death, without a will and without descendants, go one-half to you and the other half to his parents, if no parent, brother or sister, nor descendant of brother or sister it would all go to you, and in addition to above you would have certain small allowances and your homestead and community rights if there is any homestead or community property.

I. M., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you cannot compel your brother to build you a house nor is he liable for your support; we think you can compel him to repay the money you loaned him, and that you are entitled to your share of the property left by your mother.

N. B., New Jersey.—If your neighbor's insanity is of such a nature as to make her a menace to the public she should be committed to an institution for the insane.

Mrs. R. R., Oregon.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas and Washington.

Mrs. A. S., Pennsylvania.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for an excessive amount you can appeal to your county or state boards of taxation but we think it might be wise for you to go further into the matter before taking any such steps as the amount you mention does not seem to us to be as high as the assessments in many places.

Mrs. M. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, such widow, in addition to certain small allowances would receive one-third of the estate after payment of debts and expenses, regardless of whether the decedent's children were the children of such widow or by a previous marriage.

Mrs. B. L. G., Arkansas.—We think that if your mother-in-law resided in your state at the time of her death you could procure information from the county clerk of the county in which she resided as to whether any will has been filed for probate; we think she had a legal right to cut off your daughter's inheritance rights by will provided she, at the time of the execution of the will, possessed testamentary capacity, and no undue influence was exercised upon her, and provided the will was legally drawn and executed.

Mrs. W. T. T., Ohio.—We think the person who holds the note you mention should bring an action against the maker of the note to enforce the payment; we think the holder is entitled to enforce his right of payment as soon as there is any default in the payment of either principal or interest; we think that if the holder of the note neglects to enforce the payment of the same his right to enforce such payment will in time be barred by the statute of inheritance if the same is not already barred, in which event it would, of course, be too late to sue.

L. M. H., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, the surviving husband, in addition to certain small allowances, would receive one-half of the estate after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to decedent's kindred, if no kindred, the husband would receive the whole estate; we think the husband would be entitled to be appointed administrator of the estate, but that any person in interest, upon the proper application to the probate court, can object to, and compel him to account if he neglects to account to the court and to the persons interested in the estate after a proper period of time for administration has expired.

Mrs. E. G. H., Maryland.—We think you should make your application for adoption of the child you mention to your local court, if both parents are dead, the consent of the child's nearest friend should be procured.

Mrs. E. P., Texas.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man having no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive dower of one-half of the lands and one-half of the personalty in her own right if the estate be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs; but as against creditors, to one-third; and if the estate be ancestral, to one-third of the personalty absolutely and a one-third life estate in lands.

Mrs. M. N., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will, his widow would receive one-third of his separate personal estate and a life estate in one-third of his separate real estate, the balance of his separate property going to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the widow would also receive her one-half share of the common or community property of the husband and wife.

Mrs. S. B., Missouri.—We think the property left by your uncle who died in Kansas, would be disposed of in the manner set forth in his will unless such will is set aside; we think any person who would inherit from him in case of intestacy would have a legal right to contest same, provided there were any grounds for such a contest; we think the usual grounds for a will contest are lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will was not legally drawn or executed, or that such will did not express the testator's true interest.

Mrs. J. B. W., Minnesota.—We think that the payment of the note given by the young man you mention can, when the same becomes due, be enforced against any property this young man may own except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution.

R. A. J., Kentucky.—If the road you mention has been thrown open to the public for a long period of years, we think it cannot now be closed by any of the adjoining owners.

Hannah Takes a Hand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

to me, and he was going to stay away for months and months. Now I'm going to marry him and go too. And I'm going to be married in the Paris dress—you know Hannah, you said it looked like a wedding dress. Aren't you glad?"

"Of course I am, dear," Hannah answered although she caught her breath at the words. Miss Margery going to be away for months and months—that had not entered into her calculation. How could she live without her? But she mustn't let Miss Margery know how she felt—there would be time enough for mourning after.

So she rejoiced unreservedly in the girl's happiness until Margery finally danced away, calling back mischievously, "If you miss me while I'm gone, Hannah, Caleb Hewitt will console you!"

Hannah blushed furiously. It was true that his company would help much in her loneliness. She liked his teasing ways and couldn't she take him down several pegs by telling him that his prophecy concerning Miss Margery's marriage had failed?

A few minutes later the I-told-you-so expression on her face faded quickly as the kitchen door flew open and Caleb stamped in—his face a veritable thundercloud.

"Why, Caleb, what is the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"That blasted Whitney woman. She's madder than a hatter about something an' she tried to take it out on me. I wouldn't have minded that so much but when she told the Mister that you were a meddlin' woman—I told her I wouldn't work for her if she'd pay me a million a minute. I'm goin' up stairs right now, pack up, an' git out o' her house tonight!"

"O Caleb—don't," she began; but her heart sank down like a bombed submarine as he shot up the stairs regardless of her appeal.

She thought Miss Margery's going was trouble enough but here was another terrible calamity! With Caleb gone there was nothing left. Mrs. Whitney wouldn't let her stay here even if she herself had been willing to stay. Where could she go? She was too old to get another place. When people couldn't stay where they were and there was no other place for them to go, what *did* they do? She sat still, for her very muscles seemed paralyzed and her usually active mind atrophied.

At last, hearing Margery's voice in the hall, she went to the door, forcing her tense lips into a mechanical smile.

"Hello, Hannah," Robert Parker cried as he entered the kitchen with Margery. "We're in an awful hurry so I can't stop to tell you again what a brick you are. I'm after Hewitt now—thought he was here".

"He just went up stairs, Mr. Robert."

Parker called up the stairs and a moment later Caleb Hewitt came into the kitchen.

"Miss Margery and I are going to be married tomorrow—" Parker began——

"You be, ' Caleb interrupted in surprise. "Wall, if that don't beat me! Hannah 'lowed as how you two would git married. Trust a woman for knowin' how things are coming out." His blue eyes began to twinkle as he took a step toward her, then stopped short at Parker's next words.

"Mr. Whitney says you are leaving his service and as we're going away to be gone for months I wondered if I couldn't get you to stay at my place and take care of things while we're gone—and after we come back too. I'm willing to pay you the same wages as you've been getting here."

"Thank you, Mr. Parker, I sure like the job—if—if—" he shifted from one foot to the other, his face getting redder and redder as he tried to finish.

"If what, Caleb? I'm willing to do anything I can do to induce you to take the job."

"'Tain't you, Mr. Parker," Caleb waved aside his offer in embarrassment. "It's—it's Hannah. If I kin git her to go too—as my wife—I'll be mighty glad to take it."

"Good!" Parker clapped Caleb on the shoulder encouragingly. "The very best possible thing for you both—and for us. What do you say, Hannah?"

"Please say yes, Hannah, please do," Margery begged "Of course you were to live with us after we came back, so you'll just be going to your own home a little sooner."

Hannah turned her astonished eyes first to one then to the other. Was it all a joke? Then as Caleb with earnest pleading eyes came toward her, she threw her gingham apron over her head and began to sob softly.

Margery reached her first and encircled her with protecting arms. "Don't cry, Hannah dear,—please don't. You needn't marry Caleb if you don't want to!"

Hannah removed her apron in quick alarm. "'Tain't that," she explained smiling tearfully. "I ain't cryin' 'cause I don't want to marry Caleb. I'm jest cryin' 'cause I'm too happy—to stop!"

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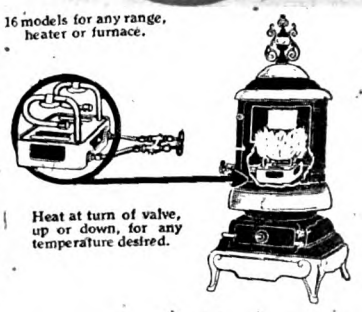


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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"My precious one," Adrian continued, "I have been searching for you all night long. I came hither to see you last evening, and they told me you had disappeared in the most mysterious manner. Not knowing which way to turn to find you, I started for Dunforth again in despair, but something seemed to be holding me back, and I have roamed over the park and the forest, the highways and byways, all night. As daylight approached, I resolved to return to the Hall and inquire if any clew had been gained during the night and then I saw you coming through this grove. Dearest, how cold you are," he added, tenderly, "and how you tremble. Did I frighten you? Come back into the shadow of yonder chapel, and tell me how it is that I find you thus alone and unprotected from the cold night air?"

He wrapped his cloak about her, for the mist was settling down into a fine rain, while the air grew more piercing and chill, and he almost bore her back to the door of the old chapel, where they were screened from observation and protected somewhat from the wind.

He chafed the little icy, quivering hands, and kissed the warmth and color back to her pale cheeks. But it was long before she was herself again, for now that she realized that she was safe, her strength all forsook her, and she lay almost lifeless in his arms. But at last she was able to whisper something of the story of her fearful experience, and a mighty wrath arose in his heart against the authors of it all.

"I mistrusted they might have had some hand in it last night, but they shall pay dearly for this shameless insult to you, my dearest," he muttered, between his set teeth.

Then he became suddenly silent and thoughtful, but still holding her hand in his loving embrace, until she grew warm and strong again, while a sense of security and happiness began to steal over her, until she felt that she could return to the Hall, if need be, and face them without a tremor, with him by her side.

But he had been revolving other matters in his mind. He had been greatly startled and surprised to learn that Lady Randal had another son, and had been criminally concealing it all these years, and he classed her with the others as a false and heartless woman.

He knew that Lady Ruxley was very fond of her companion, but he knew her temperament, and was unwilling that Brownie should remain longer with her in that capacity, while, after the events which had so recently transpired, he did not deem it wise to seek her as a protector for the young girl, as he had planned to do, for any length of time. He could not feel safe about her while the Coolidges were near.

Finally, he raised the beautiful face which was resting against his bosom, and, with a look of infinite tenderness, asked:

"Darling, it is settled, is it not, that you belong to me now?"

"Yes, Adrian, wholly."

"And you will trust me fully, from this time forth?"

"I trust you fully," and the little hands fluttered confidingly in his.

"Then, little one—my Brownie, will you come to me now, and let me make you my own wife today—or at least as soon as that is possible? I feel that I cannot allow you to be exposed to such suffering and insult for another hour."

He felt her heart leap against his own at his words, but she did not reply.

"Darling," he questioned, "am I putting your love and faith in me to too severe a test?"

"Today! so soon—oh, Adrian!" she whispered, and he could see wave on wave of rich color surging up over her lovely face.

"Will you love me better by waiting a week—a month— or a year?" he asked, gravely.

"No, oh, no!" she said, quickly.

"Can you bear for a moment to think of going back to the old life?"

She nestled closer to her lover, and he answered for her:

"No, dear, you cannot; and you have nowhere else on earth to go but to the one who loves you best. Brownie," he continued, with tender authority, "you are mine—you have freely given yourself to me, and now I am not willing that you should go back to face those wolves until I have an indisputable right to go with you to demand proper respect for you, and the restitution of your property, without the possibility of a repetition of the insult and suffering to which you have heretofore been subjected. I know all the objections you would raise," he went on, "I have thought them all over carefully. Lady Ruxley's anxiety upon your account; the misconstruction which will be put upon your mysterious absence; the notoriety of a clandestine marriage, etc. But I think it will do them all good to suffer a little upon your account, without it is Lady Ruxley. And as to the other reasons, I do not care a straw for them. In fact, our marriage will not be so very secret, since I announced the fact of our engagement to the whole company assembled in the drawing-room last evening, and told Sir Charles I should marry you just as soon as possible."

"Adrian! did you do that?" demanded Brownie, looking up astonished.

"Certainly I did. You do not suppose I could sit tamely by and listen to all their remarks and surmises without making an effort to silence them, do you?"

"But it was very brave and noble in you—few would have braved public opinion like that," and she lifted her red lips to give him a voluntary kiss of gratitude.

"What had I to brave, my darling? I shall be proud to call you by that dearest name in the world—wife; and since they all know now that I mean to make you such, they cannot say that you have run away with me. We will go to London today. I will get a special license, and you shall be my wife tomorrow."

"But—but—" she began, with a troubled face.

"No, dear," he interrupted, smiling, as he read her thought, "you shall not go alone with me. My old nurse and her daughter shall go with us to make everything proper. Nurse Clum will do anything in the world for me, and keep any secret I intrust to her. Milly, her daughter, has long been trying to get a situation as lady's maid, and we will make one for her at once, thus doing a charitable deed, as well as make ourselves happy. In a week's time, less if you desire, we will return to Vallingham Hall, claim your property, and right that other wrong; while with me by your side, you will be freed from the possibility of insult from any one. Will you go with me, dear?"

"But you have relatives, I fear——"

"I am my own master, my darling, and no one can say me nay upon this most vital point," he replied, gravely, yet with decision.

"I will go with you, Adrian," she said, simply.

"Bless you, my own!" he exclaimed, joyfully, then added, in tones of regret: "It is not a fitting way to wed you, I know—not as I had fondly hoped it would be, when I planned to lead you before my friends, and wed you openly, as befits your station and mine; but," he added, lightly, "when once we are settled we will make a great feast, and all shall do honor to my wife. But we must not delay longer if we would escape observation. But, first, I have something for you—I brought it last evening." He then took the ring from his pocket and put it upon her finger, saying as he did so: "There, that seals our vows so far."

He then took his cloak from his own shoulders, and, wrapping it closely around her, led her by an unfrequented path to the spot where he had left his carriage.

He drove directly to Nurse Clum's where, giving his betrothed into Milly's hands to be fed and cared for, he secured a private interview with the former, told her his plans, and what he thought necessary of the circumstances which seemed to make them advisable.

The faithful old nurse shook her head when he told her that he was braving his grandfather's displeasure; but she saw he was determined upon the course he had marked out, and she could not say him nay.

Milly was delighted at the prospect of being lady's maid to a bride, and was charmed with the sweet lady who was to be Master Adrian's wife.

They took as early a train as possible from West Malling, in order to escape observation, and before noon they were a l comfortably settled in London. Brownie and her two companions having an elegant suite of rooms at the Langham Hotel, in Portland Place, the most fashionable quarter of the city, while Adrian returned to his own private apartments in St. James street.

Before sundown he had procured the special license, and believed himself the happiest man alive, the only cloud being the disapproval of his grandfather, and this he trusted that time would overcome.

Meantime, Brownie, in company with Milly, visited a fashionable ladies' furnishing house, and procured the most suitable outfit it was possible to procure at so short a notice, and gave orders for several other articles of apparel which she would need in the future.

The next morning a quiet little wedding party alighted at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, at eleven o'clock, and, leading his beautiful betrothed proudly up the grand aisle, Adrian Dredmond stopped before the gray-haired rector, and the twain were made one.

It was a very sweet but solemn face which looked up into Adrian's when he paused a moment in the vestibule and whispered, tenderly:

"God bless my own wife!"

But her eyes, as he pressed that first kiss upon her lips, were full of happiness and trust, and he knew that he had it in his power to make her life very bright. It was well for him, however, that he had not betrayed to her the fact of his grandfather's disapproval, nor what he was likely to forfeit by his alliance with her, else all the pride of a royal race would have risen within her, and that fair April day would not have seen Brownie Douglas, Adrian Dredmond's bride!

TO BE CONTINUED.



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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

NEBRASKA GIRL.—Yes, you are a little over weight for your height. Taking this into consideration, and your statement that you are very constipated always, I should judge that you are eating improperly, choosing foods which make fat and constipate. You can overcome constipation merely by eating the proper foods, and omitting the improper ones. You should cut out all potato and white bread, at once, and eat very few sweets, none at all between meals. Do not eat griddle cakes, biscuits, pies, or fried foods, all of which, in your condition, certainly will make you constipated. Eat a large dish of prunes every morning, soaked for twenty-four hours, then cooked slowly until soft, no sugar. Eat an orange at night, eat apples, raw or baked. Bran muffins will be good for you, spinach, plenty of water to drink. Omit coffee and tea. Chew all your food, each mouthful, until it is liquid before swallowing. Your oily hair may be due to the bodily irregularities caused by your constipation. Get your whole body in good shape and your hair will probably follow suit. In the meantime, you may wash it once a week if its oily condition makes this necessary.

SIBYL.—With a height of five feet, four inches, you should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds when you are fully developed; you do not give your age, but whatever it is you are much below weight, evidently. Go to work to build up. This will make your hair grow, it is not getting sufficient nouishment from the body now. As to "reducing bust," my dear, I do not see any indication that you need to reduce your bust; it certainly cannot be very large when your weight is only 102. You should have a 38-inch bust, 38-inch hips, 28-inch waist. The shiny nose should be bathed regularly, not only when you take an entire body bath every day, as of course you do, but during the day. Use a soft cloth and bathe it carefully. Rub a tiny bit of cold cream into the facial skin, including the nose, wipe off any surplus thoroughly with a soft bit of cotton, then apply a very little powder. This is if you are a fully grown young woman. If you are still in your teens, it will be better for your skin and your beauty if you omit powder and cream, merely bathing thoroughly, and keeping the bowels open twice daily. As to the pimples, they, too, come from improper feeding. As soon as you regulate your diet properly, eat plenty of nourishing food, and not too many sweets, the pimples will go away.

BOBBY.—For your height, you should weigh 135 pounds, which means that you are 47 pounds over weight. You are right in deciding to cut out all sweets and fat-building materials, but your menu contains many of them. You could never reduce on that menu. Sausage, cereals, white bread, ham, butter, wheat bread, are all fattening. So is corn bread. The foods which are forbidden if you wish to reduce as much as need to are: pork in any form, butter, wheat in any form, rice, oats, corn, cheese, cream, milk, olive oil, macaroni, sugar, potato, green corn, figs, bananas, grapes, grape juice, chestnuts, walnuts, raisins. If you will write to the Bureau of Argiculture, Washington, D. C., and ask them to send you one of their pamphlets containing dietary charts, they will do so. While the forbidden list seems long, the list of what you may eat is quite generous. You can eat lean meat of any kind, except pork, you can eat practically all green vegetables, you can eat fish and fresh fruit, chicken, duck, geese, eggs oysters, etc. You could have for instance Hamburg steak with onions, sliced tomatoes on lettuce, but without any oil dressing, and sliced oranges, or you could have roast turkey, cauliflower, celery and apple salad. Or boiled beef with spinach, string beans, baked apple. Only you must remember that you cannot put butter with your vegetables, nor sugar with any dish. You can make a salad dressing by adding one teaspoonful of tomato catsup to two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard and a pinch of salt and paprika. Or you can use a boiled salad dressing, without any sugar in it, made with eggs, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, paprika, according to recipes you will find in any cookbook. A good meal would be boiled tongue, mashed turnips, apple salad with celery and boiled dressing. Left-over tongue you can chop fine and mix with string beans or other vegetables to give them a flavor which you have been accustomed to getting from butter. You can eat cold chicken with sliced tomatoes, eggplant, grapefruit salad. There are a hundred and one things you can eat, but you must not fry anything or cook with butter or any other fat in them, and you must not use sugar, milk or cream. You eat too hearty a breakfast in any case. If you are really in earnest about reducing, you would better eat nothing for breakfast but a grapefruit or orange or a dish of prunes. Then eat a meal at noon, but you must not eat a large quantity of anything. At night have a simple supper. There is only one way to reduce when one has gone so much over weight, and that is to eat nothing which supplies fat to the body. In this way, the body will use up some of its own fat. You can reduce, after the first two or three weeks, about two pounds a week, if you are faithful. I have a friend who lost ten pounds the first two weeks, and after that two pounds a week. But there is nothing more fattening than the breakfast you have outlined! The amount of food eaten at a meal has something to do with the size of the hips and waist, so eat less. Then see that the bowels are active. Your bust should measure 38 inches, your hips 38, your waist 28. It will be hard work, but it is worth it!

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"There are plenty of little joys in life
But I don't know one that is better
Than the feeling of satisfaction that comes
When I've answered my very last letter."

THAT'S the way I feel when I've answered all your letters, much as I like to do it. But to tell the truth, and I do enough to keep in practice, this exalted feeling was forced upon me several days earlier than usual. The Power behind the Press came to me and said, "Marion" (sometimes he's very familiar, calls me Marion 'n' everything, just as though I wasn't grown up and wore short dresses) "hurry up and get your Talks with Girls ready." Think of that! But I hurried, they were almost done anyway, because he is the sort of person you just naturally like to please, and I don't mind if he does call me "Marion." It's more friendly and I like friendly peop e. Don't you?

RUBIE, ARKANSAS.—Maybe he couldn't live without you, but he manages to keep alive long enough to go around with other girls. Use your head.

LYDIA, ALABAMA.—"Almost" asking you to marry him "ain't is," so don't begin your trousseau on the strength of it. (2). Wait until you meet each other before you talk about marriage. You are taking enough of a chance then but there's no need of taking unnecessa y chances.

MARY, NEW MEXICO.—What do you mean by "dancing all the odd dances together." Mary, I didn't think that of you. If the dances in New Mexico are any odder than some I've seen here I'm going to New Mexico and take lessons and come back and open a dancing school.

ALMA, INDIANA.—If you don't mind sharing your sweetheart with other girls, far be it from me to curb your generous spirit. I don't think he loves you.

LONESOME CHERRY BLOSSOM, GEORGIA.—It is difficult for a girl to obey the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," when Pa and Ma don't agree. The only way I can see out of the difficulty is to get your mother to intercede for you and win father's consent.

NETA, MISSOURI.—Instead of warning your girl chum against your brother and preventing their marriage, why don't you have a serious talk with him and ask him to give up his bad habits for her sake. It might be well to tell her the truth about him and enlist her aid in making a better person of him. This may be the turning point in his life. Of course if he is utterly beyond redemption and would make her very unhappy, you should prevent the marriage if you can, but at twenty-seven there should be every chance for him, particularly with two sweet girls working with him and for him. Get her to postpone the marriage until he shows signs of reforming.

TRUE BLUE, ALABAMA.—The minister of your church or town should be able and willing to advise you as to what is best for you to do Tell him how your father mistreats you and your younger brothers and sisters and surely he will suggest some way of making your life easier.

LITTLE ONE, NEW YORK.—Because your life has been so devoid of affection you would be likely to think yourself in love with the first man who was kind and affectionate. I don't say you are not in love now, but be careful. If he shouldn't be faithful (I think he will be) remember it was kindness and love you were in love with and not the man himself. By all means let him bring you an engagement ring. You could be very practical and tell him to save the money he would spend for a ring but you would be cheating him and yourself out of the thrill that goes with the engagement ring that is truly a love token and not a symbol of a bank account. Save money but not at the expense of everything beautiful in your life.

HEARTBROKEN GIRL, TEXAS.—My dear, your heart isn't broken; it isn't dented, even, though the varnish may be a scratched a trifle; but that isn't serious. Is it your love that is hurt or just your vanity? Be honest with yourself and admit that if he still wanted you, you wouldn't care whether you had him or not. Anyway, you have only yourself to blame and you can't say that he "has done you wrong," because you were the one to do all the heavy giving up. However, if you think you truly love him and want him, you can't afford to keep on chasing him. You apologized and asked him to come back and that's enough for you to do. In the future, act as if he didn't mean a thing to you; don't weaken for an instant nor show that you care, but be indifferently friendly at all times, and always a wee bit nicer to some other fellow than you are to him. If this doesn't bring him back you are likely to find consolation elsewhere.

SEVENTEEN, KANSAS.—Being "very fond" of a boy doesn't mean that you love him, and unless you are actually unhappy over the cessation of his letters, why bother to find out "why" he doesn't write. There's a streak of Pandora in all women. Know who she was? If your mother has asked him to stop writing to you, then both he and you should respect her wishes. When you are older—but that's another story.

CLARE, INDIANA.—Of the two, the poor boy seems the more desirable. He is resourceful, as shown by his method of keeping the other one away from you, and because of that and the fact that he knows the value of money, he may be rich himself someday If the rich boy lost the money his parents left him, he wouldn't know how to work, or more important, how to save, and you'd be worse off than if married to the poor one.

L., ALABAMA.—A wrist watch shouldn't be given instead of a wedding ring, even if you have one ring already. I suppose you have a book too. If he was too busy to put on his socks before he came to see you, he was too busy for visiting. That's a new one. Tell me, did he bring them with him, rolled up and put into his pocket, and put them on after he got there? Some girls have all the luck. Nothing exciting like that ever happened to me. All the men that come to see me are fully dressed.

RAVEN LOCKS, WISCONSIN.—It is gratifying to know you followed my advice and that it helped you. You will find that as you grow older and meet more people you will become less bashful. The expression, "I'll show you that my heart's in the right place," is not an anatomical one. It means that the person has good intentions and is generous.

BLUE EYES, GEORGIA.—It would have been just as easy to have been introduced to you as to have given a girl a note for you, and much more respectful. After meeting you he could have asked you to correspond with him. You shouldn't have written to him and certainly you should not write now that he doesn't answer your letters. Be pleasant when you meet him at school, but don't let him take any of your time or thoughts away fron your studies.

BLUE-EYED LUE—What do I think of a boy who calls on one girl five or six nights a week and goes to see another on Sunday? I think he must be able to do without sleep, another Edison maybe. I think he needs a change, too, and if I were the girl I'd be grateful for a little time to myself—to have another fellow.

INEZ AND MARY, OKLAHOMA.—Don't leave parties to go car riding with boys your senior or junior either. (2). Don't let a boy kiss you good night or good morning. (3). If I loved a boy and wanted to win his love how would I do it? Theoretically, I'd find out what kind of a girl he admired most and make myself like her. Actually, I haven't the slightest idea how I'd go about it. (4). Don't go to the theater or anywhere else with a boy you've "picked up." It is very dangerous. (5). A courtship of one month is rather too short and I wouldn't advise marriage at the end of that time unless the participants were 69 and 74 years of age. At that age they can't afford to waste much time, but at your age you can afford to wait a year or two.

BROWN EYES, NEW MEXICO.—My dear girl, don't be nasty-nice and let your brown eyes see evil where only beauty should be seen. Besides, if you are going to be so modest and object to the incident in the movies, be cinsistent about it and don't watch people in bathing. Doesn't that offend you? I'll bet you put ruffles on your tablecloths so the legs of the table can't be seen. Be modest, but in the right way. (2). The man should walk on the outside always and it wasn't necessary that he should take your arm unless to assist you over a rough place. Doubtless he means all right but is just thoughtless, as evinced by things you have told me, and if you don't like him, don't go around with him. I should say he wasn't especially refined. Surely you are clever enough to find a plausible excuse for not going.

BOBBY, TENNESSEE.—It seems to me it would be best for your fiance to let you live with your sister in the west, until you know your own mind. It may be that you love him as you should love the man you marry, but because you have always been fickle and flirtatious you are not capable of recognizing real love when you experience it. He has four years of hard study ahead of him and if you marry him you must make up your mind to give up your present habits because flirting would be likely to worry him and unfit him for serious study. If you can't help him, don't hinder him.

BROWN EYES, ALA.—Let him come to you. (2). Always, the lady speaks first.

A. B., TENNESSEE.—How could anyone named "Cloud" be the "sunlight" of your life? Your parents are right, you are too young to marry now. They may think differently about it by the time you are through training. Don't get the fool idea into your head that because you are going to be married there is no need of you completing your training. You will be a better wife and mother for it and able to care for yourself and children if the need arises.

TROUBLED HEART, TEXAS.—If his declaration of love was accompanied by an offer of marriage, then you could allow him to kiss you, but because you are so young I'd advise you to wait a year or two before getting married. Better be sure than sorry.

TROUBLED WIFE, OHIO.—Don't wait until living with and working for your in-laws has got to be a settled thing. Your husband should work for you and for a home for you and himself. If necessary, tell him your reasons for not wanting to live with his mother and if she continues to be disagreeable, make your home a long distance from her. That's better than living near and quarrelling all the time. Let him help them in a financial way if they need it, but don't sacrifice your home happiness by living with them.

Yours, with good intentions,
COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

I would like to write a longer letter to you, but the hours of the night are slipping away fast and it is necessary for me to stop this chatter. I wish that I could meet you and give you all a good hearty, friendly handshake—the kind you wouldn't forget, or couldn't forget if you tried. But some of you live so far away that I fear my arm, which is long and flexible, would even then never, never reach to where you are. So tonight I am sending you my best regards and thoughts—and remember that I am thinking of all of you. If you, by chance, have no radio, I should enjoy hearing from you all by aid of another of our Uncles—Uncle Sam. You can get in touch with me by addressing "them" to

A niece and cousin, FRANCES HARRIS.

I was mighty glad to get your signal, Frances. I listened to your call for quite a while before I recognized it. Bill insisted it was a rat gnawing at our potato barrel in the front cellar, and, anyway, he has got the headpiece so adjusted for his slightly lengthy ears that I cannot hear well through the darn thing at all. But now that I have heard it, I say, of course you shall be a cousin, Frances, and a niece as well. You may carry on friendship by freight, mail or radio, just as you please. If the telegraph was thought to be a wonder-worker upon arrival, what should be said of the wireless? All these discoveries that help to link sections, nations and individuals are the ones that count. The radio, in its present accomplishment, is like a puling infant of science—but its adult possibilities are stupendous.

Speaking of camping, Frances, you did not mention all the joys. For instance, sitting for hours watching the mosquitoes bob and murmur playfully about one's head and ankles, or trying to light a fire with damp wood at 5 A. M. of a rainy morning by the lakeside. Sifting the ants out of the sugar and removing them forcibly from the cake is another restful joy that relieves tension and might make a frazzled teacher think of clean silver and a white table-cloth. Yet I like to camp, Frances, and I have camped, literally, for years of my life. Sometimes by the shore and sometimes in mountains perhaps no less lovely than your Cherokee playground. To camp, is to satisfy the primitive instincts we all have and which civilization cruelly irons and starches out of us until we are, most of us, as stiff and useless as a hard-boiled shirt or high collar. It's good to get this civilized armor off as often as possible and be for a while as free as—well, as a mosquito or black ant.

I hope you enjoy your camping trip, Frances. I think when you get back you will find that your two uncles, working together, have well started you off in the happy business of carrying on friendship by mail—and perhaps male.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Lye—a Dangerous Poison

The carelessness with which lye is placed within the reach of children would not be so common if the fact that it is a dangerous poison were more generally known. Lye may be purchased at any grocery, and the labels of the most of the commercial brands print no warning whatever that the contents of the package are poisonous. Death within a short time after lye is swallowed is not uncommon. If the patient survives the results are lamentable.
—*Hygeia.*



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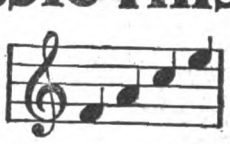
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. L. W. D., Maine.—Hams to be smoked should be hung up for a week or ten days in a cool place before smoking. This adds much to the tenderness of the meat. Care must be taken that the meat remains sweet and untainted during this period of keeping. A teacupful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses and an ounce of saltpeter should be mixed together for each ham that is to be cured. The hams or bacon should be put into some large receptacle and rubbed with this mixture—which should be heated before applying. Let the meat remain for two days after this mixture has been rubbed in. Now make a brine from one and a half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar and one-eighth ounce of saltpeter to each gallon of water. The saltpeter should be first dissolved in a little hot water and then added to the mixed brine. In this brine let the hams or bacon remain for three weeks, then remove from brine, soak in cold water overnight, and hang up for a week longer. The smoking may then be done and should last for a period of three or more days, being careful not to heat the hams. Apple tree wood and corn cobs are best to burn. The ham should be suspended hock down and far enough from the fire so that overheating does not occur. If you have no regular smoke house, meats may be smoked on a small scale by suspending under a hogshead. The smoked meat may be tied up in cheese-cloth or burlap and kept until used. It takes time and care to cure meats well, but the time taken is well spent—when a juicy slice of broiled ham or some crisp appetizing home-cured bacon can appear on the breakfast table as a result of thought and effort. The chief fault with most home-cured ham or bacon is that it is tough and oversalted. Follow the above directions and you will avoid these defects.

L. H. Oklahoma.—All large hospitals in our largest cities maintain, as a part of their activities, a "training school for nurses" where girls, who fulfill certain requirements, can enter as "probationers" for a certain period of training. While the requirements differ, it is usual to pay these student nurses a small wage. They must, however, supply their own aprons and uniforms upon entering. Let your local physicians supply you with the names of hospitals in St. Louis to which you might write—addressing the superintendent of such hospitals and asking for information concerning their requirements for "probationers" who wish training in the profession of nursing. Enclose a stamp when you write. Those who plan to take up nursing should have a fair amount of preliminary education, the more the better, and should be of strong nerves and robust physique. We know of many girls who have not lasted out the probationery period in city hospitals. The work is hard; some of it is distasteful, and all of it requires ambition, strength and nervous energy. But to those who complete a course in nursing and can fill the duties of a nurse intelligently, financial reward is certain, and also the satisfaction of having part in work whose service is real. For many modern professions or forms of service contribute to work which is inhuman, artificial or destructive.

Mrs. S. F. Trojan, S. D.—It is difficult to tell, at this distance, what ails your canaries and why they did not mate this last spring. Generally speaking, canaries should mate in February. It aids in mating to supply the birds with nesting material and to add the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to their food. Illness might come from improper or too heavy feeding. Canaries should have light, fresh air, plenty of clean water to drink and bathe in, sand and gravel always at hand, and occasionally chickweed or a leaf of lettuce to eat in addition to the canary seed, rape and hemp seed which best forms their daily diet. Feed carefully, watch out for cleanliness, light and air, and see if your birds do not mate another year after this treatment.

A SUBSCRIBER, Johnson City, Tenn.—Ole Bull, whose real name was Bornemann, was a Norwegian violinist, born at Bergen, February 5, 1810. Ole Bull toured this country with great success and became widely known here. This was in the years 1843-45. After his return to Europe, the violinist met with disastrous losses of fortune and came to this country again where he had previously been so successful. In 1852 he bought a huge tract of wild land in Potter county, Pa. Here he founded a colony called Oleana. This became a failure and was abandoned. Ole Bull then returned to the concert stage. He married a second time in this country and resided here until his death. Your violin is undoubtedly an instrument which has been named after the famous violinist and therefore has his name placed on the back. This would add nothing to its value—which must depend upon the violin's natural qualities and tone. These could only be passed upon by an expert.

Mrs. W. B. R., San Angelo, Tex.—Yes, indeed, there is plenty of free acreage left in Oregon. The vacant public lands total 13,323,501 acres. Oregon is a big state and ranks ninth in size, although only thirty-fourth in rank of population. So you see there is plenty of room for ambitious homesteaders! The state can offer all varieties of climate and soil that are known to the temperate zone. Along the coast section the vegetation is heavy and the rains frequent. In the southeastern portion of the state there are great stretches of semi-arid land. The coast climate, while moist, is never very hot nor cold. East from the Cascade range, the climate is colder and much drier. Oregon has great forests and the state ranks third in lumber production. The state's fruit industry is important and Oregon apples are famous. Irrigation is rapidly aiding the arid lands of the state. As a place of residence, it is important to remember Oregon's progressiveness: the state initiated the national movement for direct primaries, the initiative and referendum and the recall, and adopted Prohibition independently of the national amendment. The state's rivers and mountains offer great scenic beauty and fine playgrounds. Write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon for further information concerning homesteading.

D. F. B., Colorado.—If you are a reader of this column, you should have read what we have often printed here concerning the fraudulent "old violins" which bear inscriptions calculated to make the credulous believe the instrument to be the handiwork of some old master of violin-making. We do not believe your violin to be a genuine Stradivarius. Experts declare that there are only some thirty-odd genuine Strads now in existence. The actual value of your instrument could only be judged by some musician, or dealer in violins who might have the violin in his hands for test. Wait your chance to exhibit it in this way for trial.

Mrs. C. M., West Virginia.—The Society of Cincinnati was founded in 1783 and its present headquarters are at 214 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Baltimore, Md. Address the secretary, Gen. J. C. Davies, for any particulars you wish regarding the order.

B. P., Youngsville, N. C.—Write to the Superintendent of U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., concerning regulations governing admission to the Academy. Also read reply to R. S. R., Louisiana, which appeared in this department of COMFORT in August of this year.

Goodyear Raincoat Free

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3168-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Advt.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

consisting of sunshine all the time, but the lack of rain caused a crop failure. Therefore, it may be a good thing that most people do not insist, when looking for a life partner, that he or she measure up to their Ideal.

I, however, will confess that I have a mental picture of my Ideal Wife. This woman is, of course, a real Christian, a genuine pal, and fully my equal mentally. Consequently I would respect her views and seek her advice on all things of importance. I cannot imagine myself talking rough or cross to such a dear pal but instead would show my appreciation in every way possible. I wouldn't expect her to agree with me on everything, because she would naturally, at times, see things from a different and perhaps a higher point of view. But, by kindly explaining it from her viewpoint, I would see it through her eyes, so to speak, and thereby lift my thoughts to a higher standard. If we always agreed with each other, we would both become narrow minded.

I haven't mentioned love and purity; but if a woman is a real Christian she is, of course, loving, kind and true; she will ever be found seeking her own in another's good. This "other" first of all will be the best friend she has on earth—her husband. That, also, applies to men in regard to their wives. Anything short of that is being a Christian in name only.

I would like for my wife to be musically inclined, for I am very fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. I would also be glad if she could be good looking and graceful. However, since I am not blessed with these qualities, I couldn't expect her to possess them.

Sometimes as I look at this mind picture, I dream of the bliss and happiness of married life, lived as it should be, but it soon vanishes, for I am numbered among that large class of young people that have to be contented with such dreams, known as Invalids.

In her last letter, Ruby Nelson gave a wonderful description of this part of the northwest, but she forgot to mention our beautiful scenery and paved highways. The Columbia River Highway is considered one of the wonders of America.

I must say a few words about dear old COMFORT before I close. Of course you sisters know what a cozy corner you have and how motherly Mrs. Wilkinson is, but I am sure you will agree that the Cousins' department is a close second. I admire Uncle Lisha and think that his heart-to-heart talks in his leading articles are just wonderful.

Best wishes to all, HENRY KREGER.

WAUKESHA, 157 TENNEY AVE., WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of good old COMFORT for many years and the subjects carried on there are splendid. After reading the June issue and the request for the brothers to write about their Ideal wives here are a few requirements:

1. Someone whom I can look in the eye and call my equal, be a good pal and love the great out-of-doors.
2. Must be able to cook a good plain meal.
3. Must be home loving and broad minded.
4. Willing to attend socials, parties and other places where good clean entertainment is provided.
5. Last but not least must not nag or whimper, and must be of Protestant faith.

I may be rather exacting as to my ideal but will try to find one that measures up to it if possible. I also prefer the little dark-eyed and dark-haired misses.

A description of myself is in order. I am five feet, eleven inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, have red hair and lots of freckles and am in the first part of the twenties.

A. J. PETERSON.

BELTON, R. R. 5, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Will you make room for a big brother from Texas? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for quite a while and you will see by this that I read the Sisters' Corner.

The subject of the Ideal Husband and Wife bids fair to be interesting.

Mabel Clare, I appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving us boys a chance to tell of our Ideal Wife, and Mrs. Wilkinson for the privilege she extends in the use of the Sisters' Corner.

I will tell of my Ideal Wife. First of all I should like for her to be a Christian, then neat in dress, kind and affectionate. Would like for her to be educated, especially in music, be a good housekeeper, a lover of good literature and nature, fond of home, children and good society. Color of hair and eyes are of minor importance.

On the question of powder, paint and bobbed hair, if these things improve your appearance and make you feel more comfortable I say, "Help yourself dearie."

I am six feet, two and three-quarters inches tall, weigh 175 pounds, have black hair and blue eyes and am thirty-four years young. I shall never grow old in spirit. My occupation is farming.

BEN GOOSMAN.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Here comes a husband knocking for admittance to your "Corner" for a few remarks on the "Ideal Wife."

First of all, she should be a Christian, for what can you expect of the future generations without christian mothers and christian influence in the home? I am assuming that the "Ideal Husband" is a Christian, which he should be if he has children. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow and needs the proper teaching and home environments.

The wife should belong to the same church as the husband for as Mary Scott says: "People thinking and believing the same can work together in greater harmony."

Second she should know how to cook, sew, in fact, know how to do everything to be done in the home and then if she has servants she is better fitted to direct them. Many unhappy homes are caused indirectly by husbands eating soggy, ill-prepared foods.

Third, she should take an interest in outdoor sports, books and reading, if nothing but the daily paper, and be able to discuss leading topics of the day. What husband likes to discuss a subject with his wife that she has never heard or seen mentioned?

I believe my fourth qualification is the greater cause of unhappiness in homes than all others taken together. When baby arrives she should not idolize and completely devote all time and energy to him, to the exclusion of husband and home. At nightfall when she should be prepared to spend the after supper hour with husband discussing events of the day, she should not spend this hour spoiling baby by patting, shaking and rocking him to sleep. When this task is finally accomplished she is completely exhausted and ready to retire. Why not place him in bed, turn out the light, and let him go to sleep without all the above ado? "The little thing would cry his eyes out." I hear some one say. It is all in training. If you do not teach the child a habit you do not have to continue it. The trouble with children of the present is caused, in the greater part, by the overindulgence of fond parents and the greater responsibility lies with the mother for she is with them and has more control than the father. Should the child need correcting let the father correct him, the wife not interfering, and vice versa.

Fifth she should not worry over the little things in life and should not try to care for all her trouble and the petty troubles of other brothers and sisters. She should be kind, loving, sympathetic and a good pal in all things.

I think lovers should be perfectly honest each with the other before marriage and talk over in a plain and sensible manner the problems that may come up in married life and try to come to an agreement. Then after marriage, girls, above all things, do not completely reverse your ideas and plans and do the opposite to what husband expects of you and all should be well if he carries out his part of the deal.

I wonder how many husbands will agree that if some of the above "Ideals" were put into practice

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

THE FAMOUS **WHITE FLAME BURNER**



MAKES your old kerosene lamps and lanterns shine with a brilliant soft white light. Non-breakable steel mantle. No smoke. No soot. Relieves eye strain. Over a million satisfied users. Guaranteed safe, durable, reliable. Complete assembly, 50 cts. post paid, stamps or coin. 3 for $1.25. Your money back if not satisfied.

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Watch, Knife & Chain $2.45

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ALL FREE



COUNT THEM Gold finished Necklace, Handsome Cameo set Bracelet, Hawaiian Ring, Cameo Ring, Persian Brooch, your Birthstone Ring and Signet Ring with your initial. *Complete 14-K Gold-Plated Jewelry* (with Free Instructions) selling 20 packets perfumed Sachet at 10c each. Send no money.

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FREE Genuine Leather

Regulation size, Genuine Seal Leather cover Football with extra quality rubber Bladder Free for selling 10 Packets Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. Easy to sell. Write today. Send no Money. Get your Football without cost.

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King TUT GOOD LUCK RING $1.95



Don't Send a Penny! Famous Movie Stars wear King TUT GOOD LUCK ring. They say it brings success, happiness, love. Over one million sold. Only original LUCK ring, beware of imitations. Genuine silver finish.

Order Today! Was $2.50, now only $1.95, and postage. Cash with order $1.75. 3 for $5.25. Be sure to send paper strip for finger size. State if man's, women's boy's or girl's style.

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Rush your name and address; we'll tell you how you can get either of these high grade watches absolutely free. Watches are guaranteed excellent time keepers. Choice of 25 Yr. White Gold-filled or 20 Yr. Yellow Gold-filled case. Send name and address today.

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VIOLIN FREE



Beautiful Violin Bow, resin and self instructor given for selling 12 boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. A quick seller. Return the $3.00 and receive violin or choice of 24 premiums free. Address

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with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Pen Holder, Eraser, for selling 30 packages Chewing Gum at 5c a pckg. Write

BLUINE MFG. CO., 202 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

Keep Your Money

BUT SEND FOR HANDY ANDY!

SEE PAGE 28

GIVEN TO YOU



Guaranteed watch and chain with clasp, or Eastman camera or beautiful set ring or big flashlight or choice of many other fine premiums. Sell only twelve 25c boxes Mingo. Everybody uses for chapped skin, cuts, burns, etc. Easy to sell. Send no money. Just your name and full address and we send you premium catalog and 12 boxes Mingo postpaid and trust you till sold. We treat you square. Send today.

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Box 1459-K-10, Cincinnati, O.

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At last you can throw away your dirty, dingy, oil lamp, and have the brightest, whitest light for your home or farm. Right now, for a limited time, I am making an amazing offer to quickly introduce my wonderful patented light invention. Table lamps, hanging lamps, wall lamps, lanterns—for every room and outdoor use. Gives 20 times light of old wick lamps at half the cost. No chimneys to break or clean, no dirty, greasy wicks to trim, no soot or smoke, no foul unhealthful odors. Positively safe.

AGENTS $60 to $100 a Week

If you want to earn big money write me quickly for sales plan. No experience — or capital required. Exclusive territory. Big season now on. Address me personally —say—"send agents Free Outfit Offer" J. C. Steese, Pres.

300 Candle Power Burns 96% Air—only 4% cheap gasoline or kerosene (coal-oil). Light as bright as daylight, soft, mellow, easy on eyes. Beats electricity or gas. Lights with match. Easy to operate. Most economical, greatest improvement and advancement in home and farm lighting of the age.



30 Days Trial without risking penny. Write today for big, attractive, descriptive catalog from which to select one of many handsome designs. Be first in your locality to write and get liberal money saving introductory offer. Send your name and address today.

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2 Gray Flannel Shirts $3.95

The Greatest Bargain Without Exception

Think of it! Men's TWO winter weight, comfortable wool mixed gray flannel shirts for only $3.95, and heavy knit wool process yarn slip-on sweater FREE. Why, you would rightfully expect to pay $4.50 to $5.00 for the two shirts alone. They are roomily made, soft turned down collar, winter weight, large extra strong pockets with buttoned down flaps. Ideal shirts for work or semi-dress. All sizes. And don't forget, sweater FREE. We are making this amazing offer just to introduce our new catalog to thousands of readers of this magazine. SEND NO MONEY. Send your name, address and size wanted, pay postman $3.95 plus postage on delivery; and understand if not delightfully Surprised, send them back and we refund your money by next mail. But act quick before this offer is withdrawn.

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NO EXTRA CHARGES Postage Prepaid

SEND NO MONEY We make this special offer to prove the wonderful value, style and fit of **Progress** tailoring. We will tailor to your special order one of these fine suits, send it to you postage prepaid and **guarantee absolute satisfaction** for only $14.95. We have other equally striking bargains in the finest made-to-order suits at from $14.95 up to $39.50.

AGENTS WANTED—Earn $30 to $35 extra every week, taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our high-class tailoring. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

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This half price sale for a short time only. Each Set consists of 1 close cutting barber's hair clippers, one 7-inch barber comb, 1 barber hair shears of razor like steel. This is our regular high grade $4.00 set, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Special offer complete outfit only $1.98 if you decide to keep the set—less than price of clippers alone.

MOTHERS Save time, strength and money. This outfit cuts children's hair perfectly in 5 minutes. Always have the children's heads looking nice. Quicker and easier to do it with this outfit than to go to the barber shop.

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For good looking bobbed hair this splendid set is as necessary as your brush and comb. Clip it close in the back and with these shears you can always get a perfectly even bob. THE WHOLE FAMILY will use this set and save barber bills. Four hair cuts pays for it if you get in on this special offer.

SEND NO MONEY Just write today and ask for the home barber outfit. It will be sent by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman $1.98 and postage. Use the outfit for 10 days. Then if you are not perfectly satisfied return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

"Caked Bag" of Ewes

THERE would be far less trouble from caked bag or garget in ewes were the shepherd to strip some of the milk away the day after weaning the lambs. Then stripping should be done on the third, fifth and, if necessary, the seventh day. The udder should also be well smeared with carbolized oil or vaseline to keep flies away and otherwise help to prevent infection. Do the weaning "once and for all." Letting lambs back to their dams a day or two after weaning may help to prevent garget, but it may also kill or injure the lambs, as the "stale" milk sometimes is poisonous. If garget starts the best treatment is to pen the ewe, strip the udder clean once an hour, at first, and every two or three hours during the day when improvement is seen. The udder should also be persistently bathed with water as hot as the hand can bear and containing a pound of Epsom salt per gallon. That treatment sometimes quickly aborts a starting case of garget but may not do so if delayed. When the udder is seen to be changing to a purple-red color the hot bathing should be continued as well as the frequent stripping of the milk, but in addition it is well to rub in a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized oil, camphorated oil and compound soap liniment. This may be done two or three times daily. If pain is great, add one teaspoonful each of fluid extracts of belladonna leaves and poke root to each ounce of the other mixture. If this treatment does not quickly soften the udder and remove the discoloration stop hot water fomentation and instead of the other mixture rub in mercurial ointment once daily at first and twice daily later, if that is seen necessary. It will be likely to prevent gangrene and sloughing of the udder, but a ewe that has been so attacked will not be worth retaining for breeding purposes.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a half Holstein cow, three years old She freshened a year ago in September I have milked her twice a day. Recently I put her milk away and a cake of blood was in the bottom of the vessel. Lots of yellow lumps float on the top when I milk her. She has been giving four gallons of milk a day but has failed until she only gives one and one-half gallons. The milk does not clabber but smells peculiar. Could she have tuberculosis and would that affect the milk? Mrs. Z. S.

A.—The bleeding in all probability was caused by injury and that may also have caused garget. To determine which quarter of the udder is affected set a sample of milk from each quarter in bottles that have been sterilized by boiling. Label them that the source of the contents of each may be known. If but one quarter is found affected better dry off the milk secretion in that quarter or let a calf nurse. If all quarters or several of them are affected better dry off all the remaining secretion and fit the cow for slaughter. Tuberculosis may be present but the only way to determine that would be to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. The disease may affect milk in the way you describe especially as regards the yellow color.

LAME MULE.—My mule, three years old is lame in right fore foot. He limps when on hard ground. J. E. P.

A.—We cannot confidently diagnose lameness without making a personal examination, but if the trouble is in the foot the mule may go better if you cover the sole with lanolin (sheep's wool fat) oakum and a leather pad and then put on a bar shoe. Afterwards clip the hair from the hoof-head and every ten days rub in a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and 24 parts of lard, as a mild blister, until the lameness subsides. Corns or a nail prick would of course require appropriate local treatment. Write again if necessary.

FISTULA.—I have three horses that have fistula. Could you give me a remedy that will cure them? H. B.

A.—It should be understood that the discharge of pus from a fistula comes from diseased cartilage or other tissue. To effect a permanent cure the dead and diseased tissues should be removed by dissection. For that purpose you should have a veterinarian lay open each pipe and sinus which will also insure free drainage for pus. If you cannot employ a veterinarian try the effects of a proprietary fistula cure used according to directions given by the manufacturer. Meanwhile flush out the discharging places daily with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash and then fill them with powdered boric acid.

DEATH OF RABBIT.—Can you tell me what ails my rabbits? I am a farmer woman, living seven miles from town. My rabbits run out free. I have lost over one hundred. They can be found in the dooryard with their heads turned half way around, eyes enlarged, looking wild and fiery.—Mrs. J. C.

A.—We should advise you to make an entirely new rabbit yard and quarters on land not previously used for these animals. Then start afresh with new, sound breeding stock. Plow and crop the old yards. Hutches possibly may be used again if thoroughly scalded, cleansed, disinfected and whitewashed. For disinfecting purposes use a mixture of one part of compound cresol solution and 30 parts of water, or one part of coal tar disinfectant and 20 parts of water. Also mix one pound of chlorid of lime with every three gallons of freshly made lime wash. We suspect that coccidiosis killed the rabbits and there is no cure for that contagious disease. To determine the exact cause, however, you should arrange to send an affected rabbit to the veterinary department of the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Lincoln for examination.

IDENTITY OF COLT.—When two parties claim a two-year-old colt, and that they own the father and mother of this colt could a person get the State Veterinarian to test the blood of the horse and mare and tell who owns them?—J. F.

A.—The proposed test would not be likely to settle such a problem nor could it be made by anyone other than a professional or trained bacteriologist or pathologist having experience in such work The history of the case and comparison of the markings of the animals involved will have to be depended on to settle the dispute.

RUNNING FITS.—I have a dog five months old that takes spells of howling and barking, running under the floor and acting as though he had a fit. Do dogs have flea fits? B. D.

A.—Hookworms, rather than fleas, cause such fits which are very common among dogs in the Southern states. To expel the worms withhold feed and then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft gelatin capsules. The dose is one drop per pound of body weight for a puppy and two drops per pound for a grown dog. At time of a fit confine dog in a cool, darkened, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water. Repeat the dose in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—A lump has formed in one of the teats of my two-year-old heifer. It takes me about twenty minutes to get the milk from that teat as it comes in a small stream. The milk is not ropy and seems all right. Mrs. H. C.

A.—Warty or fibroid growths have formed on the lining membrane of the teats. If they are just inside the orifice of the teat a veterinarian could remove them by operation but if they are higher up in the teat it would be better to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in the affected teat. It would be possible to remove the growths by cutting through the wall of the teat when the cow is dry but that is a formidable operation and scarcely worth while unless but one teat is affected and the cow is a purebred and extra valuable on account of pedigree or performance.

FITS IN DOGS.—I have a dog, two years old that has spells running and barking. Please advise me what to do. A. J. J.

A.—Hookworms are a common cause of such excitement fits in dogs. To expel or destroy the worms withhold feed for 24 hours, then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft gelatin capsules. The dose for a puppy is one drop for each pound of body weight and for a grown dog two drops per pound. At time of an attack confine the dog in a cool, quiet, darkened place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water. Repeat the dose in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary. So far as possible prevent the dog from becoming unduly excited.

INFECTED WOUND.—I have a colt that cut its foot just below the hock joint. The wound bled freely but became infected. Please let me know what we could use to heal and take stiffness out of leg. H. H. P.

A.—Clip the hair from the entire affected part and wash the skin with soap and hot water. Then inject into the discharging places a little of a mixture of one part of iodoform and eight parts of sulphuric ether. Do not use the ether mixture where there is an open light of any kind as it is highly inflammable. After the injection dust the wound with a mixture of one part each of iodoform, calomel and boric acid and five parts of powdered starch. The colt should be supported with a veterinary sling in a box stall screened and darkened against flies.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a young cow, giving milk with first calf that is a little more than two months old. The milk seems to be perfectly good when sweet, but it turns to water when it begins to clabber. It is useless to churn as it will not make any butter and the buttermilk turns to water until there will not be one-half gallon of milk left out of a churning of two and one-half gallons. C. M. P.

A.—Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in bottles that have been sterilized by boiling. Label the bottles so that the source of the contents of each may be known. In that way you will be able to determine if one quarter of the udder is to blame or if all the milk becomes similarly affected. You may find that the milk in the sterilized bottles remains sound showing that bacteria in the milk utensils causes the trouble. More perfectly scald, cleanse and sundry the utensils, mixing some chlorinated lime or hypochlorite of soda in the washing water. Set the milk in a new, clean place. Cleanse the udder and teats each time before milking. Feed the cow a full ration of mixed meals in addition to grass or hay. Write again, if necessary, when you have made the test suggested here.

FITS IN KITTEN.—My four-months-old kitten was taken sick, breathing rapidly, lying down as though going to sleep, but seemed stiff but in no pain, but was weak. The spells came back the next day when it died. What killed it? C. L. S.

A.—Worms caused the fits which proved fatal. To expel or destroy them in a kitten, give five to 10 drops of syrup of iodide or iron, or of fluid extract of spigelia (pink root) and senna twice daily until the passages become loose. Repeat the treatment in 10 days. Feed milk that is 12 hours old and skimmed in preference to new warm milk for kittens and cats. Allow raw beef or kidney as soon as kittens will eat solid food. The toad would not cause the derangement described.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Myrtle Gavin, Custer, S. D A widow, weak from a serious operation and other physical ills, and unable to support herself and two children. Clothing for a girl of eleven and herself, as well as quilt pieces, crochet thread and crochet patterns would all help this deserving struggler—and cash would aid most of all. Mrs. Susan Agee, Spencer, Va. Clothing and helping hands are needed to be held out to this old and almost blind woman. Miss Mabel Foster, R. 2, Box 62, Bentonia, Miss. Unable to stand on her feet for twelve years as a result of rheumatism, this appeal comes from a sufferer who needs dimes and dollars to buy drugs and other care for her painful condition. Mrs. Murray H. Cochran, R. 1, Box 17, Buffalo Ridge, Va. With a sick husband, this poor woman struggles along to care for three children, six years, four years and eight months old. Clothing and cash will mean cheer and comfort. Alfred Giulieri, Ferndale, Calif., R. F. D. 139. This is a crippled youth who would be made happy by postcards and letters. It's easy, cousins. Send on the smiles!

Crumbs of cash and of cheer—send on these and more than these to our list of sick and suffering. Here are cripples of heart and body. Help both in your giving. You have a chance to buy joy in this way—and not gasolene and ice cream. Every cent will cancel pain and every word of cheer help a heart.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

A poll of sixth-grade pupils in St. Louis revealed that of 5,376 children questioned 40 per cent. had never seen a sheep, and 17 per cent. had never looked upon a pig. Of every hundred children, 12 had never seen a cow. It has been suggested that a cow and a pig be placed in the municipal zoo.—*The Dearborn Independent.*

Keep Your Money

BUT SEND FOR HANDY ANDY!

SEE PAGE 28

Let Us Send You THIS Manchurian FOX SCARF WORTH $10.00 $3.95



Silk Lined

Bargain Fur Sale

SEND NO MONEY

for this lovely $10.00 value. Great, big Manchurian Fox Scarf for only $3.95. Most startling offer ever made. Just send name and address and scarf bargain will be shipped by return mail.

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Every stylish woman and miss should wear one of this season's most stylish and beautiful Manchurian Fox Scarfs with her coat, suit, dress or waist. Greatest value ever offered for this long and silky fur piece. Has natural head and large bushy tail. Lined with extra quality silk and silk ruffle at neck. Colors: Brown or Black. State color.

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32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
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In Need of a Husband

By Richard G. Swaringer

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MOLLY Trexler wrinkled her smooth white forehead in thought as she counted the money she had received from her Saturday sales of milk, butter and eggs, which she had not as yet had time to deposit in the bank. Momentarily she allowed her well-trained mind to wander from business channels, pursing her red lips bewitchingly, as she calculated how many pairs of silk hose this money would buy, or how fine a dress or hat—provided she could afford such luxuries. Then she shook her head and sighed, knowing she could not—yet awhile. Molly was very human, and very feminine.

She sat in her own little office, in her own little house, on her own little farm. All of which had been hers only two years—not long enough for the sense of ownership to have lost all the charm and thrill of novelty. In fact, there were still certain debts to be paid, in connection with the newly built chicken houses and garage, both of which Molly had found necessary in her business. Hence the need for unrelaxed economy, and hence Molly's sigh.

In the parlor, across the hall, Molly's black housekeeper, Geraldine, burst into song at the top of an extremely robust voice. Molly frowned.

"Geraldine," she shouted, "please hire a hall! Or can the music for a while. Stop it! Cease! Desist! I want to think."

There followed an interval of comparative silence; then Geraldine loomed in the doorway, her eyes gleaming white in her black face.

"What'd you say, Miss Molly?' she demanded, with the tolerance of middle age for infancy. "You wants to think? La chile, you thinks too much. You ought to have a husband to do all dis thinkin' for you!"

"Maybe I had, and maybe I hadn't!" snapped Molly. "Anyway, I'll have to think for myself until I get one—if I ever do. So put a Maxim silencer on your mouth until I get out of the house."

Geraldine bobbed, grinned, departed. In less than ten minutes she was singing again as loudly as ever. Not that she meant to disobey; she just simply forgot.

Going into her bedroom presently, Molly exchanged her gingham house and work dress for one more suitable for the social amenities of business; then went out to the garage. Here she backed out the little touring car that she used in both her work and her play, and began loading into the tonneau some carefully packed crates of eggs—the over-Sunday accumulation. Her other servitor, Joshua, husband of Geraldine, was nowhere in sight.

However, when she was almost ready to start, he ambled leisurely into view from somewhere out about the long cow barn. Seeing her, he hurried forward, protesting almost with an air of injury:

"Miss Molly, why'n't you call me? You know you oughtn't do dis heavy liftin'. In fact, you needs a husband to——"

"Josh," asked Molly in a tone of extreme exasperation, "what was it Uncle Bill used to call you when you made him angry?"

"I cain't tell you dat, Miss Molly!" Joshua grinned bashfully.

"Yes, you can too. What was it?"

"Well, den, when he wasn't much mad, he'd call me a 'damn, black, kinky-haided son ob Satan.' I cain't tell you what he'd say when he was real mad!"

"Well, I feel as Uncle Josh did when he was mad with you, and I don't want any more of your advice!" said Molly. "Please remember that. I'm quite able to take care of myself. I have been doing so for two years; and during that time I've made more money than either dad or Uncle Bill ever made in three—even if I have been obliged to spend nearly all of it for improvements. Men are useful to have around sometimes, but as advisers and managers they aren't worth a hurrah in Hades!"

"Dat I should ebber live to hear Marse Bill Trexler's niece say such things 'bout Marse Bill and his brudder—de best men I ebber worked for!" Joshua lamented tragically.

"You're pretty old, Josh, but you'll probably live to hear me say worse than that, if you don't keep your black nose out of my affairs!" Molly took her seat at the wheel and set a vicious foot on the started button.

But the keen air of late autumn made glorious going and soon blew away Molly's grouch. Once away from the farm willed her by her beloved Uncle Bill, she came to where neighbors had gathered their corn and most of their cotton, leaving bare stalks standing in the fields. She passed patches of woods that were bare and drab, save for the evergreen pines and cedars, and an occasional tree with brilliant red or yellow leaves. Pale sunshine sifted between clouds that scurried aimlessly across a pale sky. Molly sometimes pressed her daintily-shod toe hard upon the throttle for the sheer joy of going fast, restrained from showing any real speed only by thought of the eggs in the tonneau.

Drawing into the main street of Maysville, she slowed to a decorous ten miles per hour, as directed by the sign at the edge of town, and proceeded thus to one of the grocery stores where she did business. Here she found a ready market for her eggs and butter, quickly disposing of all she had. Afterwards she drove sedately to the Maysville Savings Bank, before which she stopped.

It was a little after closing time, and the assistant cashier was just emerging from the door. He was young, and tall, and broad; had a red and freckled face; a short, straight nose; red hair; and blue eyes that regarded Molly with frank and friendly admiration.

"Hello, Molly!" was his greeting. "If you had come a minute later, you'd have been too late. All the others went home about five minutes ago, leaving me to lock up. Want to deposit—or borrow?" he asked teasingly, opening the door of her car and holding out a hand to help her to the sidewalk. And Molly did not object! For all her self-sufficiency, she did not mind being waited on—by some folks.

"Deposit, of course!" she answered.

"You're quite a business woman, aren't you?" admired Mark Lane, her friend since childhood, as he led the way into the bank. "That farm of yours must be paying handsomely."

"I'm doing fairly well, I guess," Molly owned conservatively. "But I'd do better if everybody who owes me would pay up. I've got to try to collect some this afternoon from H. Green and Company. I never saw such hard people to get money from!"

"Green's closer than the bark on a tree," sympathized Mark. "You ought to——"

"Don't tell me I ought to have a husband!" exclaimed Molly, pouring more of her troubles into Mark's willing ears, as she usually did whenever she had a chance. Somehow she always found him her most understanding and sympathetic listener. "I've heard that until I'm sick of it. Yesterday afternoon I drove over to see dad and mama, and told them about some of the difficulties I've been up against, naturally craving a little sympathy and encouragement. Well, they sympathized with me, all right! They said a girl shouldn't try to make her way alone, and I ought to have a husband to take care of me! Today Joshua and Geraldine have been harping constantly on the same theme. It's growing unbearable!"

"I wasn't going to say that." Lane assured her promptly. "It seems to me that you're getting along mighty well without being burdened with a husband. Besides, I don't think anybody ought to marry for convenience, or anything else but love. I was going to say you should quit selling to Green until he pays you."

"I haven't sold him a thing in three months," said Molly. "He's been owing me longer than that."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Mark. "What are you going to do after you see Green?"

"I guess I'll drive around an hour or two, as I won't have any work to do until feeding and milking time."

"Have you any objection to good company?" he asked modestly.

Molly replied that she had not; and Mark said that, as soon as he had finished locking up and mailed some letters, he would join her at H. Green and Company's store. He counted her money and entered the amount in her pass book. After which Molly went out, got into her car and drove away.

* * * * * * *

Entering the store of H. Green and Company, some minutes later, she was received by Mr. Green civilly but not cordially. He knew what she had come for, without being told. Mr. Green was a short, heavy-set man, between thirty and thirty-five years of age. In spite of the autumnal sharpness in the air, he had his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, revealing hairy and muscular forearms. In his broad and florid face his little eyes gleamed greenish-gray and shifty.

"Mr. Green," Molly began pleasantly, "I'd like to get your account settled and off my books. Can you pay all or part of it today?"

Green's sound teeth gleamed in an oily smile. "Well, now, Miss Trexler, I don't see how I can, just at present," he answered. "I owe other debts too, you see, and business is dull. I'm sure nobody wants to do the right thing any more than I do. But when a man can't pay, he can't; and that's all there is to it."

"Don't tell me you aren't making money!" Molly's long-suffering patience had worn so threadbare that it no longer sufficed to veil her natural irritation. "You bought a delivery truck last week—and you had to pay cash for that, as I happen to know!"

"Sure!" Green shrugged with ill-concealed insolence. "A one-man store like mine is simply forced to keep making improvements, or the big fellows will drive me out of business. And if my business fails, I'll never be able to pay my debts. You should give me a little time."

"Time?" sniffed Molly. "I've already given you more time than you had any right to expect. I can't pay my bills that way, and don't try. I'm going to deal honestly by everybody, if I go to the poorhouse doing it!"

"Don't say I'm not honest, Miss!" snarled Green. "If you and some others don't stop pushing me, you may never get anything. You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip, you know."

"I can sue you!" Molly retorted hotly.

"Don't do that, Miss Trexler," Green urged, with a covert smile of scorn. "It would simply put us both to a lot of expense—probably cost you more than the fifty dollars I owe you."

"Then pay me!" said Molly furiously. "You know you have the money, or can get it!"

"Young lady, if you were a man, I'd call you a liar!" said Green with equal rage. "So you may draw your own conclusions as to what I think!"

His back was towards the door, else he would never have said it. There was not the courage in his measly soul to face the red hair and blazing blue eyes that were entering. Mark Lane strode forward, seized Green by the shoulder and spun him around viciously. Then he began shaking a red and hairy fist within three inches of the storekeeper's nose.

"Green, you may thank your stars that you're a lucky man!" he said in a tone of restrained fury. "I thought of killing you at once. But there would be little satisfaction in that, for then you couldn't make the apology you're going to make. Begin!"

Shaking with mingled rage and fear, Green began. When his ample apology was finished, Mark Lane said:

"Now pay Miss Trexler what you owe her!" And Green went to the cash register, where he counted out fifty dollars. "Add ten per cent interest," Lane directed tersely. "Five dollars more."

"She can't charge ten per cent. for three months!" yelped Green. "It's illegal plain robbery! I won't pay it!"

"You'll pay either her or the doctor!" Mark began drawing off his coat. "Furthermore, as you know, we have at the bank a note of yours that will soon come due. I suppose you'll want to renew it; but if my influence counts for anything you'll fail to do so, unless you do as I tell you."

"Oh, all right!" With a glance that was fairly murderous, Green took out another five-dollar bill and handed it to his tormentor.

"But I don't want that!" protested Molly. "I want only what's due me."

But the dawning light of hope in Green's face was quickly eclipsed in disappointment; for before his eyes Mark struck a match and burned the bill to ashes.

"To teach you it doesn't always pay to disregard the Golden Rule, even when dealing with women!" said the young man, eying the storekeeper with cool contempt.

Then he and Molly turned and strode out into the street.

Molly was a little surprised when Mark took the wheel of her car, without so much as a "by your leave"; but she did not resent this usurpation of her rightful place and authority. Molly was almost disturbingly conscious of a new respect for the young man by her side. Somehow it now seemed altogether right and natural for him to assume the leadership.

Mark followed the street until it changed nto a smooth and well-kept highway winding its way among fertile, rolling farms and occasional patches of wooded land. For a number of miles no words passed between them, each being busy with thoughts that as yet required no utterance.

But at length Mark turned into a rough stretch of unimproved road leading through one of the few bits of original forest left standing in all their county. Where the trunks of mighty pines reached like cathedral pillars to a green canopy overhead and a kind of sacred quiet prevailed, he stopped both car and motor.

"Molly," he said firmly, "you need a husband!"

Molly simply looked at him, saying nothing.

"You need a husband in your business," pursued Mark. "Still, I'm not advising you to marry for business reasons, convenience, nor for anything else except love. That's why I want you to marry me—because I love you! I don't know how long I've been loving you, but for a good many years. Do you think you can ever love me?"

"Certainly, my dear!" Molly told him simply, with shining eyes. "You might have known that sooner if you had only asked!"

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edgar P. Batten, left home Princess Anne Co., Va. 1907, last heard from July 1920 in San Francisco, Calif. please notify his sister, Elanora Henley, Munden, Va.

Anyone knowing the address of Herb Sedgiwck, last heard of was in Grand Rapids, Mich., please notify I. M. Stinebaugh, Mosquero, Box 145, New Mexico.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Hancock (Father), left Van Buren, Ark., 1860 went to Oroville, California to Gold mines, please notify Mrs. G. A. Wilhite, Round Timber, Texas, Route 1.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Arthur Henry Hood, left Birmingham, Alabama two years ago, please notify his sister, Mrs. Maggie Morris, Route 2, Box 207, Bessemer, Alabama.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Lucy Fraxelle, who, before marriage, was Lucy Finch, of Floyd County, Va. Last heard of about 25 years ago, and was then living about 20 miles from Baltimore, Maryland, please notify her sister Mrs. Mary Noricle, Reidsville, 104 Montgomery St., N. C.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my father's brother Wyet Burt or Jack Burt's family please write to Mrs. Rebecca Hicks, Harrah, Okla., as my name was Burt before I was married.

Anyone knowing the address of Oliver Dolan, last heard from was in Delavan, Minn. please notify Mrs. Alice Barufaldi, Keystone, Box 69, S. Dak.

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31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
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31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

L. K., Bowling Green, Fla.—A girl of fifteen, who is five feet, four inches tall, should weigh 118 pounds It should always be understood, however, that despite tables of "ideal weights" which may be compiled, the size of the bony framework of the body needs to be always taken into account in establishing a properly pleasing plumpness. These who are large-boned usually require a covering of more flesh to establish a form of good contour lines than those who may be finer-framed and smaller-boned.

M. C., Eagle Rock, Va.—The act of registering at a hotel consists in signing one's name and home address in the hotel register—a book which is open on the desk before the clerk, who will indicate to you where you should sign. (2). A person asking a blessing at a family table does so, most properly, with lowered head, closed eyes, and using a low but distinct level of utterance. The following is a form much in use: "Lord, bless this food to our use and ourselves to thy service We ask it in Christ's name; Amen."

A. P., Shelbyville, Tex.—You are correct in thinking you have learned through observance that there is no clearly established ruling of etiquette concerning a lady or a gentleman going first in the circumstances you outline We personally believe it the best and most sensible form for the gentleman to lead the way to any table or seat—following, however, any preference which may be voiced by the lady he may be escorting.

L. J., Cameron, Tex.—It is possible that red hair and freckles might interfere with marriage, although we have seen many much-freckled and red-haired brides But we assure you this type of coloring would not change a choice of wedding gown—which should always be, in the case of a girl bride, of white, cream or ivory silk or satin. (2). Certainly it is correct and courteous for you to ask this boy into your house after he has brought you home. Common sense as well as etiquette would dictate that such an invitation would not be given nor expected if the hour was one late at night.

BRUNETTE SMILES, Oklahoma.—You may keep on smiling so far as your weight is concerned, for your 115 pounds is almost exactly correct for your height of five feet, three inches. See reply to L. K., Bowling Green, Fla., in this issue.

I. D., Dunn, La.—At this shower you may wear any gown which would be correct for afternoon wear at the time of year the affair may be given. Do not attempt to gown yourself too elaborately on such an occasion. At the close and before your friends make their farewell, you might say a few words of appreciation. This is best done by expressing your thanks for their kind and generous thought of you and their wishes for your happiness Let what you say be short, simple and sincere with smiles.

G. N., Southbridge, Mass.—At a second wedding few, if any, of the customs of the wedding of a girl bride prevail. It is considered best that there be no white gown, no veil, no flower girls, maids of honor, bridesmaids, etc. One intimate friend of the bride may, however, serve as an attendant at such a second ceremony and precede the bride to the altar. Such an attendant may stand a little to the side and in the rear of the bride during the ceremony Both the bride and her attendant may wear costumes correct for street wear. Being present would constitute the chief duties of such a wedding attendant, although she should be watchful and ready to assist the bride in any way possible concerning her gown, appearance and her entrance and exit from the church. A second bride should be careful to remove the rings of a first husband from her hand before appearing at the marriage altar for a second time.

UNHAPPY GRAY EYES.—Whether you should write this man you have once refused to marry such a letter as you describe, would depend entirely upon your knowledge of how devoted he may still be to you, and whether or not you feel you could marry him and be happy, when your own affection for him is admittedly slight. You must consider these things well and decide yourself. Marriage is a serious matter and deserves serious treatment. To marry where love is only on one side is a questionable matter. Personally we doubt the success of the experiment, although you may have respect for this former suitor which you could develop into affection. You must remember that he would know himself as a "leftover" and second-choice, which might affect his feeling toward you. But as for the propriety of your writing him at all, we say that you can certainly do this if you think best. Your former close friendship and his expressed desire to marry would sanction your frank treatment of the present situation. Write to him, if you think you could marry him and be happy. If not; rest silent and wait. You are only nineteen and can afford to let your present grief dwindle and some new joy grow.

WOULD KNOW, Tennessee.—When this boy is introduced to you, offer your hand, with a bow, a smile and a simple "how do you do." Then let conversation commence as it may. (2) Yes; you should offer your hand in greeting this boy who is a caller at your house

W T., Marshfield, Mo.—Yes; it is the pleasant and correct thing to do to open any gift at once which this young man may bring you when he calls. And thank him at once in simple words. If the package be candy or something of like toothsome nature, it is proper that you should offer this to him for a tasty share.

M. M McA., North Carolina.—The light and flat shades of green, the light browns, white, dull light blue and navy blue, are all shades and colors you might becomingly wear. Because of your high coloring, you would do well to avoid all high or bright shades. Particularly beware of yellow, bright greens or dark pink or red. Wear your hair in any manner that frames your face rather closely and in some way would lenghten your profile. If your face is as round as you describe, you should not bunch or puff your hair over your ears in a manner that might increase this appearance of breadth.

BLUE BELLS, West Virginia.—We judge from your letter that your home is motherless. Otherwise it would be your mother's place to suggest the retiring hour to your overnight guest and show him to the quarters prepared for him. As the case stands, this would best be done by your father. Let your father greet him first in the morning you arranging to make your appearance shortly after with additional greetings—and more smiles. Do not think he must be entertained before breakfast. It would be expected that you and the household would be busy at this early time.

BASHFUL OF LOUISIANA.—If you play too many records on your talking machine when you have a caller, you will interfere greatly with the conversation which is not machine-made. We think that two records would furnish enough of this sort of entertainment unless a phonograph should be a distinct novelty to your guest—which can hardly be the case in these days. (2). The calls of neighbors in a rural community need not be governed by rote or formal phrases. When you say your "good-by" after your call, tell your friend and neighbor that you hope you will see her soon and that she "must not stay away too long."

JUST MERLE, Mississippi.—If a boy and girl are good friends and meet at a public gathering of any sort, it makes absolutely no difference which is the first to speak. It would make no difference whether the meeting of the two took place at his home church or at her family's place of worship Possibly you are thinking of a tradition of etiquette which rules that a man, after an introduction to a lady, should wait at a second meeting thereafter to see if she chooses to recognize him and thus acknowledge the acquaintance. However, a man need not hold too strictly to this rule, particularly in small and friendly communities such as we think is yours.

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$100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this offer is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training and you can do as well, or better.

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We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a Representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy. Our products are nationally advertised and well known in every locality. We have been in business for 16 years and have resources of more than a million dollars. The local man or woman who becomes our Representative is given complete instructions, full equipment and everything necessary for success.

Your Profits Will Begin At Once

These records show you how our Representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day

That's the record of Alyse Leblanc, of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours

is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya, of New Mexico.

$4 in One Evening

is pretty good pay for 2 hours' spare time. That is what Samuel Miles, of Arkansas, made his first day.

$13 Profit First Afternoon

Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$4 an Hour

was what Margaret La Roux, of Michigan, averaged her first afternoon.

$40 in 24 Hours

was the result of the first work of B. Collander, of Massachusetts.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. You won't believe how easy it is nor what wonderful profits you can make until you get started and the money begins to roll in.

We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay.

You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kearns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts; and dozens of others. It has enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm and G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make $100 a week and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. It is the one opportunity that you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. It means thousands of dollars to you. And you are not risking a penny. You are not agreeing to pay anything or do anything.

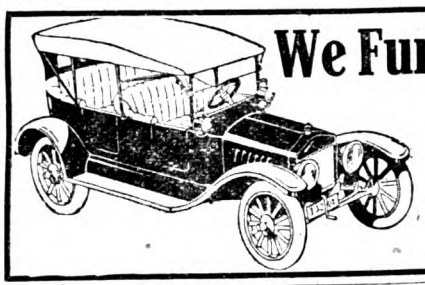
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

their homes would not be happier and they could take more interest and would appreciate wife more.

Wives, wake up, be a sport and admit that we husbands are not always to blame for unhappiness in the home. You play a greater part than you sometimes think

Thank you Mrs. Wilkinson for permitting my letter to escape the waste-basket.

A HUBBY.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Stuff pin or needle cushions with hair combings and they will not rust.

Mrs. James T. Wiseman, Forest City, N C.

If your cake frosting seems a bit grainy when putting it on the cake, cut through the frosting, into desired size, while warm then it will not fall from the cake when it is cut for serving.

Add several drops of vinegar to frosting or candy while beating and it will be soft and seldom grainy

M. R. C., Farmdale, Ohio.

Use tie clasps to hold window curtains back. If window is open at bottom, the hem of the curtain can be fastented to the top without causing wrinkles, and it takes only a second to do it.

To remove rust spots on dishes, caused by hard water, put sweet milk in the dish and let it remain until it sours. The spots will then wash off easily

Happy Sister, Richland Center, Wis

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar before using and they will not smoke.—A New Sister, North Carolina.

To prevent the handle of coffee percolator from burning, place a toy kettle, filled with water, directly under the part that is nearest the stove.

A small amount of cream can be put in a milk crock and made into butter by using a large egg beater.

Mrs. J. V. M., Bussey, Iowa.

Make baby's creepers of crepe and they will require no ironing.

When baking a cake, grease only the bottom of the pan, not the sides.

If tomato plants are tied up to stakes they will ripen faster and have better fruit.—Mrs. H. T. Phelps, Tenney, Minn.

Jelly for cake filling should be beaten until smooth then spread between the layers before they are entirely cool.

To keep eggs, add one pint of common salt to one quart of freshly slaked lime, mix well and immerse newly-laid eggs and put in a cool place.

Lola Clark, Gold Dust, Tenn.

For doors that stick, rub a bar of soap over them on top, bottom or sides. Laundry soap is best for this purpose but any will do. This also applies to drawers that stick or do not open easily.

Requests

Mrs. Mickey Reynolds, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave. M., New York. Prize winner for "best" recipe (June issue) leaves November first, by automobile for Dallas, Texas. If COMFORT Sisters along the way will send her a card she will be glad to stop "for a glass of well water and a howdy."

Mrs. Augusta Nicholson, West Liberty, Iowa, would like letter and card shower from the sisters

Would like to correspond with some of the COMFORT sisters.—MISS ELIZABETH SANBORN, Salisbury, Main St., Mass.

MARY WHISENANT, Hackleburg, Ala., would like reading matter.

I should like to receive letters from sisters in Arkansas, regarding homesteading, climate, crops, schools, etc.—MRS. WALTER BOESCH, Murphysboro, Ill.

How to tan hides

I should like to hear from COMFORT readers, near my age, (26) living in Los Angeles or vicinity Miss Winifred McCracken, Los Angeles, 1027 S. Grand View St, Cal.

Poem: "They are Lighting the Christmas Candles All Over the World Tonight."

Songs: "Diving Bells," and "Sociability."

Mrs E M Campbell, Bowers Mills, R. R 3, Mo.

How to remove too thickly spread varnish from linoleum

Would like to get Dore's Complete Bible Gallery with 250 illustrations Please write first

Henry Highland, Prentice, R. R. 1, Wis.

Poems: "The Gambler's Wife," "Searching for the Slain," "Bessie and I."

Mrs. W. L. Chapman, Shawnee, 703 N. B'way., Okla.

MISS RUBY BOOTH, Washington, 819 Ingraham St., D. C., wishes correspondents.

The following wish books. Write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. L. A. Gove, Hanover, 21½ W. Wheelock St., N. H. "The Belle of Australia," "Tattered Tom," by Alger, The Appleton Fourth reader, used in Vermont schools thirty years ago, and "Meg's Children."

Mary A. Laughlin, Islay, Alberta, Canada, "Mistakes of a Bashful Man."

Mrs. Will Hamaker, Pottsville, Ark., McGuffy's Readers, 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Mrs. Anna Lindsay, Dunnellon, Florida. "The Lives of the Lindsays," by the late Earo of Crawford.

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Her First Gray Hair

By Edward Ettinger

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SAM left the office very early and headed straight for the barber shop. Haircut and shave? I'll tell the world! Shampoo? I should say! Massage? By all means! Manicure? Ho, what a question! The sky was the limit tonight. O barber, faithful custodian of masculine beauty, our hopes are centered in thee. Perform thy wonders this night. Transform our hero into an Appollo for this is to be the night of nights.

In the subway, Sam held his paper before him pretending to read, but in reality he was mapping out the plan of campaign. Just how was he going to propose to her? That was the momentous question. And when he finally decided upon the best method of attack, he discovered that he had passed his station long ago.

Well, he eventually did get home. Now to don the prescribed uniform. It took him just two hours to get dressed; thirty minutes to get into his evening clothes and, plague take it, an hour and a half to make his tie. Those ties are the limit, aren't they? They twist and squirm and insist upon remaining north and south instead of east and west. Lucky for Sam, he had mastered Spanish as well as English, so he was more fortunate than a great many of us in that he was able to relieve his feelings in two languages. In the end, he resolved to buy a ready-made tie for future occasions.

A taxi took him to the home of Edith Sinclair the lady of his romantic subway thoughts. The two got along very well. There was one point in particular on which they both agreed. He thought she was pretty and she did too.

Instead of finding her alone in the parlor with the lights dimmed, as he had anticipated, he discovered six or eight mutual friends at her home, boisterous and far from sentimental. That was the first blow his subway plans received. He must now use strategic tactics. Boy, page General Joffre.

By skillful maneuvering and dogged persistence he finally did get her alone in a corner.

"For goodness' sakes, Sam," she exploded, "What is the matter with you? You are acting so mysterious tonight. Why are you trying to separate me from the rest and why are you mumbling all night long. Let's sit down. Let's sit down, Once for all break the sad news to me. Did you lose your job or are your shoes too tight that you insist upon sitting in a corner. Say it and bury it."

Now, wasn't that a fine prologue to a proposal? Wasn't that an encouraging speech from the fair lady to lead on the bashful and ardent swain? Sam turned the color of ketchup.

"Well, what is it?" she insisted.

"Will—will you marry me?" he blurted out.

"What"

"I said——"

"Stop! Don't repeat it or I'll faint. What's gotten hold of you? Sam, look at me; have you been drinking?"

What a sweet romantic reply to a proposal. It fanned Sam's hopes with all the warmth of an iceberg. However, he rallied from the cruel blow and gathered his shattered forces.

"Please, Edith, be serious, I mean what I said."

"O, put on another record, please. I've heard that one before. All masculine graphophones play that tune. I'm not thinking of marrying at all. That's final."

"But you can't go on this way forever. You've got to get married sooner or later. It's only a question of time."

"You're wrong. It's not a question of time at all. Time doesn't decide it. Hair does."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean just this, the only time I'll think of marrying is when I find my first gray hair and not before. That is my time table for the ship of matrimony. When that gray hair comes, I embark and not a day sooner."

"And until then?"

"I shall be single and live happily. And as for you, forget that you ever proposed to me. Let us remain the same good friends we have always been. You're a good fellow and I like you, but please stop playing mystery dramas."

The next day Sam walked into the office of the president of the company.

"Mr. Talcott," he said, "I've decided to accept your offer."

"When can you leave?"

"Tomorrow on the *Pizarro*."

"That's fine. I like quick decisions. I'll cable instructions to the bank at Buenos Aires and they will give you every assistance you may need when you reach there. Twenty-five thousand dollars will be deposited in your name. That will carry you along for a while. I, personally, wish you lots of luck, Sam, and I hope you make a success of it. In fact, there is no reason why you shouldn't, especially with your knowledge of the language. Good-by and good luck to you."

There was but one thought in Sam's mind—to get away from Edith. He did not wish to see her nor hear of her. She had hurt him more than she had suspected. That is why he sailed for South America without bidding her good-by. There, with his new work to occupy him, he would forget about her.

And he did too at first. The new branch office which he was organizing for his firm kept him very busy and it did not permit any other thoughts to encroach. One month, two months, three months crept by. The fourth month found things whipped into shape nicely. The office was running very smoothly. He had a little time for himself too. Then, like a thief in the night, the thought of Edith crept in. Heart and Head had a bout every night. And one fine night Heart landed an uppercut on Head and knocked him out of the ring. In the morning Sam wrote Edith a letter.

This was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted for a year and terminated only at his home-coming.

The very first thing he did when he left the boat was to phone Edith and make an appointment to take her to dinner that night. Then he reported to the office and remained there until 5 P. M.

His face brightened up like a spot-light when he beheld Edith. And when he kissed her, O Romeo and Juliet, how happy that man was. He was so deliriously happy, he would even have kissed an old maid with a mustache. After all why refuse to admit the truth? He was head over heels in love with Edith. He took her to the most expensive restaurant in the city, the choicest theater seats, the finest after-the-show-supper. It seemed wonderful to sit alongside of her. She was so beautiful and seemed so pleased to be there with him. There was no other way out of it. He must propose to her again. But this time he would not plan it in the subway.

"Edith," he said as he took hold of her hand in the taxi on their way home, "it's been a wonderful evening for me. I haven't been so happy for months." He pressed her hand. "I like you."

"That's why we can be such good friends," she replied. "We are so much alike. You like me and I like me. See the similarity?"

He laughed.

"I've had a splendid time, Edith. It was certainly worth coming home for. I must repeat it. I'll be over tomorrow and we'll go out again."

"But Sam, I can't. I have made another engagement for tomorrow."

Like a blow between the eyes, her words stunned him. She noticed it immediately.

"Don't look that way Sam. It isn't my fault. How was I to know that you were going to take me out both Saturday and Sunday."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," he muttered dejectedly. "I should have gone into detail and told you every little thing I intended doing. Of course I corresponded with you for a year so that I might have the extreme pleasure of taking you out on the day I arrived and that would be all."

"O, don't be a cross patch, Sam. I made the engagement a week ago and I can't break it now. He's so handsome."

During the rest of the journey Sam sat in silence. Edith, feeling a bit sorry for him, leaned closer and kissed him. As if that was sufficient balm for the pain she caused!

On a Monday, one week later, Sam called her on the phone.

"It's three o'clock now," he said, "and I'm leaving for Cleveland at five. If you don't mind I'd like to come over and see you for a while. Then we'll take a cab and go down to the station and you'll see me off."

"O dear, please don't come. I was out so frightfully late last night I really haven't got out of bed yet. I'm so tired and sleepy. I'm a sight now and not fit to look at. I'm very sorry Sam."

"I'll give you thirty minutes to get dressed."

"Please Sam, I detest being rushed. Besides I'm too lazy to get dressed. I'm so sorry but I feel out of sorts today. I'll say good by over the phone. I hope you have a pleasant——"

He slammed the receiver on the hook.

"Sam, Sam," she cried into the phone, "Sweetheart."

But he was gone.

It takes a sudden jolt to bring some of us to our senses. And so with Edith. It was only in that moment that she realized how much she loved Sam. She was repentant. What a fool she had been to trifle with so fine a love. She sank into an armchair and cried. Cried because she had treated him so shabbily. Cried because she loved him. Cried because she had side tracked him for Mr. Lewis. That horrid Mr. Lewis whom she first thought was so handsome and discovered was nothing more than a hundred per cent. conceited puppy who wouldn't even admit that she was pretty.

There was but one thing to do. She must write Sam and apologize. She must take the matter in her own hands. She must make a fresh start and love him as he deserved.

In the meanwhile, she might do well to powder her nose which had gotten red because of the crying. She walked over to the mirror to perform the operation. She looked at her reflection. Horror of horrors! Was it possible? She looked closer. It was a gray hair. Her first gray hair. She wondered; was that what made her so tired and restless? O, if Sam were only here to take her in his arms. He loved her and would comfort her. And how happy she would be to find herself in his embrace.

In the morning she telephoned to his office and inquired for his Cleveland address.

She sent him this brief letter.

Sam dear:

I have found my first gray hair.

Edith.

Surely he would remember the conversation they had that eventful evening when he had proposed to her and when she had been so foolish and answered him so flippantly. That day when she told him that she would marry only when she found her first gray hair and not one day sooner.

She waited a day and then received a reply.

Dear Edith:

I received your brief note and cannot express how happy I was to read it. While on the train I was hoping for just such a letter. So your first gray hair has finally made its appearance. Edith, you've made me very happy by informing me of the good news so soon. After I read your letter, I dropped everything and went right out to purchase a suitable gift for you. I am sending it by registered mail and I hope you will like it.

As ever,

Sam.

"It must be a ring," she said. "He loves me still. Aren't men the fools? But, I do love him now and never will treat him rudely again. I am very fortunate that he has such a splendid forgiving nature. O, Sam, I'm very sorry. I'll make up for it though. I'll be a good wife to you, for I love you with all my heart."

It was only a short while after that the mail man brought the precious package. She opened it carefully for no doubt it was valuable. Nicely wrapped in a number of layers of felt and tissue paper was—a bottle of hair dye.

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Solon, the great Greek legislator and sage, is credited with having been the first to systematize the ancient methods of leaving one's property to one's heirs.

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SEE PAGE 28

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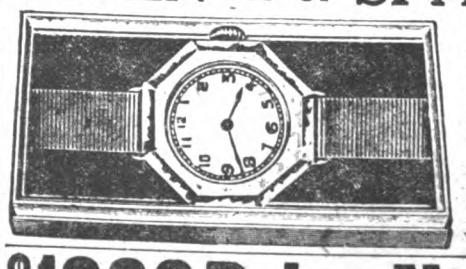
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Where Traplines Cross

A Story of North Woods Trails

By Kenneth Fuller Lee

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

IN a moment the voice of the warden, shaking with repressed rage, sounded from a thicket to the left of the trail. "Come in here, Clint, an' see ef you think yer leetle friend would take a crack at you er not."

Clint hustled over to where Dave stood and gaped open-mouthed at the spring-gun, about which the smell of nitro still clung.

"See thet string?" asked Dave. "That cuts your trail 'bout knee-high, an' ef Rags hadn't set it off one uv us would hev ben luggin' the other home by now."

"By God!" gasped Clint, realizing the closeness of their escape. "I'll run that damned dwarf out of this country for that if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Boy. Don't go off half-cocked. We ain't got no *proof* thet Humpy done this."

"No proof! Well, you *know* damn well he did do it."

Clint was white-hot with rage. He was a'l for going to the dwarf's cabin and charging him with the attempt at murder which had failed only through purest accident.

"Hold on, Son; maybe we can git sumthin' to work on," said Dave. "Thet dwarf would prob'ly come to see what he'd hit with thet cussed gun. Let's hide in the bresh a while an' see ef he don't show up."

Clint gave his reluctant assent, and he and Dave sought a little fir thicket on the ridge which gave a good view of the trail and dam; here they made themselves comfortable and settled down to the slow game of waiting. Hours passed; a fine doe walked by their cover, ears twitching, nose testing the air for taint of man-scent; a vagrant breeze betrayed the watchers, and the graceful doe vanished with a snort of fear. A fat beaver waddled out and sat up on his house in the middle of the pond, gnawing busily at an alder stick. Clint and Dave watched him interestedly. Suddenly the beaver hurled himself from his vantage-point, smacking his tail down on the water in the customary warning to his mates, and ripples widened from shore to shore.

"What scared that fellow?" whispered Clint.

"Shut up," hissed Big Dave savagely. "D'yuh want to scare yer lettle friend out uv here before we get an eye on him?"

Down the trail a bough waved slightly; in a moment a skulking figure appeared, and underneath the brim of an old felt hat showed the furtive features and shifty eyes of Humpy Jean. He crept along the trail, peering to right and left, till he came to the point where the fishl ne was strung across. He paused here a moment, then started in to look at the spring-gun, when Rags, who had been trembling with excitement and striving to break from Clint's restraining grasp, let out a roar and managed to break his captor's hold. Humpy heard the first bellow of rage from Rags, and took to his heels with incredible speed. His canoe was hidden in the edge of the stream; into this he dove headlong and paddled furiously with the current, Rags tearing along the bank after him for some distance before he gave up the chase.

"Well, we know he did it, so let's head for his camp now and meet him when he comes in," said Clint. "We can't let this thing hang in the air any longer. If Peggy knew what had happened this morning she would worry herself sick and I want the thing settled once and for all before we go back to camp."

Dave agreed that prompt action was essential, and hastily consulting his compass he lined a course toward the base of Bald Mountain, where Humpy's camp was located. They had lunch at noon beside a bubbling mountain spring, heating their tea over a tiny fire, taking the trail again immediately. It was nearly dark when they entered the clearing in front of the camp. They kept their weapons handy as they walked up to the door, which they found to be padlocked on the outside. There were no signs of life anywhere; Big Dave found the dead mongrel still lying where it had dropped, and muttered: "Here's some of thet leetle devil's work, Clint!" They noted the broken ribs and the bullet hole through the animal's head. Clint was angrier than he had ever been before in his life.

"Are you game to wait for him Dave? We'll put up a lean-to back a ways in the brush and stay here tonight. Maybe he'll show up before morning."

"I'm good for it if you are," assented the big warden.

They went back a short distance from the rear of the little cabin and hastily threw up a tiny bough shelter, putting in a soft bed of fir tips. After finishing the remnants of their lunch they crept into the little shelter and lay down, Clint telling Dave to try to get some sleep while he watched the camp. At nine o'clock no light had been seen from the cabin. Dave awoke and exchanged places with Clint, agreeing to rouse him at midnight. Thus they spent the night in three-hour shifts, but their vigilance was unrewarded. Humpy had evidently been badly frightened. Probably he realized that they would be watching for him. At any rate, he did not visit the camp during the night.

At daybreak Dave agreed to stay in the vicinity while Clint made tracks for his own cabin to let Peggy know what was going on. "She will be wild when I tell her, but she'll have to know sometime," said Clint, " and I'll bring back some grub, enough to last us a couple of days anyhow."

Dave settled himself to wait, as Clint struck out across country toward Bear Brook. The traveling was through swamp country, and his progress was not rapid; but at noon he found the trapline, and in an hour was back at his own camp.

"Oh, Clint! Where *have* you been? You didn't tell me you were going to be gone all night, and I've been *so* worried," Peggy wailed as her husband appeared in the door.

"Has everything been all right here?" Clint asked hurriedly.

"Why, yes. Why on earth shouldn't it be?"

Clint gave her a rather sketchy account of the happenings of the previous day, and told her that he had left the warden watching the dwarf's cabin.

"Do you think he is the same one who clubbed Rags day before yesterday?"

"I know he is. Dave told me that this Humpy Jean would resent our trapping in what he considers his territory, and the tracks leading away from the spring-gun were identical with those I found near Rags the other day. There won't be any peace for us while he is at large, and Dave will arrest him if we can find him. Can you give me a couple of lunches? We're going to run him down today if it is a possible thing."

"Clint, what if he should come here while you're gone? Why can't I go with you?"

"Peggy-Girl, you stay right in this camp and keep that 30-30 where you can reach it. If Humpy Jean shows himself in this clearing—and you can't fail to recognize him—slam the lead to him, and don't stop to ask any questions. You couldn't possibly keep up with us in the woods, and I don't want you taking any unnecessary risks. I'll leave Rags with you."

Stuffing the hurriedly prepared lunches into his pack and giving Peggy a final admonition to stay inside until his return, Clint swung off into the timber and made his way to the base of the mountain, where he found Dave still on the job.

"No one showed up while you were away," was the report from the watcher.

"Then why don't we break into his camp and see what we can locate," suggested Clint.

"I guess, under the circumstances, that we would be justified in doin' that very thing."

Prying up a window they entered the cabin. Inside was a litter of trapping gear, and the place smelled abominably of fish and animal oils. On a table Dave found a partly filled box of 38 shells. "These fit thet dam' spring-gun," he said, putting the box in his pocket; "an' here's the rest of the fishline we found across the trail," he exulted. "Guess we've got all the evidence we need. Next thing's to get Humpy."

During the next two days Big Dave and Clint scoured the surrounding country thoroughly, but failed to find the little man who had so nearly cost one of them his life. Humpy Jean evidently realized that he had been recognized, and decided that his health would benefit by a change of location—for the time being at least.

On the fourth day of his visit, Dave bade Clint and his wife a hearty farewell, assured them both of his friendly interest in their welfare, and added a warning against taking any chances with the dwarf. "Humpy'll be back, you can bet on that. When he does show up, keep yer eyes peeled, an' let me know soon's possible. I've got a bone to pick with that leetle gent, an' Peggy'll feel safer with him out of this neck o' the woods." With a parting wave of his hand, the warden took his departure.

CHAPTER V

Nothing unusual happening for severa days, the trapping went on without interruption. Clint found numerous signs of Canada lynx in the big swamp, indicating that the big cats were planning to be handy to the deer yards which were always located there in winter.

"I know just how to nail a few of those whiskered gentlemen. We'll go over there this afternoon and put out some sets for them, Peggy. First, I've got to boil the traps in cedar tea, and make some boards to stretch these 'rats on, so you can take your 22 and try for a couple of rabbits to use for bait if you'd like to."

"All right Clint, will two be enough?" replied his wife confidently, as she slipped into her hunting coat and tucked the tiny Remington under her arm. Clint laughed. "Well, you needn't top with two if they get to running all over you. They'll keep, you know." Peggy whistled to Rags, and started briskly down the trail along the stream. In an hour she was back with three fat bunnies, shot neatly through the heads; Clint glanced up proudly. "Fine work, Honey Girl, those will do the trick nicely. We'll put 'em out this afternoon, while they are still fresh."

Getting an early dinner, they piled the dishes in the sink to await their return, and started for the big swamp. Clint carried five traps, a coil of copper wire and the three rabbits. Reaching the swamp, they scoured about till they located a broad rabbit-path. Off to one side, Clint fastened one of the rabbits to a little birch in such a manner that its head swung five or six feet from the ground. Taking great pains not to disturb the snow unduly, he then secreted two of the big traps under the hanging rabbit, one on either side. "There," he remarked, "Mr. Lynx will come along the trail hunting for live rabbits, and will see this dead one swinging by the heels. When he comes prowling over to investigate he'll be gawking up at the rabbit, and will probably blunder right into one or the other of those traps. If he does, Good Night Mr. Lynx!"

They made a similar set on another trail some distance from the first one, the fifth trap being set under a big down spruce, where a lot of fresh lynx sign attracted their attention. Here the third rabbit was cut open and pushed far back into a hole among the roots, the trap being secreted in the entrance, covered lightly with dead leaves.

Peggy had brought her repeater. With it she managed to pick up a pair of partridges on the way back to camp. The birds were still very plump, making a welcome addition to the supper bill-of-fare, after being nicely browned in bacon fat. Peggy and Clint washed and wiped the dishes together and put them away.

"Bet you we'll have a Daddy Lynx hung up waiting for us in the morning, Clint."

"Most likely. There's a lot of them in the swamp. If we do, the state pays ten dollars' bounty on them, and the pelt should bring us another twenty. They are higher than ever, this season. When it gets colder and they commence to get really hungry we can pick up a few with deadfalls, using bloody meat for bait." Clint shoved a big stick of birch into the roaring stove. For a short time they continued talking, then climbed into their cozy bunk and fell asleep, while the wind sang through the spruces outside the warm cabin.

Early next morning they ate a hastily prepared breakfast, then taking their rifles, they headed for the big swamp with eager anticipation speeding their progress. The first set was untouched, so they went on to the second, but were disappointed there also. As they approached the down spruce where the third set had been made, a hissing snarl from beneath the snow-laden branches appraised them of the fact that this trap held an unwilling captive.

"Keep away, Peggy, till I see how he is caught," warned Clint, cocking his rifle and stepping cautiously in to get a look at the big, savage-looking lynx. The trap had closed over a forefoot, well above the joint, and the grapple was securely hung up in a mass of tangled roots, holding the trapped animal firmly.

"Do you want to try for some pictures of this brute before I finish him?" Clint asked, pulling away the boughs in order to let in more light.

"Oh, Clint! I'd give almost anything for a good picture of him." Peggy hastily unstrapped the little Kodak which hung at her belt, and came bravely forward. The big cat spat and hissed furiously, but Clint chopped out enough of the dense boughs to allow Peggy a good chance for several snapshots.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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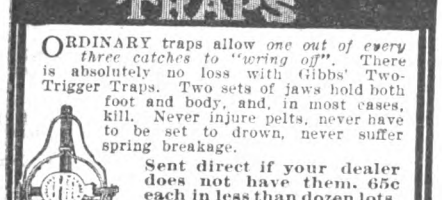
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Where Traplines Cross

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

"I don't want to injure his pelt. Let me take your 22, Peggy."

"Let me shoot him, Clint! You've killed lots of them, and I never shot any dangerous game in my life," she answered eagerly.

"All right, then. Step around where you can see the side of his head, and give it to him through the ear-drums, low down," advised her husband.

His wife showed that she was capable of following directions, for, with the faint crack of the tiny Remington the big cat wilted forward and died without a struggle. "Poor old cat. You never had a chance, did you?" she remarked compassionately.

"No, and neither do the deer have a chance with these big brutes when the snow gets deep. That shot will very likely save a dozen deer this winter," remarked Clint sententiously, drawing his sheath-knife and commencing to skin out the long-furred feline. "This pelt is in dandy prime condition, how would you like to have it made up into a scarf?" he asked.

"Oh Clint I'd love it! The first really dangerous animal I ever shot, and such a beauty! Would it cost a great deal?"

"No, and you could have it dyed black if you wanted to. They dye lynx a great deal, these days, so that they closely resemble black fox, except that the fur is longer."

"I wouldn't have it dyed for the world," declared Peggy. "That soft gray is lovely, and will go well with 'most anything, too."

"Not much fat on this fellow," Clint pointed out, as he rolled the skin back for a sinewy shoulder; "he's all muscles and cords."

He finished skinning out the pelt and rolled it, fur side out, stuffing it into his pack-basket. Then they circled back to the cabin, finding a mink in one of the blind sets in the stream trail. Clint picked the mink up and put it in the pack with the lynx hide, saying, "We'll get enough for this little fellow to more than pay for making up your lynx scarf, Honey, and that, with the ten dollars' bounty, makes a mighty good day's work for today."

CHAPTER VI.

Big Dave had not been mistaken when he made the assertion that Humpy Jean would certainly be back. Far up on the side of Bald Mountain, in a deep cavern in the rocks, the dwarf was even then planning to rid his territory of those he considered his enemies. He well knew that it was unsafe for him to venture out to the neighboring towns, for Big Dave would notify the officers in all towns within striking distance to be on the lookout for him. For all he knew to the contrary warrants were already out for him, and for the present he was sticking pretty close to his retreat.

In the big cavern, Humpy was equipped with blankets, a skillet and coffee-pot, some bacon and flour, with a few potatoes, beans and oatmeal. It had long been his custom to keep a few necessaries stored here for just such an emergency, his lawless manner of living making such a precaution imperative.

But now he was getting worried. His slender stock of provisions decreased with alarming rapidity, with no means of adding to the fast shrinking supply.

"If it'll jest snow, I'll take my ax and kill me some meat. Big Dave wont stay in here all winter, an' mebbe, later on, I kin even up with that dam' trapper on Bear Brook." Humpy was talking to himself again, and his thoughts still rankled. In his perverse way, he blamed Clint and the warden for his present predicament and his anger ran high. He weighed his chances of sneaking into Clint's camp and stealing some supplies during the night, but came to the immediate decision that it could not be done; "Not with that tarnation Airedale on the job," he grunted savagely.

As he spoke the dwarf poured the last of his coffee into the tin pot, placed the bale over a green stick hanging above his stone fireplace, crumpled up a sma l roll of birch-bark and shoved a few sticks of dried spruce under the coffee-pot, applied a match, and sat back to await the boiling of the pot. He sliced and broiled a little of the scanty stock of bacon, pondering meanwhile a method of getting even with Clint, at the same time obtaining a supply of provisions to tide him over in case he found it necessary to remain in hiding throughout the winter. He thought for some time, and finally arrived at a decision.

"I'll go over on the ridge back of their camp an' build me a lean-to, so'st I kin spy on the cabin. When she goes out with him to look over the beaver sets, mebbe I kin break in an' pick up some grub, lug out some fur, an' burn the dam' critter's camp before lightin' out for the mountain." Humpy chuckled to himself, vastly pleased with this program of thievery and arson, and he at once prepared to carry out his rascally designs.

Unaware that trouble was again brewing, Clint and Peggy were keeping very busy with their line of traps, and their evenings were occupied with the work of skinning and stretching the pe ts of mink, muskrat, fox and beaver. With the exception of the beaver, the skins were cased, being pulled on over stretcher boards with the fur side in. The heavy-furred beaver pelts were pulled as nearly as possible into the form of a drum-head and stretched onto ash bows, so that the dried hide assumed a nearly round shape.

"The beaver will pay us better than anything else we are getting. When the freeze-up comes, I know a set that will land us a lot more of these fat fellows, an old-timer who used to trap for the state showed me how to make it and it's a sure thing. We will chop holes in the ice and drive down spruce poles, then fasten a bunch of poplar twigs to each pole, a couple of feet from the bottom of the pond. The traps are placed under these twigs, and do not have to be covered at all. It is possible to set them to catch the beaver by either the front or hind foot, simply by changing the height of the bunch of twigs on the pole."

"I'll go with you, Clint, and help make the sets, so that some day I can go and look them over when you are busy with something else," said Peggy, pulling a big muskrat pelt on over the board as she spoke.

When their work for the evening was over, Clint took the dozen or more of stretched hides and put them in the storeroom to dry. He glanced at the long rows of covered stretcher boards with approval, and, coming back into the warm kitchen, he said: "We will make a mighty good thing of the trapping if the fur holds out as well as it has been doing. There is right close to five hundred dollars' worth in the storeroom now, and we haven't got fairly started yet."

"Isn't that just fine?" Peggy enthused. "We can make good money later with the spruce gum, too, and in the spring maybe we can buy those camps we've been wanting so long."

That night the cold settled down, trees cracked with the sharp frost, the little streams and pond froze over, only the bubbling springs and very swift places in the brooks remained unfettered by ice. When this happens, trapping becomes much more difficult for the inexperienced, but Clint was capable of doing wel under the changed conditions.

After breakfast he filled his pack with traps, Peggy put up a big lunch, and they started out to make the new beaver sets, planning to pull the old ones and pick up what fur they contained. Rags went with them, frisking and barking with joy at being allowed to accompany the couple. Of late they had been leaving him tied up in camp, as he had been showing a dangerous tendency to run deer, and Clint was afraid that some game warden would shoot Rags if he caught him on a warm deer-trail, this being the law.

The young couple had scarcely disappeared in the timber when a crouched form arose from a clump of firs on the ridge above the little clearing, and came swiftly skulking toward the cabin. True to Big Dave's prophecy, Humpy Jean was back. It was plain that he did not intend to stand on ceremony, nor let his fear of the law prevent him from breaking into the cabin.

Waiting until he was certain that Clint and Peggy were out of hearing, the little miscreant inserted the blade of his ax under a window sash, hastily pried the window up, then casting a backward glance over his shoulder, he clambered inside.

Clint's 30-30, hanging on two forked sticks nailed over the door, caught the intruder's eye immediately. He had to pull over a stool to stand on before he could reach it, and was delighted to find both the chamber and magazine loaded to capacity. Humpy climbed down from the stool with the rifle, which he passed out of the open window, leaning the gun barrel against the logs.

"Now I can take care of myself if he does show up, an' I'll see what else he's got that I can use," he muttered, prying open the door of the little storeroom. "Criminy, this guy ain't no slouch of a trapper. Lookit them beaver!" he went on; "They wont do him much good, though, not if Humpy Jean knows hisself." His keen blade sliced through the thongs which bound the beaver pelts to the ash bows, and in a very few minutes the precious pelts, fruits of a hard month of work on the part of Clint and Peggy, were stuffed into the dwarf's pack-basket. On top of the flat hides, Humpy piled as much bacon, coffee, beans and potatoes as he could walk under, a big ham topping off the pile. He did not intend to starve while he was hibernating in the cave, figuring that he might as well carry off as much as possible, as he intended to burn the cabin with all that it still contained.

CHAPTER VII.

Clint and Peggy made good time to the beaver pond, where they found many of their traps frozen solidly into the ice. "We'll have to do some chopping to get these out, Peggy Girl," said Clint, as he reached for his belt-ax. "Now wasn't that a kid trick?" he ruefully ejaculated, "I've come away and left that ax in camp. Get some boughs and make yourself a comfortable seat, while I hike back and get it. We can't do a thing without the little chopper."

"All right, Clint, but hurry all you can. I'm not comfortable while you are away, with that horrible little dwarf not yet accounted for," his wife answered, starting for a little spruce with her sheath-knife.

"I'm not worried about you, while you've got your rifle. Remember what you did to that lynx!" Clint laughed back over his shoulder as he hustled down the stream trail in the direction of camp, leaving Rags with Peggy. He made a quick trip, and when he came in sight of the cabin was startled to note the open window, and to see his Winchester leaning against the logs underneath it. Working around so as to approach the camp from the side where there was no window, he crept in until very close, then dashed forward and caught up the weapon.

He slid the lever back, noting with satisfaction the brass case of a cartridge in the chamber . . . . . a crash of glass from the opposite side of the cabin came to his ears. He darted swiftly around the corner, rifle poised for a quick shot. Humpy Jean, staggering under the weight of the big pack, was almost in the edge of the sheltering timber when he heard an angry voice behind him: "Stop where you are or I'll drill you. Take off that pack and turn around so I can see your face."

Humpy sullenly did as he was ordered, and Clint walked toward him, with the little gold bead over his rifle muzzle never leaving the thief's chest. A crackle of burning wood caught his attention; turning his head slightly he was dumfounded to see gray smoke filtering between the logs of the storeroom. For a moment he was tempted to shoot the incendiary and robber in his tracks, but suddenly he hit upon a better scheme.

"Get over and climb into that window. Hustle, or I'll bore you through the back!" he ordered sternly. Humpy hastened to obey. Clint set the rifle against the logs and hastily climbed in behind the dwarf, his automatic pistol in hand for use in case his prisoner turned ugly.

Inside the storeroom a pile of dry fir boughs was blazing merrily, on one side the logs had already caught and were starting to burn with the fierce heat inherent in resinous woods. Seizing a big woods-blanket, Clint thrust it into the dwarf's unwilling hands, taking another one himself.

"Get busy now, and smother that fire. If the camp burns I'll leave you in the ashes," he promised savagely, throwing his blanket over the blazing pile of brush and jumping on it. It was the work of a very few minutes to extinguish what would otherwise have been a disastrous fire. With the exception of two ruined blankets and a big hole through the floor, little real damage was done, but Clint still seethed inwardly.

"Well, this makes twice that you have tried to put me out of the trapping game, Humpy Jean. How, you and I are going to take a nice little walk in to see Dave Burns, and you will be charged with attempted murder and arson. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, you'll be put where you can't set any more spring-guns or burn any camps for the next ten years or so."

Humpy did not reply, and Clint ordered him to walk ahead up the stream trail, toward where Peggy waited at the beaver pond. Neither was in a mood for conversation, so they proceeded silently. Clint mad cleaf through, and Humpy trying desperately to figure out a means of avoiding imprisonment. A fallen log across the stream afforded a dry crossing, and here the dwarf went across more slowly than was necessary. Clint started to follow, but as Humpy Jean reached the bank on the other shore, a sudden shove of his foot sent the young trapper sprawling and floundering into the stream. Instinctively he let go of his rifle and struck out for shore, but the swift current carried him down for some distance before he was able to land, and he was disgusted to find that the silent timber had swallowed up all trace of his late prisoner.

Chilled to the marrow, and crestfallen at the loss of Humpy, Clint made his bedraggled way to the beaver pond.

"What happened to you? It took you an awfully long time to get back, and you've been into the water." Peggy was thoroughly excited, and her husband's story of the afternoon did little to reassure her.

"That terrible little beast! He would have burned us out of house and home, and this is the second time he has tried to kill you, Clinton."

"Well, he didn't do it. What's more, he didn't get away with the furs, nor burn our camp, so we've got quite a lot to be thankful for after all," her husband replied soberly.

They gathered up the traps, and started at a rapid pace for camp; Clint was chilled through, and rapidly forged to the front in an effort to speed up his sluggish circulation. Once inside the cabin, a roaring fire in the little stove soon put new life into him, several cups of strong coffee aiding in the process.

Peggy looked regretfully at the mess the fire had made of her neat storeroom, and thankfully at the rescued bales of fur. "It's fortunate that you forgot your belt-ax, Clint. If you hadn't, we would be sleeping under a lean-to tonight, with no furs and no food, either. From now on, I shall not dare to leave camp when you are not here," said the little woman.

"I almost wish I had taken a crack at him when I had the chance," Clint answered.

"No, I wouldn't have had you do that for anything. He is a human being, even if he is bad," Peggy remonstrated.

"He may be, but he's got darn few human characteristics, and fewer human feelings. He'd better not repeat this afternoon's performance if he wants to remain healthy."

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Miss R. Q., Santa Paula, Calif.—Operation is advisable in your case for the hemorrhoids. For the neuralgia, take after meals a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted.

Mrs. C. A. S., Stratford, Iowa.—For the constipation take at night two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada in water. As a tonic take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. L. W. K., Alvord, Texas.—Get some of Fairchild's peptogenic milk tablets and predigest the milk according to directions on package. You can also take after meals a tablet of compound bicarbonate of sodium, which will help digestion and no doubt get rid of intestinal gas.

Mrs. J. Y., Lexington, N. C.—Have the hairs removed by use of the electric needle. All glands are likely to have hairs growing near or on them.

Mrs. M. S., Eveleigh, Ky.—Have some high-up intestinal irrigations. Avoid sweets of all kinds. Take after meals for the gas and indigestion a compound bicarbonate of sodium tablet. Your nasal catarrh will be benefited by using a spray of Dobell's solution three times a day. If you have enlarged tonsils and adenoids have them removed at once.

Mrs S J., Freeport, Pa.—Loss of smell may be due to adenoids and tonsils. Better both of you have them removed and find out if this condition is due to enlarged tonsils and adenoids. You can safely have them removed. Do this at once. Have your husband take for constipation two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada morning and night. Have him also avoid sweets of all kinds, which applied equally to your condition. Headaches are in many cases due to eye-strain. Avoid in any case so-called headache remedies, for they are dangerous and may cause weak heart action if not something worse. Keep your hands out of water and apply cocoa-butter to them. You can also apply to the pimples Lassar's paste.

Mrs. J. F. K., Coalgate, Okla.—Probably the best way to remove tattoo marks is by use of carbon dioxide snow. Used for deep effect. Of course this remedy must be used by one accustomed to its use.

Mrs. J. W. W., Mt. Olive, N. C.—There is no remedy that will add flesh worth considering. Just live on foods that agree with you and in time you will no doubt put on flesh.

Mrs. A. E. T., Topeka, Kansas.—Remove the blackheads with the comedo extractor, steam the face and apply lotio alba. Of course regulate your diet and avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. Keep the bowels open at all times

Mrs. D. A. B., Petroleum, West Va.—If the breast has a lump in it and the lump seems to be adherent to the skin, have the entire breast removed at once.

Miss N. J. M., Corydon, Ky.—For the rheumatic condition take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution. This will relieve the sneezing condition and also the local catarrh. Also keep bowels free at all times.

Mrs. J. H. N., Winters, Texas.—Take after meals for the choking sensation in throat five-grain pills of asafetida.

Mr. R. M., Ohio.—Your trouble is probably a chronic rheumatic condition due to your several attacks of gonorrhœa. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. To the joints apply oil of wintergreen at night.

Mrs. G. C. H., Pittsburg, Kans.—You are overworked. Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals as a tonic.

Mrs. M. E. W., Blissfield, Mich. The foot condition may be due to a fallen arch. Have your shoes made to order and the arch condition looked after.

Miss C. P., Morris, Ala.—Take after meals for your nervous indigestion ten drops of tincture of nux vomica in a wine glass of water. For your constipation take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada, also well diluted. Avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds There are no foods for the condition mentioned worth-while.

Mrs. W. O. P., Ratcliff, Texas.—For your catarrhal condition spray the nose with Dobell's solution. Take after meals a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of sodium. The latter remedy will also in time help your rheumatic condition. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels free. For the ovarian condition apply locally a mustard plaster, or paint the parts with tincture of iodine once or twice a week. Use soap suppositories for the baby's constipation and have the rupture operated on soon as the the baby's condition will admit. In the mean time you can apply a cork over the parts to retain the rupture in place. Of course the cork must be covered and properly adjusted to the parts.

Mrs. I. G., Sulphur Rock, Ark.—Better have your blood examined and find whether or not you have some blood condition that needs treatment. Maybe after you have proper treatment you will carry child to term as you desire.

Mrs. S. McD., Peculiar, Mo.—For the cramping of limbs at night, massage the limbs and take after meals five-grains of bromide of potassium in tablet form.

Mrs. C. B., Roseboro, N. C.—Take as a tonic a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted, after meals. You are undoubtedly anemic and need some good tonic for the blood.

Mrs. G. G., Ravenwood, Mo.—Give up eating willow charcoal, and live normally. You will in time gain flesh and no doubt be well again. You should be examined and find out the condition of the womb and perineum. May be you were torn during confinement and the parts need restoration to normal.

Mrs. M. C. B., Oshkosh, Neb.—Apply at night a seven per cent. ointment of salicylic acid. Apply only two or three times and the corn will disappear.

Miss R. W., Faceville, Ga.—Yours is a condition of auto-suggestion Get your mind on something else and you will get rid of your introspection until you are married and can satisfy your desire for motherhood.

Mrs. R. Q. C., Chismville, Ark.—The only way to get rid of the birthmark is by use of carbon dioxide snow Have your local doctor use this and he will succeed in getting rid of the blemish without scar.

Mr. J. L. F., Smithton, Pa.—You have a neuritis. Take after meals two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted. Locally apply a hot flatiron over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water. This application will relieve the local pain.

Miss L. F., Princeton, Minn.—Both your throat condition and the swelling in the limbs may be due to poor blood. Take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted.

Miss G. S., Lakeville, Ohio.—Virgins can have so-called "whites." Use a vaginal douche for this condition. A teaspoonful of salt to the quart of hot water will help you. This condition will not prevent pregnancy later on.

Mrs. J. A. S., Portland, Oregon.—There is no treatment by absorption of senile cataracts.

Mrs. C. P., Hulburt, Okla.—Better not diet or take any medicine to reduce your weight while you are nursing your baby.

Mrs. H. C. H., Noel, Mo.—Better consult some good ear and nose specialist as discharge from the ear is always dangerous and needs careful personal care and treatment.

Mr. A. S., Yankton, So. Dak.—Would not advise any operation on the skin to reduce pores or remove blackheads. Remove the blackheads with a comedo extractor, then steam the face and apply lotio alba at night. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds and keep your bowels free.

Getting Inside Information.

"SHUCKS! I wish there never was such things as Pyramids and Sphinx," and Bob Jr. closed his school-book with a bang.

"Why—what's wrong now?" and Uncle Ned turned around from his letter-covered desk.

"Oh—nothng much, but I'll be glad if I ever get through studying about the Sphinx. Here I've got a four hundred word composition to write, and whatever can I say that hasn't been said a dozen times already!"

Uncle Ned looked sympathetic—perhaps he remembered his schoolday compositions.

"Well, to begin with, what and where are they—the Pyramid and Sphinx?"

Bob Jr. hastily replied: "Why, in Egypt; built with a man's head on a lion's body."

"Bob Jr.," exclaimed Uncle Ned a bit sternly, "is that really all you know about it or is it just a beginning of more?"

Bob Jr. did know a little more than but—but it was so little that Uncle Ned was astonished at his ignorance, especially when the subject was such an interesting one.

"Well, listen carefully, then, and I will tell you a few facts about the Sphinx. To begin with, it was not built at all. It was chipped from the living rock and dedicated to the sun,—for in those days, you know, the people worshiped idols—the sun, moon and stars—instead of the God we worship now. This huge statue is far more interesting than most people think, for instead of being *just* a statue it has been discovered by Prof. G. A. Reisner, of Harvard, to contain a series of temples. He had considerable difficulty in getting the Egyptians to help him dig a hole into the top of the head, they were so superstitious, but when they finally did gain an entrance they found themselves in an old-time temple room fourteen feet wide by sixty feet long, which led into another one directly below—just back of the nose and mouth.

"Several more rooms were found in the body with passages leading through tunnels, in various directions.

"This statue is also supposed to contain the tomb of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt.

"So you see you *can* say something about the Sphinx, after all.

"Just imagine how many people have worshiped the sun there!

"Of course you know that the Pyramids are sepulchers?"

Bob Jr. hesitated a moment. "Why, no. I supposed they were just blocks of stone."

Uncle Ned really was astonished to hear that, but he went on:

"Why, during the first twelve dynasties the kings were buried in those Pyramids. The size of the structure depended largely upon the length of the ruler's reign and were built of oblong blocks of stone around thirty inches thick. These stones were placed in layers, each layer being about one block's width smaller than the one below—until the summit was reached. The first great Pyramid was erected by King Cheops about 3700 B. C. and covers thirteen acres of ground.

"The mummy king was placed in the sepulchral chamber and a stone weighing around fifty tons was placed in the entrance, which fitted so perfectly that it sealed it."

Bob Jr. was so interested that he could hardly wait to begin the essay, and before he knew it the dreaded task was done.

"Not such a bad job to do, after all, was it?" asked Uncle Ned.

Bob Jr. looked sheepish for a moment then declared: "I'll never say I can't do anything again. Why, it was just—fun!"

February, 1886, had no full moon, the first instance of the kind in history, and according to astronomers will not occur again for possibly 2,500,000 years.

Crooked Spines made Straight



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.

We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write us at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advise you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonderful benefit or cure in over 50,000 cases.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
334-10 Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y

IF YOU ARE DEAF

Or growing deaf and have head noises, don't neglect it! A host of people are today overjoyed as a result of a remarkable new kind of ear phone that enables them to hear perfectly not only human voices but the entire range of sounds. They are no longer lonely, unhappy, embarrassed. Thanks to a secret parchment-like diaphragm, the marvelous new tiny ear phone is inconspicuously helping them to communicate with others, and to clearly hear even the faintest musical sounds. Used and highly recommended by thousands of deaf people, to whom you can write. Here is one letter received recently:

"Your instruments have greatly improved my father's hearing. The head noises from which he suffered greatly have completely disappeared. Miss R. Hauptman, 1313 Washington Ave., New York City."

Free Pamphlet tells you all about the ear phone and about the special 10-day offer. Just mail a postal today, or if possible call for free office demonstration. Mears Ear Phone Company, Dept. 7510, 45 West 34th Street, New York City.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering *and* Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **E. N. Bogue, 1636 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

Not More Than One Free Trial Bottle To Any Family

Anyone anywhere can have one free bottle of Syrup Pepsin — What is your address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

Yes, Dr. Caldwell Took His Own Medicine

Dr. Caldwell knew what old people suffered with their bowels, for he was a family physician for 47 years; born in 1839. No remedy is better for old people than his own Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and here is why: it is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

Who Needs Syrup Pepsin?

We will send a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way, write for them.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Originator of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Send for a Free Trial Bottle

In spite of the fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store in the U. S., we want you to become acquainted with it at our expense, and then if you find it as claimed, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself. Many thousands of these bottles have been given and we know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Write today, simply addressing your envelope as shown in the coupon.

"Syrup Pepsin", 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Name .....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State .....

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Club Raisers—Here's Your Chance to Get FREE Gifts



Gift No. 8344.

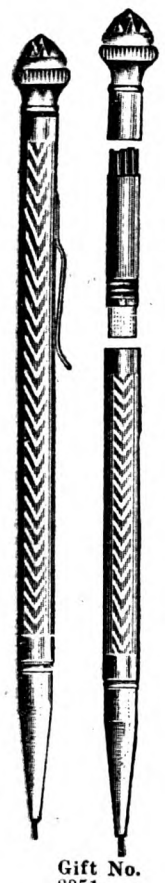


10-INCH TEDDY BEAR
Gift No. 9992.

LOVEY TEDDY



Gift No. 5561.
PATCH SILK



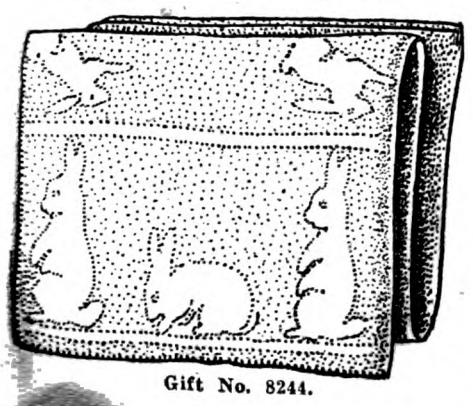


Gift No. 7696.

Gift No. 8851.



Gift No. G 45.



Gift No. 8244.



Gift No. 8581.

Your desires and your wants have been anticipated in this big collection of free Gifts. Here are our most popular and biggest value gifts. A few pleasant hours among your friends getting subscriptions for COMFORT and you will soon find yourself in possession of one of these gifts.

Gift No. 8581—Three Beautiful Ferns.
Given for **one** *subscription.* In this collection are three of the largest and handsomest varieties of ferns ever grown for house culture. The picture shows the hardy "Roosevelt" fern. The other two varieties are the Boston or "Fountain fern and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" fern. Every fern guaranteed to grow.

Gift No. 9223—Bon Bon Dish. Not only for candies but also for nuts, pickles, small fruits and jellies this real cut glass dish makes a beautiful and serviceable piece for the sideboard, table or tea wagon. Stars and floral wreath cuttings adorn the sides and a large many-pointed star decorates the bottom. Diameter 6 inches. Sent prepaid. Safe delivery guaranteed. *Given for* **Three** *Subscriptions.*

Gift No. 9233—Spoon Tray. The pattern on this cut glass piece matches that of the bon bon dish described in the paragraph above. The dish is well suited for serving relishes as well as for holding spoons. Length 6 inches, width about 4 inches. We prepay carrying charges and guarantee safe delivery.
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*

Gift No. 8344—Aluminum Percolator
Given for **Four** *Subscriptions.*
Delicious, fragrant, amber-colored coffee is a pleasant certainty if you brew it in this sure-working aluminum percolator. Made of 99 per cent. pure aluminum, highly polished; ebonized stay-cool handle. Capacity 1½ quarts.

Gift No. 9992—Lovey Teddy
Given for **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Dear old Teddy playmate to millions of boys and girls all over the nation! He's a dandy, big, lovable, hugable, cuddly fellow and best of all he's made to stand all kinds of rough usage. Ted is 10 inches tall. No collection of playthings is complete without a Teddy Bear. Here he is with arms extended to you.

Gift No. 5561—Patch Silk
Big Package for **One** *Subscription.*
Real silk in all sizes, shapes and colors, just the thing for making quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy" patchwork. Each package contains more than one hundred silk pieces, five skeins embroidery cotton and a book of instructions.

Gift No. 7696—Watch and Chain
For Only **Six** *Subscriptions.*
An accurate time keeper and a handsome looking watch. Open face, highly-polished nickel case, stem wind and set. Full size. The chain is included in our offer.

Gift 8851—Everpointed Pencil
Yours for **One** *Subscription.*
A brand new self-pointing pencil made of a new substance as bright as gold but which will not wear off. With its delicate chasing and flashing jeweled top it makes one of the most beautiful pencils you ever saw. Point is always ready. A magazine full of extra leads—a year's supply—is contained in the barrel; also an eraser. This pencil is supplied in two styles—one with a safety pocket-clip for men, the other slightly shorter without the clip for women. Say which model we shall send you. The American Lead Pencil Company makes this new pencil which is sufficient guarantee of its high quality and perfect writing qualities. Either model will be sent for only one subscription.

Gift No. G 45—Zane Grey's Famous Book, "The Mysterious Rider"
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Lovers of a splendid Western story will revel in this stirring romance, told only as Zane Grey can tell it. Cloth bound, illustrated. If Zane Grey rested his reputation solely on this great book he would be considered one of the great writers of our present day. He interprets the West to his own people of the West and he brings its glamour and restless, roving spirit to the enjoyment of the East. Wherever you live in this broad land, if you like adventure, mystery, love, action, you will like this splendid and thrilling story.

Gift No. 8244—Soft, Warm Crib Blanket
For **Four** *Subscriptions.*
For the wee tot who must be kept snug and warm these soft blankets are a great blessing. They are 30x40 inches, are as soft as a rabbit's fur and as warm as the big blankets on mother's bed. Every blanket double thick—really a pair in one. Pretty bunny figures woven into the soft, warm texture. Two color combinations—Pink and White or Blue and White. Will wash without running. Specify color when ordering. The artist didn't begin to do justice to this handsome blanket. A drawing cannot picture the warmth-giving qualities, nor can it give you any idea of the soft, furry texture. Only when you examine a blanket in your own hands and with your own eyes can you begin to appreciate its dependable quality and serviceability.

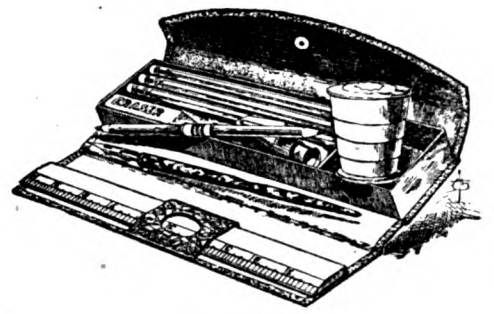


Gift No. 7645.

Rock-A-Bye Baby Swing

Given for Five Subscriptions.

Baby likes this bouncing, swinging basket and has such a delightful time all by himself that mother can leave him to his own amusement while she does the housework. Made of heavy white duck sewed securely to a strong iron frame about 12 inches square and suspended with heavy duck straps. Strong steel spring included which will hold 100 lbs. Attach it to ceiling, or in doorway, and watch baby have a good time. Great for strengthening legs.



Gift No. 9972.

Gift No. 9143—Neverbreak Self-Filling Fountain Pen
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Women will delight in this new style pen because they can carry it in their hand bags without fear of breaking it. The ring on cap is for neck cord. Cap and barrel are made entirely of handsomely chased nickel and are non-breakable. Holds more ink than a rubber fountain pen. Fills by raising little lever on side. 14-K gold pen guaranteed.

Gift No. 9972—Scholar's Writing Set
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover, are compactly held in this convenient folding case. A big value.

Gift No. 9153—Superb Pencil Set
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
The particular features of this box are the Everpointing pencil and the handy compartment bank for pennies, nickles and dimes.
In addition to these two useful pieces, each box contains a compass with pencil attached, a penholder with rubber finger grip, a box of four extra pens, an eraser-tipped pencil, Indian No. 2, a combination red and blue pencil, a pencil sharpener and a large soft rubber eraser. There is also a box of 12 Venus thin leads and one dozen Perpetual Point refill leads for the Ever-pointing pencil. The partitions in the box hold everything securely in place.

Gift No. 1742—Good Luck Ring
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A novel and attractive finger ring which ought to bring you good luck if anything can.

Gift No. 1692—Wedding Ring
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A gold-filled ring of fine wearing qualities in the oval band style now so popular.

Gift No. 1552—Silver Thimble
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A serviceable, carefully-made thimble that ought to be in every woman's work basket. Sizes 5 to 11.

Gift No. 1042—2 Huck Towels
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
New large, pure white towels of excellent quality. Size 15x30 inches, full bleached and white as snow; these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only do they make delightful toilet towels but are adapted to use as standard or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc. We can positively guarantee entire satisfaction as regards their laundering qualities. A pair for 2 subscriptions.

Gift No. 9183—Three Aluminum Sauce Pans
For **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Sizes: 1, 1 1-2 and 2-quart. Made of 99 per cent. pure aluminum with silver-bright finish. Seamless, sanitary. Will not peel, chip, crack or rust.

Gift No. 9882—Rope of Pearls
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Full opera length—52 inches—of Parisian pearls of uniform size, perfect finish and lustre. Can easily be wound twice around the neck.

Gift No. 8351—Oval Tray Cloth
Given for **One** *Subscription.*
Beautiful design, 10x16 inches, stamped on fine linen-finished cotton cloth, all ready for embroidering. May be worked in light shades if desired, but looks more attractive when done all in white. Basket may be worked in solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets, the spray in solid embroidery or satin stitch.

Gift No. 8084—Sweet Grass Sewing Basket
Given for **Four** *Subscriptions.*
Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them.

Every Gift Guaranteed

We unconditionally guarantee every gift illustrated and described to be exactly as represented. If at any time you receive a gift from us that is not entirely satisfactory please return it. We will make it right.



NEVERBREAK SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.
Gift No. 9143.

EVERYTHING GIVEN TO YOU

You can have any gift on this page if you will send us the required number of subscriptions to COMFORT. Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us the number of yearly subscriptions called for at 50c a year. If a gift calls for only one subscription that subscription can not be your own. Your own subscription, though, counts one in any club of two or more. All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Cut Glass Bon Bon Dish (Gift No. 9223) and Spoon Tray (Gift No. 9233)



Gift No. 9153.



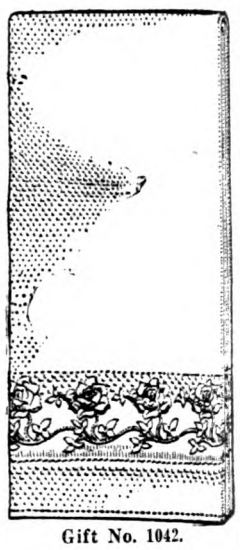
Gift No. 1742.



Gift No. 1692.



Gift No. 1552.



Gift No. 1042.



Gift No. 9183.



Gift No. 9882.

Gift No. 8351.



Gift No. 8084.

Four Wheel Chairs in September

706 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the four September wheel chairs are: Eunice Lorine Camp, La., 150; O. A. Yarnell, Inskip, Tenn., 150; Leota Yeates, Beeville, Texas, 97; Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, Toledo, Mo., 57. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Eunice Lorine Camp, Age 7, has been a helpless cripple all her life, caused by spastic (spasmodic) paralysis. She can not walk, talk, or sit alone without support of some kind. She is bright mentally and enjoys being out in the fresh air and sunshine. As she weighs 29 pounds, the wheel chair will not only be a joy to her but a great help to her mother, who weighs only 96 pounds, in caring for her.

Mr. O. A. Yarnell sent his 150 subscriptions all in one letter with his order for a COMFORT wheel chair to be shipped to him but did not give the name or condition of the person for whose use the chair is intended.

Leota Yeates is the daughter of Mrs. W. A. Yeates who sent in all the subscriptions for Leota's



LITTLE LINDA MOROCONI ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

wheel chair, but did not give me any information regarding the girl or her condition except that she is "her little daughter" and in need of a wheel chair.

Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson is 63 years old and has not walked for years, and is much in need of a wheel chair but not financially able to provide one for herself. This information, which is all I know about this unfortunate lady, was contained in a letter from her good neighbor, Mrs. Ella A. Burkdoll who sent in all the subscriptions for Mrs. Wilkinson's wheel chair.

As I predicted last month, the Wheel-Chair Club is quickening its pace with the advent of autumn. This is shown in the increase of one more chair awarded and sent out in September than in August. Next month being the Thanksgiving season, I ask you all to make an extra effort through October and help boost the November distribution. Your own Thanksgiving will be the happier for the knowledge that you have done something to help relieve a crippled shut-in's suffering by means of a COMFORT wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Our Little Linda Surely Enjoys Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Frontenac, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We are sending you a picture of our little Linda enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. Words cannot express our thanks for the chair. She surely enjoys it. We wish also to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness in helping to get the chair for her, and especially do we thank Mrs. Emile Carrier and Mrs. Isaac Descampe for getting the subscriptions. May God bless you all.

Gratefully yours,

Mr. and Mrs. August Moroconi.



SAM J. MCABEE ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Certainly Is Enjoying His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Roebuck, S. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you two pictures of Sam J. McAbee in his COMFORT wheel chair. Neither picture is very good, but I hope one of them may do to print in COMFORT, for he certainly does enjoy his wheel chair. I also enclose four more subscriptions to be credited to his wheel-chair account. Thanking you again and wishing you success in your good work,

Sincerely your friend,

Mrs. A. L. McAbee.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

O. A. Yarnell, Tenn., for own, 150 subs; Mrs. Claude Camp, La., for Eunice Camp, 106; Mrs. W. A. Yeates, Tex., for Leota Yeates, 67; Mrs. Anna Boswell, Mo., for Raymond Boswell, 35; Mrs. T. T. Sherrill, La., for Finley Sherrill, 35; Mrs. Bert Null, La., for Finley Sherrill, 20; Edward A. Krause, D. C., for Mrs. E. W. Belfield, 20; Miss Eddie McKleroy, Ala., for Mrs. Francis McKray, 33; Mrs. Ruby Greer, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 9; Mrs. John Tolliver, Ohio, for Mrs. Carrie Taylor, 8; Lafayette Swanson, N. C., for own, 5 subs, and $6.00 cash; Myrtle Idell Hall, Ark., for Mrs. Albert Philips, 5 subs; Mrs. Minnie Owen, Mo., for William J. Lightfoot, 5; Virgie T. Myles, W. Va., for Lafayette Swanson, $2.00 cash; Mrs. A. R. Walker, Minn., for Mrs. Varnell's son, $1.00; Mrs. Sarah R. Smith, Fla., for general, $1.00; Mrs. A. R. Walker, Minn., for Mrs. Varnell's son, $1.00.

Your Family's Buttons

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

WHERE do all the bottons go? Are you one of the many housewives who each week in looking over the laundry ponder over the old question, "Button, button, who's got the button?" If all the buttons made in the United States were distributed yearly there would be 182 buttons for every one in your family.

Few women shoppers at button counters realize that at least eight countries are represented by the buttons that they see before them. The most American button of all, of course, is the fresh-water pearl button, made from Mississippi valley river shell. Most of the shell for ocean pearl buttons comes from Australian waters. A button used extensively on men's suits and coats is made from a nut grown in the northern part of South America and Panama. Clay found in Europe, sour milk, glass, metal, horn, papier mache, are among the many other materials used for buttons.

The eternal sewing on of buttons to replace those broken or lost can be largely avoided if you will take care to see that every new garment has good buttons and that these buttons are sewed on tightly. Women who buy garments ready-made will find that the buttons a garment carries are one of the best criterions of its value. Shoppers might well bear in mind the slogan, "A good button means a good garment."

Thirty years ago when pearl buttons were first made from fresh-water mussel shells in this country all buttons were drilled with four holes through which to pass the thread. Today about 75 of every 100 buttons the woman shopper finds on the button counter will be found to have two holes. Garment manufacturers unlike the home dressmaker do not buy their buttons on cards; they buy them in bulk.

A "14-line or 26-line" button carries no meaning to the average woman, although she acts as caretaker for the buttons of her entire family. A "shirt button" however instantly calls to mind a special size in buttons. All buttons are measured on the scale of 40 lines to the inch. The 14-line and 16-line buttons are popularly known as shirt buttons for these are the sizes to be found on men's shirts. There is a demand today for the rather large button for women's clothing. In pearl buttons the 30-line button or the button three-quarters of an inch in diameter is popular for trimming on wash skirts and dresses.

The ordinary pearl button, which is in universal use in America today, has a history filled with romance and glamour. The shell from which it was made was without doubt taken from the river in the search of a pearl. Pearlers and shellers along Mississippi valley streams are like miners in that the rewards of their labors are uncertain. Added to the price they will receive for shells there is always the chance that they may find a pearl.

The modest little button which every woman finds in her mending basket is thus the first cousin of the queen of gems, the pearl, which often is the associate of royalty. In the same shell with the pearl button on your kitchen apron, your husband's workshirt or your child's romper, there may have been a pearl worth several thousands of dollars.

And now we have the woman dental hygienist. She does not pull nor fill teeth, and consequently is not a terror to children. Instead, she limits her work to cleaning and polishing the teeth above the gums. The U. S. Public Health Service says that this is most helpful in making the gums healthy and preventing decay. Twelve states have already legalized such practice by women.



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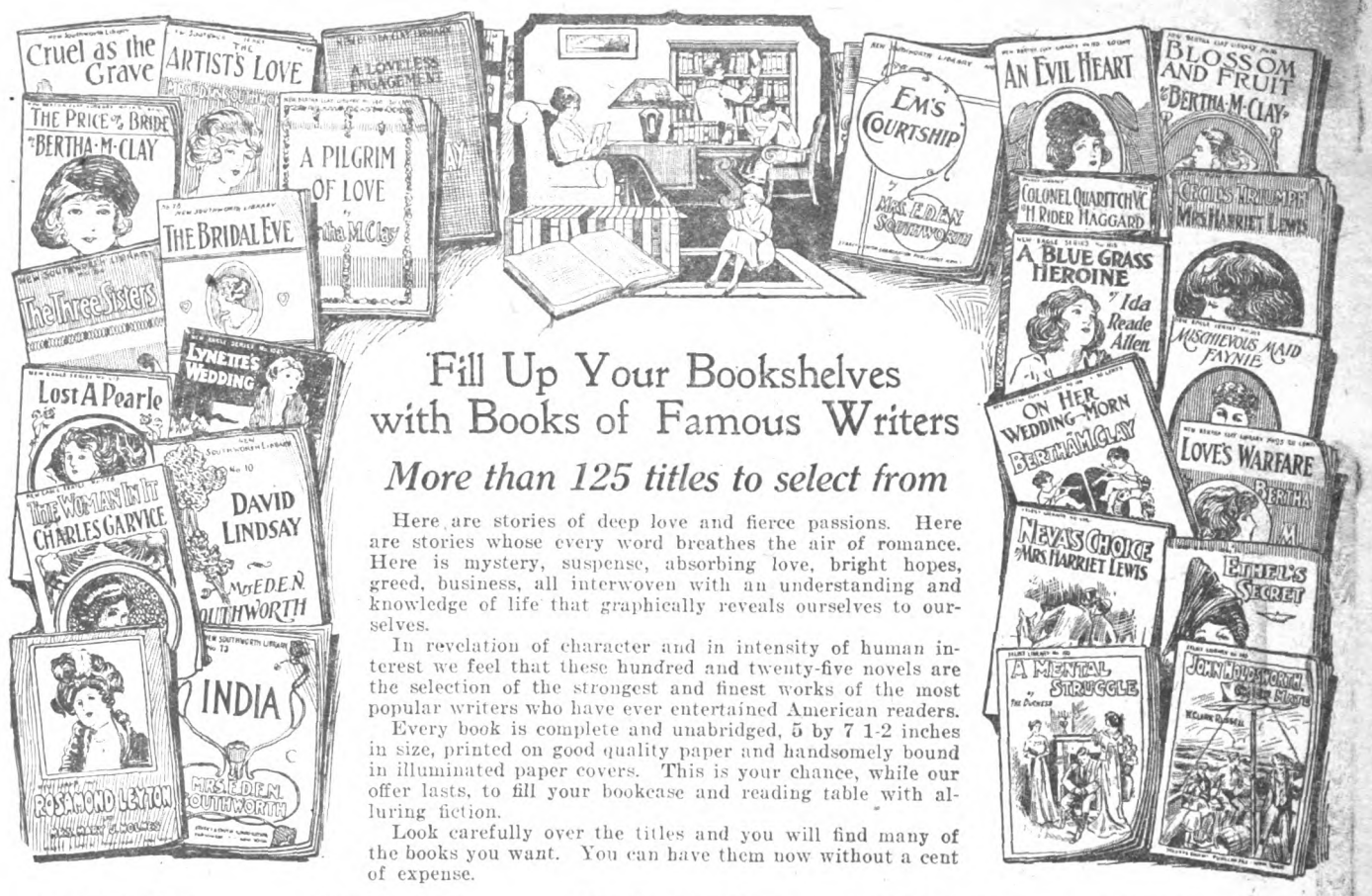
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S 27 Under Two Flags, *"Ouida"*

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Across the Rose Hedge

By A. W. Peach

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LANE Alvord looked at his pleasant-faced nurse with somber eyes, and begged her to wheel him over to the rose hedge and leave him. She hesitated a moment and then complied: Then he said with a faint smile: "And now please leave me; I'll promise to be good."

When the sound of her rustling skirts had passed from hearing, he leaned forward in his invalid's wheel-chair, and stared bitterly at the bandaged arm in his lap. The hand was gone.

"Of all beastly strokes of fate, that is it!" he muttered to himself, feeling that he had ground for bitterness. A lover of outdoor life, of horses and automobiles, that lost hand would forever bar him from some of his happiest interests, would make him an object of pity as long as he lived. The thought stung him to a savage word.

A slight sound drew his attention. He lifted his head and saw on the opposite side of the hedge, thick coils of golden hair, and beneath the white fair face of a girl whose blue eyes looked at him with some hidden amusement. He saw that she too was in an invalid's chair. Evidently each nurse had not been aware that they were leaving their patients in such close proximity in the private hospital's garden.

"I beg your pardon, "he said hastily," but I am out of tune with most everything."

The deep amusement left her attractive eyes, and she said quietly: "So am I, and I would like to swear about it: Does it do any good?"

He grinned. "I can teach you if you wish to learn how, but I'm not just sure about its being of much use. It helps for the time being —that's all."

"I wonder if you have as much to thank fate for as I have," she said gently, and he guessed that her intention was to show him that he was luckier than she after all, and should be therefore more cheerful.

He lifted the bandaged arm. Her face went pale at the sight. "And you?" he questioned.

"My foot," she said simply. "I shall hobble along the rest of my life."

The deep hurt in her soul shadowed her fair face for a moment, but her eyes were brave just the same.

The look stirred him. He stretched his left hand across the hedge. "Shake!" he said. "If I swear again——"

"Or I complain," she added, laying a small hand in his.

"May the gods wreck vengeance upon us!" he ended.

A nurse appearing up the walk looked startled and then quietly withdrew at the sight of the two smiling faces, evidently reasoning that a process of course was under way over the rose hedge that was more effective than any remedy the hospital could offer.

And so it proved. With reluctant eyes, later on, Lane saw the chair of his comrade in misery wheeled from his sight, but a memory remained of a sweet face and whimsical voice that had shamed him out of his black and bitter frame of mind; and his own nurse coming afterward looked at him with surprise when she noted the change in him.

He sensed her surprise, and said with mischief in his mood, "Look here, Miss Ferguson, you are to remember that I want to be at this hedge every afternoon at two o'clock; and woe unto them who try to shift me elsewhere!"

She laughed and agreed to obey his orders; and so it came about that the pleasant afternoons found him chatting with the golden-haired girl whose spirit was to him like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The vow they had taken they kept; and the sunny hours found them growing nearer to each other in the mysterious way that heart approaches heart.

Then came the day when, for the first time, his strength returned, he walked weakly down the path and stood before her. She gave a little cry at the sight of him.

"Gracious, I did not know you were so tall."

"That's all I am." He looked down into eyes that vainly tried to conceal an inner tenderness. "Blue Eyes, I am long enough to do the walking for both of us; and right here and now, I am——"

Miss Ferguson suddenly appeared, agitation in her manner. "Mr. Alvord, you better return——"

"Miss Ferguson, I shall not be good any more. You run along back——"

"But I have just discovered——"

"Not what I am going to discover. Now—please."

The nurse retreated slowly, fear and doubt in her going.

Lane leaned over the chair. "Now there is no one here save us and the roses, and they won't listen. But I want you to." He spoke very gently, "You know what it is—I love you. That is all that is very important now except this—do you love me?"

Tears were in her eyes, her lips trembling. In the old, old evasion of love, she answered, "But I don't even know your name——"

"That is easy—Lane Alvord," he replied.

Her face drew into horror. "Alvord—Alvord—then you—you are the one—who ran into me with—with that great car and crippled me—me for life—No! No! No!"

He shrank from her, his blood chilling at the sight of her averted face and slight quivering form. Before his eyes with all its old panic came the memory of the scene; the dusky street, the speeding car that suddenly shot in front of him, his wild effort to avoid it, then the crash that hurled his car and himself to the sidewalk, and then a deeper darkness than the night. And here was the fair girl he had made a cripple for life, even if unknowingly.

He sank back upon the stone seat beside her chair and buried his face in his hands, going down the steep steps of pain into an abyss of misery beside which physical pain is almost pleasure. Into the darkness came a faint fragrance that recalled him slowly—a rose lay in his fingers. He started up, and looked down into grieving blue eyes.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "I know it was not your fault, but, I have felt so badly about it——"

He leaned over and kissed from her lips the tear-tinged words.

An approaching step drew them apart. The gray-headed surgeon looked at them keenly. "I judge you young people have introduced each other. Well, Miss James, we are going to let you take a practice walk this afternoon."

The surgeon stepped forward. Lane pushed his friend back. "Doc she walks with me, not only now, but to the end of time. Game hand and game foot down the world together. You get the idea?"

The surgeon nodded, "I'll be at the wedding."

"Ancient History" Concerning Autos

By L. L. Harned

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AT the recent automobile shows held in the Pacific Northwest, some facts were resurrected that, in comparison with the present evolution of the automobile, almost might be classed as "ancient history."

We are told that the first steam-operated car was invented one hundred and sixty-three years ago by a Frenchman, Captain Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, and that, four years later, an American, Oliver Evans, applied for a patent on an automobile. In 1771, eleven years after the first recorded invention, a Britisher, Richard Trovittnich, startled the people by operating the first steam-driven machine ever seen on London streets.

Passing over numerous attempts to make a practical machine, we learn that the first American automobile was built by Thomas Blanchard, of Springfield, Mass. That was nearly one hundred years ago, in 1825. During the years that intervened between 1825 and 1891, the efforts to perfect a workable automobile were greatly lessened; but three events stand out during this period very prominently because they contributed to ultimate success. These events, in order, are:

The working out of a process for vulcanizing rubber by Charles Goodyear, in 1844.

The taking out of patents, in England and in America, in 1845 and 1847, on a pneumatic tire, by R. W. Thompson.

The discovery of gasolene in 1860.

In 1891 was built the first practical electric car, and in 1892, the first workable gasolene car.

In 1894 occurred the first automobile race, covering 80 miles, from Paris to Rouen.

The first American automobile race was held in 1895, and in the same year, the first pneumatic tires were used.

In 1895, in a race in France, an average of nearly 15 miles an hour was reached.

Barnum and Baily, in 1896, charged ten cents for a look at the "horseless carriage." At that time, only four automobiles were running in this country. At the present date, according to statistics, considerably more than twelve million cars and trucks are registered in the United States.

The first sale of a machine to an American was in 1898. The buyer was Robert Allison, of Port Carton, Pa., and the seller was Alexander Winton, of Cleveland.

The Oldsmobile "Pirate" made a world's record in 1903 of five miles in six and one-half minutes. This rate was more than doubled by Jimmy Murphy in France in 1921, when he made a record of more than 100 miles per hour.

A great event of 1905 was the first cross-country trip, made by two curved-dash Oldsmobiles in a race from New York to Portland, Oregon. The first car to reach its destination was "Old Scout," piloted by Dwight B. Huss, the time being 44 days. "Old Steady," driven by Percy Megargel, arrived in Portland a little more than a week later. This race was considered a thrilling achievement in those days and attracted wide attention.

Considering the evolution of the automobile during the past twenty-five years, what may we expect in the next quarter century?

Almost "Ancient History"

Comments on motor cars, contained in an article in McClure's Magazine for May, 1899, make interesting and amusing reading for the present generation, who still are wondering over the speed of 100 miles an hour reached by Jimmy Murphy in the Grand Prix race in France in 1921. The McClure article says, among other things:

"In the race from Parjs to Bordeaux and back, on June 11, 1895, seventeen motor vehicles competed for prizes aggregating $16,000. The first carriage covered the distance of 726 miles at an average rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour for both night and day running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes.

"This demonstrated conclusively the power of motor vehicles to cover long distances at high rates of speed, for it is plain that neither horse nor bicycle could accomplish such a feat."

The following advice is needed as much today as it was twenty-four years ago: "It should be borne in mind that the carriage without a horse is also without the convenience of a horse's intelligence, which really in ordinary traffic and driving relieves the person holding the reins of a large part of his responsibility. Not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident."

Before and After Vaccination

Few people today appreciate the suffering and terror that belonged to smallpox before the days of vaccination. In Boston, in 1721, with a population of 10,565, 5,989 persons were attacked with smallpox within a few months, and history is replete with similar examples. Macaulay stated that in the early part of the eighteenth century it was unusual to meet any one on the streets of London whose face was not scarred by the disease. Edward Jenner, the centenary of whose death is commemorated this year, performed the first vaccination with the virus of cowpox, May 14, 1796, and later proved that the boy was immune to smallpox. In spite of the most bitter opposition, this simple, safe and certain remedy has won its way and is now practiced in every civilized country. But the disease is not eradicated and wherever vaccination is not rigidly enforced, serious epidemics are certain sooner or later to develop and to bring death and mutilation in their train. Probably no greater boon has been given to mankind by the medical profession and yet, because of its success, many fail to appreciate what has been gained and refuse to accept its benefits. The history of the disease and its conquest as told by Dr. V. C. Vaughan in the July issue of *Hygeia* should convince the most skeptical.

Building Sound Bones

Sunlight and nourishing food mean a sturdy youngster, almost too active for the mother's peace of mind; the lack of them means a round bellied little child waddling on bowed skinny legs. It isn't always the child of the wealthy who is sturdy, however, for although his parents can afford sunlight, they also afford food too rich for his little digestive system and entertainment too frequent and too exciting for his little nervous system."—*Hygeia.*

Beautiful Pendant And Chain



15-inch Chain and Pendant of Rolled Gold Plate with Baroque Pearl and Stone

You can have this charming Neck Ornament for only One Subscription

From a big assortment of pendants and neck ornaments recently submitted to us we selected this one for its unusual beauty and dainty design. Style, dignity and unassuming elegance, you will all combined in a marked degree. The pendant which is of rolled-gold-plate hangs gracefully from a 15-inch rolled-gold plate cable chain. A charming diamond-shaped solitaire stone is set in the circle and a beautiful synthetical Baroque pearl is attached to the bottom of the pendant.

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The Happy Man

Ole Ander, a yokel, visiting in town one day, asked a restaurant proprietor:

"Got any squirrel whiskey?"

"No," said the restaurant man, "but I can slip you a little Old Crow."

"Aye don't vant to fly," said the Swede, "aye just vant to yump around a little bit."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Winter and Summer Enjoy the Beauty of an Everblooming Garden of Flowers

Winter or summer you can enjoy a perpetual garden of everblooming flowers and plants. Winter's frosts and snows need not shut out the pleasant companionship and beauty of growing things. This collection of house plants and bulbs will make the long winter months radiant with an unending series of brilliant blossoms, foliage and fragrance. And when the springtime comes again they will continue to bloom in your summer garden outdoors.

The collection consists of 5 favorite house plants and 6 popular bulbs. The plants are all well rooted, hardy stock and guaranteed to grow. The bulbs are from tested stock and should any fail to grow they will be cheerfully replaced.

Read the description below and the terms of our Free Offer. Then send your order.

Boston Ivy—No. 1

This beautiful Ivy, with its thick, dark, glossy leaves is just what you want to climb around the window. It is a rapid grower and hardy.

Two Narcissi—No. 2

Narcissus bulbs can be grown in a shallow dish partly filled with water and small stones. You will enjoy these beautiful fragrant flowers during the coming months. The flowers are double and extra large and retain their fragrance for a long time.

Fuschia—Black Prince—No. 3

This well-known house plant needs very little description except to say that the variety that we are including in this collection is the prettiest of them all. The flowers are dark purple and extra large. The foliage is glossy, giving the appearance of being waxed. You will like this plant.

Two Hyancinths—1 Blue, 1 White —No. 4

These double flowers may be grown in pots or in the water the same as the Narcissi. The flowers grow on long spikes and are especially fragrant. You will want these flowers for your indoor window garden. They will give your rooms a cheerful atmosphere.

Coleus—Brilliancy—No. 5

This is the most beautiful plant to be seen anywhere. It is literally alive with color. The foliage is its chief attraction. Every shade of the rainbow is to be found on its leaves. This is an exceptionally attractive plant that will give the home a cheerful appearance.

Geranium—Ricard—No. 6

The flowers are a brilliant scarlet, each bloom being large and full. This variety is a heavy bloomer and has dense foliage. The Ricard is a new variety which is much prettier than the common red varieties.

Calla Lily—No. 7

This wonderful lily needs but little description with its large leaves and waxen white flowers which are from five to seven inches long. Plant this bulb now and have it in full bloom during the winter months.

Chinese Sacred Lily—No. 8

This is one of the most beautiful of all known lilies. Its coloring is exquisite and with its dark green foliage makes an exceptionally pretty plant. The outside of the flower is white with a slight tinge of yellow. The inside of this lily is a canary yellow shading to pink at the top. When you see this lily in bloom you will thank us for offering it to you. This lily will be included as an extra free gift if you send your order for both collections within 15 days.

Cyclamen—White—No. 9

This attractive plant is one of the prizes of this collection. Large plants in full bloom sell from $3.50 to $5.00 each at the greenhouses. The young plants that we supply will be in bloom by Christmas or soon after and you will have a plant that will fill your neighbors with envy. The beautiful white flowers closely resemble Orchids and the attractive variegated foliage combine to make this the most pleasing plant of the lot.

How To Get the Plants and Bulbs

5 House Plants—Collection No. 8901. Consisting of one each of the following plants: GERANIUM, ENGLISH IVY, COLEUS, FUSCHIA, CYCLAMEN, will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own).

5 Bulbs—Collection No. 8911. This collection consists of 2 Hyacinth, 2 Narcissus and 1 Calla Lilly Bulb and will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own).

Order Both Collections and Get **Free** the extra gift of Chinese Sacred Lily.

Collection 1802. This collection consists of both the 5 house plants and the 5 bulbs and if you send us the two subscriptions required within 15 days we will send you as an extra gift, the Chinese Sacred Lily.

Send all Orders to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

AGENTS WANTED

Make $30.00 Daily, taking orders for ...s Union-made raincoats. Factory prices, ...st sellers. Wonderful values. Your pay ...ily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle ...incoat Mfg. Co., 155 N. Union St., Dept. 29, ...icago.

Agents—$10 to $15 daily possible selling a ...e of factory priced rubber goods specialties ...r women direct from manufacturer. Free ...talogue. American Rubber Products Co. ... 105, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents—Answer this advertisement—our ...position is too good to pass up. $15 a day ...monstrable free; exclusive territory. Write ...day for details of this sound, high-grade ...investment proposition. American Products ...., 2-6 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every Owner ...s Gold Initials for his auto. You charge ...$1 make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write ...r particulars and free samples. American ...ogram Co., Dept. 61, East Orange, N. J.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet ...sic, medallions, merchants' signs, waiter ...s and tea aprons, silk and wool hose ...ing 50 specialties free. 30 days credit. ...C. Bailey Co., Desk K10, Chicago.

$300 Profit:—Easy seller. "Klean-Rite" ...ks clothes without rubbing. Samples free ...ker Prod. Co., 1940-E Irving Park, Chicago.

Start Your Own Business as our sole ...ent selling 100 famous home products. All ...e time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. ... Lynchburg, Va.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported ...s, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 ...s, profit $57; you can do same. Write for ...ial offer selling plan; exclusive territory. ...gle rug by parcel post prepaid $1.39. ...Condon, importer, Stonington, Maine.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex...cts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un...essary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand ...ywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell ...rs. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. ...e Samples. Chicago Shirt Manufacturers, ...W. Van Buren, Factory 122, Chicago.

Agents: C. T. A. prices lower than ever. ... $15.00 made to order, any size or style. ...ers easy to get. Big profits. Agents outfit ...ee. Sample suit at cost. Write Chicago ...lors Ass'n, Dept 405, Sta. C, Chicago.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell ...ndets, a patent patch for instantly mending ...aks in all utensils. Sample package free. ...ollette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Large Jewelry firm wants representa...ives. Sell high-grade jewelry direct. Full or ...are time. Factory prices. Satisfaction guar...teed. Your generous profits in advance. ...irect Jewelry Co., 12 Central Parkway, Cin...nnati, Ohio.

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double ...trength Extracts. Complete line necessities. ...Write today Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Agents—Steady income. Large manufact...rer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., ...ishes representative in each locality. Factory ...o consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit ...ven. Send for particulars Freeport Mfg. ...o., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—the best seller in years is our ...ger Fyr-Fyter. Not a cheap tin can at "a ...dollar a throw" but a real high grade arti...le, approved by the Underwriters. School ...oards, factories, garages, buy in quantities. ...e's fast seller to farmers, auto owners, homes, ...tc. Hustlers make $100 a week and more. ...xclusive territory to the right men. Write ...uick for our plan. Fyr-Fyter Company, ...ept. 2217, Dayton, Ohio.

Greatest Sensation! Eleven Piece Toilet ...rticle Set selling like blazes at $1.75 with ...,00 dressmakers shears free to each cus...omer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., ...3 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

Agents:—Free sample Dr. Elliott's Vege...ble Oil Soap—19 Full-sized packages right ...ut of stock. Tea, Coffee, Extracts, Spices, ...ood Products, Laundry and Toilet Soap ...amples. Everything furnished. Send postal ...oday. Dept. 56, Harley Co., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Our soap and toilet article plan is ...wonder; get our free sample case offer. ...Jo-Ro-Co., 117 Locust, St. Louis.

Agents: Steady big income. Take orders ...or newest style written guaranteed hosiery. ...Complete line men, women, childrens, in...luding finest silks. Written guarantee with ...each pair. Pay you in advance daily. Expe...rience unnecessary. Spare time will do. Write ...for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 923, ...Dayton, Ohio.

Tailoring Agents: Get our powerful ...proposition. $35.00 suits for $21.85, including ...good profit for you. Big swatch line of samp...les in handsome carrying case. Hustlers make ...$75.00 a week. Territory going fast. Write at ...once. Address Dept. 271, Knickerbocker ...Tailoring Company, 131 So. Peoria, Chicago.

General Agents. Something new. Whirl...wind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes ...clothes without rubbing. Women throw away ...washboards. Big Profits. Exclusive territory. ...Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 ...Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Agents: Make 100%, Toilet Articles, ...Perfumes, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample ...Case Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: $8 to $15 daily easy. New Patented Combination Kitchen Set. You take orders. We deliver and collect. Your pay daily. No experience necessary. Men or women. Full or spare time. Mac-O-Chee Company, 11210 Kennedy Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus. $1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-S, Chicago.

Agents Free Offer Captivates Customers. 20 first day—$20.00 profit. 100 celebrated necessities. National Products Co., 846 Grand St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Earn $10 to $25 a Day. Sell beautiful, durable, "Novo," Hosiery, Knitted Neckwear and Full-cut Shirts. Direct Mill to Wearer. Complete famous line, silks, sport wools. Customer satisfaction defies competition. All or spare time. Investigate. Novo Mills, Dept. R, 3rd & Sedgley, Phila., Pa.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Make $120 Weekly In Spare Time. Sell what the public wants—long distance radio receiving sets. Two sales weekly pays $120 profit. No big investment, no canvassing. Sharpe of Colorado made $900 in one month. Representatives wanted at once. This plan is sweeping the country—write today before your county is gone. Ozarka, 809 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

Agents $5 to $12 a day. Sell Interlock guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Full line. All styles, colors. No experience needed. Full or spare time. Repeat orders run 90%. Prompt deliveries. Samples to start you. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 417, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Make $10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Gloves easy to sell; big demand everywhere; motoring or dress. From factory. Samples free. John Rogalley, Gloversville, N.Y.

$250.00 for you before Christmas. Easily! with new Scripture Mottos so beautiful none can resist. You'll enjoy it. Sample and particulars free at once. This is the thing. H. A. Swank Co., B 12[illegible], Greensboro, N. C.

Bring Home the Bacon—selling Stuart's Stain Remover. Removes ink, iron rust, grass and fruit stains. Write for free samples and terms today. C. H. Stuart & Co., 5917 B'way, Newark, New York.

Agents—Sell shoes direct to ladies at home or at work. Fast selling line. Liberal pay. Splendid opportunity. Apply now. Style-Arch Shoe Company, 502 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Make Old Rugs look like new. Re-dyed on the floor with Fibertint, applied with scrub brush. $1.00 box dyes 9x12 rug. Red, Blue, Green, Brown. Sample for 6x9 rug 25c. Agents write. Teaply Co., Box 3, Somerville, N.J.

New—Unusual—Different line. With it you can earn $10 a day—everyday. The Entrancing Loveliness of Things from the Treasure House, the Dainty, Delightful, Differentness of those Wonderful, Luxurious, Low priced, Daily Necessities—these Alluring Treasures gathered from Every Quarter of the Globe—from Every Age, from Cleopatra's to the Present—Give an Atmosphere to them, a Tone that is irresistable. Big line—many novelties—many quick selling repeaters—old Million Dollar Company Display Case free. Territory going fast. Write or wire today for details. Treasure House 10 H 4 Vandalia Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Tailoring Salesmen—$50.00 extra profit guaranteed. Sell Wright's mens suits and overcoats made-to-measure $23.50, $26.50, $29.50 retail. Boys suits too! Lowest prices, biggest money-making line in America. Every sale boys suit gives you live prospect for man's suit. Women buy too. You double your sales and profits. You get your profit in advance, we deliver and collect. Large samples men and boys clothes in handsome carrying case, free. Write for full particulars. Wright & Co., Congress, Throop & Harrison Sts., Dept. C 47, Chicago.

Agents. Sell Wolverine Laundry Soap. Wonderful repeater, and good profitmaker. Free Auto to hustlers. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. E, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Why not sell us your spare time. $2.00 an hour, $19.70 daily easy for full time, introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. 57 styles, 17 colors. No capital or experience required. Just write orders, we deliver and collect. Your pay daily, also monthly bonus. Free auto offer. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors, grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 20610, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rummage Sales make $50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

We manufacture an article of wearing apparel that can be sold in most every home by men or women agents. Enormous demand and no competition. No other firm is selling same article direct to consumers. Prices 50% less than retail stores. Our agents make big profits and get them in advance. We deliver and collect. No experience necessary. Full instructions accompany handsome selling outfit Free. We can use part or full time workers. If you want a big money-making proposition—easy sales and no competition—write at once for full details. Wright & Co., Congress, Throop & Harrison Sts., Dept. B 47, Chicago.

Sells Like Hot Cakes; Big Profits: New Ironing Wax Pad and Asbestos Rest; Clamps Board; Perfumes Clothes; Outfit 10c. Yankee Mfg. Co., 380 Atlantic Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

Tailoring Salesmen—Make $10.00 profit on sales. Get our outfit made-to-measure suits, 160 fabrics. Six prices $18.00 to $30.00. Finest goods. Union made. Fix your own selling prices. Make all the profit you want. Undersell all competition. Lower prices than any other line you get big profits in advance. We deliver and collect. Guaranteed quality by firm established 1850. Write for full particulars. Fred Kauffmann, the American Tailor, 1300 W. Harrison St., Dept. E 47, Chicago.

We pay $8 a day taking orders for Insyde Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., 220, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile owners, garagemen, mechanics, send for free copy of America's popular motor magazine. Contains helpful, money-saving articles on repairing, overhauling, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

FARMS FOR SALE

Strout's Farm Catalog Just Out! Save time and money by quickly finding just the farm you want. It's in new 160-page illustrated book money-making stock, dairy, poultry, grain, fruit farms. Hundreds, all kinds, all prices, near cities and throughout many states. Copy free. Call or write today. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG, Nassau St., New York City.

Good Farm Lands!—Near thriving city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg., Chicago

Small Farms in Winterless California require less capital and you can work outdoors all year. State Land Board offers choice twenty-acre farms near Merced, on 36 years time. Kings County offers ready-made farms of twenty acres or more with house, electric pump furnishing abundant water, and part of land in alfalfa. Rancho Santa Fe, San Diego County near the sea offers small farm tracts, with ample water for irrigation, climate delightful and ideal surroundings, on favorable terms. Investigate California's reasonably priced lands. Illustrated folders mailed free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Girls—Women. Become Milliners. $35 week. Big Fall Demand. Learn while earning. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-800, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn $20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. C-2, N. Y.

Ladies wanted everywhere: opportunity earn money home spare time. Particulars for stamp. Elier Co., D-3,236 Broadway, New York.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Dressmaking—Designing at home. $35 week. Big demand. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-501, Rochester, N.Y.

Women wanted as representatives of Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Dry Goods, Hosiery, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 619 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Lady Agents to sell on commission table cloths and napkins. A new idea with the initial woven in them. Every home a good prospect. S. Gilmartin, Arlington, Maryland.

Wanted—$90—$150 month. Girls—Women, 18 up. Steady. Sure pay. Short hours. Pleasant. Common education sufficient. U. S. Government life positions. Write today for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-9, Rochester, N.Y.

REMNANTS

Gordon Remnant Store Dexter, Maine, 5 Pound bundle Bates gingham ¼ to 2 yd. lengths $3.98 Postpaid, free samples ladies wool coating, mens shirting, Circular.

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Mo.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-N, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

Young Men Wanted at Once. Become Draftsman and earn $50 to $100 a week. No experience required. Big demand: Splendid opportunities; clean work. Learn in spare time at Home. Send for our Free book. Just out. No charge. Address: Department 2280, Chicago Tech., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago.

Railway Postal Clerks: Start $133 month. Railroad pass; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, A-2, Columbus, Ohio.

U. S. Government wants Railway Mail Clerks. Commence $133 month. Steady positions. Travel see the country. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-12, Rochester, N.Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150-$250 monthly (Which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Earn $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet G-5, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. Free list of Government positions obtainable. Men and Women 17 to 45 years, Salary $1600 to $2400. Write today for booklet, free list and sample lessons. United Business Tr. Ass'n, 2451 Dinan Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Be a Finger Print Expert. Demand increasing. Write for special free offer. American Finger Print System, 1966C, Broadway, N. Y.

Gov't Positions, $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Tricks, magic cards, books, puzzles, novelties. Catalogue free. G. Fenner, 2401 Jefferson, Louisville, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS

Switches—Made the **sanitary way $2.** From your own combings $1.50. Booklet free. Mrs. E. Mack, Canton, N. Y.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

"From The Ballroom To Hell."—Mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., G, Syracuse, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, C6, Hannibal, Mo.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 Companies $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary. Details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo

$$$ For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 200 Security Bldg., Santa Monica & Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Big Money In Writing photoplays, short stories, poems, songs, etc. Send today for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical help in writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE

Leaf Tobacco. Chewing, five pounds $1.75; ten $3.00. Smoking, five pounds $1.25; ten $2.00. Send no money. Pay when received. Pipe & Recipe free. United Tobacco Growers, Paducah, Ky.

WANTED: TO BUY

Cash for old gold, silver, platinum points, diamonds, false teeth, Liberty Bonds, unused stamps, and precious articles. Goods returned immediately if not satisfactory. Busch Products, 141 Fifth Ave., New York.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll. This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O

Enlarged Picture, 5x7, from any Kodak film, dime. Commercial Studio, Carthage, Missouri.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c, Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave. Roanoke, Va.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Use Tailor's Mending Tissue to mend your garments. Needed in every home. Three yards 25c. The A. Bauer Co., 3 Arcade, Chattanooga, Tenn.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works on all sewing machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 prepaid. Cash or C. O. D. Fully guaranteed. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Makes beautiful work. Literature and testimonials free. $2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. LaFleah Hemstitching Co., Dept D, Sedalia, Mo.

BUSINESS BY MAIL

$25,000. I made it small Mail Order Business. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free. 12 Articles worth $3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N.Y.

MUSIC

Piano Jazz, note or ear. Short mail course. Beginners or advanced. Learn 92 Bass Styles, Novelty Solos, 215 Syncopated Fillers, Endings, Blues. Waterman School, 277 Tait Bldg., Los Angeles.

POULTRY

Purebred Chicks: 7c up. Twelve best varieties. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

Carbon Made from Gas

When a smoky flame of gas is burned against a metal surface, it deposits carbon black, an almost impalpable black ...uff, like that found on the chimney of a smoky lamp.

Nearly 50,000,000 pounds of carbon black are produced yearly in the United States, according to the United States Bureau of Mines, for which some forty billion cubic feet of gas are needed.

Twenty million pounds of carbon black go into rubber tires, twelve million pounds into printer's ink, and five million pounds into stove polish, while smaller quantities are used in the production of paint, phonograph records, carbon paper, crayons, typewriter ribbons, leather, and insulating materials.

Imagination is one of the First Aids to successful achievement. We must learn to think ahead of the job we are doing at the moment, and get ready for the next undertaking. It is to people who are prepared, who get the opportunity when the time comes. The person with imagination, backed up by a willingness to work, is usually the one who succeeds in doing something worth while and different. Sid says: "The danger is that you may not be taking your imagination out of the garage often enough." Imagination like a motor vehicle, needs to be carefully steered, however.

One of the finest exercises in the world, is to learn to think all the way around a problem, instead of part way around it. Then we are sure not to be misled by superficial thinking or false conclusions. Many a big man has succeeded because he followed this principle; and many a man has been good and happy because he did the same.

Because some people break the law and get away with it, is no sign that the law is wrong or they are clever. It merely proves that the law is not properly enforced, and there are still stupid and ignorant people ready to do wrong because they have the chance. Wrong doing is always stupid—a sign of shortsightedness, blindness, and extreme foolishness.

It is true that the world will beat a path to the door of the individual who can do some one thing exceptionally well. But sometimes the world is slow in getting the path made. That's why it's a good plan for us to be fairly efficient road builders ourselves, and then we can start the path and go out to meet those who may not be in a great hurry to find us.

Predetermination

The question of predetermining sex is still a matter for debate by biologists, but long ago an old philosopher said: "Boys will be boys."—*Hygeia.*

Defined at Last

A reformer is a fellow
Who picks out something
He doesn't like to do
And won't let any one
Else do it either.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Will Boss Everything

Mr. Vincent Rose and Miss Mary Drube of Waukegan were married Thursday at St. Mary's Church. Father Barry officiated. Miss Irene Rose assisted the bride as bridesmaid and the bride's mother was best man.—*Lake Forest, Ill., Forrester.*

A Divided House Falls

Cecile House obtained a divorce from W. O. House.
—*News item in Dallas, Texas, Times.*

Step Lively

All pedestrians it is predicted, will become motorists sooner or later. Perhaps. If they don't become angels first.—*Nashville, Tennessean.*

No Gentlemen Present

Young Sambo was dead broke and remarked to his fellow workmen:

"Say, which one o' yo' gentlemen gwine to loan me two bucks?"

After waiting a few minutes, and hearing no answer, he continued:

"Wat's de matter? Ain't dar no gentlemen in dis bunch?"—*Automobilist.*

It Happens Every Day

"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Jones. "There must be some market for hay. I depend on what I make on hay to buy gasolene."—*Washington Star.*

A Chip of the Old Block

"What you need is a car," said Salesman McGurk "to take a ride when you've finished your work. After dinner on Sunday you can go for a spin across valleys and hills to a roadside inn." I believed what he said and bought a machine, but then something happened which I hadn't foreseen; for my son took the car across valleys and hills, while I stayed at home and settled the bills.—*The Automobilist.*

There are Waterloos

"Whenever we have a run-in with a traffic cop, I let my wife do the talking."

"Does that do any good?"

"Not a bit, except to convince her she can't win every argument she gets into."—*American Legion Weekly.*

In Lecture

Prof.—Wake that fellow next to you, will you?

Student—Aw, do it yourself—you put him to sleep.—*Whirlwind, Oklahoma University.*

More Spares

If pedestrians will watch their step and motorists will take care in stepping on the gas, there will be less bowling over of balled-up persons on the streets as well as on the alleys.—"*Topics of the Day*" *Films.*

Aptly Put

"Papa, what is a pedestrian?"

"An individual, my son, that is always found in front of automobiles."—*Le Rire (Paris).*



FREE!

Genuine Cut Glass 7-Piece Set

As an **extra special offer** to those who *hurry* their order for the handsome 110-Piece Good Luck Dinner Set which we are offering below on such an amazing, slashed price offer, we shall include, *absolutely free,* this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkingly clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful set for water, lemonade or other home beverage; a handsome display among your other glassware. Given ***FREE*** on this offer. But remember, this offer is entirely special. Our prices are figured at rock-bottom. A limited number of these Genuine Cut Glass Sets given free just to get new customers. Get yours while this offer lasts. Read our offer below ***now—and act today.***



$1.00 Down

Complete Service for 12 People:

This splendid set consists of:

12 dinner plates, 9 inches
12 breakfast plates, 7 1-4 in.
12 coupe soups, 7 1-2 in.
12 fruit saucers, 5 1-4 in.
12 oatmeal dishes, 6 1-4 in
1 oval open vegetable dish, 9 1-2 inches
1 round vegetable dish, 9 1-2 inches
1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces)
1 butter dish, 7 inches
12 cups
12 saucers
12 bread and butter plates, 6 1-4 in.
1 platter, 11 1-2 in.
1 platter, 13 1-2 in.
1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces)
1 gravy boat
1 gravy boat stand
1 bowl, 1 pint
1 cream pitcher
1 pickle dish

Beautiful new "Good Luck" pattern showing the Goddess of Good Luck framed in a lucky horseshoe pendant, hanging from a blue ribbon bow and surrounded by a wish-bone and six green four-leaf clovers, all emblems of Good Luck—all tied together with lavender roses by a pretty ribbon scroll. Colonial design with gold decorated edges and many sided shape; each piece fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze. That splendid old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that everlasting snow-white glaze. With ordinary care will last a lifetime. Weight packed about 100 lbs.

Order by No. G7603A. Send $1 With order. $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.90.

"Good Luck" Dinner Set-110 Pieces

Gold Decorated Colonial Design

Madam, here's a dinner set worthy to grace the table of the most refined homes—on a simply amazing smashed price, easy payment offer. Yes, only $1.00 brings this 110-piece set to your home on trial. Now don't judge these dishes by that amazingly low price. They have that beautiful everlasting snow-white glaze that you see only in the highest grade chinaware; and that beautiful new "Good Luck" pattern with a design composed of the well known emblems which, since olden times, many have believed bring good fortune to all who possess them; and that rich, artistic Colonial design with the gold decorated edges and many-sided shape which is everywhere the choice of people with taste. *This* is your opportunity to get, on a bargain offer, a dish set that will give you wonderful everyday service and that you will be proud of. **Special Now — FREE —** *7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass with hand cut decorations, if you send at once.*

30 Days Trial! — $2.70 a Month!

The coupon with only $1.00 brings the 110 piece set of "Good Luck" dishes to your home on 30 days trial. Use them, examine them, compare our price with equal value *anywhere* else. After 30 days, decide: If you don't agree that these are simply beautiful dishes and amazing quality at the price send them back and we'll refund your $1.00 cheerfully plus any transportation charges you paid. But if you decide to keep them, start paying only $2.70 a month until you have paid—what do you think? —*only $29.90* for a 110-piece set of dishes of *such* superb quality! You risk not a cent on this trial offer. What family isn't willing to lay aside a few cents a day for something that is needed in the home? We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit; *no C. O. D.*

Cut Price—Send NOW!

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See coupon.

We have only a limited number of these sets for this bargain offer—so act quick while they last. If you are going to need dishes any time within the next six months, *don't let this opportunity pass now.* Remember, the 7-piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE if you hurry your order. Send the coupon now

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3047 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3047 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece "Good Luck" Pattern Dinner Set **No. G7603A.** with 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set, Free. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay **$2.70** monthly, **$29.90** in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the dinner set and cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express or freight charges I paid.

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings mark X here: ☐

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